Lecture One

Introduction to Children's Literature :1

Children's literature or **juvenile literature** includes stories, books, and poems that are enjoyed by children. Modern children's literature is classified in two different ways: genre or the intended age of the reader.

One can trace children's literature back to stories and songs, part of a wider oral tradition, that adults shared with children before publishing existed. The development of early children's literature, before printing was invented, is difficult to trace. Even after printing became widespread, many classic "children's" tales were originally created for adults and later adapted for a younger audience. Since the 1400s, a large quantity of literature, often with a moral or religious message, has been aimed specifically at children. The late nineteenth and early twentieth century's became known as the "Golden Age of Children's Literature" as this period included the publication of many books acknowledged today as classics.

Introduction

There is no single or widely used definition of children's literature. It can be broadly defined as anything that children read or more specifically defined as fiction, non-fiction, poetry, or drama intended for and used by children and young people. Nancy Anderson, of the College of Education at the University of South Florida, defines children's literature as "all books written for children, excluding works such as comic books, joke books, cartoon books, and nonfiction works that are not intended to be read from front to back, such as dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other reference materials".

The **International Companion Encyclopedia of Children's Literature** notes that "the boundaries of genre... are not fixed but blurred". Sometimes, no agreement can be reached about whether a given work is best categorized as literature for adults or children. Meanwhile, others defy easy categorization. J.K. Rowling's *Harry Potter* series was written and marketed for children, but it is also popular among adults. The series' extreme popularity led *The New York Times* to create a separate bestseller list for children's books.

Despite the widespread association of children's literature with picture books, spoken narratives existed before printing, and the root of many children's tales go back to ancient storytellers Seth Lerer, in the opening of *Children's Literature: A Reader's History from Aesop to Harry Potter* says, "This book presents a history of what children have heard and read... The history I write of is a history of *reception*."

Classification

Children's literature can be divided into a number of categories, but it is most easily categorized according to genre or the intended age of the reader.

By genre

A literary genre is a category of literary compositions. Genres may be determined by technique, tone, content, or length. According to Anderson, there are six categories of children's literature (with some significant subgenres):

Picture books, including concept books that teach the alphabet or counting for example, pattern books, and wordless books.

Traditional literature, including folktales, which convey the legends, customs, superstitions, and beliefs of people in previous civilizations. This genre can be further broken into subgenres: myths, fables, legends, and fairy tales

Fiction, including fantasy, realistic fiction, and historical fiction

Non-fiction

Biography and autobiography

Poetry and verse.

By age category

The criteria for these divisions are vague, and books near a borderline may be classified either way. Books for younger children tend to be written in simple language, use large print, and have many illustrations. Books for older children use increasingly complex language, normal print, and fewer (if any) illustrations. The categories with an age range are listed below:

Picture books, appropriate for pre-readers or children ages 0–5.

Early reader books, appropriate for children ages 5–7. These books are often designed to help a child build his or her reading skills.

Chapter book, appropriate for children ages 7–12.

Short chapter books, appropriate for children ages 7–9.

Longer chapter books, appropriate for children ages 9–12.

Young-adult fiction, appropriate for children ages 12–18.

Illustration

Pictures have always accompanied children's stories. A **papyrus** from **Byzantine Egypt**, shows illustrations accompanied by the story of **Hercules'** labors. Modern children's books are **illustrated** in a way that is rarely seen in adult literature, except in **graphic novels**. Generally, artwork plays a greater role in books intended for younger readers (especially pre-literate children). Children's picture books often serve as an accessible source of high quality art for young children. Even after children learn to read well enough to enjoy a story without illustrations, they continue to appreciate the occasional drawings found in chapter books.

According to Joyce Whalley in *The International Companion Encyclopedia of Children's Literature*, "an illustrated book differs from a book with **illustrations** in that a good illustrated book is one where the pictures enhance or add depth to the text." Using this definition, the first illustrated children's book is considered to be ***Orbis Pictus*** which was published in 1658 by the **Moravian** author **Comenius**. Acting as a kind of ***encyclopedia,Orbis Pictus*** had a picture on every page, followed by the name of the object in **Latin** and German. It was translated into English in 1659 and was used in homes and schools around Europe and Great Britain for years.

Early children's books, such as **Orbis Pictus**, were illustrated by **woodcut**, and many times the same image was repeated in a number of books regardless of how appropriate the illustration was for the story. Newer processes, including copper and steel **engraving** were first used in the 1830s. One of the first uses of **Chromolithography** (a way of making multi-colored prints) in a children's book was demonstrated in ***Struwwelpeter***, published in Germany in 1845. English illustrator **Walter Crane** refined its use in children's books in the late 1800s.

Another method of creating illustrations for children's books was etching, used by George Cruikshank in the 1850s. By the 1860s, top artists in the West were illustrating for children, including Crane, Randolph Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, and John Tenniel. Most pictures were still black-and-white, and many color pictures were hand colored, often by children. **The Essential Guide to Children's Books and Their Creators** credits Caldecott with "The concept of extending the meaning of text beyond literal visualization".

In India Nandalal Bose, whose paintings are considered artistic treasures, illustrated books for children from the late 1800s into the 1900s. In the West, twentieth-century artists such as Kay Nielson, Edmund Dulac, and Arthur Rackham produced illustrations that are still reprinted today. Developments in printing capabilities were reflected in children's books. After World War II, offset lithography became more refined, and painter-style illustrations, such as Brian Wildsmith's were common by the 1950s.

Lecture Two

History 2

According to *Aspects and Issues in the History of Children's Literature* from the International Research Society for Children's Literature, the development of children's literature anywhere in the world follows the same basic path. All children's literature begins with spoken stories, songs, and poems. In the beginning, the same tales that adults enjoy were created specifically to educate, instruct, and entertain children. In the final stage, literature for children became established as a separate category from literature for adults and acquires its own genres, divisions, expectations, and canon. The development of children's literature is influenced by the social, educational, political, and economic resources of the country or ethnic group.

Before 50 BC

Every culture has its own mythology, unique fables, and other traditional stories that are told for instruction and entertainment. The earliest written folk-type tales included the *Panchatantra* from India, which was composed about 200 AD. It may be "the world's oldest collection of stories for children", but some scholars believe it was actually intended for adults. India's Jatakas, about the birth of Buddha, date from the 2nd or 3rd century BC. A few of these stories, particularly those where Buddha takes the shape of an animal, would have been enjoyed by children. The source stories for *The Arabian Nights*, perhaps also originally from India, have also been traced back to this time. One example of oral stories that would've been enjoyed by children is the tale of *The Asurik Tree*, which dates back at least 3,000 years in Persia (presently known as Iran

The great ancient Greek poet Homer lived sometime between 1200 BC and 600 BC. He is the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Homer's work contributed to the development of all Western literature, including children's literature. Between 750 and 650 BC, Hesiod told stories that became a major source of Greek mythology.

50 BC to AD 500

In Imperial China, children attended public events with their parents, where they would listen to the complicated tales of professional storytellers. Often rhyming, the stories were accompanied by drums, cymbals, and other traditional instruments. Children also watched the plays performed at festivals and fairs. Though not specifically intended for children, the elaborate costumes, acrobatics, and martial arts held even a young child's interest. Smaller gatherings were accompanied by puppet shows and shadow plays. The stories often explained the background behind the festival, covering folklore, history, and politics. Storytelling may have reached its peak during the Song Dynasty from 960-1279 AD. This traditional literature was used for instruction in Chinese schools until the 20th century.

Greek and Roman literature from this age is thought to contain "nothing that could be considered a children's book in the sense of a book written to give pleasure to a child". However, children would have enjoyed listening to stories such as the

Odyssey and *Aesop's Fables*, since Aesop and Homer, along with the Greek playwrights, were "at the heart of early reading and writing" in Greece at this time.

500-1400

- The *Panchatantra* was translated from Sanskrit into Kannada in 1035 AD.
- The first children's book in Urdu may be *Pahelian* by the Indian poet Amir Khusrow, who wrote poems and riddles for children in the 1200s-1300s.
- Buddhism spread in China during the early part of this period, bringing with it tales later known as *Journey to the West*. Chinese children would have enjoyed many of these stories of "fantasy, the supernatural, demons and monsters."

There are two schools of thought about children and European Medieval literature. The first developed from the writings of Philippe Ariès in the 1960s and holds that, because children at this time were not viewed as greatly different from adults, they were not given significantly different treatment. Those holding this point of view see no evidence of children's fiction as such existing in Europe during the Middle Ages. However, they recognize that instructional texts in Latin were written specifically for children, by clerics like the Venerable Bede, and Ælfric of Eynsham.

- Those who disagree with Ariès make several arguments, explained by Gillian Adams in her essay *Medieval Children's Literature: Its Possibility and Actuality*. One claim that just because a culture does not view childhood as modern Western societies do, does not mean children's literature cannot develop there. Another claim is that modern Western scholars defined literature for children narrowly, and fail to acknowledge what literature does exist. For example, they point to Marie de France's translation of Aesop's fables, and the *Play of Daniel* from the 1100s. Daniel Kline, in *Medieval Literature for Children* says modern and Medieval literature for children have common goals: "conveying the values, attitudes, and information necessary for children and youth to survive or even advance within their cultures." Kline divides children's literature in Europe during this time into five genres: Didactic and Moral, Conduct-related, Educational, Religious, and Popular.

Examples of literature children enjoyed during this time include *Gesta Romanorum*, and the Welsh *Mabinogion*.

1400s

During the Byzantine Empire, the Bible and Christian hymns and stories were popular.

Hornbooks appeared in England during this time, teaching children basic information such as the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer. In 1484, William Caxton published Aesop's Fables, followed by *Le Morte d'Arthur* in 1485. These books were intended for adults, but enjoyed by children as well. Geoffrey Chaucer's writings were retold for children by the late 1400s, and often European printers released versions of Aesop's Fables in their native languages.

1500s

Russia's earliest children's books, primers, appeared around this time. An early example is ABC-Book, an alphabet book published by Ivan Fyodorov in 1571.

A Pretty and Splendid Maiden's Mirror, an adaptation of a German book for young women, became the first Swedish children's book upon its 1591 publication.

In Italy, Giovanni Francesco Straparola released *The Facetious Nights of Straparola* in the 1550s. Called the first European storybook to contain fairy-tales, it eventually had 75 separate stories and written for an adult audience. Giulio Cesare Croce also borrowed from stories children enjoyed for his books. Chapbooks, pocket-sized pamphlets that were often folded instead of being stitched, were published in Britain, eventually spreading to the United States. Illustrated by woodblock printing, these inexpensive booklets reprinted popular ballads, historical re-telling, and folk tales.

1600s

The first picture book published in Russia, Karion Istomin's *The Illustrated Primer*, appeared in 1694.

During the 1600s, the concept of childhood changed drastically in Europe. Adults saw children as separate beings, innocent and in need of protection and training by the adults around them. Because of this shift in thinking, books were now printed and distributed specifically for children. **In 1634,** the *Pentamerone* from Italy became the first major published collection of European folk tales. Charles Perrault began recording fairy tales **in France**, publishing his first collection in 1697. They were not well received among the French literary society, who saw them as only fit for old people and children. **In 1658**, Jan Ámos Comenius in Bohemia published the informative illustrated *Orbis Pictus*, for children under six learning to read. It is considered as the first picture book produced specifically for children.

The Puritans, **mainly in England and North America**, also played a major role in developing writing for children by publishing books intended to teach children to read and to instruct them in religious teachings. Some of the longest used and most popular were by James Janeway; however, one book from this movement that is still widely read today is *The Pilgrim's Progress* (1678) by John Bunyan.

There are sources that claim hornbooks was brought from England by the Puritans to help educate their children before 1633. The first children's book published, in what would become the United States, was a catechism for children written in verse by the Puritan John Cotton. Known as *Spiritual Milk for Babes*, it was published in 1646, appearing both in England and Boston.

The New England Primer, was in print by 1691 and used in schools for 100 years. The Primer begins, "In Adam's fall We sinned all..." and continues through the alphabet. It also contained religious maxims, acronyms, spelling help and other educational items, all decorated by woodcuts.

1700s

China still had no separate stories for children. *Dream of the Red Chamber*, written in this period and published in 1791, told a story of romance and friendship that children enjoyed.

In Russia, Peter the Great's interest in modernizing his country through Westernization helped Western children's literature dominate the field through the 1700s. Catherine the Great wrote allegories for children, and during her reign, Nikolai Novikov started the first juvenile magazine in Russia.

1719 saw the publication of *Robinson Crusoe* by Danial Defoe, an English Puritan. As the first contemporary adventure novel, Robinson Crusoe quickly became "one of the most popular books in all English literature". One year after its publication, it was translated into French. By 1769, Germany published 40 editions and adaptations.

In 1744, Englishman John Newbery published *A Little Pretty Pocket-Book*. Considered a landmark for the beginning of pleasure reading marketed specifically to children, it reflected Jean-Jacques Rousseau's new theories that children should be allowed to develop naturally and joyously. His idea of appealing to a children's natural interests took hold among writers for children, but their stories remained basically didactic. Popular examples included Thomas Day's *The History of Sandford and Merton*, four volumes that embody Rousseau theories. Furthermore, Maria and Richard Lovell Edgeworth's *Practical Education: The History of Harry and Lucy* (1780) urged children to teach themselves. What may be Italy's first children's book appeared in 1768.

Rousseau's ideas also had great influence in Germany. Those ideas developed into German Philanthropism, a movement concerned with reforming both education and literature for children. According to Hans-Heino Ewers in *The International Companion Encyclopedia of Children's Literature*, "It can be argued that from this time, the history of European children's literature was largely written in Germany".

Lecture Three
History 3

1800s

Children's literature boomed during the 1800s for several reasons. Paper and printing became widely available and affordable, and more people were learning how to read. The population boom across the West meant there was a greater children's literature market, and European colonization spread books, including those for children, around the globe.

The Crescent Moon by Rabindranath Tagore illus. by Nandalall Bose, Macmillan 1913.

In India, in 1817, magazines and books for children in native languages soon appeared. In the latter half of the century, Raja Shivprasad wrote several well-known books in Hindustani. Nobel Prize winner Rabindranath Tagore wrote plays, stories, and poems for children, including only one illustrated work by painter Nandalal Bose. They worked from the end of the 1800s into the beginning of the 20th-century. Tagore's work was later translated into English, with Bose's pictures.

In Russia, juvenile literature reached children through a number of magazines, which introduced Russian folk tales to readers and spread around the large country.

Children's literature in Western Europe and the United States began to change in the 1800s. The didacticism of the previous age began to make way for more humorous, child-oriented books. Chapbooks were still being published, many specifically for children, abridging classic fairy tales and popular novels like *Robinson Crusoe*.

A number of English language books also appeared during the 1800s. William Roscoe's story poem *The Butterfly's Ball* in 1802 is considered a "landmark publication" in fantasy literature. *Tom Brown's School Days* by Thomas Hughes, which appeared in 1857, is considered the founding book in the school story tradition. Lewis Carroll's fantasy *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* appeared in 1865 in England. The first "English masterpiece written for children", its publication opened the "First Golden Age" of children's literature in Great Britain and Europe that continued until the early 1900s. It was also a founding book in the development of fantasy literature. In 1883, Carlo Collodi wrote the first Italian fantasy novel, *The Adventures of Pinocchio*, which was translated many times. In the United States, Clement Moore's Christmas classic *A Visit from St. Nicholas* appeared in 1822. This *coming of age* story established the genre of realistic family books in the United States. Mark Twain released *Tom Sawyer* in 1876.

1900s

In India, many writers of stature in the Hindustani began writing books for children. The first full-length children's book was *Khar Khar Mahadev* by Narain Dixit, which was serialized in one of the popular children's magazines in 1957. Benagli children's literature flourished in the later part of the twentieth century. Educator Gijubhai Badheka published over 200 children's books in the Gujarati language, and many of them are still popular. In 1957, political cartoonist K. Shankar Pillai founded the Children's Book Trust publishing company. Children's magazines, available in many languages, were widespread throughout India during this century.

The Chinese Revolution of 1911 and World War II brought political and social change that revolutionized children's literature in China. Western science, technology, and literature became fashionable. The first pieces of literature intended solely for Chinese children were translations of Aesop's fables, Western fairy tales, and *The Arabian Nights*.

The Chinese Revolution of 1949 changed children's literature again. Many children's writers were denounced, but Tianyi and Ye Shengtao continued to write for children and created works that aligned with Maoist ideology. In 1990, *General Anthology of Modern Children's Literature of China*, a fifteen-volume anthology of children's literature since the 1920s, was released.

Children's non-fiction gained great importance in Russia at the beginning of the century. A ten-volume children's encyclopedia was published between 1913 and 1914. Realism took a gloomy turn by frequently showing the maltreatment of children from lower classes. The most popular boys' material was Sherlock Holmes, and similar stories from detective magazines.

People often label the 1920s as the Golden Age of Children's Literature in Russia.

In 1932, professional writers in the Soviet Union formed the USSR Union of Writers, which served as the writer's organization of the Communist Party. With a children's branch, the official oversight of the professional organization brought children's writers under the control of the state and the police. More political changes in Russia after World War II brought further change in children's literature.

