

LESSON 6: VARIANTS

MATERIALS:

- Thumbtacks or Post-it tabs
- World Map for classroom wall (can be projected)
- Read aloud: *Ashpet* and *Cinderella* (Grimm) (teacher copies)
- Video: *Smoky Mountain Rose*:
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s-MfTcahH-w> (or)
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lrOH9yzpTyU>
- Jane Yolen Thumbprints of History Quote (teacher copy for display)
- Folklorist Journals
- Cinderella in Other Languages (teacher copy for display)
- Can You Guess the Country? (one copy per student and teacher key)
- Word Wall card (variant)

OBJECTIVES:



One folktale can be found all over the world in many different cultures.

Variants are different versions of one folktale that are recorded by different people and/or in different countries.

Students will be able to:

- read a wide range of literature to build an understanding of human experience.
- apply a wide range of strategies to comprehend, interpret, evaluate, and appreciate texts.
- apply knowledge of language structures, language conventions, and genres to create, critique, and discuss print and non-print texts.
- develop an understanding of and respect for diversity in language use, patterns, and dialects across cultures, ethnic groups, geographic regions, and social roles.

Cultural Sensitivity:

Please remind students that certain things that could not be explained scientifically were sometimes explained incorrectly in myths, fairytales, and fables (i.e., A story might give an explanation for why the possum has a bare tail, but it may not be the actual reason).



Key Terms:

- variant

Suggested Story Vocabulary:

- mare
- toadstool
- thicket

SEQUENCE	TEACHER NOTES
<p>READ-ALOUD: <i>Ashpet</i> (Fairytale)</p> <div data-bbox="259 300 443 499" style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; display: inline-block;">  <p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">CLASS</p> </div> <p>Invite students to find a comfortable place for listening. Tell the students that you are going to read them a variation of the Cinderella fairytale that will probably sound familiar to them, even if they are unfamiliar with the name: <i>Ashpet</i>. Allow students to share what version of a tale that they are already familiar with (i.e., the Disney version), and record the different versions on the board, making a checkmark beside the versions that are mentioned more than once.</p> <p>Read <i>Ashpet</i> aloud.</p> <p>Explain to the students that even though they may be familiar with one version of this fairytale, today they will be exploring how a single story can be told many different ways, depending on who is telling the story and where the story comes from. Folklorists call different versions of a story variants. <i>Ashpet</i> is an Appalachian folktale variant of <i>Cinderella</i>.</p> <p>Encourage students to pay close attention to the similarities and differences they hear in the next version of the same story, and to think about ways this version is similar to <i>Ashpet</i>.</p> <p>Read <i>Cinderella</i> (the Grimm version) aloud.</p> <p>Afterwards, pause and allow students to turn to the person next to them to discuss how this version of <i>Cinderella</i> is different than the story of <i>Ashpet</i>. After giving students time to discuss, draw a Venn diagram on the board and compare the <i>Ashpet</i> version to the Grimm version of <i>Cinderella</i>.</p> <p>As time allows, or perhaps in a follow-up session, share one of these videos of a teacher reading <i>Smoky Mountain Rose</i> by Allen Schroeder (your choice):</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s-MfTcahH-w • https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lrOH9yzpTyU <p>This picture book is another version of Cinderella set in Appalachia, and the readers in both videos emphasize that they will be using Appalachian dialect.</p>	<div data-bbox="1055 241 1218 409" style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; display: inline-block;"> <p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">PLACE</p>  </div> <p>Appalachia is a part of the Eastern United States, stretching from New York to Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia. It includes parts of Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania. Students may not realize that their community is part of Appalachia. You can show them the website for the Appalachian Regional Commission, which lists counties in each state that it considers part of Appalachia, but be sure to explain that some places may consider themselves Appalachian even if they are not on this “official” list.</p> <p>https://www.arc.gov/appalachian-counties-served-by-arc/</p> <p>If your students live in or near Appalachia, talk about characteristics associated with Appalachian culture.</p> <div data-bbox="1063 1260 1209 1417" style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; display: inline-block;">  <p style="text-align: center; margin: 0;">TIP</p> </div> <p>In this version of <i>Cinderella</i>, the stepmother makes Cinderella pick lentils out of the fireplace to prevent her from going to the ball. Your students might not be familiar with lentils, so please be sure to explain what they are (or, if possible, bring in a bag of dried lentils to show them).</p>

JOURNAL RESPONSE: Abstract/Complex Cognition

Display the following quote from Jane Yolen. Read the first part of the quote aloud, and cover the second half of the quote. It will be read later in the lesson.

