


THE  
RANDOM HOUSE  
BOOK OF

FAIRY  
TALES

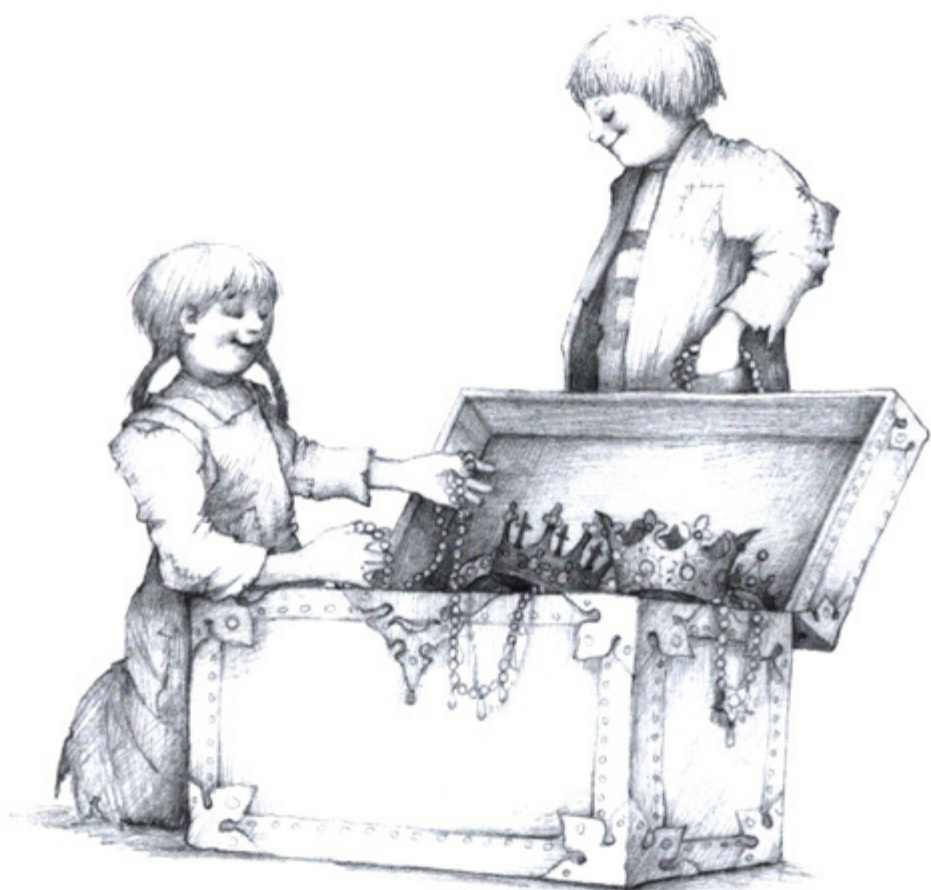


Adapted by  
AMY EHRLICH

Illustrated by  
DIANE GOODE



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Adapted by Amy Ehrlich  
Illustrated by Diane Goode

*With an Introduction by Bruno Bettelheim*

Random House  New York

*To my mother, with love. —A.E.*

*To Peter. —D.G.*

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*Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data:*

Ehrlich, Amy, 1942-

The Random House book of fairy tales.

SUMMARY: Nineteen of the best-known fairy tales, including "Rapunzel," "Beauty and the Beast," "Thumbelina," and "Hansel and Gretel."

1. Fairy tales. [1. Fairy tales. 2. Folklore]

I. Goode, Diane, ill.      II. Random House (Firm)      III. Title.

PZ8.E32Ran      1985      398.21      83-13833

ISBN: 0-394-85693-7 (trade); 0-394-95693-1 (lib. bdg.)

Manufactured in China

30 29 28 27

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# INTRODUCTION

We do not know when or how fairy tales were invented. But as a form of literature handed down in the oral tradition, they are as ancient as any literature known to man. They were retold and listened to throughout the ages because they speak about man's fate, his trials and tribulations, his fears and hopes, and his most basic problems: in becoming and proving himself, in relating to his fellow men, and relating to the supernatural. Fairy tales convey to us images of the deeper meaning of life in a pleasing and persuasive form. The widespread preference of today's audiences for films such as Westerns and science fiction sagas such as *Star Wars*—all essentially fairy tales in modern disguise—shows that, as of old, these themes have much to offer to us today and to all ages, but particularly the young.

Freud recognized this when, in his paper on fairy tales, he wrote that "It is hardly surprising to learn through psychoanalysis what great importance fairy tales have for the psyche of our children." These tales are indeed of great help in the development of the psyche of the child. Children, on their own, are often unable to give name, form, or body to either their deepest fears or their most fervent hopes. Without fairy tales, these would remain formless and nameless, the shapeless anxieties which haunt every child in his nightmares, irrespective of whether he experiences them consciously and hence can recall them, or whether they remain repressed and obsess him therefore all the more. These nameless anxieties are much more intractable than well-defined ones, such as those which are described as being experienced by figures in fairy tales.

Taking in these stories permits the child to come to grips with his anxieties as he projects their causes onto evil figures he encounters in the stories, and as he gives body and with it concreteness to his fears in line with events told in the tales. Encountering his anxieties in story form permits the child to familiarize himself with them in an area once removed from his immediate experience, a most important first step toward objectifying and conquering them.

