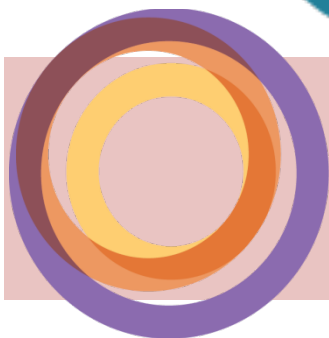


*Cinderella*

# 2017-2018 GUIDEBOOK



**OPERA**  
**COLORADO**

*An Opera Colorado touring  
production with English libretto by  
Brett Sprague and Cherity Koepke*

# A Letter to the Teachers

Dear Teachers,

Opera Colorado is pleased to provide engaging educational programs and performances for students across Colorado. What follows is a guide that we hope you and your students find useful, as we explore Gaetano Donizetti's *The Elixir of Love*. In the spirit of exploration, we have included various lessons that connect *The Elixir of Love* with different subjects of learning. The lessons reference the new Colorado Department of Education's Academic Standards: specifically, focusing on the fourth grade expectations. This does not mean, however, that these lessons should be limited to this age group. While we would be very pleased if you used these lessons in the exact format provided, we encourage you to expand, alter, and adapt these lessons so that they best fit your students' abilities and development. After all, the teacher knows their student's needs best. We would appreciate your feedback on our teacher evaluation form found at the end of this guide, and we hope that you enjoy all that Opera Colorado has to offer!

*Thank you!*

*Opera Colorado makes every effort to ensure that the information provided in this guidebook is as accurate as possible. With the exception of materials used for educational purposes, none of the contents of this guidebook may be reprinted without the permission of Opera Colorado's Education & Community Programs department. Dictionary definitions were taken from [www.Merriam-Webster.com](http://www.Merriam-Webster.com), and unless marked otherwise, educational information was gathered from [www.Wikipedia.com](http://www.Wikipedia.com). Unless otherwise noted, the materials in the Elixir of Love guidebook were developed and compiled by the Manager of Education and Community Engagement, Parisa Zaeri.*



- Cherity Koepke -

Director of Education & Community Engagement  
[ckoepke@operacolorado.org](mailto:ckoepke@operacolorado.org) 303.778.0371



- Parisa Zaeri -

Manager of Education & Community Engagement  
[pzaeri@operacolorado.org](mailto:pzaeri@operacolorado.org) 303.778.7350

# Table of Contents

Cast List	4
Synopsis	5
Meet the Composer	10
Meet the Librettist	12
Activity: Listening	13
Did You Know?	15
<i>Pepelyouga: A Cinderella Story from Serbia</i>	16
<i>The Little Glass Slipper: A French Cinderella Story</i>	19
<i>The Story of Tam and Cam: A Vietnamese Cinderella Story</i>	24
Activity: Compare and Contrast	29
Cinderella Stories From Around the World	30
Cinderella Movies	31
Rossini Recipes	32
Activity: Make a Bracelet	34
Activity: Coloring Pages	35
Program Evaluation	37

# Cinderella

***Also known as La Cenerentola***

**Music by Gioachino Rossini – Libretto by Jacopo Perretti**

English libretto by Brett Sprague and Cherity Koepke

Based on Charles Perrault's version of the fairytale, *Cendrillon*

Premiered in Rome, Italy, on January 25, 1817

Don Magnifico.....bass baritone.....Andrew Hiers  
(don mag-NI-fi-ko)

Angelina (Cenerentola).....mezzo soprano.....Katherine Beck  
(an-juh-LEE-nah // cheh-nuh-REN-to-lah)

Tisbe.....mezzo soprano.....Nicole Keeling  
(TIZ-bee)

Clorinda.....soprano.....Vanessa Naghdi  
(klo-RIN-dah)

Don Ramiro.....tenor.....Nathan Ward  
(don ra-MEE-roh)

Dandini.....baritone.....Nicholas Kreider  
(don ra-MEE-roh)

Alidoro.....baritone.....Heath Martin  
(ah-lee-DOH-roh)

Director: Cherity Koepke

Assistant Director: Brett Sprague

Accompanist: Jordan Ortman

**Act I** The story opens in the tumble-down mansion of the Baron Don Magnifico, who isn't as rich as he'd like to be. The Baron's daughter, Clorinda, is clumsily practicing some dance steps. Her sister, Tisbe, is admiring herself in the mirror - though there isn't much to admire. Meanwhile, Cenerentola is preparing the morning coffee. As she works, she sings to herself about a king who was searching for love and rejected the richest and most beautiful women in favor of a sweet, innocent young girl. The song annoys her stepsisters, who tell her to be quiet.

A beggar, or so it seems, arrives at the door. The man is really Alidoro, tutor of the prince, Don Ramiro. He is going around the kingdom in disguise to find a suitable bride for his master. Clorinda and Tisbe tell Alidoro to go away, but the good-hearted Cenerentola gives him a cup of coffee and some bread. When the stepsisters see this, they fly into a rage and begin to yell at Cenerentola. She is saved by the arrival of the pages from the Royal court. They explain that Don Ramiro will soon appear to invite the sisters to a magnificent ball at his palace, where he will choose a young woman to become his wife.

This is exciting news for Clorinda and Tisbe. They begin shouting at Cenerentola to fetch their best clothing. Each one is convinced that her charms will win the Prince's love. The pages depart, but the stepsisters notice that the "beggar" has remained. They shoo him away. As he is leaving, Cenerentola apologizes that she has no money to offer him. "It breaks my heart that I have nothing to give a poor, unhappy man," she says. Thinking that he may have found the perfect girl for the Prince, Alidoro replies, "Perhaps, by tomorrow, you will be happy."

All the commotion of the morning has awakened Don Magnifico, who emerges from his bedroom in a nightcap and dressing gown. He scolds his daughters for interrupting the wonderful dream he was having, all about a donkey who sprouted wings and began to fly. Magnifico

is convinced that the dream foretells good luck for his family. He fantasizes that his daughters will marry royalty, and that he himself will be the grandfather of kings. When Clorinda and Tisbe tell him about the ball, and that the Prince will soon be paying them a visit, Magnifico is overjoyed. He begs each of the girls to do whatever she can to snare Ramiro as her husband. Then he and his daughters go to prepare for the arrival of the Prince.

Suddenly, the Prince's valet, or so it seems, arrives. It is really the Prince himself, Don Ramiro, in disguise. He has already been told by Alidoro that a beautiful and kind young woman lives in Don Magnifico's home, and he has come to see for himself. When Cenerentola returns to the room, she is so startled by the stranger that she drops a cup and saucer. She and Ramiro are instantly attracted to each other. Cenerentola is disappointed when the stranger says he is looking for Magnifico's daughters. Then she becomes nervous and shy when he asks who she is. She tells him of her life of drudgery, and the Prince finds himself falling hopelessly in love with her. Cenerentola's stepsisters call sharply to her from their rooms, and she goes to them. Ramiro remarks to himself that even though Cenerentola is in rags, he can see true beauty in her.

With great fanfare and accompanied by members of the court, the Prince's real valet, Dandini, arrives - disguised as the Prince! This is all part of Ramiro's plan to find the perfect bride. Dandini laments that, though he's been searching the kingdom and has seen thousands of fair maids, he has not yet found a bride.

Don Magnifico, Clorinda, and Tisbe enter, thrilled by the honor of the Prince's visit. Dandini praises them so highly that the silly girls and their father are sure they've already won the Prince's heart. Meanwhile, Ramiro is looking around, wondering where Cenerentola might be. When she returns, Cenerentola notices that the handsome young man can't take his eyes off her.





