

Fairy Tales

classics known and new

2nd
GRADE

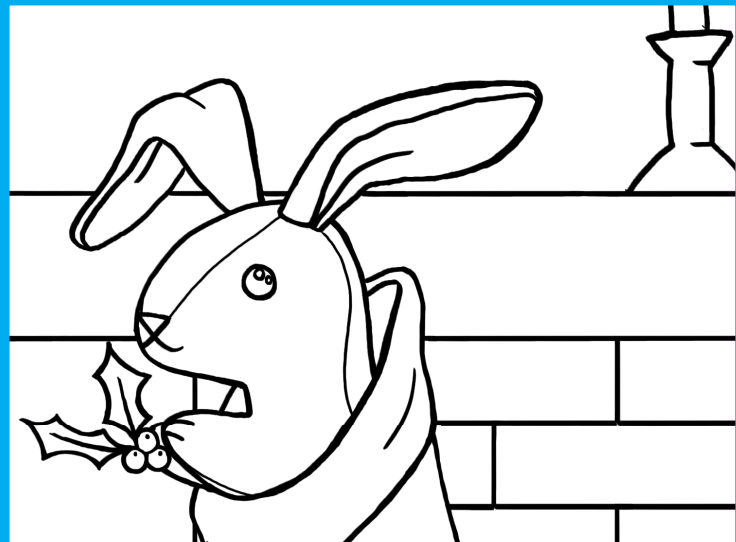
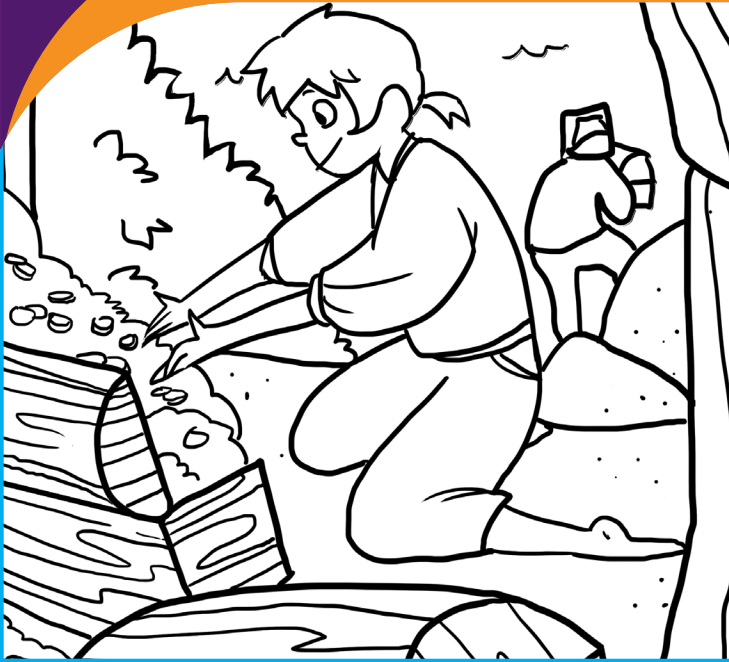


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Kasajizo



A Japanese Folktale

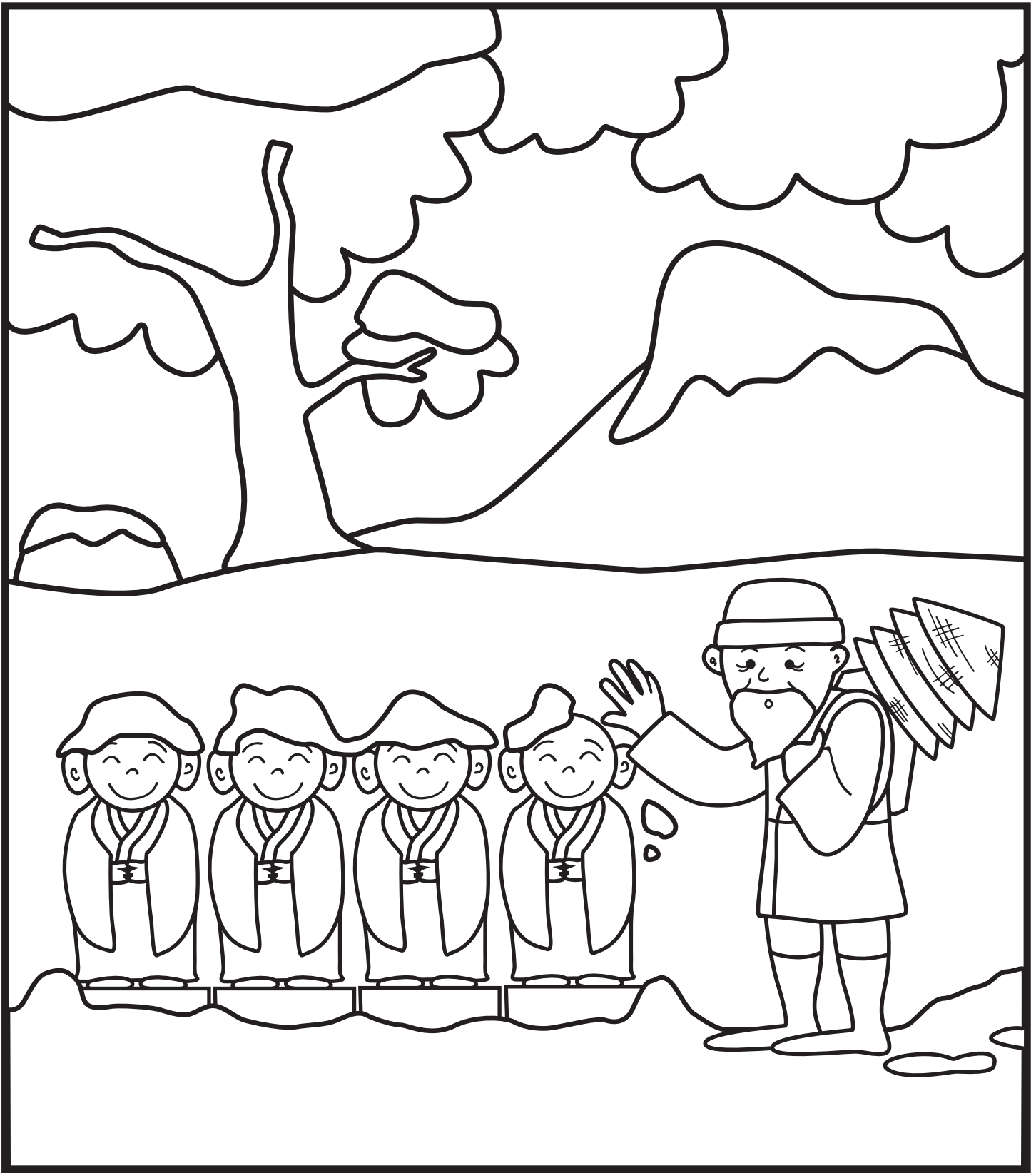
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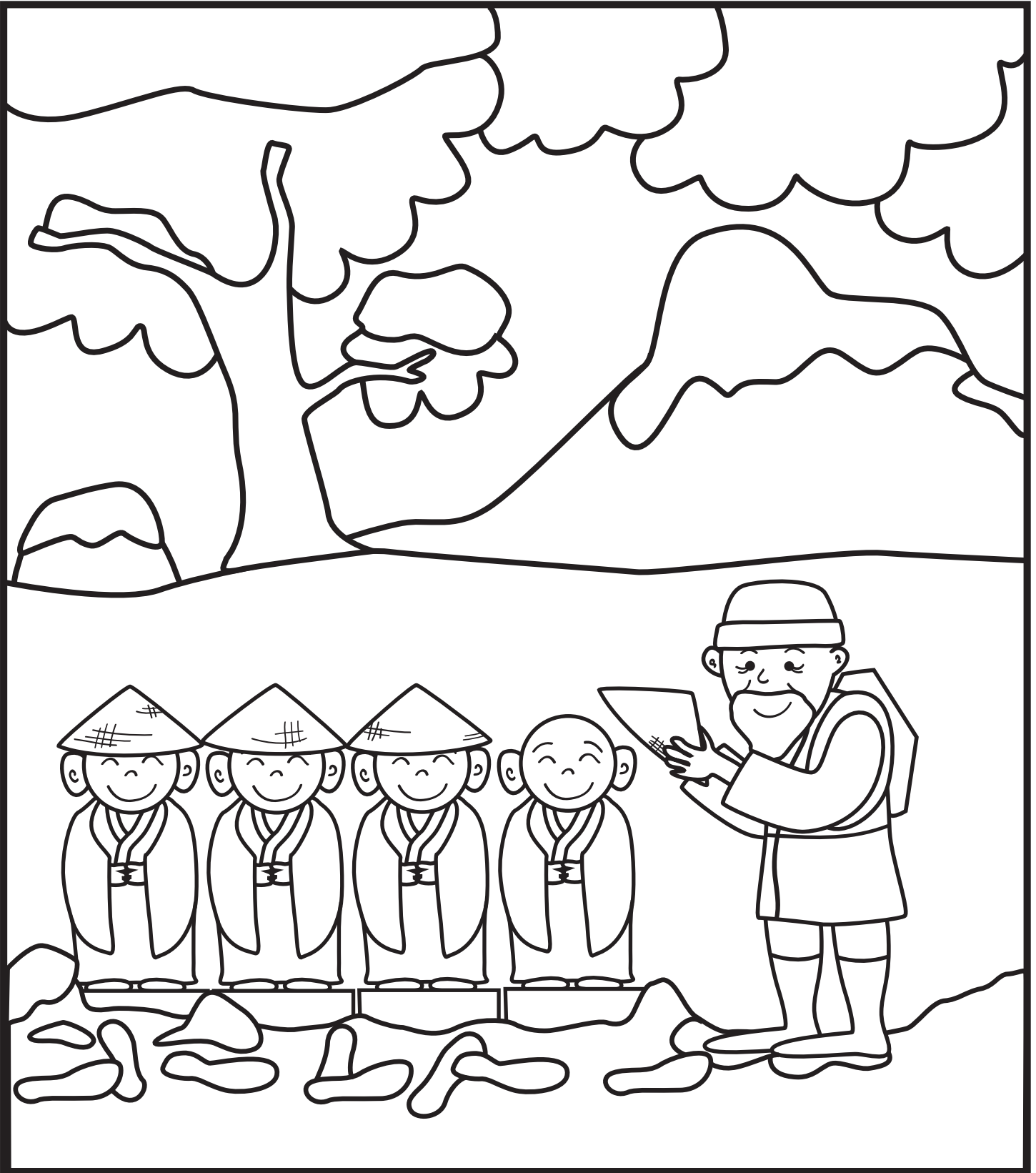
Once upon a time there was an old man and his wife who were so poor that they were nearly out of rice. It was almost New Year's day and the snow that covered the ground prevented them from gathering materials for weaving hats to sell for money. The mice in their house were hungry too so the old couple gave them the last of their rice.



The mice were so grateful that they gathered materials for the couple to make hats to sell.



On the way to town, the old man saw stone statues of Ojizo-sama, which are supposed to protect the people in the town. The old man noticed that their heads were covered in snow so he gently brushed the snow away.



He continued to town to sell his hats but no one bought any. He was disappointed and started to walk home. As he came upon the Ojizo-sama statues, he felt badly for not having something to give to them. Seeing that their heads were covered again in snow he decided to give the Ojizo-sama statues his hats.



The man returned home empty handed and told his wife and the mice what happened. They all agreed that it was a kind thing to do. Just then, they heard voices outside yelling, “Happy New Year!” They ran outside to see the Ojizo-sama statues with a sleigh full of food. The old man, his wife and the mice shared the food and celebrated the New Year.

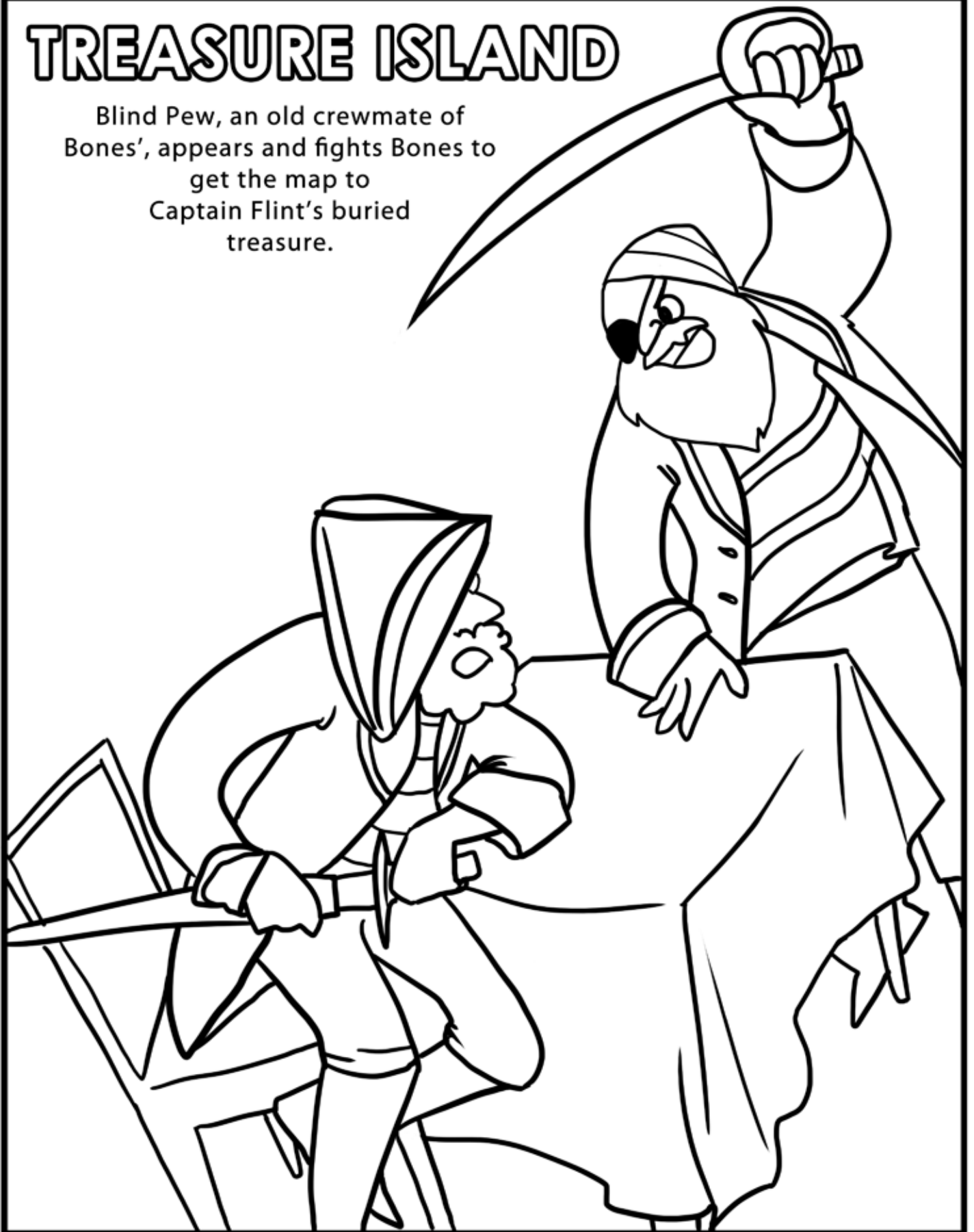
TREASURE ISLAND

Jim Hawkins meets Billy Bones who secretly tells him about the famous Captain Flint and his buried treasure. Bones warns him of a one-legged man.



TREASURE ISLAND

Blind Pew, an old crewmate of Bones', appears and fights Bones to get the map to Captain Flint's buried treasure.