The Golden Age of Children's Literature ended with World War I in Great Britain and Europe, and the period before World War II was much slower in children's publishing.

In the 1950s, the book market in Europe began recovering from the effects of two world wars. In Britain, Dodie Smith's *The Hundred and One Dalmatians* was published in 1956, and Roald Dahl wrote *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* in 1964. Children's fantasy literature remained strong in Great Britain through the 1900s.

American children's literature sparked the publication in **Chicago** of one of its most famous books in 1900, which was L. Frank Baum's fantasy novel *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. Between the world wars, the field continued to grow in North America, which was largely due to the growth and influence of libraries in both Canada and the United States. Children's reading rooms in libraries, staffed by specially trained librarians, helped create demand for classic juvenile books. Reviews of children's releases began appearing regularly in *Publishers Weekly* and in *The Bookman* magazine began to regularly publish reviews of children's releases, and the first Children's Book Week was launched in 1919.

The American Library Association began awarding the Newbery Medal, the first children's book award in the world, in 1922. The Caldecott Medal for illustration followed in 1938. The first book by Laura Ingalls Wilder about her life on the American frontier, *Little House in the Big Woods* appeared in 1932. The already vigorous growth in children's books became a boom in the 1950s and children's publishing became big business. In 1952, American journalist E. B. White published *Charlotte's Web*, which was described as "one of the very few books for young children that face, squarely, the subject of death".

In 1997, J. K. Rowling published the first book in the *The Harry Potter Series* in England. Despite its huge success, the children's book market in Britain suffered at the end of the century due to a difficult economy and competition from television and video games. However, picture books continue to do well.

2000s

Scholarship

Professional organizations, dedicated publications, individual researchers and university courses conduct scholarship on children's literature. Scholarship in children's literature is primarily conducted in three different disciplinary fields: literary studies (literature and language departments), library and information science, and education.

Typically, children's literature scholars from literature departments in universities (English, German, Spanish, etc. departments) conduct literary analysis of books. This literary criticism may focus on an author, a thematic or topical concern, genre, period, or literary device. The results of this type of research are typically published as books or articles in scholarly journals, including *Children's Literature Association Quarterly, Children's Literature in Education*, and *International Research in Children's Literature*.

Most educational researchers studying children's literature explore issues related to the use of children's literature in classroom settings. They may also study topics such as home use, children's out-of-school reading, or parents' use of children's books. Teachers typically use children's literature to augment classroom instruction. Scholarly associations and centers include The Children's Literature Association, the International Research Society for Children's Literature etc…

Lecture Four
Children's Poetry4

Children's Poetry

Poetry is often the first literature presented to a child, in the form of nursery rhymes or lullabies. Offering lyrical appeal and short, direct themes, these kinds of poetic verse are viewed by some as transitional works which prepare developing minds for longer forms of literature. Yet it is a field under critical pressure, as poets, scholars, and parents regularly debate the defining characteristics of children's poetry. Sheila A. Egoff has questioned, "Is poetry for children a separate territory, or is poetry always simply itself, existing like folklore as a shared ground, held in common by both children and adults? If children's poetry is restricted to that written intentionally for children, does it include adult work chosen and adopted by children as their own? Does children's poetry require a simplification of style and subject matter because of childhood's limitations of experience? Or are such assumptions the result of artificial and patronizing adult attitudes?" There are vast differences in opinion regarding the best way to present poetry to children, with critics arguing over a range of topics from the appropriateness of subject material to the impact of didacticism to the literary quality of verse targeted at young readers. As a result, despite the wealth of picture books that utilize rhyming couplets and more mature verse collections for developing teens, the genre of children's poetry has gone largely unrecognized in literary and scholastic circles, with only two modern works receiving significant critical recognition—Nancy Willard's *A Visit to William Blake's Inn: Poems for Innocent and Experienced Travelers* (1981), a Caldecott Honor book in 1982, and Paul Fleischman's *Joyful Noise: Poems for Two Voices* (1988), the 1989 winner of the Newbery Medal.

Historically, children's poetry is a relatively new phenomenon couched in ancient fabrics. While the oral tradition has a long history of songs and folklore passed down to younger generations, works of written poetry and verse for juvenile audiences were first sparingly published in the fifteenth century. The first poems written exclusively for children were mostly religious in nature, providing moral instruction, such as John Bunyan's *A Book for Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhimes for Children* (1686). As published texts became more readily available, children sought their own literary modes and co-opted such adult poetic works as Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (1797), which proved interesting to young readers with its expressions of adventure on the open ocean, despite its prevailing dark thematic subtext. *Mother Goose's Melody: Or, Sonnets for the Cradle* (1780)—John Newbery's English-language adaptation of Charles Perrault's collection of fairy tales, Contes de Ma Mère l'Oye (1695)—brought short-verse nursery rhymes into English for the first time. For many, nursery rhymes serve as the embodiment of children's verse, a form that Egoff has termed "the miniature poetry of early childhood" and famed children's poet Walter de la Mare has called "a direct short cut in poetry itself." With the advent of published nursery rhymes, a few scattered collections of poetry written for

children began to appear in England, perhaps most prominently, Ann and Jane Taylor's *Original Poems for Infant Minds* (1804) and *Rhymes for the Nursery* (1806)—a volume that originated the famous verse "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star."

The Star

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are !
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
Then the trav'ller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark,
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.
In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often thro' my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.
'Tis your bright and tiny spark,
Lights the trav'ller in the dark :
Tho' I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
Ann Taylor

"**Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star**" is a popular English lullaby. The lyrics are from an early 19th-century English poem, *"The Star"* by Jane Taylor. The poem, which is in couplet form, was first published in 1806 in *Rhymes for the Nursery*, a collection of poems by Taylor and her sister Ann. It is sung to the tune of the French melody which was published in 1761 and later arranged by Mozart for a famous set of variations. The English lyrics have five stanzas, although only the first is widely known.

The beautiful words of Twinkle twinkle little star have been immortalized in the poem and music has been added thus increasing its popularity. The simile ' like a diamond in the sky' teaches children how words can be used to paint a picture in the imagination. The words create a comparison between the twinkling of the star to a sparkling diamond thus providing a perfect illustration of clever imagery and excellent use of the English language. The joint authors of Twinkle twinkle little star were two sisters called Ann Taylor (1782-1866) and Jane Taylor (1783-1824). The first publication date was 1806.

Summary: A little blonde girl gazes out of her window at a twinkling celestial object, greets it with the traditional childhood rhyme of the title, and requests that she might have her wish that night. Her wish comes true when the smiling star appears in her window and takes her on a magical ride through the sky.

The combination of serene, lovely landscapes and a cartoon, smiley-faced star has a hodgepodge effect.

The poem is called "The Star" by Ann Taylor. Taylor was born in 1782 and lived in Colchester, England. She was a poet, hymn writer, and a children's author. Because Anne Taylor was a hymn write her poem, "The Star", could incorporate God or religion.

"*The Star*" is quite literal and the vocabulary used is easy to comprehend. The rhyme scheme of the poem is AABB CCDD. The title and the use of the word star inside the poem lets the reader know the exact subject of the poem. Taylor talks about how a star takes over for the sun at night. The mention of a traveler in the poem gives the impression that the writer could be talking about a specific star, the North Star. The North Star was used to guide the way of someone like an explorer or traveler, as used in the poem, wandering in the dark. Taylor also describes how the star never burns out and stays constant throughout the night. The description of the star seems like it could also be a description of God and the light or hope he brings. The second stanza explains how God is present even when no one else is. The third stanza shows how God gives home to the weary traveler.

However, unbeknownst to most, this poem is actually a tragedy; a metaphor for the detriment of success. It is about how people who reach vast amounts of wealth and popularity – most notably celebrities – are hopelessly doomed to fail at life.

The popular theory about this poem is that it simply tells the story of an unseen narrator, making a miniscule and amateurish observation of a so called "Little star", and contemplating how far away it is. However, if you look closer into the stanzas, you'll find that this makes no logical sense. First of all, you'll notice in the very title, the star is described as "little." However, by no stretch of logic is any star small. Most stars are millions upon millions of miles wide, such as our own sun, and many reach even multiple times that size.

The word "star" has multiple synonyms. One of them, according to dictionary.com, is: "a distinguished or glamorous celebrity, often from the entertainment world." So, out of all the definitions, the most reasonable conclusion we can come to is that the star in 'Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" is actually a distinguished figure.

This revelation will change the entire meaning of the well-known six verses.

See, the first verse "Twinkle twinkle little star" is simply showing the tone and setting for the story; a common practice used in most novels. The genius behind this first verse is that it also gives us insight into our unseen character's motives – Twinkle can also be known as "shine on", which means "continue succeeding." So the first verse implies that the character – a celebrity of small stature – is successful and is admired by his populace, indirectly implying that he/she is an egomaniac that holds itself above others.

The second verse, "How I wonder what you are" abruptly switches narratives to an outsider that wishes to understand the inner-workings of the celebrity culture. Our current narrator wishes to observe, maybe even become one of

the higher class. This person is possibly a member of the paparazzi, or even a rising star themselves.

The third verse, "Up above a world so high" implies two things: 1. the difference of social classes between the rich and the poor, and 2. that the titular character, the "Star", is using recreational drugs. The author impressively uses the one line to imply both dilemmas in this story; that the narrator observing the socialite is on a different social class, but also realize the pointlessness of reaching the pinnacle of success themselves, due to the fact that reaching it only dooms them to a life of misery and shallowness due to peer pressure.

The fourth and final original verse of the poem "Like a diamond in the sky" immortalizes the titular character. The "diamond" being referenced in the part is actually a Diamond DA40 – a type of aircraft.

The final two verses, "Twinkle twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are" is a reflection by the narrator, and brings the narrative full circle. The narrator reflects on the journey he almost took to the top, and remembers the temptation that wanted to take him there. Whether the narrator decided to follow in the Star's steps is left up to the reader, concluding the story in a tragic but masterfully woven blunt realization.

The story is a wondrously written tragedy about the glamour of being a socialite and the jealousy it can cause from the lower classes of society.

THE COW
Robert Louis Stevenson

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.
She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;
And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

Robert Louis Stevenson (13 November 1850 – 3 December 1894) was a Scottish novelist, poet, essayist, and travel writer. His most famous works are *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*,.

In 1885, he wrote "A Child's Garden of Verses" -- a collection of poetry for children which contains about 65 poems including the cherished classics "*The Lamplighter," "The Land of Counterpane," and "Bed in Summer."*

A literary celebrity during his lifetime, Stevenson now ranks among the 26 most translated authors in the world. Stevenson was a celebrity in his own time, but with the rise of modern literature after World War I, he was seen for

much of the 20th century as a writer of the second class, relegated to children's literature and horror genres.

Year of Publication: 1885,
Subject: Description,
Rhyme: abab……
How many stanzas are there in the poem?
What adjectives did Stevenson use in the first stanza to help the reader visualize the cow?
What words rhyme in the poem?
What does the word "lowing" mean?
What did Stevenson mean when he said the cow could not stray?
What is wet from the showers and blown by the wind?
What does the cow eat?
What time of day does the poem take place? How do you know?

Bed in Summer

By Robert Louis Stevenson

In Winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle light.
In Summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.
I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.
And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

Bed in Summer, by Robert Luis Stevenson, is a short poem meant for children. The poem is from the perspective of a child who is not very happy about having to go to sleep during summer due to the extension of daylight that occurs during the summer. The first stanza compares how waking up in winter is like waking up at night while going to bed in summer is like going to bed during the day. The second and third stanza basically describe why it is so hard for children to go to bed during the summer. The artistic elements are minimum, including rhyming in an aa format and there being stanzas. *Bed in Summer* is for primary aged children due to the concept of time. This poem is very much recommend because of the educational value as well as the relatively enjoyment the children will get out of it with the rhyming.

Dreams

By Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Ever had a dream that you always wanted to live? Like to be a famous basketball/football player, the greatest business person, or even to break a world record? But you know that you can't live it? In Langston Hughes' poem "*Dreams*," he uses similes, metaphors, and personifications to create a theme that shows us that our dreams give our lives meaning and purpose,they allow us to be what we can all be and to accomplish all we can accomplish. Without our dreams, we can't "fly." Without them, our lives are barren; nothing can grow or bloom within us.

To begin, **Langston Hughes uses personifications** to create a meaningful and strong mood in the poem. **In the first stanza**, the speaker, Langston Hughes, says, "Hold fast to dreams/For if dreams die." The personification "Hold fast to dreams" gives us a meaning that Langston Hughes is saying that you should never give up on your hopes and dreams. The speaker uses a a human characteristic(holding) to a non-living thing (dreams) which is a personification. So the message is to hold on tight to your dreams and never let go.

Secondly, Langston Hughes' use of metaphors also points out to the poem being about never to let go of your dreams. The following lines from the first stanza have metaphor: " Life is a broken-winged bird/that cannot fly. Langston Hughes compares a broken-winged bird to life meaning life can be hard at point. The message of this part of a poem is that life can be hard and struggling as a broken-winged bird trying to fly but cannot.

Lastly, Langston Hughes uses **similes** to create a very cold and sad mood in the poem. In the second stanza of the poem, the speaker says "Life is a barren field/ Frozen with snow." What the speaker is trying to say is that life can and would be cold, nothing would grow within us without our dreams. Langston Hughes compares life to a barren field; empty, nothing but snow. The message is that if you let your dreams go, your life will be frozen as snow.

In conclusion, through figurative language rhythm and rhyme, Langston Hughes uses a meaningful poem yet powerful. Dreams are an important thing in your life. Everyone should know that. Without dreams, we would not be or we are today.

James Mercer Langston Hughes (February 1, 1902 – May 22, 1967) was an American poet, social activist, novelist, playwright, and columnist. He was one of the earliest innovators of the then-new literary art form jazz poetry.

Hughes is best known as a leader of the Harlem Renaissance. He famously wrote about the period that "the negro was in vogue" which was later paraphrased as "when Harlem was in vogue".

On May 22, 1967, Hughes died from complications after abdominal surgery, related to prostate cancer, at the age of 65. His poetry and fiction portrayed the lives of the working-class blacks in America, lives he portrayed as full of struggle, joy, laughter, and music. He wrote novels, short stories, plays, poetry, operas, essays, and works for children.

Books for children:

Popo and Fifina, with Arna Bontemps. 1932
The First Book of the Negroes. 1952
Marian Anderson: Famous Concert Singer. with Steven C. Tracy 1954
Black Misery. Illustrated by Arouni. 1969, reprinted by Oxford University Press, 1994.

Lecture Five
Folktales 5

Folktales are stories passed on from one person to another by word of mouth. These tales were not written down, but existed only in the memory of mankind. It is only now, as the tradition of oral story-telling is giving way to books and television, that such tales are being collected and written down.
Many folktales seek to explain the world around us.
Some such stories are:
Why the Sky is So High
A folktale from Bengal, India
Why the Sea is Salt
A folktale from Karelia
Folktales often centre around favourite character types.
One such type is the clever old woman:
The Miserly Old Woman
A folktale from India
How the Old Woman Got Her Wish
A folktale from India
Sometimes stories grow up around real people and places.
One such tale is that of:
The Two Sisters-in-Law
A folktale from India

Fairy Tales

A **fairy tale** is a type of short story that typically features folkloric fantasy characters, such as fairies, goblins, elves, trolls, dwarves, giants, mermaids, or gnomes, and usually magic or enchantments. Fairy tales may be distinguished from other folk narratives such as legends (which generally involve belief in the veracity of the events described) and explicitly moral tales, including beast fables. In less technical contexts, the term is also used to describe something blessed with unusual happiness, as in "fairy tale ending" (a happy ending) or "fairy tale romance" (though not all fairy tales end happily). Colloquially, a "fairy tale" or "fairy story" can also mean any farfetched story or tall tale; it's used especially of any story that not only isn't true, but couldn't possibly be true.

In cultures where demons and witches are perceived as real, fairy tales may merge into legends, where the narrative is perceived both by teller and hearers as being grounded in historical truth. However, unlike legends and epics, they usually do not contain more than superficial references to religion and actual places, people, and events; they take place once upon a time rather than in actual times.

Fairy tales are found in oral and in literary form. The history of the fairy tale is particularly difficult to trace because only the literary forms can survive. Still, the evidence of literary works at least indicates that fairy tales have existed for thousands of years, although not perhaps recognized as a genre; the

name "fairy tale" was first ascribed to them by Madame d'Aulnoy in the late 17th century. Many of today's fairy tales have evolved from centuries-old stories that have appeared, with variations, in multiple cultures around the world. Fairy tales, and works derived from fairy tales, are still written today.

The older fairy tales were intended for an audience of adults, as well as children, but they were associated with children as early as the writings of the précieuses; the Brothers Grimm titled their collection Children's and Household Tales, and the link with children has only grown stronger with time.

Although the fairy tale is a distinct genre within the larger category of folktale, the definition that marks a work as a fairy tale is a source of considerable dispute. One universally agreed-upon matter is that fairy tales do not require fairies.

History of the genre

Originally, stories that we would now call fairy tales were not marked out as a separate genre. The German term "Märchen" stems from the old German word "Mär", which means story or tale. The word "Märchen" is the diminutive of the word "Mär", therefore it means a "little story". Together with the common beginning "once upon a time" it means a fairy tale or a märchen was originally a little story from long time ago, when the world was still magic.

