Here there is a link to the presentation on Folk and Fairy tales used the 25.08.2016:

http://prezi.com/cnse76ewjxhm/?utm_campaign=share&utm_medium=copy

You can click on the arrows to watch it, but also move around and zoom in and out on specific items. I have also provided a PDF file in case you want to have a look at it offline.

Below you will find the folk/fairy tales that you dramatized in the classroom. These are links to the sites I took them from where you can read many more:

http://oaks.nvg.org/norwegian-folktales.html

http://sacred-texts.com/neu/ptn/index.htm
The Pancake

Once upon a time there was a good old woman who had seven hungry children. One day she was busy frying pancakes for them, and this time she had used fresh milk to make them. One was lying in the pan, frizzling away – ah! so beautiful and thick – it was a pleasure to look at it. The children were standing round the fire, and the husband sat in the corner and looked on. "Oh, give me a bit of pancake, mother, I am so hungry!" said one child.
"Ah, do! dear mother," said the second.
"Ah, do! dear, good mother," said the third.
"Ah, do! dear, good, kind mother," said the fourth.
"Ah, do! dear, good, kind, nice mother," said the fifth.
"Ah, do! dear, good, kind, nice, sweet mother," said the sixth.
"Ah, do! dear, good, kind, nice, sweet, darling mother," said the seventh. And so, they were all begging for pancakes, the one more prettily than the other, because they were so hungry, and such good little children.
"Yes, children dear, wait a bit until it turns itself," she answered – she ought to have said "until I turn it" – "and then you shall all have pancakes, beautiful pancakes, made of fresh milk – only look how thick and happy it lies there."

When the pancake heard this, it got frightened, and all of a sudden, it turned itself and wanted to get out of the pan, but it fell down in it again on the other side, and when it had been fried a little on that side too, it felt a little stronger, jumped out on the floor, and rolled away, like a wheel, right through the door and down the road.
"Hey!" cried the good wife, and away she ran after it, with the frying pan in one hand and the spoon in the other, as fast as she could, and the children behind her, while the husband came limping after, last of all.
"Heeey, won't you stop? Catch it, stop it. Halloo there!" they all screamed, the one louder than the other, trying to catch it on the run, but the pancake rolled and rolled, and before long, it was so far ahead, that they could not see it, for the pancake was much smarter on its 'legs' than any of them.
When it had rolled a time, it met a man.
"Good-day, pancake!" said the man.
"Hullo, Manny Panny," said the pancake.
"Dear pancake," said the man, "don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you."
"I have run away from Goody Poody and the husband and seven squalling children, so I must run away from you too, Manny Panny," said the pancake, and rolled on and on, until it met a hen.

"Good day, pancake," said the hen.

"Good day, Henny Penny," said the pancake.

"My dear pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the hen.

"I have run away from Goody Poody and the husband and seven squalling children, and from Manny Panny, so I must run away from you too, Henny Penny," said the pancake, and rolled on like a wheel down the road. Then it met a cock.

"Good-day, pancake," said the cock.

"Good-day, Cocky Locky," said the pancake.

"My dear pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the cock.

"I have run away from Goody Poody and the husband and seven squalling children, from Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, so I must run away from you too, Cocky Locky," said the pancake, and rolled and rolled on as fast as it could. When it had rolled a long time, it met a duck.

"Good-day, pancake," said the duck.

"Good-day, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake.

"My dear pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the duck.

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the husband and seven squalling children, from Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, I must run away from you too, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake, and with that it fell to rolling and rolling as fast as ever it could. When it had rolled a long, long time, it met a goose.

"Good-day, pancake," said the goose.

"Good-day, Goosey Poosey," said the pancake.

"My dear pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the goose.

"I have run away from Goody Poody and the husband and seven squalling children, from Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky, so I must run away from you too, Goosey Poosey," said the pancake, and away it rolled. So when it had rolled a long, very long time, it met a gander.

"Good-day, pancake," said the gander.

"Good-day, Gander Pander," said the pancake.

"My dear pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the gander.
"I have run away from Goody Poody and the husband and seven squalling children, from Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Poosey, so I must run away from you too, Gander Pander," said the pancake, and rolled and rolled as fast as it could. When it had rolled on a long, long time, it met a pig.

"Good-day, pancake," said the pig.

