

As he did so, the sleeping beauty opened her eyes. With her the whole castle awoke.

The king waked up, and the queen, and all the lords and ladies.

The horses in the stable stood up and shook themselves.

The dogs jumped about and wagged their tails.

The doves on the roof lifted their heads and flew into the fields.

The flies on the wall began to buzz.

The fire in the kitchen began to burn.

The meat began to roast.

The cook boxed the ears of the kitchen boy, so that he ran off crying.

The hedge of thorn bushes around the castle dried up and blew away.

Then the prince married the beautiful princess, and they lived happily ever after.

## **BRIAR ROSE**

### **or SLEEPING BEAUTY**



**by William and Jacob Grimm**



A LearningIsland.org  
Tale of Old

*Editor: Jennifer Robinson*

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Briar Rose/William and Jacob Grimm

Summary: A princess pricks her finger on a spindle and falls asleep for a hundred years.

1. Folk Tales. Juvenile Literature. 2. Brothers Grimm. Juvenile Literature.

Created in USA

Words: 1098

Reading Level: 3.6

There before him lay the sleeping princess.  
The prince bent down and gave her a kiss.



The prince went on from room to room until he came to the old tower.

Going up the winding stair, he saw the little door. A rusty key was in the lock, and the door was half open.



## **BRIAR ROSE—I**

A long time ago, there lived a king and queen who were very, very sad because they had no children.

One day, when the queen was resting near a spring, a frog crept out of the water and said to her:

“You shall have your wish. Within a year you shall have a little girl.”

What the frog said came true.

The queen had a little child who was so beautiful that the king gave a party in her honor.

He wished to invite all the wise women in the land, for these wise women could grant fairy gifts to his little child.

There were thirteen of them, but only twelve were invited, as the king had only twelve golden plates.



He knew what danger lay in the great hedge of thorn bushes.

But the young prince was brave, and he was not to be turned back.

“I am not afraid. I will go out and see this beautiful Briar Rose,” he said.

It happened that the hundred years of the magic spell had just ended.

The day had come when the sleeping princess was to wake up again.

As the prince came to the hedge of thorn bushes, it was in full bloom and covered with beautiful red flowers. There, through the thorn bushes, lay a wide road.

Soon the prince came to the gates of the castle.

He found the horses and dogs lying asleep on the ground.

The doves sat on the roof with their heads under their wings.

He went into the castle.

Even the flies on the wall still slept.

Near the throne lay the king and queen, while all around were the sleeping lords and ladies.

The whole castle was so still that he could hear his heart beat.

Outside the castle the wind was still, and upon the trees not a leaf stirred.

In a short time there sprung up around the castle a hedge of thorn bushes.

Year by year the hedge grew higher and higher, until at last nothing of the castle could be seen above it, not even the roof, nor the chimneys, nor the flag on the tower.

### **BRIAR ROSE—III**

As years went by the story of the sleeping beauty was told all over the kingdom.

Many kings' sons came and tried to get through the hedge of thorns, but this they could not do.

The sharp thorns seemed to have hands which held the young men fast.

After many, many years a prince came from a far-off kingdom.

He heard the story of the castle and its sleeping beauty.

After the dinner was over, the wise women in turn arose from the table and named their fairy gifts to the little princess.

The first gave to her goodness; the second, beauty; the third, riches; and so on, up to the last.

Before the twelfth wise woman could speak, in walked the thirteenth.

This woman was in a great rage because she had not been invited.

She cried in a loud voice, “When the princess is fifteen years old she shall prick her finger with a spindle and shall fall down dead.”

At these words every one turned pale with fright.

The twelfth wise woman, who had not yet spoken, now came up and said:

“I could not stop this woman's evil words, I can only make them less harsh.

The king's child shall not die, but a deep sleep shall fall upon her, in which she shall stay one hundred years.”

## BRIAR ROSE—II

The little princess was so beautiful, so kind; and so good that no one who knew her could help loving her.

As she grew older, the king and queen began to feel very unhappy. They could not help thinking of what was to happen to their dear little daughter.

They ordered all the spindles in the kingdom to be burned.

Now, as it happened, on the very day that the princess was fifteen years old the king and queen were away from home.

The princess was quite alone in the castle, and she ran about over the palace, looking in at rooms and halls, just as her fancy led her.

At last she came to an old tower at the top of a winding stair.

She saw a little door.

In the lock was a rusty key.

When she turned it, the door flew open.

There, in a small room, sat an old woman with her spindle, spinning flax.

“Good Morning,” said the princess. “Do tell me what that funny thing is that jumps about so.”

Then she held out her hand to take the spindle.

It came about just as the fairy had foretold.

The princess pricked her finger with the spindle.

At once she fell upon a bed which was near, and lay in a deep sleep as if dead.

This sleep came not only upon the princess, but spread over the whole castle.

The king and queen, who had just come home, fell asleep, and all their lords and ladies with them.

The horses went to sleep in the stable. The dogs went to sleep in the yard. The doves went to sleep on the roof. The flies went to sleep on the wall. Yes, even the fire that burned in the fireplace grew still and slept.

The meat stopped roasting before the fire.

The cook in the kitchen was just going to box the ears of the kitchen boy, but her hand dropped and she sank to sleep.