# Synopsis

[continued]

Dandini (as the Prince) explains that, according to the will of his father, he must marry immediately or lose his inheritance. He bids the Herald and courtiers to escort Clorinda and Tisbe to the ball. Everyone leaves except Ramiro: he stays behind - outside the house - to catch another glimpse of Cenerentola.

Cenerentola begs her stepfather to take her to the ball "for just one hour." Magnifico laughs at the very thought, and tells her to leave him alone. Dandini returns to fetch Ramiro, and they both watch from outside the house. When Cenerentola continues to plead with Magnifico, the old man threatens her, and Ramiro and Dandini rush to her aid. Magnifico bows respectfully to the gentlemen, then tells Cenerentola to get out. He lies to Ramiro and Dandini, telling them that Cenerentola is only a servant, "the lowest of the low." Cenerentola pleads with the gentlemen to convince Magnifico that she should attend the ball.

Alidoro returns, now dressed as himself, with a list of all the eligible young women in the kingdom. The list shows

that Magnifico has three daughters. When Alidoro demands to see the Baron's third daughter, Magnifico swears that she is dead. Cenerentola speaks up in shock, and her stepfather whispers that he will silence her completely. Seeming to accept Don Magnifico's explanation, at least for now, the men go off to the ball, leaving Cenerentola alone.

A few moments later, Alidoro - quite the quick-change artist - returns, dressed as a beggar once again. Grateful for any sign of affection, Cenerentola is pleased to hear Alidoro fondly call her "daughter." When the "beggar" invites her to the ball, Cenerentola thinks he's making fun of her. But Alidoro says, "Everything has changed for you! You will exchange your rags for a beautiful gown, and you'll charm all hearts." Alidoro presents Cenerentola with two crystal bracelets as a symbol of "her goodness; pure and true." When the carriage arrives, he sends the astonished girl off to the ball.



**Act II** At the palace, the festivities have begun. Dandini - still pretending to be the Prince - is being chased by the two sisters and Don Magnifico is helping himself to the food. Dandini escapes from the girls and enters a deserted room with the real prince. When Don Ramiro asks to be told the truth about Clorinda and Tisbe, his servant replies that "they're a mixture of bad manners, bad temper and vanity." Still unaware that Don Magnifico is Cenerentola's stepfather, the Prince can't understand Alidoro's advice that one of the Baron's daughters is the bride for whom he's been searching.

Clorinda and Tisbe hurry in looking for the Prince. Dandini (as the Prince) announces his decision: since he can't marry both of them, he will take one of the girls for himself and give the other to the valet. The sisters are offended by the very idea of marrying a lowly servant.

Alidoro interrupts to announce the arrival of a mysterious lady. Cenerentola appears, dressed in a beautiful gown given to her by Alidoro. Her face is hidden by a veil. Though neither Clorinda nor Tisbe can tell who she is, they are filled with jealousy. When Cenerentola speaks, Don Ramiro feels certain he has heard her voice before. Dandini removes the girl's veil, and everyone present is struck by her loveliness. Don Magnifico is disturbed by the new arrival; he and his daughters try to convince themselves that the girl's resemblance to Cenerentola is just a coincidence. ("Ours is coarse and clumsy. This one's a bit prettier," Clorinda and Tisbe say, "but still not so beautiful as to compare with me.") Dandini invites all those present to take their places at the banquet, promising that he will finally choose a bride at the ball after supper.

Finding himself alone after dinner, the real Prince thinks about the resemblance between the beautiful mystery woman of the ball and the lowly serving girl who had caught his eye and warmed his heart that same morning.

When he sees Cenerentola approaching with Dandini, Ramiro hides to eavesdrop on their conversation. Dandini has been completely charmed by Cenerentola. The Prince is surprised to hear Dandini protest that Cenerentola won't allow him to woo her. Cenerentola confesses that she is in love with another man, the Prince's valet!

Hearing this, Ramiro comes out of hiding, still pretending to be a valet. "My dearest," he asks Cenerentola, "do rank and riches not appeal to your heart?" Cenerentola answers that she cares only for love and virtue. When Ramiro asks if she will be his, Cenerentola says that he must first learn more about her. She gives Ramiro one of her bracelets, saying: "Take this. Search for me. On my right wrist, you will see the companion to it. And then, if you still love me, you shall have won me." All of this is heard and seen by Alidoro, who tells himself that everything is going wonderfully well.

Cenerentola departs, and Ramiro reveals his disguise. On the advice of Alidoro, Ramiro orders that a coach and horses be made ready so that he may begin searching for his newly beloved and he rushes off.

Dandini re-enters, pondering how quickly he has been reduced from all to nothing. When Don Magnifico bursts in, Dandini can't resist playing the role of the Prince just a bit longer. He tells the Baron that he has chosen his bride from among his two daughters—but he won't say which. When Magnifico begs for more information, Dandini finally reveals the game that he and the Prince have been playing. The furious Magnifico swears that Ramiro will pay for making such a fool of him.



# Synopsis

[continued]

Later that night at Don Magnifico's mansion, and once again dressed in rags, Cenerentola sits dreaming of her handsome young man. Her thoughts are interrupted by the return of her stepfather and stepsisters. Cenerentola reminds them so much of the mysterious woman at the ball that they threaten to attack her.

Suddenly there is thunder and lightning, followed by the sound of a carriage arriving. Don Magnifico sends Cenerentola off to prepare supper and she leaves the room just as Ramiro and Dandini enter to seek shelter

from the storm. Both are surprised to recognize Don Magnifico. The old man, hoping that the real Prince has come to woo one of his daughters, calls for Cenerentola to bring a chair for his highness.

Cenerentola is astonished to see Ramiro again so soon, and he is no less shocked to recognize the bracelet on her right arm. The Prince immediately declares his love for Cenerentola, to the total amazement of her stepfather and stepsisters. When she tries to embrace her family as a sign of forgiveness, they pull away from her. The Prince warns them that they will be sorry for he wants Cenerentola as his bride. While Don Magnifico and the stepsisters express their confusion, Cenerentola and Ramiro sing of their love.

At last, in Don Ramiro's palace, Alidoro and the Herald celebrate the fact that love has triumphed over selfishness and evil. Don Magnifico finally asks Cenerentola to forgive him and his daughters, which she does with all her heart. "The old offenses have vanished from my memory," she says. "Always my life had been tragic, but quick as a flash of lightning, my fortune has changed. No more crying by the fireplace, singing all alone." Everyone sings the praises of Cenerentola as she and her Prince begin their life together.



# Gioachino Rossini

## COMPOSER

Gioachino Rossini, was born into a musical family in Pesaro, Italy in 1792. His father, Giuseppe, was a reputable horn player and his mother, Anna, was a seamstress and a soprano. As a boy, he was known to be mischievous, always playing practical jokes. But when it came to music, he was a genius; by the age of six, he was playing the triangle in his father's band. When he was 14, he was admitted into Bologna's Accademia Filarmonica, and was exempted from military duty when he was 16.

Rossini left his school to pursue work Teatro Moisè in Venice and then moved to Milan, where he was able to gain sizeable success with his popular

operas. Following his stay in Venice, he accepted a contract with the Teatro Carlo in Naples from 1816-1822, which allowed him to accept outside commissions. Rossini's success and popularity made him one of the first composers able to survive financially, independent from a wealthy patron. During this time, his creative output was impressive, writing 18 operas, including *The Barber of Seville*. In the year of 1812 he wrote seven operas in sixteen months, and he completed *The Barber of Seville* in 13 days.