The more definite the source of our anxiety is, the better off we are. It is much better to be afraid of some dangerous animal or witch

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than of something formless we cannot place or recognize, that hence could be anywhere and everywhere, ready to pounce on us at any moment. Although the child may at moments be fearful of figures such as the witch or wolf or ogre who lives in the sky, if he is at all normal, such fears will not last, since the child is well aware that, being a city dweller or living in a suburb, he is not likely to be abandoned in a deep forest, nor to encounter wolves or beanstalks which grow into the sky on the city streets. Further, the more we can concretize an anxiety, the less ever-present it becomes. If a story giving form to our anxiety takes place in a distant time or place, we can either distance ourselves from it, or sometimes make it our own, as best fits our needs of the moment. So as readers become more familiar with a story and the solution it offers, they are also becoming able to devise methods to pacify their anxiety and thus protect themselves against what causes it.

Fairy tales assure the child that every evil phantom has its opposite which is more powerful in doing good than the evil figure is in doing evil, something the child may not be able to imagine all on his own when overcome by what, at the moment, seem to him the overwhelming difficulties of his life. It is the subtle balance between good and bad powers that is finally tipped in favor of the victory of virtue which gives the child the hope that in real life, his misfortunes will not only be limited in time, but will completely disappear, to be replaced by his elevation to a higher plane of existence where he will be secure for the rest of his life. While in reality there is not always a happy ending to our travails, it is the hope that there might be which sustains us, while without it we may fall into despair.

For the child especially, a collection such as *The Random House Book of Fairy Tales* opens doors to an enchanted universe where, as if through magic, goodness and beauty conquer all. These nineteen classic European fairy tales permit the child to engage in flights of fancy whenever his troubles seem overwhelming, as is all too often the case in his life. No matter how dejected a child may feel at the moment—how unfairly he thinks he is being treated, how clumsy and unlovable he fears to be, how stupid he thinks he is—fairy tales promise him that despite it all, someday he will leave his inferior state far behind and come happily into his own. Then his true merits will be recognized by one and all and his efforts to be good will find their just rewards, while those who pushed him down will meet their deserved punishment. Thus the fairy tale,

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more effectively than almost any other experience, convinces the child that it is in his best interest to be good and to shun evil. It is the lessons learned from fairy tales and the hopes they nourish which help the child to carry on well and undaunted not only in imagined, but in real adversity. This is the beauty of fairy tales—the way they work their true magic, for all to enjoy.

*Bruno Bettelheim*  
*January 1984*



THE RANDOM HOUSE  
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FAIRY TALES





# THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

*Hans Christian Andersen*

**I**n a country far away there was once an emperor who loved nothing better than new clothes. All his money was spent on shirts and doublets and pants and cloaks. He never drove in the woods or went to the theater or reviewed the troops in the army unless it was to show off some new costume. The emperor had clothes for every hour of the day and evening, and whenever his ministers wanted to find him, they had only to look in his dressing room.

Life was very gay in the great town where he lived. The streets were thronged with strangers, and one day two swindlers were among them. They made themselves out to be weavers and said they could weave cloth more beautiful than any on earth. Not only were the colors and patterns superb, but the garments that were made from the cloth had the amazing quality of becoming invisible to all who were dull and incompetent. Or so the swindlers claimed.

“Those must be wonderful clothes,” thought the emperor when he heard the story. “By wearing them I shall be able to tell wise men from fools and learn who among my people deserves my trust. Yes, I must have some of that cloth woven for me at once.” And he gave the two swindlers large sums of money so they could begin work.

Quickly they set up two looms and pretended to weave,



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yet the shuttles were as empty as air. They demanded the finest silk and the purest gold thread, then they packed it away in their bags and worked upon the empty looms far into the night.

After a time the emperor was eager to discover how the weavers were getting on with the cloth. But remembering that anyone who was a fool would not be able to see it, he became reluctant to go into the room himself. "Of course I have no fears about my own competence," he thought. "But still it may be best to send some other man. My oldest minister is the one for the task. He is clever and will be able to judge the quality of the cloth at once."

And so the old minister went to find the weavers. There they sat before their empty looms, working the invisible thread as though it were real. "How can this be?" thought the man, opening his eyes very wide. "I see nothing, nothing at all."

The swindlers stood up then and asked him how he liked the unusual design and the beautiful colors. They pointed to the empty looms and the minister stared as hard as he could, but he could see nothing, for there was nothing. "Could it mean that I am stupid?" he thought fearfully. "I have never thought so, but who can be certain? Nobody must be allowed to know that I cannot see the cloth."

