



LEEN – Liminality and Educational Entrepreneurship

ERASMUS+ programme

2015-1-BEO2-KA2O1-O12334

### Story 1: Puss in Boots<sup>1</sup>

There was once a miller who had three sons, and when he died his estate was divided among them. The older sons fared very well, but the youngest received nothing but the cat, and he often complained bitterly of his lot.

"My brothers may get their living easily enough," he said, "but as for me, I may soon die of hunger and want."

The cat, who had heard this, came out of the cupboard where he had been listening.

"Do not worry, my good master," he said. "You have only to give me a bag and have a pair of boots made for me, and you shall see that your portion is not so bad as you imagine it to be."

The cat's master obtained both bag and boots, and watched the cat pull on the boots and throw the bag over his shoulder. Then Puss in Boots sallied forth.

He went to a warren in which there were a great number of rabbits. He put some bran and some parsley into his bag, and then waited for some innocent rabbit to feast on the dainties.

Soon two young rabbits jumped into his bag and Puss in Boots drew the strings and caught them.

Puss in Boots was very proud of his prey, and hurried with it to the palace and asked to speak to the king. Bowing low, Puss said, "Sire, I have brought for you rabbits from the warren of my noble lord, the Marquis of Carabas (the title Puss gave to his master), which he commanded me to present to your majesty with his compliments."

The king was much pleased and said, "Tell your lord Marquis of Carabas that I accept his present with pleasure."

In this manner the cat continued to carry presents of game to the king at least once a week for two or three months.

Then one day Puss in Boots said to his master, "If you will only follow my advice, your fortune is made. Go to the river and bathe just where I show you."

The Marquis of Carabas did exactly as the cat advised, and while he was bathing, the king passed by, riding in his coach with his daughter, the loveliest princess in the world.

Then Puss in Boots began to cry out, "Help! Help! My lord Marquis of Carabas is going to be drowned!"

Hearing the cries, the king ordered his attendants to go to the rescue of my lord Marquis of Carabas.

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<sup>1</sup> by Charles Perrault

While the servants were drawing the young man from the river, Puss in Boots came up to the coach and told his majesty that thieves had run off with his master's clothes, though in reality he himself had hidden them under a stone.

After the marquis was dressed, the king was much impressed with him, and asked him to ride in the royal coach; and it was not at all strange that the king's daughter at once fell deeply in love with him.

Quite overjoyed, Puss in Boots marched before the coach, giving orders to the workmen he met along the way. Presently as the king came by, he saw some mowers working in a meadow, and asked them to whom the meadow belonged.

"To my lord Marquis of Carabas!" the mowers answered, as the cat had instructed them.

"A very fine piece of land you have there, my lord marquis," said the king.

"You speak the truth, sire," replied the young man, "for it never fails to bring me a most bountiful harvest."

Soon the coach passed another field where laborers were working industriously. When the king asked to whom the field belonged, they answered, "To my lord Marquis of Carabas!"

The king once more complimented the marquis upon his rich possessions.

At last Puss in Boots arrived at a stately castle. It belonged to an ogre, the richest ever known, and all the lands through which the king had passed that morning belonged to him.

The Ogre received Puss as civilly as an ogre could do and asked him to sit down.

"I have been told," began Puss in Boots, "that you are able to change yourself into any kind of creature that you have a mind to. You can, for example, transform yourself into a lion, an elephant, or the like."

"That is true," answered the ogre very briskly; "and to convince you, I shall now become a lion."

The cat was so terrified at the sight of a lion so near him that he leaped onto the roof, which caused him even more difficulty, because his boots were of no use at all to him in walking on the tiles. However, the ogre resumed his natural form, and the cat came down, saying that he had been very frightened indeed.

"I have further been told," said the cat, "that you can also transform yourself into the smallest of animals, for example, a rat or a mouse. But I can scarcely believe that. I must admit to you that I think that that would be quite impossible."

"Impossible!" cried the ogre. "You shall see!", and in an instant he became a mouse and began to scamper about the floor.

No sooner had Puss seen the Ogre in the form of a mouse than he sprang upon him, eating him in an instant.