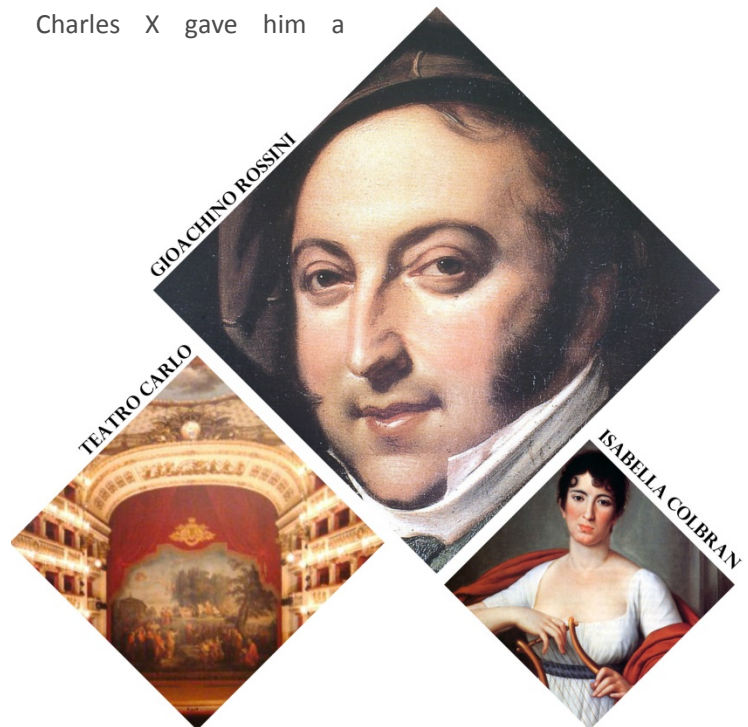
He did have a trick that allowed him to write music so quickly: Rossini was known to steal his

own music consistently! For example, the overture written for the *The Barber of Seville* was originally written for *Aureliano in Palmira*, an earlier opera. This same work was also used in two other operas, *Elisabetta* and *Regina d'Inghilterra*. The aria of Tancredi, "Di Tanti Palpiti," was not only composed quickly, but was the most popular aria of its time. It was known as the "rice aria" because Rossini wrote it one day in Venice while waiting for his risotto to cook.

Nearing the end of his time at Naples, Rossini accepted work in Paris and began his life there. Rossini's popularity in Paris was so great that Charles X gave him a

contract to write five new operas a year; and at the expiration of the contract, he was to receive a generous pension for life. He wrote several more operas while in Paris, his last being *Guillaume Tell* (or also known as *William Tell*). During this creative and successful time, he also married famed Spanish soprano Isabella Colbran. This marriage would eventually prove to be difficult, because of Isabella's love for extravagance and gambling and his love of food and women. Rossini and his wife returned to Italy in 1829 to assist his now widowed father and a year later the French government collapsed, severing most of his ties.

*the early days...*



# Gioachino Rossini

COMPOSER  
[continued]

*retirement...*

Rossini's burial site



Olympe Pelissier



Rossini's Paris apartment

Rossini would continue to write smaller works, but with his declining mental and physical health, he was limited in his activities. However, he did write a short piece of music for his dog's birthday each year! While in his retirement, Rossini became a major figure in the social and cultural life of Paris. He had become esteemed as Europe's leading composer, and his overtures were even compared to those of Beethoven. He relished the title, "the music emperor of Europe," and he certainly lived like one, maintaining homes in Italy, Paris, and a summer villa in rural France.

After the death of his wife Isabella, Rossini married Olympe Pélissier, a woman whom he had loved for years. He reigned like a nineteenth-century prince in his luxurious Paris apartment. Rossini's death was brought about by complications following a heart attack. He was buried in Père Lachaise cemetery in Paris, but at the request of the Italian government, his body was removed to Florence where he is buried in the cemetery of the Santa Croce Church.

Many historians have their theories as to why the composer retired from music at the early age of 37. Some believe that he just enjoyed life too much and that he ran-out of musical ideas. Rossini was known to be a rather large man, capable of eating 20 steaks a day! There is even a steak named after him, the Tournedos Rossini. He also loved his wine and once remarked to the Baron Rothschild who sent him grapes to thank him, "I don't take my wine in pills."

At the end of his life in 1868, Rossini was known around the world for his numerous operas and their popular overtures. He is considered by many to be the master of comic opera, and his role in shaping Italian and French operas will forever be significant.



# Jacopo Ferretti

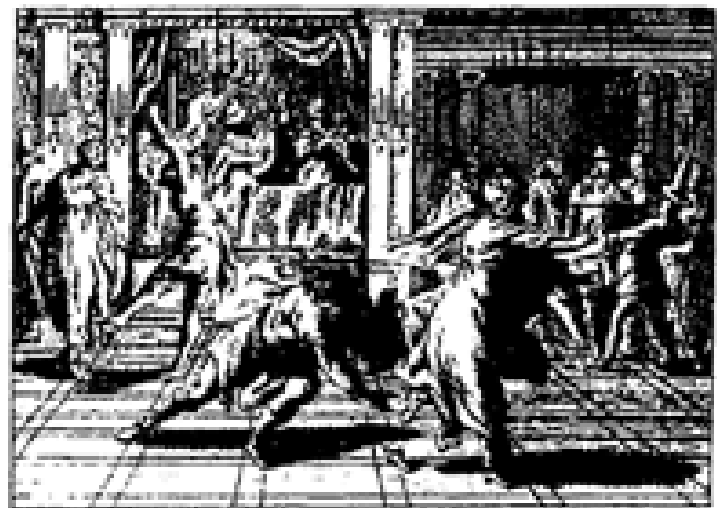
## LIBRETTIST

**Jacopo Ferretti** (1784-1852) came from a middle class Roman family. His father was his teacher and instructed him in music, literature, and languages such as Latin, Greek, French, English, and of course, Italian. Ferretti wrote many odes for funerals and weddings, love letters, speeches, as well as over 70 libretti. *La Cenerentola* was his first major success and the work for which he is most famous. Ferretti used Perrault's fairy tale *Cendrillon ou La petite pantoufle de verre* (*Cinderella or The Little Glass Slipper*) as inspiration. There were, however, substantial differences in Ferretti's version including the use of matching bracelets instead of a glass slipper and the absence of magic.

When staged in France, *La Cenerentola* initially received bad reviews. This was probably because of the changes from Perrault's fairy tale and the popularity of a competing 1810 version of *Cendrillon* by Nicholas Isouard. Of course the favorite argument of its opponents was the "betrayal" of Perrault's ideas. An article in a Paris' paper (*Journal des débats*, 10 June 1822), criticizes the libretto for the substitution of a bracelet for Cinderella's shoe, jesting that the substitution might have been made for a prima donna with a beautiful arm and ugly feet. Gertrude Righetti Giorgi, for whom the opera had been written, was not amused, and displayed her stage temper in an open letter to the press:

*"You miserable people who soil paper to earn undeserved attention from your readers! On Roman stages, it is not permitted to display the same situations that are seen in France. It seemed that decency might be offended by displaying a slipper, and since it was a musical comedy it was easy to substitute a bracelet."*

As it turns out, the idea of using a bracelet was genius, and *La Cenerentola* has become one of Rossini's most popular and enduring works.



## CENDRILLON, OU LA PETITE PANTOUFLE DE VERRE.

# LISTENING

activity

Listen to some of the excerpts from *Cinderella* listed on the next page. See if you can guess what they're about before you read the descriptions provided. Did you guess any of them correctly? What tools did you use to understand even though the words are sung in Italian?





🔗 "Una volta c'era un re"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LmJo5XjLGfg>

The opera begins with Cenerentola seated by the fire. Feeling sad and lonely, she cheers herself up by singing a little song about a king looking for a wife who finally settles for a kind and loving heart in preference to beauty, wealth and glamour. These feelings mirror Cenerentola's desire to be loved for who she is.