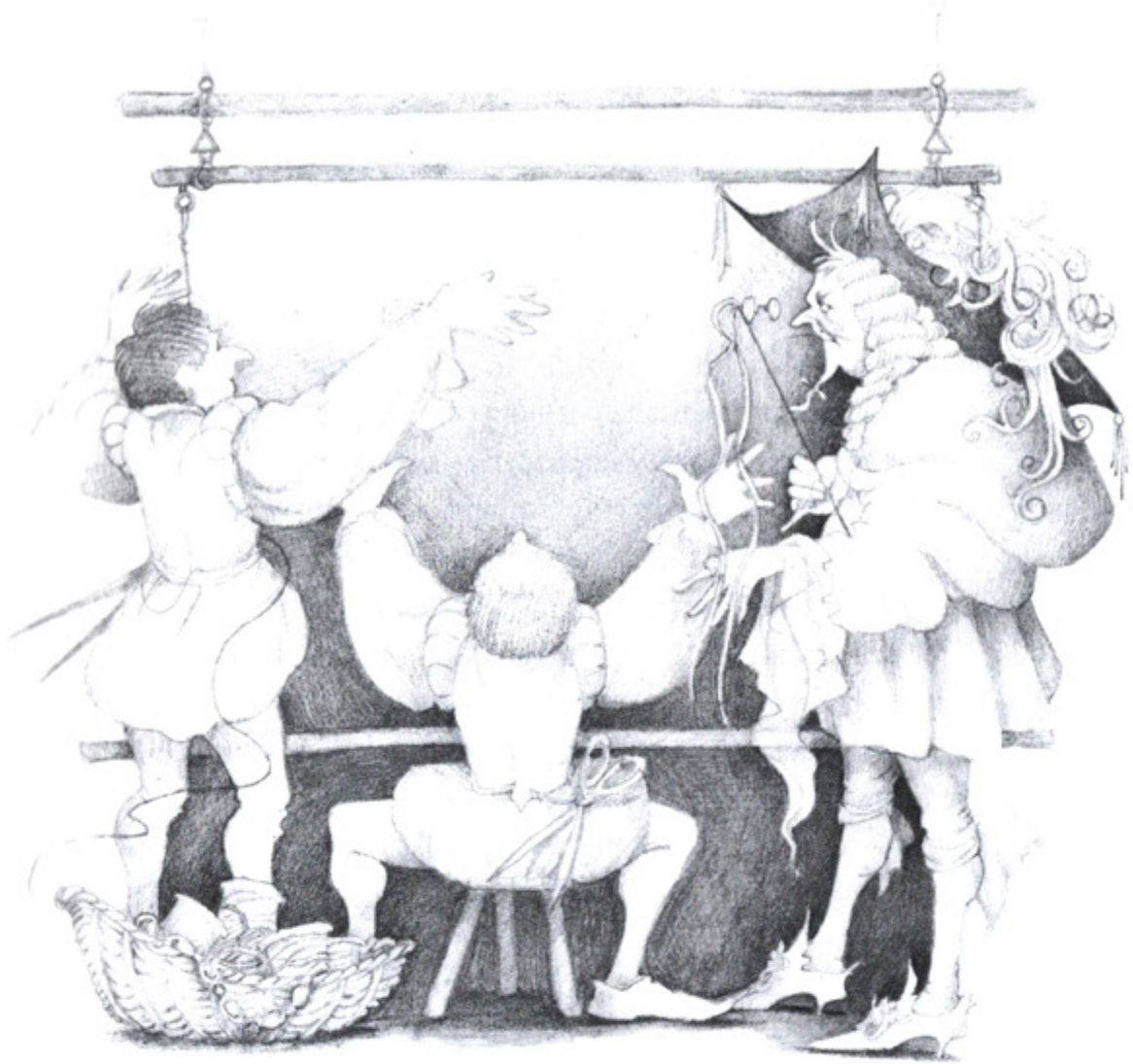
"Well, what do you think of it?" asked one of the weavers.

"Oh, it is beautiful. Most exquisite. I shall certainly tell the emperor how pleased I am," said the minister.

Then the weavers drew him closer to the empty looms. They named the different colors and described the pattern, and the minister listened closely so that he could repeat it all to the emperor.

Now the weavers demanded more money and more silk for their work, but again they put it into their own pockets and went on weaving at the empty looms.

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A short time later the emperor sent another minister to learn how the cloth was getting on and if it would soon be ready. The man looked and looked but he could see only the empty looms. He blinked once and then again and still he saw nothing. "I know I am not a fool," he thought. "So it must mean I am unfit for my position. I must never let on that I cannot see the cloth." And he went back to the emperor and praised the beautiful colors and the design he had never seen. Soon everyone in the town was talking about the splendid cloth.

At last the emperor could wait no longer and decided to see



## THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

it for himself. Accompanied by a large number of servants and his two faithful ministers, he went into the room where the weavers were working. They moved their hands fast across the looms, yet there was not a strand of silk upon them.

“Is the cloth not magnificent, Your Majesty?” asked the two ministers. “Surely you will agree with all our praise of it.” And they pointed to the empty looms, for each thought the others could see the cloth.

The emperor was struck with horror. “What!” he thought. “I see nothing! This is terrible. Am I a fool? Am I unfit to be emperor?” But knowing that the others were awaiting his response, he nodded and smiled and clapped his hands together. “Perfectly wonderful! Superb!” he said, gazing at the empty loom.

“Perfectly wonderful! Superb!” the servants echoed, though they saw no more than the others.

The very next day there was to be a great procession, and everyone agreed that the emperor must lead it dressed in garments sewn from the wonderful cloth. Then the emperor gave each of the weavers a decoration for his buttonhole and the title of Knight of the Loom.