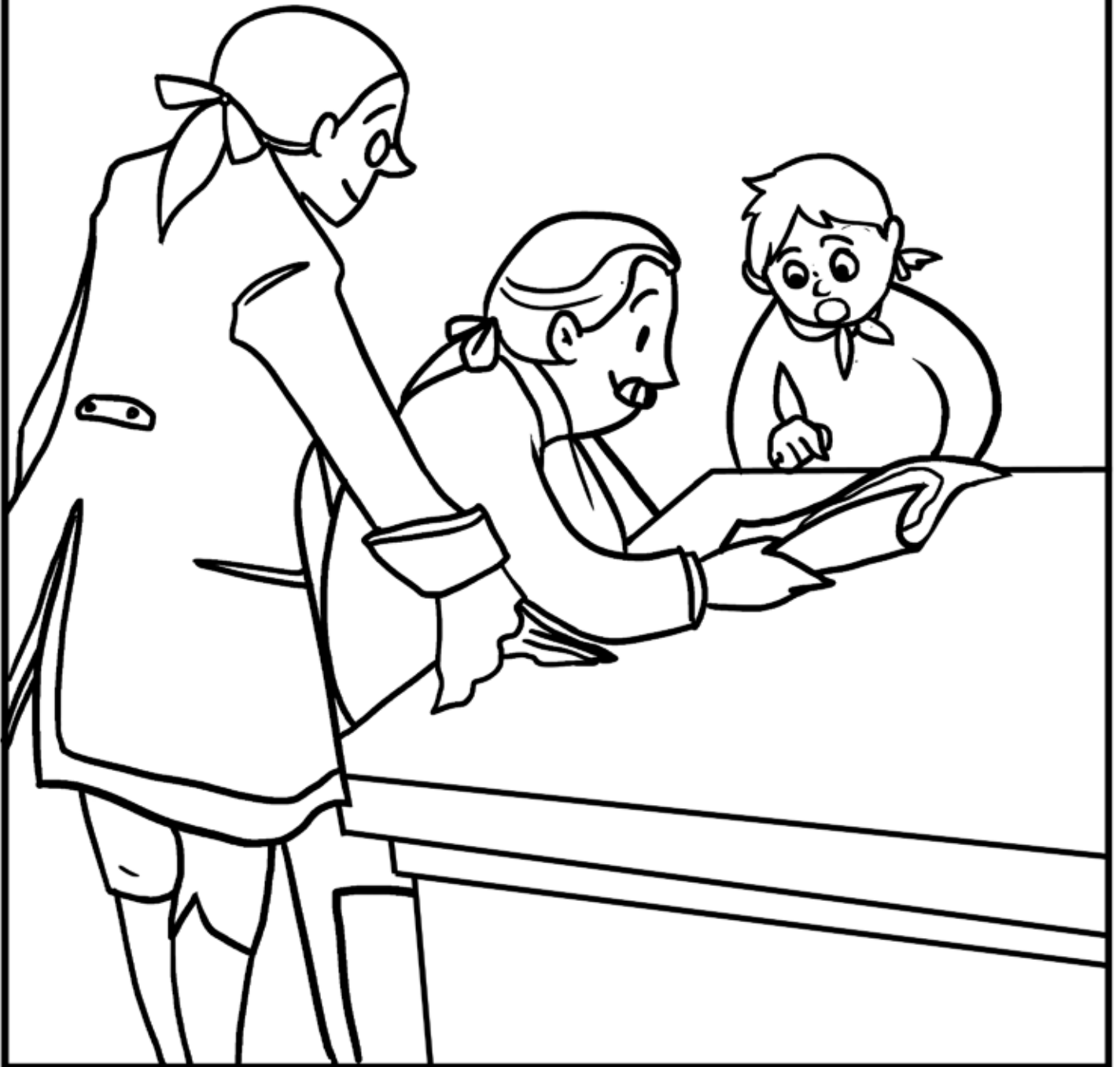
TREASURE ISLAND

Pirates attack the Hawkins' inn looking for Bones and the treasure map. However, Jim has already run away with the map.



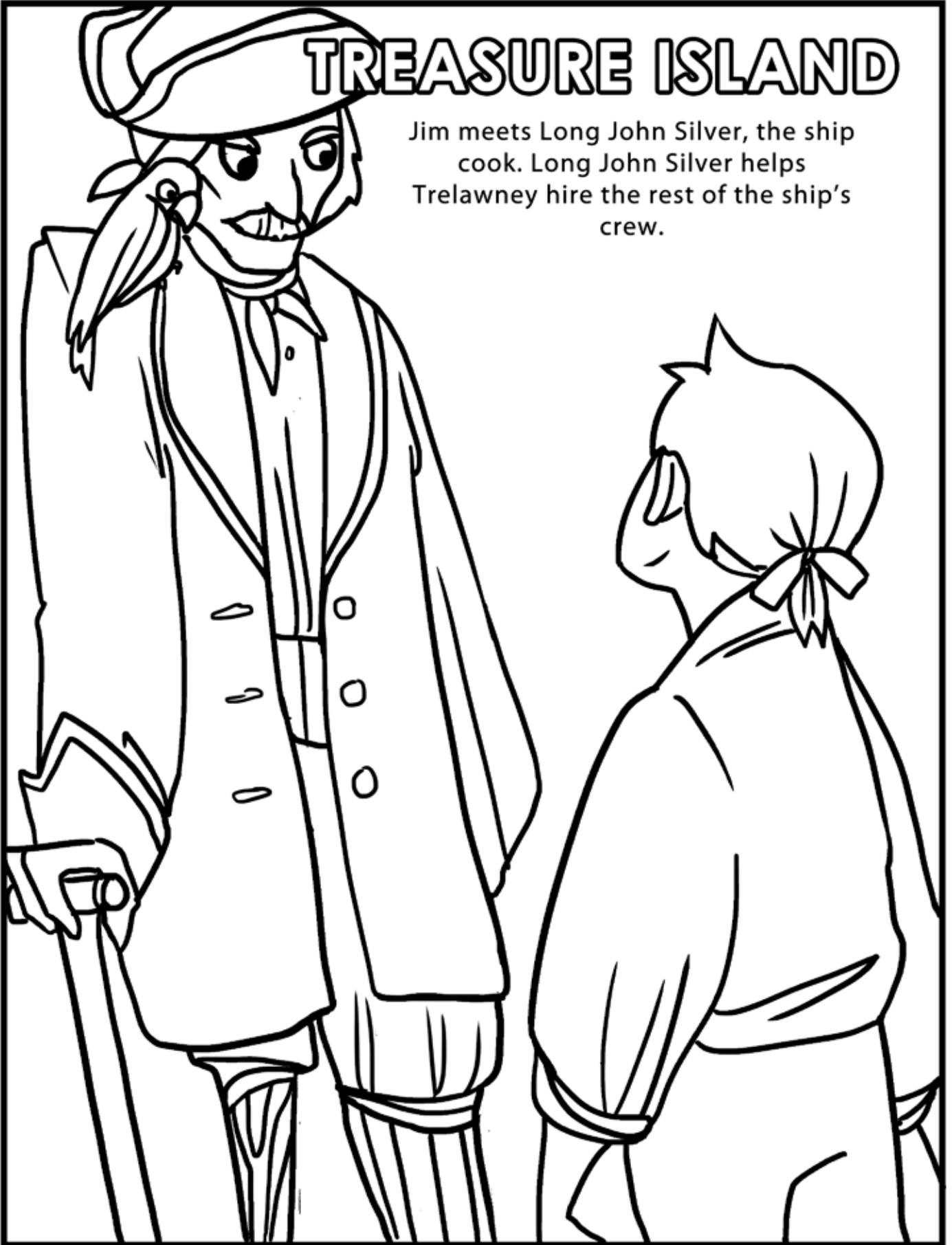
TREASURE ISLAND

Jim takes the map to Dr. Livesey. He, Squire Trelawney and Jim examine the map together. It shows the detailed location of Flint's treasure. Trelawney immediately wants to hunt the treasure down so they buy a ship and hire a crew.



TREASURE ISLAND

Jim meets Long John Silver, the ship cook. Long John Silver helps Trelawney hire the rest of the ship's crew.





TREASURE ISLAND

While onboard, Jim overhears some
of the crew planning a mutiny
to take the treasure.

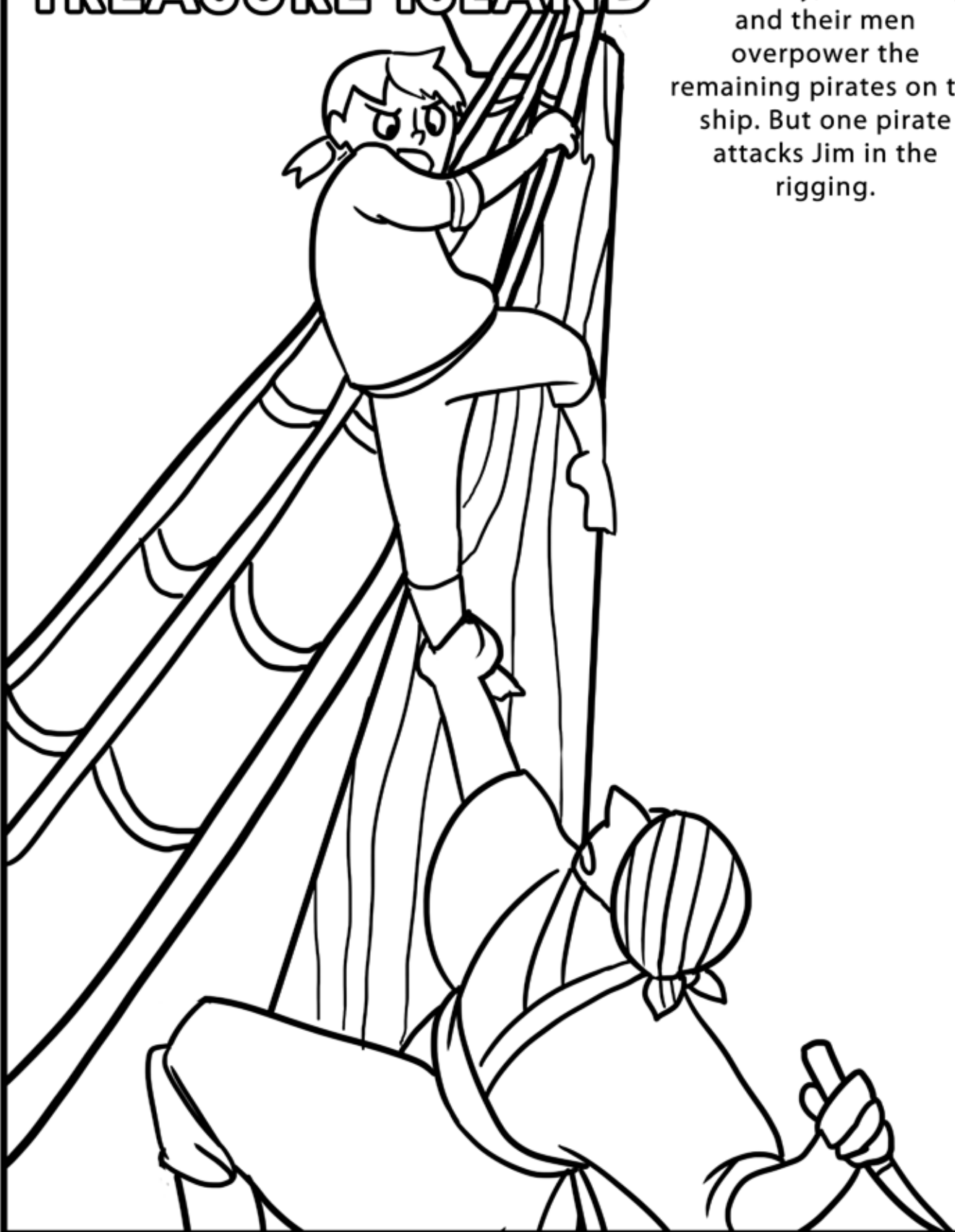


TREASURE ISLAND

When they reach Treasure Island most of Long John Silver's mutinous men go ashore first. Jim runs away and meets Ben Gunn. Ben Gunn had been left on the island by Captain Flint.

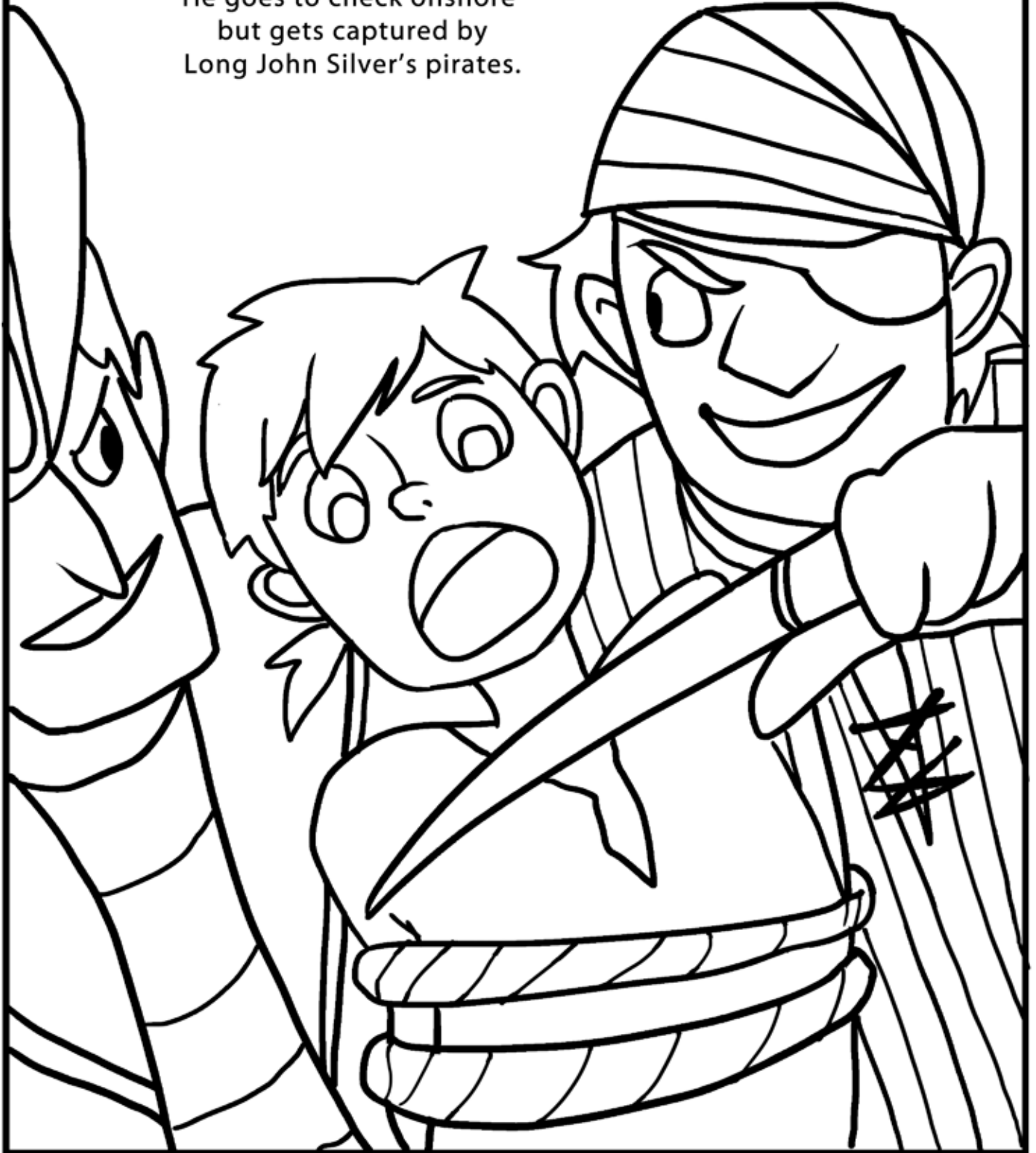
TREASURE ISLAND

Trelawney, Dr. Livesey and their men overpower the remaining pirates on the ship. But one pirate attacks Jim in the rigging.