“Folktales from the oral tradition carry the thumbprints of history.” (Yolen, p. 5)



Ask students to think about the discussion of culture in the previous lesson. History is a part of culture, and folklore is an oral tradition, which means stories are traditionally told orally, instead of being written down. Ask students: *What do you think this quote means? What does it mean to “carry the thumbprints of history?”* Allow them to respond to this question in their Folklorist Journals.

After writing for five minutes, student should share their ideas, either whole group or with a partner. Teachers should take anecdotal notes about student responses, listening for complexity of student thought.

Reiterate that folklore varies based on the culture, location, and time in history in which it is told. Therefore, folktales leave their mark, giving the listener insight into the culture and point in history in which it was shared, just like a person leaves their thumbprints on things they touch.

All Jane Yolen quotes come from the introduction to *Favorite Folktales from Around the Worlds* (1986), an anthology she edited.



Responses to this prompt give teachers insight into students’ depth of thought. Sometimes challenging or open-ended journal prompts will alert teachers to deep thinkers who perhaps don’t speak up often in class.

ACTIVITY: Folktales are Universal

Have a world map displayed (either a poster or a projection). Then, show students the two excerpts from *Cinderella* written in other languages. Ask if any student can recognize the language and/or read the language. Looking at the title, ask if they can guess which country the tale is from (i.e., *Cendrillon* is French and *Aschenputtel* is German).



Explain that folktales originate all over the world. Ask if anyone can locate the country where that language is spoken on the world map. Provide a thumbtack, tape, or Post-it tab to that student, who will mark the location of the tale. Do this for all of the folktale excerpts (i.e., ask the students to



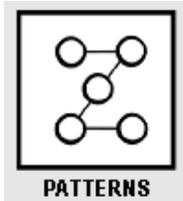
If a student can read the language, invite them to read the tales.



Are there variants of the *Cinderella* story in your community? What other versions of *Cinderella* exist around the

put tab on Appalachia or the Eastern U.S. for *Ashpet*, France for *Cendrillon*, and Germany for *Aschenputtel*).

Remind students that finding a country on the map and knowing the language spoken there are examples of **objective** culture, or culture that can be seen. Ask: *What does the Cinderella story teach us about subjective culture in the variants told from different countries?*



Encourage students to think about the culture of their own town, and the traditions, customs, and beliefs expressed there. If

they were to write a variant of the *Cinderella* story, how would their story be different than the Grimm version? Ask: *What would your own version tell the reader about your subjective culture? How could this version of Cinderella carry the “thumbprint” of your culture or town’s history?* Encourage a whole-class discussion.

world (i.e., *Yeh-Shen* is the version from China, *The Orphan* is the version from Greece, etc.) What do these different versions tell you about the place in which they originate?

If your school or local library has a copy, you might consider sharing the picture book of *Cinderella* written by Cynthia Rylant, an author from Appalachia. The illustrations are beautiful!



ACTIVITY: Can You Guess the Country?

Divide the class into heterogeneous groups either according to student interest based on the titles of the tales, or into homogenous groups according to student reading level (which can be determined by the teacher’s personal reading assessments). If grouping according to reading level, cut the tales on the dotted lines so that they are in strips, and give lower-level readers the first tales, and higher-level readers the later tales (tales increase in difficulty).

Distribute Can You Guess the Country? Explain that these are several versions or variants of *Cinderella* (like *Ashpet*), and sometimes the same folktale, like *Cinderella*, can appear in different countries but with slight differences. They are variations of one story, or as folklorists call them, **variants**. Add this word to the Word Wall.



The tales on the page get progressively longer and more difficult. Either create homogeneous groups and assign students in that group the appropriate passage to read based on their readiness level, or create heterogeneous groups of mixed abilities and ask students to start at the top of the sheet and see how far they can go.

WORD WORK: Word Roots/Suffixes

Explain to students that just like many stories we enjoy today originate from other countries and cultures, words commonly used in English originate from other languages.



If students wonder what kindergarten means, ask



Tell the students that Grimms' first collection of folktales was called *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (*Children's and Household Tales*). Write the title in German on the board. Ask the students: *Do you see a familiar word? What are these words similar to?* (Possible responses: *kinder* – kindergarten, *haus* – house)

Ask students to write the word “vary” on their personal word wall, and explain that the word means, “to alter or change something.”

Explain that many words originate from older languages like Latin. Some words that originate from Latin sound the same in many modern languages. For example:

Vary (English)
Variar (French)
Variar (Spanish)

Ask students to think about these three words and how they are similar and different (Possible responses: they all begin with “var-” but their endings are different).

Then, write the word **variant** on the board. Encourage students to examine the word and think about the base word (**vary**) and the suffix (“-ant”). Point out to the students that they already know the definition of vary, and remind them that the suffix “-ant” means “the state of.”

Based on this information, ask the students to write a simple definition for what the word **variant** might mean. Once every student has written a definition, do a quick check by having students share their responses.