In the meantime the king's coach approached the Ogre's castle. The king desired to visit it, and ordered the attendants to drive up to the gates. Hearing the wheels on the drawbridge, Puss in Boots hastened out.

"Your majesty is indeed welcome to the castle of my lord Marquis of Carabas!" he said.

"And is this splendid castle also yours, my lord Marquis of Carabas?" inquired the king. "Let us go in, if you please."

The marquis gave his hand to the princess, and they followed the king into the castle. In the spacious hall they found a splendid feast which had been prepared by the Ogre for some of his friends.

The king was so charmed with the good qualities of my lord Marquis of Carabas that when he had partaken of the banquet he said:

"It will be your own fault if you do not soon become my son-in-law, my dear lord Marquis of Carabas!"

So after a short courtship the princess became the bride of the marquis and they lived happily ever after.

Puss in Boots was made a great lord and wore the most beautiful clothes, and never again ran after mice, except for entertainment.



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## Story 2: The Ugly Duckling<sup>2</sup>

One fine summer's day Mother Duck found a lovely spot under a willow tree by the pond to lay her eggs. She nestled down and waited for them to hatch.

After what seemed to her a long time they began to crack which was very exciting.

First one little fluffy head appeared and she called him Oscar.  
Then a second little fluffy head appeared and she called her Maya.  
Then a third little fluffy head appeared and she called him Henry.  
Then a fourth little fluffy head appeared and she called her Katie.

"Oh what sweet babies I have" she said "what a lucky mother I am. But what has happened to the fifth egg I sat on?"

This egg was bigger than all the rest and showed no sign of cracking. So, telling the ducklings to be patient and play where she could see them, Mother Duck settled down on the fifth egg.

Days later, much to her relief, a tiny crack appeared in the egg. Slowly it grew bigger and bigger until POP, out came the ugliest duckling she had ever seen.

"Oh dear, oh dear" she said "what can have happened? He doesn't look at all like his brothers and sisters; he's much bigger and he's all grey and straggly".

The other ducklings looked at him "Yuck" they said "what's that?"

"Now, now" said Mother Duck "don't be nasty, he can't help what he looks like. He's your brother and I'm going to name him Jonathan".

Mother Duck led them onto the pond for their first swimming lesson. As they floated onto the water all they could hear were comments and whispers:

"What a funny looking duck!"

"Where did he come from?"

"I haven't seen one like that before".

"Is it smelly as well as ugly?"

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<sup>2</sup> by Colin Dexter

Poor Jonathan, he couldn't bear it and felt very lonely. His brothers and sisters wouldn't let him play with them. However much Mother Duck tried to encourage him, and tell him that she loved him, he just wanted to hide away.

So one day he decided that the only thing to do was to run away. That night, when all the others were fast asleep, he crept down to the pond, swam across to the other side, and set off to find a pond of his own.

For many days he wandered, but every time he thought he'd found somewhere to stay he heard more whispers:

"What an ugly chap!"

"Have you ever seen a beak like that?"

"That's such a long neck you could tie it in a knot."

Poor Jonathan. He was very sad.

Early one evening, as he was moping along, he heard a strange magical noise that seemed to come from the sky. Looking up he saw the most glorious sight he had ever seen.

"I wish I could fly up there with those beautiful birds" he thought. What he had seen was a flock of swans flying overhead.

On and on he went until he came to a river. To his surprise, the strange birds he had seen in the sky were there floating majestically on the glistening water. He hid behind some reeds ashamed of his ugly body. Jonathan couldn't take his eyes off these graceful white swans.

Suddenly, one of the swans caught sight of him peering out from the reeds and swam across to him.

"Good evening young sir," he said bowing his neck. "May I ask your name?" Because swans are very polite.

Jonathan was too overcome to speak, his beak dropped open but no sound came. No-one had been that nice to him before.

He took a deep breath and tried again "Ppppppplease sir, mmmmy nname is Jjjjjjonathan".

"Well Jonathan" said the swan, "why don't you come and join us, it's a beautiful day for a swim".

