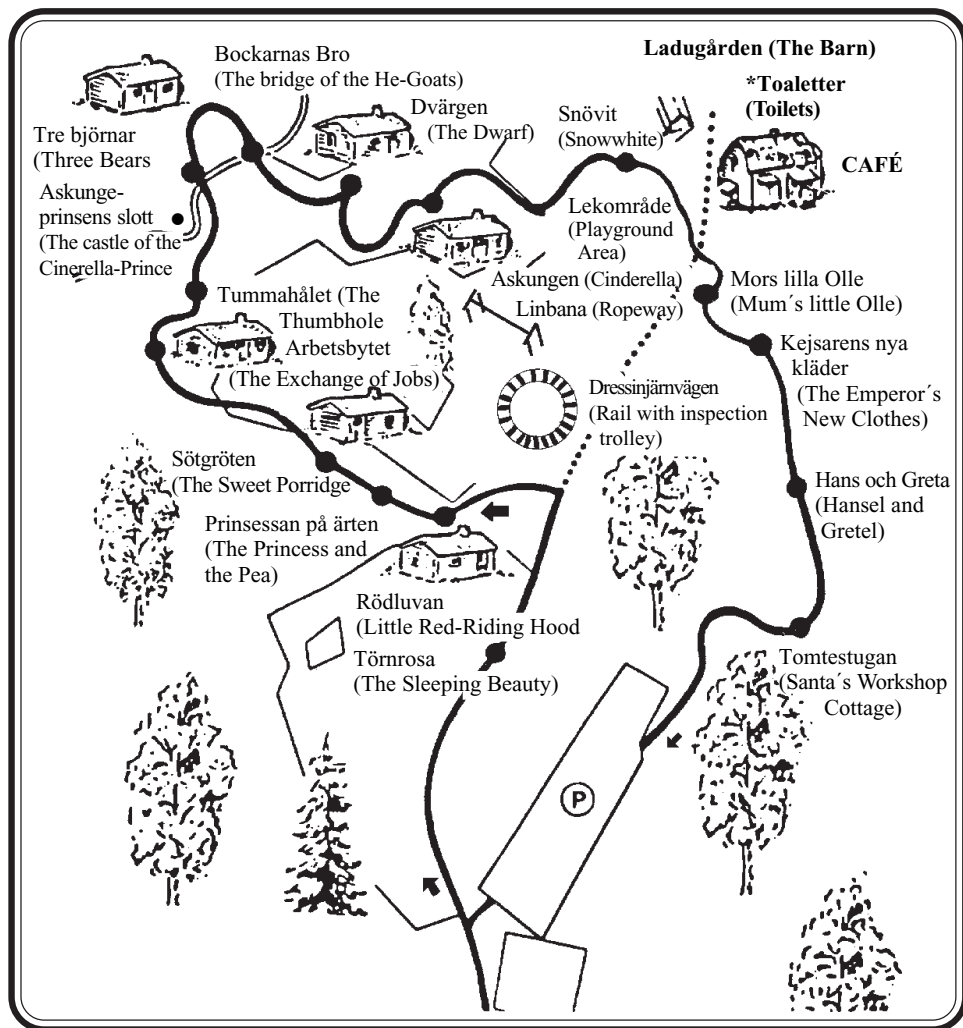


Sagostigen

(The Fairytale Path)



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Why do children want to hear the same fairytale over and over again?

Most of us know, but maybe we don't think very often about how important it is to read fairytales to our children. We then mean the folk-tales which, with their special meaning and crafty message, have lived through times from generation to generation and appear in different versions over the whole world.

Our folk-tales, unlike myths and fables, always end happily from the children's points of view. Children with their rich imagination and ability to live the part, identify themselves with the character of the story often subconsciously; in different ways, how, and with whom depending on their sex, age and maturity. Children have strong demands for justice and accept the exaggerations and horrors of the stories. To them the cruel fate of the wicked witch and the evil wolf is a symbol of the evil that has to disappear, to mention some examples of the characters of The Fairytale Path.

To wind this up we would like to point out that our dear old folk-tales strengthen children and the development of their personalities, let them use their imagination freely and also dream, tell them about the roses and thorns of life, comfort them and help them become harmonious adults, with consideration for their fellow-beings, animals and nature.

All ends well through their own "participation"; that's why children want to hear the same fairytale over and over again.

The fairytales in our little booklet are shortened for practical reasons. To hear all fine details of the fairytales you should read them in their original versions some other time.

Our folk-tales are an important cultural heritage to pass on.

Peggy Lundman

The Fairytale Path was opened in 1966 and turns to day care centres, schools, leisure centres, as well as to families with children. The establishment is run privately by the owners and their families.