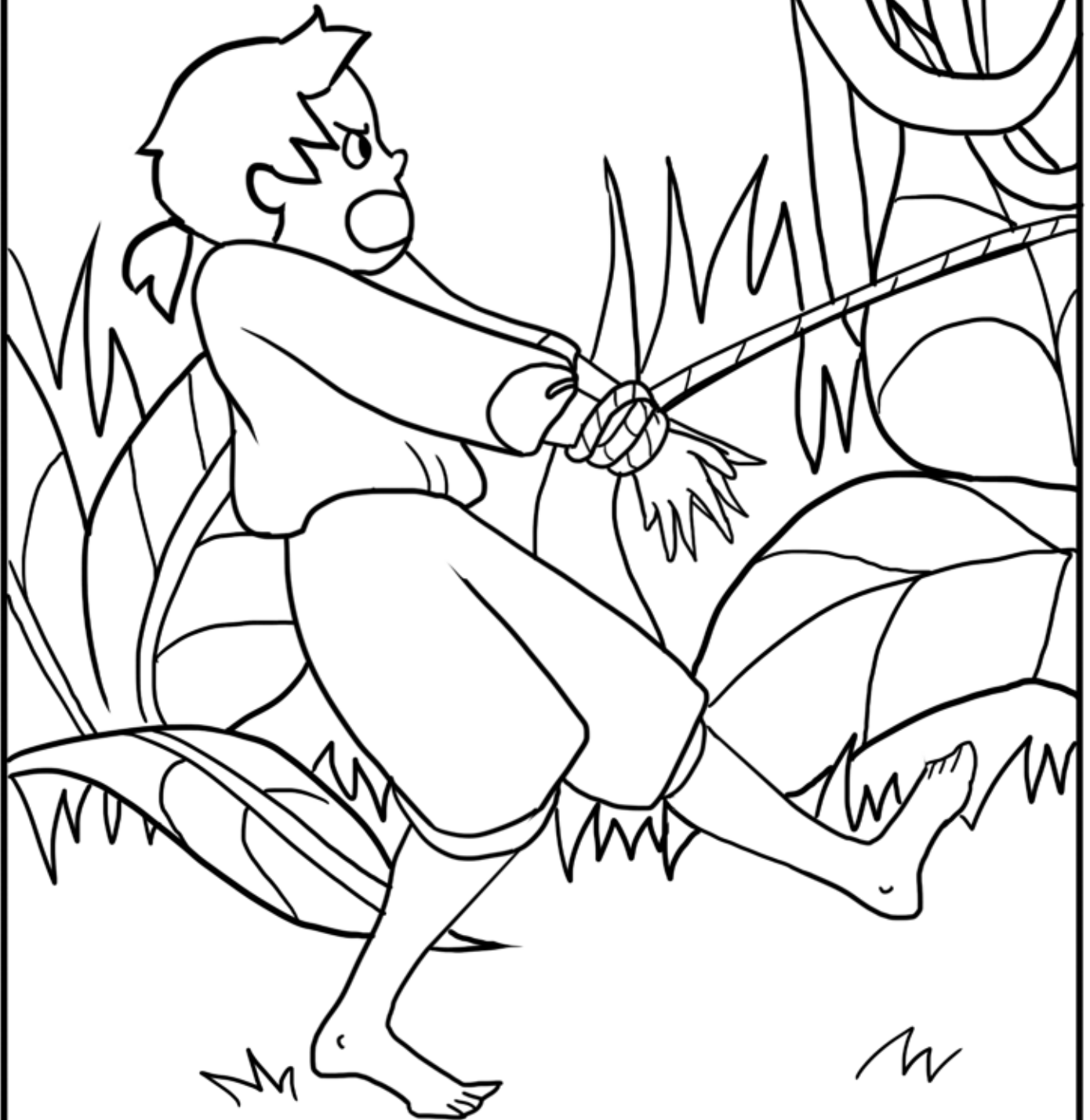
TREASURE ISLAND

Jim defeats the pirate in the rigging.
He goes to check onshore
but gets captured by
Long John Silver's pirates.



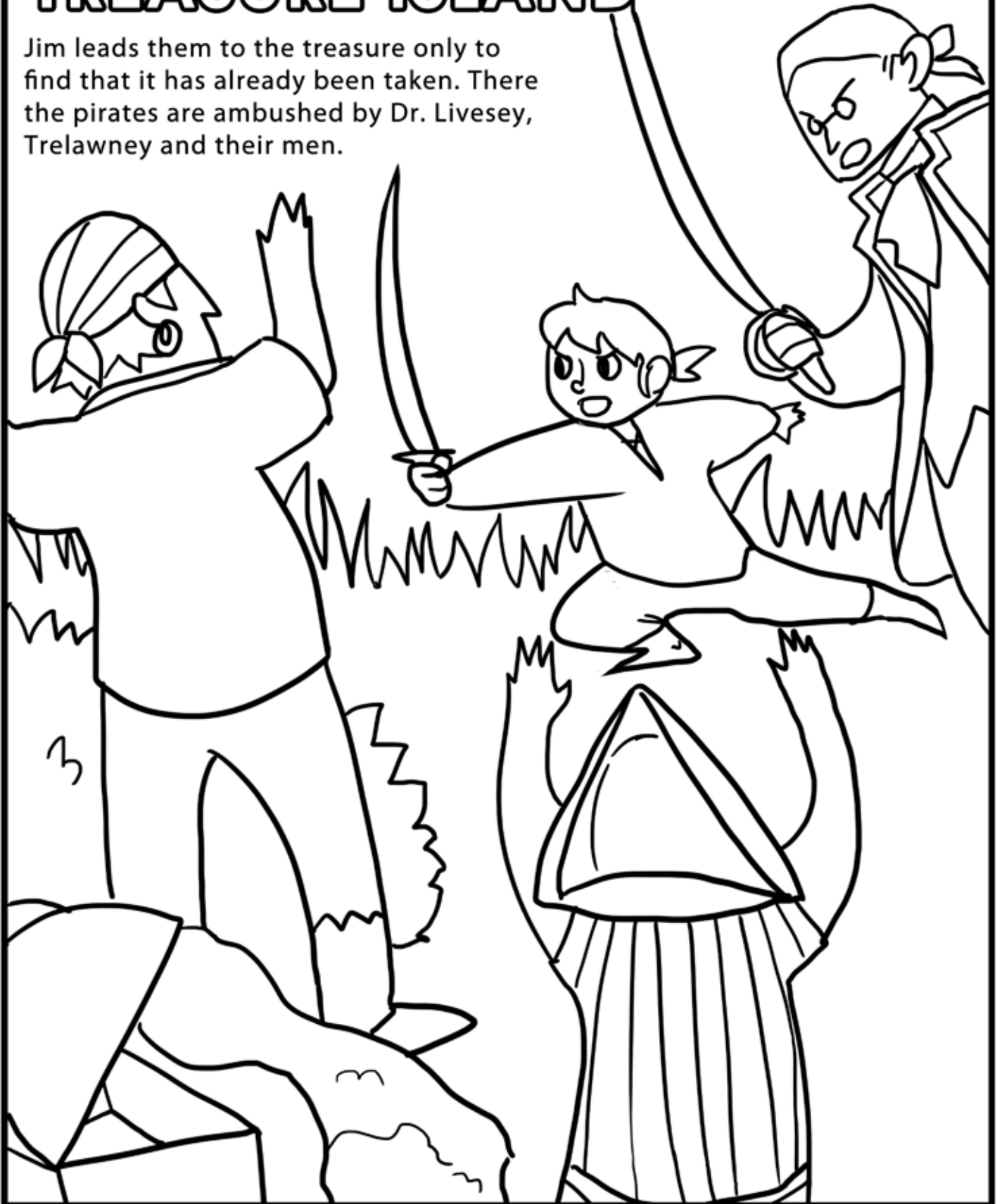
TREASURE ISLAND

Silver's men want to overthrow him so he uses Jim to read the map to get to where the treasure is.



TREASURE ISLAND

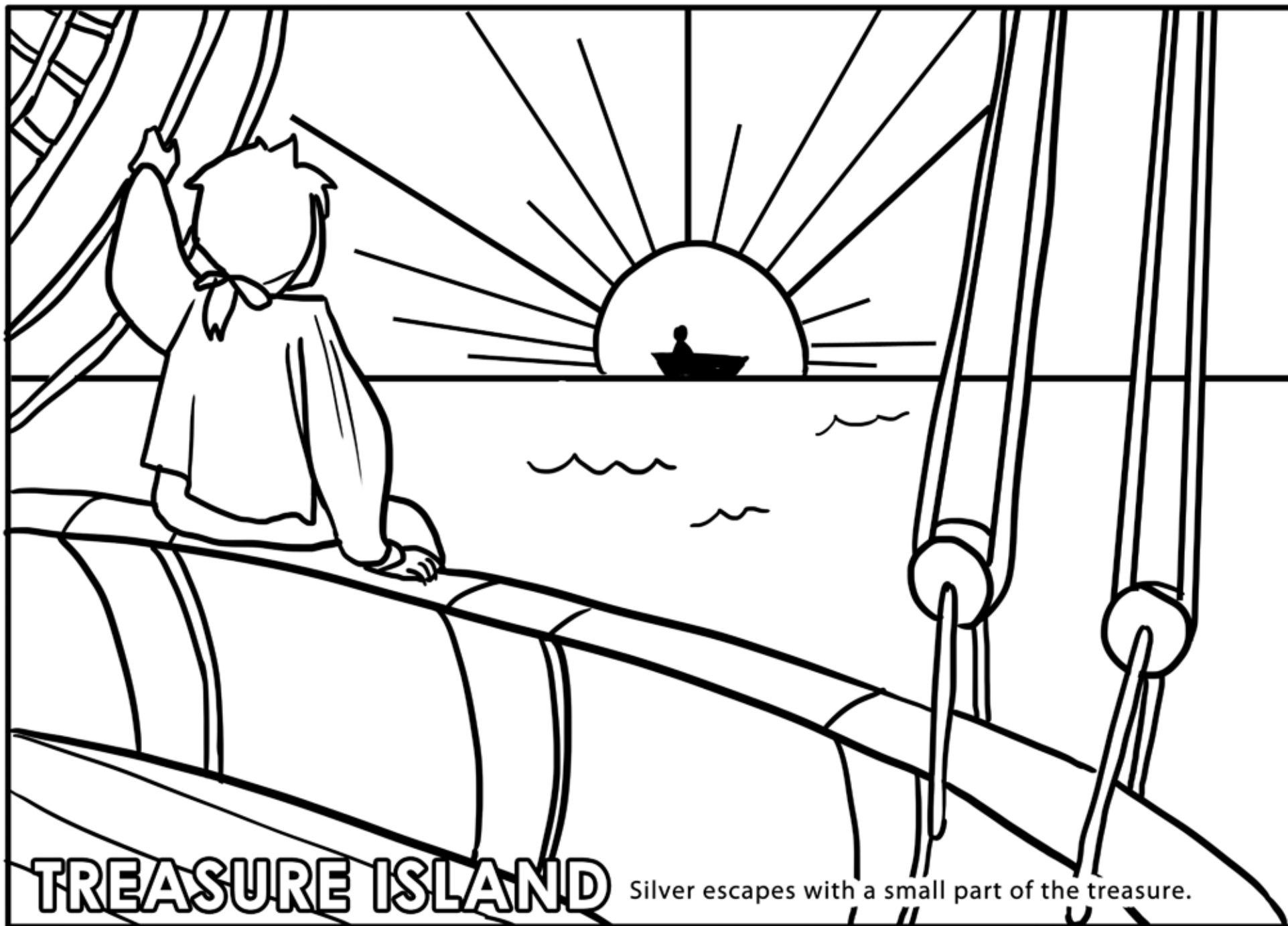
Jim leads them to the treasure only to find that it has already been taken. There the pirates are ambushed by Dr. Livesey, Trelawney and their men.

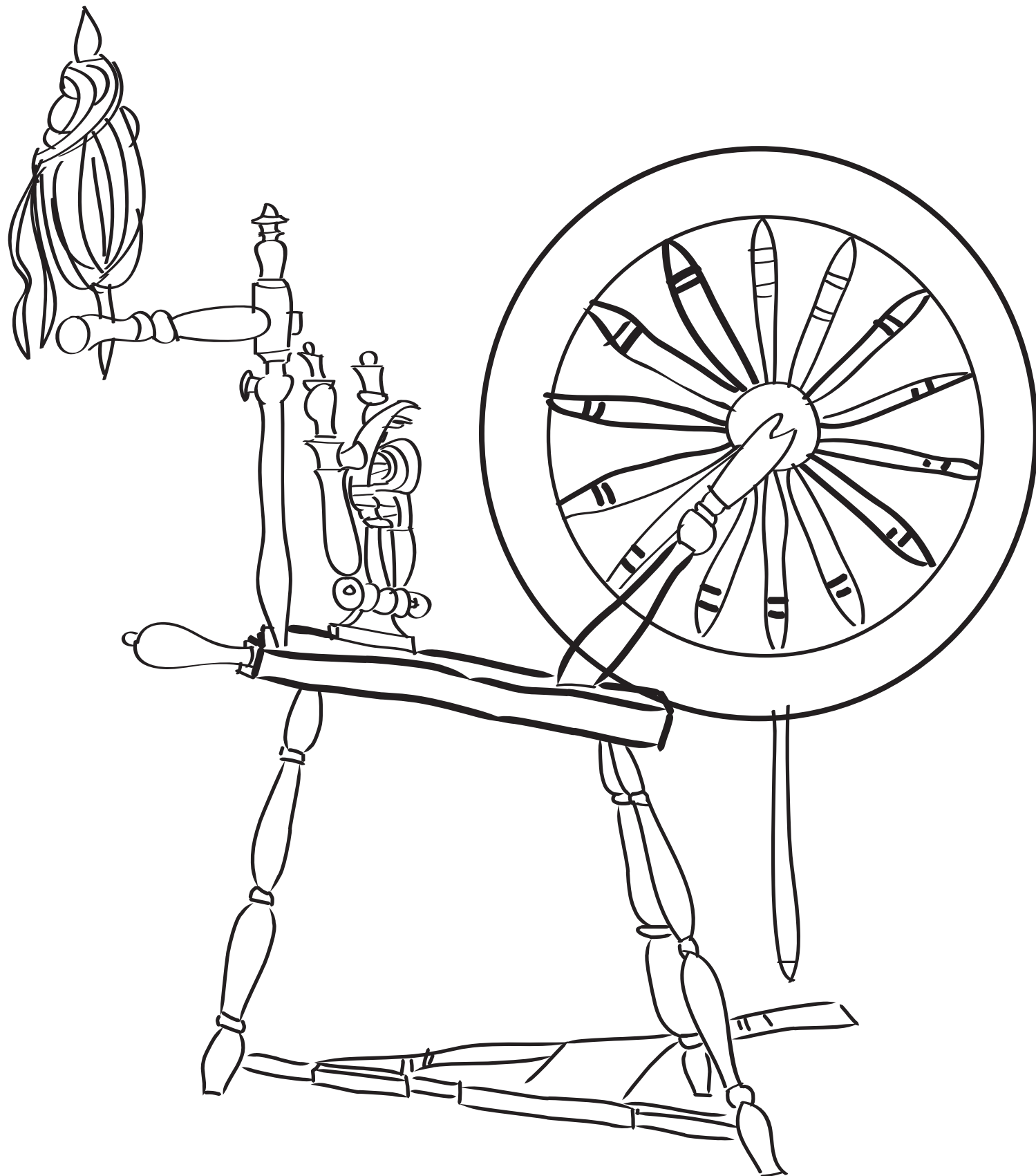
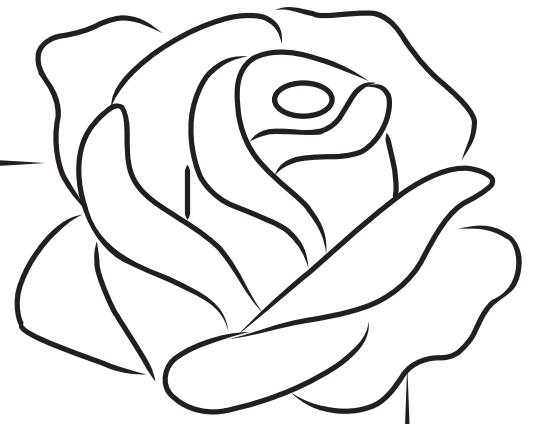


TREASURE ISLAND

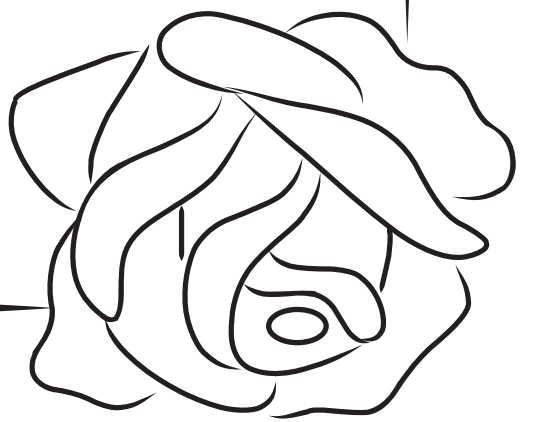
They go to Ben Gunn's cave where Gunn has hidden the treasure for months. It is divided with the loyal crew members and they leave the pirates on the island.