The English term "fairy tale" stems from the fact that the French *contes* often included fairies.

Roots of the genre come from different oral stories passed down in European cultures. The genre was first marked out by writers of the Renaissance, such as Giovanni Francesco Straparola and Giambattista Basile, and stabilized through the works of later collectors such as Charles Perrault and the Brothers Grimm. In this evolution, the name was coined when the *précieuses* took up writing literary stories; Madame d'Aulnoy invented the term *conte de fée*, or fairy tale, in the late 17th century.

History

The **oral tradition** of the fairy tale came long before the written page. Tales were told or enacted dramatically, rather than written down, and handed down from generation to generation. Because of this, the history of their development is necessarily obscure. and fairy tales appear, now and again, in written literature throughout literate cultures, as in The Golden Ass, which includes Cupid and Psyche .

Association with Children

Originally, adults were the audience of a fairy tale just as often as children. Literary fairy tales appeared in works intended for adults, but in the 19th and 20th centuries the fairy tale became associated with children's literature.

The *précieuses*, including Madame d'Aulnoy, intended their works for adults, but regarded their source as the tales that servants, or other women of lower class, would tell to children. Indeed, a novel of that time, depicting a countess's suitor offering to tell such a tale, has the countess exclaim that she loves fairy tales as if she were still a child.

Fables and Fairytales Main

| The Magic Mirror | Jack And The Bean-stalk | Jack The Giant Killer | The Golden Goose | Beauty and the Beast | Cinderella | Little Red Riding Hood | Sleeping Beauty |The Ugly Duckling |

The Fantasy Genre

Events occur outside the ordinary laws that operate within the universe.
Magic is central to the fantasy genre.
Fantasy stories often involve journeys and quests.

How does fantasy differ from science fiction and fairy tales?

Science fiction stories also operate outside the normal boundaries of the real world but they are usually set in the future and involve the wonders of technology.

Fairy tales are shorter than most fantasy works. Characters and settings lack specificity. Seldom are place names given or detailed descriptions of characters provided in fairy tales; nuances and subtleties of portrayal are deliberately ignored.

Types of Fantasy

There are 3 different ways that fantasy writers set up their worlds.
Some novels **begin and end** in a fantasy world (for example *The Hobbit* or *A Wizard of Earthsea*).
Others start in the **real world and move** into a fantasy world (for example *Alice in Wonderland* or *Peter Pan*).
A third type of fantasy is set in the **real world but elements of magic** intrude upon it (for example *Mary Poppins* or David Almond's *Skellig*).
Realistic settings are often called primary worlds; fantasy settings, secondary worlds.

Portals between Worlds

Protagonists usually cross some kind of opening or "portal" between the two worlds. Examples of portals:
The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe:
Harry Potter books:
Coraline:
Peter Pan:

Why do writers use the fantasy genre?

The major advantage of fantasy is that it can open up possibilities; it is not confined to the boundaries of the real world.
Writers are able to convey complex ideas on a symbolic level that would be difficult to convey otherwise.
Fantasy works can provide a fresh perspective on the real world.
Fantasy stories can suggest universal truths through the use of magic and the supernatural.
Thomas Hardy preferred fantasy over realism, claiming that "a story must be exceptional enough to justify its telling," and that a writer must have "something more unusual to relate than the ordinary experience of every average man and woman."

Lecture six

realism in children's literature literary elements of children's literature

realism in children's literature

realistic genre: literary realism focuses on fidelity to everyday life.

A realistic work depicts the world as it is .not as it could be.

Authors presents ordinary people living their everyday lives.

Fantasy ,magic and supernatural events are absents from the realistic story

The protagonist is ordinary rather than heroic. and the events are commonplace rather than extraordinary. All fictions is based on artifice but writers of realistic works hide this artifice. The concept of realism has evolved over the past century.

Earlier realistic novels for children differ from latter ones, that latter fall under the category of "new realism" prior to the 1970s, realistic novels such as :Anne of Green Gables and the Secret Garden focused on the typical problems of growing up. this pre-1970 form of realism is also called "social realism" sometimes the stories are also classified as "family novels" since they typically focus on family issues such as conflict with parents or sibling rivalry . protagonists in all forms of realistic stories gain greater self- awareness and maturity by facing challenges and overcoming them.

"New realism"

Many post- 1970 realistic novels equate realism with the darker side of life.

Realism in these stories is often associated with suffering and unhappiness.

New realism has introduced subjects that were previously thought **unsuitable** for children. These are sometimes called "**social problem novels** "because they focus on problems such as divorce, abuse, parental neglect ,violence ,and gangs. In many of these novels ,adults, - and especially parents – let children down. Children must learn to cope without a loving parents figure in many of these stories.

Literary elements of children's literature

Characters : in children's literature character is used to mean a person or personified animal or object.

Character development : collection of features that bring the character to life, inner and outer qualities .Revelations of character occurs through the character's thoughts ,conversations , actions and behaviors ;the author's narration; or the thoughts of other characters.

Types of character;

Round character: fully developed in the story –central and protagonists.

flat characters: less important characters but essential to action.

dynamic characters: changes in the course of the action.

Static characters: no change in the course of the story - flat characters ,stereotypes and foils (a minor character whose traits are in direct contrast to the main character .

Good picture books for character study

Amazing Grace-Hoffman

My Great Aunt Arizona-Gloria Huston

Setting: the time and place where the story occurs.

Characteristics of setting:

Time identified as past, present ,or future.

Setting is developed through text or illustrations.

Setting provides details which reinforce the plot and characterization.

Types of setting:

Time and place influence action, character and or theme . characters behave in a given way because of time and place .

Good picture books for setting:

Gleam and Glow-Eve Bunting .

Grandfather's Journey- Allen Say.

The Relatives Came- Cynthia Rylant.

Plot: sequence of events showing characters in action. Sequence is chosen by the author as the best way of telling the story.

Three element of plot

Narrative order: the way or the order in which the writer chooses to unfold the story to the reader.

Chronological order: events are related in the order of their happening

flashbacks :writers **disrupts** normal time sequence to recounts some past events

conflict: the struggles the protagonist face.

Person against –self: character typically faces internal conflict which pull him/her toward two courses of action.

Person against –person: involves struggle between two or more characters.

Person against –society: involves struggle between character or characters and either social mores, cultural values or sometimes the law.

Person against –nature: involves conflict between a character and some force or forces of nature**.**

Climax: peak and turning point of conflict ,point at which the reader knows the outcome of action .

Denouement: resolution or tying together of the plot that gives the reader a sense of completeness at the end.

Good picture books for plot

The Ugly Duckling.

Harriet and the Promised I and.

Point of View : the side of the story the reader sees as revealed by the author through the characters. point of view is seen through the eyes and minds of characters as the plot unfolds.

Types of point of view:

First person

Story told through first narrator "I" whose actions and feelings influence story. This character is limited in perspective because she/he tell what anther character thinks unless told by other character.

Objective point of view

Author lets actions speak for themselves .

Author describes only the characters' actions: the reader is left to infer characters' thoughts and feelings.

Omniscient point of view

Story is told in the third person with author talking about "they, he, or she"

Author is not restricted to the knowledge ,experience and feeling of one character feeling ,thoughts and even motives of any or all characters can be revealed to give the reader helpful information.

limited Omniscient point of view

combination of first person and Omniscient

story is told through the eyes of a single character, usually the protagonist but is not told in first person.

Good picture books for point of view

Three Stories You Can Read to Your Dog – Sara Miller

Theme: the idea that holds the story together or the author's massage to reader .it is the main idea or the central meaning of the story.

Themes often deal with society ,human nature ,human condition ,social issues, and good versus evil.

Authors reveal theme explicitly as well as implicitly .

Stories usually have a cluster of themes which are often related.

Primary theme: central theme which is of more importance than the rest.

Secondary theme: themes which seem lesser importance than the primary one.

Themes are underlying ideas, moral, and lessons that give the story its texture depth and meaning …we infer themes.

A plot related to a single story whereas a theme is applicable to hundreds of stories.

A bird in the hand is worth to in the bush.

A friend in need is a friend indeed

Absences makes the heart grow fonder.

Beauty is only skin deep.

Better late than never.

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

Don't judge book by its cover.

Early to bed early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy ,and wise.

He who laughs last laughs longest.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

Out of sight out of minds.

The best way to a man's heart is through his stomach.
The end justifies the means
Too many cooks spoil the broth.
Two heads are better than one.
When in Rome ,do as the Romans do.

Lecture Seven

Literary Elements
Common Themes in Children's Literature

Literary Elements

Style: Author's choice and arrangement of words in order to create plot, characterizations, setting, and theme.

Devices of Style:

Connotation: Associative or emotional meaning of a word; usually used to describe a character or situation

Imagery: the appeal of the senses; helps to create setting, establish mood and character.

Figurative Language: Words used in a non-literal way, giving meaning beyond the usual sense. Ex) personification, simile, or metaphor

Hyperbole: exaggeration used for humor or to make a point

Understatement: opposite of exaggeration; used to play down a happening or situation.

Allusion: tends to have more meaning for mature readers; relies on a reference to something in our common understanding, our past, or our literature

Symbol: something that operates on two levels of meaning, the literal and the figurative levels.

Puns and Wordplay

Devices of Sound:

Onomatopoeia: words that sounds like their meaning. E.g. splash, wow, gush, buzz," "crash," "whirr," "hiss," "purr," "hush," "boom

Alliteration: repetition of a similar vowel sound within a phrase . E.g. sweet smell of success, a dime a dozen, bigger and better, jump for joy

Consonance: close repetition of a consonant sound within a phrase but not in the initial position. E.g. "first and last," "odds and ends," "short and sweet," "a stroke of luck,"

Tone: the author's attitude toward what he or she has written. Ex) humor, mysterious, creepy, straight-forward, matter-of-fact, exciting, boring, etc.

Common Themes in Children's Literature

- There are many attributes to a literary work. These include plot, characterization, symbols and themes. The theme helps give focus to the story, and therefore is a fundamental part of the work. Many themes in children's books are similar to those in adult books, especially those dealing with human emotions.
- · **Definition of a Theme**
- Whereas the subject of the literary work is the topic the author writes about, the theme is a statement about or an opinion on the topic. It is an idea that

may be expressed by the feelings, thoughts and conversations of the main character. It may also answer the question, "What does the main character learn in the course of the story?"

1- Friendship: Friendship is a very common need for children and therefore, any book that uses this theme is desirable reading. An example is "*The Outsiders"* by Susan Hinton which deals with friendship as part of gang life. The story develops the theme with a gang from a low income area and one from an affluent one. Fights are as much a part of their lives as competition for girls. Changes in the children's lives focus upon the necessity for friendship and the need for being part of a group. Another book on this theme is "*Bad Fall"* by Charles Crawford. This story shows the importance of friendship between two young boys.

2- Family: All families are different, and yet there is is something common in family life. For example, the book, *"Everywhere"* by Bruce Brooks show the relationship between a young boy and his aging grandfather. In "*The Stone-Faced Boy"* by Paula Fox, the young boy seems to be rejected by his family and only as a result of coping with difficult situations does his family come to accept him.

3- Prejudice: Bigotry and prejudice constitute a common theme in many children's books. They show the horrors of racism and their effect on children. "The Gold Cadillac" by Mildred D. Taylor tells of a young black girl and the prejudice she and her family encountered during a trip to the South in the 1950s in the family's new Cadillac. "Lilies of the Field" by William Barrett describes how a young black man helps nuns in a story that covers the themes of racial and religious tolerance.

4- Growing Up: Maturing and facing adolescence are common themes in children's books. An interesting story for middle grades that uses this theme is "*Charley Skedaddle"* by Patricia Beatty. The leading character grew up in a poor neighborhood of New York City, served as a drummer boy in the Civil War and matured to manhood despite many obstacles. "*The Moon Bridge*" by Marcia Savin tells of Ruthie Fox, a fifth grader who lived in San Francisco in 1941. She must adjust her life when her close friend is taken to a Japanese-American internment camp. "*Old Yeller*" by Fred Gipson tells of a boy's frontier life and growth to maturity by accepting the responsibility of manhood

Lecture Eight

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

There was once a sweet little maid who lived with her father and mother in a pretty little cottage at the edge of the village. At the further end of the wood was another pretty cottage and in it lived her grandmother.
Everybody loved this little girl, her grandmother perhaps loved her most of all and gave her a great many pretty things. Once she gave her a red cloak with a hood which she always wore, so people called her Little Red Riding Hood.
One morning Little Red Riding Hood's mother said, "Put on your things and go to see your grandmother. She has been ill; take along this basket for her. I have put in it eggs, butter and cake, and other dainties." It was a bright and sunny morning. Red Riding Hood was so happy that at first she wanted to dance through the wood. All around her grew pretty wild flowers which she loved so well and she stopped to pick a bunch for her grandmother.

Little Red Riding Hood wandered from her path and was stooping to pick a flower when from behind her a gruff voice said, "Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood." Little Red Riding Hood turned around and saw a great big wolf, but Little Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked beast the wolf was, so she was not afraid.
"What have you in that basket, Little Red Riding Hood?"
"Eggs and butter and cake, Mr. Wolf."
"Where are you going with them, Little Red Riding Hood?"
"I am going to my grandmother, who is ill, Mr. Wolf."
"Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Riding Hood?"
"Along that path, past the wild rose bushes, then through the gate at the end of the wood, Mr. Wolf."
Then Mr. Wolf again said "Good morning" and set off, and Little Red Riding Hood again went in search of wild flowers.
At last he reached the porch covered with flowers and knocked at the door of the cottage.
"Who is there?" called the grandmother.
"Little Red Riding Hood," said the wicked wolf.
"Press the latch, open the door, and walk in," said the grandmother.
The wolf pressed the latch, and walked in where the grandmother lay in bed. He made one jump at her, but she jumped out of bed into a closet. Then the wolf put on the cap which she had dropped and crept under the bedclothes.
In a short while Little Red Riding Hood knocked at the door, and walked in, saying, "Good morning, Grandmother, I have brought you eggs, butter and cake, and here is a bunch of flowers I gathered in

the wood." As she came nearer the bed she said, "What big ears you have, Grandmother."
"All the better to hear you with, my dear."
"What big eyes you have, Grandmother."
"All the better to see you with, my dear."
"But, Grandmother, what a big nose you have."
"All the better to smell with, my dear."
"But, Grandmother, what a big mouth you have."
"All the better to eat you up with, my dear," he said as he sprang at Little Red Riding Hood.
Just at that moment Little Red Riding Hood's father was passing the cottage and heard her scream. He rushed in and with his axe chopped off Mr. Wolf's head.
Everybody was happy that Little Red Riding Hood had escaped the wolf. Then Little Red Riding Hood's father carried her home and they lived happily ever after.

Little Red Riding Hood is a fairy tale for young children. It is a story about a young girl and a wolf. The story comes from a folktale which means that it was a spoken story for a long time before it was a written story. It was first written down in the late 1600s. The best-known version (the way the story is told) of Little Red Riding Hood is by the Brothers Grimm and dates from the 19th century (1800s).

Grimm Brothers

Jacob Grimm was born in 1785 and his brother Wilhelm Grimm was born in 1786. Their parents had nine children, so they had seven other siblings. Throughout their lives they basically did the same thing and achieved the same achievements. They both went to the University of Marburg (**Marburg** is a university town in the German federal state (Bundesland) of Hesse) and studied law. They were both influenced by the folk poetry collection of Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim, so they began to collect folk tales. When their parents died they decided to get jobs as librarians in order to support their younger siblings. In 1812 they published volume 1 of Children and Household Tales that contained 86 folk tales. They published another six editions of this. In 1819 they both received honorary doctorates from the University of Marburg and their scholarly work on linguistics, folklore and medieval studies continued, resulting in many publications. From 1829-1830, they both resigned as librarians and accepted positions at the University of Gottingen as librarians and professors. They continued their scholarly work, political activities and dedicated a lot of their time to their own studies and research. Wilhelm died in 1859 and Jacob followed in 1863.

Tale's History

Earliest Versions

The origins of the Little Red Riding Hood story can be traced to versions from various European countries and more than likely preceding the 17th century, of which several exist, some significantly different from the currently known, Grimms-inspired version. It was told by French peasants in the 10th century. In Italy, the Little Red Riding Hood was told by peasants in 14th century, where a

number of versions exist, including La finta nonna (The False Grandmother). It has also been called "The Story of Grandmother". It is also possible that this early tale has roots in very similar Oriental tales (e.g. "Grandaunt Tiger").
These early variations of the tale differ from the currently known version in several ways. The antagonist is not always a wolf, but sometimes an ogre or a 'bzou' (werewolf), making these tales relevant to the werewolf-trials (similar to witch trials) of the time (e.g. the trial of Peter Stumpp).

Interpretations

Besides the overt warning about talking to strangers, there are many interpretations of the classic fairy tale, many of them are sexual. Some are listed below.

Natural Cycles

Folklorists and cultural anthropologists such as P. Saintyves and Edward Burnett Tylor saw "Little Red Riding Hood" in terms of solar myths and other naturally-occurring cycles. Her red hood could represent the bright sun which is ultimately swallowed by the terrible night (the wolf). Alternatively, the tale could be about the season of spring, or the month of May, escaping the winter.

