



Snow White and the Seven Darfs



Once upon a time in a great castle, a Prince's daughter grew up happy and contented, in spite of a jealous stepmother. She was very pretty, with long, flowing golden hair. Though her stepmother was a wicked woman, she too was very beautiful, and a magic mirror told her this every day, whenever she asked it. "Who is the fairest of them all?" she would ask. "You are," the mirror would reply. One day, the servant who brought Snow White her meals did not return. Night came, but the servant did not return. Snow White, alone in the dark forest, began to cry bitterly. She thought she could feel terrible eyes spying on her. Snow White slept fitfully, waking from time to time with a start and staring into the darkness round her. Several times, she thought she felt some one near her. At last, dawn woke the forest to the song of the birds, and Snow White too, awoke. A whole world was stirring to life and the little girl was glad to be up. "I wonder who lives here?" she said to herself, peeping round the kitchen. "What tiny plates! And spoons! There must be seven of them, the table's laid for seven people." Upstairs was a bedroom with seven neat little beds. Going back to the kitchen, Snow White thought, "I'll make them something to eat. When they come home, they'll be glad to find a meal ready." Towards dusk, seven tiny men marched in. "Who are you?" he asked. Snow White told them her sad story, and tears sprang to the dwarfs' eyes. Then one of them said, as he nodded. "Stay here with us!" "Hooray! Hooray!" they cheered, dancing joyfully round the little girl. The dwarfs said to Snow White: "You can live here and tend to the house while we're down the mine. Don't worry about your stepmother leaving you in the forest. We love you."

Meanwhile, the servant had returned to the castle, with the heart of a roe deer. He gave it to the cruel stepmother, telling her it belonged to Snow

"She must die! She must die!" she screamed. Disguising herself as an old peasant woman, she put a poisoned apple with the others in

Snow White was in the kitchen when she heard the sound at the door: KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Who's there?" she called suspiciously, remembering the dwarfs advice.

"I'm an old peasant woman selling apples," came the reply.

"I don't need any apples, thank you," she replied.

"But they are beautiful apples and ever so juicy!" said the velvety voice from outside the door.

"I'm not supposed to open the door to anyone," said the little girl, who was reluctant to disobey her friends.

"And quite right too! Good girl! If you promised not to open up to strangers, then of course you can't buy. You are a good girl indeed!"

"And as a reward for being good, I'm going to make you a gift of one of my apples!" Without a further thought, Snow White opened the

"There! Now isn't that a nice apple?" Snow White bit into the fruit, and as she did, fell to the ground in a faint: the effect of the terrible

Now chuckling evilly, the wicked stepmother hurried off. But as she ran back across the swamp, she tripped and fell into the quicksand. No one he

Meanwhile, the dwarfs came out of the mine to find the sky had grown dark and stormy. Loud thunder echoed through the valleys and streaks of

There they found Snow White, lying still and lifeless, the poisoned apple by her side. They did their best to bring her alive, but it was of no use.

They wept and wept for a long time. Then they laid her on a bed of rose petals, carried her into the forest and put her in a crystal coffin.

Each day they laid a flower there.

Then one evening, they discovered a strange young man admiring Snow White's lovely face through the glass. After listening to the story, the Prince

"If you allow me to take her to the Castle, I'll call in famous doctors to waken her from this peculiar sleep. She's so lovely I'd love to kiss her

From that day on, Snow White lived happily in a great castle. But from time to time, she was drawn back to visit the little cottage down in the for

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