

## The Story of Rumpelstiltskin

In a land, far from here, there lived an old miller and his young daughter.

One day the king and his men stopped by to collect taxes.

“I have little money, your majesty,” he stuttered, afraid. “But my daughter can spin straw into gold,” the old miller said without thinking.

“Really?” the king questioned. “Bring her to my palace tomorrow and I will put her to the test.”

When she arrived, the king took her to a room filled with yellow straw, a spindle and wheel.

“Spin this straw into gold before sunrise. If you fail, you and your father will be sorry” the king stated.

The girl turned to the heaps of straw before her and, having no idea how to spin straw into gold, began to cry.

Rumpelstiltskin Suddenly, the girl heard the door creak open slowly. At first, she only saw a large nose. Then suddenly, in danced a strange little man, humming a funny tune.

“Gooooood evening, Mr. Miller’s daughter,” he said. “Why are you crying?”

“I – I have been ordered to spin this straw into gold by sunrise!” she sobbed. “A – and I don’t know how.”

“Hmm...” He kicked at the straw. “I know how to spin straw into gold...” he began.

“Oh, you do!?” cried the girl.

“What will you give me if I spin this straw for you?” he asked slyly.

“Oh! I will give you my necklace! Take it! Take it!” she replied.

The odd little man took the necklace, grabbed a handful of straw, and sat down at the spinning wheel. *Swoosh, swooosh, swoooooosh* – went the wheel. The little man handed the girl a spindle filled with gold thread, grabbed another handful of straw, and sat down at the spinning wheel once more. Soon the room was entirely filled with gorgeous gold thread.

Then, humming his funny tune, the odd little man pranced out of the room, swinging the girl’s necklace from side to side.

When the greedy king came into the room at sunrise he was amazed.

So he took the beautiful girl into an even larger room filled with yellow straw.

“Spin this into gold,” the king demanded. Alone in the locked room, she sobbed at the sight of even more yellow straw than before. But soon she heard the door creak open and

a large nose appeared.

The little man danced into the room humming his funny song. “What will you give me to spin?” he asked. “A gold ring,” she offered timidly. *Swoosh, swoosh, swoooooosh* – went the wheel as he filled the entire room with gold thread and danced away.

Again amazed, the greedy king set her to spin in the largest room in the palace, filled with straw.

“If you can spin this into gold, I will have you as my queen,” the king said.

For though she is only a miller’s daughter, thought the king, I will not find a richer woman to have as my wife.

The girl looked around the room, shocked at the sight of even more yellow straw than there had been in the previous two rooms combined. Without time to cry, she heard the door creak open, and a large nose appeared.

“What will you give me if I spin this straw into gold?” the man asked, without greeting the girl.

“I have nothing left to give you,” she cried.

“Hmm...” the funny little man pondered this for a while. He walked back and forth across the room, kicking bits of straw in his way. “I know!” he said suddenly. “If I spin this straw into gold, promise me your first born child when you are queen.”

Without thinking, the girl so promised and room filled with gold.

As the funny little man left the room, the miller’s daughter figured she would never have to see his large-nosed face again because he would never challenge a queen, because a queen she would be.

The king and the miller’s daughter were married immediately. Later that year, the new queen had a beautiful baby boy.

But one day while she was rocking her baby to sleep, she was shocked to hear the door creak open followed by a large familiar nose peering behind.

The little man pranced into the room and said, “Now give me what you promised, my queen.”

The queen was horrified. She attempted to bribe him with all of the riches of her new kingdom.

“No. I would like what you promised me. All the riches in the world could not match the reward of a living thing,” he said.

The queen sobbed terribly and, because the little man felt sorry for her, he offered, with an odd grin: “I will give you three days. If you can figure out what my name is by the end of the third day, I will let you keep your child.”

The queen collected names from the servants in the castle. She sent out messengers to scour the kingdom for more names. Her list grew and grew.

John and Ron. Bill and Will. Lucas and Joseph and Xavier and Youssef. The queen recited every name that she had collected.

When the little man came again, the queen recited more names: “Skinnyribs? Muttonchop? Or – Or! Perhaps it is Spindleshanks? Yes it must be Spindleshanks!” the queen cried.

But no matter how many names she gave him, the little man replied, “No, that is not my name.” Finally, a messenger returned with news. He found a strange little man dancing and prancing around a large fire in the forbidden woods. Her servant began to sing a song that had a very familiar tune. And though she's queen How I will glean

Her only child as I'd foreseen For she will never ever claim That  
Rumpelstiltskin is my name!

The queen recognized the tune! Moments later the little man bounced into her room.

“Well, my queen. What is my name?” he asked with a sly grin on his face.

“Hmm...” the queen pondered convincingly, walking back and forth across her room.

“You said it wasn't Bill or Will... Could it be Phil?” she asked.

“No. That is not my name,” the man replied.

“Could it be Juan?”

“No. That is not my name,” he replied, tapping his foot impatiently.

“Hmm... Could it be, by chance, Rumpelstiltskin?”

“Impossible! No fair! No fair!” the little man screeched angrily, stamping his foot hard on the ground.

He scurried around the queen's room in a fit of rage. He smashed into walls; he thumped his foot; and he bumped his head. He smashed and thumped and bumped and jumped. And then, so blind with anger, the strange little man jumped right out of the queen's window. He was never ever ever seen again. The End.