Rebirth

Bruno Bettelheim, in The Uses of Enchantment, recast the Little Red Riding Hood motif in terms of classic Freudian analysis, that shows how fairy tales educate, support, and liberate the emotions of children. The motif of the huntsman cutting open the wolf, he interpreted as a "rebirth"; the girl who foolishly listened to the wolf has been reborn as a new person.

Moral

Children, especially attractive, well bred young ladies, should never talk to strangers, for if they should do so, they may well provide dinner for a wolf. I say "wolf," but there are various kinds of wolves. There are also those who are charming, quiet, polite, unassuming, complacent, and sweet, who pursue young women at home and in the streets. And unfortunately, it is these gentle wolves who are the most dangerous ones of all.

Meanings

As with many fairy tales, hidden messages can be found in Little Red Riding Hood. People have very different interpretations (ways of understanding the hidden meanings). There are two main ways that the story of Little Red Riding Hood can be interpreted.

The first type of interpretation is about morality. It is about what is right and what is wrong.

The easiest message for children to understand is that it can be dangerous to trust strangers.

A more adult interpretation is about sexuality. Some people think that the story of the girl being "eaten" is really a symbol for rape. Susan Brownmiller wrote a book about it, called Against Our Will. Some of the other versions of the story

seem to be more about rape than the way that the Brothers Grimm wrote it, which was for children.

Charles Perrault makes his meaning quite clear. At the end of the story he writes:

"From this story one learns that children, especially young lasses, pretty, courteous and well-bred, do very wrong to listen to strangers.... all wolves are not of the same sort.... there is one kind [that is not] noisy, nor hateful, nor angry, but tame, obliging and gentle, following the young maids in the streets, even into their homes. Alas! .... these gentle wolves are ... the most dangerous!"

Some people who are feminists (supporters of the rights of women) do not like this story and say that it does not show women in a good way. This is because, through the story, Red Riding Hood does not think or act for herself. She does not do any of the actions of the story; she only does what she is told to do by a male character, and has things done to her male characters. She does what wolf tells her to do, even though it is against the advice of her mother. She comes near the male wolf when he tells her, against her own fear. She is eaten by the male character. She cannot help herself and is saved only because a strong male character comes along at the right time. Feminists believe that stories like this do not help girls to be independent.

In old French and Italian versions of the story, the girl is independent and clever. She tricks the wolf and escapes without any help.

Lessons in "Little Red Riding Hood"

"Little Red Riding Hood" is one of the most famous children's books ever. And like most children's books, it has a moral. The story is about a little girl who wants to visit her grandma. But in order to do this, she must walk through dangerous woods alone. Along the way, she meets the Big Bad Wolf, an animal that would eventually eat her grandma.

- **Don't Talk to Strangers**

Even though Little Red Riding Hood didn't talk to the wolf for very long, what she disclosed to the wolf resulted in her grandmother being eaten. The wolf asked her what she was doing out in the woods. She replied that she was going to her grandma's house. It was at that point that the wolf ran along, ate Little Red Riding Hood's Grandma and then tried to eat her.

Little Red Riding Hood said: "I'm on my way to see my grandma who lives through the forest, near the brook."

Listen to Your Mother

Though Little Red Riding Hood intended to listen to her mother and "go straight to grandma's house," she stopped in the woods along the way to pick some flowers. As she was doing this, the wolf approached her. By disobeying her mother, Little Red Riding Hood put herself in a vulnerable position and the wolf pounced on the opportunity to take advantage of her.

Her mother warned: "Remember, go straight to grandma's house. Don't dawdle along the way and please don't talk to strangers. The woods are dangerous."

Watch Out For Yourself

When Little Red Riding Hood arrived at her grandma's home, she was cautious because her "grandma" looked different. She questioned her grandma and observed her appearance to determine if it is truly her. When she discovered that it wasn't, she ran away and prevented herself from being eaten.

Little Red Riding Hood said: "But Grandmother, what big ears you have. But Grandmother, what big eyes you have. But Grandmother, what big teeth you have."

Don't Send Your Child Into the Woods Alone

If Little Red Riding Hood's mother hadn't sent her daughter into the "dangerous" woods alone, she could have prevented grandma from being eaten. Parents should be careful about what they allow their children to do, the book teaches. Even though the trip to her grandma's house might have been a short one, the woods are the habitat for hungry wolfs, and are dangerous.

Lecture Nine

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Once upon a time there lived a good king and his queen. They had no children for many years and were very sad.
Then one day, the queen gave birth to a lovely baby girl and the whole kingdom was happy. There was a grand celebration and all the fairies in the kingdom were invited. But the king forgot to invite an old fairy. She came to the celebrations but was very angry. Soon it was time to gift the baby with special wishes. The good fairies wished her well and said, "May she grow to be the most beautiful girl in the world! She will sing sweetly and dance so well! She will live happily!" All the fairies blessed the baby and gave her beautiful gifts.

When it was the old fairy's turn, she said, "When the baby is sixteen she will touch a spindle, and die!" The king and queen were shocked and begged the fairy to forgive them and take her words back but the fairy refused to do so. When the other fairies saw the king and queen crying, they said, "We cannot undo what the old fairy has spoken. But we certainly can make it different. Your child shall not die when she touches the spindle. But she will fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years. Then, a prince will come along and wake her up." Hearing this, the king and the queen were relieved. The king forbade everyone from spinning so that the princess would never touch a spindle.

The princess grew up to be a kind girl and helped people in need. Everybody loved her. Years passed. When the princess was sixteen years old, she was walking in the woods when she saw an old lady spinning. "What is this? May I try?" she asked The old lady said, "Of course, my pretty little child!" And the princess sat down to spin. But the moment she touched the spindle, she fell to the floor in a deep slumber. The old lady took her back to the palace and the king and queen laid her on her bed and tucked her in. They were very sad and called the good fairies. The fairies felt sorry for them and cast a spell over the whole kingdom so that when the princess woke up after a hundred years, she would not be alone in the palace. Everyone, including the guards and the servants and the animals were now fast asleep. For a hundred years, they all slept soundly.
A hundred years passed. There came a prince from a far off land. He, along with his servants, went deep into the forest and crossed many rivers. Once the prince lost his way and was separated from the rest of the travellers. He came to the sleeping kingdom and was amazed. The guards, the servants, the cats and the cows were all fast asleep and snoring.
The prince reached the palace and entered it. No one moved. The prince then found the sleeping princess. She was such a beautiful girl that the prince kissed her. By that time, a hundred years had passed by and everyone was waking up, one by one. The princess yawned and opened her eyes. She saw the prince and smiled. She asked him "Are you my prince?" He was happy to hear her speak. The prince and the princess fell in love with each other. The prince wanted to marry the princess so they went to ask for permission from their parents.

The king and the queen arranged for a royal wedding. All the clothes the bride wore were a hundred years old, but she looked beautiful. Soon, they were married and then they rode away to the prince's kingdom far, far away.

THE END

"***The Sleeping Beauty***" (French: *La Belle au bois dormant*, "The Beauty sleeping in the wood") by Charles Perrault or "*Little Briar Rose*" (German: *Dornröschen*) by the Brothers Grimm is a classic fairytale involving a beautiful princess, enchantment of sleep, and a handsome prince. Written as an original literary tale, it was first published by Charles Perrault in *Histoires ou contes du temps passé* in 1697.

Author Information - Charles Perrault

The original story of Sleeping Beauty was written in 1696 by Charles Perrault, a French writer who is best known for writing *Little Red Riding Hood, Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella*, and many more fairy tales. Charles was born in Paris to a wealthy family, and studied at some of the best schools. Charles Perrault is best known for setting the foundations of a "new literary genre," fairytale.

What is the moral of Sleeping Beauty?

The moral of Sleeping Beauty might be that life, and growing up, presents unavoidable risks.

But perhaps it has no moral. Sleeping Beauty is a fairy tale, not a fable. Fables were meant to be instructive and provide moral guidance. Fairy tales were frequently sometimes just the opposite. They provided entertainment, sometimes of a spooky kind, and while some of them might indirectly provide instruction it was certainly not the purpose.

What is the moral of story *Sleeping Beauty*?

Love and goodness conquer all.

What is the setting of the story Sleeping Beauty?

The setting of the sleeping beauty is the in a **far away land**...

Who is the villain in Sleeping Beauty?

The wicked fairy who curses the baby princess is the villain in Sleeping Beauty.

SNOWDROP AND SEVEN LITTLE DWARFS

Once upon a time there was a little princess called Snowdrop, who had a cruel step-mother who was jealous of her. The Queen had a magic mirror, which could speak to her, and when she looked into it and asked who was the fairest lady in the land the mirror told her she was, for she was very beautiful; but as Snowdrop grew up she became still more lovely than her step-mother and the mirror did not fail to tell the Queen this.

So she ordered one of her huntsmen to take Snowdrop away and kill her; but he was too tender-hearted to do this and left the maiden in the wood and went home again. Snowdrop wandered about until she came to the house of seven little dwarfs, and they were so kind as to take her in and let her live with them. She used to make their seven little

beds, and prepare the meals for the seven little men, and they were all quite happy until the Queen found out from her mirror that Snowdrop was alive still, for, as it always told the truth, it still told her Snowdrop was the fairest lady in the land.

She decided that Snowdrop must die, so she dyed her face and dressed up like an old pedlar, and in this disguise she went to the home of the seven Dwarfs and called out, "Laces for sale."

Snowdrop peeped out of the window and said, "Good-day, mother; what have you to sell?"

"Good laces, fine laces, laces of every color," and she held out one that was made of gay silk.

Snowdrop opened the door and bought the pretty lace.

"Child," said the old woman, "you are a sight, let me lace you properly for once."

Snowdrop placed herself before the old woman, who laced her so quickly and so tightly that she took away Snowdrop's breath and she fell down as though dead.

Not long after the seven dwarfs came home they found that she was laced too tight and cut the lace, whereupon Snowdrop began to breathe and soon came back to life again.

When the Queen got home and found by asking her mirror that Snowdrop was still alive, she planned to make an end of her for good, so she made a poisoned comb and disguised herself to look like a different old woman.

She journeyed to the dwarfs' home and induced Snowdrop to let her comb her hair. The minute she put the poisoned comb in her hair Snowdrop fell down as though dead.

When the seven dwarfs came home they found their poor Snowdrop on the floor, and suspecting the bad Queen began to look for the cause, soon finding the comb. No sooner had they removed it than Snowdrop came to life again.

Upon the Queen's return home she found by asking her mirror that Snowdrop still lived, so she disguised herself a third time and came to the dwarfs' little house and gave Snowdrop a poisoned apple. As soon as the little princess took a bite it stuck in her throat and choked her.

Oh! how grieved were the good little dwarfs. They made a fine glass coffin, and put Snowdrop into it and were carrying her away to bury her when they met a prince, who fell in love with the little dead maiden, and begged the dwarfs to give her to him.

The dwarfs were so sorry for him they consented, and the prince's servants were about to carry the coffin away when they stumbled and fell over the root of a tree. Snowdrop received such a violent jerk that the poisonous apple was jerked right out of her throat and she sat up alive and well again.

Of course she married the prince, and she, her husband and the good

little dwarfs lived happily ever after, but the cruel step-mother came to a bad end, and no one was even sorry for her.

THE GOOSE-GIRL

There was once an old Queen who had a very beautiful daughter. The time came when the maiden was to go into a distant country to be married.

The old Queen packed up everything suitable to a royal outfit.

She also sent a Waiting-woman with her. When the hour of departure came they bade each other a sorrowful farewell and set out for the bridegroom's country.

When they had ridden for a time the Princess became very thirsty, and said to the Waiting-woman, "Go down and fetch me some water in my cup from the stream. I must have something to drink."

"If you are thirsty," said the Waiting-woman, "dismount yourself, lie down by the water and drink. I don't choose to be your servant."

Being very thirsty, the Princess dismounted, and knelt by the flowing water.

Now, when she was about to mount her horse again, the Waiting-woman said, "By rights your horse belongs to me; this jade will do for you!"

The poor little Princess was obliged to give way. Then the Waiting-woman, in a harsh voice, ordered her to take off her royal robes, and to put on her own mean garments. Finally she forced her to swear that she would not tell a person at the Court what had taken place. Had she not taken the oath she would have been killed on the spot.

There was great rejoicing when they arrived at the castle. The Prince hurried towards them, and lifted the Waiting-woman from her horse, thinking she was his bride. She was led upstairs, but the real Princess had to stay below.

The old King looked out of the window and saw the delicate, pretty little creature standing in the courtyard; so he asked the bride about her companion. "I picked her up on the way, and brought her with me for company. Give the girl something to do to keep her from idling."

The old King said, "I have a little lad who looks after the geese; she may help him."

The boy was called little Conrad, and the real bride was sent with him to look after the geese. When they reached the meadow, the Princess sat down on the grass and let down her hair, and when Conrad saw it he was so delighted that he wanted to pluck some out; but she said--

"Blow, blow, little breeze,
And Conrad's hat seize.
Let him join in the chase
While away it is whirled,
Till my tresses are curled
And I rest in my place."

Then a strong wind sprang up, which blew away Conrad's hat right over the fields, and he had to run after it. When he came back her hair was all put up again. When they got home Conrad went to the King and said, "I won't tend the geese with that maiden again."

"Why not?" asked the King.
Then Conrad went on to tell the King all that had happened in the field. The King ordered Conrad to go next day as usual and he followed into the field and hid behind a bush. He saw it happen just as Conrad had told him. Thereupon he went away unnoticed; and in the evening, when the Goose-girl came home, he asked her why she did all these things.
"That I may not tell you," she answered.
Then he said, "If you won't tell me, then tell the iron stove there;" and he went away. She crept up to the stove and unburdened her heart to it. The King stood outside by the pipes of the stove and heard all she said. Then he came back, and caused royal robes to be put upon her, and her beauty was a marvel. Then he called his son and told him that he had a false bride, but that the true bride was here.
The Prince was charmed with her beauty and a great banquet was prepared. The bridegroom sat at the head of the table, with the Princess on one side and the Waiting-woman at the other; but she did not recognize the Princess. When they had eaten, the King put a riddle to the Waiting-woman. "What does a person deserve that deceives his master?" telling the whole story. The false bride answered, "He must be put into a barrel and dragged along by two white horses till he is dead."
"That is your doom," said the King, "and the judgment shall be carried out."
When the sentence was fulfilled, the young Prince married his true bride, and they lived together in peace and happiness.

The End

The Goose Girl is a German fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm. Since the second edition published in 1819, *The Goose Girl* has been recorded as Tale no. 89.
It was first published in 1815 as no. 3 in vol. 2 of the first edition of their Kinder- und Hausmärchen (Children's and Household Tales—Grimms' Fairy Tales). It was translated into English by Margaret Hunt in 1884. Andrew Lang included it in *The Blue Fairy Book*.
Fairy tales often share common characteristics-the use of the number three, magical elements, transformations, misleading appearances, and the conquest of good over evil. Additionally, the hero or heroine is often infallible. Which elements did Shannon Hale decide to incorporate into The Goose Girl? Which ones did she omit? Why do you think so?

One of the major themes of the Goose Girl is **accepting each other's differences**. Another theme is **discrimination**.
Because the Goose Girl is a fairy tale, **there must be a villain.** However, in the story there are **two**.

Lecture Ten

BABES IN THE WOOD

Once upon a time there lived two little children whose parents were ill unto death. They begged their brother to care for the two little ones as he would his own. The uncle promised he would be a father to them, but he soon began to scheme to possess the money the parents had left in his care for the children. He sent for two robbers and bargained with them to take the two babes into the woods and kill them. After going many miles into the woods one of the robbers said, "Let us not kill the little children, they never harmed us." The other robber would not consent, so they came to blows. This frightened the children so much that they ran away and did not see the robbers again.
They wandered on and on until they became so tired and hungry that at length they sat down at the foot of a tree and cried as if their hearts would break. The little birds heard them and began to trill sweet lullabies, which presently lulled them to rest.
The birdies knew that the children would die of cold and hunger, so they covered them with leaves of crimson and brown and green. They then told the angels in Heaven the sad story of the lost babes, and one of the white-robed angels flew down to earth and carried both the little ones back to Heaven, so that when they awoke they were no longer tired and hungry, but were again with their dear mother.

THE END

Babes in the Wood is a traditional children's tale, as well as a popular pantomime subject. It has also been the name of some other unrelated works. The expression has passed into common language, referring to inexperienced innocents entering unawares into any potentially dangerous or hostile situation.

Traditional tale

The traditional children's tale is of two children abandoned in a wood, who die and are covered with leaves by robins.

First published as an anonymous broadside ballad, printed by Thomas Millington in Norwich in 1595 with the title "The Norfolk gent his will and Testament and how he Committed the keeping of his Children to his own brother who dealt most wickedly with them and how God plagued him for it". The tale has been reworked in many forms; it frequently appears attributed as a Mother Goose rhyme.

The ballad tells of two small children left in the care of an uncle and aunt after their parents' death. The uncle gives the children to ruffians to be killed, in order to acquire their inheritance. The children, wandering alone in the woods, die, and are

covered by leaves by the birds. Unlike many morality tales, the story ends there; no retribution is described as happening to the uncle.

