

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF

CLEMENS BRENTANO.

the bow that he could shoot the eye out of a flying swallow, and when his arrow went off it sounded like piff-paff, and so he was called Piffpaff.

The youngest son used to wander in the woods all day long, and he got to know the song of every bird in the forest. He used to practise whistling them regularly, so that he could at last imitate them perfectly. He knew what the birds were talking about and could speak back to them again, and because he was always whistling like a bird he was called Trilltrall.

Well, one day Trilltrall was out in the woods, hunting about for slugs and snails and caterpillars, for he used to eat just the same food as the birds, when a thrush flew by. He was just in the act of swallowing a lovely fat green caterpillar, so he quickly gulped it down, without chewing it at all, and whistled out, "Good morning! Any news this morning?"

"Any news!" said the thrush. "Yes, I should think so. Have you not heard that the giant Knarratschki has run off with the Princess Tingaling, daughter of King Poompam of Gongoland? He has flown away with her to his castle, on a high rock in the middle of the sea, and here she has to sing to him all day long. The King has promised to give her in marriage to whosoever shall bring her back again, and half his kingdom as well. I'm sorry I can't stay to tell you any more; I'm in a hurry. Good-bye." And away he flew again.

When Trilltrall got home again, he told

THERE once lived a schoolmaster who had five sons, and they were called—the eldest, Pinkpank; the second, Clickclack; the third, Pitchpatch; the fourth, Piffpaff; and the youngest, Trilltrall. Now, the schoolmaster had given all of them a very good education, and each could do something better than anyone else in the world.

Pinkpank had been apprenticed to an apothecary, and had learnt how to make a secret drug, which would bring any dead person to life again, if only the least pinch of it were put between his lips. When he was at work in the apothecary's with the pestle and mortar it went pink-pank, pink-pank, and so he got the name of Pinkpank.

Now, the second son could climb up any cliff, however high, or scale any castle, however steep, just as easily as a cat climbs a garden wall. And he did this by means of two daggers, which he dug in between the stones; and as he stuck his daggers into the wall or cliff, one after the other, they went click-clack, click-clack, and so he got the name of Clickclack.

The third son could row a boat quicker than anyone else; his oars went pitch-patch, pitch-patch, and the boat glided over the water like an arrow from the bow, quicker than the wind.

The fourth son was such a good shot with

his brothers what the thrush had said, and added, "I'm going to set off and see if I can't rescue her, for she is the most beautiful Princess that ever was seen."

"Let us all go," said Pitchpatch.

"Yes," cried the others, "let us all go."

So the schoolmaster put on his black coat, took his cane in his hand, shut the door after him, and they all set off, Trilltrall leading the way.

"I will carry her off from Knarratschki," said Clickclack, "and you will see me climb up the rocks with my two daggers quicker than a cat."

"My ship will carry you over the sea quicker than the wind," said Pitchpatch.

"I will give him a taste of barbed arrow that he won't forget in a hurry," said Piffpaff.

"I will be ready with my drug, if any of you meet with an accident," said Pinkpank.

And the schoolmaster was quite beside himself with joy, and chattered volubly of what he would do when he got half the kingdom.

While they were talking thus, they came to the sea. Pitchpatch looked for his boat, and found it just where he had left it. "Jump in," he cried, and they all jumped in and Pitchpatch took the oars. With one stroke the boat went a mile out into the sea.

Soon they came to a steep rock right in the middle of the sea. They rowed close up to it, and Clickclack made ready to climb up.

He bared his arms to the elbow and took his two daggers. He stuck the one in his right hand into a split in the rock, then the one in his left hand a little higher up; then he drew out the one in his right hand and stuck it in higher up still, and so on until he came to the top. His brothers were all very much

astonished at the great skill and rapidity with which he did this. When he was half-way up he ran into terrible danger. He was hanging by his left arm, and was just about to stick the right dagger in, when out flew two great eagles whose nest was in a cleft of the rock. They pecked and bit at Clickclack so that he let the dagger fall out of his right hand. Alas! how perilous a situation he was now in. He had to hang by one hand and ward off the attacks of the eagles with the other; and the least slip might dash him on to the rocks below.

When the brothers saw this, Pitchpatch jumped into the water and sank down to the bottom of the sea to fetch the dagger. Piffpaff put an arrow into his bow, and shot the one eagle through the body, so that it fell dying into the boat. Trilltrall went up to it, and the eagle spoke to him in the eagle language, and said: "I have well deserved my death, for it is I who stole the royal diamond from the Princess Tingaling. My wife always wanted something better than other eagles' wives, and egged me on to steal it." Thus he spoke and died.

Now Pitchpatch came out of the water, bringing the second dagger. Piffpaff took it, laid it in his bow and shot it at the eagle which was still pecking away at Clickclack; and so skilfully did he shoot that he pierced it through and through and pinned it to the rock. Now Clickclack

had his two daggers again, and continued his perilous journey until he got to the top.

