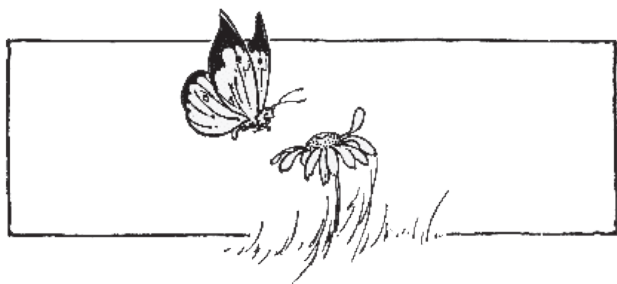


Five Tales
by Hans Christian
Andersen



MY FATHER'S WORLD®

Copyright® 2024 by My Father's World

Printed in the United States of America.
All rights reserved for all countries.

No part of this book may be reproduced by any means without the
written permission of the author.

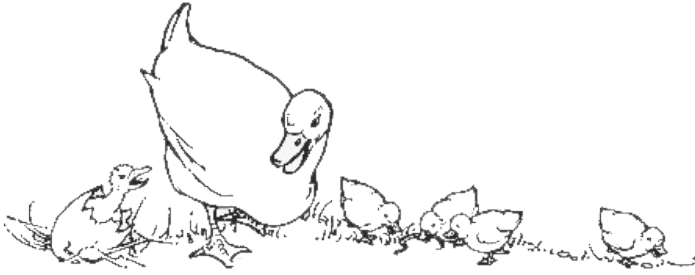
Adapted from
Stickney, J.H. (ed.) *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, First Series*
Boston: Ginn and Company, 1914

Stickney, J.H. (ed.) *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, Second Series*
Boston: Ginn and Company, 1915

Published by
My Father's World®
PO Box 2140, Rolla, MO 65402
(573) 202-2000
www.mfwbooks.com
January 2024

CONTENTS

| | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| The Real Princess | 4 |
| The Pen and the Inkwell | 6 |
| The Pea Blossom | 10 |
| The Flax | 16 |
| The Ugly Duckling | 20 |



The Ugly Duckling

It was so beautiful in the country. It was summer time. The wheat fields were golden, the oats were green, and the hay stood in great stacks in the green meadows. The stork paraded about among them on his long red legs, chattering away.

All around the meadows and cornfields grew thick woods, and in the midst of the forest was a deep lake. Yes, it was beautiful, it was delightful in the country.

In a sunny spot stood a pleasant old farmhouse. From its walls down to the water's edge grew large burdock plants, so high that under the tallest of them a little child might stand upright. The spot was as wild as if it had been in the very center of the thick woods.

In this snug retreat sat a duck upon her nest, watching for her young brood to hatch. The pleasure she had felt at first was almost gone. She had begun to think this was a wearisome task, for the little ones were so

long coming out of their shells, and she seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked much better to swim about than to climb the slippery banks and sit under the burdock leaves to keep her company. It was a long time to stay so much by herself.

Finally one shell cracked, and soon another, and from each came a living creature that lifted its head and cried, "Peep, peep."

"Quack, quack!" said the mother, and they all tried to say it, too, as well as they could, while they looked all about them at the tall, green leaves.

"What a great world it is, to be sure," said the little ones, when they found how much more room they had than when they were in the eggshells.

"Do you think this is the entire world?" said the mother. "Wait till you've seen the garden. Far beyond that it stretches down to the pastor's field, though I have never ventured such a distance. Are you all out?" she continued, rising to look. "No, not all. The largest egg lies there yet, I declare. I wonder how long this business is going to last. I'm really beginning to be tired of it." But still she sat down again on the last egg.

"Well, and how are you today?" quacked an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

"There's one egg that takes a deal of hatching. The shell is hard and will not break," said the mother,

who sat upon her nest. “But just look at the others. Don’t I have a pretty family? Aren’t they the prettiest little ducklings you ever saw?”

“Let me see the egg that will not break,” said the old duck. “I’ve no doubt it’s a Guinea fowl’s egg. The same thing happened to me once, and a great deal of trouble it gave me, for the young ones are afraid of the water. I quacked and clucked, but all to no purpose. Let me take a look at it. Yes, I’m right. It’s a Guinea fowl. Take my advice and leave it where it is. Come to the water and teach your other children to swim.”

“I think I’ll sit a little while longer,” said the mother. “I have sat so long, a day or two more won’t matter.”

“Very well, please yourself,” said the old duck, rising, and she went away.

At last the great egg broke, and the last little bird cried “Peep, peep” as he crept forth from the shell. How big and ugly he was! The mother duck stared at him and did not know what to think. “Really,” she said, “this is an enormous duckling, and it is not at all like any of the others. I wonder if he will turn out to be a Guinea fowl. Well, we shall see when we get to the water, for into the water he must go, even if I have to push him in myself.”

On the next day the weather was delightful. The sun shone brightly on the green burdock leaves, and the

mother duck took her whole family down to the water and jumped in with a splash. “Quack, quack!” cried she, and one after another the little ducklings jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up again in an instant and swam about, with their legs paddling under them as easily as possible. Her enormous gray-colored baby was also in the water, swimming with them.

“Oh,” said the mother, “he isn’t a Guinea fowl. See how well he uses his legs, and how erect he holds himself! He is my own child, and he is not so very ugly after all, if you look at him properly. Quack, quack! Come with me now. I will take you to the farmyard and introduce you to all the animals, but you must keep close to me or you may be stepped on. And above all, beware of the cat!”

When they reached the farmyard, there was a wild argument going on. Two families were fighting over dinner—an eel’s head—which, after all that, was carried off by the cat.

“See, children, that is the way of the world,” said the mother duck. “Come, now, use your legs, and let me see how well you can behave. You must bow your heads politely to the old duck. She is the highest born of them all and has Spanish blood; therefore she is well off. Don’t you see she has a red rag tied to her leg, which is something very grand and a great honor for a duck. It shows that everyone is anxious not to lose