Synthesize their responses by discussing the literal definition based on the word parts (“the state of altering or changing something”), and allow for students to share pieces of their own definitions to create a single definition as a class. The final definition should include the fact that **variants** differ only slightly from something else.

Write the word **vary** and **variant** and draw a line before “-ant.” Have the students pronounce the word with you.

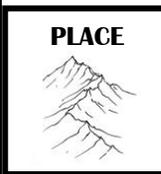
what “garten” looks like (garden). Ask what “kinder” looks like (kid or children).

Kindergarten: Coined in 1840 by a German referring to his method of developing intelligence in young children, brought to the U.S. by a German Catholic priest. Taken into English untranslated. (*Online Etymology Dictionary*, <http://dictionary.reference.com>)

“-ant”: “a suffix forming adjectives and nouns from verbs, occurring originally in French and Latin loanwords (pleasant; constant; servant)”

“-ant’ can be added only to bases of Latin origin, with very few exceptions, as coolant.”

It is easier to understand the effect prefixes (“un-”/“re-”/“in-”/“dis-”) have on words than suffixes, where the meanings are more abstract (i.e., “the state of”).



Ask students to think of words that are commonly used around them everyday (i.e., pollutant in natural settings, repellant for nature walks, vigilant when hunting or fishing, unrepentant in religious context, etc.) that end in the “-ant” or “-ent” suffixes and add them to their word list. Encourage them to think about the parts of the word to see if the base word and

<p>Display words that end in “-ant” or “-ent.” Have students copy words and draw a line before the suffix (“-ent”/“-ant”). Encourage them to try to identify the base word and to infer the meaning based on the base word and suffix combination.</p> <p>pleasant accident peasant different merchant innocent servant intelligent elegant absent significant constant</p>	<p>suffix match their personal understanding of that word.</p>
<p>CLOSE: Journal Writing</p> <div data-bbox="243 724 422 924" data-label="Image"> </div> <p>Display the second half of Jane Yolen’s quote:</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>“Each place, each culture, each teller leaves a mark.”</i></p> <p>In their <u>Folklorist Journals</u>, ask students to consider ways that a story can leave its “mark,” giving the listeners a look into the teller’s culture. Encourage students to carry on the oral tradition and make their own mark on <i>Cinderella</i> by scripting out their own variant of the tale, focusing on the culture, traditions, and history of their town.</p> <div data-bbox="256 1066 425 1239" data-label="Image"> </div>	

Ashpet

(A Retelling)

Once upon a time, there was a woman who had two daughters, and they kept a hired girl to help around the house. The woman and her daughters treated this girl poorly. They wouldn't buy her any pretty clothes or new shoes and she had no bed. She had to sleep right up against the fireplace to keep warm at night, and she got ashes all over her every night, so they called her Ashpet. The woman and her daughters were jealous of Ashpet because they knew she was prettier than the old woman's two girls. If anybody came to the house, they always shoved Ashpet onto the back porch.

One day, the old woman and her mean daughters were getting dressed to go to church, and they noticed the fire had gone out. The house was getting colder and colder. The woman said to her oldest daughter, "Darling dear, go on over the hill to the neighbor lady's house and ask for a coal to start our fire up again."

The neighbor was an old, old woman who lived alone and everyone thought she was a witch. The oldest daughter pouted and fussed, but she walked up over the next hill and back down to the neighbor. The daughter looked at the weeds around the stoop and the broken down log cabin and she thought, "I won't go in this dirty house!" So she stuck her hand through a crack in the logs and said, "I came for a coal to start up our fire again."

"Come in and comb my hair," called the old neighbor woman, "and I'll give you some."

"I won't put my pretty, clean hands on your comb and brush!" cried the oldest daughter.

"You'll get none from me then. Run along back home!" said the old neighbor woman.

She went home, and the house was still cold. The mother sent her second daughter over the hill and back down to the old neighbor woman. She put her hand through the same crack and said, "I came for a coal to start up our fire again."

"Come in and comb my hair," called the old neighbor woman, "and I'll give you some."

"Put my nice clean hands on your comb and brush?" cried the second daughter, "I'll never!"

"Run along home then," called the old woman, "You'll get none from me!"

The second daughter ran all the way home and cried to her mama about how mean the old neighbor woman was. Her mother hollered for Ashpet to go get a coal for the fire. Ashpet ran over the hill and back down and straight into the old neighbor lady's home. The old lady greeted Ashpet by name and asked Ashpet to comb her hair. Ashpet combed the old lady's hair gently. The old lady thanked Ashpet and gave her some fire in an old dried toadstool. Then the neighbor lady asked Ashpet, "Are you going to church tonight then?"