"Bbbbut you ddddon't want to be seen with me; I'm so ugly" said Jonathan.

"What nonsense" said the swan "whatever makes you think that? Just look at yourself in the sparkling water".

Jonathan bent his neck and looked down. To his astonishment he saw, not an ugly grey duckling reflected in the river, but the most beautiful, graceful white swan.

"Is that really me?" he asked, forgetting to be nervous.

"Of course" answered the swan, "who did you think it was?"

Jonathan explained how everyone had been so nasty to him and the swan listened sympathetically.

"Well, you're not ugly now" he said, "you're one of us".

"Oh, how lucky I am," said Jonathan happily.

From that day on Jonathan lived with his new friends on the river. Never again did people say horrid words about him. Each evening as the swans flew over the pond, his brothers and sisters would look up at the sky little knowing that one of them was the brother they had made so unhappy.



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### Story 3: Hansel and Gretel<sup>3</sup>

Once upon a time there was a family. The boy was named Hansel. The girl was named Gretel. The father was a farmer. The mother had died long ago.

One day, the father married a new wife. The new wife was the stepmother of Hansel and Gretel.

Times were hard. For many months, there was no rain. The crops did not grow. Without crops, there was no food. There was not enough to eat. Now, the family was hungry and poor.

One night, the father asked, “Wife, what will we do? We do not have enough to eat.”

“Don’t worry,” the stepmother said. “I have a plan. Tomorrow morning, we will take the kids to the forest. We will go on a picnic.”

“A picnic!” the father said. “How will that help?”

“We will leave the kids in the forest,” said the stepmother. “Then we will sneak away. The kids will be lost. And we can have more food at home.”

“That is a terrible idea. What kind of father would do that to his children?” the father asked.

“A poor one,” the stepmother answered. “I don’t like it, but I’ll do it,” the father said sadly.

Little did the parents know that Hansel and Gretel had heard every word. “Don’t worry, Gretel,” Hansel whispered. “I have a plan.”

The very next day, Hansel got up early. He collected lots of bright blue pebbles. He put them in his pocket.

After breakfast, the stepmother said, “Let’s have a picnic!” Then, the family went to the forest.

As the family walked into the forest, Hansel dropped a bright blue pebble every few steps.

“Now, children,” the mean stepmother said, “your father and I are going to collect some berries. We’ll be right back.”

The father kissed both of his children. Then he walked away with the stepmother. Gretel started to cry.

“Do not cry!” Hansel said. “We will find our way home. I dropped blue pebbles all along the way.”

Hansel and Gretel followed the pebbles all the way home. A few hours later, Hansel and Gretel arrived home. The stepmother looked angry. The father looked happy.

“Thank goodness, you came home!” their father said.

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<sup>3</sup> by Madeleine Francis

"It was silly of you to get lost," said the stepmother.

After Hansel and Gretel went to bed, the parents had a talk.

"We have to try it again," the stepmother said. "I can't," said the father. "I love them."

"We are doing it again. Tomorrow," the stepmother said. Her voice was firm. This time, Hansel and Gretel did not overhear them.

The next morning, the family went to the forest. The stepmother gave each of them a crust of bread. Hansel broke the piece into bits. He left the bits as he walked through the forest.

"Now, children," the stepmother said, "your father, and I are going to get berries. We will be right back."

Of course, the parents did not come back. "Do not worry," Hansel told Gretel. "We will follow the bread crumbs home."

But the bread crumbs had been eaten by birds. They were long gone. Now Hansel and Gretel were truly lost.

Hansel and Gretel kept walking. They tried to find a way home. Suddenly, they came upon a gingerbread house. It was made of gingerbread and candy.

The children ran to the house. They were so hungry. They started eating. An old woman came out. "Why, children! How nice to see you."

"We are lost," Gretel explained.

"I can see that," the old woman said. "Please come inside and have a good meal. I will take good care of you."

Hansel and Gretel could not believe their luck.

As soon as they got into the house, the old woman changed. She was a witch. She threw Hansel into a cage. She made Gretel do all the housework.

