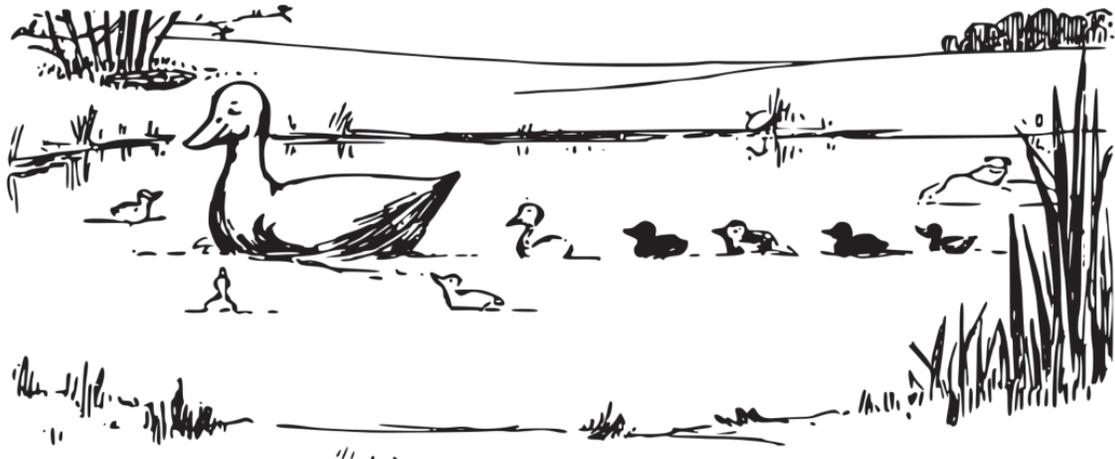


A PRIMARY READER

Old-time Stories, Fairy Tales and Myths
Retold by Children

part 1

E. LOUISE SMYTHE



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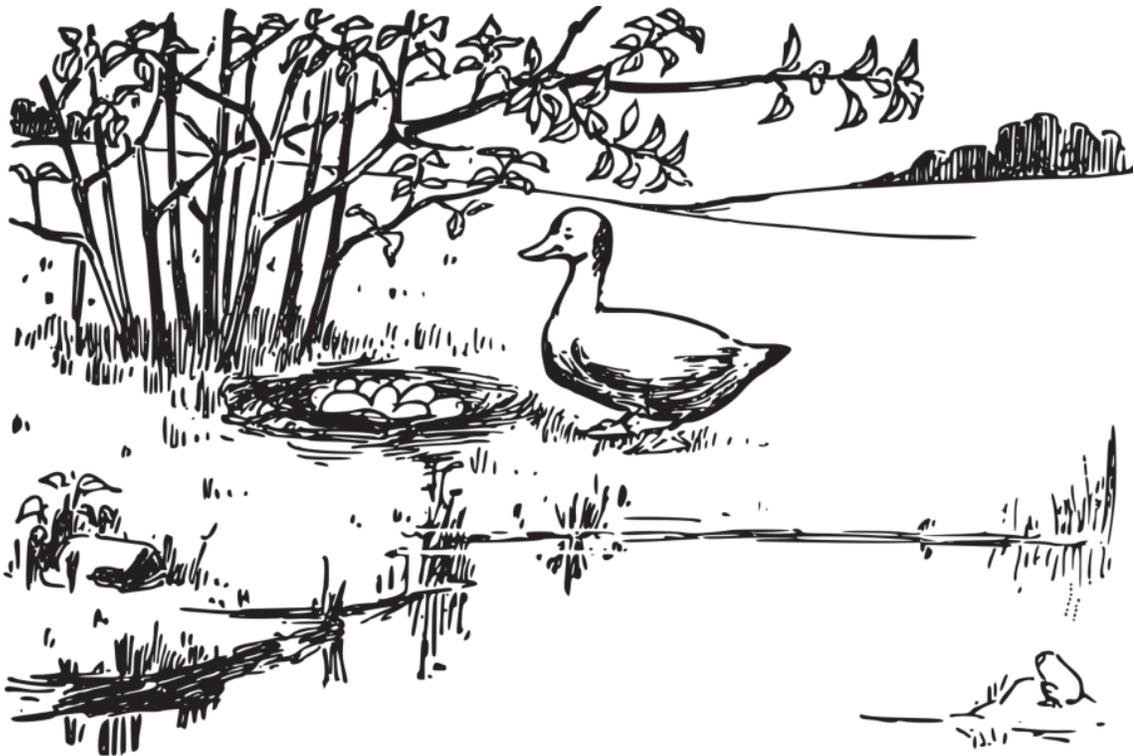
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THE UGLY DUCKLING.

under broke does
keep only turkey
warm ugly water

A duck made her nest. under some leaves.