"No," replied Ashpet, "I have to get the fire going, milk the cows, feed the animals, chop wood, carry water, and cook the supper. I won't be finished until church is all over. But I would love to go to church tonight. I would like it best of all!" And Ashpet ran back over the hill to do all her chores and help the two girls get ready for church. As

soon as the mean woman and her two girls started off down the road to the church, that old neighbor lady came hobbling right into the house and straight into the kitchen.

“Ashpet,” said the old lady, “You stay right by the door.”

Ashpet peeked into the kitchen through the doorway; the old woman put all the dirty dishes on one end of the table and the dishpan full of hot, soapy water on the other end. She pointed to the dishes and said, “Wash, dish, wash!” Ashpet watched in amazement as all the dishes and cups and knives and forks jumped into the hot water and washed themselves and then jumped up dry and sparkling on the shelves. Then the old woman went all around the house, and everywhere she pointed, Ashpet’s chores did themselves. Ashpet watched as all her chores were finished as quickly as a flash of lightning, and she laughed and clapped her hands in delight.

When all the chores were done, the old woman went out to the back stoop, opened her apron pocket and took out a mouse, a piece of old leather, a string and a rag. The old woman pointed at them and before Ashpet could blink, there stood before her a pretty little horse, with a new saddle and bridle.

The old woman pointed to the old leather and the rag and said, “Shut your eyes, Ashpet, and think really hard about the shoes and dress you want to wear to church tonight.” Ashpet closed her eyes tightly and wished with all her might. When she opened her eyes, the old woman was holding in one hand the prettiest red dress Ashpet had ever seen. In the other hand, she had a pair of pretty little shoes. Quick as a wink, Ashpet washed up, brushed her hair, put on the pretty dress and shoes, and got on the pretty little horse. Then Ashpet trotted off, lickety-split, right to the church.

At the church, no one recognized Ashpet as the pretty girl with the clean dress and shining hair, and she looked at the beautiful church and she sang like she never had before. Now, the Mayor’s son was there, and he couldn’t stop staring at Ashpet. When the service was over, Ashpet ran to her pretty little horse so she could get home before the mean old woman and her two mean daughters. As she jumped up onto her little horse, one of her pretty little shoes came off. The little horse took off quick as lightning toward home; she galloped so fast that Ashpet had to hang on with all her might.

Now the Mayor’s son watched Ashpet run to her horse, and he saw her shoe slip right off. He grabbed it up and ran after her, just in time to watch her gallop down the road. Quick as a wink, he was up on his horse and galloping after her.

When Ashpet arrived home she hid the little horse in the woods behind the house. Then, she slipped off her pretty dress and put her old ashy clothes on again. She swept up the hearth and before long, she looked her familiar self. It was just in time: the mean old woman and her mean daughters tromped into the house that very moment. They were all talking at once about the beautiful girl who was at church and how the Mayor’s son had galloped after her down the road. As the mean old woman and her daughters chattered on, they heard the sound of hoofbeats coming toward the house and then the Mayor’s son calling, “Hello! Hello!”

The old woman and the two girls grabbed Ashpet and pushed her out onto the back porch, then they ran out to the front porch to see the Mayor’s son jump off his horse and run up onto the porch. He pulled out the little shoe and said, “This shoe came off the prettiest woman I’ve ever seen and the one it fits is the one I’ll marry.”

The two girls shucked off their shoes and both grabbed for the little shoe in the Mayor’s son’s hand. One after the other, the girls tried on the shoe, but no matter how

they pushed and twisted, neither could get the shoe to fit their feet. The Mayor's son looked all around the porch, and peered into the windows of the little house.

"Who else lives here?" he asked. The old mean woman and her mean daughters shook their heads so hard their pretty hats flew off and into the yard. Disappointed, the Mayor's son stepped down into the yard toward his horse.

Just at that moment, Ashpet's pretty little horse trotted out of the woods and straight up to the Mayor's son, and grabbed the little shoe straight out of his hand. Quick as a flash, she trotted off to the back porch. The Mayor's son followed her around the back of the house, and as soon as he got around the corner, he saw Ashpet sitting on the back porch, on an upside-down old washtub. The little mare dropped the little shoe in Ashpet's lap and Ashpet gasped with surprise and slipped it onto her bare foot.

When he saw that the little shoe fit perfectly, the Mayor's son dropped down to one knee and said, "This shoe came off the prettiest woman I've ever seen, and she's the one I'll marry!" With that, Ashpet shyly drew out the matching shoe from her apron pocket and slipped it on her other bare foot.

As soon as she slipped it on, the Mayor's son took both Ashpet's hands and helped her to her feet. The Mayor's son lifted Ashpet up and set her gently on her little mare, and then got his horse. Together, Ashpet and the Mayor's son rode off down the road, toward the son's fine big house, leaving the mean old woman and her mean daughters standing on their front steps, too surprised to fuss.