Most welcome!

The Sleeping Beauty

(Törnrosa)

Once upon the time, many years ago there were a queen and a king who had been waiting for many years to get a little princess. When they finally got their princess they were so happy and said to each other:

- Now we have to have a big party and invite all the fairies in the whole country. But when the king and the queen counted all their gold plates they found that they had only twelve plates, but they knew that there were thirteen fairies in the country.
- Then one of them cannot come, said the king.

When the fairies had eaten their food on the gold plates, they rose, one at a time and went up to the princess, who was in her cradle and said:

- Now, princess, I'm going to wish something for you! And one of the fairies wished that the princess would be beautiful. Another one wished that the princess would get a white horse. All fairies had good wishes for the little princess.

But when there was only one fairy left, the fairy who was not invited suddenly appeared in the room. She was angry because she hadn't been invited to the party and hadn't been allowed to eat on a gold plate and she said:

- I wish that when the princess turns fifteen, she is going to hurt herself on a spindle and fall down dead.

All the fairies were shocked, but then the last fairy, who hadn't yet made a wish said:

- I cannot take away the evil fairy's wish altogether but I wish that when the

princess hurts herself, she will only fall asleep and sleep for a hundred years.

The king had all the spindles that he could find in the whole country destroyed so that the princess wouldn't be able to hurt herself. But on the day the princess turned fifteen she went up into a tower of the castle where she had never ever been before. There was a little old woman inside with a spindle. The princess wanted to have a look at the spindle and immediately hurt herself and fell asleep. And everybody else in the castle fell asleep, even the guards outside the big gate.

As everybody in the castle slept year after year, the garden grew all wild and everybody forgot that there was a castle. But one day a prince passed by on his horse. He went into the castle and found the princess in the tower. And just at that moment a hundred years had passed. The princess and all the others in the castle woke up.

- I want to marry you, said the prince to the princess.

And so the prince and the Sleeping Beauty celebrated their wedding with a lot of magnificence and splendour and then they lived happily ever after.

The Fairytale-Path is situated on the property HÄLLAREN, which was the residence of a drummer in the 18th and 19th centuries and is tied to MALMAHED. The present buildings are just around 100 years old.

Around the property of the Fairytale-Path there are woods extending for miles: Please keep an eye on your children so that they don't get lost outside the park area. All visitors are of course insured at our expense but that is of little comfort if there is an accident.

Little Red Riding-Hood (Rödluvan)

Once upon a time many years ago there was a little girl who was called Little Red Riding-Hood. She was called so because she was always dressed in a beautiful red cape of velvet with a hood. One day her mother said to her:

- Granny is ill in her cottage. Take this basket with cookies and nice lemonade and go visit her.

Little Red Riding-Hood walked through the woods. When she had walked for a while she met a wolf. But she didn't get scared, because she didn't know that wolves were dangerous.

- Where are you going, Little Red Riding-Hood? said the wolf.
- I'm on my way to Granny with nice cookies and lemonade, answered Little Red Riding-Hood.
- Where does your Granny live? asked the wolf. In the cottage at the end of the woods, Little Red Riding-Hood said.

Well, thought the wolf, then I know what to do. And so he took a shortcut through bushes and thicket to get to Granny's cottage before Little Red Riding-Hood. When he got there he knocked on the door.

- Who is it? said Granny.
- It is Little Red Riding-Hood who brings you nice cookies and lemonade, lied the wolf.
- Well, come in then my dear, said Granny.

And the wolf rushed in and swallowed Granny in one go.

Then he put on Granny's glasses and hood and lay down in bed. After a while Little Red Riding-Hood reached the cottage and knocked on the door.

- Who is it? the wolf said pretending to speak in Granny's voice.
- It is Little Red Riding-Hood who brings you cookies and lemonade, answered Little Red Riding-Hood.

- Well, come in then, my dear, the wolf answered.
- What big ears you've got, Granny, said Little Red Riding-Hood when she came up to the bed.
- It is to hear you better.
- What big eyes you've got, Granny.
- It is to see you better.
- What a big mouth you've got, Granny.
- It is to eat you better, the wolf said and then he rushed up and swallowed Little Red Riding-Hood in one go.

Then the wolf was so full that he thought: I think I'll take a nap in Granny's nice, comfortable bed. But when the wolf had fallen asleep a hunter passed by and heard him snoring.

I've never heard Granny snoring like that, the hunter thought, I'd better go and see that she's all right.

When the hunter entered the cottage and saw the wolf in Granny's bed he understood what had happened. He took out his hunter's knife and opened the wolf's stomach so that first Granny and then Little Red Riding-Hood could crawl out, totally unharmed. Then he filled the wolf's stomach with rocks so that when the wolf was going to run away he was so heavy that he fell down and died.