The Queen Bee

Two kings' sons once went out in search of adventures, and fell into a wild, disorderly way of living, so that they never came home again. The youngest, who was called simpleton, set out to seek his brothers, but when at length he found them they mocked him for thinking that he with his simplicity could get through the world, when they two could not make their way, and yet were so much cleverer.

They all three traveled away together, and came to an ant-hill. The two elder wanted to destroy it, to see the little ants creeping about in their terror, and carrying their eggs away, but simpleton said, leave the creatures in peace, I will not allow you to disturb them.
Then they went onwards and came to a lake, on which a great number of ducks were swimming. The two brothers wanted to catch a couple and roast them, but simpleton would not permit it, and said, leave the creatures in peace, I will not suffer you to kill them.
At length they came to a bee's nest, in which there was so much honey that it ran out of the trunk of the tree where it was. The two wanted to make a fire beneath the tree, and suffocate the bees in order to take away the honey, but simpleton again stopped them and said, leave the creatures in peace, I will not allow you to burn them.
At length the three brothers arrived at a castle where stone horses were standing in the stables, and no human being was to be seen, and they went through all the halls until, quite at the end, they came to a door in which were three locks. In the middle of the door, however, there was a little pane, through which they could see into the room. There they saw a little gray man, who was sitting at a table. They called him, once, twice, but he did not hear, at last they called him for the third time, when he got up, opened the locks, and came out. He said nothing, however, but conducted them to a handsomely-spread table, and when they had eaten and drunk, he took each of them to a bedroom.
Next morning the little gray man came to the eldest, beckoned to him, and conducted him to a stone table, on which were inscribed three tasks, by the performance of which the castle could be delivered from enchantment. The first was that in the forest, beneath the moss, lay the princess's pearls, a thousand in number, which must be picked up, and if by sunset one

single pearl was missing, he who had looked for them would be turned into stone. The eldest went thither, and sought the whole day, but when it came to an end, he had only found one hundred, and what was written on the table came true, and he was turned into stone. Next day, the second brother undertook the adventure, but it did not fare much better with him than with the eldest, he did not find more than two hundred pearls, and was changed to stone. At last it was simpleton's turn to seek in the moss, but it was so difficult for him to find the pearls, and he got on so slowly, that he seated himself on a stone, and wept. And while he was thus sitting, the king of the ants whose life he had once saved, came with five thousand ants, and before long the little creatures had got all the pearls together, and laid them in a heap. **The second** task, however, was to fetch out of the lake the key of the king's daughter's bed-chamber. When simpleton came to the lake, the ducks which he had saved, swam up to him, dived down, and brought the key out of the water.

But the third task was the most difficult, from amongst the three sleeping daughters of the king was the youngest and dearest to be sought out. They, however, resembled each other exactly, and were only to be distinguished by their having eaten different sweetmeats before they fell asleep, the eldest a bit of sugar, the second a little syrup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey. Then the queen of the bees, whom simpleton had protected from the fire, came and tasted the lips of all three, and at last she remained sitting on the mouth which had eaten honey, and thus the king's son recognized the right princess. Then the enchantment was at an end, everything was delivered from sleep, and those who had been turned to stone received once more their natural forms. Simpleton married the youngest and sweetest princess, and after her father's death became king, and his two brothers received the two other sisters. The end

The Queen Bee is a German fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm.

The Queen Bee is an updated retelling of the fairy tale about seeking fortune, breaking a spell and discovering the identity of the real prince with the help of ants, ducks, and a regal Queen Bee, with role reversals and undercurrent themes of both the value of education and being kind to animals.

The story teaches some basic and profound lessons. It blends classic fairy tale magic with modern ideas…while still allowing the girl most deserving of praise to marry her fairy tale prince. The book also has a nice reversal of roles, with the heroine saving the enchanted prince…Gwen receives her just reward not because she is the most beautiful girl in the land but because she is genuinely good, intelligent and respectful of her fellow creatures."

This is the timeless folktale of a young prince who undoes the terrible spell on a castle by accomplishing three impossible tasks with the help of some small creatures he saved from cruelty.

Yet the impossible becomes possible with the help of small creatures he rescued from torment.

Vocabulary

wasteful - extravagant, not used in a thoughtful manner
dwarf - a little man
ant-hill - place where ants live (made of dirt)
to suffer someone - impose upon someone to do, or experience something
hollow - empty in the middle
trunk - base of tree
stables - structure that houses horses
marble - hard, decorative mineral that is often used in the construction of beautiful buildings
wicket - small door or gate
bed-chamber - bedroom
eldest - the oldest
tablet - slab of stone upon which something important is written
disenchanted - freed from a magic spell
moss - green plant growth often found on trees, in the grass, etc. usually found in damp places
foretold - something that has been predicted before
tiresome - very tiring
heap - mixed-up pile of things
brink - on the border
syrup - sweet, thick liquid
spell - magic charm

Lecture Eleven
Pinocchio

Carlo Collodi Fairy Tales

Geppetto, a poor old wood carver, was making a puppet from a tree branch. "You shall be my little boy," he said to the puppet, "and I shall call you - Pinocchio." He worked for hours, carefully carving each detail. When he reached the mouth, the puppet started making faces at Geppetto. "Stop that, you naughty boy," Geppetto scolded, "Stop that at once!" "I won't stop!" cried Pinocchio.

"You can talk!" exclaimed Geppetto.

"Of course I can, silly," said the puppet. "You've given me a mouth to talk with." Pinocchio rose to his feet and danced on the table top. "Look what I can do!" he squealed.

"Pinocchio, this is not the time to dance," Geppetto explained. "You must get a good night's rest. Tomorrow you will start going to school with the real boys. You will learn many things, including how to behave." On his way to school the next morning, Pinocchio stopped to see a puppet show.

"I can dance and sing better than those puppets and I don't need strings," boasted Pinocchio. He climbed onto the stage.

"Get off my stage," roared the Puppet Master. Then he noticed how much the crowd liked Pinocchio. He did not say anything and let Pinocchio stay. "Here, you've earned five copper coins," the Puppet Master told Pinocchio.

"Take these coins and go straight home," said the Puppet Master. Pinocchio put the coins into his sack.

He did not go very far before he met a lame Fox and a blind Cat. Knowing that Pinocchio had money, they pretended to be his friends. "Come with us. We'll teach you how to turn those copper pieces into gold," coaxed the sneaky Cat.

"We want to help you get rich. Plant your coins under this magic tree. In a few hours they'll turn to gold," said the Fox.

"Show me where," said Pinocchio excitedly. The Cat and Fox pointed to a patch of loose dirt. Pinocchio dug a hole and put the sack in it, marking the spot with a stone.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the Cat. "Now let's go to the inn for supper." After supper, the Fox and Cat, who weren't really lame or blind, quickly snuck away and disguised themselves as thieves. They hid by the tree waiting for Pinocchio to come back and dig up the money. After Pinocchio dug up the coins they pounced on him.

"Give us your money!" they ordered. But Pinocchio held the sack between his teeth and resisted to give the sack to them. Again they demanded, "Give us your money!"

Pinocchio's Guardian Fairy, who was dressed all in blue and had blue hair, sent her dog, Rufus, to chase the Fox and Cat away. She ordered Rufus to bring Pinocchio back to her castle. "Please sit down," she told Pinocchio. Rufus kept one eye open to watch what was going on.

"Why didn't you go to school today?" she asked Pinocchio in a sweet voice.

"I did," answered Pinocchio. Just then, his nose shot out like a tree branch. "What's happening to my nose?" he cried.

"Every time you tell a lie, your nose will grow. When you tell the truth, it will shrink," said the Blue Fairy. "Pinocchio, you can only become a real boy if you learn how to be brave, honest and generous."

The Blue Fairy told Pinocchio to go home and not to stop for any reason. Pinocchio tried to remember what the Blue Fairy told him.

On the way to home he met some boys. "Come with us," said the boys. "We know a wonderful place filled with games, giant cakes, pretty candies, and circuses." The boys didn't know that if you were bad, you were turned into donkeys and trained for the circus.

It was not very long before the boys began changing into donkeys. "That's what happens to bad boys," snarled the Circus Master as he made Pinocchio jump through a hoop.

Pinocchio could only grow a donkey's ears, feet, and tail, because he was made of wood. The Circus Master couldn't sell him to any circus. He threw Pinocchio into the sea. The instant Pinocchio hit the water, the donkey tail fell off and his own ears and feet came back. He swam for a very long time. Just when he couldn't swim any longer, he was swallowed by a great whale. "It's dark here," scared Pinocchio said.

Pinocchio kept floating deep into the whale's stomach. "Who's there by the light?" called Pinocchio, his voice echoing.

"Pinocchio, is that you?" asked a tired voice.

"Father, you're alive!" Pinocchio shouted with joy. He wasn't scared anymore. Pinocchio helped Geppetto build a big raft that would hold both of them. When the raft was finished, Pinocchio tickled the whale. "Hold tight, Father. When he sneezes, he'll blow us out of here!" cried Pinocchio.

Home at last, Geppetto tucked Pinocchio into his bed. "Pinocchio, today you were brave, honest and generous," Geppetto said. "You are my son and I love you."

Pinocchio remembered what the Blue Fairy told him. "Father, now that I've proven myself, I'm waiting for something to happen," he whispered as he drifted off to sleep.

The next morning Pinocchio came running down the steps, jumping and waving his arms. I He ran to Geppetto shouting, "Look Father, I'm a real boy!"

THE END

PINOCCHIO

by Carlo Collodi

Chapter 1

How it happened that Mastro Cherry, carpenter, found a piece of wood that wept and laughed like a child.

Centuries ago there lived--
"A king!" my little readers will say immediately.
No, children, you are mistaken. Once upon a time there was a piece of wood. It was not an expensive piece of wood. Far from it. Just a common block of firewood, one of those thick, solid logs that are put on the fire in winter to make cold rooms cozy and warm.
I do not know how this really happened, yet the fact remains that one fine day this piece of wood found itself in the shop of an old carpenter. His real name was Mastro Antonio, but everyone called him Mastro Cherry, for the tip of his nose was so round and red and shiny that it looked like a ripe cherry.
As soon as he saw that piece of wood, Mastro Cherry was filled with joy. Rubbing his hands together happily, he mumbled half to himself:
"This has come in the nick of time. I shall use it to make the leg of a table."
He grasped the hatchet quickly to peel off the bark and shape the wood. But as he was about to give it the first blow, he stood still with arm uplifted, for he had heard a wee, little voice say in a beseeching tone: "Please be careful! Do not hit me so hard!" What a look of surprise shone on Mastro Cherry's face! His funny face became still funnier.
He turned frightened eyes about the room to find out where that wee, little voice had come from and he saw no one! He looked under the bench--no one! He peeped inside the closet--no one! He searched among the shavings-- no one! He opened the door to look up and down the street--and still no one!
"Oh, I see!" he then said, laughing and scratching his Wig. "It can easily be seen that I only thought I heard the tiny voice say the words! Well, well--to work once more." He struck a most solemn blow upon the piece of wood.
"Oh, oh! You hurt!" cried the same far-away little voice.
Mastro Cherry grew dumb, his eyes popped out of his head, his mouth opened wide, and his tongue hung down on his chin.
As soon as he regained the use of his senses, he said, trembling and stuttering from fright: "Where did that voice come from, when there is no one around? Might it be that this piece of wood has learned to weep and cry like a child? I can hardly believe it. Here it is--a piece of common firewood, good only to burn in the stove, the same as any other. Yet-- might someone be hidden in it? If so, the worse for him. I'll fix him!"
With these words, he grabbed the log with both hands and started to knock it about unmercifully. He threw it to the floor, against the walls of the room, and even up to the ceiling.
He listened for the tiny voice to moan and cry. He waited two minutes--nothing; five minutes--nothing; ten minutes--nothing.
"Oh, I see," he said, trying bravely to laugh and ruffling up his wig with his hand. "It can easily be seen I only imagined I heard the tiny voice! Well, well--to work once more!"
The poor fellow was scared half to death, so he tried to sing a gay song in order to gain courage.

He set aside the hatchet and picked up the plane to make the wood smooth and even, but as he drew it to and fro, he heard the same tiny voice. This time it giggled as it spoke:
"Stop it! Oh, stop it! Ha, ha, ha! You tickle my stomach."
This time poor Mastro Cherry fell as if shot. When he opened his eyes, he found himself sitting on the floor.
His face had changed; fright had turned even the tip of his nose from red to deepest purple.

Chapter 2

Mastro Cherry gives the piece of wood to his friend Geppetto, who takes it to make himself a Marionette that will dance, fence, and turn somersaults.

In that very instant, a loud knock sounded on the door. "Come in," said the carpenter, not having an atom of strength left with which to stand up.
At the words, the door opened and a dapper little old man came in. His name was Geppetto, but to the boys of the neighborhood he was Polendina,[1] on account of the wig he always wore which was just the color of yellow corn.
Cornmeal mush
Geppetto had a very bad temper. Woe to the one who called him Polendina! He became as wild as a beast and no one could soothe him.
"Good day, Mastro Antonio," said Geppetto. "What are you doing on the floor?"
"I am teaching the ants their A B C's."
"Good luck to you!"
"What brought you here, friend Geppetto?"
"My legs. And it may flatter you to know, Mastro Antonio, that I have come to you to beg for a favor."
"Here I am, at your service," answered the carpenter, raising himself on to his knees.
"This morning a fine idea came to me." "Let's hear it."
"I thought of making myself a beautiful wooden Marionette. It must be wonderful, one that will be able to dance, fence, and turn somersaults. With it I intend to go around the world, to earn my crust of bread and cup of wine. What do you think of it?" "Bravo, Polendina!" cried the same tiny voice which came from no one knew where.
On hearing himself called Polendina, Mastro Geppetto turned the color of a red pepper and, facing the carpenter, said to him angrily:
"Why do you insult me?"
"Who is insulting you?"
"You called me Polendina."
"I did not."
"I suppose you think *I* did! Yet I *know* it was you."
"No!"
"Yes!"
"No!"
"Yes!"
And growing angrier each moment, they went from words to blows, and finally began to scratch and bite and slap each other.

When the fight was over, Mastro Antonio had Geppetto's yellow wig in his hands and Geppetto found the carpenter's curly wig in his mouth.
"Give me back my wig!" shouted Mastro Antonio in a surly voice.
"You return mine and we'll be friends."
The two little old men, each with his own wig back on his own head, shook hands and swore to be good friends for the rest of their lives.
"Well then, Mastro Geppetto," said the carpenter, to show he bore him no ill will, "what is it you want?"
"I want a piece of wood to make a Marionette. Will you give it to me?"
Mastro Antonio, very glad indeed, went immediately to his bench to get the piece of wood which had frightened him so much. But as he was about to give it to his friend, with a violent jerk it slipped out of his hands and hit against poor Geppetto's thin legs. "Ah! Is this the gentle way, Mastro Antonio, in which you make your gifts? You have made me almost lame!"
"I swear to you I did not do it!"
"It was *I*, of course!"
"It's the fault of this piece of wood."
"You're right; but remember you were the one to throw it at my legs."
"I did not throw it!"
"Liar!"
"Geppetto, do not insult me or I shall call you Polendina."
"Idiot."
"Polendina!"
"Donkey!"
"Polendina!"
"Ugly monkey!"
"Polendina!"
On hearing himself called Polendina for the third time, Geppetto lost his head with rage and threw himself upon the carpenter. Then and there they gave each other a sound thrashing.
After this fight, Mastro Antonio had two more scratches on his nose, and Geppetto had two buttons missing from his coat. Thus having settled their accounts, they shook hands and swore to be good friends for the rest of their lives.
Then Geppetto took the fine piece of wood, thanked Mastro Antonio, and limped away toward home.

Lecture Twelve

Chapter 3

As soon as he gets home, Geppetto fashions the Marionette and calls it Pinocchio. The first pranks of the Marionette.

Little as Geppetto's house was, it was neat and comfortable. It was a small room on the ground floor, with a tiny window under the stairway. The furniture could not have been much simpler: a very old chair, a rickety old bed, and a tumble-down table. A fireplace full of burning logs was painted on the wall opposite the door. Over the fire, there was painted a pot full of something which kept boiling happily away and sending up clouds of what looked like real steam.

As soon as he reached home, Geppetto took his tools and began to cut and shape the wood into a Marionette.

"What shall I call him?" he said to himself. "I think I'll call him *Pinocchio*. This name will make his fortune. I knew a whole family of Pinocchi once--Pinocchio the father, Pinocchia the mother, and Pinocchi the children-- and they were all lucky. The richest of them begged for his living."

After choosing the name for his Marionette, Geppetto set seriously to work to make the hair, the forehead, the eyes. Fancy his surprise when he noticed that these eyes moved and then stared fixedly at him. Geppetto, seeing this, felt insulted and said in a grieved tone:

"Ugly wooden eyes, why do you stare so?"

There was no answer.

After the eyes, Geppetto made the nose, which began to stretch as soon as finished. It stretched and stretched and stretched till it became so long, it seemed endless. Poor Geppetto kept cutting it and cutting it, but the more he cut, the longer grew that impertinent nose. In despair he let it alone.

Next he made the mouth.

No sooner was it finished than it began to laugh and poke fun at him.