"Good-day, Piggy Wiggy," said the pancake, and began to roll on faster than ever. Nay, wait a bit," said the pig, "you needn't be in such a hurry-scurry; we two can walk quietly together and keep each other company through the wood, because they say it isn't very safe there."

The pancake thought there might be something in that, and so they walked together through the wood; but when they had gone some distance, they came to a brook. The pig was so fat it wasn't much trouble for him to swim across, but the pancake couldn't get over.

"Sit on my snout," said the pig, "and I will ferry you over."

The pancake did so.

"Ouf, ouf," grunted the pig, and swallowed the pancake in one gulp, and as the pancake couldn't get any farther – well, you see we can't go on with this story any farther, either.
The Husband Who Was to Mind the House

Once upon a time there was a man, so grumpy and cross, he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So one evening, he came home, scolding and swearing and showing his teeth and making a fuss.

"Dear love, don't be so angry; there's a good man," said his good wife; "tomorrow let's change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home."

Yes, the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So, early next morning, his goody took a scythe over her neck, and went out into the hay-field with the mowers and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house, and do the work at home.

First of all he wanted to churn the butter; but when he had churned a while, he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. So, just when he had knocked in the cork, and was putting the tap into the cask, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen. Then off he ran up the cellar steps, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn; but when he got up, and saw the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there, routing and grunting amongst the cream which was running all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale-barrel, and ran at the pig, as hard as he could. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot. Then all at once he remembered he had the tap in his hand; but when he got down to the cellar, every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for butter they must have at dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the byre, and hadn't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought 'twas too far to take her down to the meadow, so he'd just get her up on the house-top – for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep down, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back he'd easily get the cow up.

But still he couldn't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor, and "if I leave it," he thought, "the child will mess with it." So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought, he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch; so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but, as he stooped
down at the well's brink, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner-time, and he hadn't even got the butter yet; so he thought he'd best boil the porridge, and filled the pot with water, and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or her neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round his own thigh; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the house top after all, and as she fell, she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung, half-way down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get down nor up.

And now the good wife had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call them home to dinner; but never a call they had. At last she thought she'd waited long enough, and went home. But when she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney; and so when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge-pot.
AshLad (Askeladden) who had an Eating Match with the Troll

There was once a farmer who had three sons. He was poor and old and feeble, and his sons wouldn't turn their hands to a thing. To the farm belonged a large, good forest, and there the father wanted the boys to chop wood and see about paying off some of the debt. At last he got them around to his way of thinking, and the eldest was to go out chipping first. When he had made his way into the forest, and had started chopping a shaggy fir tree, a big, burly Troll came up to him. "If you're chopping in my forest, I'm going to kill you!" said the Troll. When the boy heard that, he flung aside the ax and headed for home again as best he could. He got home clean out of breath, and told them what had happened to him. But his father said he was chicken-hearted. The Trolls had never scared him from chopping wood when he was young, he said. On the next day the second son was to set out, and he fared just like the first. When he had struck the fir tree a few blows with his ax, the Troll came up to him, too, and said, "If you're chopping in my forest, I'm going to kill you!" The boy hardly dared look at him. He flung aside the ax and took to his heels just like his brother, and just as fast. When he came home again, his father became angry and said that the Trolls had never scared him when he was young. On the third day Askeladden wanted to set out. "You?" said the two eldest. "You'll certainly manage it - you who've never been beyond the front door!" He didn't say much to that, but just asked for a big a lunch as possible to take with him. His mother hung the cauldron over the fire to curdle a little cheese for him. This he put in his knapsack, and set out on his way. When he had been chopping for a little while, the Troll came to him and said: "If you're chopping in my forest, I'm going to kill you!" But the boy wasn't slow. He ran over to the knapsack to get the cheese, and squeezed it till the whey spurted. "If you don't hold your tongue," he shrieked to the Troll, "I'll squeeze you the way I'm squeezing the water out of this white stone!" "Nay, dear fellow! Spare me!" said the Troll. "I'll help you to chop!"