But the hunter, Granny and Little Red Riding-Hood and her mother lived happily ever after.

Around the Fairytale-Path there are many wild flowers especially early summer. If we pick them those who come after us won't be able to enjoy the profusion of flowers.

Meadow flowers are the most beautiful where they grow, aren't they?

The Princess and the Pea

(Prinsessan på Ärtan)

Once upon a time many years ago there was a prince who really wanted to get married.

- Of course you can marry, said the king. But you've got to find a real princess.

The prince immediately found a princess and showed her to the king. But the king said:

- Be careful and beware of her, my prince, she is not a real princess.

The prince then found another princess and showed her to the king. But the king said:

- Be careful and beware of her, she is not a real princess.

The prince went on looking, but the king always found something that was wrong and said:

- Be careful and beware of her my prince, she is not a real princess.

One day when the weather was so nasty that the prince couldn't go out looking for princesses there was a knock on the door of the castle. Outside there was a soaked girly snivelling and crying:

- Can I please come in and warm myself and dry my clothes, said the girl. I am a princess who is lost in the rain.

Oh, a princess, thought the prince. Then I must show her to the king. But first I must put her to the test. Because he was tired of hearing the king say every time:

- Be careful and beware of her my prince, she is not a real princess.

Of course you can come in and warm yourself, said the prince. Get down in this bed while your clothes are getting dry.

And then secretly he hid a pea under the mattress and gathered all the feather-downs he could find and put them on top of the pea. The next morning he went to the girl and asked her if she had slept well.

- You cannot sleep when the bed is so lumpy, said the girl.

Then the prince realised that he had finally found a real princess. The prince married the princess and the little pea was shown in a museum.

Here on the Fairytale-Path there are lots of wild strawberries in the early summer, raspberries and bilberries later in the summer. In August there are many mushrooms. Feel free to pick both berries and mushrooms.

If you walk away a little from the path you'll find untouched berry- and mushroom grounds, where you can fill a basket or two and take home with you.

Toilets?

*The first toilets is close by "The Princess and the Pea"
A toilet with soap and water is beyond the Café.*

The Sweet porridge (Sötgröten)

Once upon a time many years ago there was a little girl who lived with her mother in a little red cottage.

One day when the girl was out picking berries she saw a little old lady who sat making porridge in the middle of the woods.

- Shall we trade, said the little old lady, if I get your berries I will give you my saucepan. You only need to say: "Cook saucepan" and the saucepan cooks as much porridge as you want. When you say "Stop cooking, saucepan" it will stop.

Of course the little girl wanted to trade so she took the saucepan and ran home to her mother.

- Cook saucepan, said the girl and immediately the saucepan started cooking loads of the most wonderful sweet porridge.
- Stop cooking, saucepan, said the girl and the saucepan immediately stopped.

One day the little girl was out in the woods picking berries again. Her mother got hungry and put the saucepan on the stove.

- Cook saucepan, said the mother and the saucepan started to cook in its usual friendly way.

But when the mother had eaten and was satisfied she discovered that she had forgotten what to tell the saucepan to make it stop.

- Stop saucepan, she shouted, but the saucepan went on cooking.
- Quit saucepan, she shouted, but now the porridge started to pour over the edges of the saucepan.
- No more, saucepan! But the porridge just poured down the stove and out onto the floor.

- Keep still, saucepan! But the saucepan went on cooking. The porridge poured out through the windows and doors and out onto the road.

- Calm down, saucepan!

Now the porridge had reached the town and started to fill the streets. People were scared and fled into their houses.

- Whoa, saucepan! The mother was devastated.

But at that moment the girl returned from the woods. When she saw all the porridge she realised what had happened and shouted:

- Stop cooking, saucepan. And immediately the saucepan stopped cooking.

But the girl and her mother and all the farmers in the area and their animals and everyone who lived in the town had to eat the sweet porridge, morning, noon and evening for several weeks before it was all gone.

If you look to the right you'll see our fields and meadows and the park area with the playground equipment. We try to keep it clean from brushwood and with that we get good help from our cows, calves, horses and sheep.

The Exchange of Jobs

(Arbetsbytet)

Once upon a time many years ago there were an old lady and an old man who lived in a little red cottage with a peat-roof.

One day the old lady said to the old man:

- You have to go out into the woods and collect firewood because soon there is no firewood left and then I can't cook any food on my stove.
- Oh, it's so terrible, the old man complained. Every day there is hardly any firewood left and then I have to go out into the woods and toil and moil. You have a much easier time, you just have to stand by the stove and stir the food all day.
- You're complaining, my old man, said the old lady, but I'd like to tell you that my job is much harder than yours. I have to cook and watch the goat at the same time.

