



invent FAIRY TALES

Recognize, Create, Retell

The stories presented in the game are adaptations of traditional versions of the five fairy tales. Parents and educators can either read them as they are or use as a cue for their own simpler versions, taking into account the age of the children listening. The tales of Little Red Riding Hood, Hansel and Gretel, Puss in Boots, and the Four Musicians of Bremen have been adapted and shortened from the Brothers Grimm versions. Like many other fairy tales, Cinderella was also written by the Brothers Grimm, but we opted for the version by Charles Perrault because it's easier to follow and the fairy character was better suited to the cards used in the game.

Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who was sweet, pretty, and loved by all. Her mother said to her one day, "Little Red Riding Hood, your grandmother is weak and sick. I'd like you to take her this cake as it will be good for her. But remember, you mustn't stray from the path."

"Yes, Mother, I'll do as you say," Little Red Riding Hood promised. Grandmother lived in the woods, half an hour from the village and as soon as Little Red Riding Hood entered the woods, the wolf appeared.

"Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood!" said the wolf. "Thank you, wolf!" the girl replied. "Where are you going so early?" the wolf asked. "To Grandmother's house." "And what are you carrying in your basket?" "Some cake for my grandmother who is weak and ill." "Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Riding Hood?" "At least another quarter of an hour from here, deep in the woods. Do you know the three big oaks? That's where her house is," said Little Red Riding Hood.

The wolf thought to himself, "This little girl would make a tasty treat, I mustn't let her get away." He walked alongside Little Red Riding Hood on the path for a bit, then he said to her, "Have you noticed how beautiful the flowers are in the woods, today, Little Red Riding Hood? Why don't you have a look around?" Little Red Riding Hood looked. The sun's rays were streaming through the trees, shining on the beautiful flowers all around her. "Grandmother would be so pleased to receive a bunch of such pretty flowers," Little Red Riding Hood thought to herself. She ran into the woods to pick some flowers.

The wolf then made straight for the grandmother's house and knocked on the door. "Who is it?" Grandmother called out. "It's Little Red Riding Hood," the wolf replied: "I've brought you some cake. Open the door!" "Come in," said Grandmother, "I'm weak and I can't get up." The wolf opened the door and went inside. He rushed straight into Grandmother's bedroom and gobbled her up in a single mouthful. Then he put on her clothes and bonnet, and lay in the bed.

Little Red Riding Hood eventually arrived at Grandmother's house and noticed that the door was wide open. Something felt strange when she went inside. She walked over to the bed and saw Grandmother with the covers pulled up around her and her bed hat pulled down over her face.

"Oh my goodness Grandmother, what big ears you have!" Little Red Riding Hood exclaimed. "All the better to hear with you with, darling!" came the reply. "Goodness Grandmother, what big eyes you have!" "All the better to see you with!" "Oh, Grandmother, what big hands you have!" "All the better to catch you with!" "Grandmother, what a big, scary mouth you have!" "All the better to eat you with!" And with that, the wolf sprang out of bed, pounced on Little Red Riding Hood and ate her up. Belly full, the wolf went back to bed, fell asleep and started to snore loudly.

A woodcutter happened to be walking by at that very moment and thought to himself, "That's unusual for an old woman to be snoring so loudly. I'd better take a look. Perhaps I'd better take a look. He opened the door and went inside. When he got to the bed, he saw the wolf he had been hunting for many months. "That greedy wolf must've eaten the old lady," the woodcutter thought to himself, "but maybe I can still rescue her." He took out a pair of scissors and with two snips, cut open the wolf's belly and saw the little red hood shining out.



He made another two cuts and the little girl sprang out from inside the wolf. "That was so scary!" Little Red Riding Hood cried. "It was all dark inside the wolf's belly!" Straight after, Little Red Riding Hood's Grandmother also emerged.

Little Red Riding Hood went to fetch some large stones and used them to fill the wolf's belly. When the wolf woke up, he tried to run away but the stones were so heavy he dropped to the ground, dead.