🔗 "Miei rampolli femminini"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fkCIE8M6E8E>

Don Magnifico enters and scolds his daughters, Clorinda and Tisbe for being so loud and waking him from his dream. He sings of the dream and what it means; his daughters will be royalty, he will be rich and a happy grandfather to lots of grandchildren, but above all, rich.

🔗 "Un soave non so che"

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yA8kNpCDC\\_U](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yA8kNpCDC_U)

The Prince, Don Ramiro, enters Don Magnifico's household disguised as his own valet. His mentor, Alidoro, has told him he will find a model of warm-heartedness and beauty. He calls to see who is home, no one answers. Suddenly, Cenerentola enters. She is startled to find a stranger in the room and drops the tray she is carrying. The Prince offers to help her and the pair, gazes into each other's eye, feeling an instant attraction. They sing of their excitement in finding someone who could be their true love.

🔗 "Come un'ape nei giorni d'aprile"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qiz0J99CaBQ>

Dandini, the valet masquerading as the Prince, enters the house and proceeds to sing the praises of Don Magnifico and his daughters. Fully relishing his new princely status, he flatters and woos them to secure their admiration and reverence, ensuring the plot to find the Prince a worthy bride succeeds. In truth, Dandini thinks the sisters and their father are appalling and enjoys their roles as unwitting pawns in the plot.

🔗 "La del ciel nell'arcano profondo"

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1kA65loC\\_BU](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1kA65loC_BU)

Alidoro, the Prince's advisor, appears to Cenerentola. He tells her that because of her kind spirit, noble virtue and loving heart, she will soon be rewarded with a new, happy life. He describes her future, surrounded by beauty and loved for who she is. With joy and fatherly pride, Alidoro announces that he will help Cenerentola attend the ball and she rushes off to begin her transformation.

🔗 "Sprezzo quei don..."

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qFbB3q8KJsg>

Cenerentola arrives at the ball with a veil covering her face so no one will recognize her. She boldly offers herself as wife only to one who will give her respect, love and kindness. Upon hearing her voice, the Prince is stunned and tries to remember where he has heard it before; he knows it as a voice that captured his heart. The company sings of the mysterious lady and her kindness, and integrity, all the while wondering who she is.

🔗 "Si ritrovarla io guiro..."

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lfz0Y2CXvQQ>

Having been left with Cenerentola's bracelet, the Prince decides that the time for disguises is over and tells Dandini that he is to resume his duties as his valet. Declaring his love for the mysterious woman he met at the ball, he vows to find her and swears to triumph over anything that stands in his way.

🔗 "Questo è un nodo avviluppato"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7t5Mz8FvCz0>

Having been driven into Don Magnifico's house by a fierce storm, the Prince again lays eyes on the shy young woman who dropped the tray. With astonishment, he realizes that Cenerentola and the mysterious veiled woman from the ball are one and the same. Cenerentola is shocked at the realization that the "valet" she fell in love with is in fact the Prince. The entire plot crumbles and true identities are revealed. Everyone expresses their bewilderment in this ensemble.

🔗 "Non più mesta"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qVZNx39xYiA>

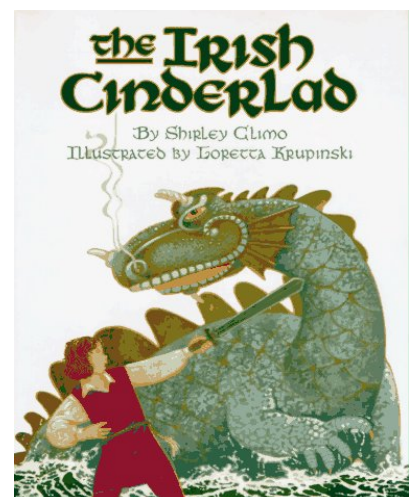
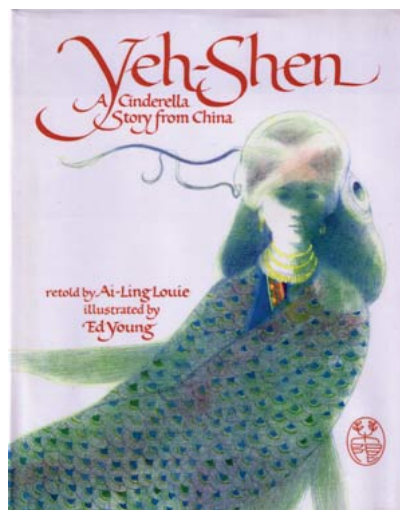
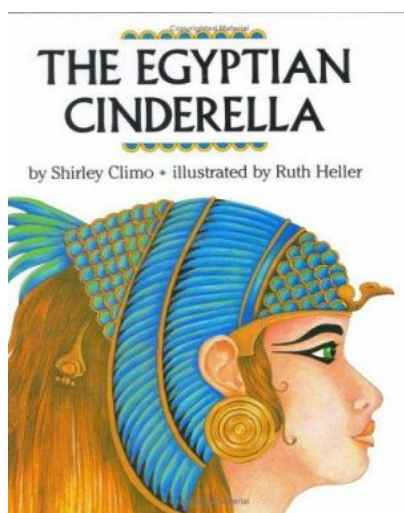
The Prince and Cenerentola are married and everyone gathers to celebrate. With the past behind her and the love and support of her new husband, Cenerentola forgives her family and delights in her new-found happiness.



# DID YOU KNOW?

Did you know that there are over 1,500 versions of the Cinderella story from all over the world? This includes places such as France, the United States, Africa, the Americas, Asia, Europe, and the Middle East. People have been collecting *Cinderella* stories as far back as the 19<sup>th</sup> century and putting them into books, creating plays from them, and writing operas.

On the following pages of this guidebook, we've included three stories from different places in the world. Once you've read them, try to fill out the Compare and Contrast worksheet included in this guidebook. This is a valuable tool that can highlight the similarities and differences in the *Cinderella* stories. You'll see that the story can be quite different from what we're used to here in the United States!



# Pepelyouga

## *A Cinderella Story from Serbia*

On a high pasture land, near an immense precipice, some maidens were occupied in spinning and attending to their grazing cattle, when an old strange looking man with a white beard reaching down to his girdle approached, and said, "Oh fair maidens, beware of the abyss, for if one of you should drop her spindle down the cliff, her mother would be turned into a cow that very moment!"

So saying the aged man disappeared, and the girls, bewildered by his words, and discussing the strange incident, approached near to the ravine which had suddenly become interesting to them. They peered curiously over the edge, as though expecting to see some unaccustomed sight, when suddenly the most beautiful of the maidens let her spindle drop from her hand, and before she could recover it, it was bounding from rock to rock into the depths beneath. When she returned home that evening she found her worst fears realized, for her mother stood before the door transformed into a cow.

A short time later her father married again. His new wife was a widow, and brought a daughter of her own into her new home. This girl was not particularly well favored, and her mother immediately began to hate her stepdaughter because of the latter's good looks. She forbade her henceforth to wash her face, to comb her hair or to change her clothes, and in every way she could think of she sought to make her miserable.

One morning she gave her a bag filled with hemp, saying, "If you do not spin this and make a fine top of it by tonight, you need not return home, for I intend to kill you."

The poor girl, deeply dejected, walked behind the cattle, industriously spinning as she went, but by noon when the cattle lay down in the shade to rest, she observed that she had made but little progress and she began to weep bitterly.