THE DUCK'S NEST.



She sat on the eggs to keep them warm.

At last the eggs broke, one after the other. Little ducks came out.

Only one egg was left. It was a very large one.

At last it broke, and out came a big, ugly duckling.

“What a big duckling!” said the old duck. “He does not look like us. Can he be a turkey? We will see. If he does not like the water, he is not a duck.”

mother

jumped

duckling

splash

swim

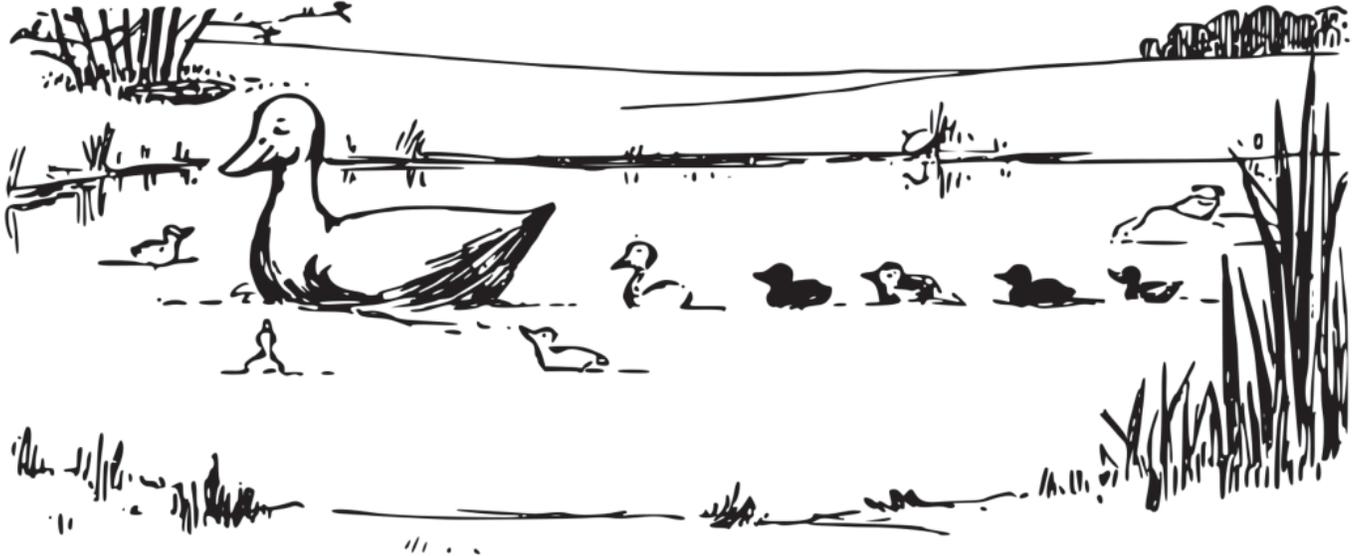
bigger

called

began

little

The next day the mother duck took her ducklings to the pond.



THE DUCK TAKES HER DUCKLINGS TO SWIM.

Splash! Splash! The mother duck was in the water. Then she called the ducklings to come in. They all jumped in and began to swim. The big, ugly duckling swam, too.

The mother duck said, "He is not a turkey. He is my own little duck."

He will not be so ugly when he is bigger.”

