

Resource 2

## Story Whoosh: *Rumplestiltskin*

The Story Whoosh has been broken down into clear moments of action. Places when you will need to invite a pupil into the space to create a new character (or object) for the story are highlighted in **bold**.

Once upon a time, in a far-off land, there lived a poor **miller** and his **daughter**.

WHOOSH

One day the **miller** was called to the King's court. He walked into the palace. It was very grand. There were **servants** and the **courtiers** were talking to the **King**.

Finally the miller was presented to the King. At first he was very nervous and lost for words. He wanted to impress the King so he told a lie. He found himself saying: 'Your highness, I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold.'

The King was very impressed and said he wanted to meet the miller's daughter.

WHOOSH

The following day the **King** called for the daughter. The **miller** arrived at the palace with his **daughter**.

The King took the girl to a tall tower and, opening a **big heavy door**, led her into a room filled with straw and a spinning wheel. The King demanded that she spin the straw into gold by morning or she would die. He said: '*All this must be spun into gold before morning, as you love your life.*'

Then he went out and locked her in the room. And he sent the miller home.

WHOOSH

The **poor girl** didn't know what to do. She looked at the great pile of straw, picked some of it up and put it onto the spinning wheel. But there was no way she could spin it into gold. So she sat in front of the straw and became more and more desperate.

Just as she had given up all hope an **imp-like creature** appeared suddenly in her room and said: 'Good evening, Miss Miller. Why are you crying?'

The girl replied: 'Alas, I have to spin straw into gold, and I do not know how to do it.'

The imp said: '*What will you give me, if I do it for you?*'

The girl said: '*My necklace.*'

So the girl gave him her necklace and the imp sat down in front of the wheel and spun and spun until all the straw was spun into gold. The miller's daughter was amazed.

And the imp disappeared as quickly as he had arrived.

WHOOSH

At daybreak the **King** unlocked the **big door** and when he saw the **miller's daughter** in front of a great pile of gold he was delighted.

But rather than be satisfied his heart became greedier and so he took her into an even bigger room full of straw and commanded her to spin that too, in one night, if she valued her life.

Again he locked the door and left her there.

WHOOSH

**The daughter** sat down in front of the great pile of straw and began to cry.

Suddenly the **imp** appeared, and said: '*What will you give me if I spin that straw into gold for you?*'

The girl said: '*The ring on my finger.*'

The girl gave him the ring, and again the imp began to turn the wheel, and by morning had spun all the straw into glittering gold.

And then he disappeared as quickly as he'd arrived.

WHOOSH

The **King** unlocked the **great door** the next morning and jumped for joy at the sight of the **miller's daughter** and the pile of gold.

But he still wanted more and so he took her through the door, further up the tower and into an even larger room and said: '*You must spin this, too. If you cannot, you will pay with your life. If you succeed, you shall be my wife.*' And he left.

Once more the **imp** appeared and offered to help but the daughter cried: '*I have nothing left to give you.*'

So the imp replied: '*I will help you, one last time but you must promise me, if you become queen, you will give me your first born child.*'

The daughter was desperate and had no other option and so she agreed. The imp spun the room full of gold one final time.

And then he disappeared as quickly as he'd arrived.

WHOOSH

When the **King** came the next morning he saw all the gold and then married the **miller's daughter** in a lavish ceremony. All the **noble men and women** of the land bowed down to their new queen.

WHOOSH

A year later, the **King** and the **Queen** had a beautiful baby.

WHOOSH

The new **queen** was very happy with her baby but she had forgotten all about the promise she had made to the imp.

One night the **imp** appeared in her room and said: '*Now give me what you promised.*'

The Queen was horrified, and offered the imp all the riches of the kingdom if he would leave her child. But the imp said: '*No, a promise is a promise. You must hand over your child.*'

At this, the Queen cried so much that the imp took pity on her and said: '*I will give you three days and if in that time you find out my name, then you shall keep your child.*'

WHOOSH

So that night the **King** and **Queen** and all the **courtiers** waited anxiously at the court. When the **imp** finally arrived he said: '*So Queen, what is my name?*' They tried out all the names they could think of...

The Queen tried: '*Is it Caspar? Mechior? Balthazar?*'

The King tried: '*Is it Shortribs? Sheepshanks? Lacelegs?*'

But to every one the Imp replied: '*That is not my name.*'

WHOOSH

On the second day, the **King** and **Queen** sent their **messengers** out across the kingdom with the order to collect the most unusual names they could find.

*[Teacher and messenger collect names from the class.]*

That night when the **imp** returned, the King and Queen tried all the names the messengers had collected...

*'Is it... [Use suggestions from class]?'*

But to every one the imp replied: '*That is not my name.*'

WHOOSH

On the third and final day the **King** and **Queen** sent **messengers** out on horseback across the land and waited anxiously at the palace.

WHOOSH

One **messenger** travelled far and wide across the country but he couldn't find a single new name. He came across a dark forest made up of **tall trees**. In the middle of the forest he discovered there was a clearing with a little house. As he hid behind the trees, he saw that in front of the house a **fire** was burning...and around the fire the little **imp** was jumping and hopping from one leg to the next and chanting:

*'As I dance, as I preen,  
I will take the child of the Queen.  
She won't guess, she won't win,  
For my name is Rumpelstiltskin.'*

The messenger crept away and rode back to tell the King and Queen what he had discovered.

WHOOSH

That night the **King** and **Queen** waited nervously.

Finally, the **imp** appeared again and asked them if they knew his name.

At first the Queen pretended not to be sure and said: '*Is your name Benjamin?*'

He replied: '*No, that is not my name.*'

She said: '*Is your name Stephen?*'

Once again, he replied: '*No, that is not my name.*'

She then said: '*Perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltskin?*'

Rumpelstiltskin was furious. He shouted at the King and Queen; then ran away in a rage, never to be seen again.

WHOOSH

And the **King**, the **Queen**, their child and the **miller** - all lived happily ever after.