"I will eat Hansel when he is fat enough," the old woman said. But Gretel tricked her. The old woman was almost blind.

Every day, she checked to see if Hansel was fat yet. "Let me touch your finger," the old woman said.

Gretel gave Hansel a chicken bone. The old woman touched the chicken bone.

"I don't understand it," said the old woman. "I keep feeding the boy. But he stays so thin."

"Well, I have had enough of waiting," the old woman said. "Thin or not, I am going to eat him right now. Gretel, turn on the stove."

Gretel opened up the stove. She had to think fast. "Can you help me?" Gretel asked the old woman. "There is something at the back of the stove."

The old woman stuck her head in the oven. "Where?" the old woman asked. With all her might, Gretel shoved the old woman into the oven. Then she unlocked Hansel's cage.

"Quick! Let's go!" Gretel cried.

They ran outside. A swan spoke to them. "You two look lost. I can take you home if you like. Hop on."

So Hansel and Gretel hopped on. The swan carried them home. When they got home, they found that their stepmother had left. Only their father was at home.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he asked them. "I looked and looked for you. I know what I did was wrong."

"We forgive you, Dad," said Hansel and Gretel.

Soon the rains came again. The crops grew. There was enough food. Hansel and Gretel lived happily ever after.



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### Story 4: Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs<sup>4</sup>

Once upon a time there lived a lovely princess with fair skin and blue eyes. She was so fair that she was named Snow White. Her mother died when Snow White was a baby and her father married again. This queen was very pretty but she was also very cruel. The wicked stepmother wanted to be the most beautiful lady in the kingdom and she would often ask her magic mirror, "Mirror! Mirror on the wall! Who is the fairest of them all?"

And the magic mirror would say, "You are, Your Majesty!" But one day, the mirror replied, "Snow White is the fairest of them all!" The wicked queen was very angry and jealous of Snow White. She ordered her huntsman to take Snow White to the forest and kill her. "I want you to bring back her heart," she ordered. But when the huntsman reached the forest with Snow White, he took pity on her and set her free. He killed a deer and took its heart to the wicked queen and told her that he had killed Snow White. Snow White wandered in the forest all night, crying.

When it was daylight, she came to a tiny cottage and went inside. There was nobody there, but she found seven plates on the table and seven tiny beds in the bedroom. She cooked a wonderful meal and cleaned the house and tired, finally slept on one of the tiny beds. At night, the seven dwarfs who lived in the cottage came home and found Snow White sleeping.

The first one said, "Who has been sitting in my chair?" The second one, "Who has been eating from my plate?" The third one, "Who has been eating my bread?" The fourth one, "Who has been eating my vegetables?" The fifth one, "Who has been eating with my fork?" The sixth one, "Who has been drinking from my cup?"

But the seventh one, looking at his bed, found Snow White lying there asleep. The seven dwarves all came running up, and they cried out with amazement. They fetched their seven candles and shone the light on Snow White. "Oh good heaven! " they cried. "This child is beautiful!"

They were so happy that they did not wake her up, but let her continue to sleep in the bed. The next morning Snow White woke up, and when she saw the seven dwarves she was frightened. But they were friendly and asked, "What is your name?"

"My name is Snow White," she answered. "How did you find your way to our house?" the dwarves asked further.

Then she told them that her stepmother had tried to kill her, that the huntsman had spared her life, and that she had run the entire day through the forest, finally stumbling upon their house.

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<sup>4</sup> translated by Margaret Hunt

The seven dwarfs asked her to stay with them. When the dwarfs were away, Snow White would make delicious meals for them. The dwarfs loved her and cared for her. Every morning, when they left the house, they instructed her never to open the door to strangers.