Well, on that condition the boy would spare him, and the Troll was clever at chopping, so they managed to fell and cut many cords of wood during the day. As evening was drawing night, the Troll said, "Now you can come home with me. My house is closer than yours." Well, the boy went along, and when they came to the Troll's home, he was to make up the fire in the hearth, while the boy was to fetch water for the porridge pot. But the two iron buckets were so big and heavy that he couldn't so much as budge them. So the boy said, "It's not worth
taking along these thimbles. I'm going after the whole well, I am!" "Nay, my dear fellow," said the Troll. "I can't lose my well. You make the fire and I'll go after the water." When he came back with the water, they cooked up a huge pot of porridge. "If it's the same to you," said the boy, "let's have an eating match!" "Oh, yes! Replied the Troll, for at that he felt he could always hold his own. Well, they sat down at the table, but the boy stole over and took the knapsack and tied it in the front of him, and he dropped more food into the knapsack than he ate himself. When the knapsack was full, he took up his knife and cut it. The Troll looked at him, but didn't say anything. When they had eaten a good while longer, the Troll put down his spoon. "'Nay! Now I can't manage any more!' he said "You must eat!" said the boy. "I'm barely half full yet. Do as I did and cut a hole in your stomach, then you can eat as much as you wish!" "But doesn't that hurt dreadfully?" asked the Troll. "Oh, nothing to speak of," replied the boy. So the Troll did as the boy said, and then, you might know, that was the end of him. But the boy took all the silver and gold to be found in the mountain, and went home with it. With that he could at least pay off some of the debt.
East of the Sun and West of the Moon

(Abridged)

Once upon a time there was a poor peasant who had many children but the prettiest was the youngest daughter, who was so lovely there was no end to her loveliness.

One day the weather was wild and rough outside, and suddenly, something gave three taps on the window. Outside, what should he see but a great big white bear.

"Good evening to you," said the white bear.

"The same to you," said the man.

"Will you give me your youngest daughter? If you will, I'll make you as rich as you are now poor," said the bear.

Well, the man would not be at all sorry to be so rich; but still he thought he must have a bit of a talk with his daughter first. The girl said "No!" outright. Nothing could get her to say anything else; so the man went out and settled it with the white bear, that he should come again and get an answer. Meantime he managed to convince his daughter talking about all the riches they would get.

When the white bear came to fetch her she got on his back and off they went.

"Just hold tight to my shaggy coat, and there's nothing to be afraid of," said the bear.

She rode a long, long way, until they came to a large steep cliff. The white bear knocked on it. A door opened, and they came into a castle, where there were many rooms all lit up; rooms gleaming with silver and gold. Further, there was a table set there, and it was all as grand as grand could be. Then the white bear gave her a silver bell; and when she wanted anything, she only had to ring it, and she would get it at once.

She ate a great meal and rang her bell when she was tired and found herself in a wonderful room. After she had gone to bed, and put out the light, a man came and laid himself alongside her. It was the white bear, who cast off his pelt at night, but in the morning he was off.

She lived happily many months but after a while, she started to feel homesick. She asked the bear to allow her to see her family.

"You can," he said, "but promise me that you won't talk alone to your mother". She promised and the bear took her to the beautiful house where her family lived now.
They were very happy and she said she was too without revealing the bear’s secret. After dinner, her mother came to talk to her. She tried to avoid her but finally her mother got to her at last and she told her about the mysterious man.

"Oh dear," said her mother; "it may well be a troll you are sleeping with! I'll give you a candle, which you can carry home in your bosom; just light it while he is asleep, but be careful not to drop any tallow on him."

She took the candle, and that evening the white bear came and took her away.

When she reached home, and had gone to bed, it was the same as before. A man came and lay down beside her; but in the middle of the night, when she heard that he was fast asleep, she got up and lit the candle. She let the light shine on him, and saw that he was the most handsome prince one ever set eyes on. She fell so deeply in love with him, that she thought she couldn't live if she didn't give him a kiss at once. And so she did, but as she kissed him she let three drops of hot tallow drip onto his shirt, and he woke up.

"What have you done?" he cried; "now you have made us both unlucky, for had you held out only this one year, I would have been free! I have a stepmother who has bewitched me, so that I am a white bear by day, and a man by night. But now all ties are broken between us. Now I must leave you for her. She lives in a castle east of the sun and west of the moon, and there, too, is a princess, one with a nose three yards long, and now I will have to marry her."

She cried and grieved, but there was no help for it; he had to go.

She could only look for him, but there was no way leading to the place. It lay east of the sun and west of the moon, and she'd never find her way there.

The next morning, when she woke up, both the prince and the castle were gone, and she cried until she was tired. Then, she set out on her way, and walked many, many days, until she found an old woman holding a golden apple. The girl asked her if she knew the way to the prince, who lived with his stepmother in the castle east of the sun and west of the moon.