The woodcutter, Grandmother, and Little Red Riding Hood were all overjoyed. Little Red Riding Hood thought to herself, "I'll never run through the woods alone again or stray from the path, when Mother tells me not to."

Hansel and Gretel

On the edge of a large forest lived a poor widowed woodcutter with his two children: Hansel and Gretel.

The woodcutter was so poor, he didn't have enough money to buy food for his children. One night, his new wife said to him, "If you don't want us all to starve, give the children a piece of bread and take them into the forest. Then start a fire and leave them there." The woodcutter initially refused to abandon his children, but his wife was so insistent, in the end, she managed to persuade him. The next morning, the children were given their pieces of bread and taken into the forest. Their father and stepmother started a fire and left the two children alone, telling them they were going away to cut more wood and would return for them later. A whole day went by and nobody returned for the poor children. Hansel comforted Gretel, "Don't worry, dear Gretel. The moon is shining so bright I can see the breadcrumbs I threw down on the ground as we walked. They'll lead us back home." But when Hansel looked for the breadcrumbs, he couldn't find them. The birds in the forest had eaten them all up. Before long, the two children were completely lost. After a while, they came upon a house made of marzipan, deep in the forest, made with windows of sparkly sugar. "Let's sit here and eat our fill," said Hansel. "I will eat a piece of the roof, Gretel, and you can eat a piece of the window, it'll be much sweeter." When Gretel started to nibble at the sugar, a voice shrilled from inside, "Who is that eating my house?" The children were so frightened, they dropped the food in their hands. The old woman shook her head and said, "Ah, dear children, where have you come from? Come inside, you are most welcome in my home." The old woman led them inside, gave them a hearty meal of milk, pancakes, apples and nuts, before making up two pristine white beds for them. Hansel and Gretel fell happily asleep.

The old woman was actually a wicked witch who lay in wait for any children passing by. She had built her house of marzipan to tempt them. Any unlucky children falling into her hands would be killed, cooked, and eaten. It would be a real celebration for the witch and she was delighted that Hansel and Gretel had stumbled across her house that day.

The old witch rose early in the morning, before the children had awoken. She went over to their beds, grabbed Hansel and locked him in a cage. Then she shook Gretel awake and shouted, "Get up! Your brother is in a cage and I want to fatten him up to eat him. You must feed him." Gretel was afraid and cried, but had no choice but to do the witch's bidding.

One evening, four weeks later, the witch said to Gretel, "Go and fetch some water, quickly, tomorrow I am going to cook your brother." Gretel burst into tears in the kitchen. "It would have been better if a ferocious beast in the forest had eaten us," she thought. "At least I wouldn't have to bear this pain. God help us!" The old woman was baking bread. "Gretel, come here at once!" she said. When Gretel reached her, the old woman said, "Check the bread in the oven, I need to know if it is cooked properly; my eyes are weak and I can't see very well. I can push you further into the oven to see the bread better," she said. "I will shut her in the oven and eat her too," the wicked witch thought to herself. But Gretel had had an idea. "I don't know how to do it, please can you show me first. Sit on this board and I will push you in." The old woman sat down. She was very light and Gretel managed to push her inside and quickly slam the door of the oven shut. The old woman began to scream and howl from inside the scalding hot oven. But Gretel ran straight to Hansel, opened the door to his cage and shouted, "Come out, Hansel, we're free!" The two children were safe and cried tears of joy.



Cinderella

Once upon a time there was a rich man who, after the death of his first wife, married a very proud and evil woman. This woman had two daughters who resembled her in every way. The rich man had a daughter of his own who was good and sweet, and resembled her beloved mother.

The stepmother was envious of her husband's daughter and ordered that the girl should do all of the lowliest chores in the house. The poor girl suffered in silence and would sit quietly by the fireplace, in the cinders, when she finished her chores. Her two sisters nicknamed her 'Cinderella'.

