

They found Dick in the kitchen blacking the stove.

“Come with me at once into the parlor,” said Mr. Fitzwarren.

Then the bags of gold and jewels were piled at Dick's feet.

“See what your cat has brought you,” said Mr. Fitzwarren. “You are now a rich man and may yet be Lord Mayor of London.”

And it is true that after Dick Whittington became a man, he was made Lord Mayor of London.

DICK WHITTINGTON



An Old English Folk Tale



A LearningIsland.org
Tale of Old

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Dick Whittington/An Old English Folk Tale

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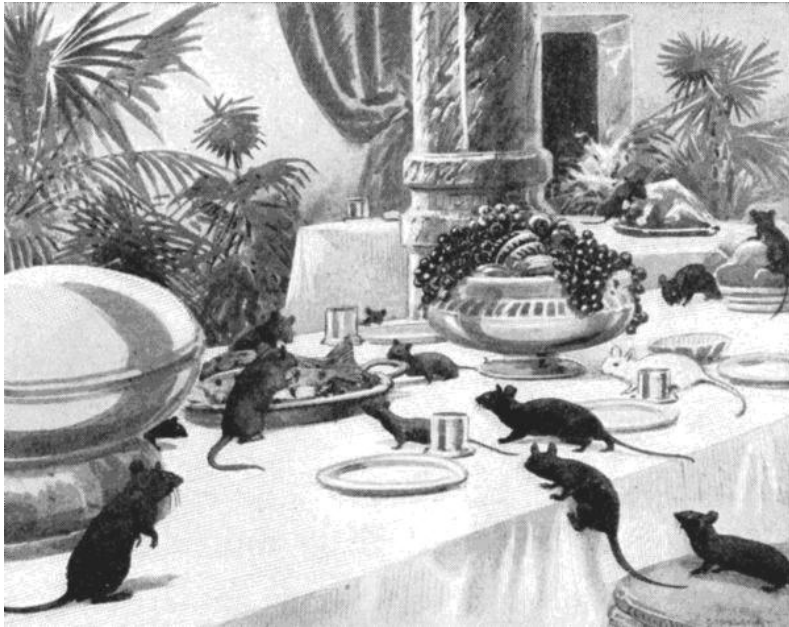
“We must buy that little animal,” said the queen.
“I do not care how much she may cost.”

The captain could hardly carry all the jewels and gold that the king gave him for the cat.

Then the ship with Dick's money came back to London, and the captain told the story to Mr. Fitzwarren.

“We must take these jewels and all this gold at once to Mr. Whittington,” said the honest man. “He is no longer a poor boy, for this has made him rich.”





DICK WHITTINGTON

Chapter I

Dick Whittington was a poor little boy who lived in the country.

His father and mother were both dead.

Poor little Dick was always willing to work, but sometimes there was no work for him to do, so he often had nothing to eat.

Now Dick was a bright boy. He kept both ears open to hear what was said around him.

He had heard many times about the great city of London. Men said that in this great city the people were rich.

“Why do you let the rats do this?” asked the captain.

“Alas, we cannot help ourselves,” said the king. “I would give half my kingdom to be rid of them.”

Then the captain thought of Dick Whittington's cat.

“I have an animal which will rid you of them,” said the captain.

“Pray bring it in at once,” said the queen.

What fun Dick's cat had killing the rats and mice in the king's palace!



Chapter III

Dick's cat was taken across the ocean. The ship sailed and sailed, until at last it came to a distant country.

Now the king and queen of this country were very rich. When the captain was asked to show his goods before them, he was very glad indeed to do so.

The king and queen first gave the captain a great feast.

Gold and silver dishes filled with food were brought in.

When these dishes were placed upon the table an army of rats came out.

There were white rats, and black rats, and brown rats, and big rats, and little rats.

At once they fell upon the food and ate it nearly all up.

Dick had even heard that the streets were paved with gold.

“How I should like to visit that great city,” thought Dick, “for I could pick up gold from the streets!”

Dick had earned a little money, so one day he set out to walk to London.

He walked and walked and walked, but London was a long way from his home.

At last a man with a wagon came along. He was a kind man, and he gave Dick a ride.

As they rang, “Ding-dong, ding-dong!” they seemed to say:

Turn back, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.

“It is strange that the bells should speak to me,” said Dick, “but if I am to be Lord Mayor of London, I will gladly turn back.”

So he ran back to the house of Mr. Fitzwarren.

“I hope they have not missed me,” said Dick, as he gently opened the door and stole softly in.

“Where are you going?” asked Dick.

“I’m going to London,” said the man.

“You are very good to give me a ride. I am going there, too,” said Dick.

It was dark when they reached London.

That night Dick slept in a barn with the horses.

The next morning he looked for the golden stones in the streets.

He looked and looked, but he could find only dust and dirt.

There were many, many people in London, and Dick thought that he could soon find something to do.

He wandered around the streets, looking for work.

He asked many people, but no one wanted the poor little country boy.

As Dick had no money for food, he soon became very, very hungry.

At last he grew so weak that he fell down before the door of a great house.

Here the cook found him and began to beat him with a stick.

“Run away, you lazy boy!” she cried.

Poor Dick tried to rise, but he was so faint from want of food that he could not stand.

Just then the owner of the house, Mr. Fitzwarren, came up. He took pity on the poor boy and ordered the cook to give him some food.

Then he turned to Dick and said:

“If you wish to work, you may help the cook in the kitchen. You will find a bed in the attic.”

Dick thanked Mr. Fitzwarren again and again for his kindness.



At last Dick became so unhappy that he made up his mind to run away.

He started early in the morning, before any one in the house was up.

He had gone but a short way when he heard the sound of the six great bells of Bow.



The cook was very cross to Dick and whipped him almost every day.

His bed in the attic was only a pile of old rags.

He soon found that there were many rats and mice in the attic.

They ran over his bed and made so much noise every night that he could not sleep.

“I wish I had a cat,” thought Dick, “for she could eat up these rats and mice.”



“Well, then you must send your cat,” said Mr. Fitzwarren.

How lonely poor Dick was without Puss!

The cook made fun of him for sending a cat on the ship.

One day Dick earned a penny by blacking a man's shoes.

“I will try to buy a cat with this penny,” thought Dick.

So he started out and soon met a woman with a large cat.

“Will you sell me that cat?” said Dick. “I will give you this penny for her.”

“You are a good boy,” said the woman, “and you may have the cat for a penny, for I know you will treat her kindly.”

That night Dick's bed was free from rats, and Miss Puss had a good supper.

Dick began to love his cat dearly.

Chapter II

Now Mr. Fitzwarren had many ships that sailed to distant lands.

When a ship sailed Mr. Fitzwarren let every one in his house send something on it.

The things were sold, and when the ship came back, each person had the money for what he had sent.

One of the ships was ready to sail.

Every one in the house except Dick had sent something.

“What is Dick going to send in the ship?” said Mr. Fitzwarren.

“Oh, that boy has nothing to send,” said the cross cook.

“It is true,” said poor Dick; “I have nothing but my dear cat.”