In this way the old lady and the old man argued every day for many weeks. But one day the old lady said:

- Today I'll go out into the woods to collect firewood, and then you can cook and watch the goat.
- OK, that's fine, the old man said and thought, that's easily done and then I'll lay down in the grass to rest till the old lady returns.

And then the old lady went out into the woods. The old man started to prepare porridge, but then he remembered that he had to watch the goat as well. But how could he watch the goat and stir the food at the same time? The old man thought about it for a long time and finally he was

struck by an idea! He tied a rope around the neck of the goat, put her up on the peat-roof of the cottage and let the end of the rope down through the chimney. Then he tied the rope around his waist so that he could stir the porridge while the goat was grazing on the roof.

The old lady would never have been able to come up with this, the old man thought.

But suddenly ill luck would have it and the goat fell down from the roof. And as the old man was attached to the other end of the rope he was pulled up in the chimney with a jerk.

When the old lady got home from the woods towards the evening the goat was standing outside the cottage bleating, in the chimney sat the old man croaking and the porridge was totally burnt.

But the old man never ever complained again and they lived happily ever after.

As you might have seen already there isn't very much litter around the path. Partly that's due to the fact that we carefully pick up all cigarette ends and all wrapping paper every evening, but most of all because our guests don't throw litter. We are very grateful for that!

The Thumbhole

(Tummahålet)

Once upon a time many years ago there was a little girl named Britta who lived near the big troll rocks. The trolls sleep during the day and play at night. Every evening when the trolls woke up Britta used to play with them for a while. As they were neighbours the trolls called her Neighbour's Britta.

When it was really hot the trolls used to go down to the creek and bathe behind the House of the Bears. It is all right for the trolls to bathe as long as their tails don't get dipped under water. In order for the tails not to get wet Neighbour's Britta always sat on a rock holding on to the tails. One evening when Neighbour's Britta came to play, the trolls were very sad. The reason was that it had been hot for so long and now there was hardly any water left in the creek.

- I know what you can do, Neighbour's Britta said. If you dig a big hole in the ground there'll be water in it the next time it's raining and then you can bathe in the hole.
- Yes, let's do that, the trolls said and they started to dig and Neighbour's Britta helped them.

But although they were digging the whole night there was only a little hole when dawn came. The trolls were so small and couldn't dig very fast. Neighbour's Britta wasn't very big either.

- We have to ask someone who is big and strong. Otherwise we'll never get a proper bathing-hole. I'll go to King's-Kari while you're sleeping and ask her to help us, Neighbour's Britta said.
- Please, King's-Kari, will you help me to make a bathing-hole for the trolls, Neighbour's Britta said and curtsied politely. There's hardly any water left in the creek and the trolls are so sad.

- I would have loved to do that, but I'm old now and not fit enough to dig a hole, King's-Kari said. But why don't you ask the giant, who lives in the woods on the other side of the creek.

That's a good idea to ask the giant, Neighbour's Britta thought.

The giant on the other side of the mountains hadn't been evil since 1832 and Neighbour's Britta wasn't the least afraid when she asked him:

- Please Mr Giant, would you help me to dig a bathing-hole for the trolls. There's no water left in the creek and the trolls are very sad.
- Of course, I'll help them, the giant said.

Then he bent down over the creek and made a big hole with one of his thumbs.

Every evening when the giant made his evening coffee he emptied a cup of hot water in the **thumb-hole**. Every morning he put his thumb in the hole so that the water ran out.

In this way the trolls always had fresh bathing-water every evening. After this the giant on the other side of the creek is called the friendly Thumb-Giant and he makes the trolls happy.

This creek connects the two big lakes, Hällaren and Björken. The Sörmlandstrek passes by Lake Hällaren and many of the trekkers come and visit us at the Fairytale-Path.

Three Bears

(Tre Björnar)

Once upon a time many years ago there were three bears that lived in a little house in the woods. One day the bears had made porridge. But the porridge was so hot that they couldn't eat it.

- Let's go for a walk in the woods while the porridge cools off, they said to each other.

And then the three bears hung their aprons on the wall and went out into the woods. While the bears were away, a little girl, named Goldilock passed and saw the three bears' house. Who lives here? she wondered and tried the door. As the door was open Goldilock entered, although her mother had told her that you don't enter other people's houses without being invited.

Goldilock saw the porridge on the table. She first tasted the porridge in the biggest bowl, but it was far too hot for her. The porridge in the middle bowl was too hot too, but the porridge in the smallest bowl was just right, so Goldilock ate it.