One day, the king announced he would hold a great ball for his son, the prince, who wished to choose a wife for himself. The two sisters received invites and ordered Cinderella to prepare their dresses for the ball. Cinderella had to work hard to iron the linens and comb her sisters' hair, while all they could talk about was the clothes they would wear. Finally, the big day arrived. The two sisters went to the King's castle leaving poor Cinderella to cry at home. Cinderella's godmother saw her weeping and asked what was wrong. "I wish..." Cinderella began, "I truly wish..."

But she was sobbing so hard she couldn't speak. Her godmother, who was actually a fairy, said, "You wish that you could go the ball, don't you?" "Oh, yes!" Cinderella cried. "Well," replied the godmother, "if you are good, I will make it happen." She took her to her room and said, "Go into the garden and bring me a pumpkin." Cinderella rushed straight out to pick the most beautiful pumpkin she could find and took it to her godmother, unable to imagine what the pumpkin might be for.

The godmother scooped out the insides of the pumpkin, leaving only the skin. Then she tapped it several times with her magic wand to turn it into a golden carriage. The fairy then found some mice and lizards and, with another flourish of her wand, turned them into six beautiful horses, a coachman, and six servants. "Now you can go to the ball. Are you happy?" the fairy asked Cinderella. "Yes," she replied, "but how can I go in these old clothes?" The fairy tapped Cinderella with her magic wand and, in a flash, the girl's old rags became cloths of gold and silver, studded with diamonds. She also gave Cinderella a pair of glass slippers, the most beautiful shoes in the world. Cinderella climbed into the carriage and the fairy instructed her that she must return before midnight. If she stayed at the ball even a minute longer, the carriage would turn back into a pumpkin, the horses would become mice again, the servants lizards, and the dress more ragged than ever. Cinderella promised to be back by midnight and set off for the castle, happier than she had ever been in her life.

When he was informed of the arrival of a beautiful and unknown princess, the prince came to meet her. He held out a hand to help her from her carriage, and led her into the hall where all the other guests were assembled. A hush fell upon the hall and the music stopped: everyone was speechless before the beauty of the young lady, including her stepsisters, who did not recognise her. The prince led Cinderella to the seat of honour then took her hand, inviting her to dance. Cinderella danced with such grace the other guests were in awe of her. The night passed so quickly and before long, the clock struck a quarter to midnight.

Cinderella curtsied quickly and fled as fast as she could from the castle. In her haste, she left behind one of her glass slippers, which the prince retrieved.

The young man, who had already fallen in love with Cinderella, made it known that he intended to marry the young lady whose foot fit the slipper perfectly.



The slipper was tried on by princesses, duchesses, and the whole of the court, but none of the young ladies were able to fit a foot inside the shoe.

The slipper was brought to Cinderella's two stepsisters, who tried their best but could not force their feet into the glass slipper. Cinderella watched from afar and recognized the slipper as the one she'd lost. "Let me try!" she smiled. The two sisters burst out laughing and mocked their stepsister for her foolishness. The gentleman tasked by the Prince to find the owner of the shoe looked at Cinderella and noticed that she was very beautiful. He said that he had been ordered to ensure that every young lady tried on the slipper and asked Cinderella to sit down. He slipped the shoe effortlessly onto her foot.

The two sisters were dumbstruck, and became even more astonished when Cinderella produced the matching slipper and placed it on her other foot. Cinderella's fairy godmother had appeared by this time and, with a wave of her wand, she made Cinderella's clothes more beautiful than anything she had ever worn. The two sisters recognised her as the beautiful princess at the ball and threw themselves at her feet, begged her to forgive them for their cruelty. Cinderella told her sisters to get up and embraced them. She said she would happily forgive them and asked them to love her for ever. Then she went to the prince, who found her more beautiful than ever. They married before the week was out.