"So, so; it's you, is it, the girl who should have had him?" said the old woman. "Well, all I know about him is, that he lives in the castle east of the sun and west of the moon, and that you'll get there too late or never; but still you may borrow my horse, and you can ride him to my next neighbor. Maybe she'll be able to tell you; and when you get there just give the horse a switch under the left ear, and beg him to be off home. And you can take this golden apple along with you."

So she got on the horse, and rode a long, long time, until she met another old woman, with a golden carding comb. The girl asked her if she knew the way to the castle that lay east of the
sun and west of the moon, and she answered, like the first old woman, that she knew nothing about it, except that it was east of the sun and west of the moon.

"And you'll get there too late or never; but you can borrow my horse to my next neighbor; maybe she'll tell you all about it; and when you get there, just switch the horse under the left ear, and beg him to be off for home."

This old woman gave her the golden carding comb; she might find some use for it, she said. So the girl got up on the horse, and again rode a long, long way. At last she met another old woman, spinning with a golden spinning wheel. She asked her, as well, if she knew the way to the prince, and where the castle was that lay east of the sun and west of the moon.

But she didn't know the way any better than the other two. "but I'll lend you my horse, and then I think you'd best ride to the east wind and ask him. When you get to him, just give the horse a switch under the left ear, and he'll trot home by himself."

She too gave her her golden spinning wheel. "Maybe you'll find a use for it," said the old woman.

She rode many weary days, before she got to the east wind's house. Yes, the east wind had often heard tell of the prince and the castle, but he didn't know the way there, for he had never blown so far. "May be my brother the west wind knows, for he's much stronger. If you will just get on my back I'll carry you there." He didn’t but took her to the south wind’s house, who didn’t know either, but took her to the north wind’s house.

When they reached the north wind's house he was so wild and cross: “what do you want?” he roared at them from afar, so that it struck them with an icy shiver.

“Here is the girl”, the south wind said, “who was supposed to have had the prince who lives in the castle that lies east of the sun and west of the moon, and now she wants to ask you to show her the way, for she wants so much to find him again.”

“If you really wish to go there, and aren't afraid to come along with me, I'll take you on my back and see if I can blow you there."

Yes, with all her heart, she wasn’t afraid.

The next morning the north wind blew himself out, and made himself so stout and big, that he was gruesome to look at. Off they went high up through the air while on earth there was a terrible storm.

Finally the north wind managed to throw her up on the shore under the windows of the castle which lay east of the sun and west of the moon. But then he was so weak and worn out, that he had to stay there and rest many days before he could go home again.
The next morning the girl sat down under the castle window, and began to play with the golden apple. The first person she saw was the long-nosed princess who was to have the prince.

"What do you want for your golden apple, you girl?" said the long-nosed one, as she opened the window.

"It's not for sale, for gold or money," said the girl “you can only have it, if I may get to the prince, who lives here, and be with him tonight”. Yes, that could be done. So the princess took the golden apple; but when the girl came up to the prince's bedroom that night, he was fast asleep because the evil princess had given him a potion. She called him and shook him, and cried and grieved, but she could not wake him up. The next morning, as soon as day broke, the princess with the long nose came and drove her out.

That day she sat down under the castle windows and began to card with her golden carding comb, and the same thing happened. But when she went to his room she found him fast asleep again, and however much she called, and shook, and cried, and prayed, she couldn't get life into him.

The third day the girl sat down outside under the castle window and began to spin with her golden spinning wheel, and the princess with the long nose wanted to have it as well and the same thing happened.

But now you must know that there were some Christians who had been taken there, and while they were sitting in their room, which was next to the prince's, they had heard how a woman had been in there, crying, praying, and calling to him for two nights in a row, and they told this to the prince.

So that evening, when the princess came with a sleeping potion, the prince pretended to drink it, but threw it over his shoulder, for he could guess it was a sleeping potion. So, when the girl came in, she found the prince wide awake, and then she told him the whole story of how she had come there.

"Ah," said the prince, "you've come in the very nick of time, tomorrow is the wedding and you are the only woman in the world who can set me free. I'll say that I want to see what my wife is fit for, and beg her to wash the shirt which has the three spots of tallow on it. Only Christians, and not such a pack of trolls, can wash them out again. I'll say that I will marry only the woman who can wash them out, and ask you to try it."