Then she thought that she had to sit down a while. First she sat down on the biggest chair. But that was too hard for her. The middle chair was too soft. But the smallest chair was just right, soft enough, so she sat down on that one. Then the small chair broke. I'll lie down on a bed instead, Goldilock thought then. But the biggest bed was too big for her. The middle-sized bed was also too big. So Goldilock lay down on the smallest bed – and fell asleep.

The bears thought that the porridge would be right now, so they went home to eat it.

- Somebody has eaten from my bowl, the biggest bear said when they entered the house.
- And from my bowl too, the middle bear said.
- And from my bowl too – and finished it all, the smallest bear said.

- Somebody has been sitting on my chair, the biggest bear then said.

- And on my chair too, the middle bear said.

- And on my chair too – and it's completely broken, the smallest bear said.

- Somebody has been lying in my bed, the biggest bear then said.

- And in my bed too, the middle bear said.

- And in my bed too – and is still lying there, the smallest bear said.

And then Goldilock woke up and got such a fright when she saw all the bears that her hair got straight from horror. She leapt out of the bed, out through the window and ran home as fast as she could and never again dared to get back to the three bears. But the three bears still live in their nice, little cottage in the middle of the woods.

On several guests' requests there are now ponies on the Fairytale-Path, both to keep meadows and fields open through grazing, but also to let children try riding. The ponies are led by our riding girls, so it should be harmless for the children to ride. The girls go to school and not until they are free from school can they help us. This means that we can have pony riding from June, when school is over till August when school starts again.

The He-Goats Bruse

(Bockarna Bruse)

Once upon a time many years ago there were three he-goats that wanted to cross a bridge over a creek, to graze grass on the other side. But under the bridge there lived a big troll.

First the smallest he-goat went across the bridge, trip, trip, trip. Then the troll said:

- Who is it that goes trip, trip on my roof?
- It is the smallest he-goat Bruse, the he-goat said.
- Then I'll come and get you, the troll said.
- Oh no, don't. Wait till the middle he-goat comes, he is much bigger than me.
- Then I'll do that, the troll said and so the smallest he-goat went across the bridge to graze on the other side.

Then the middle he-goat came and walked across the bridge, tramp, tramp, tramp. Then the troll said:

- Who is it that goes tramp, tramp on my roof?
- It's the middle he-goat Bruse, the he-goat said.
- Then I'll come and get you, the troll said.
- Oh no, don't. Wait till the biggest he-goat comes, he is much bigger than me.
- Then I'll do that, the troll said and so the middle he-goat went across the bridge to graze on the other side.

Then the biggest he-goat came and walked across the bridge, clump, clump, clump.

- Who is it that goes clump, clump on my roof?
- It's the biggest he-goat Bruse, the he-goat said.
- Then I'll come and get you, the troll said.
- You do that if you dare, the biggest he-goat said.

But when the troll got there the biggest he-goat butted him so that he fell into the creek.

- Ouch, ouch, ouch, the troll said. You were not supposed to butt me.

Then the biggest he-goat walked across the bridge to graze on the other side.

There the he-goats got so fat that they could hardly manage to go back home. And if the fat has not disappeared they are probably fat even today .

To the left you'll see even more meadows and fields as well as some big red buildings and the farm where we live. If you're lucky you might catch sight of deer in the glade as the animals have got used to the noise from the children and therefore are not so shy any longer.

The Dwarf

(Dvärgen)

Once upon a time, many years ago there were two girls, named Snowwhite and Rose-red.

One evening when they were sitting in front of the open fireplace a freezing bear knocked on the door of the cottage and asked if he could sit by the fire for a while. He was allowed to do that. The bear and the girls soon made friends. When evening fell the mother said.

- You can spend the night here in front of the fire, if you want to.

The bear did so, but in the morning he lumbered into the woods and was gone all day. In the evening he knocked on the door again. All winter long the bear came and spent the night in the cottage, but disappeared when it dawned. When spring came, the bear one day said:

- Now I won't come back for a while. I have to watch over my treasures so the bad dwarves won't take them. They come up from their holes in the ground when it is no longer frozen.

One day the girls were out on some pasture-land to pick flowers. All of a sudden they heard a terrible noise from a cottage at the edge of the wood. They walked up to the cottage and saw a dwarf who had got stuck with his beard in a piece of firewood.

- Don't just stand there staring, but help me, the dwarf said angrily.

- Don't be so impatient, Snowwhite said and then she took some scissors that were lying on the table and cut off the dwarf's beard so that he got loose.