"Stop laughing!" said Geppetto angrily; but he might as well have spoken to the wall. "Stop laughing, I say!" he roared in a voice of thunder.

The mouth stopped laughing, but it stuck out a long tongue.

Not wishing to start an argument, Geppetto made believe he saw nothing and went on with his work. After the mouth, he made the chin, then the neck, the shoulders, the stomach, the arms, and the hands.

As he was about to put the last touches on the finger tips, Geppetto felt his wig being pulled off. He glanced up and what did he see? His yellow wig was in the Marionette's hand. "Pinocchio, give me my wig!"

But instead of giving it back, Pinocchio put it on his own head, which was half swallowed up in it.

At that unexpected trick, Geppetto became very sad and downcast, more so than he had ever been before.

"Pinocchio, you wicked boy!" he cried out. "You are not yet finished, and you start out by being impudent to your poor old father. Very bad, my son, very bad!"

And he wiped away a tear.

The legs and feet still had to be made. As soon as they were done, Geppetto felt a sharp kick on the tip of his nose.
"I deserve it!" he said to himself. "I should have thought of this before I made him. Now it's too late!"
He took hold of the Marionette under the arms and put him on the floor to teach him to walk.
Pinocchio's legs were so stiff that he could not move them, and Geppetto held his hand and showed him how to put out one foot after the other.
When his legs were limbered up, Pinocchio started walking by himself and ran all around the room. He came to the open door, and with one leap he was out into the street. Away he flew!
Poor Geppetto ran after him but was unable to catch him, for Pinocchio ran in leaps and bounds, his two wooden feet, as they beat on the stones of the street, making as much noise as twenty peasants in wooden shoes.
"Catch him! Catch him!" Geppetto kept shouting. But the people in the street, seeing a wooden Marionette running like the wind, stood still to stare and to laugh until they cried.
At last, by sheer luck, a Carabineer[2] happened along, who, hearing all that noise, thought that it might be a runaway colt, and stood bravely in the middle of the street, with legs wide apart, firmly resolved to stop it and prevent any trouble.
[2] A military policeman
Pinocchio saw the Carabineer from afar and tried his best to escape between the legs of the big fellow, but without success.
The Carabineer grabbed him by the nose (it was an extremely long one and seemed made on purpose for that very thing) and returned him to Mastro Geppetto.
The little old man wanted to pull Pinocchio's ears. Think how he felt when, upon searching for them, he discovered that he had forgotten to make them!
All he could do was to seize Pinocchio by the back of the neck and take him home. As he was doing so, he shook him two or three times and said to him angrily:
"We're going home now. When we get home, then we'll settle this matter!"
Pinocchio, on hearing this, threw himself on the ground and refused to take another step. One person after another gathered around the two.
Some said one thing, some another.
"Poor Marionette," called out a man. "I am not surprised he doesn't want to go home. Geppetto, no doubt, will beat him unmercifully, he is so mean and cruel!"
"Geppetto looks like a good man," added another, "but with boys he's a real tyrant. If we leave that poor Marionette in his hands he may tear him to pieces!"
They said so much that, finally, the Carabineer ended matters by setting Pinocchio at liberty and dragging Geppetto to prison. The poor old fellow did not know how to defend himself, but wept and wailed like a child and said between his sobs:
"Ungrateful boy! To think I tried so hard to make you a well-behaved Marionette! I deserve it, however! I should have given the matter more thought."
What happened after this is an almost unbelievable story, but you may read it, dear children, in the chapters that follow.

Chapter 4

The story of Pinocchio and the Talking Cricket, in which one sees that bad children do not like to be corrected by those who know more than they do.

Very little time did it take to get poor old Geppetto to prison. In the meantime that rascal, Pinocchio, free now from the clutches of the Carabineer, was running wildly across fields and meadows, taking one short cut after another toward home. In his wild flight, he leaped over brambles and bushes, and across brooks and ponds, as if he were a goat or a hare chased by hounds.

On reaching home, he found the house door half open. He slipped into the room, locked the door, and threw himself on the floor, happy at his escape.

But his happiness lasted only a short time, for just then he heard someone saying:

"Cri-cri-cri!"

"Who is calling me?" asked Pinocchio, greatly frightened.

"I am!" Pinocchio turned and saw a large cricket crawling slowly up the wall.

"Tell me, Cricket, who are you?"

"I am the Talking Cricket and I have been living in this room for more than one hundred years."

"Today, however, this room is mine," said the Marionette, "and if you wish to do me a favor, get out now, and don't turn around even once."

"I refuse to leave this spot," answered the Cricket, "until I have told you a great truth." "Tell it, then, and hurry."

"Woe to boys who refuse to obey their parents and run away from home! They will never be happy in this world, and when they are older they will be very sorry for it."

"Sing on, Cricket mine, as you please. What I know is, that tomorrow, at dawn, I leave this place forever. If I stay here the same thing will happen to me which happens to all other boys and girls. They are sent to school, and whether they want to or not, they must study. As for me, let me tell you, I hate to study! It's much more fun, I think, to chase after butterflies, climb trees, and steal birds' nests."

"Poor little silly! Don't you know that if you go on like that, you will grow into a perfect donkey and that you'll be the laughingstock of everyone?"

"Keep still, you ugly Cricket!" cried Pinocchio.

But the Cricket, who was a wise old philosopher, instead of being offended at Pinocchio's impudence, continued in the same tone:

"If you do not like going to school, why don't you at least learn a trade, so that you can earn an honest living?"

"Shall I tell you something?" asked Pinocchio, who was beginning to lose patience. "Of all the trades in the world, there is only one that really suits me."

"And what can that be?"

"That of eating, drinking, sleeping, playing, and wandering around from morning till night."

"Let me tell you, for your own good, Pinocchio," said the Talking Cricket in his calm voice, "that those who follow that trade always end up in the hospital or in prison."

"Careful, ugly Cricket! If you make me angry, you'll be sorry!"

"Poor Pinocchio, I am sorry for you."

"Why?" "Because you are a Marionette and, what is much worse, you have a wooden head."

At these last words, Pinocchio jumped up in a fury, took a hammer from the bench, and threw it with all his strength at the Talking Cricket.
Perhaps he did not think he would strike it. But, sad to relate, my dear children, he did hit the Cricket, straight on its head.
With a last weak "cri-cri-cri" the poor Cricket fell from the wall, dead!

Chapter 5

Pinocchio is hungry and looks for an egg to cook himself an omelet; but, to his surprise, the omelet flies out of the window.

If the Cricket's death scared Pinocchio at all, it was only for a very few moments. For, as night came on, a queer, empty feeling at the pit of his stomach reminded the Marionette that he had eaten nothing as yet.
A boy's appetite grows very fast, and in a few moments the queer, empty feeling had become hunger, and the hunger grew bigger and bigger, until soon he was as ravenous as a bear. Poor Pinocchio ran to the fireplace where the pot was boiling and stretched out his hand to take the cover off, but to his amazement the pot was only painted! Think how he felt! His long nose became at least two inches longer. He ran about the room, dug in all the boxes and drawers, and even looked under the bed in search of a piece of bread, hard though it might be, or a cookie, or perhaps a bit of fish. A bone left by a dog would have tasted good to him! But he found nothing.
And meanwhile his hunger grew and grew. The only relief poor Pinocchio had was to yawn; and he certainly did yawn, such a big yawn that his mouth stretched out to the tips of his ears. Soon he became dizzy and faint. He wept and wailed to himself: "The Talking Cricket was right. It was wrong of me to disobey Father and to run away from home. If he were here now, I wouldn't be so hungry! Oh, how horrible it is to be hungry!"
Suddenly, he saw, among the sweepings in a corner, something round and white that looked very much like a hen's egg. In a jiffy he pounced upon it. It was an egg. The Marionette's joy knew no bounds. It is impossible to describe it, you must picture it to yourself. Certain that he was dreaming, he turned the egg over and over in his hands, fondled it, kissed it, and talked to it:
"And now, how shall I cook you? Shall I make an omelet? No, it is better to fry you in a pan! Or shall I drink you? No, the best way is to fry you in the pan. You will taste better."
No sooner said than done. He placed a little pan over a foot warmer full of hot coals. In the pan, instead of oil or butter, he poured a little water. As soon as the water started to boil--tac!--he broke the eggshell. But in place of the white and the yolk of the egg, a little yellow Chick, fluffy and gay and smiling, escaped from it. Bowing politely to Pinocchio, he said to him:
"Many, many thanks, indeed, Mr. Pinocchio, for having saved me the trouble of breaking my shell! Good-by and good luck to you and remember me to the family!"

With these words he spread out his wings and, darting to the open window, he flew away into space till he was out of sight.
The poor Marionette stood as if turned to stone, with wide eyes, open mouth, and the empty halves of the egg- shell in his hands. When he came to himself, he began to cry and shriek at the top of his lungs, stamping his feet on the ground and wailing all the while:
"The Talking Cricket was right! If I had not run away from home and if Father were here now, I should not be dying of hunger. Oh, how horrible it is to be hungry!"
And as his stomach kept grumbling more than ever and he had nothing to quiet it with, he thought of going out for a walk to the near-by village, in the hope of finding some charitable person who might give him a bit of bread.

Chapter 8

Geppetto makes Pinocchio a new pair of feet, and sells his coat to buy him an A-B-C book.

The Marionette, as soon as his hunger was appeased, started to grumble and cry that he wanted a new pair of feet.
But Mastro Geppetto, in order to punish him for his mischief, let him alone the whole morning. After dinner he said to him:
"Why should I make your feet over again? To see you run away from home once more?" "I promise you," answered the Marionette, sobbing, "that from now on I'll be good--" "Boys always promise that when they want something," said Geppetto.
"I promise to go to school every day, to study, and to succeed--"
"Boys always sing that song when they want their own will."

"But I am not like other boys! I am better than all of them and I always tell the truth. I promise you, Father, that I'll learn a trade, and I'll be the comfort and staff of your old age."
Geppetto, though trying to look very stern, felt his eyes fill with tears and his heart soften when he saw Pinocchio so unhappy. He said no more, but taking his tools and two pieces of wood, he set to work diligently.
In less than an hour the feet were finished, two slender, nimble little feet, strong and quick, modeled as if by an artist's hands.
"Close your eyes and sleep!" Geppetto then said to the Marionette.
Pinocchio closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep, while Geppetto stuck on the two feet with a bit of glue melted in an eggshell, doing his work so well that the joint could hardly be seen.
As soon as the Marionette felt his new feet, he gave one leap from the table and started to skip and jump around, as if he had lost his head from very joy.
"To show you how grateful I am to you, Father, I'll go to school now. But to go to school I need a suit of clothes."
Geppetto did not have a penny in his pocket, so he made his son a little suit of flowered paper, a pair of shoes from the bark of a tree, and a tiny cap from a bit of dough.
Pinocchio ran to look at himself in a bowl of water, and he felt so happy that he said proudly:

"Now I look like a gentleman."
"Truly," answered Geppetto. "But remember that fine clothes do not make the man unless they be neat and clean."
"Very true," answered Pinocchio, "but, in order to go to school, I still need something very important."
"What is it?"
"An A-B-C book."
"To be sure! But how shall we get it?"
"That's easy. We'll go to a bookstore and buy it."
"And the money?"
"I have none."
"Neither have I," said the old man sadly.
Pinocchio, although a happy boy always, became sad and downcast at these words. When poverty shows itself, even mischievous boys understand what it means.
"What does it matter, after all?" cried Geppetto all at once, as he jumped up from his chair. Putting on his old coat, full of darns and patches, he ran out of the house without another word.
After a while he returned. In his hands he had the A-B-C book for his son, but the old coat was gone. The poor fellow was in his shirt sleeves and the day was cold.
"Where's your coat, Father?"
"I have sold it."
"Why did you sell your coat?"
"It was too warm."
Pinocchio understood the answer in a twinkling, and, unable to restrain his tears, he jumped on his father's neck and kissed him over and over.

Chapter 9

Pinocchio sells his A-B-C book to pay his way into the Marionette Theater.

See Pinocchio hurrying off to school with his new A-B-C book under his arm! As he walked along, his brain was busy planning hundreds of wonderful things, building hundreds of castles in the air. Talking to himself, he said:
"In school today, I'll learn to read, tomorrow to write, and the day after tomorrow I'll do arithmetic. Then, clever as I am, I can earn a lot of money. With the very first pennies I make, I'll buy Father a new cloth coat. Cloth, did I say? No, it shall be of gold and silver with diamond buttons. That poor man certainly deserves it; for, after all, isn't he in his shirt sleeves because he was good enough to buy a book for me? On this cold day, too! Fathers are indeed good to their children!"
As he talked to himself, he thought he heard sounds of pipes and drums coming from a distance: pi-pi-pi, pi-pi-pi. . .zum, zum, zum, zum.
He stopped to listen. Those sounds came from a little street that led to a small village along the shore.
"What can that noise be? What a nuisance that I have to go to school! Otherwise. ."
There he stopped, very much puzzled. He felt he had to make up his mind for either one thing or another. Should he go to school, or should he follow the pipes?
"Today I'll follow the pipes, and tomorrow I'll go to school. There's always plenty of time to go to school," decided the little rascal at last, shrugging his shoulders.

No sooner said than done. He started down the street, going like the wind. On he ran, and louder grew the sounds of pipe and drum: pi-pi-pi, pi-pi-pi, pi-pi-pi . . .zum, zum, zum, zum.
Suddenly, he found himself in a large square, full of people standing in front of a little wooden building painted in brilliant colors.
"What is that house?" Pinocchio asked a little boy near him.
"Read the sign and you'll know."
"I'd like to read, but somehow I can't today."
"Oh, really? Then I'll read it to you. Know, then, that written in letters of fire I see the words:
Great Marionette Theater.
"When did the show start?"
"It is starting now."
"And how much does one pay to get in?"
"Four pennies."
Pinocchio, who was wild with curiosity to know what was going on inside, lost all his pride and said to the boy shamelessly:
"Will you give me four pennies until tomorrow?"
"I'd give them to you gladly," answered the other, poking fun at him, "but just now I can't give them to you."
"For the price of four pennies, I'll sell you my coat."
"If it rains, what shall I do with a coat of flowered paper? I could not take it off again."
"Do you want to buy my shoes?"
"They are only good enough to light a fire with."
"What about my hat?"
"Fine bargain, indeed! A cap of dough! The mice might come and eat it from my head!" Pinocchio was almost in tears. He was just about to make one last offer, but he lacked the courage to do so. He hesitated, he wondered, he could not make up his mind. At last he said: "Will you give me four pennies for the book?"
"I am a boy and I buy nothing from boys," said the little fellow with far more common sense than the Marionette.
"I'll give you four pennies for your A-B-C book," said a ragpicker who stood by.
Then and there, the book changed hands. And to think that poor old Geppetto sat at home in his shirt sleeves, shivering with cold, having sold his coat to buy that little book for his son!

Lecture Thirteen

Chapter 34

Pinocchio is thrown into the sea, eaten by fishes, and becomes a Marionette once more. As he swims to land, he is swallowed by the Terrible Shark.

Down into the sea, deeper and deeper, sank Pinocchio, and finally, after fifty minutes of waiting, the man on the cliff said to himself:

"By this time my poor little lame Donkey must be drowned. Up with him and then I can get to work on my beautiful drum."

He pulled the rope which he had tied to Pinocchio's leg--pulled and pulled and pulled and, at last, he saw appear on the surface of the water--Can you guess what? Instead of a dead donkey, he saw a very much alive Marionette, wriggling and squirming like an eel.

Seeing that wooden Marionette, the poor man thought he was dreaming and sat there with his mouth wide open and his eyes popping out of his head.

Gathering his wits together, he said:

"And the Donkey I threw into the sea?"

"I am that Donkey," answered the Marionette laughing.

"You?"

"I."

"Ah, you little cheat! Are you poking fun at me?"

"Poking fun at you? Not at all, dear Master. I am talking seriously."

"But, then, how is it that you, who a few minutes ago were a donkey, are now standing before me a wooden Marionette?"

"It may be the effect of salt water. The sea is fond of playing these tricks."

"Be careful, Marionette, be careful! Don't laugh at me! Woe be to you, if I lose my patience!"

"Well, then, my Master, do you want to know my whole story? Untie my leg and I can tell it to you better."

The old fellow, curious to know the true story of the Marionette's life, immediately untied the rope which held his foot. Pinocchio, feeling free as a bird of the air, began his tale:

"Know, then, that, once upon a time, I was a wooden Marionette, just as I am today. One day I was about to become a boy, a real boy, but on account of my laziness and my hatred of books, and because I listened to bad companions, I ran away from home. One beautiful morning, I awoke to find myself changed into a donkey--long ears, gray coat, even a tail! What a shameful day for me! I hope you will never experience one like it, dear Master. I was taken to the fair and sold to a Circus Owner, who tried to make me dance and jump through the rings. One night, during a performance, I had a bad fall and became lame. Not knowing what to do with a lame donkey, the Circus Owner sent me to the market place and you bought me." "Indeed I did! And I paid four cents for you. Now who will return my money to me?" "But why did you buy me? You bought me to do me harm--to kill me--to make a drumhead out of me!"

"Indeed I did! And now where shall I find another skin?"