Cinderella

(A Retelling from Grimm's version)

The wife of a rich man became sick, and as she felt that her end was drawing near, she called her only daughter to her bedside. "Dear child," she said, "be good and dutiful and kind. Plant a little tree on my grave, and when you want something, just shake the tree, and you shall get what you want. I will help you in time of need. I will always protect you, and be near you." Thereupon she closed her eyes and died. Every day the maiden went out to her mother's grave and wept. When winter came, the snow spread a white sheet over the grave, and when the spring sun had drawn it off again, the man had taken another wife.

The woman had brought two daughters into the house with her, who were beautiful and fair of face, but vile and black of heart. A bad time began for the poor stepchild. "Is the stupid goose to sit in the parlor with us?" asked the sisters. "He who wants to eat bread must earn it. Out with the kitchen wench!"

They took her pretty clothes away from her, put an old grey nightgown on her, and gave her wooden shoes. "Just look at the proud princess, how fancy out she is!" they laughed.

She was forced to do hard work from morning until night. She rose before daybreak, carried water, lit fires, cooked food, and washed clothes. The sisters mocked her and dumped their peas and lentils into the ashes, so that she was forced to sit and pick them out again. In the evening after she had worked till she was weary, she had no bed to go to, but had to sleep by the fireside in the ashes. Because she always looked dusty and dirty, they called her Cinderella.

One day her father was going to the fair, and he asked his two stepdaughters what he should bring back for them.

"Beautiful dresses," said one.

"Pearls and jewels," said the second.

"And you, Cinderella," he asked, "what would you like?"

"Father, break off for me the first branch which knocks against your hat on your way home."

So he bought beautiful dresses, pearls and jewels for his two stepdaughters, and on his way home, as he was riding through a green thicket, a hazel twig brushed against him and knocked off his hat. When he reached home he gave his stepdaughters the things they had wished for, and to Cinderella he gave the branch from the hazel bush. Cinderella thanked him, went to her mother's grave and planted the branch on it. She wept so much that the tears watered the branch, and it grew to become a handsome tree. Three times a day Cinderella went and sat beneath it and wept and prayed. A little white bird always came to the tree, and if Cinderella expressed a wish, the bird threw down to her what she had wished for.

It happened, however, that the king announced a festival so that his son may choose a bride. When the two stepsisters heard that they were invited, they were delighted. "Cinderella!" they cried. "Comb our hair for us, brush our shoes and fasten our buckles, for we are going to the festival at the King's palace."

Cinderella obeyed but wept, because she, too, would have liked to go with them to the dance. She begged her stepmother to allow her to go, but she exclaimed, "*You go, Cinderella? You are dusty and dirty and have no clothes and shoes.*"

Cinderella, however, kept asking and so the stepmother at last said, "I have emptied a dish of lentils into the ashes for you. If you have picked them out again in two hours, you may go with us." The maiden went through the backdoor into the garden, and called to her bird friends:

*The good into the pot,
The bad into the crop.*

Two white pigeons came in by the kitchen window, followed by the turtle doves, and at last all the birds beneath the sky came whirring and crowding in, and darted into the ashes. The pigeons nodded with their heads and began to pick, pick, pick, pick, and the rest began also to pick, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good grains into the dish. Hardly had one hour passed before they had finished, and all flew out again. Then the girl happily took the dish to her stepmother and believed that now she would be allowed to attend the festival.

But the stepmother said, "No, Cinderella, you have no clothes and you cannot dance. You would only be laughed at." And as Cinderella wept, the stepmother said, "If you can pick two dishes of lentils out of the ashes for me in one hour, you shall go with us." And she thought to herself, "*That* she most certainly cannot do." When the stepmother had emptied the two dishes of lentils amongst the ashes, the maiden went through the backdoor into the garden and cried, "You tame pigeons, you turtledoves, and all you birds under heaven, come and help me to pick:

*The good into the pot,
The bad into the crop.*

Again all the birds came whirring and crowding in, and darted into the ashes. And the doves nodded with their heads and began pick, pick, pick, pick, and the others began also pick, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good seeds into the dishes, and before a half an hour was over they had already finished, and all flew out again.

Then the maiden carried the dishes to the stepmother and was delighted, and believed that she might now go with them to the festival. But the stepmother said, "All this will not help you. You will not go with us, for you have no clothes and cannot dance. We will be ashamed of you!" And with that she turned her back on Cinderella and hurried away with her two proud daughters.

