

Cinderella



Retold by Christina Eastwood



here was once a good gentleman. Sadly his wife had died. After a time he married another lady. She was a very proud lady. She had two daughters exactly like her. The

gentleman had one little girl. She was kind and good as her mother had been. Soon the step-mother was jealous. The little girl was kind. Her girls were unkind. The little girl was good. Her girls were bad.

She gave her all the hard work. She made her wash the floors. She made her dust the bedrooms. She made her clean the fire places. The sisters had big beautiful bedrooms, but she had to sleep in the attic. There was no bed in the attic, so she had to sleep on straw.

She did not complain. When her daily work was done, she was tired. She used to sit down by the fire place. Here it was dusty with

ashes. The two sisters called her Cinderella. Cinderella had shabby clothes. The sisters had fine clothes. But Cinderella had a kind face.

The king's son gave a ball. All the best people had invitations. The two sisters had invitations. They were very proud and happy. They planned what to wear to the ball. Cinderella had to listen to them. They talked of nothing but their clothes. Cinderella had to help them get the clothes ready.

"I shall wear my velvet gown," said the older sister.

"I shall wear my silk," said the younger one. "And I have a tiara. You do not have one!"

So they quarrelled and they were angry.

Cinderella helped them dressed. She helped them put up their hair. She was kind and gentle. They were rude.

“You cannot go to the ball,” they said. “You are a poor girl.”

Off they went in a coach. Cinderella sat by the fireplace. She was sad and lonely.

Suddenly there was a flash. Her fairy godmother appeared. “Why are you crying?” she asked.

“I wish I could go to the ball,” Cinderella said.

“You shall go!” said the fairy godmother. “Fetch me a big pumpkin.”

Cinderella was surprised. She did as she was told. She gave it to her fairy godmother. It became a splendid gold coach.

“Now fetch me the mouse-trap.” said the fairy godmother. Cinderella brought it. There were six mice in it. The fairy godmother changed it into lovely black horses.

“You need a coachman now, Cinderella.” said the fairy godmother.

Cinderella got the rat-trap. There was a big rat in it. The fairy godmother made him into a coachman. Then she found some lizards. They were in the garden. She changed them into six footmen. They were very smart.

“Now you may go to the ball,” said the fairy godmother.

Cinderella looked at her ragged frock. She looked down at her bare feet. Her godmother laughed. She touched the frock. It turned into a silk gown. Cinderella looked down at her feet. She was wearing slippers. Slippers of clear glass.

“Now, Cinderella you may go. Do not stay after midnight. If you do the coach will turn back into a pumpkin, the horses will turn back into mice and the coachman will turn back into a rat. If you do your footmen will turn back into lizards. If you do your clothes will be rags again. Remember!”

Cinderella thanked her, "I will remember," she said.

She arrived at the palace. The king's son saw her. "Oh, how beautiful she is!" he thought.

The prince danced with Cinderella. He talked to Cinderella. He found that she was kind and good.

The clock struck. It was a quarter to midnight. Quickly Cinderella said goodbye. She remembered. When she got home, all her fine things vanished.

The two sisters came in. "Oh what a lovely time!" they said. "There was a princess at the ball. She was so beautiful. The prince danced with her. He talked to her."

"Who was she?" asked Cinderella

"Nobody knows," said the sisters. "The prince wants to find out."

The next night came. There was another

ball. Off went the sisters. The fairy godmother came again. "Remember midnight!" she said.

Soon Cinderella was at the ball again.

Cinderella danced with the prince. She talked to the prince. She forgot the time. The clock began to strike: one, two. She got up quickly. Three, four: she ran through the ballroom. Five, six: the prince jumped up. Seven, eight: Cinderella ran down the steps. Nine ten: she ran faster. One slipper fell off. Eleven, twelve. The coach was gone! The footmen were gone! The coachman was gone! The horses were gone! Cinderella's dress was rags again.

"Where is the princess?" cried the prince. He looked and looked. He could see a pumpkin. He could see some mice. He could see some lizards. He could see a rat. He could see a poor ragged girl. He could not see his

beautiful princess. Then he bent down. On the ground was a glass slipper. He picked it up. Cinderella had to walk home.

The sisters came home. "What do you think?" they cried. "The princess ran away! The prince cannot find her. He found one of her glass slippers. That was all. She had gone!"

The next day Cinderella was working hard again. The prince meant to find his princess. He took the slipper. "Every lady must try it on," he said.

"Whoever it fits will be my bride."

It was the next day. The prince called his servants. "Take this slipper," he said. "We will go everywhere. Any lady may try it on. We will look to see if it fits. I will marry the lady it fits."

Princesses tried on the slipper. Duchesses tried on the slipper.

Countesses tried on the slipper. Ordinary ladies all tried it on. It did not fit anyone.

At last the prince and the servant came to a house. It was Cinderella's house.

Cinderella's sisters tried on the slipper. It did not fit. Cinderella was in her corner. She was by the fire, watching. "Let me try it on, please," said Cinderella.

"What, you?" said the sisters, and they laughed at Cinderella.

The servant brought the slipper. Cinderella tried it on. It fitted at once. Then Cinderella took out the other slipper. She had kept it in her pocket. She stood up. Her clothes changed at once. She had her ball gown on again! The prince took her by the hand. He had found his bride!

But the sisters were afraid. They had been unkind to Cinderella. They had made her do all the work while they had been lazy. They had had all the fine

clothes while Cinderella only had had rags.
How sorry they were!

But Cinderella kissed them and forgave them.