But the dwarf was not grateful at all but yelled and said that Snowwhite had destroyed his beautiful beard.

After some time Snowwhite and Rose-red were again out on some pasture-land. Then they heard a terrible noise from the creek.

They hurried there and saw the dwarf who once more was in trouble.

He had got entangled in a fishing-line with his beard and could not get loose.

- Don't just stand there staring, but help me, the dwarf said angrily.

Rose-red took out her scissors and cut off a bit of the beard that was left. But the dwarf was not at all grateful and yelled at her.

After some time the girls were again out on the pasture-land and heard a terrible noise.

- Please Mr Bear, spare me, they heard the dwarf's voice. And when they got there they saw their friend the bear who was chasing the dwarf away. Snowwhite and Rose-red also got scared and wanted to run away, but the bear shouted:

- Snowwhite and Rose-red, wait for me.

Suddenly the bearskin disappeared and in front of the girls stood a beautiful prince. It was the dwarf that had transformed me, said the prince.

And Snowwhite married the prince and Rose-red married his brother and they lived happily ever after.

Soon you will reach our playground area. There are many things, like a big wheel, an inflated castle to jump in, a minitrack, a ropeway, a small merry-go-round as well as inspection trolleys on rail. The big wheel gives exercise to mother and father and pleasure to the small ones.

Cinderella

(Askungen)

Once upon a time, many years ago there was a little girl named Cinderella. She was called so because she always had to work in the kitchen, cook and sweep and rake the ashes out of the stove, while her stepmother and stepsisters tried on beautiful clothes and went visiting all day long.

Then it happened in the country where Cinderella lived that the king arranged a big ball. And to this ball all the girls of the country were invited.

Cinderella's stepsisters dressed in their most beautiful clothes and most wonderful jewellery and Cinderella had to help comb their hair. Cinderella asked to go along with them, because the King had said that all the girls of the country were invited.

- You can't go to a ball. You have no dress and no shoes, the stepmother said.

But she couldn't say no, as the King had decided that all girls should be invited. Instead she spilled a whole plate of peas in the stove and said to Cinderella:

- When you have taken all the peas out of the ashes you may go to the ball.

She thought that Cinderella wouldn't manage that before the ball was over.

But Cinderella who had a good heart, had fed all the little birds around the house all winter long. Now they wanted to help Cinderella instead and in a flash they picked up all the peas again.

Then they flew away to get a fairy who could do magic tricks. It didn't take long before Cinderella was dressed in the most beautiful dress and the most wonderful shoes you could imagine.

Cinderella made a great commotion at the ball and the prince only danced with her all evening. But when the clock struck twelve Cinderella rushed away. She didn't want to tell the prince that she was only Cinderella and actually didn't own any beautiful clothes at all. In her hurry she lost one of her shoes.

The prince found the shoe and decided that nobody but the girl who owned the shoe would be his bride. So he saddled his white horse and rode around the country trying the shoe on all the girls. Finally he also got to the place where Cinderella lived. Her stepsisters tried in vain to get their big feet into the little shoe, but it only fitted Cinderella.

Then the prince recognised Cinderella and brought her back to the castle with him. And the King arranged a wedding that lasted for seven days.

Cinderella was very happy now, and she became a good and kind queen who did a lot of good – even for her stepsisters – and so the story ends happily for everybody.

*You'll find our Café in the glade.
There you can buy a hamper with
coffee and (maybe) warm buns
and plenty of home-made cookies.
If you are hungry there will also
be sandwiches or icecream or
candy.*

*You're also welcome to visit our
domestic animals that you'll find
close to the barn.*

Snowwhite

(Snövit)

Once upon a time, many years ago there was a princess named Snowwhite. The queen who was Snowwhite's stepmother, looked in her mirror every night and asked:

- Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all!
- And the mirror which always told the truth, would answer that the queen was the fairest woman in the whole kingdom.

But Snowwhite grew and got fairer and fairer and one night the mirror, which always told the truth, answered that Snowwhite was now the fairest of them all. The queen then got very angry and drove Snowwhite away from the castle out into the woods to all the wild animals.

Snowwhite walked and walked until evening. Then she couldn't walk any more but knocked on the door of a little cottage by the road. Nobody was home, but Snowwhite understood that someone must be living there, because through the window she saw seven little beds standing one after the other. Snowwhite was so tired that she went right in, went to bed and fell asleep.

But it was the dwarves' house that Snowwhite had come upon. And when the dwarves returned home they wondered about the pretty girl that was sleeping in their beds. They didn't wake her up but slept on the floor that night. The next day Snowwhite told them what had happened. The dwarves promised her to stay with them for as long as she would wish, if she helped them by sweeping the floor and cooking.

