

Rumplestiltsken





**This story is based off of the Brother's
Grimm Fairy Tale:**

Rumplestitsken

Once upon a time, a long time ago, lived a pretty young maiden named, Colleen, in a pretty little cottage tucked in the woods. She lived quite happily with her father, Edmond, and their dog, Rover. Edmond was a merchant in the city, and his daughter worked to spin the yarn and thread he sold.





Colleen was very good at her craft. With just the wool from their neighbor's farm, she could spin the finest thread and yarn. Then, she would use that to make the nicest material and linens and the finest rugs and sweaters in the territory. Her father was very proud of her, and they both lived a very comfortable life with their profitable, little business.

One day when Edmund was out hunting, he met up with the king, who was, also, hunting the big woods, with a band of his men. They walked together for a while and talked. Edmund bragged about his business and about his daughter, the finest spinner in the territory. He said that his daughter could spin wool into gold if she wanted to.



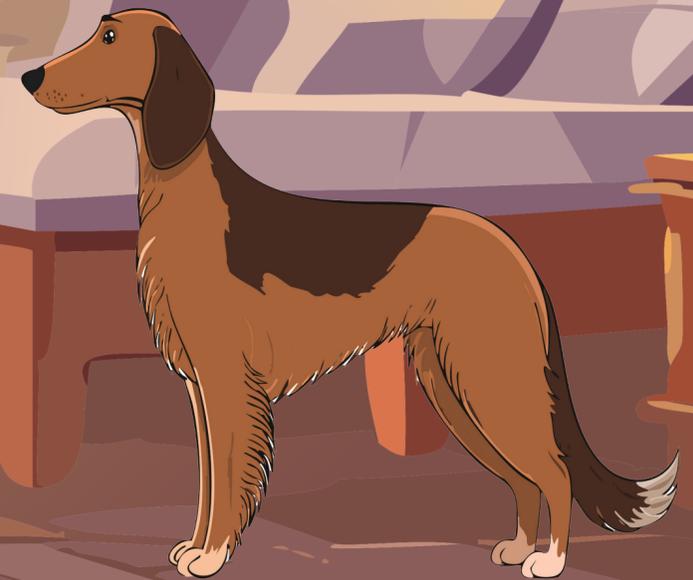
At first the king laughed at the man's exaggerations, but then he became annoyed, and the two began to argue. In the end, Edmond swore that his daughter could do this, and the king told him he must prove it, at the risk of his business. He told him, he would come to visit tomorrow, and if the yarn wasn't gold, he would take Edmund's business.





When Edmund returned home, he was in an annoyed but arrogant mood. He told his daughter that she had until tomorrow to turn her batch of wool into gold, or the king would take their business from them, and they would likely starve in the harsh upcoming winter.

Colleen worked feverishly, late into the night. She tried everything she could think of to make the wool look like gold. She dyed it a golden color. She weaved strands of her own golden hair in with it. She melted her most cherished possession, her late mom's golden ring, and tried to spin the gold in with the wool. But nothing that she tried worked, and at midnight, she began to sob.





Then, suddenly, as she cried, a little man popped through the window and landed right in front of her. “What are you?” asked Colleen in amazement.

“I am a good fairy that can save you from this fate worse than death. What will you give me if I tell your spinning wheel to spin gold?”

“Well...” Colleen wondered what this funny-looking fairy would like from her. “I have some syrupy cinnamon rolls rising on the counter. By time I get done spinning they should be ready to bake. You can take the whole tray home.”

Happy to accept the treat, the little man waited while Colleen spun her whole pile of wool into gold. His mouth watered as he smelled the syrupy cinnamon rolls baking in the oven, and then, when he watched her cover them with sweet, creamy icing. As soon as they were done, he took the tray, which was nearly half as long as himself, hopped back out the window, and disappeared into the night.



The next day, Edmund proudly showed the king what his daughter had done. The king told Edmund that such riches must only be stored at the king's house for the safety of the kingdom. Then, he told his servants to take it away. Amazed at the sight and just a little bit greedy, the king told Edmund that his daughter must do it again that night.