Meanwhile, in the palace, the wicked queen asked, "Mirror! Mirror on the wall! Who is the fairest of them?" The mirror replied, "White is the fairest of them all! She lives with the seven dwarfs in the woods!" The wicked stepmother was furious. She was actually a witch who knew how to make magic potions. She now made a poisonous potion and dipped a shiny red apple into it. Then she disguised herself as an old peasant woman and went to the woods with the apple. She knocked on the cottage door and said "Pretty little child! Let me in! Look what I have for you!" White said, "I am so sorry, old lady, I cannot let you in! The seven dwarfs have told me not to talk to strangers!" But then, Snow White saw the shiny red apple, and opened the door. The wicked witch offered her the apple and when she took a bite, she fell into a deep sleep. The wicked stepmother went back to the palace and asked the mirror, "Mirror! Mirror on the wall! Who is the fairest of them all?" The mirror replied, "You are, Your Majesty!" and she was very happy.

When the dwarves came home that evening they found Snow White lying on the ground. She was not breathing at all. She was dead. They lifted her up and looked at her longingly. They talked to her, shook her and wept over her. But nothing helped. The dear child was dead, and she remained dead. They laid her on a bed of straw, and all seven sat next to her and mourned for her and cried for three days. They were going to bury her, but she still looked as fresh as a living person, and still had her beautiful red cheeks.

They said, "We cannot bury her in the black earth," and they had a transparent glass coffin made, so she could be seen from all sides. They laid her inside, and with golden letters wrote on it her name, and that she was a princess. Then they put the coffin outside on a mountain, and one of them always stayed with it and watched over her. The animals too came and mourned for Snow White, first an owl, then a raven, and finally a dove.

Now it came to pass that a prince entered these woods and happened onto the dwarves' house, where he sought shelter for the night. He saw the coffin on the mountain with beautiful Snow White in it, and he read what was written on it with golden letters.

Then he said to the dwarves, "Let me have the coffin. I will give you anything you want for it." But the dwarves answered, "We will not sell it for all the gold in the world." Then he said, "Then give it to me, for I cannot live without being able to see Snow White. I will honor her and respect her as my most cherished one."

As he thus spoke, the good dwarves felt pity for him and gave him the coffin. The prince had his servants carry it away on their shoulders. But then it happened that one of them stumbled on some brush, and this dislodged from Snow White's throat the piece of poisoned apple that she had bitten off. Not long afterward she opened her eyes, lifted the lid from her coffin, sat up, and was alive again.

"Good heavens, where am I?" she cried out.

The prince said joyfully, "You are with me." He told her what had happened, and then said, "I love you more than anything else in the world. Come with me to my father's castle. You shall become my wife." Snow White loved him, and she went with him. Their wedding was planned with great splendor and majesty.

Snow White's wicked step-mother was invited to the feast, and when she had arrayed herself in her most beautiful garments, she stood before her mirror, and said: "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, Who in this land is fairest of all?" The mirror answered: "You, my queen, are fair; it is true. But the young queen is a thousand times fairer than you."

Not knowing that this new queen was indeed her stepdaughter, she arrived at the wedding, and her heart filled with the deepest of dread when she realized the truth – the evil queen was banished from the land forever and the prince and Snow White lived happily ever after.





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### Story 5: Sleeping Beauty<sup>5</sup>

Long ago and far away there lived a good king and queen. The people loved them and their lives would have been very happy if only they had had a child.

Years went by and then, one spring, when they thought all hope was gone, the queen gave birth to a baby girl. The whole kingdom rejoiced – the young princess was such a lovely baby and they called her Aurora.

Everyone was excitedly preparing for the christening of the new baby princess. Anyone who was important in the land had been invited to the christening, including all the good fairies. And everyone else in the kingdom was to have a day off work and a great big feast with cakes and jellies!

But, unfortunately, there was one important fairy that the king and queen had forgotten to invite... Grizzlestinki!

Grizzlestinki was a scary fairy who lived up in the mountains. People told scary stories about her, frightening their children into being good by threatening to send for her if they were naughty!

On the day of the christening everyone had a wonderful celebration at the palace and there were lots of lovely presents for the baby. One person gave her a tiny teddy bear to cuddle, another gave her a rattle to play with and another gave her a story book for her to read when she was older. But the most magical presents of all were from the good fairies... One gave her beauty, one gave her a sweet nature, one a lovely voice, one charm, one kindness and one a sense of humour.