Every night the queen still asked her mirror, which always told the truth, who was the fairest in the country. The mirror kept on answering that Snowwhite was the fairest of them all. Finally the queen got so mad that she asked where Snowwhite was. The mirror, which always told the truth, answered that she lived in the dwarves' house. Then the queen disguised herself as an old lady, took a poisoned apple and started off for the dwarves' house.

The queen gave the apple to Snowwhite, but hardly had she bitten into it when she fell down dead. The dwarves and all the animals of the woods mourned her deeply.

To be able to see her, although she was dead, they put her in a glass coffin. When the queen now asked the mirror, which always told the truth, it answered that the queen was the fairest of them all.

One day a prince rode past and saw Snowwhite in her coffin. When he leaned closer he happened to touch the coffin so it turned over. Then the poisoned piece of apple that Snowwhite had in her throat got out and Snowwhite came alive again.

In the evening when the queen asked her mirror, which always told the truth, again it answered that Snowwhite was the fairest of them all. But Snowwhite went home with the prince to his country and when he became king she became his queen. And they lived happily ever after.

Mum's little Olle

1. Mum's little Olle walked in the woods with roses on his cheek and sunshine in his eyes.
His little lips were blue from berries
"I wish I wasn't so lonely"
2. Growl, growl who is lumbering there?
The bushes creak, I think a dog is here.
His fur is hairy, but Olle gets happy
"Oh, a friend! Hello, there, yippie".
3. He pats the bear with his little hands
holds out his basket " Go on taste"
Bear devoures it all
Well, I think you like berries.
4. Mum got to see them, and screamed!
The bear ran away, no more play
"Mum, why did you frighten my friend.
Mum, please, ask him to come again!"

The Emperor's New Clothes

(Kejsarens nya kläder)

Many years ago there was an Emperor who was so fond of new, beautiful clothes that he spent all his money on always being very well dressed.

One day some shady characters turned up in the town where he lived. They claimed that they could weave the finest material you could imagine. Not only were the colours and the patterns so unusual but the clothes which were made from the fabric had such magical properties that they were invisible to anyone who was either unfit for his job or particularly stupid.

Excellent, thought the Emperor, then with the help of the clothes I can separate the wise officials from the fools.

He gave the two fraudsters money and yarn so they could start their work.

The rogues set up their looms and started to weave without warp and yarn. The money and the yarn that they got from the Emperor they put in their own pockets.

All the time the Emperor sent officials to check the work in the looms. Of course they didn't see any fabric, but they didn't dare to admit that they were unfit for their jobs so they went to the Emperor and praised the patterns and the colours of the fabric. Everybody spoke about the remarkable and beautiful fabric.

Now the Emperor wanted to see for himself. He went to the rogues who were now weaving with all their power, but without warp and yarn.

- What, thought the Emperor. I don't see anything at all! Am I stupid? And of course on no account did he want to pretend he was unfit to be Emperor.
- Oh yes, it's magnificent! said the Emperor.

So he ordered new clothes made from the beautiful fabric for the great procession that was going to take place in the near future.

On the procession day the Emperor went to the rascals. He took off all his clothes and the rascals pretended to dress him. Nobody could see any clothes but everybody said:

- What a perfect fit! How well they suit him! Because nobody would admit that he was a fool. The Emperor turned around in front of the mirror admiring himself.

And so the Emperor walked in the procession under the splendid canopy and everyone in the streets said:

- The Emperor's new clothes are marvellous. Just look at the train! None of the Emperor's outfits had ever been such a success.

But there was also a small child who exclaimed:

- But he's got nothing on! And all the people shouted:
- He's got nothing on!
- He's got nothing on!

The Emperor felt embarrassed for he thought they were right but he thought to himself:

- I must cope.

So he kept himself even more proudly and the courtiers continued to carry the train that was not there at all.

After this lesson the Emperor stopped caring about his clothes. Then he ruled his country in the best way for many, many years.

Hansel and Gretel

(Hans och Greta)

Once upon a time, many years ago there was a boy named Hansel and there was a girl named Gretel.

One day Hansel and Gretel had gone into the deep woods to pick berries. But somehow they happened to get lost and couldn't find their way home again. They walked and walked and when evening came they were so tired that they crept under a fir tree and fell asleep.

When they woke up it was broad daylight and still they didn't know how they would manage to find their way home. All of a sudden they caught sight of a gingerbread house in an opening and hurried to get there. But they shouldn't have done so, because in the house lived a wicked witch.

The witch caught the children and locked Hansel into the stable.