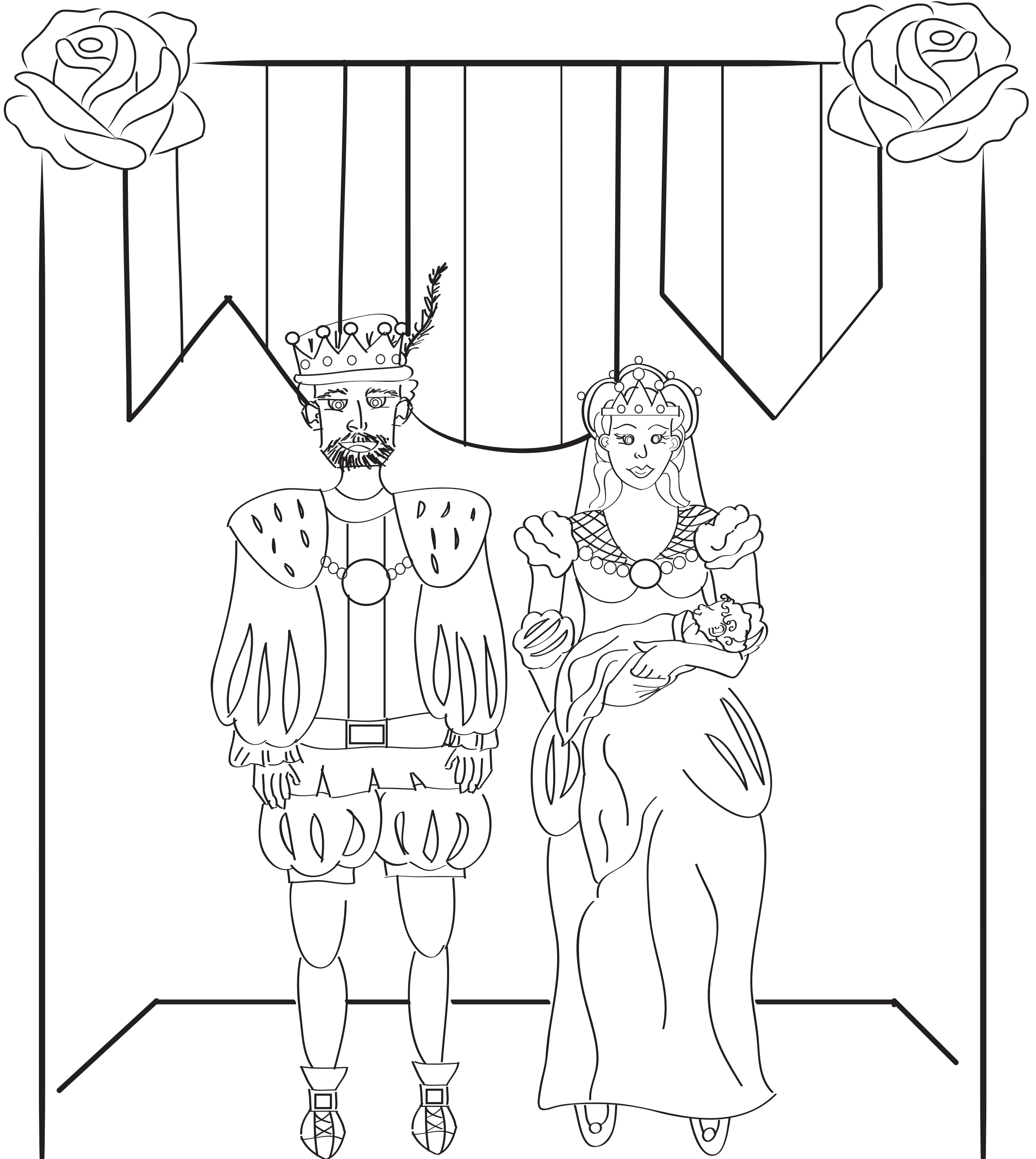




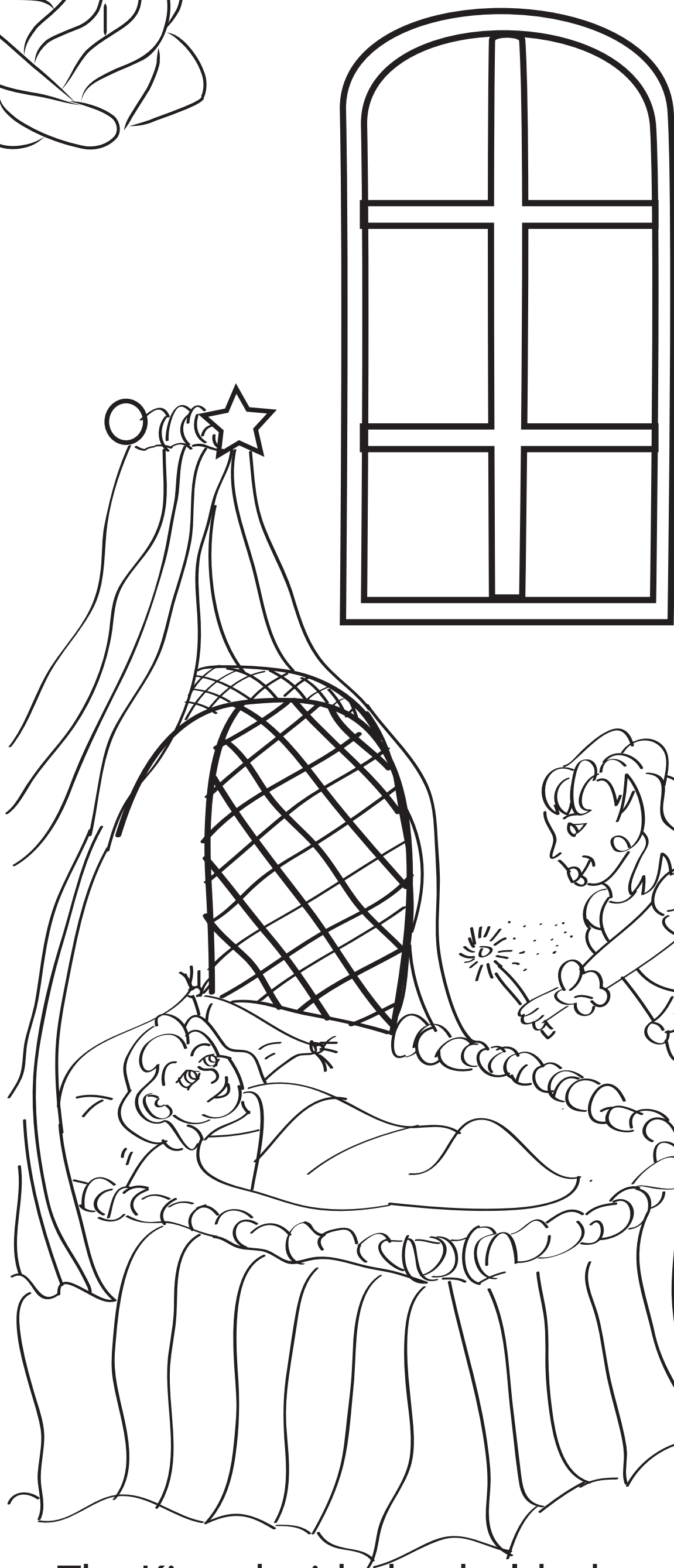
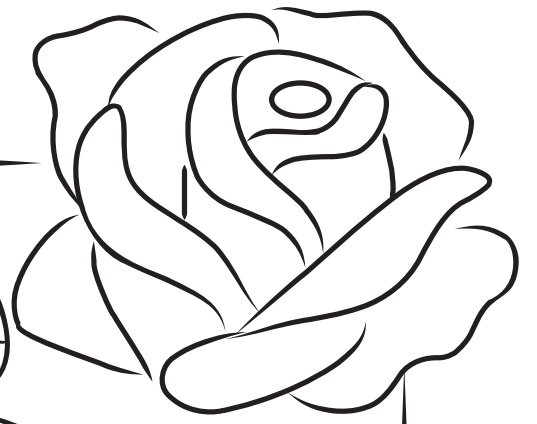
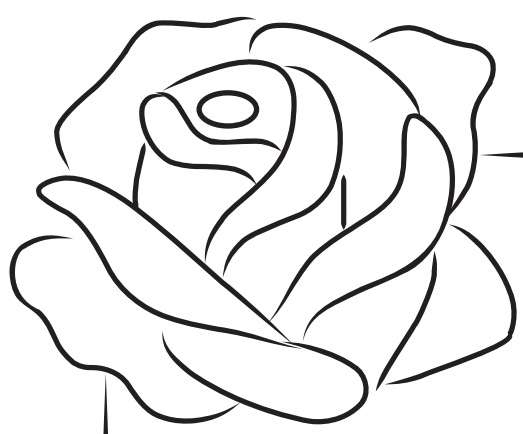


Briar Rose
by
The Brothers Grimm



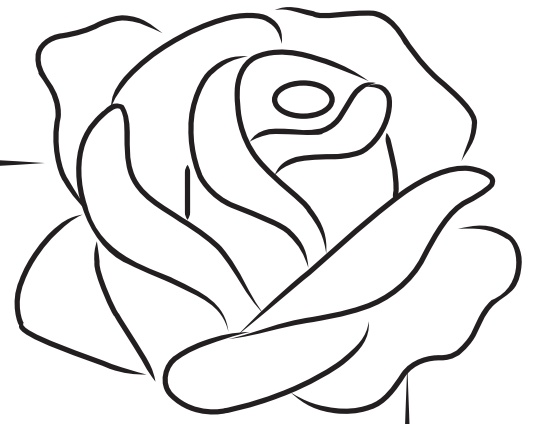


There was once a king and queen who very much wanted a child. The king was very proud when his daughter Briar Rose was born.



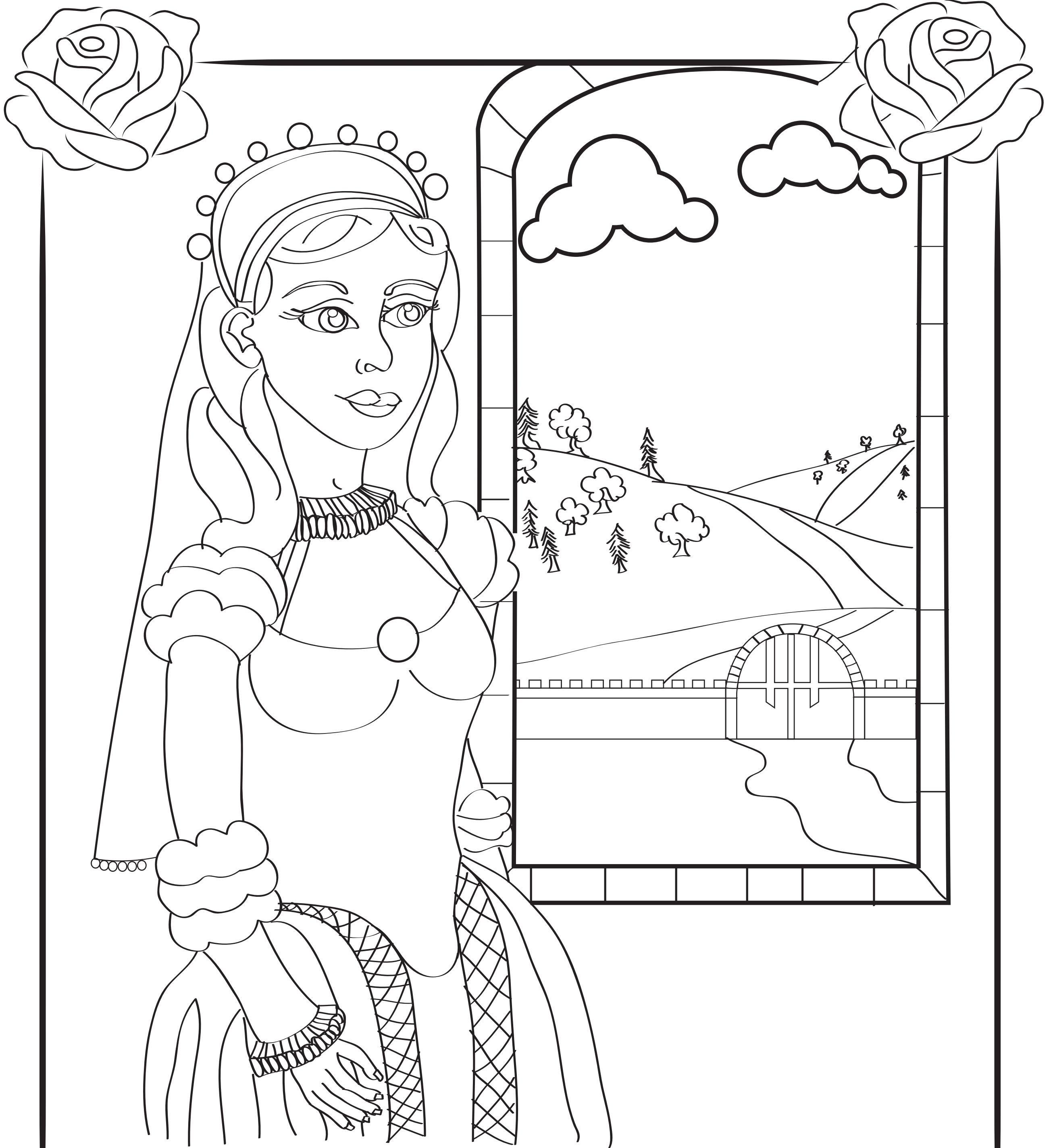
The King decided to hold a banquet so all could see the child.
At the feast 12 good fairies came to bestow a wish on her. One gave
beauty, one gave the gift of song and one of kindness,
and so on.



