LESSON 6 THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA

Once upon a time, there was a prince who wanted to marry a princess—but not just any princess. He wanted to marry a real princess. So he traveled all over the world looking for a real princess.

He went from kingdom to kingdom and he met plenty of princesses. Of course, they were all beautiful, talented, graceful, and kind. The word graceful means moving, speaking, or acting in a smooth and beautiful way. But never did the prince feel that he had found an absolutely, totally, completely real princess. So, sad and disappointed, he returned home.



Back at the castle, his mother, the queen, asked him, "Did you find a princess?" "Oh, I found plenty of princesses," the prince replied, "but I never felt sure that I'd found a real princess."



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That night there was a terrible storm. Lightning flashed, thunder crashed, the wind howled, The wind made a long, loud, and sad sound. and the rain pounded down. In the middle of the storm, there was a knock at the palace door. The king opened the door and there, standing in the rain, was a princess. And oh my, she was a mess! Her hair was dripping, her clothes were torn and muddy, and water poured out of her shoes.

"Who are you?" asked the queen.

"I am a princess," she said. "Really. A real princess." Does she look like a real princess to you?



"Humph!" said the queen, and she thought to herself, "We'll soon see about that!" The queen went into a bedroom and took all the sheets and blankets off the bed. [Point to the queen putting the pea on the bed and to the pile of mattresses as you read the next sentence.] Then she put one tiny pea on the bed, and on top of that she piled twenty mattresses, and on top of those, twenty feather-filled pads. "Here is where you will sleep tonight," she said to the princess. Why do you think the queen put a pea under the soft mattresses and pads? Does this look like a comfortable bed to sleep in?



The next morning at the breakfast table, the queen asked the princess, "Did you have a good night's sleep?"

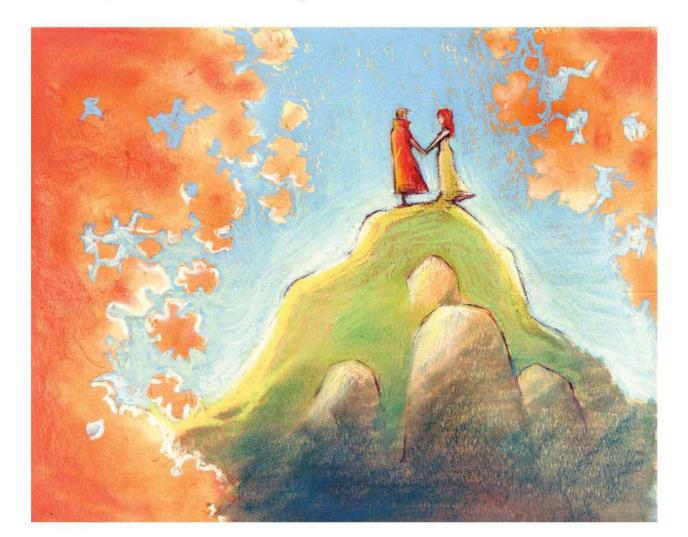
"No, not at all," said the princess. "I tossed and turned all night. Something in the bed was so hard and lumpy—why, I'm bruised black and blue all over."

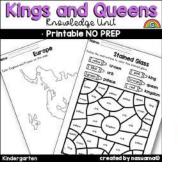
So, she had felt the pea through the twenty mattresses and twenty featherfilled pads. The queen and her son smiled at each other. Surely, only a real princess could be so delicate and sensitive! The word delicate means fragile and easily broken or hurt.



So the prince married her and felt happy that he had at last found a real princess. And as for the pea, it was placed in a museum, where it may still be seen, if nobody has taken it.

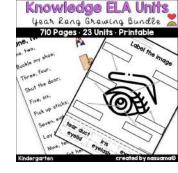
And that, children, is a real story!

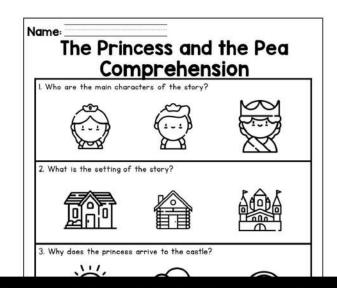




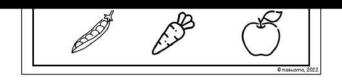
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DO YOU NEED EXTRA ACTIVITIES?



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