- When he has become real fat I'll eat him, the witch said to Gretel, who had to help carry food to Hansel all day.
- Stick out a finger through the bar in the door, the witch said to Hansel every day, so that I can see if you've got fat enough.

But Hansel was cunning and stuck out a chicken bone that he had found. Finally the witch grew impatient.

- Now I'll eat you anyway, she said.

She ordered Gretel to make a fire in the stove, but the witch thought she'd better get rid of Gretel before she let Hansel out, so she told Gretel:

- Now we're going to bake first. Get into the stove and feel if it's hot enough.

Then she had planned to close the hatch behind Gretel. But Gretel suspected what the witch had planned to do so she said:

- I don't know how to get into the stove.
- You silly fool, that's easy enough, the witch said and so she got into the stove herself to show Gretel.

Then Gretel very quickly closed the hatch and rushed out to release Hansel. Then the children looked through the cottage and found a chest full of treasures. The children took as much as they could manage to carry. Then they set off to go back home. When they had walked a while they reached a big lake. In the lake a beautiful swan was swimming.

- I'll take you home, the beautiful swan said.

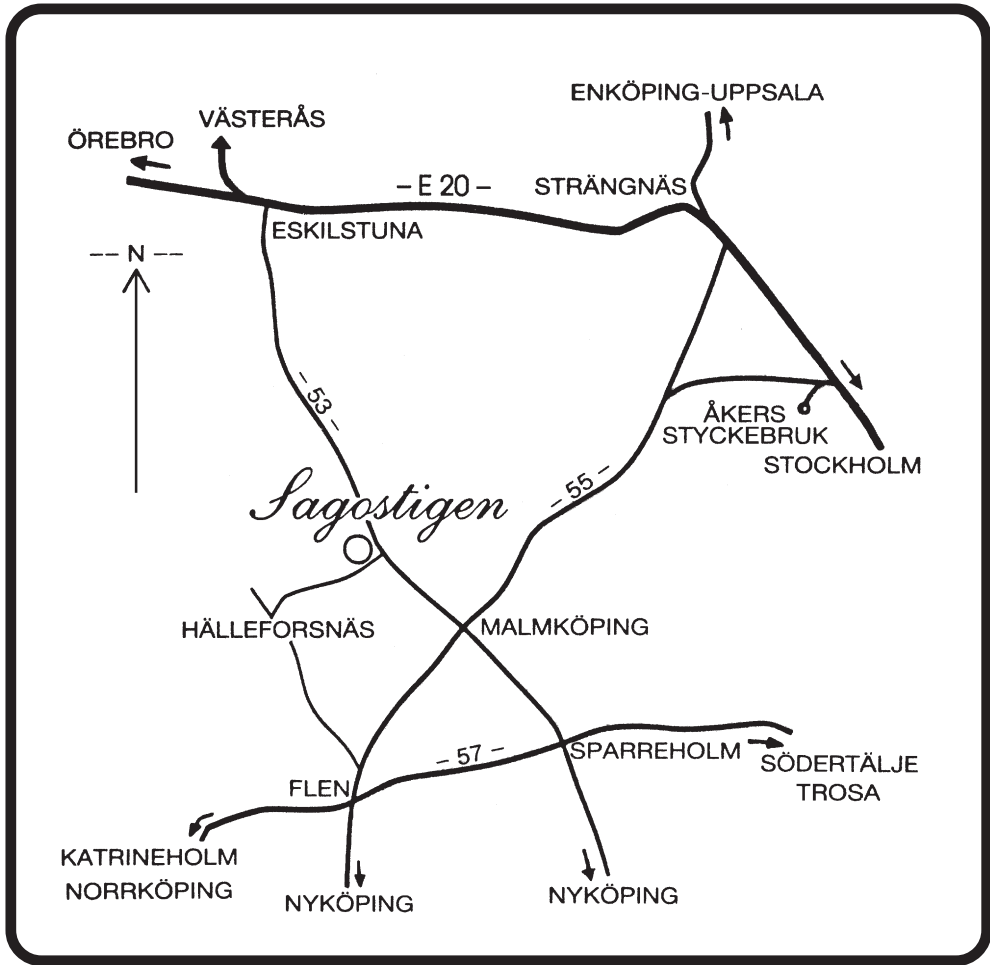
Then the children sat on the back of the beautiful swan. It didn't take long before the children were back home again with their dear mother and father.

Now you'll soon get to the last cottage of the Fairytale Path, the workshop of Santa. Don't wake the brownie that has fallen asleep on the carpenter's bench.

We hope you have had a good time and that the weather has been pleasant. Do stop at the cottage by the entrance and tell us if there is something you think we can improve.

If you enjoyed your visit please tell your friends.

We hope to see you again!



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