Edmund hemmed and hawed that he wasn't sure his daughter could do this great feat again. He asked what would be given to them for accomplishing this great task. The king answered that he would marry Colleen. He said that both Edmund and Colleen could live at the castle for the rest of their lives. Edmund promised him that she would do it."





Edmund returned inside and told Colleen how happy the king was with her work. He, also, told her that she must do it again that day and night. However, he didn't tell her about the king's proposal.



As night wore on, Colleen, again, began to cry and wish the little, old fairy to return. Then at midnight, the spry, little man popped back in the window. “I hear that you need my assistance again,” he grumbled.

“Oh, please, yes,” cried Colleen.

“What will you give me?” asked the little man.



Colleen told him that she had fresh strawberry tarts, rising on the counter.

The elf muttered that he didn't like strawberries and that he should get more for his effort.

“What?” Asked Colleen.

The elf replied that when she married the king, she must give her first son to him.



Amused at the little man's strange request and convinced that she would never have the good fortune to become a queen but afraid of the consequences if should fail her task, she agreed.



Colleen happily spun all night, delighting in the sparkling gold that came forth from the wool she put in the spinning wheel.

Colleen was shocked and excited the next day when her father told her the king wanted to meet her. They talked for a long time, and at the end, the king asked her to marry him. Delighted, surprised, overwhelmed, and in love, she said, "Yes."



Colleen was still overwhelmed as she walked down the lane with the king toward their magnificent home.





The wedding was a magnificent spectacle, and after a while the couple was blessed with their first child. Everyone in the castle loved the young prince.



Colleen, who had forgotten all about her promise to her elf, was surprised and concerned, when he showed up at the castle one day. “Have you forgotten your promise to me?” Demanded the elf. “I have come for the child.”



Colleen was very upset. She knew she couldn't break her word, especially now that she was queen. All she could do was cry, and beg the elf to release her from her oath. Her crying did serve to soften the hard heart of the little elf.



The elf told her that he would give her a chance to win back the young prince. He told her that he would come back for three days, each day for lunch, and if she could guess his name within those three days that she could keep the child.



Colleen and the baby's nurse stayed up all night, writing down all the strange and unusual names that they could come up with, that might belong to a funny-looking fairy.



The next day, Colleen rehearsed the names before the little man. “Is it Ichabod, Elzevir, Esarhadon, Elsheimer?”

However, to all the names she suggested, his answer was always the same. “Madam, that is not my name.”

Colleen put out a royal declaration that she needed help finding the name of a funny-looking fairy that lived in the big woods. Hunters and loggers and knights all came to her with suggestions.





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Crookshanks, or
Fathead?”**

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Early the next morning a huntsman came to Colleen and said, “Yesterday I was hunting in the Big Woods and I saw a funny little man, hopping around a fire in the front of his cabin, and he was singing a rhyme that went like this,
‘Merrily the feast, I’ll make,
Today I’ll brew tomorrow
bake;
Merrily I’ll dance and sing,
The third day will a stranger
bring.
For little dreams the royal
dame
That Rumpelstiltsken is my
name!’”



Colleen was so happy that she ran and told everyone in the castle. Then, they all came to see her tell the riddle to the old, little elf.



The elf came strutting in, sure that he had won himself a royal servant and a life-long ticket to anything he wanted. “I meet you on this final day,” he said. “Have you solved my riddle?” He gave a conceded smile.



Colleen winked at the huntsman. "Is it Elzevir?"

"No Madame."

"Is it Esarhaddon?"

"No, your Majesty."

"Can your name be Rumpelstiltsken?" she asked shyly.



“A witch told you that!” Rumpelstiltsken exclaimed in rage, stomping in right foot so hard that it went right through the floor. Everyone laughed as the little elf sat down and struggled, with two hands, to pull his foot out of the hole.



“Well!” the elf huffed.
“That is gratitude for you.”

“Oh, don’t be mad,”
Colleen chuckled. “I told
my husband that it was
you, who turned the yarn
to gold, and he said you
were welcome to come
here anytime.”

“Oh, well, in that case, I
shall consider it my
privilege to stop by for a
bite to eat when ever I am
in the area.”

“You may indeed,” replied
Colleen.



So, Rumpelstiltsken, with a click of his heels, turned and walked away, and the king and queen and everyone in the entire castle lived happily ever after.