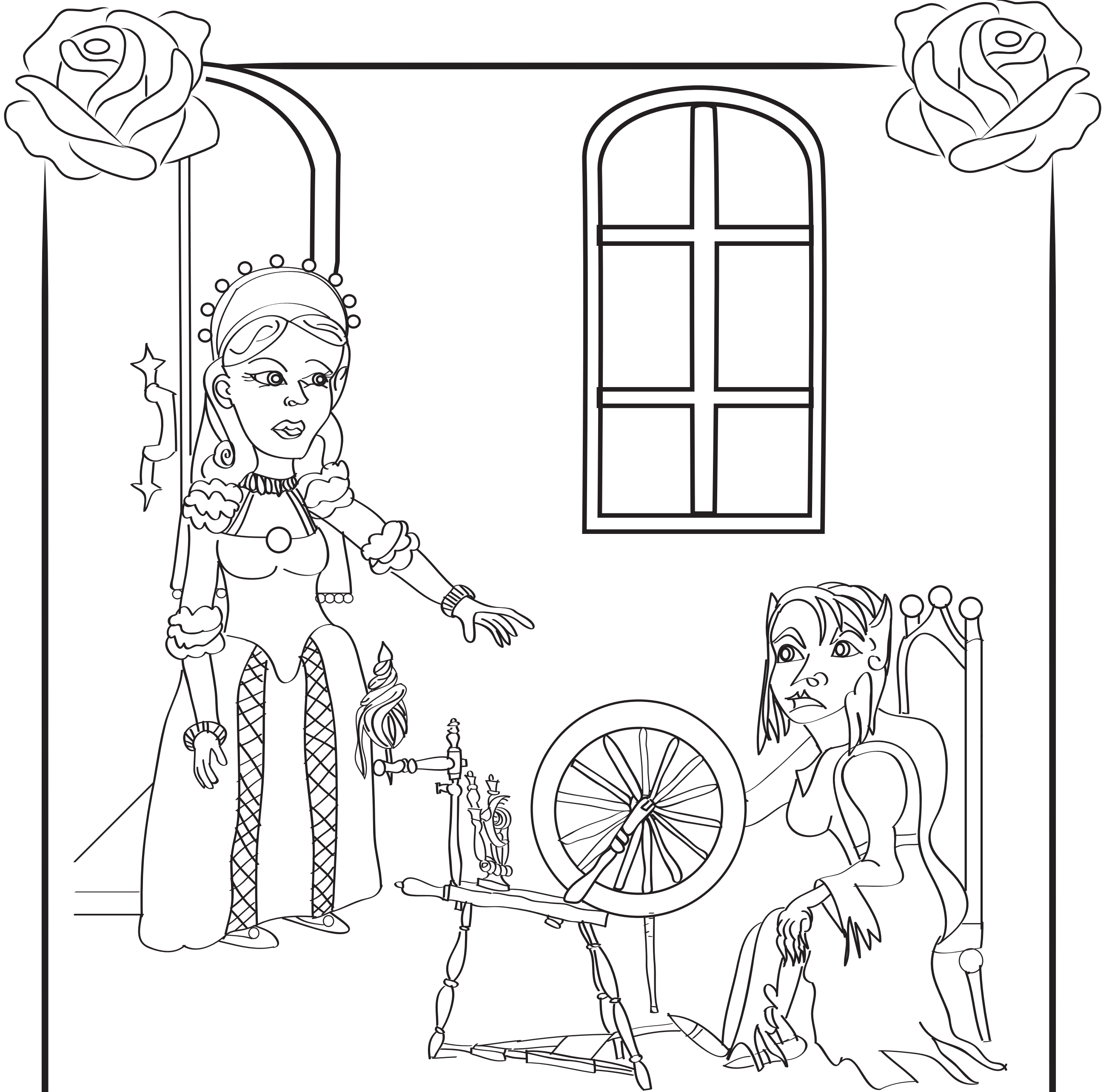


But a 13th fairy, who was mean and evil, felt left out. So she cursed Briar Rose, saying, "She shall die after touching a spinning wheel." The last fairy had not given her gift. To save the girl she cast a spell that would make her sleep for 100 years instead.

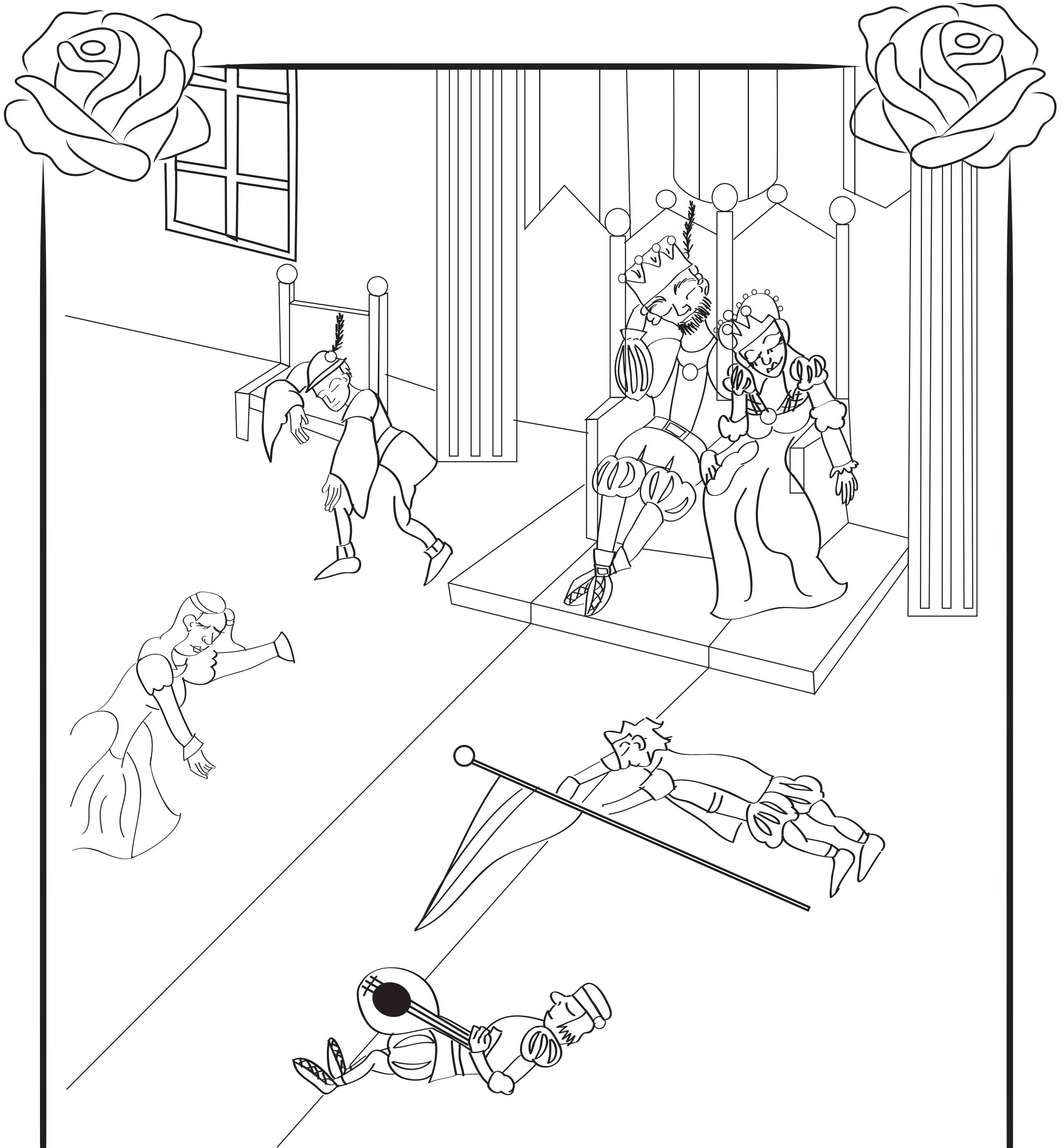




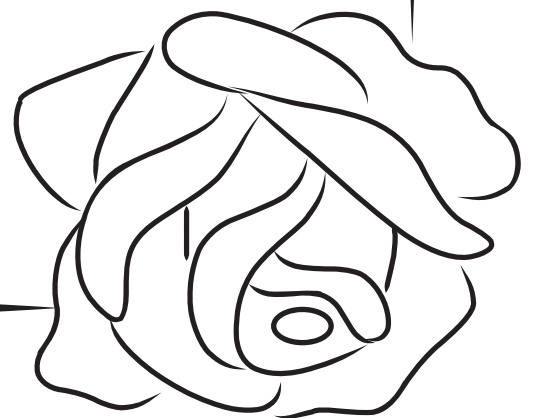
Briar Rose did grow in grace and beauty, but the one spell the good fairies left out was curiosity. Briar loved to go about the castle and into the forest to explore and find new things.

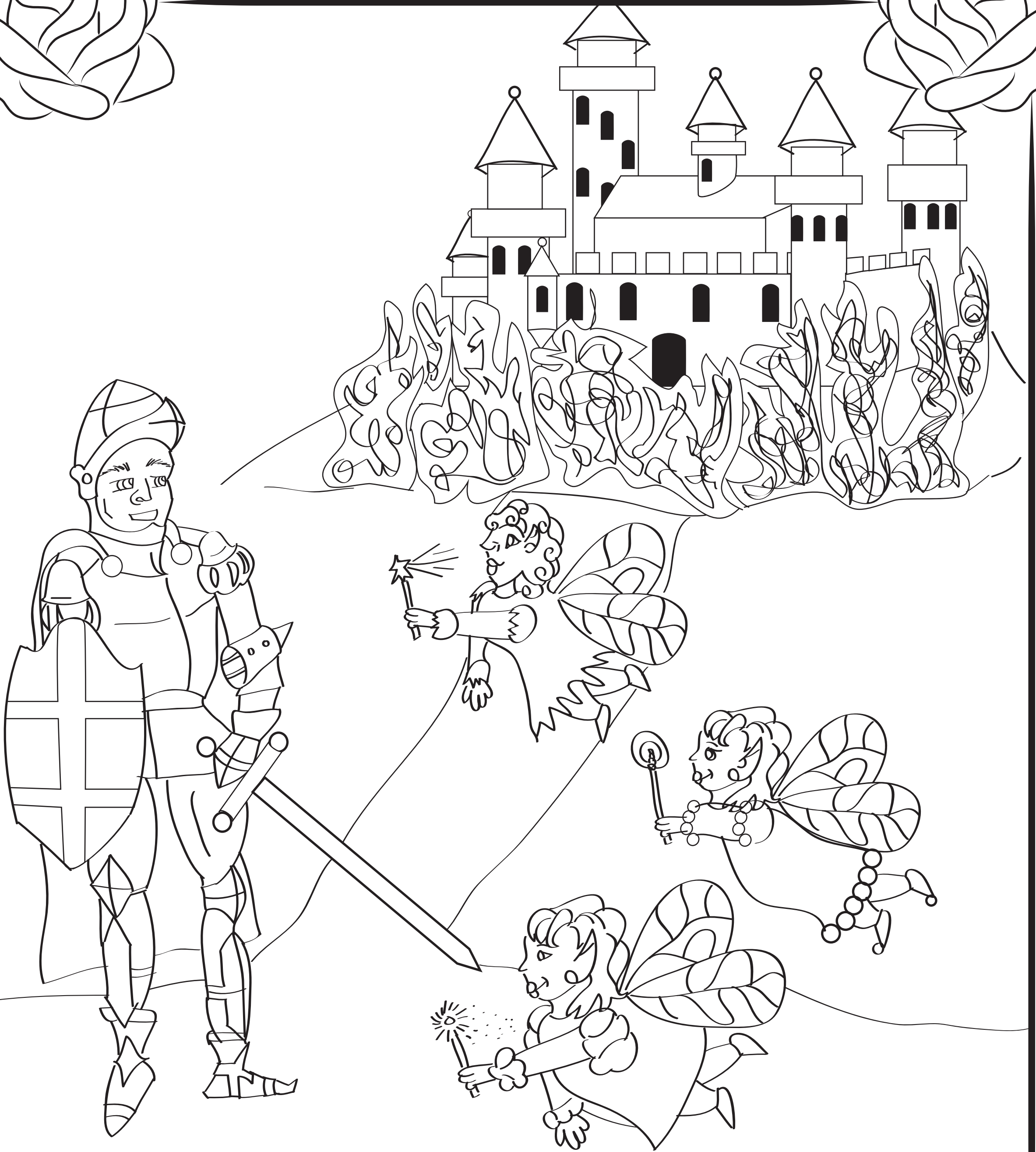
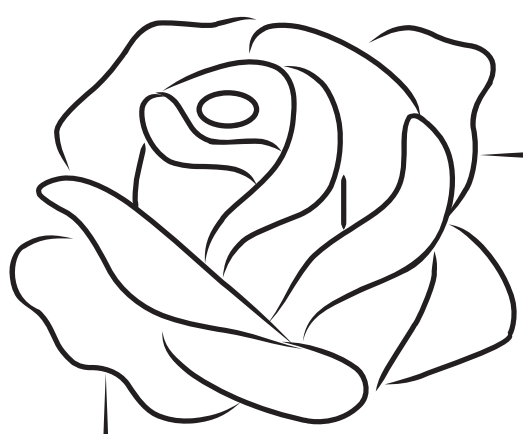


On the morning of Briar Rose's birthday she found at the tip most top tower was the mean fairy spinning wool. She could not help herself and touched the sharp spindle and fell instantly asleep.

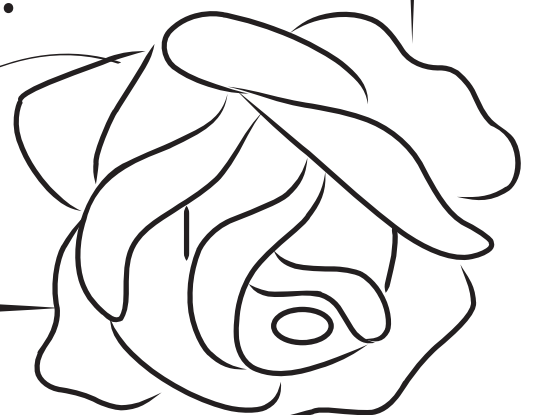


The sleep spell that spared Briar Rose life also put everyone in the castle to sleep.



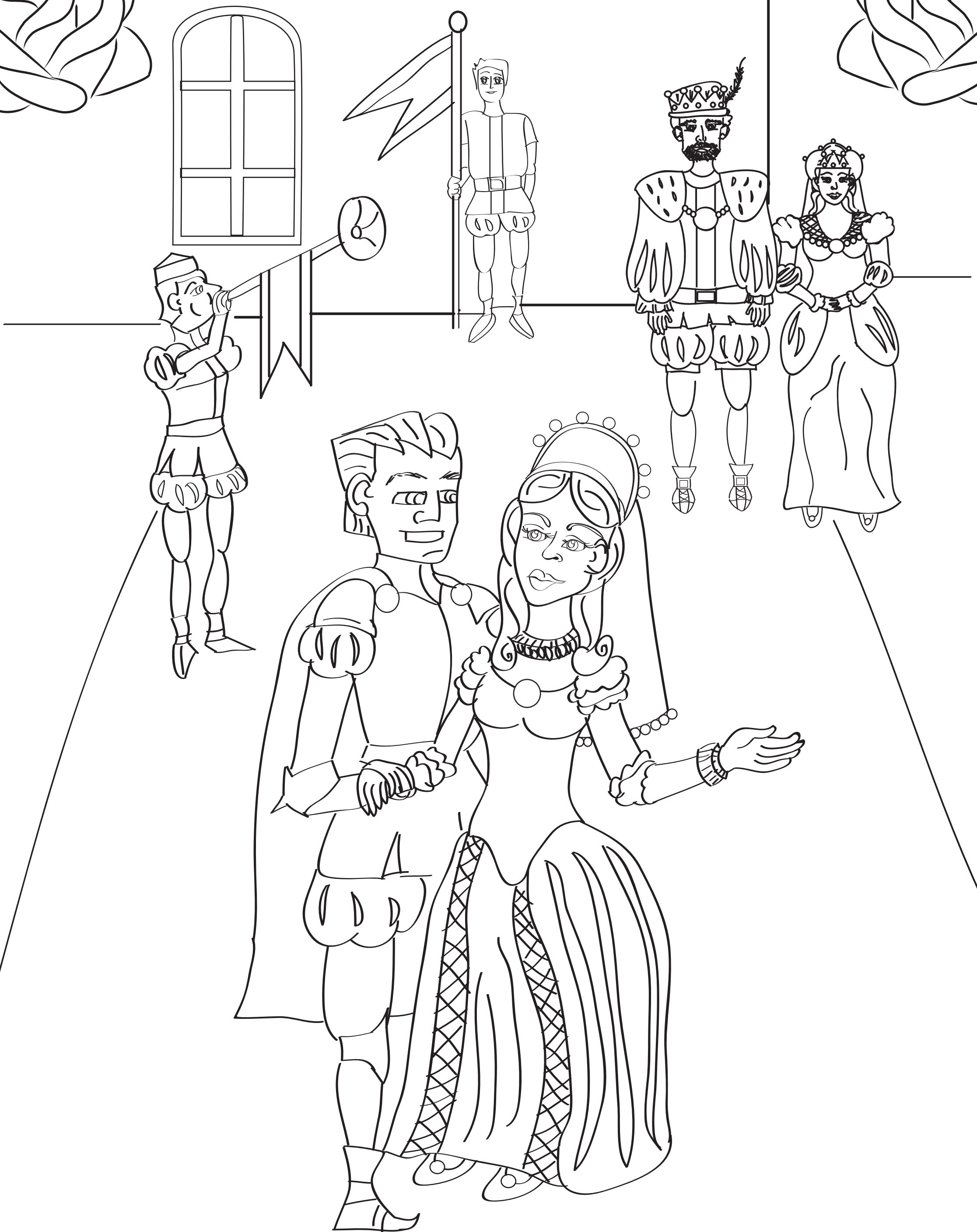
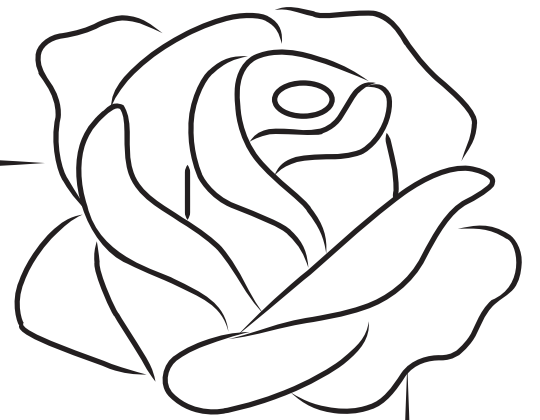
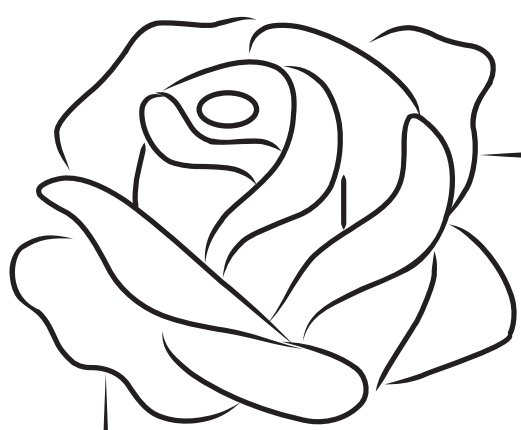