yard alone while
noise hurt that
eating know want

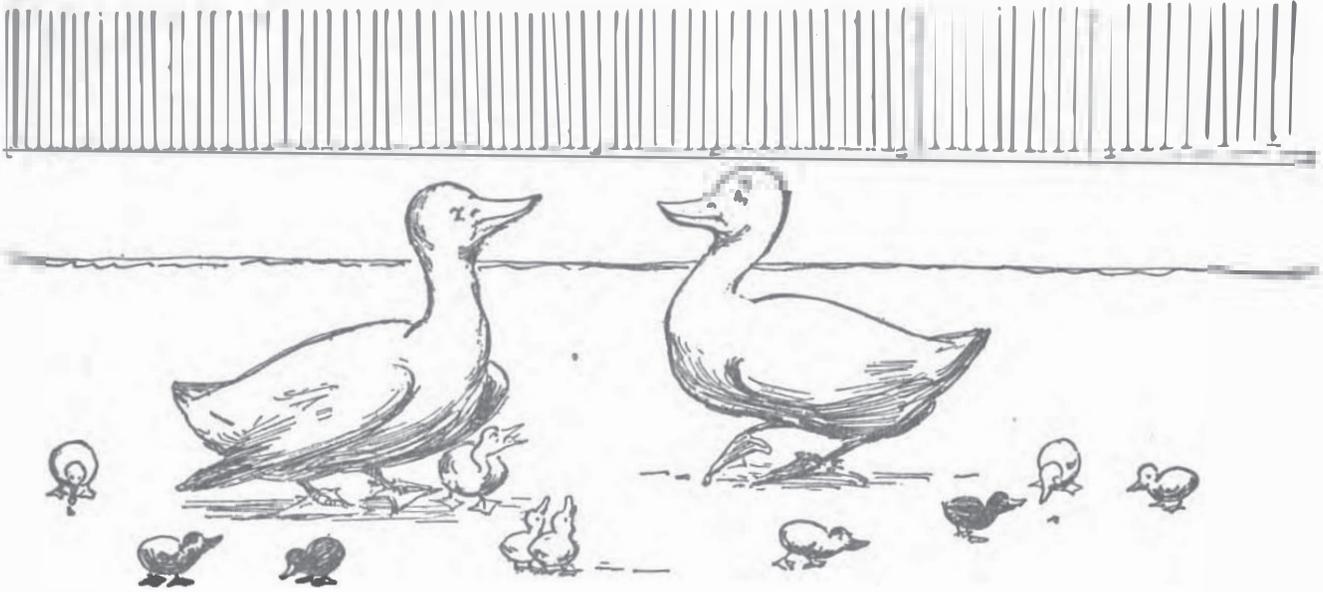
Then she said to the ducklings, “Come with me. I want you to see the other ducks. Stay by me and look out for the cat.”

They all went into the duck yard. What a noise the ducks made!

While the mother duck was eating a big bug, an old duck bit the ugly duckling.

“Let him alone,” said the mother duck. “He did not hurt you.”