Now, her mother was driven daily to pasture with the other cows, and seeing her daughter's tears she drew near and asked why she wept, whereupon the maiden told her all. Then the cow comforted her daughter, saying, "My darling child, be consoled! Let me take the hemp into my mouth and chew it; through my ear a thread will come out. You must take the end of this and wind it into a top." So this was done; the hemp was soon spun, and when the girl gave it to her stepmother that evening, she was greatly surprised.

Next morning the woman roughly ordered the maiden to spin a still larger bag of hemp, and as the girl, thanks to her mother, spun and wound it all, her stepmother, on the following day, gave her twice the quantity to spin. Nevertheless, the girl brought home at night even that unusually large quantity well spun, and her stepmother concluded that the poor girl was not spinning alone, but that other maidens, her friends, were giving her help. Therefore she, next morning, sent her own daughter to spy

upon the poor girl and to report what she saw. The girl soon noticed that the cow helped the poor orphan by chewing the hemp, while she drew the thread and wound it on a top, and she ran back home and informed her mother of what she had seen. Upon this, the stepmother insisted that her husband should order that particular cow to be slaughtered. Her husband at first hesitated, but as his wife urged him more and more, he finally decided to do as she wished.

On learning what had been decided, the stepdaughter wept more than ever, and when her mother asked what was the matter, she told her tearfully all that had been arranged. Thereupon the cow said to her daughter, "Wipe away your tears, and do not cry any more. When they slaughter me, you must take great care not to eat any of the meat, but after the repast, carefully collect my bones and inter them behind the house under a certain stone; then, should you ever be in need of help, come to my grave and there you will find it."

The cow was killed, and when the meat was served the poor girl declined to eat of it, pretending that she had no appetite; after the meal she gathered with great care all the bones and buried them on the spot indicated by her mother.

Now, the name of the maiden was Marra, but, as she had to do the roughest work of the house, such as carrying water, washing, and sweeping, she was called by her stepmother and stepsister Pepelyouga (Cinderella).

One Sunday, when the stepmother and her daughter had dressed themselves for church, the woman spread about the house the contents of a basketful of millet, and said, "Listen, Pepelyouga; if you do not gather up all this millet and have dinner ready by the time we return from church, I will kill you!"

When they had gone, the poor girl began to weep, reflecting, "As to the dinner I can easily prepare it, but how can I possibly gather up all this millet?" But that very moment she recalled the words of the cow, that, if she ever should be struck by misfortune, she need but walk to the grave behind the house, when she would find instant help there. Immediately she ran out, and, when she approached the grave, lo! a chest was lying on the grave wide open, and inside were beautiful dresses and everything necessary for a lady's makeup counter. Two doves were sitting on the lid of the chest, and as the girl drew near, they said to her, "Marra, take from the chest the dress you like the best, clothe yourself, and go to church. As to the millet and other work, we ourselves will attend to that and see that everything is in good order!"

Marra needed no second invitation; she took the first silk dress she touched, groomed herself, and went to church, where her entrance created quite a sensation. Everybody, men and women, greatly admired her beauty and her costly attire, but they were puzzled as to who she was, and where she came from. A prince happened to be in the church on that day, and he, too, admired the beautiful maiden.

Just before the service ended, the girl stole from the church, went hurriedly home, took off her beautiful clothes and placed them back in the chest, which instantly shut and became invisible. She then rushed to the kitchen, where she discovered that the dinner was quite ready, and that the millet

was gathered into the basket. Soon the stepmother came back with her daughter, and they were astounded to find the millet gathered up, dinner prepared, and everything else in order. A desire to learn the secret now began to torment the stepmother mightily.

Next Sunday everything happened as before, except that the girl found in the chest a silver dress, and that the prince felt a greater admiration for her, so much so that he was unable, even for a moment to take his eyes from her. On the third Sunday, the mother and daughter again prepared to go to church, and, having scattered the millet as before, she repeated her previous threats. As soon as they disappeared, the girl ran straight to her mother's grave, where she found, as on the previous occasions, the open chest and the same two doves. This time she found a dress made of gold lace, and she hastily clad herself in it and went to church, where she was admired by all, even more than before. As for the czar's son, he had come with the intention not to let her this time out of his sight, but to follow and see where she went. Accordingly, as the service drew near to its close, and the maiden withdrew quietly as before, the enamored prince followed after her. Marra hurried along, for she had none too much time, and, as she went, one of her golden slippers came off, and she was too agitated to stop and pick it up. The prince, however, who had lost sight of the maiden, saw the slipper and put it in his pocket. Reaching home, Marra took off her golden dress, laid it in the chest, and rushed back to the house.

The prince now resolved to go from house to house throughout his father's realm in search of the owner of the slipper, inviting all the fair maidens to try on the golden slipper. But, alas! his efforts seemed to be doomed to failure; for some girls the slipper was too long, for others too short, for others, again, too narrow. There was no one whom it would fit.

Wandering from door to door, the sad prince at length came to the house of Marra's father. The stepmother was expecting him, and she had hidden her stepdaughter under a large trough in the courtyard. When the prince asked whether she had any daughters, the stepmother answered that she had but one, and she presented the girl to him. The prince requested the girl to try on the slipper, but, squeeze as she would, there was not room in it even for her toes! Thereupon the prince asked whether it was true that there were no other girls in the house, and the stepmother replied that indeed it was quite true.

That very moment a cock flew onto the trough and crowed out lustily, "*Kook-oo-ryeh-koooo!* Here she is under this very trough!"

The stepmother, enraged, exclaimed, "Sh! Go away! May an eagle seize you and fly off with you!" The curiosity of the prince was aroused. He approached the trough, lifted it up, and, to his great surprise, there was the maiden whom he had seen three times in church, clad in the very same golden dress she had last worn, and having only one golden slipper.

When the prince recognized the maiden he was overcome with joy. Quickly he tried the slipper on her dainty foot. It not only fit her admirably, but it exactly matched the one she already wore on her left foot. He lifted her up tenderly and escorted her to his palace. Later he won her love, and they were happily married.



# *The Little Glass Slipper*

## *A French Cinderella Story by Charles Perrault*

Once there was a gentleman who married, for his second wife, the proudest and most haughty woman that was ever seen. She had, by a former husband, two daughters of her own, who were, indeed, exactly like her in all things. He had likewise, by another wife, a young daughter, but of unparalleled goodness and sweetness of temper, which she took from her mother, who was the best creature in the world.

No sooner were the ceremonies of the wedding over but the stepmother began to show herself in her true colors. She could not bear the good qualities of this pretty girl, and the less because they made her own daughters appear the more odious. She employed her in the meanest work of the house. She scoured the dishes, tables, etc., and cleaned madam's chamber, and those of misses, her daughters. She slept in a sorry garret, on a wretched straw bed, while her sisters slept in fine rooms, with floors all inlaid, on beds of the very newest fashion, and where they had looking glasses so large that they could see themselves at their full length from head to foot.

The poor girl bore it all patiently, and dared not tell her father, who would have scolded her; for his wife governed him entirely. When she had done her work, she used to go to the chimney corner, and sit down there in the cinders and ashes, which caused her to be called Cinderwench. Only the younger sister, who was not so rude and uncivil as the older one, called her Cinderella. However, Cinderella, notwithstanding her coarse apparel, was a hundred times more beautiful than her sisters, although they were always dressed very richly.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, and invited all persons of fashion to it. Our young misses were also invited, for they cut a very grand figure among those of quality. They were mightily delighted at this invitation, and wonderfully busy in selecting the gowns, petticoats, and hair dressing that would best become them. This was a new difficulty for Cinderella; for it was she who ironed her sister's linen and pleated their ruffles. They talked all day long of nothing but how they should be dressed.

"For my part," said the eldest, "I will wear my red velvet suit with French trimming."