Pinkpank pressed some of his drug on the lips of the dead eagle, and it soon became alive again. Trilltrall made it promise to go and fetch his wife, who had the Princess's



"THEY PECKED AND BIT AT CLICKCLACK."

diamond. Soon the eagle returned with the diamond in its beak, and made excuses for his wife, who was now so ashamed of her great vanity that she wouldn't show her face. Then Pitchpatch gave him some pearls which he had picked up along with the dagger for a necklace for his wife, and the eagle thanked him and flew away.

When Clickclack arrived at the top of the rock he saw nothing but a great hut, from which he heard sounds of the Princess's song issuing, so he went up and listened. Now, Knarratschki had just recently lost his wife, Schnarrassel, and one of the reasons why he had stolen the Princess Tingaling was that he might have someone to make his porridge for him. So the Princess sang :—

Snore, Knarratschki, snore.
Schnarrassel is no more.
Quiet she rests beneath the ground,
She neither breathes nor utters sound.
Snore, Knarratschki, snore.

Snore, Knarratschki, snore,
Schnarrassel's gone before.
Now no more your meals she cooks,
Or curls your locks to improve your looks.
Snore, Knarratschki, snore.

Snore, Knarratschki, snore.
Schnarrassel I deplore.
She alive, I should not wring
My hands with grief, or have to sing,
Snore, Knarratschki, snore.

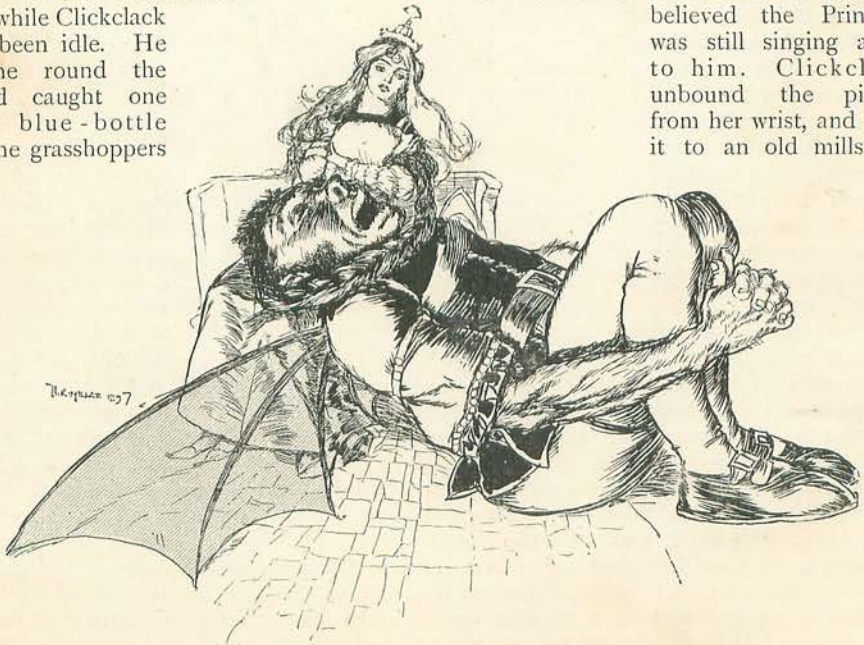
Snore, Knarratschki, snore.
There's someone at the door.
If a friend, sleep on in peace.
Ah ! if he would but bring release.
Snore, Knarratschki, snore.

Meanwhile Clickclack had not been idle. He had gone round the hut and caught one or two blue-bottle flies, some grasshoppers

and crickets, and a bumble-bee. And now he opened the door very quietly, and whispered into the ear of the Princess, who was trembling all over: "Go on singing and don't mind me." He took a good look at Knarratschki; he was large and fat, ugly and greasy-looking, and as shaggy and untidy as an old bear. On his shoulders he had a pair of threadbare bat's wings, and at the back of his head a long pigtail, which he had bound round the arm of the Princess so that she shouldn't run away. His head lay on her lap, and he snored and blew with his nose so that the sand and dust on the floor were blown up into the air. On the wall hung a large horn, so large that a man could sleep inside of it, and on the ground stood his club. Clickclack stopped up the horn and hid the club, so that he should not be able to make any noise when he awoke. Knarratschki had a pair of thick locks over his ears, so Clickclack put the grasshoppers and the crickets, the blue-bottle flies and the bumble-bee, into his ears, and shut them in by tying the locks over them. The Princess was still singing away :—

Snore, Knarratschki, snore,
My throat is getting sore.
If you are not now asleep,
Awake you will just have to keep.
Snore, Knarratschki, snore.

Now she stopped, but the insects inside his ears buzzed and hummed so that he believed the Princess was still singing away to him. Clickclack unbound the pigtail from her wrist, and tied it to an old millstone



"KNARRATSCHKI AND THE PRINCESS."

with which Knarratschki used to grind his meal; then he fetched an old copper caldron, in which Tingaling had to make Knarratschki's porridge every morning, and, while the Princess got up very cautiously, he placed it under the giant's head. And Knarratschki snored away quite peacefully, believing he was still lying on Tingaling's lap. They quietly left the hut, and Click-clack, telling the Princess to hold tightly round his neck, quickly descended to the boat.