It was many years until a knight came to the castle. A few good fairies told him that in the highest tower was a beautiful sleeping princess waiting to be awoken by him.



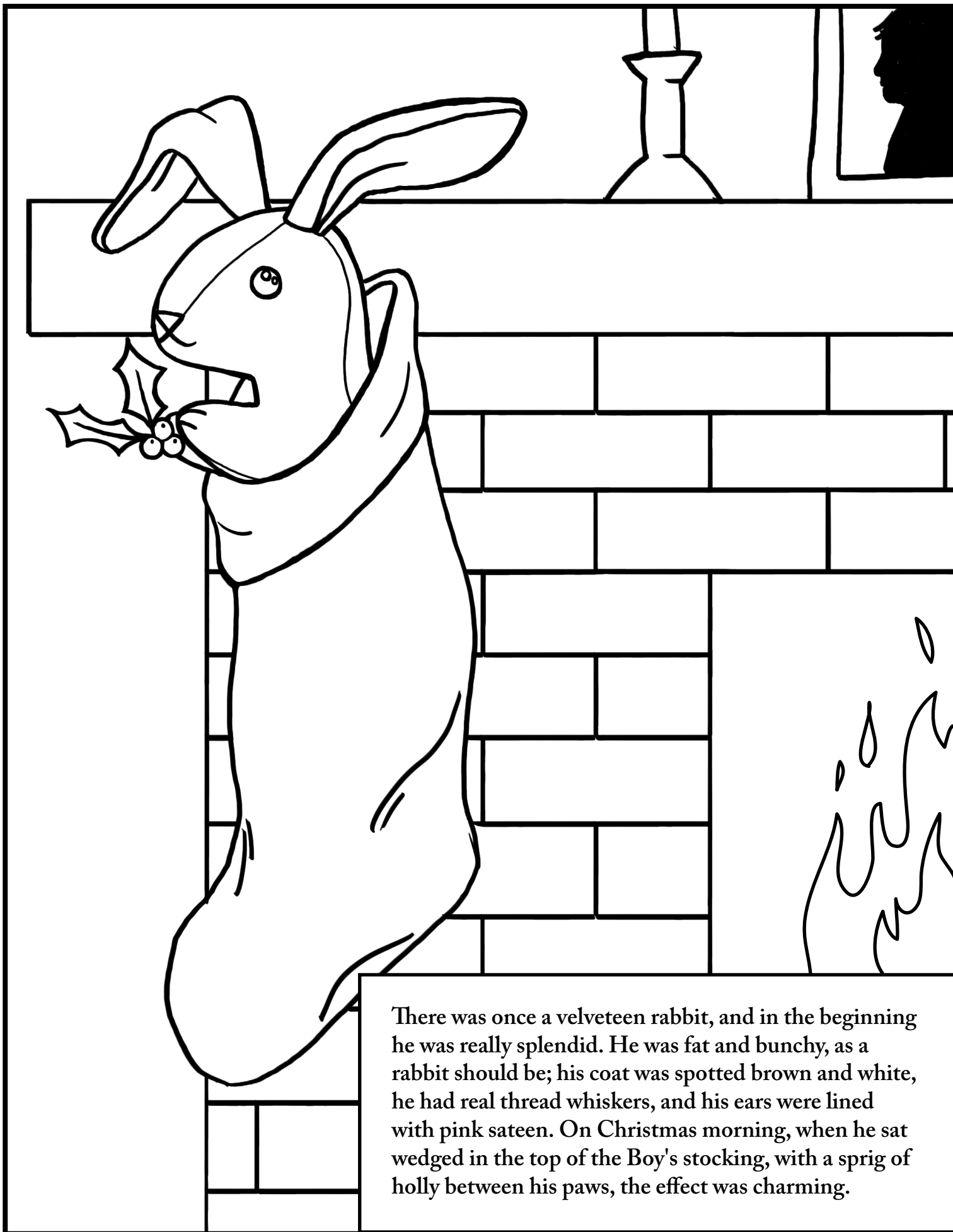


The good knight was so shocked by Briar Rose's beauty, he could not stop himself from kissing her.

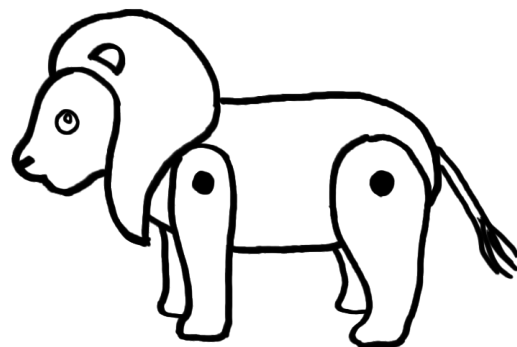
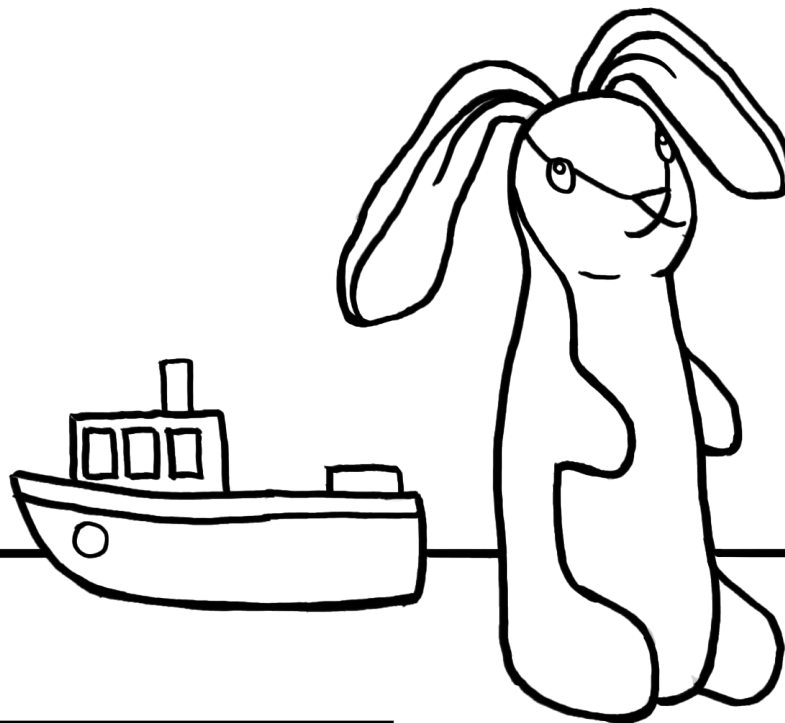
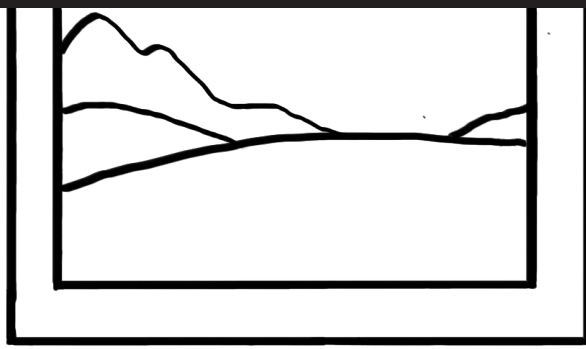


Then the castle came back to life! The king and queen
were so happy, they decided the brave knight
could marry the beautiful Briar Rose.
The End.

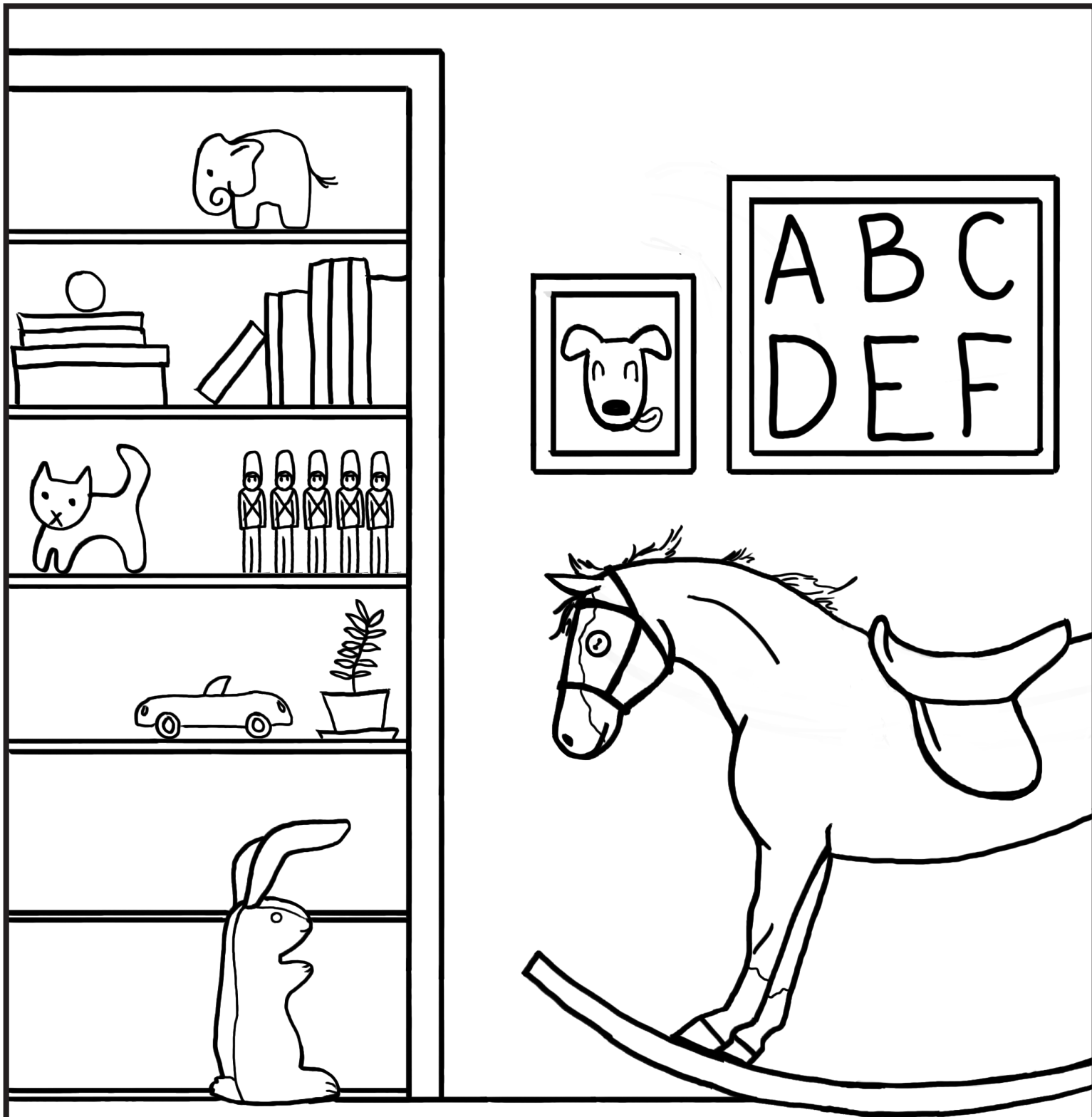




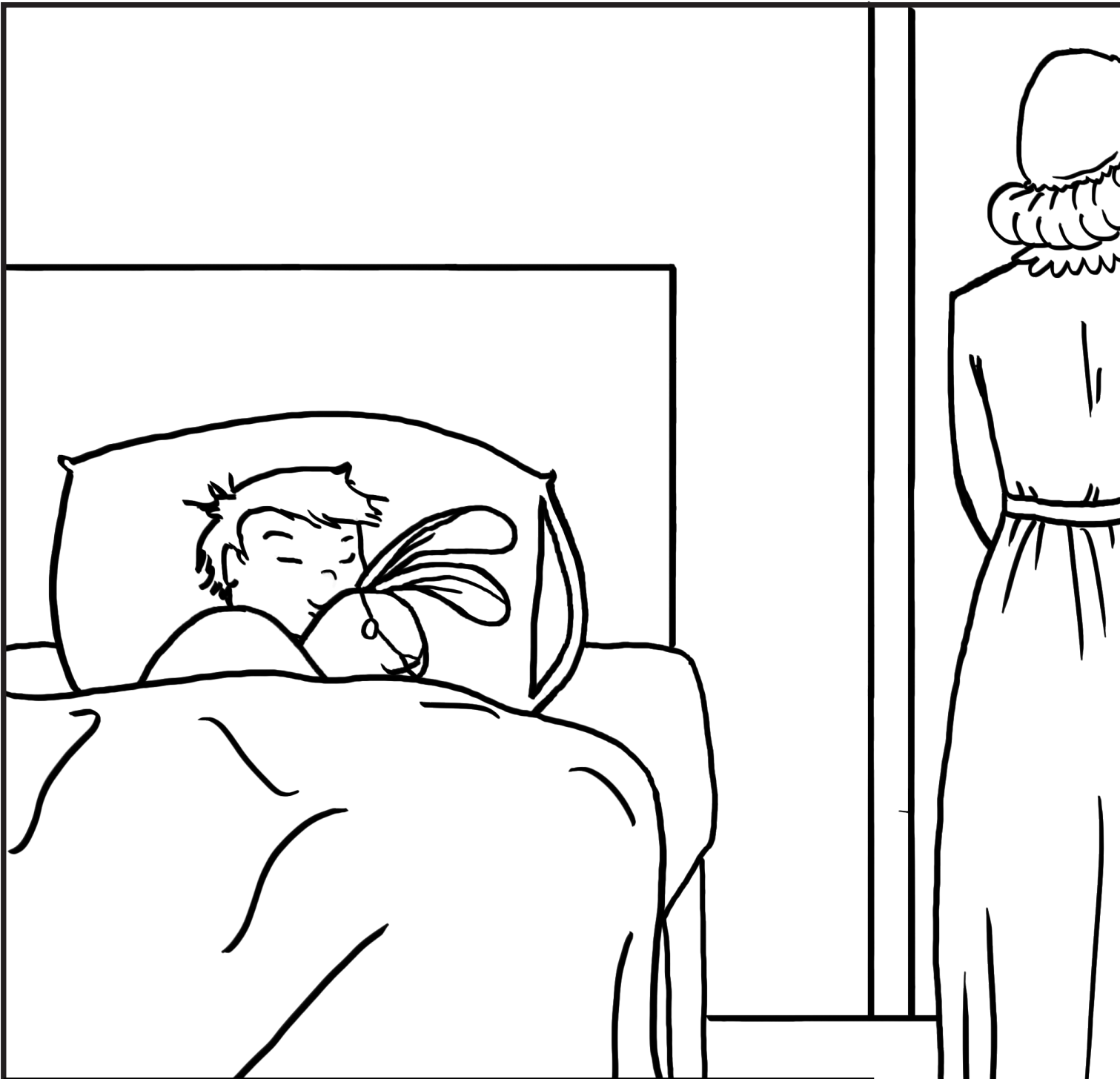
There was once a velveteen rabbit, and in the beginning he was really splendid. He was fat and bunchy, as a rabbit should be; his coat was spotted brown and white, he had real thread whiskers, and his ears were lined with pink sateen. On Christmas morning, when he sat wedged in the top of the Boy's stocking, with a sprig of holly between his paws, the effect was charming.



