

A traditional fairy tale:

The real princess

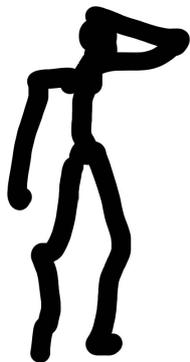
or

The princess and the pea

Once upon a time
a king and queen lived
with their son, the prince.
The prince wanted to
marry a princess.
The prince said, “I want
to find a real princess.”
So he left the castle.



He went to many places looking for his dream girl. The prince did meet many princesses, but not one was just right. “I can’t say I have met a real princess,” he said.



The prince travelled far and wide for a long time. Then he went home. He was miffed.

The king and queen were glad to see the prince. They were sorry there was no real princess with him. One evening, the family were all inside the castle. A very bad storm began. There was thunder and lightning. The rain came pouring down.



Just then, there was a knock on the door.

When the king opened
the door, he saw a girl.
She was soaked through.
Even her shoes
squelched as she moved.
“Who are you?”
the king asked.

“A princess,”
said the girl.
“A real princess.”



“Goodness!”
the king exclaimed.
“You must come in.”

And the king went to tell
the queen and prince.

“A real princess, is she?”

thought the queen.

“I must check on that
straight away.”

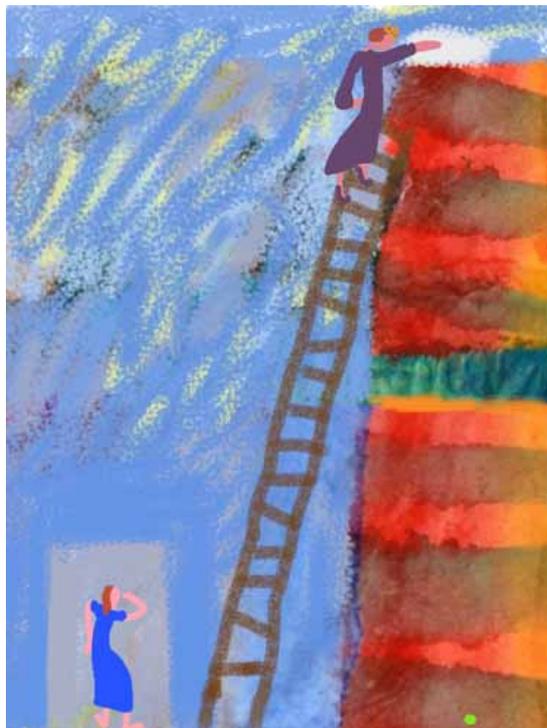
She thought she knew
how to test the girl.

The queen went up
to a spare bedroom.



She took everything off
the bed.

Then she put a dried pea on the bedstead. She put 20 mattresses on the pea. But that wasn't all. The queen put 20 sleeping bags on top. The girl needed a ladder!



The girl lay on that bed all night.

Next morning, the queen said, “Good morning.

Did you sleep well?”

“I did not sleep at all,”

replied the girl who said she was a real princess.

“I lay on something hard and I am black and blue all over.”

The queen told the king,

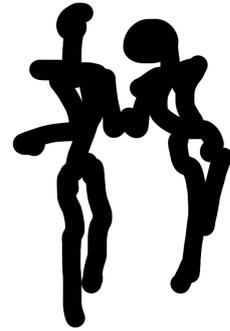
“Only a real princess

would be so tender!

She was hurt by a pea.

And the pea was under a big pile of mattresses!”

So the prince and
the princess
were married.



He was sure that she was
a real princess.

The family kept the pea.
It was put in a glass case
at a museum. It is
probably there now –
unless it has been stolen.

That's it! It's a real story,
you know! It may not be
a true story, of course.

What do you think? ☺☺