The night before the procession the weavers sat up until dawn, burning sixteen candles so that people would see how hard they were working to get the emperor's new clothes ready. They pretended to take the cloth off the loom. Then they cut it out in the air with a huge pair of shears and stitched it together using needles without any thread. “Now the emperor's new clothes are ready,” they announced.

When the emperor went into the room with his ministers and servants, both of the weavers raised one arm in the air as if they were holding something very precious. “These are the pants; this is the coat; here is the mantle,” they said. “As you can see, the cloth is as light and delicate as a spider's web. One might



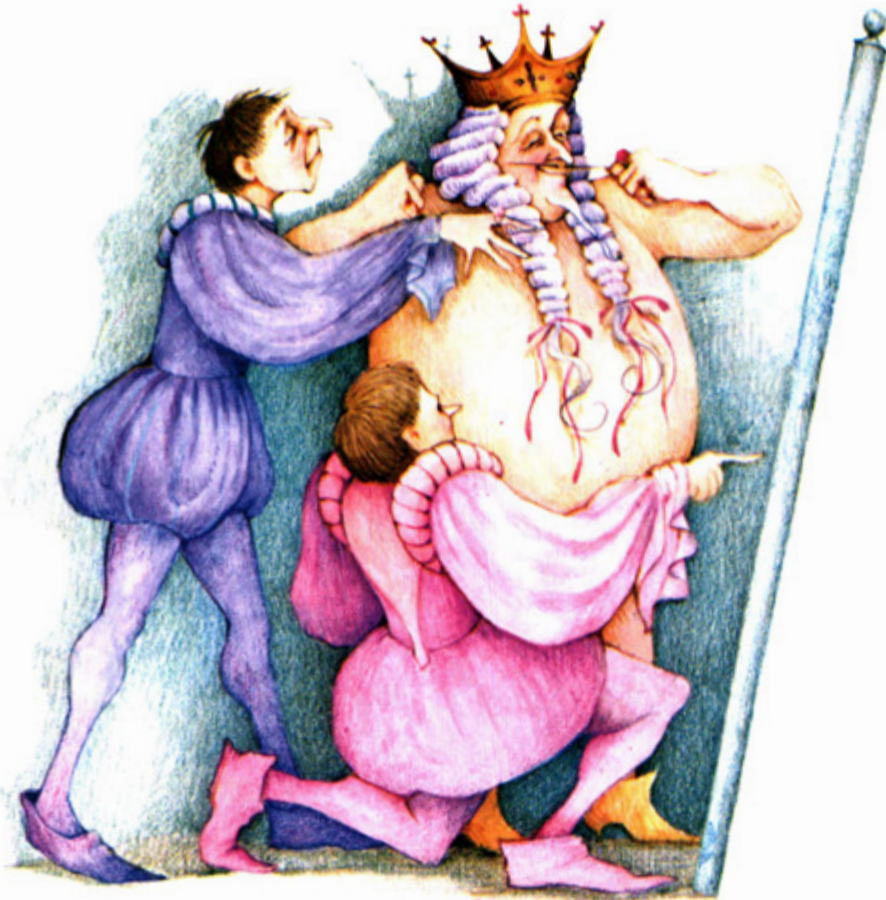
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almost think one had nothing on, but that is the very beauty of it.”

“Yes, oh yes!” everyone cried, staring harder than ever at nothing.

“Please, Your Majesty, you must take off your clothes so we may put the new ones on here before the mirror,” the weavers said.

“Of course. Quite so,” said the emperor and he took off all his clothes. Then the weavers pretended to fasten something around his waist and tie something else around his neck, and finally they ran their hands along the floor as if they were arranging the train.