As no one was now at home, Cinderella went to her mother's grave beneath the hazeltree, and cried,

*Shiver and quiver, little tree,
Silver and gold throw down over me.*

Then the bird threw a gold and silver dress down to her, and slippers embroidered with silk and silver. She quickly put on the dress and dashed to the festival. Her stepsisters and the stepmother did not know her and thought she must be a foreign princess for she looked so beautiful. They never once thought of Cinderella. They believed she was sitting at home in the dirt, picking lentils out of the ashes.

The prince went to meet her, took her by the hand and danced with her. He would dance with no other maiden and never dropped her hand. If anyone else tried to cut in, he said, "This is *my* partner."

She danced until it was evening, and then she wanted to go home. But the King's son said, "I will go with you," for he wished to see to whom the beautiful maiden belonged. She escaped from him, however, and sprang into the pigeon-house. The King's son waited until her father came, and then he told him that the stranger maiden had leapt into the pigeon-house. The old man thought, "Can it be Cinderella?" With an axe and a pickaxe that they broke the pigeon-house to pieces, but no one was inside it.

By the time her stepmother and stepsisters got home, Cinderella lay in her dirty clothes among the ashes, and a dim little oil-lamp was burning on the mantelpiece. Cinderella had jumped quickly down from the back of the pigeon-house and had run to the little hazeltree.

There she had taken off her beautiful clothes and laid them on the grave, and the bird had taken them away again. She then placed herself in the kitchen amongst the ashes in her grey gown.

The next day when the festival began afresh, and her parents and the stepsisters had gone once more, Cinderella went to the hazel-tree and said—

*Shiver and quiver, my little tree,
Silver and gold throw down over me.*

Then the bird threw down a much more beautiful dress than on the day before. When Cinderella appeared at the festival in this dress, everyone was astonished at her beauty. The King's son had waited until she came, and instantly took her by the hand and danced with no one but her. When others came and invited her, he said, "She is *my* partner."

When evening came she wished to leave, and the King's son followed her to see into which house she went. Again, she sprang away from him and into the garden behind the house. There stood a beautiful, tall tree on which hung the most magnificent pears. She climbed so nimbly between the branches like a squirrel that the King's son did not know where she was gone. He waited until her father came, and said to him, "The maiden has again escaped from me, and I believe she has climbed up the pear-tree."

The father thought, "Can it be Cinderella?" and had an axe brought and cut the tree down, but no one was on it.

By the time her stepmother and stepsisters returned, Cinderella lay there amongst the ashes, as usual, for she had jumped down on the other side of the tree, taken the beautiful dress to the bird on the little hazeltree, and put on her grey gown.

On the third day, when the parents and sisters had gone away, Cinderella went once more to her mother's grave and said to the little tree—

*Shiver and quiver, my little tree,
Silver and gold throw down over me.*

And now the bird threw down to her a dress that was more splendid and magnificent than any she had yet had, and the slippers were golden. When she went to the festival in the dress, no one knew how to speak for astonishment. The King's son danced with her only, and if any one invited her to dance, he said, "She is *my* partner."

When evening came, Cinderella wished to leave, and the King's son was anxious to go with her, but she escaped from him so quickly that he could not follow her. The King's son had, however, planned for her escape and had caused the whole staircase to be smeared with tar. When Cinderella ran down the stairs, her left slipper remained sticking. The prince picked it up. It was small and dainty and golden.

The next morning he told his father, "No one shall be my wife but she whose foot this golden slipper fits." He took the shoes to all the maidens in the kingdom. The two sisters were glad for they had pretty feet. When the prince visited the sisters, the eldest took the shoe into her room and wanted to try it on. She could not get her big toe into it, for the shoe was too small for her. Her mother gave her a knife and said, "Cut off your toe! When you are Queen, you will have no more need to go on foot." So the maiden cut her toe off, forced her foot into the shoe, swallowed the pain, and went out to the King's son.

The prince took the sister on his horse as his bride and rode away with her. On the way to the castle, they had to pass the graveyard, and there, on the hazel-tree, sat the two pigeons and cried,

*Turn and peep, turn and peep,
There's blood within the shoe,*

*The shoe it is too small for her,
The true bride waits for you!*

The prince looked at her foot and saw how the blood was streaming from it. He turned his horse around and took the false bride home again, and said she was not the true one, and that the other sister was to put the shoe on. The other sister went into her chamber and got her toes safely into the shoe, but her heel was too large. So her mother gave her a knife and said, "Cut a bit off thy heel; when you are Queen you will have no more need to go on foot." The maiden cut a bit off her heel, forced her foot into the shoe, swallowed the pain, and went out to the King's son. He took her on his horse as his bride, and rode away with her, but they, too, passed by the graveyard, and the two little cried,

*Turn and peep, turn and peep,
There's blood within the shoe
The shoe it is too small for her,
The true bride waits for you.*

He looked down at her foot and saw how the blood was running out of her shoe, and how it had stained her white stocking. Then he turned his horse and took the false bride home again. "This also is not the right one," he said. "Have you no other daughter?"