"And I," said the youngest, "shall have my usual petticoat; but then, to make amends for that, I will put on my gold-flowered cloak, and my diamond stomacher, which is far from being the most ordinary one in the world."

They sent for the best hairdresser they could get to make up their headpieces and adjust their hairdos, and they had their red brushes and patches from Mademoiselle de la Poche.

They also consulted Cinderella in all these matters, for she had excellent ideas, and her advice was always good. Indeed, she even offered her services to fix their hair, which they very willingly accepted. As she was doing this, they said to her, "Cinderella, would you not like to go to the ball?"

"Alas!" said she, "you only jeer me; it is not for such as I am to go to such a place."

"You are quite right," they replied. "It would make the people laugh to see a Cinderwench at a ball."

Anyone but Cinderella would have fixed their hair awry, but she was very good, and dressed them perfectly well. They were so excited that they hadn't eaten a thing for almost two days. Then they broke more than a dozen laces trying to have themselves laced up tightly enough to give them a fine slender shape. They were continually in front of their looking glass. At last the happy day came. They went to court, and Cinderella followed them with her eyes as long as she could. When she lost sight of them, she started to cry.

Her godmother, who saw her all in tears, asked her what was the matter.

"I wish I could. I wish I could." She was not able to speak the rest, being interrupted by her tears and sobbing.

This godmother of hers, who was a fairy, said to her, "You wish that you could go to the ball; is it not so?"

"Yes," cried Cinderella, with a great sigh.

"Well," said her godmother, "be but a good girl, and I will contrive that you shall go." Then she took her into her chamber, and said to her, "Run into the garden, and bring me a pumpkin."

Cinderella went immediately to gather the finest she could get, and brought it to her godmother, not being able to imagine how this pumpkin could help her go to the ball. Her godmother scooped out all the inside of it, leaving nothing but the rind. Having done this, she struck the pumpkin with her wand, and it was instantly turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold.

She then went to look into her mousetrap, where she found six mice, all alive, and ordered Cinderella to lift up a little the trapdoor. She gave each mouse, as it went out, a little tap with her wand, and the mouse was that moment turned into a fine horse, which altogether made a very fine set of six horses of a beautiful mouse colored dapple gray.

Being at a loss for a coachman, Cinderella said, "I will go and see if there is not a rat in the rat trap that we can turn into a coachman."

"You are right," replied her godmother, "Go and look."

Cinderella brought the trap to her, and in it there were three huge rats. The fairy chose the one which had the largest beard, touched him with her wand, and turned him into a fat, jolly coachman, who had the smartest whiskers that eyes ever beheld.

After that, she said to her, "Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering

pot. Bring them to me."

She had no sooner done so but her godmother turned them into six footmen, who skipped up immediately behind the coach, with their liveries all bedaubed with gold and silver, and clung as close behind each other as if they had done nothing else their whole lives. The fairy then said to Cinderella, "Well, you see here an equipage fit to go to the ball with; are you not pleased with it?"

"Oh, yes," she cried; "but must I go in these nasty rags?"

Her godmother then touched her with her wand, and, at the same instant, her clothes turned into cloth of gold and silver, all beset with jewels. This done, she gave her a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the whole world. Being thus decked out, she got up into her coach; but her godmother, above all things, commanded her not to stay past midnight, telling her, at the same time, that if she stayed one moment longer, the coach would be a pumpkin again, her horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and that her clothes would become just as they were before.

She promised her godmother to leave the ball before midnight; and then drove away, scarcely able to contain herself for joy. The king's son, who was told that a great princess, whom nobody knew, had arrived, ran out to receive her. He gave her his hand as she alighted from the coach, and led her into the hall, among all the company. There was immediately a profound silence. Everyone stopped dancing, and the violins ceased to play, so entranced was everyone with the singular beauties of the unknown newcomer.

Nothing was then heard but a confused noise of, "How beautiful she is! How beautiful she is!"

The king himself, old as he was, could not help watching her, and telling the queen softly that it was a long time since he had seen so beautiful and lovely a creature.

All the ladies were busied in considering her clothes and headdress, hoping to have some made next day after the same pattern, provided they could find such fine materials and as able hands to make them.

The king's son led her to the most honorable seat, and afterwards took her out to dance with him. She danced so very gracefully that they all more and more admired her. A fine meal was served up, but the young prince ate not a morsel, so intently was he busied in gazing on her.

She went and sat down by her sisters, showing them a thousand civilities, giving them part of the oranges and citrons which the prince had presented her with, which very much surprised them, for they did not know her. While Cinderella was thus amusing her sisters, she heard the clock strike eleven and three-quarters, whereupon she immediately made a courtesy to the company and hurried away as fast as she could.

Arriving home, she ran to seek out her godmother, and, after having thanked her, she said she could not but heartily wish she might go to the ball the next day as well, because the king's son had invited

her.

As she was eagerly telling her godmother everything that had happened at the ball, her two sisters knocked at the door, which Cinderella ran and opened.

"You stayed such a long time!" she cried, gaping, rubbing her eyes and stretching herself as if she had been sleeping; she had not, however, had any manner of inclination to sleep while they were away from home.

"If you had been at the ball," said one of her sisters, "you would not have been tired with it. The finest princess was there, the most beautiful that mortal eyes have ever seen. She showed us a thousand civilities, and gave us oranges and citrons."

Cinderella seemed very indifferent in the matter. Indeed, she asked them the name of that princess; but they told her they did not know it, and that the king's son was very uneasy on her account and would give all the world to know who she was. At this Cinderella, smiling, replied, "She must, then, be very beautiful indeed; how happy you have been! Could not I see her? Ah, dear Charlotte, do lend me your yellow dress which you wear every day."

"Yes, to be sure!" cried Charlotte; "lend my clothes to such a dirty Cinderwench as you are! I should be such a fool."

Cinderella, indeed, well expected such an answer, and was very glad of the refusal; for she would have been sadly put to it, if her sister had lent her what she asked for jestingly.

The next day the two sisters were at the ball, and so was Cinderella, but dressed even more magnificently than before. The king's son was always by her, and never ceased his compliments and kind speeches to her. All this was so far from being tiresome to her, and, indeed, she quite forgot what her godmother had told her. She thought that it was no later than eleven when she counted the clock striking twelve. She jumped up and fled, as nimble as a deer. The prince followed, but could not overtake her. She left behind one of her glass slippers, which the prince picked up most carefully. She reached home, but quite out of breath, and in her nasty old clothes, having nothing left of all her finery but one of the little slippers, the mate to the one that she had dropped.

The guards at the palace gate were asked if they had not seen a princess go out. They replied that they had seen nobody leave but a young girl, very shabbily dressed, and who had more the air of a poor country wench than a gentlewoman.

When the two sisters returned from the ball Cinderella asked them if they had been well entertained, and if the fine lady had been there.

They told her, yes, but that she hurried away immediately when it struck twelve, and with so much haste that she dropped one of her little glass slippers, the prettiest in the world, which the king's son had picked up; that he had done nothing but look at her all the time at the ball, and that most

certainly he was very much in love with the beautiful person who owned the glass slipper.

What they said was very true; for a few days later, the king's son had it proclaimed, by sound of trumpet that he would marry her whose foot this slipper would just fit. They began to try it on the princesses, then the duchesses and all the court, but in vain; it was brought to the two sisters, who did all they possibly could to force their foot into the slipper, but they did not succeed.

Cinderella, who saw all this and knew that it was her slipper, said to them, laughing, "Let me see if it will not fit me."

Her sisters burst out laughing, and began to banter with her. The gentleman who was sent to try the slipper looked earnestly at Cinderella, and, finding her very handsome, said that it was only just that she should try as well, and that he had orders to let everyone try.