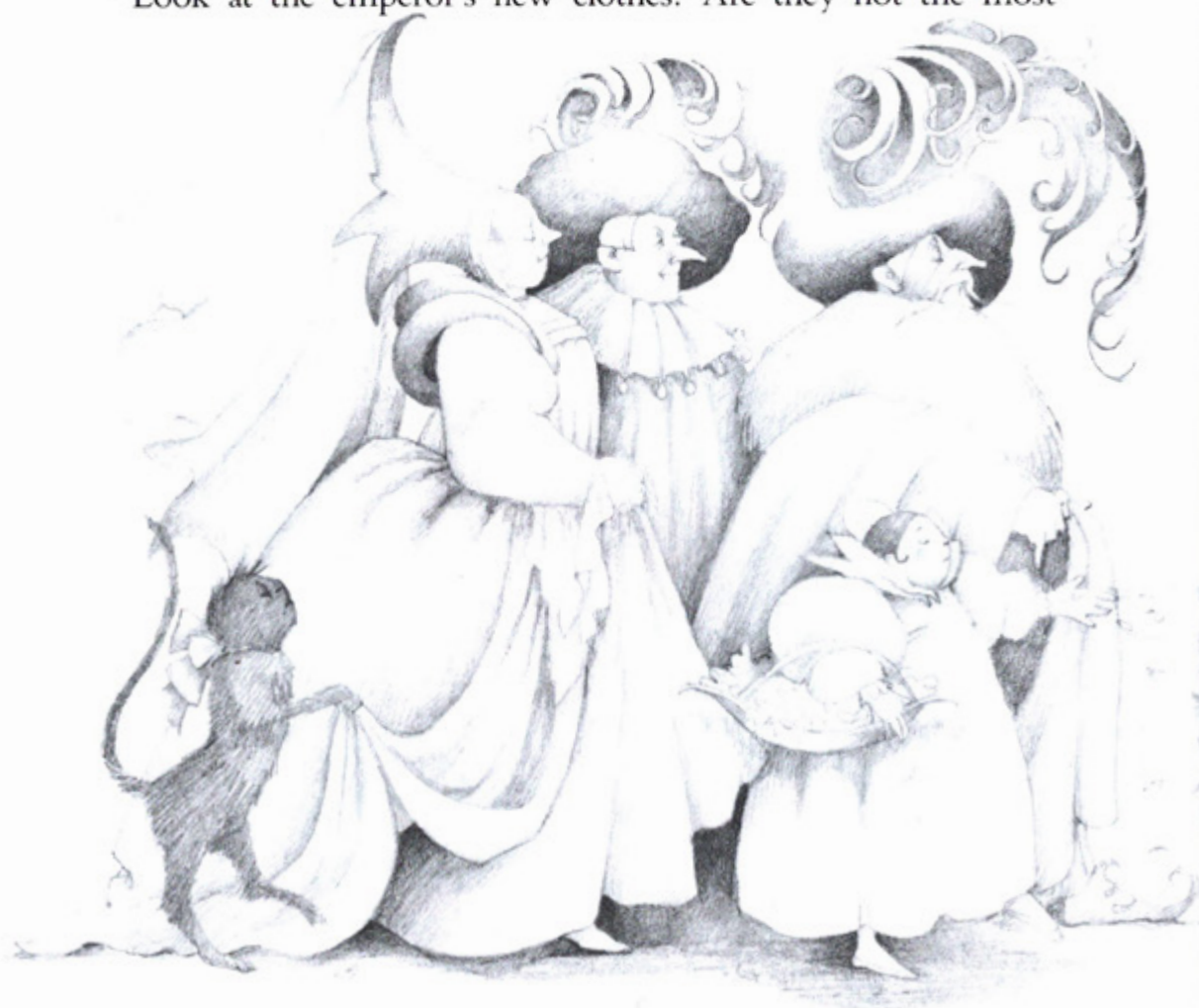
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Everyone praised the emperor's appearance even though he was wearing nothing. "How well His Majesty looks in the new clothes!" they said. "What a beautiful coat and mantle!"

"The canopy that will be held over Your Majesty is here. The procession is about to begin!" the oldest minister cried.

The emperor turned round and round in front of the mirror as if admiring his reflection. "Very well, I am ready," he announced. He walked with dignity from the weavers' room, and the chamberlains who were to carry the train pretended to lift it from the ground and hold it with their hands in the air.

Then the emperor walked at the head of the procession under the beautiful canopy, and everyone in the streets cried, "Look at the emperor's new clothes. Are they not the most





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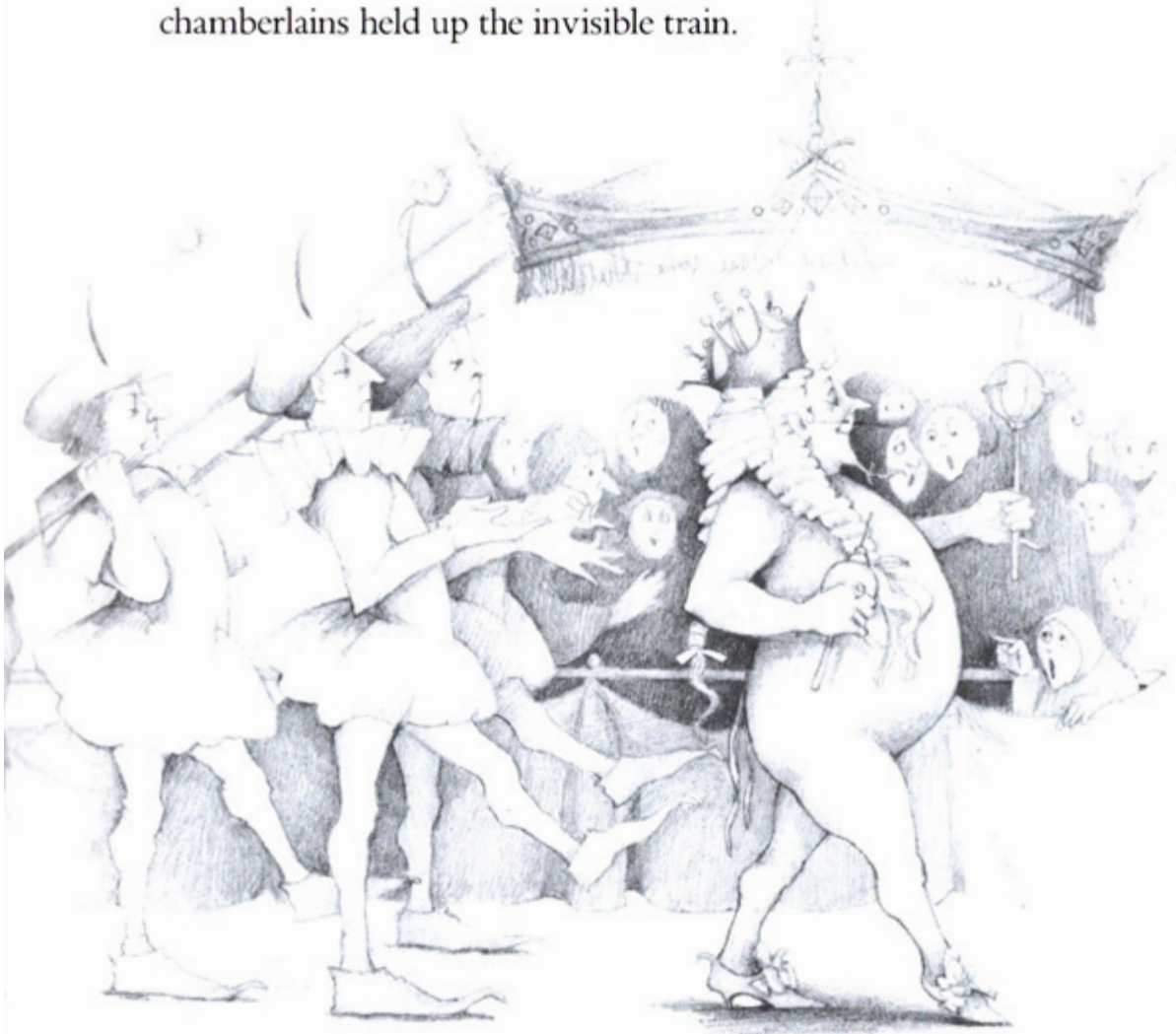
wonderful he has ever worn?" They did not dare admit they could see nothing for fear they would be called fools. Never before had the emperor's clothes been so much admired.