For a long time he lived in the toy cupboard or on the nursery floor, and no one thought very much about him. He was naturally shy, and being only made of velveteen, some of the more expensive toys quite snubbed him. The mechanical toys were very superior, and looked down upon every one else; they were full of modern ideas, and pretended they were real.



The Skin Horse had lived longer in the nursery than any of the others. He was so old that his brown coat was bald in patches and showed the seams underneath, and most of the hairs in his tail had been pulled out to string bead necklaces. He was wise, for he had seen a long succession of mechanical toys arrive to boast and swagger, and by-and-by break their mainsprings and pass away, and he knew that they were only toys, and would never turn into anything else. For nursery magic is very strange and wonderful, and only those playthings that are old and wise and experienced like the Skin Horse understand all about it.

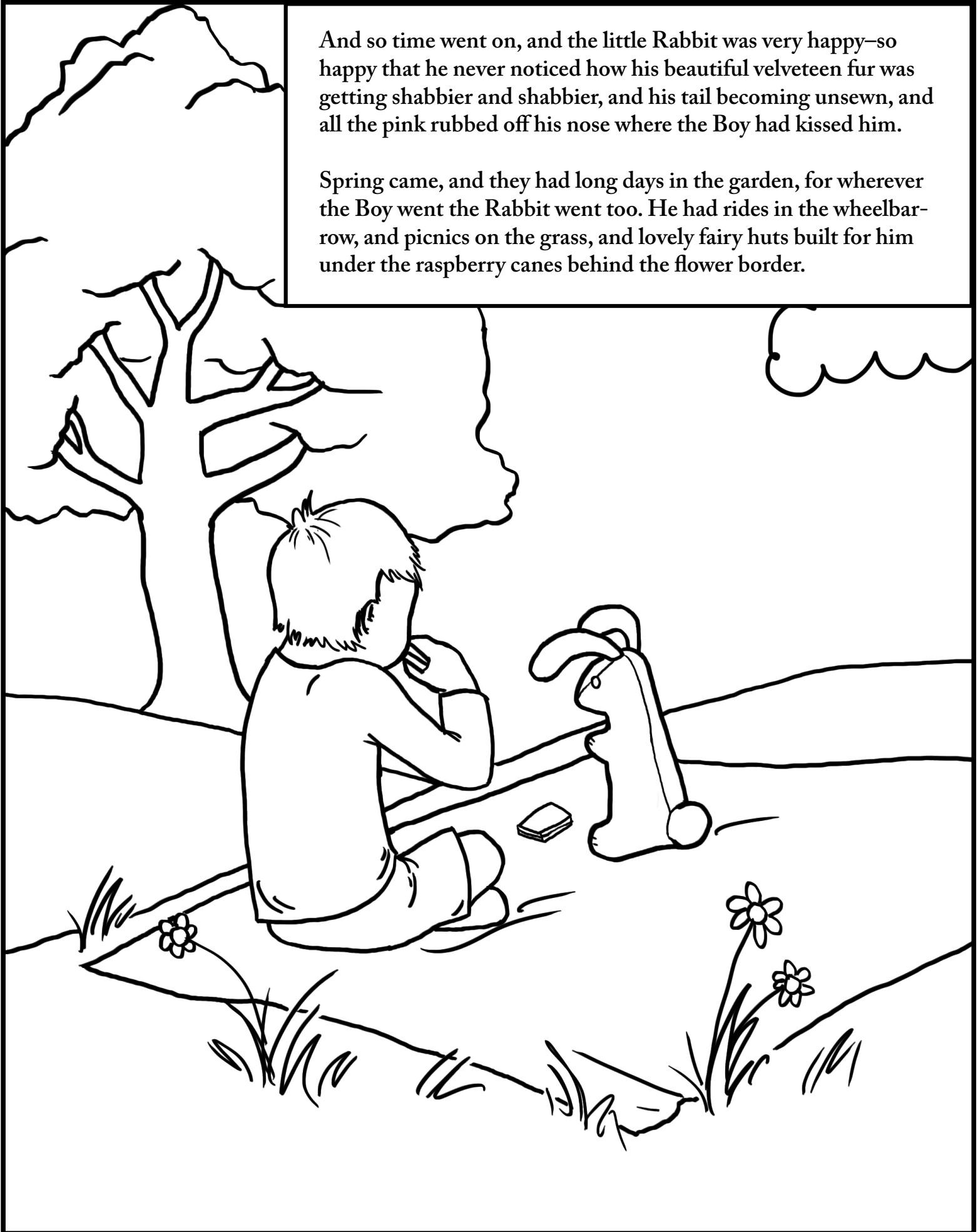


One evening, when the Boy was going to bed, he couldn't find the china dog that always slept with him. Nana was in a hurry, and it was too much trouble to hunt for china dogs at bedtime, so she simply looked about her, and seeing that the toy cupboard door stood open, she made a swoop.

"Here," she said, "take your old Bunny! He'll do to sleep with you!" And she dragged the Rabbit out by one ear, and put him into the Boy's arms.

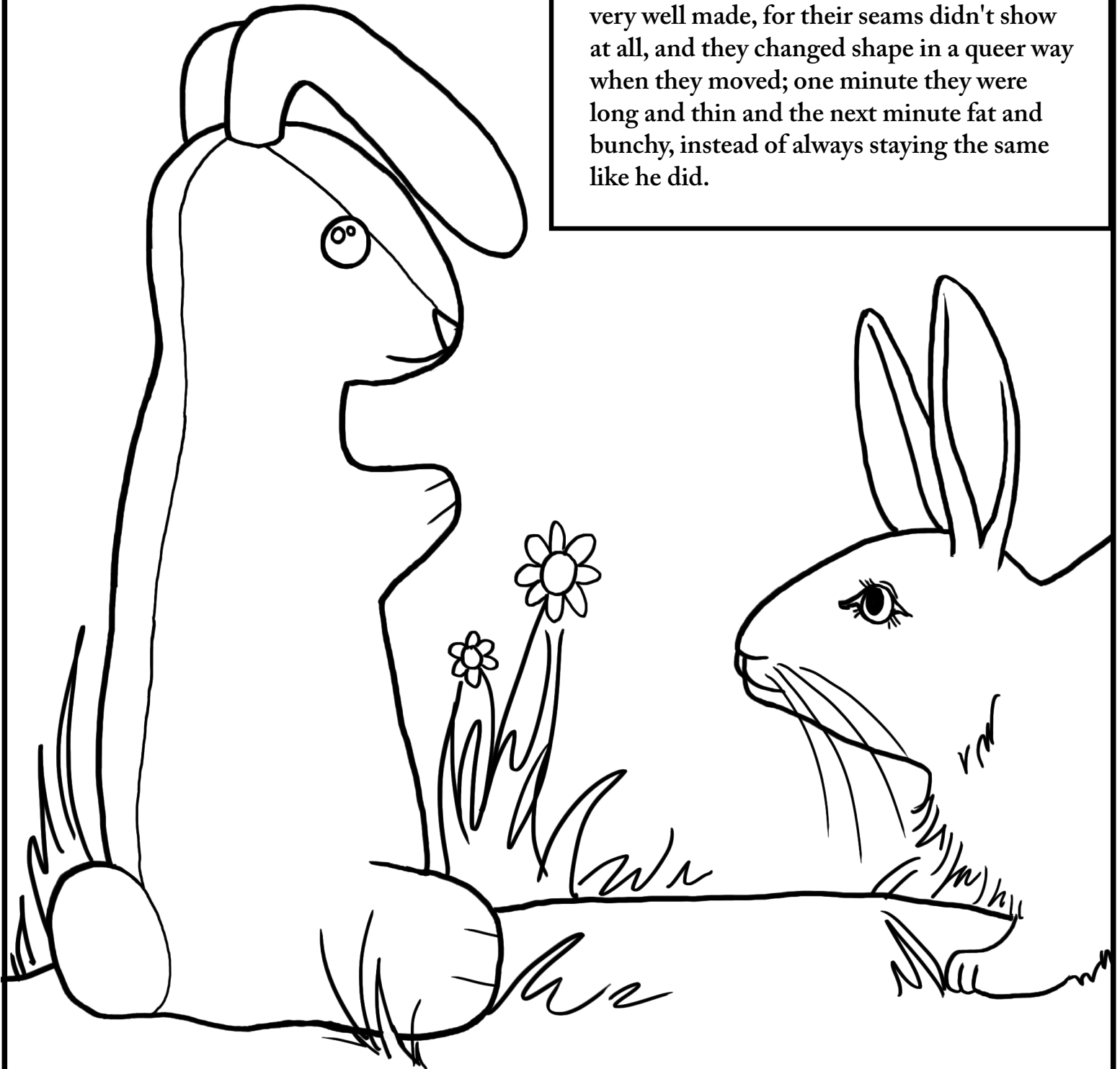
And so time went on, and the little Rabbit was very happy—so happy that he never noticed how his beautiful velveteen fur was getting shabbier and shabbier, and his tail becoming unsewn, and all the pink rubbed off his nose where the Boy had kissed him.

Spring came, and they had long days in the garden, for wherever the Boy went the Rabbit went too. He had rides in the wheelbarrow, and picnics on the grass, and lovely fairy huts built for him under the raspberry canes behind the flower border.

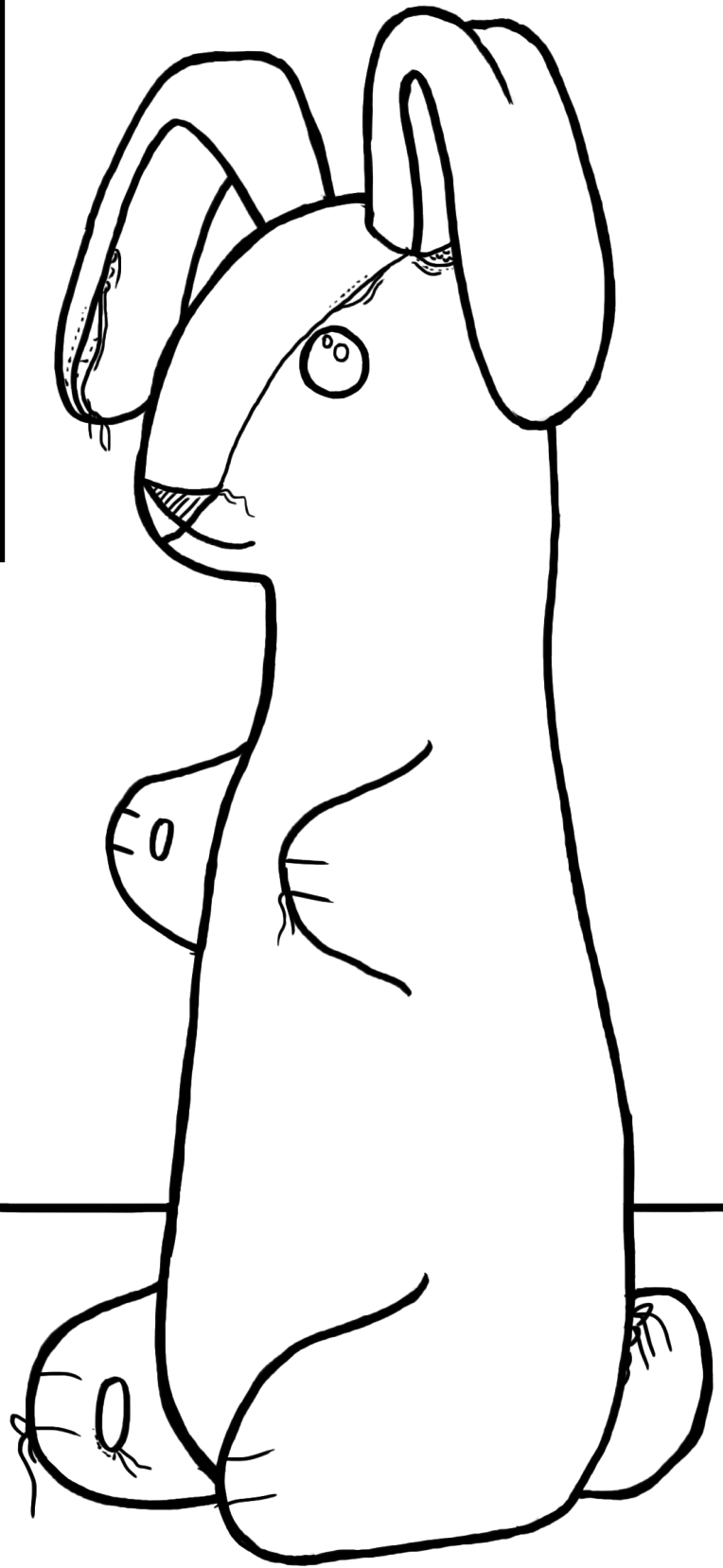


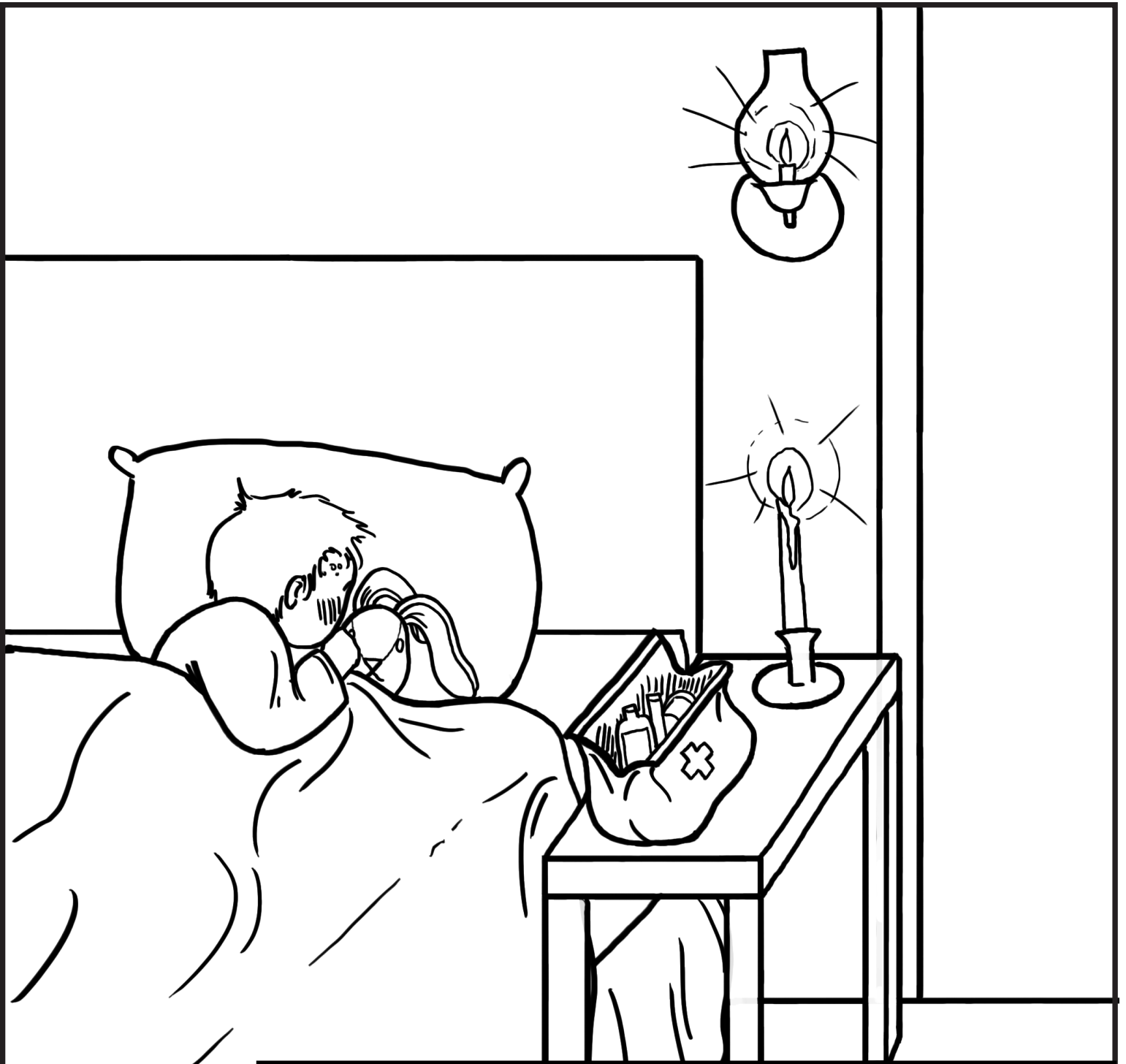
One evening, while the Rabbit was lying there alone, watching the ants that ran to and fro between his velvet paws in the grass, he saw two strange beings creep out of the tall bracken near him.

