

The Shepherdess and The Chimney Sweep

by Hans Christian Anderson

There once were two china figures living in a grand home. They lived in an old wooden display case with many other figurines. The two little china figures stood on the same shelf every day and looked at each other; one was a shepherdess and the other was a chimney sweep.



"How beautiful she is," sighed the Chimney Sweep, "her face is so pink and white and her dress is so graceful."

"Although he is a Chimney Sweep," said the shepherdess, "he is clean and as neat as a Prince."

They loved each other very much and would have been quite happy if it had not been for the Field-Marshal-Major-General-Corporal-Sergeant. Now this funny person was carved in wood on the front panel of an old fashioned cabinet and the two china figures were rather afraid of him.



The Chinese Mandarin, who was the grandfather of the Shepherdess, nodded his head. "He will make you a fine husband, he has a whole cabinet of silver."

"I won't marry him!" declared the Shepherdess, "I don't want to live in his gloomy cabinet."

The Chimney Sweep comforted her as best he could. "We will creep out of this case, "he whispered, "and go into the wide world. I will work for you, sweeping chimneys."

That night, when the Chinese Mandarin was asleep, they stepped down out of the case and ran across the floor. First they hid in an open drawer where some playing cards were watching a puppet theater, but the play was very sad and made the Shepherdess cry, so they had to find another place to hide.



"We had better climb up the chimney," said the Chimney Sweep, "that will lead us out to the wide world. I know the way - are you brave enough to come with me?"



"Yes," whispered the Shepherdess.

Just then the Chinese Mandarin woke up and started to shake his head to and fro.

"Quickly!" cried the Chimney Sweep, and, taking the Shepherdess by the hand, he hurried them to the fireplace. It was very dark in the chimney but they could see a star shining down through the chimney pot as they climbed slowly up and up. At last they reached the roof and sat down to

rest, for they were very very tired.

The sky above them was full of stars and all the wide world lay beneath them. "Oh dear," said the Shepherdess, "I'm frightened, the world is too big! I wish I was back in the display case again."



The Chimney Sweep reminded her of the Chinese Mandarin and the old Field-Marshal-Major-General-Corporal-Sergeant, but she wept so much that he has to agree to take her back again. Down the chimney they went, crept into the fireplace and into the room again.

There on the floor, lay the Chinese Mandarin broken into many pieces, for he had fallen off the table when he tried to follow the runaways. "Poor Grandfather, I wonder if he can be mended?" said the Shepherdess.

He was eventually mended but a stiff rivet that was put into his neck, prevented him from nodding his head ever again.



"May I have your grand-daughter for my wife?" asked the Field-Marshal-Major-General-Corporal-Sergeant, but the Chinese Mandarin could not nod his head, so the two little china figures lived side by side in the display cabinet and loved each other for ever and ever.

The End