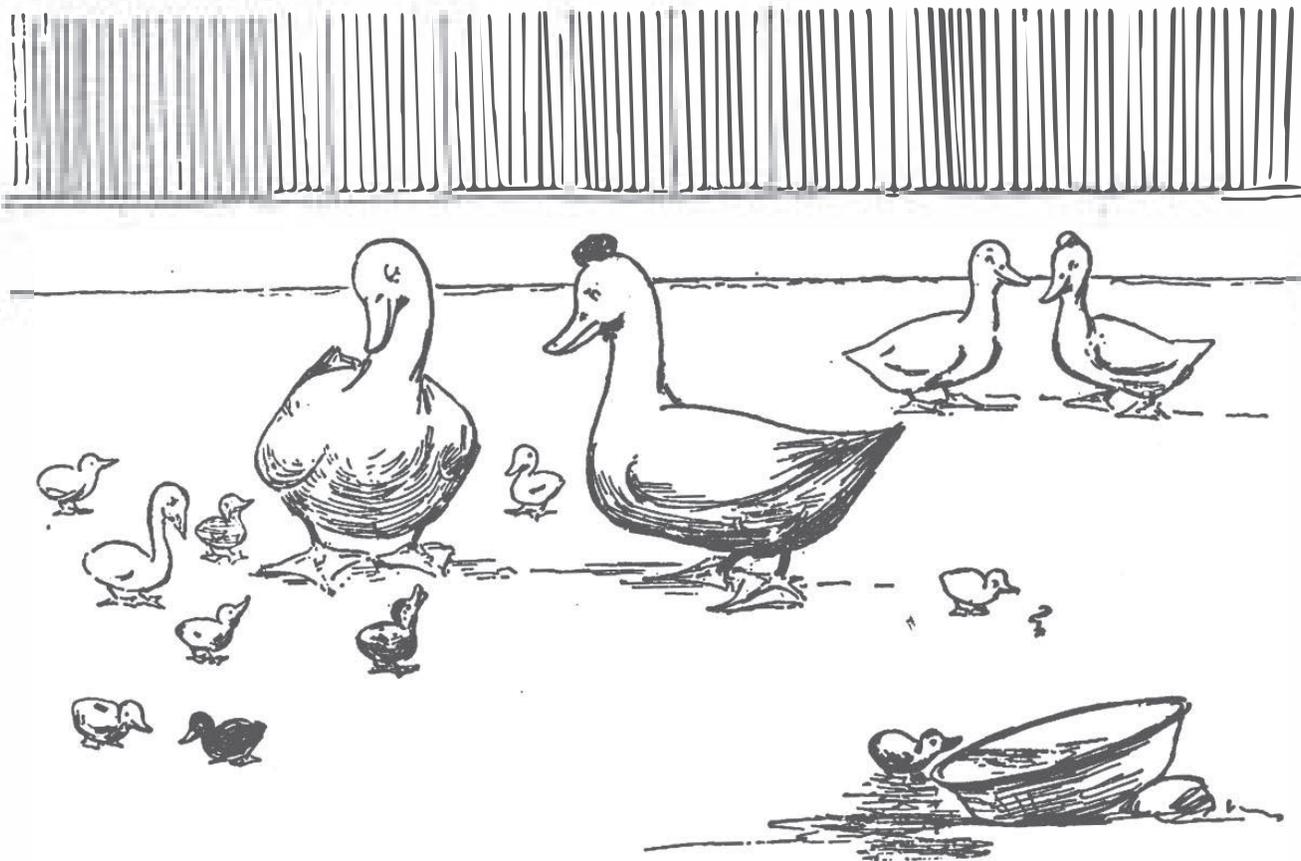


“HE DID NOT HURT YOU,” SAID THE MOTHER DUCK.

“I know that,” said the duck, “but he is so ugly, I bit him.”

lovely help there
walked bushes afraid

The next duck they met, said,
“You have lovely ducklings. They
are all pretty but one. He is very
ugly.”



“YOUR CHILDREN ARE ALL PRETTY EXCEPT ONE.”

The mother duck said, “I know he is not pretty. But he is very good.”

Then she said to the ducklings, “Now, my dears, have a good time.”

But the poor, big, ugly duckling did not have a good time.

The hens all bit him. The big ducks walked on him.

The poor duckling was very sad. He did not want to be so ugly. But he could not help it.

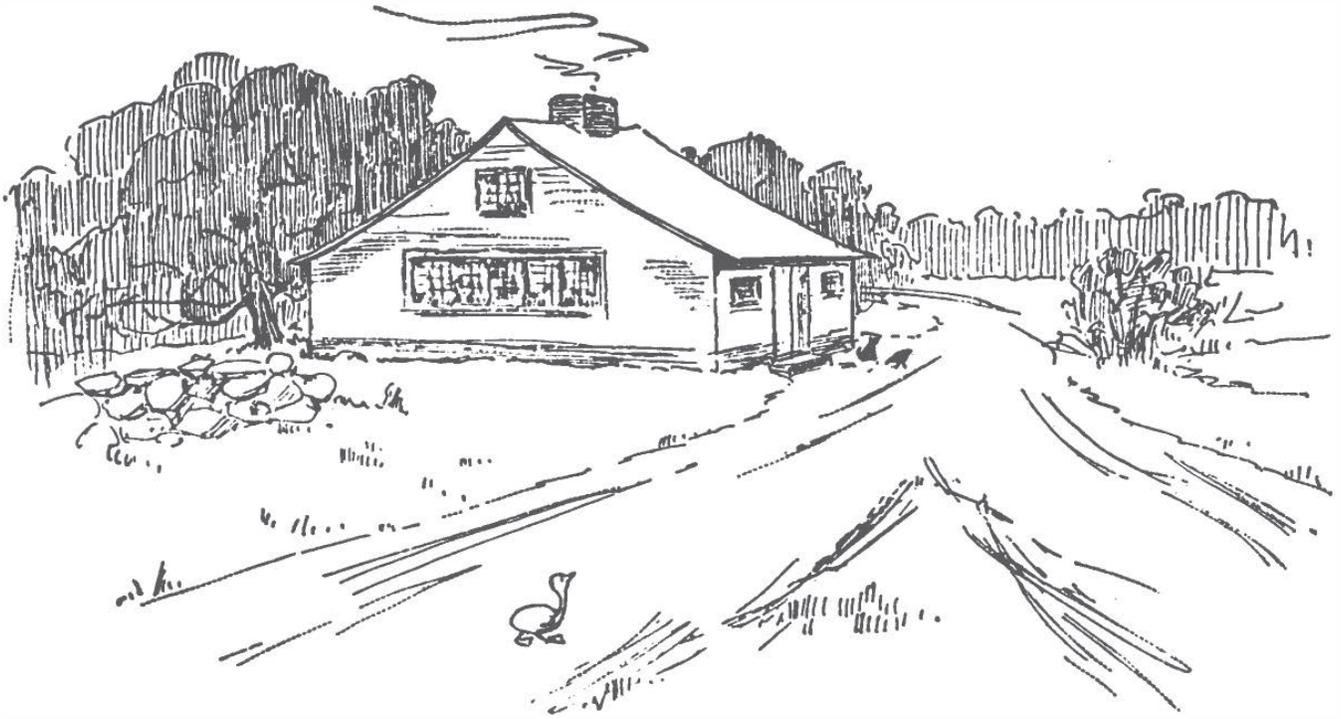
He ran to hide under some bushes. The little birds in the bushes were afraid and flew away.