Puss in Boots

Once upon a time there was a miller who had three children, a donkey and a cat. When the miller died, the three sons shared out their inheritance: the mill went to the eldest son, the donkey to the second son, and the cat to the youngest son, because there was nothing else left. The youngest of the brothers grumbled sadly to himself: I came off worst of all – my eldest brother can grind, my other brother can ride the donkey, but what can I do with a cat? Should I make a nice pair of fur gloves out of him?

"Listen," said the cat, who had understood the miller's son, "I'm not worth killing for a pair of gloves: have a nice pair of boots made for me instead, so that I can travel around and be seen by people. It will be worth your while!" The miller's son marvelled at the talking cat, and as a shoemaker was passing by, he asked him to make the cat a pair of boots.

As soon as the boots were ready, the cat put them on and set out, walking upright, on two legs, just like a human.

At that time, there reigned a king who loved to eat partridges – but nobody could capture them for him. The cat set a trap: he opened a sack of grain in the forest and when the partridges hurried to peck at the grain, he pulled the string to trap them in the sack. Then, carrying the sack over his shoulder, he made his way to the king's castle. The cat introduced himself to the king and said, "My master, the Marquis of Maharajah, sends his greetings as well as these freshly caught partridges." The king was delighted with the gift and thanked the cat, before filling the sack with many gold coins. "Take this to your master," he instructed, "and thank him for his welcome gift."

The poor miller's son, who had stayed at home feeling lonely and sad, could not believe his eyes when he saw the cat return with a sack full of gold. "Now you have a small fortune," said the cat, "but we won't stop there. Tomorrow I will make you even richer."

The next day the cat put on his boots and set out again. He heard that the king was visiting a nearby lake with his daughter, the princess, and immediately rushed back to his master, begging him to come with him. "If you want to become a rich marquis, come with me to the lake and dive into the water!" the cat instructed. The young man did not understand at first but he obeyed the cat, undressed and jumped into the water. The cat hid his clothes behind a bush. The carriage carrying the king and the princess passed by at that moment and the cat cried out, "Your majesty! My master, the marquis, is in the water and cannot get out as his clothes have been stolen! Without clothes he is sure to freeze to death!" On hearing this, the king ordered his servants to bring a regal outfit. The marquis put on the clothes. The king remembered it had been the marquis who had sent the gift of partridges so invited him to climb into the royal carriage.

Meanwhile, the cat had run ahead to a large meadow where he asked the farmers who the meadow belonged to. "To the ogre sorcerer", they replied. "Listen," said the cat, "the king is about to go past: if he asks who this meadow belongs to, tell him that it is owned by the marquis, otherwise he will kill you all." With that, the cat ran ahead to a field of wheat where there were more than two hundred reapers. "Whose wheat field is this?" he asked. "It belongs to the ogre," the reapers replied. "The king's carriage is about to pass by. If he asks whose field this is, tell him that it belongs to the marquis, otherwise he will kill you all," the cat told them. Finally, the cat reached a magnificent wood where there were more than three hundred woodcutters.



"Whose wood is this?" the cat asked them. "It belongs to the ogre," replied the woodcutters.

"The king will soon pass by in his carriage. If he asks whose wood this is, tell him that it belongs to the marquis, otherwise he will kill you all," the cat instructed. Everyone was dumbstruck, and when the cat finally reached the ogre's castle, he entered full of cheer and spoke to the ogre. "It is said that you can turn yourself into any animal," he said: "Let me see if you can turn into an elephant." "Easy," replied the ogre, who changed himself into an elephant in the blink of an eye. "What about a lion?" asked the cat. "Done!" replied the ogre. "That's incredible," exclaimed the cat, "but what if you wanted to turn into a mouse, for example? Could you do it?" "Of course I can!" replied the ogre, who turned into a mouse and began scurrying around the room. The cat pounced on him and gobbled him up in a single bite.

Meanwhile, the king had spoken to all the people he had passed and had been admiring the land owned by the marquis. When he finally arrived at the ogre's castle, he found the cat waiting for him. "Your Majesty," the cat said, "you have arrived at the castle of my master, the marquis, who thanks you for your visit." The king and his daughter, the princess, climbed out of the carriage and marvelled at the magnificent palace and all of the marquis's property. They went up the stairs and into the hall. Here, the princess was promised in marriage to the marquis, who, after the death of his new wife's father, was crowned the new king, and Puss in Boots was named his prime minister.