“Isn’t our daughter lucky to have such lovely presents,” said the king turning to the queen. “Don’t be so sure,” said a frightening voice suddenly! A cold wind blew through the hall, the door burst open and there was Grizzlestinki herself!

Grizzlestinki marched up to the baby princess and, as she passed, everyone held their noses as the smell was quite terrible. “I haven’t given her my present yet,” Grizzlestinki growled. “My present is that when she is older she will cut her finger and fall asleep... Forever!” Grizzlestinki laughed a terrible laugh and disappeared in a puff of smoke!

There was a stunned silence around the palace until one of the good fairies laid her hand on the baby’s head... “I promise that she will not sleep forever,” she said. “She will only sleep for a hundred years.” The king and queen were still very worried so they decided to ban anything sharp in the kingdom that the princess might cut her finger on.

Years went by and as Aurora got older the people almost forgot the curse that was upon her.

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<sup>5</sup> <http://www.worldstories.org.uk>

One day, when she was alone and bored, Aurora decided to explore all the rooms in the palace. She went from room to room, exploring all over the palace until she got to an old stone staircase. Up and up the stone staircase she climbed until she came to a room right at the top of a tower. It was the only room in the palace she'd never been in! So she peeped inside and, to her surprise, there was a little old woman busily spinning wool on a spindle.

"Hello my dear princess," the little old woman said. "I am pleased to meet you." And she stood up and tried to curtsy.

"No, no, please sit down, I don't want you to hurt your back," said Aurora, hurrying forward. "Can you tell me what you are doing up here in the tower all alone?"

"Only spinning silk, my dear, to make you a lovely dress," the little old woman replied.

"May I have a go please?" Aurora asked politely.

"Of course my dear," the little old woman said, and she chuckled quietly to herself. "Let me show you how."

Aurora sat down with the spindle in her hand and the little old woman began to show her how to spin silk.

Suddenly a sharp pain shot through Aurora's arm as a spike on the spindle cut her finger. It was the curse! Grindlestinki's curse was upon her!

Suddenly the little old lady threw off her cloak and stood up straight, it was Grindlestinki all along! She laughed a wicked laugh and ran away leaving the princess all alone.

Because of Grindlestinki's birthday curse, Princess Aurora fell into a deep sleep. And all across the palace, people started to fall asleep too!

The cook in the kitchen fell asleep, the guards at the palace gates fell flat on their noses and began to snore, the maids curled up to sleep with their feather dusters still in their hands, and the palace Gardner fell asleep out in the garden. Even the king and queen fell asleep!

Over the years, weeds, brambles and plants grew up over the palace and a deep dark wood encircled. Everyone was asleep, even the gardener so there was no one to cut them down! As the palace disappeared behind the woods the people outside began to forget it had ever been there.

One spring day a handsome young prince was riding his horse in the woods around the forgotten palace. He had heard the tale of a beautiful sleeping princess and a terrible birthday curse.

The wood was so thick that the prince had to get off his horse and walk - he even had to hack through the dense undergrowth with his sword! Then, as he was cutting through the undergrowth, his sword suddenly struck some stone; it was the wall of a palace! Could the stories be true? Could this be the forgotten palace? The prince wanted to find out so he began to climb up the palace wall. And when he reached the top he couldn't believe his eyes! There before him lay a palace asleep; the guards still snoring, the maids and the cook sleeping peacefully and the gardener still asleep in the overgrown garden. Even the king and queen were still asleep!

With his heart beating quickly the prince began to explore the palace. In every room people slept so he climbed higher and higher, looking through every door... Until he came to a tiny room at the top of a tower with a stone stair case.

He pushed open the door and, much to his joy, there lay the beautiful Princess Aurora! The handsome prince leaned down and kissed her... And at that moment she woke up... And the whole palace woke up with her... Yawning and stretching and wondering how long they'd been asleep.

The cook woke up in his kitchen, the maids woke up still holding their feather dusters, the gardener woke up out in the garden and the King and Queen woke up on their thrones.

The king and queen were so grateful to the prince for waking up their daughter and everyone else in the palace that they let him live in the palace with them. They were overjoyed and everyone lived happily ever after!