They were rabbits like himself, but quite furry and brand-new. They must have been very well made, for their seams didn't show at all, and they changed shape in a queer way when they moved; one minute they were long and thin and the next minute fat and bunched, instead of always staying the same like he did.



Weeks passed, and the little Rabbit grew very old and shabby, but the Boy loved him just as much. He loved him so hard that he loved all his whiskers off, and the pink lining to his ears turned grey, and his brown spots faded. He even began to lose his shape, and he scarcely looked like a rabbit any more, except to the Boy. To him he was always beautiful, and that was all that the little Rabbit cared about. He didn't mind how he looked to other people, because the nursery magic had made him Real, and when you are Real shabbiness doesn't matter.





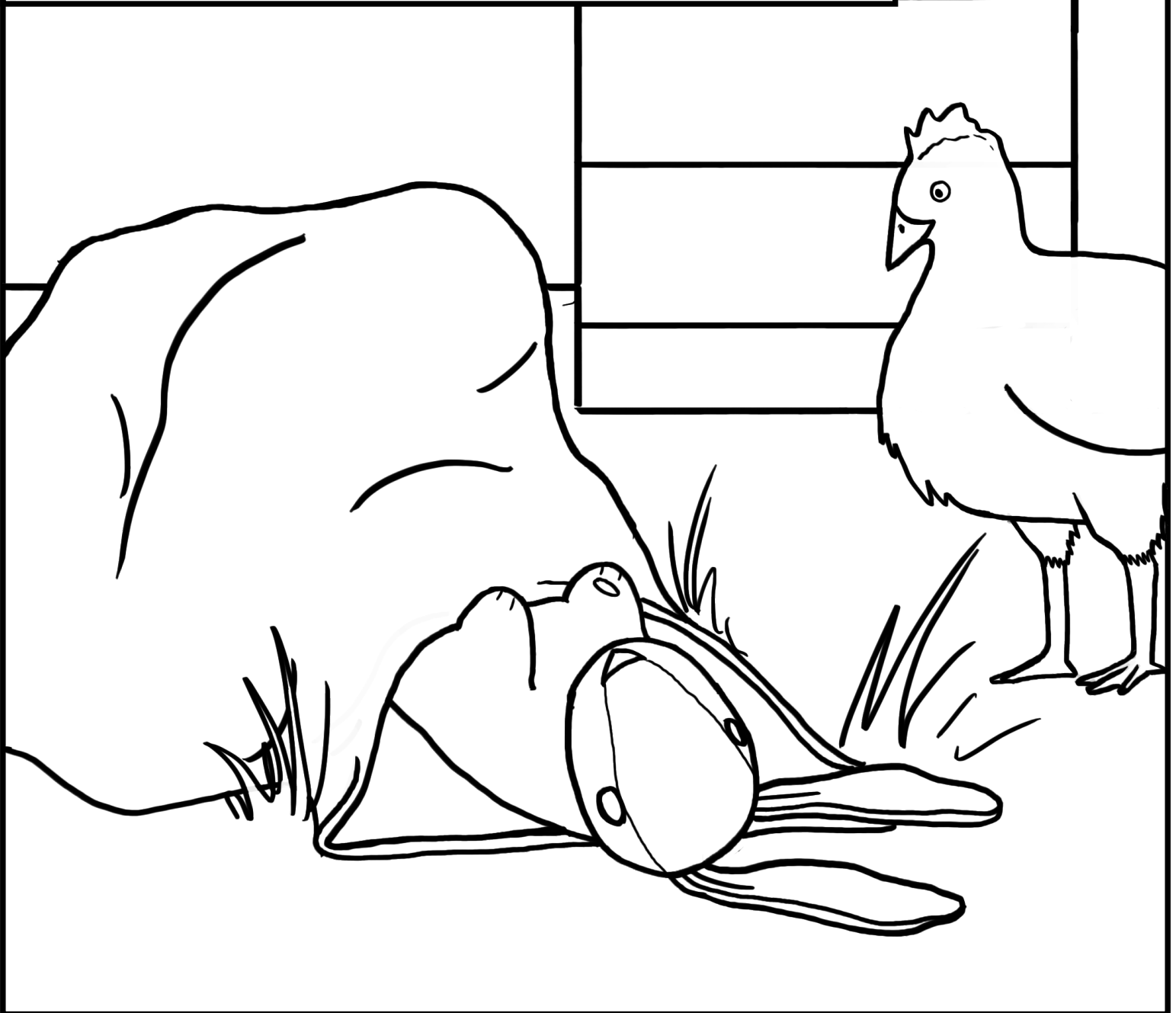
And then, one day, the Boy was ill.

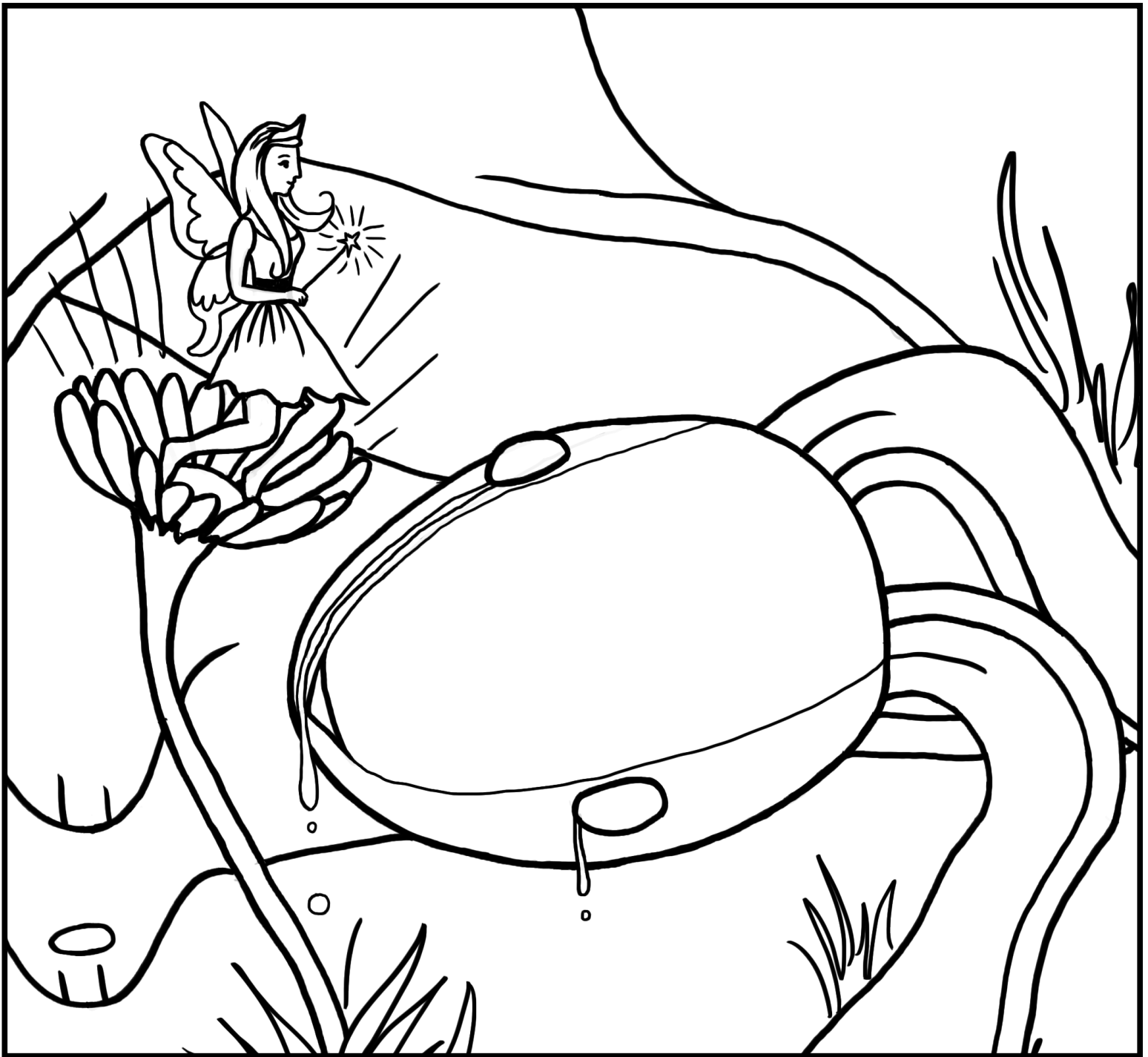
His face grew very flushed, and he talked in his sleep, and his little body was so hot that it burned the Rabbit when he held him close. Strange people came and went in the nursery, and a light burned all night and through it all the little Velveteen Rabbit lay there, hidden from sight under the bedclothes, and he never stirred, for he was afraid that if they found him some one might take him away, and he knew that the Boy needed him.

"How about his old Bunny?" she asked.

"That?" said the doctor. "Why, it's a mass of scarlet fever germs!—Burn it at once. What? Nonsense! Get him a new one. He mustn't have that any more!"

And so the little Rabbit was put into a sack with the old picture-books and a lot of rubbish, and carried out to the end of the garden behind the fowl-house. That was a fine place to make a bonfire, only the gardener was too busy just then to attend to it. He had the potatoes to dig and the green peas to gather, but next morning he promised to come quite early and burn the whole lot.

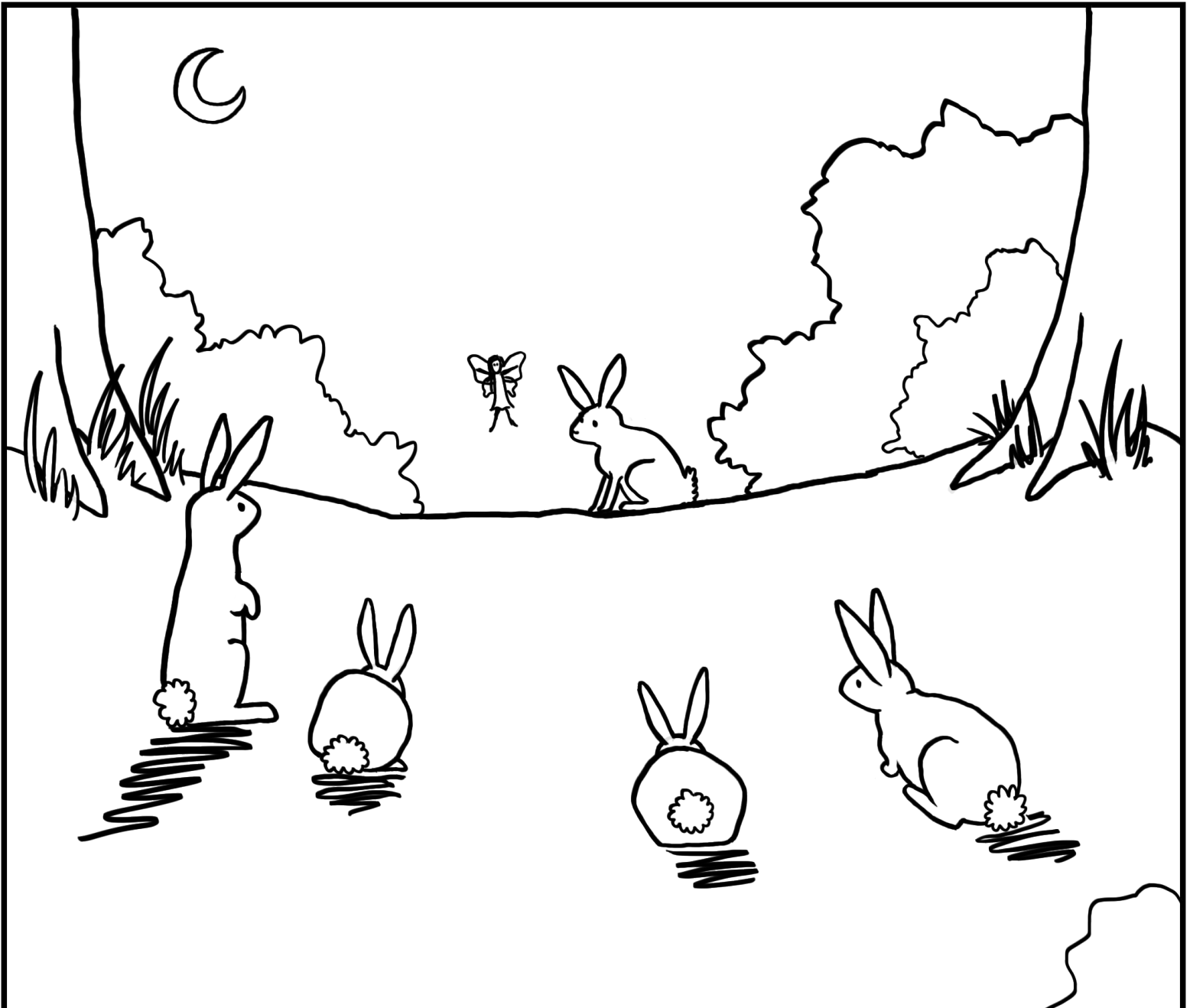




And a tear, a real tear, trickled down his little shabby velvet nose and fell to the ground.

And then a strange thing happened. For where the tear had fallen a flower grew out of the ground, a mysterious flower, not at all like any that grew in the garden. It had slender green leaves the color of emeralds, and in the centre of the leaves a blossom like a golden cup. It was so beautiful that the little Rabbit forgot to cry, and just lay there watching it. And presently the blossom opened, and out of it there stepped a fairy.


"You were Real to the Boy," the Fairy said, "because he loved you. Now you shall be Real to every one."



It was light now, for the moon had risen. All the forest was beautiful, and the fronds of the bracken shone like frosted silver. In the open glade between the tree-trunks the wild rabbits danced with their shadows on the velvet grass, but when they saw the Fairy they all stopped dancing and stood round in a ring to stare at her.

"I've brought you a new playfellow," the Fairy said. "You must be very kind to him and teach him all he needs to know in Rabbit-land, for he is going to live with you for ever and ever!"





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