because house would
away hard lived

“It is all because I am so ugly,” said the duckling. So he ran away.

At night he came to an old house. The house looked as if it would fall down. It was so old. But the wind blew so hard that the duckling went into the house.





THE UGLY DUCKLING FINDS THE OLD HOUSE.

An old woman lived there with her cat and her hen.

The old woman said, “I will keep the duck. I will have some eggs.”

growl

walk

corner

animals

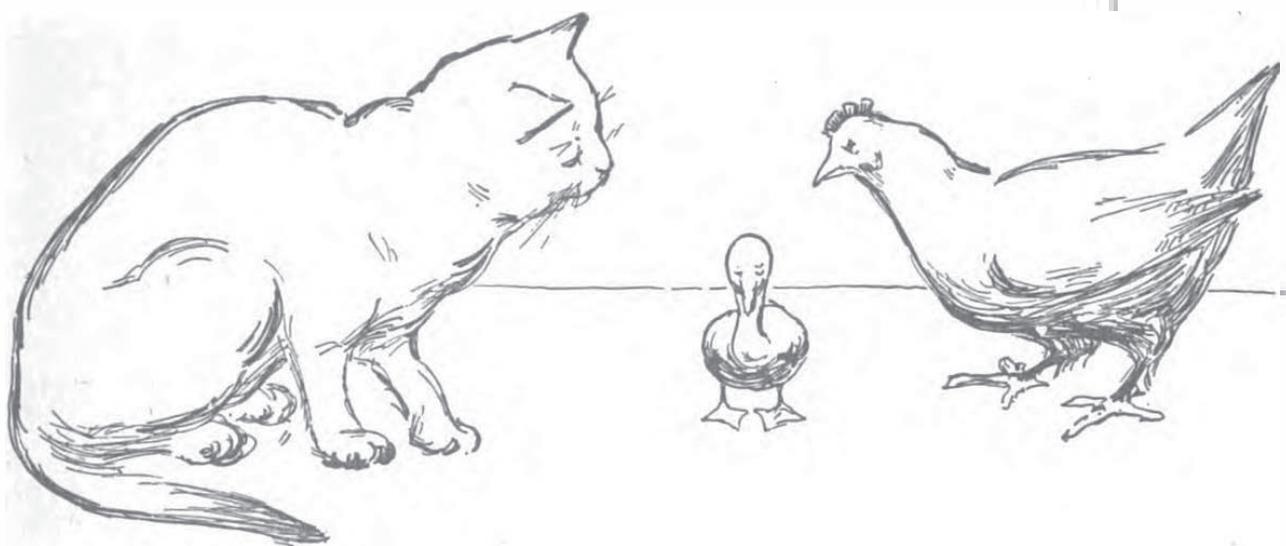
The next day, the cat saw the duckling and began to growl.

The hen said, “Can you lay eggs?”

The duckling said, “No.”

“Then keep still,” said the hen.

The cat said, “Can you growl?”



THE CAT SAID, “CAN YOU GROWL?”

“No,” said the duckling.

“Then keep still,” said the cat.

And the duckling hid in a corner.

The next day he went for a walk.

He saw a big pond. He said, “I will have a good swim.”

But all of the animals made fun
of him. He was so ugly.

summer	away	cake
winter	swans	spring
flew	bread	leaves

The summer went by.

Then the leaves fell and it was
very cold. The poor duckling had
a hard time.

It is too sad to tell what he did
all winter.

At last it was spring.

