

Rumpelstiltskin



There was once a poor man who, in order to make himself seem more important to a king, told him that his daughter could spin straw into gold. The king ordered the girl to be brought to him, and he locked her in a room full of straw. He said he would return next day, and if the straw had not been spun into gold she would be killed.

The girl did not know what to do, but then a little man appeared and told her if she gave him a present he would spin the straw into gold.

She gave him a necklace and he did what he had promised and then disappeared. The king was very pleased to see all the gold, but because he was greedy he put the girl into a bigger room full of straw and again threatened her with her life if she didn't spin it into gold. Once more the little man appeared, she gave him a ring this time, he spun all the straw into gold and then disappeared.

The greedy king wanted still more gold, so he repeated the whole thing one more time. The little man appeared, but the girl didn't have anything to offer him, so he said that he would spin the straw into gold if she promised to give him the first child that was born to her. The girl agreed and he spun the straw into gold and disappeared.

When the king saw all the gold he asked the girl if she would marry him, and she said yes. Some time later the Queen gave birth to a baby, and suddenly the little man appeared again and said that she had to give him the child. She was horrified, and begged the little man to let her keep her child, but he said that she had promised and so had to keep her promise. The Queen began to cry and the little man took pity on her and said that if she could find out her name in three days then she could keep the child

Each day the little man returned, and each day the queen guessed his name, but each time he said no. Finally, just when the queen began to think that she would have to give the little man her child, one of her servants returned and said that he had seen a little man dancing around and singing that his name was Rumpelstiltskin.

So when the little man returned again on the third day the queen knew his name and so could keep her child, and they all lived happily ever after.



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