"Never mind, dear Master. There are so many donkeys in this world."

"Tell me, impudent little rogue, does your story end here?"

"One more word," answered the Marionette, "and I am through. After buying me, you brought me here to kill me. But feeling sorry for me, you tied a stone to my neck and threw me to the bottom of the sea. That was very good and kind of you to want me to suffer as little as possible and I shall remember you always. And now my Fairy will take care of me, even if you--"
"Your Fairy? Who is she?"
"She is my mother, and, like all other mothers who love their children, she never loses sight of me, even though I do not deserve it. And today this good Fairy of mine, as soon as she saw me in danger of drowning, sent a thousand fishes to the spot where I lay. They thought I was really a dead donkey and began to eat me. What great bites they took! One ate my ears, another my nose, a third my neck and my mane. Some went at my legs and some at my back, and among the others, there was one tiny fish so gentle and polite that he did me the great favor of eating even my tail."
"From now on," said the man, horrified, "I swear I shall never again taste fish. How I should enjoy opening a mullet or a whitefish just to find there the tail of a dead donkey!"
"I think as you do," answered the Marionette, laughing. "Still, you must know that when the fish finished eating my donkey coat, which covered me from head to foot, they naturally came to the bones--or rather, in my case, to the wood, for as you know, I am made of very hard wood. After the first few bites, those greedy fish found out that the wood was not good for their teeth, and, afraid of indigestion, they turned and ran here and there without saying good-by or even as much as thank you to me. Here, dear Master, you have my story. You know now why you found a Marionette and not a dead donkey when you pulled me out of the water."
"I laugh at your story!" cried the man angrily. "I know that I spent four cents to get you and I want my money back. Do you know what I can do; I am going to take you to the market once more and sell you as dry firewood."
"Very well, sell me. I am satisfied," said Pinocchio. But as he spoke, he gave a quick leap and dived into the sea. Swimming away as fast as he could, he cried out, laughing:
"Good-by, Master. If you ever need a skin for your drum, remember me."
He swam on and on. After a while, he turned around again and called louder than before:
"Good-by, Master. If you ever need a piece of good dry firewood, remember me."
In a few seconds he had gone so far he could hardly be seen. All that could be seen of him was a very small black dot moving swiftly on the blue surface of the water, a little black dot which now and then lifted a leg or an arm in the air. One would have thought that Pinocchio had turned into a porpoise playing in the sun.
After swimming for a long time, Pinocchio saw a large rock in the middle of the sea, a rock as white as marble. High on the rock stood a little Goat bleating and calling and beckoning to the Marionette to come to her.
There was something very strange about that little Goat. Her coat was not white or black or brown as that of any other goat, but azure, a deep brilliant color that reminded one of the hair of the lovely maiden.

Pinocchio's heart beat fast, and then faster and faster. He redoubled his efforts and swam as hard as he could toward the white rock. He was almost halfway over, when suddenly a horrible sea monster stuck its head out of the water, an enormous head with a huge mouth, wide open, showing three rows of gleaming teeth, the mere sight of which would have filled you with fear.
Do you know what it was?
That sea monster was no other than the enormous Shark, which has often been mentioned in this story and which, on account of its cruelty, had been nicknamed "The Attila of the Sea" by both fish and fishermen.
Poor Pinocchio! The sight of that monster frightened him almost to death! He tried to swim away from him, to change his path, to escape, but that immense mouth kept coming nearer and nearer.
"Hasten, Pinocchio, I beg you!" bleated the little Goat on the high rock.
And Pinocchio swam desperately with his arms, his body, his legs, his feet.
"Quick, Pinocchio, the monster is coming nearer!"
Pinocchio swam faster and faster, and harder and harder.
"Faster, Pinocchio! The monster will get you! There he is! There he is! Quick, quick, or you are lost!"
Pinocchio went through the water like a shot--swifter and swifter. He came close to the rock. The Goat leaned over and gave him one of her hoofs to help him up out of the water.
Alas! It was too late. The monster overtook him and the Marionette found himself in between the rows of gleaming white teeth. Only for a moment, however, for the Shark took a deep breath and, as he breathed, he drank in the Marionette as easily as he would have sucked an egg. Then he swallowed him so fast that Pinocchio, falling down into the body of the fish, lay stunned for a half hour.
When he recovered his senses the Marionette could not remember where he was. Around him all was darkness, a darkness so deep and so black that for a moment he thought he had put his head into an inkwell. He listened for a few moments and heard nothing. Once in a while a cold wind blew on his face. At first he could not understand where that wind was coming from, but after a while he understood that it came from the lungs of the monster. I forgot to tell you that the Shark was suffering from asthma, so that whenever he breathed a storm seemed to blow.
Pinocchio at first tried to be brave, but as soon as he became convinced that he was really and truly in the Shark's stomach, he burst into sobs and tears. "Help! Help!" he cried. "Oh, poor me! Won't someone come to save me?"
"Who is there to help you, unhappy boy?" said a rough voice, like a guitar out of tune.
"Who is talking?" asked Pinocchio, frozen with terror.
"It is I, a poor Tunny swallowed by the Shark at the same time as you. And what kind of a fish are you?"
"I have nothing to do with fishes. I am a Marionette."
"If you are not a fish, why did you let this monster swallow you?"
"I didn't let him. He chased me and swallowed me without even a `by your leave'! And now what are we to do here in the dark?"
"Wait until the Shark has digested us both, I suppose."

"But I don't want to be digested," shouted Pinocchio, starting to sob.
"Neither do I," said the Tunny, "but I am wise enough to think that if one is born a fish, it is more dignified to die under the water than in the frying pan."
"What nonsense!" cried Pinocchio.
"Mine is an opinion," replied the Tunny, "and opinions should be respected."
"But I want to get out of this place. I want to escape."
"Go, if you can!"
"Is this Shark that has swallowed us very long?" asked the Marionette.
"His body, not counting the tail, is almost a mile long."
While talking in the darkness, Pinocchio thought he saw a faint light in the distance.
"What can that be?" he said to the Tunny.
"Some other poor fish, waiting as patiently as we to be digested by the Shark."
"I want to see him. He may be an old fish and may know some way of escape."
"I wish you all good luck, dear Marionette."
"Good-by, Tunny."
"Good-by, Marionette, and good luck."
"When shall I see you again?"
"Who knows? It is better not to think about it."

Chapter 35

In the Shark's body Pinocchio finds whom? Read this chapter, my children, and you will know.

Pinocchio, as soon as he had said good-by to his good friend, the Tunny, tottered away in the darkness and began to walk as well as he could toward the faint light which glowed in the distance.
As he walked his feet splashed in a pool of greasy and slippery water, which had such a heavy smell of fish fried in oil that Pinocchio thought it was Lent.
The farther on he went, the brighter and clearer grew the tiny light. On and on he walked till finally he found --I give you a thousand guesses, my dear children! He found a little table set for dinner and lighted by a candle stuck in a glass bottle; and near the table sat a little old man, white as the snow, eating live fish. They wriggled so that, now and again, one of them slipped out of the old man's mouth and escaped into the darkness under the table.
At this sight, the poor Marionette was filled with such great and sudden happiness that he almost dropped in a faint. He wanted to laugh, he wanted to cry, he wanted to say a thousand and one things, but all he could do was to stand still, stuttering and stammering brokenly. At last, with a great effort, he was able to let out a scream of joy and, opening wide his arms he threw them around the old man's neck. "Oh, Father, dear Father! Have I found you at last? Now I shall never, never leave you again!"
"Are my eyes really telling me the truth?" answered the old man, rubbing his eyes. "Are you really my own dear Pinocchio?"
"Yes, yes, yes! It is I! Look at me! And you have forgiven me, haven't you? Oh, my dear Father, how good you are! And to think that I--Oh, but if you only knew how many misfortunes have fallen on my head and how many troubles I have had! Just think that on the day you sold your old coat to buy me my A-B-C book so that

I could go to school, I ran away to the Marionette Theater and the proprietor caught me and wanted to burn me to cook his roast lamb! He was the one who gave me the five gold pieces for you, but I met the Fox and the Cat, who took me to the Inn of the Red Lobster. There they ate like wolves and I left the Inn alone and I met the Assassins in the wood. I ran and they ran after me, always after me, till they hanged me to the branch of a giant oak tree. Then the Fairy of the Azure Hair sent the coach to rescue me and the doctors, after looking at me, said, `If he is not dead, then he is surely alive,' and then I told a lie and my nose began to grow. It grew and it grew, till I couldn't get it through the door of the room. And then I went with the Fox and the Cat to the Field of Wonders to bury the gold pieces.

The Parrot laughed at me and, instead of two thousand gold pieces, I found none. When the Judge heard I had been robbed, he sent me to jail to make the thieves happy; and when I came away I saw a fine bunch of grapes hanging on a vine. The trap caught me and the Farmer put a collar on me and made me a watchdog. He found out I was innocent when I caught the Weasels and he let me go. The Serpent with the tail that smoked started to laugh and a vein in his chest broke and so I went back to the Fairy's house. She was dead, and the Pigeon, seeing me crying, said to me, `I have seen your father building a boat to look for you in America,' and I said to him, `Oh, if I only had wings!' and he said to me, `Do you want to go to your father?' and I said, `Perhaps, but how?' and he said, `Get on my back. I'll take you there.' We flew all night long, and next morning the fishermen were looking toward the sea, crying, `There is a poor little man drowning,' and I knew it was you, because my heart told me so and I waved to you from the shore--"

"I knew you also," put in Geppetto, "and I wanted to go to you; but how could I? The sea was rough and the whitecaps overturned the boat. Then a Terrible Shark came up out of the sea and, as soon as he saw me in the water, swam quickly toward me, put out his tongue, and swallowed me as easily as if I had been a chocolate peppermint."

"And how long have you been shut away in here?"

"From that day to this, two long weary years--two years, my Pinocchio, which have been like two centuries."

"And how have you lived? Where did you find the candle? And the matches with which to light it--where did you get them?"

"You must know that, in the storm which swamped my boat, a large ship also suffered the same fate. The sailors were all saved, but the ship went right to the bottom of the sea, and the same Terrible Shark that swallowed me, swallowed most of it." "What! Swallowed a ship?" asked Pinocchio in astonishment.

"At one gulp. The only thing he spat out was the main- mast, for it stuck in his teeth. To my own good luck, that ship was loaded with meat, preserved foods, crackers, bread, bottles of wine, raisins, cheese, coffee, sugar, wax candles, and boxes of matches. With all these blessings, I have been able to live happily on for two whole years, but now I am at the very last crumbs. Today there is nothing left in the cupboard, and this candle you see here is the last one I have."

"And then?" "And then, my dear, we'll find ourselves in darkness."

"Then, my dear Father," said Pinocchio, "there is no time to lose. We must try to escape." "Escape! How?"
"We can run out of the Shark's mouth and dive into the sea."
"You speak well, but I cannot swim, my dear Pinocchio."
"Why should that matter? You can climb on my shoulders and I, who am a fine swimmer, will carry you safely to the shore."
"Dreams, my boy!" answered Geppetto, shaking his head and smiling sadly. "Do you think it possible for a Marionette, a yard high, to have the strength to carry me on his shoulders and swim?"
"Try it and see! And in any case, if it is written that we must die, we shall at least die together."
Not adding another word, Pinocchio took the candle in his hand and going ahead to light the way, he said to his father:
"Follow me and have no fear."
They walked a long distance through the stomach and the whole body of the Shark. When they reached the throat of the monster, they stopped for a while to wait for the right moment in which to make their escape.
I want you to know that the Shark, being very old and suffering from asthma and heart trouble, was obliged to sleep with his mouth open. Because of this, Pinocchio was able to catch a glimpse of the sky filled with stars, as he looked up through the open jaws of his new home.
"The time has come for us to escape," he whispered, turning to his father. "The Shark is fast asleep. The sea is calm and the night is as bright as day. Follow me closely, dear Father, and we shall soon be saved."
No sooner said than done. They climbed up the throat of the monster till they came to that immense open mouth. There they had to walk on tiptoes, for if they tickled the Shark's long tongue he might awaken--and where would they be then? The tongue was so wide and so long that it looked like a country road. The two fugitives were just about to dive into the sea when the Shark sneezed very suddenly and, as he sneezed, he gave Pinocchio and Geppetto such a jolt that they found themselves thrown on their backs and dashed once more and very unceremoniously into the stomach of the monster.
To make matters worse, the candle went out and father and son were left in the dark. "And now?" asked Pinocchio with a serious face.
"Now we are lost."
"Why lost? Give me your hand, dear Father, and be careful not to slip!"
"Where will you take me?"
"We must try again. Come with me and don't be afraid."
With these words Pinocchio took his father by the hand and, always walking on tiptoes, they climbed up the monster's throat for a second time. They then crossed the whole tongue and jumped over three rows of teeth. But before they took the last great leap, the Marionette said to his father:
"Climb on my back and hold on tightly to my neck. I'll take care of everything else."
As soon as Geppetto was comfortably seated on his shoulders, Pinocchio, very sure of what he was doing, dived into the water and started to swim. The sea was like

oil, the moon shone in all splendor, and the Shark continued to sleep so soundly that not even a cannon shot would have awakened him.

Chapter 36

Pinocchio finally ceases to be a Marionette and becomes a boy.

"My dear Father, we are saved!" cried the Marionette. "All we have to do now is to get to the shore, and that is easy."

Without another word, he swam swiftly away in an effort to reach land as soon as possible. All at once he noticed that Geppetto was shivering and shaking as if with a high fever.

Was he shivering from fear or from cold? Who knows? Perhaps a little of both. But Pinocchio, thinking his father was frightened, tried to comfort him by saying:

"Courage, Father! In a few moments we shall be safe on land."

"But where is that blessed shore?" asked the little old man, more and more worried as he tried to pierce the faraway shadows. "Here I am searching on all sides and I see nothing but sea and sky."

"I see the shore," said the Marionette. "Remember, Father, that I am like a cat. I see better at night than by day."

Poor Pinocchio pretended to be peaceful and contented, but he was far from that. He was beginning to feel discouraged, his strength was leaving him, and his breathing was becoming more and more labored. He felt he could not go on much longer, and the shore was still far away.

He swam a few more strokes. Then he turned to Geppetto and cried out weakly:

"Help me, Father! Help, for I am dying!"

Father and son were really about to drown when they heard a voice like a guitar out of tune call from the sea:

"What is the trouble?"

"It is I and my poor father."

"I know the voice. You are Pinocchio."

"Exactly. And you?"

"I am the Tunny, your companion in the Shark's stomach."

"And how did you escape?"

"I imitated your example. You are the one who showed me the way and after you went, I followed."

"Tunny, you arrived at the right moment! I implore you, for the love you bear your children, the little Tunnies, to help us, or we are lost!"

"With great pleasure indeed. Hang onto my tail, both of you, and let me lead you. In a twinkling you will be safe on land."

Geppetto and Pinocchio, as you can easily imagine, did not refuse the invitation; indeed, instead of hanging onto the tail, they thought it better to climb on the Tunny's back. "Are we too heavy?" asked Pinocchio.

"Heavy? Not in the least. You are as light as sea-shells," answered the Tunny, who was as large as a two-year-old horse.

As soon as they reached the shore, Pinocchio was the first to jump to the ground to help his old father. Then he turned to the fish and said to him:

"Dear friend, you have saved my father, and I have not enough words with which to thank you! Allow me to embrace you as a sign of my eternal gratitude."

The Tunny stuck his nose out of the water and Pinocchio knelt on the sand and kissed him most affectionately on his cheek. At this warm greeting, the poor Tunny, who was not used to such tenderness, wept like a child. He felt so embarrassed and ashamed that he turned quickly, plunged into the sea, and disappeared. In the meantime day had dawned.
Pinocchio offered his arm to Geppetto, who was so weak he could hardly stand, and said to him:
"Lean on my arm, dear Father, and let us go. We will walk very, very slowly, and if we feel tired we can rest by the wayside."
"And where are we going?" asked Geppetto.
"To look for a house or a hut, where they will be kind enough to give us a bite of bread and a bit of straw to sleep on."
They had not taken a hundred steps when they saw two rough-looking individuals sitting on a stone begging for alms.
It was the Fox and the Cat, but one could hardly recognize them, they looked so miserable. The Cat, after pretending to be blind for so many years had really lost the sight of both eyes. And the Fox, old, thin, and almost hairless, had even lost his tail. That sly thief had fallen into deepest poverty, and one day he had been forced to sell his beautiful tail for a bite to eat.
"Oh, Pinocchio," he cried in a tearful voice. "Give us some alms, we beg of you! We are old, tired, and sick."
"Sick!" repeated the Cat.
"Addio, false friends!" answered the Marionette. "You cheated me once, but you will never catch me again."
"Believe us! Today we are truly poor and starving."
"Starving!" repeated the Cat.
"If you are poor; you deserve it! Remember the old proverb which says: `Stolen money never bears fruit.' Addio, false friends."
"Have mercy on us!"
"On us."
"Addio, false friends. Remember the old proverb which says: `Bad wheat always makes poor bread!'"
"Do not abandon us."
"Abandon us," repeated the Cat.
"Addio, false friends. Remember the old proverb: `Whoever steals his neighbor's shirt, usually dies without his own.'"
Waving good-by to them, Pinocchio and Geppetto calmly went on their way. After a few more steps, they saw, at the end of a long road near a clump of trees, a tiny cottage built of straw.
"Someone must live in that little hut," said Pinocchio. "Let us see for ourselves."
They went and knocked at the door.
"Who is it?" said a little voice from within.
"A poor father and a poorer son, without food and with no roof to cover them," answered the Marionette.
"Turn the key and the door will open," said the same little voice.