The birds sang. The ugly duck-
ling was big now.

One day he flew far away.

“OH, SEE THE LOVELY SWAN!”



Soon he saw three white swans on the lake.

He said, “I am going to see those birds. I am afraid they will kill me, for I am so ugly.”

He put his head down to the water. What did he see? He saw himself in the water. But he was not an ugly duck. He was a white swan.

The other swans came to see him.

The children said, “Oh, see the lovely swans. The one that came last is the best.”

And they gave him bread and cake.

It was a happy time for the ugly duckling.



THE LITTLE PINE TREE.

pine	leaves	other
woods	needles	better
fairy	gold	sleep

A little pine tree was in the woods.

It had no leaves. It had needles.

The little tree said, “I do not like needles. All the other trees in the woods have pretty leaves. I want leaves, too. But I will have better leaves. I want gold leaves.”

Night came and the little tree went to sleep. A fairy came by and gave it gold leaves.





THE FAIRY GIVES THE PINE TREE GOLD LEAVES.

woke

cried

glass

little

again

pretty

When the little tree woke it had leaves of gold.

It said, "Oh, I am so pretty! No other tree has gold leaves."

Night came.

A man came by with a bag. He saw the gold leaves. He took them all and put them into his bag.

The poor little tree cried, "I do not want gold leaves again. I will have glass leaves."

night

sunshine

bright

looked

wind

blew

So the little tree went to sleep. The fairy came by and put the glass leaves on it.

The little tree woke and saw its glass leaves.

How pretty they looked in the sunshine! No other tree was so bright.

Then a wind came up. It blew and blew.

The glass leaves all fell from the tree and were broken.