"No," said the man, "There is still a little stunted kitchen-wench who my late wife left behind her, but she cannot possibly be the bride." The prince ordered him to call her, but the mother answered, "Oh, no, she is much too dirty, she cannot show herself!"

The prince insisted, and Cinderella had to be called. She first washed her hands and face clean, and then went and bowed down before the prince, who gave her the golden shoe. Then she seated herself on a stool, drew her foot out of the heavy wooden shoe, and put it into the slipper, which fit like a glove. When she rose up and the prince looked at her face, he recognized the beautiful maiden who had danced with him and cried, "That is the true bride!"

The stepmother and the two sisters were horrified and became pale with rage. The prince took Cinderella on his horse and rode away with her. As they passed by the hazel-tree, the two white doves cried—

*Turn and peep, turn and peep,
No blood is in the shoe,
The shoe is not too small for her,
The true bride rides with you.*

The two came flying down and placed themselves on Cinderella's shoulders, one on the right, the other on the left, and remained sitting there. When the wedding had to be celebrated, the two false sisters came and wanted to get into favor with Cinderella and share her good fortune. Before they could go into church, the pigeons pecked out their eyes. Thus, for their wickedness and falsehood, they were punished with blindness as long as they lived.

“Folktales from the oral tradition carry the thumbprints of history. Each place, each culture, each teller leaves a mark.”

(Yolen, p. 5)

Tales are Universal

Aschenputtel

Einem reichen Manne, dem wurde seine Frau krank, und als sie fühlte, daß ihr Ende herankam, rief sie ihr einziges Töchterlein zu sich ans Bett und sprach: "Liebes Kind, bleibe fromm und gut, so wird dir der liebe Gott immer beistehen, und ich will vom Himmel auf dich herabblicken, und will um dich sein." Darauf tat sie die Augen zu und verschied. Das Mädchen ging jeden Tag hinaus zu dem Grabe der Mutter und weinte, und blieb fromm und gut. Als der Winter kam, deckte der Schnee ein weißes Tüchlein auf das Grab, und als die Sonne im Frühjahr es wieder herabgezogen hatte, nahm sich der Mann eine andere Frau.

Cendrillon

Il était une fois un gentilhomme qui épousa en secondes nocces une femme, la plus hautaine et la plus fière qu'on eût jamais vue. Elle avait deux filles de son humeur, et qui lui ressemblaient en toutes choses. Le mari avait de son côté une jeune fille, mais d'une douceur et d'une bonté sans exemple; elle tenait cela de sa mère, qui était la meilleure femme du monde. Les nocces ne furent pas plus tôt faites, que la belle-mère fit éclater sa mauvaise humeur; elle ne put souffrir les bonnes qualités de cette jeune enfant, qui rendaient ses filles encore plus haïssables. Elle la chargea des plus viles occupations de la maison : c'était elle qui nettoyait la vaisselle et les montées, qui frottait la chambre de madame, et celles de mesdemoiselles ses filles. Elle couchait tout en haut de la maison, dans un grenier, sur une méchante paille, pendant que ses sœurs étaient dans des chambres parquetées, où elles avaient des lits des plus à la mode, et des miroirs où elles se voyaient depuis les pieds jusqu'à la tête. La pauvre fille souffrait tout avec patience, et n'osait s'en plaindre à son père qui l'aurait grondée, parce que sa femme le gouvernait entièrement. Lorsqu'elle avait fait son ouvrage, elle s'en allait au coin de la cheminée, et s'asseoir dans les cendres, ce qui faisait qu'on l'appelait communément dans le logis Cucendron. La cadette, qui n'était pas si malhonnête que son aînée, l'appelait Cendrillon; cependant Cendrillon, avec ses méchants habits, ne laissait pas d'être cent fois plus belle que ses sœurs, quoique vêtues très magnifiquement.

Can You Guess the Country?

This is a story about darkness and light, about sorrow and joy, about something lost and something found. This is a story about love.

Can you guess the country? _____

THERE was and there was not, there was a miserable peasant. He had a wife and a little daughter. So poor was this peasant that his daughter was called Conkiajgharuna. Some time passed, and his wife died. He was unhappy before, but now a greater misfortune had befallen him. He grieved and grieved, and at last he said to himself, "I will go and take another wife; she will mind the house, and tend my orphan child." So he arose and took a second wife, but this wife brought with her a daughter of her own. When this woman came into her husband's house and saw his child, she was angry in heart.