He had Cinderella sit down, and, putting the slipper to her foot, he found that it went on very easily, fitting her as if it had been made of wax. Her two sisters were greatly astonished, but then even more so, when Cinderella pulled out of her pocket the other slipper, and put it on her other foot. Then in came her godmother and touched her wand to Cinderella's clothes, making them richer and more magnificent than any of those she had worn before.

And now her two sisters found her to be that fine, beautiful lady whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet to beg pardon for all the ill treatment they had made her undergo. Cinderella took them up, and, as she embraced them, said that she forgave them with all her heart, and wanted them always to love her.

She was taken to the young prince, dressed as she was. He thought she was more charming than before, and, a few days after, married her. Cinderella, who was no less good than beautiful, gave her two sisters lodgings in the palace, and that very same day matched them with two great lords of the court.





# The Story of Tam and Cam

## *A Vietnamese Cinderella Story*

Long, long ago there was a man who lost his wife and lived with his little girl named Tam. Then he married again a wicked woman. The little girl found this out on the first day after the wedding. There was a big banquet in the house, but Tam was shut up in a room all by herself instead of being allowed to welcome the guests and attend the feast.

Moreover, she had to go to bed without any supper.

Things grew worse when a new baby girl was born in the house. The step-mother adored Cam--for Cam was the name of the baby girl--and she told her husband so many lies about poor Tam that he would not have anything more to do with the latter.

"Go and stay away in the kitchen and take care of yourself, you naughty child," said the wicked woman to Tam.

And she gave the little girl a dirty wretched place in the kitchen, and it was there that Tam was to live and work. At night, she was given a torn mat and a ragged sheet as bed and coverlet. She had to rub the floors, cut the wood, feed the animals, do all the cooking, the washing up and many other things. Her poor little soft hands had large blisters, but she bore the pain without complaint. Her step-mother also sent her to deep forests to gather wood with the secret hope that the wild beasts might carry her off. She asked Tam to draw water from dangerously deep wells so that she might get drowned one day. The poor little Tam worked and worked all day till her skin became muddy and her hair entangled. But Sometimes she went to the well to draw water, looked at herself in it, and was frightened to realize how dirty and ugly she was. She then got some water in the hollow of her hand, washed her face and combed her long smooth hair with her fingers, and the clean white skin appeared again, and she looked very pretty indeed.

When the step-mother realized how pretty Tam could look, she hated her more than ever, and wished to do her more harm. One day, she asked Tam and her own daughter Cam to go fishing in the village pond.

"Try to get as many as you can," she said. "If you come back with only a few of them, you will get flogged and will be sent to bed without supper." Tam knew that these words were meant for her because the step-mother would never beat Cam, who was the apple of her eyes, while she always flogged Tam as hard as she could.

Tam tried to fish hard and by the end of the day, got a basket full of fish. In the meantime, Cam spent her time rolling herself in the tender grass, basking in the warm sunshine, picking up wild flowers, dancing and singing.

The sun set before Cam had even started her fishing. She looked at her empty basket and had a bright

idea. "Sister, sister," she said to Tam, "your hair is full of mud. Why don't you step into the fresh water and get a good wash to get rid of it? Otherwise mother is going to scold you."

Tam listened to the advice, and had a good wash. But, in the meantime, Cam poured her sister's fish into her own basket and went home as quickly as she could. When Tam realized that her fish were stolen away, her heart sank and she began to cry bitterly. Certainly, her step-mother would punish her severely tonight!

Suddenly, a fresh and balmy wind blew, the sky looked purer and the clouds whiter and in front of her stood the smiling blue-robed Goddess of Mercy, carrying a lovely green willow branch with her. "What is the matter, dear child?" asked the Goddess in a sweet voice.

Tam gave her an account of her misfortune and added: "Most Noble Lady, what am I to do tonight when I go home? I am frightened to death, for my step-mother will not believe me, and will flog me very, very hard."

The Goddess of Mercy consoled her. "Your misfortune will be over soon. Have confidence in me and cheer up. Now, look at your basket to see whether there is anything left there."

Tam looked and saw a lovely small fish with red fins and golden eyes, and uttered a little cry of surprise. The Goddess told her to take the fish home, put it in the well at the back of the house, and feed it three times a day with what she could save from her own food.

Tam thanked the Goddess most gratefully and did exactly as she was told. Whenever she went to the well, the fish would appear on the surface to greet her. But should anyone else come, the fish would never show itself. Tam's strange behavior was noticed by her step-mother who spied on her, and went to the well to look for the fish which hid itself in the deep water. She decided to ask Tam to go to a far away spring to fetch some water, and taking advantage of the absence, she put on the latter's ragged clothes, went to call the fish, killed it and cooked it.

When Tam came back, she went to the well, called and called, but there was no fish to be seen except the surface of the water stained with blood. She leaned her head against the well and wept in the most miserable way. The Goddess of Mercy appeared again, with a face as sweet as a loving mother, and comforted her: "Do not cry, my child. Your step-mother has killed the fish, but you must try to find its bones and bury them in the ground under your mat. Whatever you may wish to possess, pray to them, and your wish will be granted."

Tam followed the advice and looked for the fish bones everywhere but could find none. "Cluck! cluck!" said a hen, "Give me some paddy and I will show you the bones."

Tam gave her a handful of paddy and the hen said, "Cluck! cluck! Follow me and I will take you to the place." When they came to the poultry yard, the hen scratched a heap of young leaves, uncovered the fish bones which Tam gladly gathered and buried accordingly. It was not long before she got gold and jewelry and dresses of such wonderful materials that they would have rejoiced the heart of any young

girl.

When the Autumn Festival came, Tam was told to stay home and sort out the two big baskets of black and green beans that her wicked step-mother had mixed up.

"Try to get the work done," she was told, "before you can go to attend the Festival." Then the step-mother and Cam put on their most beautiful dresses and went out by themselves.

After they had gone a long way Tam lifted her tearful face and prayed: "O, benevolent Goddess of Mercy, please help me." At once, the soft-eyed Goddess appeared and with her magic green willow branch, turned little flies into sparrows which sorted the beans out for the young girl. In a short time, the work was done. Tam dried up her tears, arrayed herself in a glittering blue and silver dress. She now looked as beautiful as a princess, and went to the Festival.

Cam was very surprised to see her, and whispered to her mother: "Is that rich lady not strangely like my sister Tam?" When Tam realized that her step-mother and Cam were staring curiously at her, she ran away, but in such a hurry that she dropped one of her fine slippers which the soldiers picked up and took to the King.

The King examined it carefully and declared he had never seen such a work of art before. He made the ladies of the palace try it on, but the slipper was too small even for those who had the smallest feet. Then he ordered all the noblewomen of the kingdom to try it, but the slipper would fit none of them. In the end, word was sent that the woman who could wear the slipper would become Queen, that is, the King's First Wife.

Finally, Tam had a try and the slipper fitted her perfectly. She then wore both slippers, and appeared in her glittering blue and silver dress, looking extremely beautiful. She was then taken to Court with a big escort, became Queen and had an unbelievably brilliant and happy life. The step-mother and Cam could not bear to see her happy and would have killed her most willingly, but they were too afraid of the King to do so.

One day, at her father's anniversary, Tam went home to celebrate it with her family. At the time, it was the custom that, however great and important one might be, one was always expected by one's parents to behave exactly like a young and obedient child. The cunning step-mother had this in her mind and asked Tam to climb an areca tree to get some nuts for the guests. As Tam was now Queen, she could of course refuse, but she was a very pious and dutiful daughter, and was only glad to help. But while she was up on the tree, she felt that it was swaying to and fro in the strangest and most alarming manner.