again

green

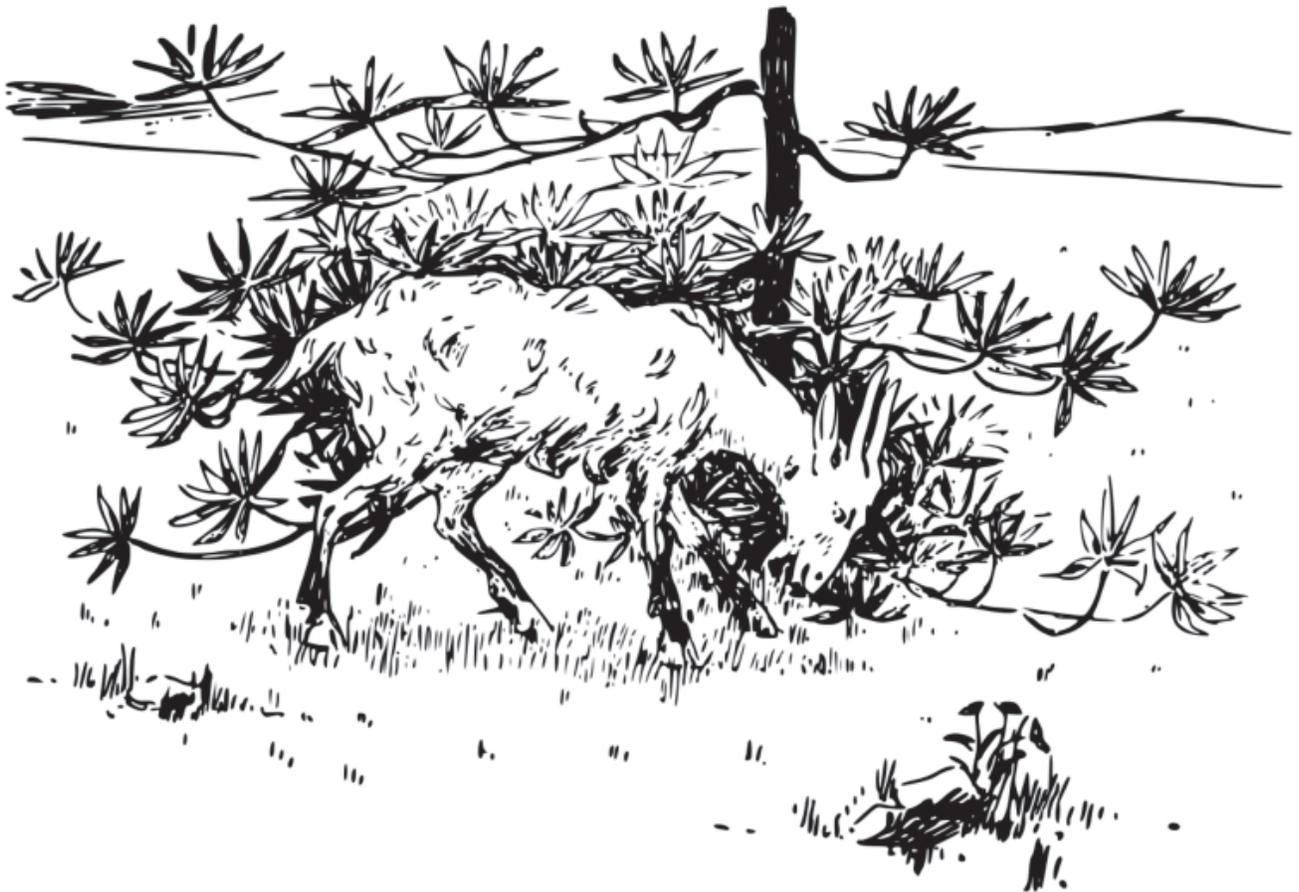
goat

hungry

Again the little tree had no leaves. It was very sad, and said, “I will not have gold leaves and I will not have glass leaves. I want green leaves. I want to be like the other trees.”

And the little tree went to sleep.
When it woke, it was like other
trees. It had green leaves.

A goat came by. He saw the
green leaves on the little tree. The
goat was hungry, and he ate all
the leaves.

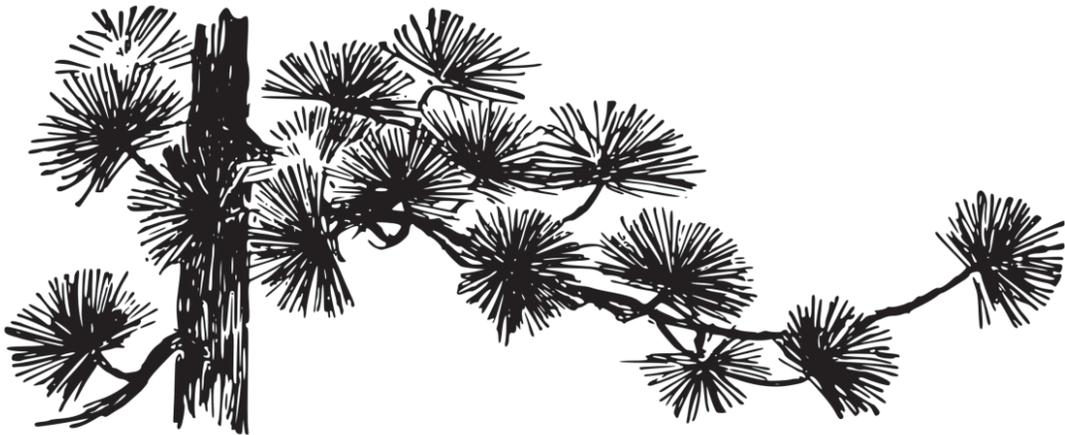


THE GOAT EATS THE GREEN LEAVES.

happy

best

Then the little tree said, “I do
not want any leaves. I will not
have green leaves, nor glass leaves,
 nor gold leaves. I like my needles
 best.”



THE PINE TREE WITH NEEDLES.

And the little tree went to sleep.
 The fairy gave it what it wanted.
 When it woke, it had its needles
 again. Then the little pine tree
was happy.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

almost	match	across
dark	running	bare
year	slippers	fell

It was very cold. The snow fell and it was almost dark.

It was the last day of the year.

A little match girl was running in the street. Her name was Gretchen. She had no hat on.

Her feet were bare. When she left home, she had on some big slippers of her mama's. But they were so large that she lost them when she ran across the street.

apron	curly	lights
bunch	about	smelled
could	matches	cooking

Gretchen had a lot of matches in her old apron.

She had a little bunch in her hand.

But she could not sell her matches.
No one would buy them.

Poor little Gretchen!

She was cold and hungry.

The snow fell on her curly hair.
But she did not think about that.

She saw lights in the houses.

She smelled good things cook-
ing.

She said to herself, “This is the last night of the year.”

knew window fire
 money even pile

Gretchen got colder and colder.

She was afraid to go home. She knew her papa would whip her, if she did not take some money to him.

It was as cold at home as in the street. They were too poor to have a fire. They had to put rags in the windows to keep out the wind.

Gretchen did not even have a bed. She had to sleep on a pile of rags.



frozen candle sitting
lighted thought stove
near think step

She sat down on a door step.