Can you guess the country? _____

KING Aedh Cœrucha lived in Tir Conal, and he had three daughters, whose names were Fair, Brown, and Trembling. Fair and Brown had new dresses, and went to church every Sunday. Trembling was kept at home to do the cooking and work. They would not let her go out of the house at all; for she was more beautiful than the other two, and they were in dread she might marry before themselves.

Can you guess the country? _____

ONCE there was a gentleman who married, for his second wife, the proudest and most haughty woman that was ever seen. She had, by a former husband, two daughters of her own humor, who were, indeed, exactly like her in all things. He had likewise, by another wife, a young daughter, but of unparalleled goodness and sweetness of temper, which she took from her mother, who was the best creature in the world.

Can you guess the country? _____

ONCE upon a time there was a rich man who lived happily for a long time with his wife. Together they had a single daughter. Then the woman became ill, and when she was lying on her deathbed, she called her daughter to her side, and said, "Dear child, I must leave you now, but I will look down on you from heaven. Plant a little tree on my grave, and when you want something, just shake the tree, and you shall get what you want. I will help you in time of need. Just remain pious and good." Then she closed her eyes and died. The child cried, and planted a little tree on her mother's grave. She did not need to carry any water to it, because her tears provided all the water that it needed.

Can you guess the country? _____

THERE once lived a prince, who was a widower, but who had a daughter, so dear to him that he saw with no other eyes than hers; and he kept a governess for her, who taught her chain-work, and knitting, and to make point-lace, and showed her such affection as no words can tell. But after a time the father married again, and took a wicked jade for his wife, who soon conceived a violent dislike to her stepdaughter; and all day long she made sour looks, wry faces and fierce eyes at her, till the poor child was beside herself with terror, and was forever bewailing to her governess the bad treatment she received from her stepmother.

Can you guess the country? _____

Can You Guess the Country?

This is a story about darkness and light, about sorrow and joy, about something lost and something found. This is a story about love.

Can you guess the country? _____

(USA): *Cinderella*, USA (Retold by Cynthia Rylant, 2007, Disney Press)

THERE was and there was not, there was a miserable peasant. He had a wife and a little daughter. So poor was this peasant that his daughter was called Conkiajgharuna. Some time passed, and his wife died. He was unhappy before, but now a greater misfortune had befallen him. He grieved and grieved, and at last he said to himself, "I will go and take another wife; she will mind the house, and tend my orphan child." So he arose and took a second wife, but this wife brought with her a daughter of her own. When this woman came into her husband's house and saw his child, she was angry in heart.

Can you guess the country? _____

(Georgia, Ukraine): *Conkiajgharuna, the Little Rag Girl*, Georgia, Ukraine

KING Aedh Cœrucha lived in Tir Conal, and he had three daughters, whose names were Fair, Brown, and Trembling. Fair and Brown had new dresses, and went to church every Sunday. Trembling was kept at home to do the cooking and work. They would not let her go out of the house at all; for she was more beautiful than the other two, and they were in dread she might marry before themselves.

Can you guess the country? _____

(Ireland): *Fair, Brown, and Trembling*, Ireland

ONCE there was a gentleman who married, for his second wife, the proudest and most haughty woman that was ever seen. She had, by a former husband, two daughters of her own humor, who were, indeed, exactly like her in all things. He had likewise, by another wife, a young daughter, but of unparalleled goodness and sweetness of temper, which she took from her mother, who was the best creature in the world.

Can you guess the country? _____

(France): *The Little Glass Slipper* (Retold by Charles Perrault in *The Blue Fairy Book*)

ONCE upon a time there was a rich man who lived happily for a long time with his wife. Together they had a single daughter. Then the woman became ill, and when she was lying on her deathbed, she called her daughter to her side, and said, "Dear child, I must leave you now, but I will look down on you from heaven. Plant a little tree on my grave, and when you want something, just shake the tree, and you shall get what you want. I will help you in time of need. Just remain pious and good." Then she closed her eyes and died. The child cried, and planted a little tree on her mother's grave. She did not need to carry any water to it, because her tears provided all the water that it needed.

Can you guess the country? _____

(Germany): *Aschenputtel*, Germany (Retold by the Brothers Grimm)

THERE once lived a prince, who was a widower, but who had a daughter, so dear to him that he saw with no other eyes than hers; and he kept a governess for her, who taught her chain-work, and knitting, and to make point-lace, and showed her such affection as no words can tell. But after a time the father married again, and took a wicked jade for his wife, who soon conceived a violent dislike to her stepdaughter; and all day long she made sour looks, wry faces and fierce eyes at her, till the poor child was beside herself with terror, and was forever bewailing to her governess the bad treatment she received from her stepmother.

Can you guess the country? _____

(Italy): *La Cenerentola*, ITALY

SOURCE: <http://www.pitt.edu/~dash/type0510a.html>