"But he has got nothing on," said a little child.

"Oh, listen to the innocent," said the father. And one person whispered to another what the child had said. "He has nothing on. A child says he has nothing on!"

"But he has nothing on!" all the people cried at last.

The emperor felt a shudder go through him, for he knew at once that it was true, but he had to continue to lead the procession. And so he walked on beneath the canopy, and the chamberlains held up the invisible train.





# THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD

*Charles Perrault*

**I**n a distant land there lived a king and queen who could have no children. Nothing else would give them pleasure, and they moved through their days as if they were in mourning.

But after many, many years the queen at last bore a daughter. The christening was to be magnificent. For the child's godmothers, seven fairies were chosen. Each was to give her a gift, a talent or virtue that would make of the child perfection itself.

After the christening the company returned to the palace, where a great feast had been prepared to honor the seven fairies. Before each one was a golden plate with a knife and fork and spoon set with diamonds and rubies. But just as they were sitting down to eat, a very old fairy came into the hall. She had not been invited because she had shut herself in a high, distant tower for many years and it was thought that she was dead.

The king ordered a place laid for the old fairy, but he could not give her a golden plate with a knife and fork and spoon as the others had, for only seven had been made. The old fairy was outraged and muttered threats beneath her breath. A young fairy who sat nearby heard her. Fearing that the uninvited one might harm the little princess, she hid herself behind the curtains. She wanted to give the last gift of all and in this way perhaps undo any evil that the old fairy was planning.

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Soon it was time to give the gifts to the princess. The youngest fairy said she would grow up to be beautiful; the next, that she should have the wit of an angel; the third promised her grace; the fourth gave her the gift of dancing; the fifth, the gift of singing; and the last fairy said she would be able to play sweet music on any instrument she took up.

Now it was the old fairy's turn. She came near to the cradle, her head shaking with rage and spite. "The young princess's beauty and accomplishments will not help her," she announced. "For one day she will prick her hand on a tiny spindle and when this happens she will die." The terrible gift made all the company tremble and weep, and the queen could not be comforted.

But at this instant the young fairy who had hidden came from behind the curtains and cried out, "No, my king and queen, your child will not die of this wound. It is true, I have not the power to change an older fairy's gift. The princess will indeed pierce her finger with a spindle. But instead of dying, she shall only fall into a deep sleep. It will last a hundred years, and at the end of it a king's son will come and awaken her."

The young fairy's words were of scant comfort. To avoid the misfortune that had been foretold for his daughter, the king ordered all the spindles in the kingdom to be destroyed; anyone even found spinning was to be put to death.

Fifteen or sixteen years afterward the king and queen were away in the countryside and the young princess was running about in the palace. She went from room to room and came at last into a little garret on top of the tower, where an old woman was spinning with her spindle. The old woman had never heard of the king's orders and so had gone on making her thread in the way of her mother and grandmother before her.

"What are you doing, my good woman?" asked the princess.



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“I am spinning, pretty child,” said the old woman, for she did not know who the princess was.

“How clever!” said the princess. “How do you do it? Give it to me so I can try.”

Either because she was careless or because the old fairy had





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ordained it, no sooner had the girl taken the spindle than it pierced her hand and she fell down in a swoon. The good old woman cried out for help. Servants and courtiers and ladies came running from every room in the palace. They threw water upon the princess's face; they unlaced her and struck her on the palms of her hands and rubbed her temples with cologne. But it was no use; nothing would awaken her.

