

The Princess and the Pea

Once upon a time there was a prince who wanted to marry a princess. But, he decided she would have to be a real princess, and not just a beautiful girl who looked like a princess. He travelled all over the world to find one. But, nowhere could he get what he wanted. Certainly, he met many beautiful girls who claimed to be princesses. But, they were not real ones. There was always something about them that was not as it should be. Finally, after travelling far and wide, he returned home feeling very frustrated.

Then, one fateful evening, a terrible storm blew into the city. There was thunder and lightning, and the rain seemed to fall down in buckets. Suddenly, a loud knocking was heard at the city gate, and the city guard went to see who was seeking to enter the city on such a terrible night. On opening the gate, the guard was surprised to find a young woman standing in the pouring rain!

The guard let the woman enter the city gate, and took her straight to see the old king. The king was shocked by the young woman's appearance. The rain and wind from the storm had made her look terrible! The water ran down from her hair and clothes. It ran down into the toes of her shoes and out again at the heels. And yet she said that she was a real princess.

The king called for the queen to meet the young woman. The queen did not believe the young woman's claim that she was a real princess. "Well, we'll soon find out if you're really a princess," thought the old queen.

She invited the young woman to spend the night. Then, the old queen took the mattress off the bed, and laid a pea on the bottom. Then, she took twenty soft mattresses and laid them on the pea.

The princess had to sleep on top of this pile of mattresses all night. In the morning, she was asked how she slept.

"Oh, very badly!" she said. "I scarcely closed my eyes all night. Heaven only knows what was in the bed, but I was lying on something hard, and couldn't get to sleep. It was terrible!"

Now they knew that she was a real princess, because she had felt the pea right through the twenty soft mattresses.

Nobody but a real princess could be as sensitive as that.

So the prince took her for his wife, for now he knew that he had a real princess. And the pea was put in the museum, where it may still be seen, if no one has stolen it.

(word count: 450)

Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who lived in a village near the forest. Whenever she went out, the little girl wore a riding cloak, so everyone in the village called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One morning, Little Red Riding Hood asked her mother if she could go to visit her grandmother, as it had been awhile since they'd seen each other.

"That's a good idea," her mother said. So they packed a nice basket for Little Red Riding Hood to take to her grandmother.

When the basket was ready, the little girl put on her red cloak and kissed her mother goodbye.

"Remember, go straight to Grandma's house," her mother cautioned. "Don't dawdle along the way and please don't talk to strangers! The woods are dangerous."

"Don't worry, mommy," said Little Red Riding Hood, "I'll be careful."

But when Little Red Riding Hood noticed some lovely flowers in the woods, she forgot her promise to her mother. She picked a few, watched the butterflies flit about for awhile, listened to the frogs croaking, and then picked a few more.

She didn't notice a dark shadow approaching out of the forest behind her. Suddenly, the wolf appeared beside her.

"What are you doing out here, little girl?" the wolf asked in a friendly voice.

"I'm on my way to see my Grandma who lives through the forest, near the brook," she answered.

Then she realized how late she was and continued on her way, rushing down the path to Grandma's house.

The wolf, in the meantime, took a shortcut and got to Grandma's house first. He let himself into Grandma's house and gobbled her up in a hurry. Then, he put on Grandma's clothes, jumped into her bed, pulled the covers over his nose, and waited

for Little Red Riding Hood.

When Little Red Riding Hood entered the cottage, she could scarcely recognize her Grandmother.

“Grandmother, your voice sounds so odd. Is something the matter?” she asked.

“It’s just a cold, my dear,” squeaked the wolf, adding a cough at the end to prove the point.

“But Grandmother, what big ears you have,” said Little Red Riding Hood as she edged closer to the bed.

“The better to hear you with, my dear,” replied the wolf.

“But Grandmother, what big eyes you have, said Little Red Riding Hood.

“The better to see you with, my dear,” replied the wolf.

“But Grandmother, what big teeth you have,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“The better to eat you with, my dear,” and he leapt out of the bed and began to chase the little girl.

A nearby woodsman heard Little Red Riding Hood shouting “Help! Wolf!” as loud as she could. He ran over, grabbed the wolf, and made him spit out the poor grandmother, who was a bit frazzled, but still in one piece. “Oh Grandma, I was so scared!” sobbed Little Red Riding Hood, “I’ll never speak to strangers or dawdle in the forest again.”

The woodsman knocked out the wolf and carried him deep into the forest where he wouldn’t bother people any longer.

Little Red Riding Hood and her Grandmother had a nice lunch and a long chat.

(word count: 534)

Santa Claus Does Not Forget

Bertie was a very good boy. He was kind, thoughtful, obedient, truthful, and nice to his little sister. Unfortunately, Bertie had one big fault. He had a very annoying habit of forgetting!

It was strange how often he forgot. He forgot to do things his mother asked him.

“Did you remember to brush your teeth, Bertie?”

“Oh, sorry, I forgot!”

“Did you remember to make your bed, Bertie?”

“Oh, sorry, I forgot!”

“Did you remember to write to Auntie Sue to say thank you for the present?”

“Oh, sorry, I forgot!”

He forgot to do things his father asked him to do, too.

“Did you remember to help your mother wash the dishes this morning, Bertie?”

“Oh, sorry, I forgot!”

He forgot to take his boots to football practice. He forgot to give his Grandma a very important message from his mother. He forgot to take a gift to his best friend’s birthday party. And he even forgot to do his homework.

“Oh, sorry, I forgot!”

His father and mother were very patient, but no matter what they did, Bertie forgot all the things he wanted to forget and only remembered the things he wanted to remember. After a while his parents decided that something must be done to help their little boy remember to do the things they asked him to do.

Christmas was near, and Bertie remembered to write out a list of things he wanted Santa Claus to bring him.

“Santa Claus may forget some of those things,” said his mother.

“He won’t forget,” replied Bertie. There isn’t too much on my list, and I’ve been very good this year. I’d like a new remote control car, some chocolate, a DVD or two, a basketball, and maybe a football shirt. I think Santa can manage that!”

Christmas morning came, and Bertie and his little sister rushed downstairs to see what was in their stockings. The little girl’s stocking was bulging, and she kept squealing with delight as she put her hand in and pulled out all the goodies. Bertie looked in his stocking and found not a single gift. He was very quiet. There was, however, a piece of paper at the bottom of the stocking. It was a message from Santa. His mother kept away from him as long as she could, for she knew what Santa Claus had done. .

The message was a list of all the things that Bertie had forgotten to do over the last six months. At the end of the list was written, “Oh, sorry, I forgot!”

Bertie wept for an hour. Then his mother reminded him that they were all going to Grandma’s house for lunch. Grandma always had a pretty Christmas tree and she would have a present for Bertie.

When Bertie arrived at his Grandma’s house he gave her a big hug and told her that he wasn’t going to forget things anymore. And guess what he found underneath Grandma’s tree? He found a stocking full of presents just for him. Santa Claus hadn’t forgotten him after all, and, from that day onwards, Bertie didn’t forget either.

(word count: 520)