GRETCHEN ON THE DOOR STEP.

Her little hands were almost
frozen.



She took a match and lighted it to warm her hands. The match looked like a little candle.

Gretchen thought she was sitting by a big stove. It was so bright.

She put the match near her feet, to warm them. Then the light went out. She did not think that she was by the stove any more.

another	dishes	roast
table	cloth	ready
fork	knife	turkey

Gretchen lighted another match.

Now she thought she could look into a room. In this room was a table.



A white cloth and pretty dishes were on the table. There was a roast turkey, too. It was cooked and ready to eat. The knife and fork were in his back. The turkey jumped from the dish and ran to the little girl.

The light went out and she was in the cold and dark again.

Christmas candles
many until

Gretchen lighted another match. Then she thought she was sitting by a Christmas tree. Very many candles were on the tree. It was full of pretty things.

Gretchen put up her little hands.
The light went out.

The lights on the Christmas tree
went up, up—until she saw they
were the stars.

grandma never before
dying going been

Then she saw a star fall.

“Some one is dying,” said little
Gretchen.

Her grandma had been very good
to the little girl. But she was dead.

The grandma had said, “When a
star falls some one is going to
God.”

The little girl lighted another match. It made a big light.

Gretchen thought she saw her grandma. She never looked so pretty before. She looked so sweet and happy.

take goes

“O grandma,” said the little girl, “take me. When the light goes out you will go away. The stove and the turkey and the Christmas tree all went away.”

Then Gretchen lighted a bunch of matches. She wanted to keep her grandma with her. The matches made it very light.



The grandma took the little girl in her arms. They went up, up—where they would never be cold or hungry. They were with God.

found next burned
 dead froze death

The next day came.

Some men found a little girl in the street. She was dead.

In her hand were the burned matches.

They said, “Poor little thing, she froze to death.”

They did not know how happy she was in heaven.



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD AND HER MOTHER.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

SIX	take	cake
coat	butter	basket
hood	always	off

When May was six years old, her grandma made her a red coat with a hood. She looked so pretty in it that the children all called her “Red Riding-Hood.”

One day her mama said, “I want you to take this cake and some butter to grandma.”

Red Riding-Hood was very glad to go. She always had a good time at grandma’s.



She put the things into her little basket and ran off.

wolf mill shall
going first wood

When Red Riding-Hood came to the wood, she met a big wolf.



SHE MEETS THE WOLF.



“Where are you going?” said the wolf.

Red Riding-Hood said, “I am going to see my grandma. Mama has made her a cake and some butter.”

“Does she live far?” said the wolf.

“Yes,” said Red Riding-Hood, “in the white house by the mill.”

“I will go too, and we shall see who will get there first,” said the wolf.

short

flowers

soft

stopped

tapped

pull

pick

voice

string

The wolf ran off and took a short way, but Red Riding-Hood stopped to pick some flowers.



When the wolf got to the house, he tapped on the door.

The grandma said, “Who is there?” The wolf made his voice as soft as he could. He said, “It is little Red Riding-Hood, grandma.”

Then the old lady said, “Pull the string and the door will open.”

The wolf pulled the string and the door opened.

He ran in and ate the poor old lady.

Then he jumped into her bed and put on her cap.

tapped

thank

dear

arms

hug

called



When Red Riding-Hood tapped on the door, the wolf called out, "Who is there?" Red Riding-Hood said, "It is your little Red Riding-Hood, grandma."

Then the wolf said, "Pull the string and the door will open."

When she went in, she said, "Look, grandma, see the cake and butter mama has sent you."

"Thank you, dear, put them on the table and come here."

better

hear

eyes

ears

how

teeth

ate

cruel

poor

When Red Riding-Hood went near the bed, she said, “Oh, grandma, how big your arms are!”

“The better to hug you, my dear.”

“How big your ears are, grandma.”

“The better to hear you, my dear.”

“How big your eyes are, grandma.”

“The better to see you, my dear.”

“How big your teeth are, grandma!”

“The better to eat you.”

Then the cruel wolf jumped up and ate poor little Red Riding-Hood.

just

hunter

scream

killed

heard

open



Just then a hunter came by. He heard Red Riding-Hood scream. The hunter ran into the house and killed the old wolf.



THE GRANDMOTHER, THE HUNTER AND LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

When he cut the wolf open, out jumped Little Red Riding-Hood and her grandma.