Then the king, who had returned from the countryside, saw that the old fairy's cruel gift had come to pass and his daughter must sleep for a hundred years. By his order she was carried into the finest room in the palace and laid upon a bed embroidered with silver and gold. The color in her face was undimmed and she was as beautiful as ever. It is true that her eyes were shut, but those who listened closely could hear her breathe, so they knew she was not dead.

The young fairy who had saved the princess's life was far away in the kingdom of Matakín, but a dwarf in seven-league boots came there to give her the news. At once the fairy left for the palace in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons. The king greeted her gently and showed her the room where the princess slept. Though the fairy saw that she was well provided for, she thought how sad the princess would be when she woke up alone in that great palace with the people she knew dead and gone.

So she touched everyone with her magic ring. She touched the housekeepers, the maids-in-waiting, the courtiers, the cooks, the scullions, and the footmen. Then she went into the stable and touched the horses and the stable boys. She even touched Puff, the princess's little dog, who was curled up on the bed beside her. At once they all fell fast asleep and would not wake until the princess woke. Everything in the palace was motionless. The spits on the fire with their partridge meats and pheasants stopped turning, and the flames died down and slept.



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The king and queen watched the fairy in silence. And when she was done they kissed their beloved daughter good-bye and left the palace forever. Within a quarter of an hour, a great number of trees interlaced with brambles and thorns grew up around the park and formed a hedge so thick that neither man nor beast could penetrate it and so tall that only the tallest turrets of the palace could be seen. In this way the fairy made a magical safe place where the princess could sleep in peace.

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## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD

At the end of a hundred years the son of a king who lived nearby went hunting in the countryside. He asked the people about the turrets he saw in the woods and why the hedge grew there so thickly. Each told him a different story. Some said it was a place full of ghosts; others said the witches went there to hold their sabbath meetings; still others said it was the home of an ogre who caught children and ate them alive.

The prince did not know what to believe. Then a very old man said to him, "Please, Your Highness, more than fifty years past I heard my father say there was at one time in this castle a princess,





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the most beautiful ever seen. Because she was bewitched she must sleep for a hundred years and could be awakened only by a prince.”

Never had the king's son heard of such a marvelous adventure. Fired by love and the desire for glory, he resolved at once to gain entry to the palace. He prepared to cut down the hedge with his sword, but as soon as he came there all the great trees, the bushes, and the brambles parted to let him pass through. He came out upon a broad avenue and at the end of it was the palace. But when he looked behind to see if his servants were still with him, he discovered that the hedge had closed again and he was all alone. However, this did not deter him, for he was a young prince in search of love and glory.

Quickly he walked into the palace courtyard, but what he saw made him stop in amazement. A frightful silence hung over the place and the image of death was everywhere. A score of men were outstretched upon the paving stones, their limbs at grotesque angles. But then the prince saw beside the porters goblets still filled with wine. He leaned down next to them and felt the movement of their chests and then he knew they were alive and had fallen asleep while drinking their wine.

Next he crossed a court paved with marble and came into a guard room. Guards were standing in their ranks with their muskets on their shoulders and snoring with all their might. He went upstairs and through several rooms filled with people, men and women both. Some were standing and others were sitting, but all were sleeping soundly.

Finally he entered a gilded chamber where he saw upon a bed embroidered with gold and silver a girl of fifteen or sixteen years. Her coral lips were parted slightly and her beauty was so luminous that she seemed almost to shine. The prince approached her, trembling, and fell upon his knees.



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Then, as the end of the enchantment had come, the princess awoke. She gazed at the king's son tenderly as if she already knew him. "Is it you, my prince?" she said at last. "You have waited a long time."

The prince was thrilled by her words and told her that he loved her better than he did himself. They spoke for many hours, and though their conversation made little sense, it hardly mattered. The princess laughed merrily and nodded at the prince's



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remarks. It was almost as if she had imagined the moment of her awakening many times over and knew what he would say. Perhaps the good fairy, during so long a sleep, had given her very pleasant dreams.

In the meantime all the palace had woken with the princess. They were naturally concerned with their own needs, and since they were not in love, they were ready to keel over with hunger. The lady of honor at last lost patience and told the princess that dinner must be served. At this the prince helped her up from the bed. Her clothing was magnificent, but he took care not to tell her that she was dressed like his grandmother.

They went together into the great mirrored hall, where they ate their meal to the old-fashioned melodies of violins and oboes that had been silent for a hundred years. After supper the chaplain married them in the palace chapel without losing any time. That night they slept little, as the princess was so well rested and they still had much to say. And in the morning, as dawn was breaking, they traveled to the prince's city where his parents eagerly awaited them.



# THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

*The Brothers Grimm*

There was once a shoemaker who became poorer and poorer as the years went by. At last he had leather enough only for one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the pattern and then he went to sleep.

The next morning he took up a needle and thread, meaning to sew the shoes. But there they stood, neatly sewn and finished on his table. The shoemaker could not believe his eyes. Not a stitch was out of place and the work was better than any he had ever seen.

As he held the shoes, marveling at them, a customer entered the shop. He was so pleased with the shoes that he paid far more than the ordinary price, and the shoemaker was able to buy leather for two pairs more.

He cut them out in the evening, and the next morning prepared to begin work. But there was no need for it because the shoes had already been made and were as well stitched and handsome as the other pair. The first two customers who came into his shop bought them for a good price. And this time the shoemaker was able to buy leather enough for four pairs.