Ah! how glad the schoolmaster and the brothers were when they saw him with the Princess! They had strained their necks watching for him. They all jumped into the boat, Pitchpatch gave a stroke with his oars, and away they flew from the rock.

But they had not gone very far before they got a terrible fright. Knarratschki had wakened soon after Clickclack had carried off the Princess. The insects which he had placed in his ears had all crept out; the bluebottles, the crickets, and the grasshoppers had all flown or hopped out at the door, but the bumble-bee had settled on his red nose. When they no longer hummed and buzzed in his ear, he thought that Tingaling had stopped singing, so he cried out, half-asleep: "Princess Tingaling, go on singing, or I'll give you a dig in the ribs." But as no Tingaling sang and the bumble-bee began to sting him violently on the nose, because his snoring annoyed it so much, he became angry and let out with his clenched fist at Tingaling. Instead of hitting the Princess, however, he only skinned his knuckles against the porridge-pot, and gave vent to a terrible cry of pain. The caldron vibrated like a large gong, and he made to spring up in great anger; but his pigtail was tied to the mill-stone, and he tore his hair terribly. After a great deal of trouble he freed himself, and ran all over the rock, but no Tingaling could he find. He looked out to sea and, far away, a black speck on the ocean, he spied the little boat.

"Ha! Ha!" he cried, "there you are, are you?" And he stretched out his hand to seize his club, but he could not find it anywhere. This made him terribly angry, and he gnashed his teeth. Then he wanted to blow his horn and summon assistance, but found it stopped up, and nearly blew a hole in his cheeks. But he determined to be

revenged, and, seizing the mill-stone, he stretched out his bat's wings and flew—flutter—flutter—flutter—out over the sea after the little boat.

"Oh, heavens!" cried out Tingaling, "there comes Knarratschki!" and she laid herself flat on the bottom of the boat so that he wouldn't see her. But Knarratschki came flying along like a black cloud, getting gradually nearer and nearer. Pitchpatch rowed as hard as he could, but Piffpaff put an arrow in his bow, and said: "Pitchpatch, stop a moment." Then Pitchpatch stopped, and Knarratschki was right above the boat. Paff! went the arrow, and pierced right through the heart of Knarratschki, so that he fell along with the mill-stone right on to the boat, covering it with his great bat's wings.



"HE FELL WITH THE MILL-STONE ON TO THE BOAT."

At first the brothers were all silent from fear and terror, because Knarratschki lay over them, but at last the schoolmaster said: "My dear children, are you still alive?" All the brothers answered that they were alive, but very much bruised.

"Tingaling has not yet uttered a word," said Trilltrall; "perhaps she is dead. Let us be quick and heave Knarratschki overboard, so that we can find her."

Then they all got on their hands and feet and pressed with their backs against Knarratschki. "Oop! Heave ho!" and patch! he fell into the water and sank slowly down.

But what a miserable sight met their eyes! The mill-stone had knocked the Princess on the head and killed her stone dead. They all bewailed their loss, and tore their hair; but Pinkpank said, "I will soon set matters right." And he put a little of his wonderful drug between her rosy lips, and she sprang up, none the worse.

Then everything went merrily; pitch-patch went the oars, and they were very soon at land. Pitchpatch fitted four wheels to his boat, and Trilltrall called six bears out of the wood, and promised each of them a piece of gingerbread if they would allow themselves to be harnessed to the boat and would pull them to Gongoland. As they were very fond of gingerbread they assented, and the journey was soon accomplished.

Oh, how the people in Gongoland were astonished at the beautiful coach-and-six, harnessed with bears! The Princess's father, King Poompam, came out with all his Court to meet them. He embraced his daughter and the schoolmaster and the brothers, "And now," he said, "I must keep my word. I promised my daughter and half my kingdom to whoever brought her back, but it is rather difficult to decide who is to have her, as there are a father and five sons."

"I fetched her from the rock," said Click-clack.

"I killed Knarratschki," said Piffpaff.

"I took you to the rock on my boat," said Pitchpatch.

"I brought her to life again with my drug," said Pinkpank.

"I love her very much, and it was I who told you where she was," said Trilltrall.

"I am the father of you all, and therefore she belongs to me," said the schoolmaster.

"Yes," said the sons, "you shall have her."

"I don't want her," said the schoolmaster.

"I only wanted to test your obedience. The Princess shall say herself whom she will have." But the Princess didn't like to.

"Say at once, and don't be so silly," said the King.

Then she screwed up her mouth and said: "I should like to live in the forests with the bluebells, and with the birds, and with—Trilltrall!" and she hid her face on Trilltrall's shoulder, and all the brothers were content. Trilltrall gave her back the stolen diamond, at which she was overjoyed.



"SHE HID HER FACE ON TRILLTRALL'S SHOULDER."

King Poompam then took a large knife and cut his kingdom into two halves, and said: "Which half will you take—the right or the left?"

"The right," said the schoolmaster. And Poompam gave him the right half, which the schoolmaster again divided into five equal pieces, one for each of his sons. And each built a mansion on his estate; and they lived very happily, paying each other visits very often.