So there was great joy and love between them all the night. And the next day the prince told his condition to the future wife:
"I've got a fine shirt which I'd like for my wedding shirt, but it got three spots of tallow on it, which I must have washed out. I have sworn to marry only the woman who is able to do that" And the one with the long nose began to wash away as hard as she could, but the more she rubbed and scrubbed, the bigger the spots grew. Her mother tried but it worse and worse. "Ah!" said the prince, "you can't wash. Why there, outside, sits a beggar girl, I'll bet she knows how to wash better than the whole lot of you. Come in, girl!" he shouted. She came in. "Can you wash this shirt clean, girl, you?" he said. "I don't know," she said, "but I think I can." And almost before she had taken it and dipped it into the water, it was as white as driven snow, and whiter still. "Yes, you are the girl for me," said the prince. At that the old troll woman flew into such a rage, she exploded on the spot, and the princess with the long nose after her, and the whole pack of trolls after her -- at least I've never heard a word about them since. As for the prince and princess, they set free all the poor Christians who had been captured and shut up there; and they took with them all the silver and gold, and flew away as far as they could from the castle that lay east of the sun and west of the moon.
THE ASHLAD AND THE BEASTS

Once upon a time there was a man who had an only son, but he lived in need and wretchedness, and when he lay on his deathbed, he told his son he had nothing in the world but a sword, a bit of coarse linen, and a few crusts of bread. That was all he had to leave him.

Well, when the man was dead, the lad made up his mind to go out into the world to try his luck; so he took the sword, and took the crusts and laid them in the bit of linen for his trip. The way he went took him over a high moor, and when he had got up so high that he could look over the country, he set his eyes on a lion, a falcon, and an ant who stood there quarrelling over a dead horse. The lad was very afraid when he saw the lion, but the lion called out to him and said he must come and settle the strife between them and share the horse so that each should get what he ought to have.

So the lad took his sword and shared the horse as well as he could. To the lion he gave the carcass and the greater portion; the falcon got some of the entrails and other tit-bits; and the ant got the head.

When he had done, he said, "Now I think it is fairly shared. The lion shall have most, because he is biggest and strongest; the falcon shall have the best, because he is nice and dainty; and the ant shall have the skull, because he loves to creep about in holes and crannies."

Yes, they were all well pleased with his sharing; and so they asked him what he would like to have for sharing the horse so well.

"Oh," he said, "if I have done you a service, and you are pleased with it, I am also pleased; but I won't be paid."

Yes; but he must have something, they said.

"If you won't have anything else," said the lion, "you shall have three wishes."

But the lad knew not what to wish for; and so the lion asked him if he wouldn't wish that he might be able to turn himself into a lion; and the two others asked him if he wouldn't wish to be able to turn himself into a falcon and an ant. Yes, all that seemed to him good and right; and so he wished these three wishes.

Then he threw aside his sword and wallet, turned himself into a falcon, and began to fly. So he flew on and on, till he came over a great lake. But when he had almost flown.
across it he got so tired and sore on the wing he couldn't fly any longer; and as he saw a steep rock that rose out of the water, he perched on it and rested himself. He thought it a wondrous strong rock, and walked about it for a while; but when he had taken a good rest, he turned himself again into a little falcon and flew away till he came to the king's grange. There he perched on a tree, just outside the princess's windows. When she saw the falcon, she set her heart on catching it. So she lured it to her; and as soon as the falcon came under the casement she was ready, and, pop! she shut-to the window, and caught the bird, and put him into a cage.

In the night the lad turned himself into an ant and crept out of the cage, and then he turned himself into his own shape and went up and sat down by the princess's bed. Then she got so afraid that she fell to screeching out and awoke the king, who made into her room and asked whatever was the matter.

"Oh!" said the princess, "there is someone here."

But in a trice the lad became an ant, crept into the cage, and turned himself into a falcon. The king could see nothing for her to be afraid of; so he said to the princess it must have been the nightmare riding her. But he was hardly out of the door before it was the same story over again. The lad crept out of the cage as an ant, and then became his own self, and sat down by the bedside of the princess.

Then she screamed loud, and the king came again to see what was the matter.

"There is someone here," screamed the princess. But the lad crept into the cage again, and sat perched up there like a falcon. The king looked and hunted high and low; and when he could see nothing, he got cross that his rest was broken, and said it was all a trick of the princess.

"If you scream like that again," he said, "you shall soon know that your father is the king."