Early the next morning the four pairs of shoes were finished as before. And so it went. What the shoemaker cut out at night was finished in the morning, and customers were never lacking. Soon the shoemaker became a wealthy man.

Always he wondered about the skill of the work, and one

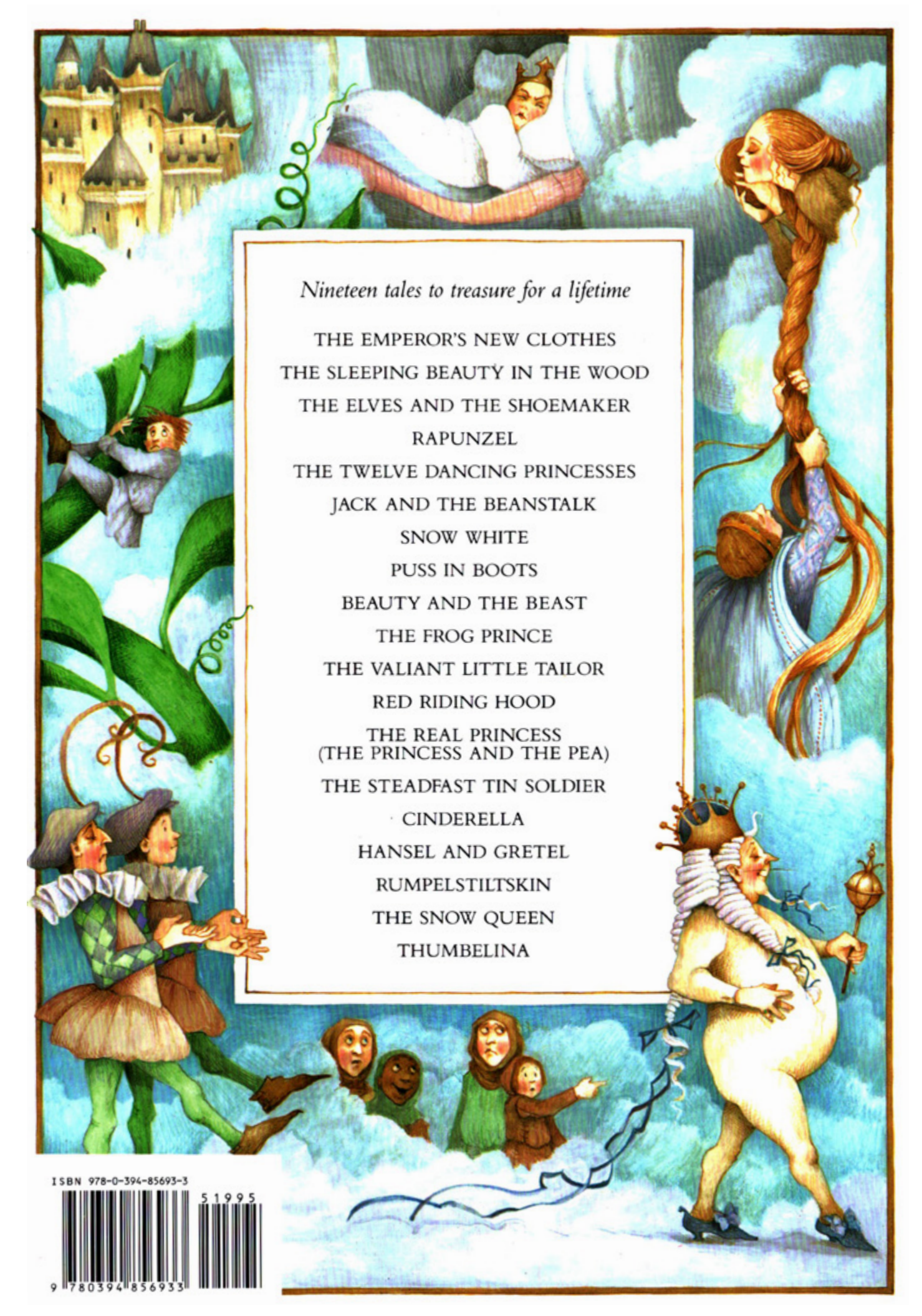
## THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

evening not long before Christmas he said to his wife, "How would it be if we were to sit up tonight to see who has been helping us these many months?"

She agreed at once and so they did not go to bed, but lit a candle and hid themselves in a corner of the room. Just at midnight two tiny little men came and sat down at the shoemaker's table. They wore no clothes and said not a single word, but immediately began to work. They stitched and hammered and sewed so neatly and quickly that the shoemaker was amazed. As soon as everything was finished and stood upon the table, they ran quickly away.







*Nineteen tales to treasure for a lifetime*

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES  
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD  
THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER  
RAPUNZEL  
THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES  
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK  
SNOW WHITE  
PUSS IN BOOTS  
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST  
THE FROG PRINCE  
THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR  
RED RIDING HOOD  
THE REAL PRINCESS  
(THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA)  
THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER  
CINDERELLA  
HANSEL AND GRETEL  
RUMPELSTILTSKIN  
THE SNOW QUEEN  
THUMBELINA

ISBN 978-0-394-85693-3



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