



Daughter: "The ring on my finger,"

Narrator 2: answered the girl. The little man took the ring, again began to turn the wheel, and by morning had spun all the straw into glittering gold. The king rejoiced beyond measure at the sight, but still he had not gold enough, and he had the miller's daughter taken into a still larger room full of straw, and said,

King: "You must spin this, too, in the course of this night, but if you succeed, you shall be my wife."

King: "Even if she be a miller's daughter,"

Narrator 3: thought the king,

King : "I could not find a richer wife in the whole world."

Narrator 1: When the girl was alone the little man came again for the third time, and said,

Rumplestiltskin: "What will you give me if I spin the straw for you this time also?"

Daughter: "I have nothing left that I could give,"

Narrator 2: answered the girl.

Rumplestiltskin: "Then promise me, if you should become queen, to give me your first born child."

Daughter: "Who knows whether that will ever happen,"

Narrator 3: thought the miller's daughter, and, not knowing how else to help herself in this terrible situation, she promised the little man what he wanted, and for that he once more spun the straw into gold. And when the king came in the morning, and found all as he had wished, he took her in marriage, and the pretty miller's daughter became a queen.

Narrator 1: A year after, she brought a beautiful child into the world, and she never gave a thought to the little man. But suddenly one day he appeared in her room, and said,

Rumplestiltskin: "Now give me what you promised."

Daughter: The queen was horror-struck, and offered the odd little man all the riches of the kingdom if he would leave her the child. But the little man said,

Rumplestiltskin: "No, something alive is dearer to me than all the treasures in the world."

Narrator 2: Then the queen began to lament and cry, so that the little man pitied her.

Rumplestiltskin: "I will give you three days' time,"

Narrator 3: said he,

Rumplestiltskin: "and if by that time you find out my name, then shall you keep your child."

Narrator 1: So the queen thought the whole night of all the names that she had ever heard, and she sent a messenger over the country to inquire, far and wide,

for any other names that there might be. When the little man came the next day, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and Zeus, and said all the names she knew, one after another, but to every one the odd little man said,

Rumplestiltskin: "That is not my name."

Narrator 2: On the second day she had inquiries made in the neighborhood as to the names of the people there, and she repeated to the little man the most uncommon and curious.

Daughter: "Perhaps your name is Shortribs, or Sheepshanks, or Laceleg, or Bandybottom?"

Narrator 3: But he always answered,

Rumplestiltskin: "That is not my name."

Narrator 1: On the third day the messenger came back again, and said,

Messenger: "I have not been able to find a single new name, but as I came to a high mountain at the end of the forest, where the fox and the hare bid each other good night, there I saw a little house, and before the house a fire was burning, and round about the fire quite a ridiculous little man was jumping, he hopped upon one leg, and shouted --

Rumplestiltskin: "Today I bake, to-morrow brew, the next I'll have the young queen's child. Ha! glad am I that no one knew that Rumpelstiltskin I am styled."

Narrator 2: You may imagine how glad the queen was when she heard the name. And when soon afterwards the little man came in, and asked,

Rumplestiltskin: "Now, mistress queen, what is my name?"

Narrator 3: At first she said,

Daughter: "Is your name Conrad?"

Rumplestiltskin: "No."

Narrator 1: he replied gruffly.

Daughter: "Is your name Harry?"

Rumplestiltskin: "No."

Daughter: "Perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltskin?"

Rumplestiltskin: "The devil has told you that! The devil has told you that!"

Narrator 2: cried the little man, and in his anger he plunged his right foot so deep into the earth that his whole leg went in, and that put him in such a rage that he stomped his left foot so hard that a hole opened up in the earth into which he fell and he was never seen again.