Pinocchio turned the key and the door opened. As soon as they went in, they looked here and there and everywhere but saw no one.
"Oh--ho, where is the owner of the hut?" cried Pinocchio, very much surprised.
"Here I am, up here!"
Father and son looked up to the ceiling, and there on a beam sat the Talking Cricket.
"Oh, my dear Cricket," said Pinocchio, bowing politely.
"Oh, now you call me your dear Cricket, but do you remember when you threw your hammer at me to kill me?"
"You are right, dear Cricket. Throw a hammer at me now. I deserve it! But spare my poor old father."
"I am going to spare both the father and the son. I have only wanted to remind you of the trick you long ago played upon me, to teach you that in this world of ours we must be kind and courteous to others, if we want to find kindness and courtesy in our own days of trouble."
"You are right, little Cricket, you are more than right, and I shall remember the lesson you have taught me. But will you tell how you succeeded in buying this pretty little cottage?"
"This cottage was given to me yesterday by a little Goat with blue hair."
"And where did the Goat go?" asked Pinocchio.
"I don't know."
"And when will she come back?"
"She will never come back. Yesterday she went away bleating sadly, and it seemed to me she said: `Poor Pinocchio, I shall never see him again. . .the Shark must have eaten him by this time.'"
"Were those her real words? Then it was she--it was-- my dear little Fairy," cried out Pinocchio, sobbing bitterly. After he had cried a long time, he wiped his eyes and then he made a bed of straw for old Geppetto. He laid him on it and said to the Talking Cricket:
"Tell me, little Cricket, where shall I find a glass of milk for my poor Father?"
"Three fields away from here lives Farmer John. He has some cows. Go there and he will give you what you want."
Pinocchio ran all the way to Farmer John's house. The Farmer said to him:
"How much milk do you want?"
"I want a full glass."
"A full glass costs a penny. First give me the penny."
"I have no penny," answered Pinocchio, sad and ashamed.
"Very bad, my Marionette," answered the Farmer, "very bad. If you have no penny, I have no milk."
"Too bad," said Pinocchio and started to go.
"Wait a moment," said Farmer John. "Perhaps we can come to terms. Do you know how to draw water from a well?"
"I can try."
"Then go to that well you see yonder and draw one hundred bucketfuls of water."
"Very well."
"After you have finished, I shall give you a glass of warm sweet milk."

"I am satisfied."
Farmer John took the Marionette to the well and showed him how to draw the water. Pinocchio set to work as well as he knew how, but long before he had pulled up the one hundred buckets, he was tired out and dripping with perspiration. He had never worked so hard in his life.
"Until today," said the Farmer, "my donkey has drawn the water for me, but now that poor animal is dying."
"Will you take me to see him?" said Pinocchio.
"Gladly."
As soon as Pinocchio went into the stable, he spied a little Donkey lying on a bed of straw in the corner of the stable. He was worn out from hunger and too much work. After looking at him a long time, he said to himself: "I know that Donkey! I have seen him before."
And bending low over him, he asked: "Who are you?"
At this question, the Donkey opened weary, dying eyes and answered in the same tongue: "I am Lamp-Wick."
Then he closed his eyes and died.
"Oh, my poor Lamp-Wick," said Pinocchio in a faint voice, as he wiped his eyes with some straw he had picked up from the ground.
"Do you feel so sorry for a little donkey that has cost you nothing?" said the Farmer. "What should I do--I, who have paid my good money for him?"
"But, you see, he was my friend."
"Your friend?"
"A classmate of mine."
"What," shouted Farmer John, bursting out laughing. "What! You had donkeys in your school? How you must have studied!"
The Marionette, ashamed and hurt by those words, did not answer, but taking his glass of milk returned to his father.
From that day on, for more than five months, Pinocchio got up every morning just as dawn was breaking and went to the farm to draw water. And every day he was given a glass of warm milk for his poor old father, who grew stronger and better day by day. But he was not satisfied with this. He learned to make baskets of reeds and sold them. With the money he received, he and his father were able to keep from starving.
Among other things, he built a rolling chair, strong and comfortable, to take his old father out for an airing on bright, sunny days.
In the evening the Marionette studied by lamplight. With some of the money he had earned, he bought himself a secondhand volume that had a few pages missing, and with that he learned to read in a very short time. As far as writing was concerned, he used a long stick at one end of which he had whittled a long, fine point. Ink he had none, so he used the juice of blackberries or cherries. Little by little his diligence was rewarded. He succeeded, not only in his studies, but also in his work, and a day came when he put enough money together to keep his old father comfortable and happy. Besides this, he was able to save the great amount of fifty pennies. With it he wanted to buy himself a new suit.
One day he said to his father:

"I am going to the market place to buy myself a coat, a cap, and a pair of shoes. When I come back I'll be so dressed up, you will think I am a rich man."
He ran out of the house and up the road to the village, laughing and singing. Suddenly he heard his name called, and looking around to see whence the voice came, he noticed a large snail crawling out of some bushes.
"Don't you recognize me?" said the Snail.
"Yes and no."
"Do you remember the Snail that lived with the Fairy with Azure Hair? Do you not remember how she opened the door for you one night and gave you something to eat?" "I remember everything," cried Pinocchio. "Answer me quickly, pretty Snail, where have you left my Fairy? What is she doing? Has she forgiven me? Does she remember me? Does she still love me? Is she very far away from here? May I see her?" At all these questions, tumbling out one after another, the Snail answered, calm as ever:
"My dear Pinocchio, the Fairy is lying ill in a hospital."
"In a hospital?"
"Yes, indeed. She has been stricken with trouble and illness, and she hasn't a penny left with which to buy a bite of bread."
"Really? Oh, how sorry I am! My poor, dear little Fairy! If I had a million I should run to her with it! But I have only fifty pennies. Here they are. I was just going to buy some clothes. Here, take them, little Snail, and give them to my good Fairy."
"What about the new clothes?"
"What does that matter? I should like to sell these rags I have on to help her more. Go, and hurry. Come back here within a couple of days and I hope to have more money for you! Until today I have worked for my father. Now I shall have to work for my mother also. Good-by, and I hope to see you soon."
The Snail, much against her usual habit, began to run like a lizard under a summer sun.
When Pinocchio returned home, his father asked him:
"And where is the new suit?"
"I couldn't find one to fit me. I shall have to look again some other day."
That night, Pinocchio, instead of going to bed at ten o'clock waited until midnight, and instead of making eight baskets, he made sixteen.
After that he went to bed and fell asleep. As he slept, he dreamed of his Fairy, beautiful, smiling, and happy, who kissed him and said to him, "Bravo, Pinocchio! In reward for your kind heart, I forgive you for all your old mischief. Boys who love and take good care of their parents when they are old and sick, deserve praise even though they may not be held up as models of obedience and good behavior. Keep on doing so well, and you will be happy."
At that very moment, Pinocchio awoke and opened wide his eyes.
What was his surprise and his joy when, on looking himself over, he saw that he was no longer a Marionette, but that he had become a real live boy! He looked all about him and instead of the usual walls of straw, he found himself in a beautifully furnished little room, the prettiest he had ever seen. In a twinkling, he jumped down from his bed to look on the chair standing near. There, he found a new suit, a new hat, and a pair of shoes.

As soon as he was dressed, he put his hands in his pockets and pulled out a little leather purse on which were written the following words:

The Fairy with Azure Hair returns
fifty pennies to her dear Pinocchio
with many thanks for his kind heart.

The Marionette opened the purse to find the money, and behold--there were fifty gold coins!

Pinocchio ran to the mirror. He hardly recognized himself. The bright face of a tall boy looked at him with wide-awake blue eyes, dark brown hair and happy, smiling lips. Surrounded by so much splendor, the Marionette hardly knew what he was doing. He rubbed his eyes two or three times, wondering if he were still asleep or awake and decided he must be awake.

"And where is Father?" he cried suddenly. He ran into the next room, and there stood Geppetto, grown years younger overnight, spick and span in his new clothes and gay as a lark in the morning. He was once more Mastro Geppetto, the wood carver, hard at work on a lovely picture frame, decorating it with flowers and leaves, and heads of animals.

"Father, Father, what has happened? Tell me if you can," cried Pinocchio, as he ran and jumped on his Father's neck.

"This sudden change in our house is all your doing, my dear Pinocchio," answered Geppetto.

"What have I to do with it?"

"Just this. When bad boys become good and kind, they have the power of making their homes gay and new with happiness."

"I wonder where the old Pinocchio of wood has hidden himself?"

"There he is," answered Geppetto. And he pointed to a large Marionette leaning against a chair, head turned to one side, arms hanging limp, and legs twisted under him. After a long, long look, Pinocchio said to himself with great content:

"How ridiculous I was as a Marionette! And how happy I am, now that I have become a real boy!"

Summary Of Pinocchio

Once upon a time there was a woodcarver, called Geppetto who lived without a child. So he decided to make a puppet, naming 'Pinocchio' like a real boy. As he began to carve the wood ,in surprise him, Pinocchio laughed at him. When Geppetto was getting finished, the puppet kicked the old man and ran-out of the door.

As Pinocchio was running on the street, a policeman got custody him. But people said to the policeman that puppet belongs to Geppetto. So the policeman arrested the old man instead of Pinocchio.

Pinocchio had to remain alone at home. When he rest in his bed a talking cricket advised to be listen to his father otherwise, sorry in later. Then Pinocchio felt hungry so, he tried to cook an egg. As it put on hot pan a little chicken flew away. Then he sat by fire and began to sleep when Geppetto came to house. The old man

saw the puppet's feed had burnt. He fed some pears to Pinocchio saying-"I'll make you new feet and some clothes to go school like real boy." Geppetto was so poor because he had to sell his coat for Pinocchio's text book.
On the school way, Pinocchio heard some exciting music came from a puppets show. He went there and joined it's show with them. At first the puppet master angry with Pinocchio but later more friend with him and gave five gold coins to Pinocchio

As Pinocchio set off for home, a fox and cat came to steal his money. He escaped from them, by climbing a tall oak tree. luckily Pinocchio rescued by a beautiful blue fairy who lived nearby. The fairy asked about his coins. He said that he had lost his money. Then his nose began to grow longer and longer. The fairy laughed. "that what happens when you tell lies." She said. But he wanted to become real boy , he asked for help from the fairy.
The fox and cat met again to Pinocchio and did steal his coins. When he asked from a policeman about it, he arrested Pinocchio. Meanwhile the old man went to sea for look Pinocchio, but his ship wrecket in a storm.
When Pinocchio was let out of prison, he had to fun with bad boys.
They all became donkeys. As Pinocchio work as donkey in toy land, his leg had broken and throw in to the sea. As soon as he hit to the water Pinocchio turned into the puppet again. In the bottom of the sea, a huge fish swallowed Pinocchio, amazed to see Geppetto also in it's belly. The blue fairy had been watching them, turned to Pinocchio a real boy. At last the old man and Pinocchio became delight and lived happily long.

Pinocchio's Origins

Pinocchio was originally written by Carlo Lorenzini (known by his pen name, Carlo Collodi) between 1881 and 1883 in Italy. Lorenzini began his writing career in newspapers, where he often used satire to express his political views. In 1875, he entered the world of children's literature and used this outlet to transmit his political convictions. The series *Giannettino*, for example, often referred to the unification of Italy.

Pinocchio is a fictional character and the main protagonist of the children's novel *The Adventures of Pinocchio* (1883), by the Italian writer Carlo Collodi. Carved by a woodcarver named Geppetto in a small Italian village, he was created as a wooden puppet, but dreamed of becoming a real boy. He has also been used as a character who is prone to telling lies and fabricating stories for various reasons. The story has appeared in many adaptations in other mediums. Pinocchio has been called an icon of modern culture, and one of most reimagined characters in the pantheon of children's literature.

Aspects of Pinocchio's character vary depending on the interpretation, although basic aspects such as his creation as a puppet by Geppetto and the size of his nose changing due to his lies or stress remain present across the various formats.

Pinocchio is known for having a short nose that becomes longer when he is under stress (chapter 3), especially while lying. His clothes are made of flowered paper, his shoes are made of wood and his hat is made of bread . In this, the original tale, Pinocchio exhibits obnoxious, bratty, and selfish traits.

The Adventures of Pinocchio is a novel for children by Italian author Carlo Collodi, written in Florence. The first half was originally a serial in 1881 and 1882, and then later completed as a book for children in February 1883. It is about the mischievous adventures of Pinocchio , an animated marionette; and his poor father, a woodcarver named Geppetto

Pinocchio teaches many moral lessons to the audience. When the Blue Fairy grants Gepetto's wish, she gives Pinocchio a few conditions. He has to prove himself **brave**, **truthful**, and **unselfish** in order to become a real boy.The Blue Fairy tells him that he needs to understand the difference between **right and wrong,** he needs to **be a good boy,** he **shouldn't lie,** and he should **listen to his conscience.**

While Pinocchio is trying to show that he is brave, unselfish and truthful, he gets tempted. On the way to school, Pinocchio gives into Foulfellow's and Gideon's offer to take the "easy road to success." Pinocchio learns his lesson quickly at this point. Stramboli won't let him return home to see his father, but he didn't think about this before he decided to take the easy way out. When he is locked up, he can't get out himself, or even with the help of Jiminy. The only thing that can release him from the captivity is the Blue Fairy-the divine. Once

Pinocchio is out of that bad situation, he is again tempted by Foulfellow. He goes to Pleasure Island which is "a place with no school (knowledge) and laws (morals)" and kids are free to "eat, drink, smoke, fight and destroy at will." Some critics say that Pleasure Island is a metaphor for a life of "ignorance, the search for instant gratification and the satisfaction of the one's lowest impulses " The boys don't receive the lives they thought they would on Pleasure Island. Instead, they are turned into donkeys and used as slaves. Once Pinocchio regains his conscience, he is able to escape the so called "easy road" and go back home.

Characters

Pinocchio Pinocchio is a naughty, pine-wood marionette who gains wisdom through a series of misadventures which lead him to becoming a real human as reward for his good deeds.

Pinocchio is the main character. He is Gepetto's innocent and well behaved puppet who gets the opportunity to become a real boy. Pinocchio must prove that he is brave, unselfish and truthful in order to become a real boy. Even though he manages to do so, he runs into some temptations along the way.

Pinocchio. The little wooden puppet who was brought to life from Geppetto's wish. He is trying to become a real boy, with the help of his friend/conscience Jiminy Cricket.

Mister Geppetto: Geppetto is an elderly, impoverished woodcarver and the creator (and thus father) of Pinocchio. He wears a yellow wig that looks like cornmeal mush (or *polendina*), and subsequently the children of the neighborhood (as well as some of the adults) call him "Polendina", which greatly annoys him. "Geppetto" is a nickname for Giuseppe.

Gepetto is Pinocchio's creator. He has always wanted a son, and because of his extreme generosity his wish for a son is granted. Gepetto is a very "devoted father, as he attempted to teach Pinocchio valuable lessons." When Pinocchio doesn't return home, he proves to be a magnificent father by not stopping to look for him.

Mister Antonio: Antonio is an elderly carpenter. He finds the log that eventually becomes Pinocchio, planning to make it into a table leg until it cries out "Please be careful!" The children call Antonio "Mastro Cherry" because of his red nose.

The Talking Cricket: the Talking Cricket is a cricket whom Pinocchio kills after it tries to give him some advice. The Cricket comes back as a ghost to continue advising the puppet.

Jiminy the cricket is assigned to be Pinocchio's conscience by the Blue Fairy. Jiminy proves to be a very good friend to Pinocchio and he has stayed by Pinocchio's side throughout the entire movie

Jiminy Cricket
Loyal friend and conscience to Pinocchio, Jiminy is charged with teaching the boy the difference between right and wrong. He also has been trying to teach him about temptation and how to avoid it. He has some difficulty getting through to Pinocchio, but his efforts usually pay off in the end.

the **Serpent**: an enormous snake with a smoking tail.

The Blue Fairy is the one who fulfills "Gepetto's wish, transforms Pinocchio into a living creature, and later into a real boy." She helps Pinocchio and Jiminy out of tough situations. She is the one who teaches Pinocchio the moral lessons of being a good boy, letting his conscience be his guide, and learning o decipher the difference in right and wrong. She teaches

Pinocchio that a lie keeps growing and growing, like his nose did when Stromboli had him trapped.

Blue Fairy

Graceful and elegant, the Blue Fairy came from the wishing star, and granted Pinocchio life because Geppetto wished for it to be so. She has charged Jiminy Cricket as Pinocchio's official conscience, and has set him the task of helping Pinocchio to become a real boy.

What Is the Theme of Pinocchio

Some of the themes in the play Pinocchio were: unconditional love, the meaning of being human, and determination of what is right and wrong. Other themes were the role of moderation in helping us live happy lives, and the importance of education to our success in life.