

## Rumplestiltskin

Now once upon a time in the land where icicles grow all summer, there lived a silly miller who boasted to the King that his daughter Rosalind could spin straw into gold. So the King put Rosalind into a room at the top of a tall tower and told her to spin one bale of straw into gold by morning or she would never see the light of day again.



Rosalind cried and cried because she knew that she could not spin straw into gold.

As soon as she started to cry a little old man appeared who said “Wipe away your tears, put away your fears, if you give me your necklace, I will spin the straw into gold.” So Rosalind gave the little old man her necklace.

By the next morning the straw was gold. But then the King gave her not one, but two bales of straw to spin into gold.

Again, Rosalind cried and cried because she knew that she could not spin straw into gold.

As soon as she started to cry the little old man appeared and said “Wipe away your tears, put away your fears, if you give me your ring, I will spin the straw into gold.” So Rosalind gave the little old man her ring.

By the next morning the straw was gold. But then the King gave her not one, not two, but three bales of straw to spin into gold.

Sadly, Rosalind cried and cried because she knew that she could not spin straw into gold.

As soon as she started to cry the little old man appeared and said “Wipe away your tears, put away your fears, if you give me your first baby, I will spin the straw into gold.”

By the next morning the straw was gold.

The king was so pleased with all the gold that had been made  
that he married Rosalind.

After one year a baby boy was born.

Immediately, the little old man appeared and demanded to take the  
baby away.

Rosalind cried and cried because she did not want to  
lose her baby.

“To keep the child you must guess my name.” said the  
little old man.

One night later, he appeared – but Rosalind could not  
guess his name.

Two nights later, he appeared – but Rosalind still could not  
guess his name.

On the third day a huntsman overheard the little old man singing.

“Rosalind will lose the game, for Rumpelstiltskin  
is my name!”

And the huntsman told Rosalind.

That night the little old man appeared.

“Is your name Zambola?” asked Rosalind.

“Never!” screamed the little old man.

“Is your name Gambobambo?” asked Rosalind.

“Never!” screamed the little old man.

“Then it must be – Rumpelstiltskin!” shouted Rosalind.

Angrily, the little old man stamped his feet so hard that he shot  
through the floor right into the middle of the Earth  
and was never seen again!

And so Rosalind and the King and the baby  
lived happily ever after.