But for all that, the king's back was scarcely turned before the lad was by the princess's side again. This time she did not scream, although she was so afraid she did not know which way to turn.

So the lad asked why she was so afraid.

Didn't he know? She was promised to a hill-troll, and the very first time she came under bare sky he was to come and take her. So when the lad came she thought it was the hill-troll. And besides, every Thursday morning came a messenger from the hill-troll, and that was a dragon, to whom the king had to give nine fat pigs every time he
came. That was why the king had given it out that the man who could free him from the
dragon should have the princess and half the kingdom.
The lad said he would soon do that; and as soon as it was daybreak the princess went to
the king and said there was a man in there who would free him from the dragon and the
tax of pigs. As soon as the king heard that, he was very glad, for the dragon had eaten
up so many pigs that there would soon have been no more left in the whole kingdom. It
happened that day was just a Thursday morning, and so the lad strode off to the spot
where the dragon used to come to eat the pigs, and the shoeblack in the king's grange
showed him the way.
Yes, the dragon came, and he had nine heads, and he was so wild and wroth that fire
and flame flared out of his nostrils when he did not see his feast of pigs. He flew on the
lad as though he would gobble him up alive. But, pop! the boy turned himself into a
lion, and fought with the dragon, and tore one head off him after another. The dragon
was strong and spat fire and venom. But as the fight went on he hadn't more than one
head left, though that was the toughest. At last the lad got that torn off too, and then it
was all over with the dragon.
So the lad went to the king, and there was great joy all over the palace, and he was to
have the princess. But once as they were walking in the garden, the hill
troll came
flying at them himself, and caught up
the princess and flew away with her.
As for the lad, he turned himself into a falcon and followed them. But when he could
not see them anywhere, he remembered that wonderful rock in the lake, where he had
rested the first time he ever flew. So he settled there; and he turned himself into an ant
and crept down through a crack in the rock. So when he had crept about awhile, he
came to a door which was locked. But he knew a way how to get in, for he crept
through the keyhole, and what do you think he saw there? Why, a strange princess
combing the head of a hill-troll with three heads.
"I have come all right," said the lad to himself; for he had heard how the king had lost
two daughters before, whom the trolls had taken.
"Maybe I shall find the second also," he said to himself as he crept through the keyhole
of a second door. There sat a strange princess combing the hair of a hill troll with six
heads. He crept through a third keyhole still, and there sat the youngest princess
combing the hair of a hill-troll with nine heads. Then he crept up her leg and stung her,
and so she knew it was the lad who wished to talk to her. Then she begged leave of the hill-troll to go out.

When she came out the lad was himself again, and so he told her she must ask the hill-troll whether she would never get away and go home to her father. Then he turned himself into an ant and sat on her foot, and so the princess went into the house again, and fell to combing the hill-troll's hair.

So when she had done this awhile she fell a-thinking.

"You're forgetting to comb me," said the hill-troll. "What is it you're thinking of?"

"Oh, I am doubting whether I shall ever get away from this place and home to my father's grange," said the princess.

"Nay, nay, that you'll never do," said the hill troll; "not unless you can find the grain of sand which lies under the ninth tongue of the ninth head of the dragon to which your father paid tax; but no one will ever find that; for if that grain of sand came over the rock, all the hill-trolls would burst, and the rock itself would become a gilded palace, and the lake green meadows."

As soon as the lad heard that, he crept out through the keyholes and through the crack in the rock till he got outside. Then he turned himself into a falcon, and flew where the dragon lay. Then he hunted till he found the grain of sand under the ninth tongue of the ninth head, and flew off with it. But when he came to the lake he got tired, so tired that he had to sink down and perch on a stone by the strand. And just as he sat there he dozed and nodded for the twinkling of an eye; and meantime the grain of sand fell out of his bill down among the sand on the shore. He searched for it three days before he found it again. But as soon as he had found it he flew straight off to the steep rock with it, and dropped it down the crack. Then all the hill-trolls burst, and the rock was rent, and there stood a gilded castle, which was the grandest castle in all the world; and the lake became the loveliest fields and the greenest meads anyone ever saw.

They travelled back to the king's grange, and there arose, as you may fancy, joy and gladness. The lad and the youngest princess were to have one another; and they kept up the bridal feast over the whole kingdom for seven full weeks. And if they did not fare well, I only hope you may fare better still.