The Four Musicians of Bremen

Once upon a time there was a man who owned a donkey that had always carried sacks of grain to the mill without ever complaining. But the donkey grew old and weak and his master began to think he should put the animal out of its misery. The donkey realised this and ran away. He took the road to Bremen, hoping to find work as a musician in the city. Along the way, he met a hunting dog panting in the middle of the road. "Hello Fido, what's wrong?" asked the donkey. "Ah," the dog replied, "My master wanted to abandon me, because I'm getting old and can't go hunting anymore so I ran away. But I don't know how I'll survive." "Come with me," said the donkey, "I'm going to Bremen to become a musician. I'll play the lute and you can play the trumpet." The dog agreed and the two new friends set off. They soon came across a sad-looking cat by the side of the road. "Why are you so sad?" the donkey asked the cat. "Well," the cat replied, "there's little to be cheerful about when your owner wants to skin you. I'm getting old and struggle to hunt mice, so my mistress was thinking about drowning me. I ran away but now I don't know what to do..." "Come with us to Bremen!" the donkey said. "You can join our troupe and sing." The cat agreed and set off with the donkey and the dog. The three companions soon arrived at a courtyard where a rooster was singing at the top of his voice. "Why are you singing so loud, rooster? What has happened to you?" the donkey asked. "The weather may be nice today, but my mistress told the cook that tomorrow she wants to eat me in a broth, and tonight they're going to break my neck... so I'm singing while I still can!" "Listen, rooster, why not come with us to Bremen? You can bring your voice with you and we'll even let you play the tambourine," said the donkey. The rooster was pleased with the offer and the four companions continued their journey. That evening, they decided to spend the night in a forest. The donkey and the dog settled under a tree, while the rooster and the cat slept in the branches. The rooster chose to go to the very top of the tree as it seemed the safest place for him. Looking out, he saw a light. "If there's a light," he thought, "there must also be a house." He informed his companions and they all headed off in the direction of the light. When they reached the house, the donkey went over to the window and peered inside. "What can I see? I can see a table laid with all sorts of delicious things and some highway robbers joking around. If only we could take their places!" said the donkey. After a brief confabulation, the four decided to try and chase the robbers away. It was decided that the donkey would place his front feet on the window, the dog would sit on his back, the cat would climb on top of the dog, and the rooster would fly up to perch on the cat's head. At the signal, they would begin to play their 'music': the donkey would bray, the dog would bark, the cat would meow and the rooster would sing. Then they would enter the house and the terrified robbers would get up and flee, thinking they'd seen a monster. The plan worked. The four friends sat at the table and quickly scooped everything on it. Then, tired from their journey, they each chose the bed that suited them best and fell asleep. The donkey lay down on the manure pile, the dog behind the door, the cat on the hearth, and the rooster on the beam of the roof. The robbers soon regretted leaving the house. Their chief ordered one of them to go back and take a look. He found the house shrouded in silence. On entering, he spotted the cat's eyes and mistook them for glowing embers. He held a lit match to them which the cat was not too happy about and immediately scratched the man's face.



Terrified, the robber tried to escape through the back door but before reaching it, he stumbled across the dog who jumped up and bit him. Fleeing through the courtyard, the robber went past the pile of manure and received a sharp kick from the donkey after which the rooster – startled by all the noise – crowed from his beam. The frightened robber fled back to his companions. "There's a hideous witch with sharp nails in that house and she scratched my face!" he told them. "A man armed with a knife stabbed my leg at the door and in the courtyard, a huge monster gave me a beating. Then a judge shouted down from the roof. "You scoundrel!" he said. What else could I do but run away as quickly as possible?" From that day on, the robbers never set foot again in the house and the animals made it their home.