"What are you doing?" She asked her step-mother.

"I am only trying to scare away the ants which might bite you, my dear child," was the reply. But in fact, the wicked step-mother was holding a sickle and cutting the tree which fell down in a crash, killing the poor Queen at once.

"Now we are rid of her," said the woman with a hateful and ugly laugh, "and she will never come back again. We shall report to the King that she has died in an accident and my beloved daughter Cam will become Queen in her stead!"

Things happened exactly the way she had planned, and Cam became now the King's first wife. But Tam's pure and innocent soul could not find any rest. It was turned into the shape of a nightingale which dwelt in the King's garden and sang sweet and melodious songs.

One day, one of the maids-of-honor in the Palace exposed the dragon-embroidered gown of the King to the sun, and the nightingale sang in her own gentle way: "O, sweet maid-of-honor, be careful with my Imperial Husband's gown and do not tear it by putting it on a thorny hedge." She then sang on so sadly that tears came into the King's eyes. The nightingale sang more sweetly still and moved the hearts of all who heard her.

At last, the King said: "Most delightful nightingale, if you were the soul of my beloved Queen, be pleased to settle in my wide sleeves."

Then the gentle bird went straight into the King's sleeves and rubbed her smooth head against the King's hand. The bird was now put in a golden cage near the King's bedroom. The King was so fond of her that he would stay all day long near the cage, listening to her melancholy and beautiful songs. As she sang her melodies to him, his eyes became wet with tears, and she sang more charmingly than ever.

Cam became jealous of the bird, and sought her mother's advice about it. One day, while the King was holding a council with his ministers, Cam killed the nightingale, cooked it and threw the feathers in the Imperial Garden.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the King when he came back to the Palace and saw the empty cage. There was great confusion and everybody looked for the nightingale but could not find it.

"Perhaps she was bored and has flown away to the woods," said Cam.

The King was very sad but there was nothing he could do about it, and resigned himself to his fate. But once more, Tam's restless soul was transformed into big, magnificent tree, which only bore a single fruit, but what a fruit! It was round, big and golden and had a very sweet smell.

An old woman passing by the tree and seeing the beautiful fruit, said: "Golden fruit, golden fruit, drop into the bag of this old woman. This one will keep you and enjoy your smell, but will never eat you." The fruit at once dropped into the old woman's bag. She brought it home, put it on the table to enjoy its sweet-scented smell. But the next day, to her great surprise, she found her house clean and tidy, and a delicious hot meal waiting for her when she came back from her errands as though some magic hand had done all this during her absence.

She then pretended to go out the following morning, but stealthily came back, hid herself behind the

door and observed the house. She beheld a fair and slender lady coming out of the golden fruit and starting to tidy the house. She rushed in, tore the fruit peel up so that the fair lady could no longer hide herself in it. The young lady could not help but stay there and consider the old woman her own mother.

One day the King went on a hunting party and lost his way. The evening drew on, the clouds gathered and it was pitch dark when he saw the old woman's house and went in it for shelter. According to custom, the latter offered him some tea and betel. The King examined the delicate way the betel was prepared and asked: "Who is the person who made this betel, which looks exactly like the one prepared by my late beloved Queen?"

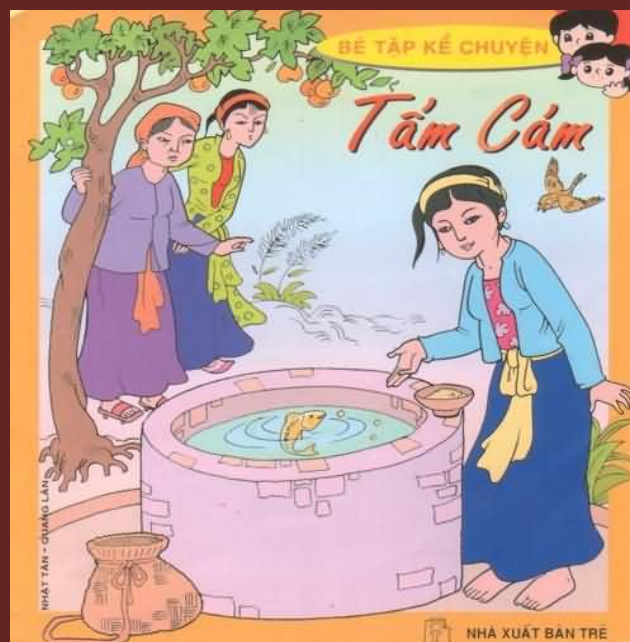
The old woman said in a trembling voice: "Son of Heaven, it is only my unworthy daughter."

The King then ordered the daughter to be brought to him and when she came and bowed to him, he realized, like in a dream, that it was Tam, his deeply regretted Queen. Both of them wept after such a separation and so much unhappiness. The Queen was then taken back to the Imperial City, where she took her former rank, while Cam was completely neglected by the King.

Cam then thought: "If I were as beautiful as my sister, I would win the King's heart."

She asked the Queen: "Dearest Sister, how could I become as beautiful as you?"

"It is very easy," answered the Queen. "You have only to jump into a big basin of boiling water to become beautiful. Cam believed her and did as suggested. Naturally she died without being able to utter a word! When the step-mother heard about this she wept until she became blind. Soon, she died of a broken heart. The Queen survived both of them, and lived happily ever after, for she certainly deserved it.





# Compare & Contrast

worksheet

Version	Setting	Plot (main events)	Conflict	Climax	Resolution	Characters	Moral
Culture: Title: Author:		1. 2. 3. 4.				1. 2. 3. 4.	
Culture: Title: Author:		1. 2. 3. 4.				1. 2. 3. 4.	
Culture: Title: Author:		1. 2. 3. 4.				1. 2. 3. 4.	
Culture: Title: Author:		1. 2. 3. 4.				1. 2. 3. 4.	
Culture: Title: Author:		1. 2. 3. 4.				1. 2. 3. 4.	

# Cinderella Stories

from around the world

*Abadeha: The Philippine Cinderella*

Myrna J. De La Paz

*Angkat: The Cambodian Cinderella*

Jewell Reinhart

*Cendrillon: A Caribbean Cinderella*

Robert D. San Souci

*Cindy Ellen: A Wild Western Cinderella*

Susan Lowell

*Domitila: A Cinderella Tale from the Mexican Tradition*

Jewell Reinhart Coburn

*Jouanah: A Hmong Cinderella*

Jewell Reinhart Coburn

*Little Gold Star: A Spanish American Cinderella Tale*

Robert D. San Souci

*Mufaro's Beautiful Daughters*

John Steptoe

*Naya, the Inuit Cinderella*

Brittany Marceau-Chenkie

*Smokey Mountain Rose: An Appalachian Cinderella*

Alan Schroeder

*Sumorella: A Hawaiian Cinderella Story*

Sandy Takayama

*The Golden Sandal: A Middle Eastern Cinderella*

Rebecca Hickox

*The Irish Cinderlad*

Shirley Climo

*The Korean Cinderella*

Shirley Climo

*The Rough-Faced Girl*

Rafe Martin

*The Way Meat Loves Salt: A Cinderella Tale  
from the Jewish Tradition*

Nina Jaffe



# Cinderella Movies

timeless classics

Ella Enchanted (PG)

A Cinderella Story (PG)

Everafter (PG-13)

Into The Woods (PG)

Rodgers & Hammerstein's Cinderella (musical – not rated)

Walt Disney's Cinderella (G)

The Slipper and the Rose (G)

The Glass Slipper (VHS only – not rated)

Faerie Tale Theater: Cinderella (G)

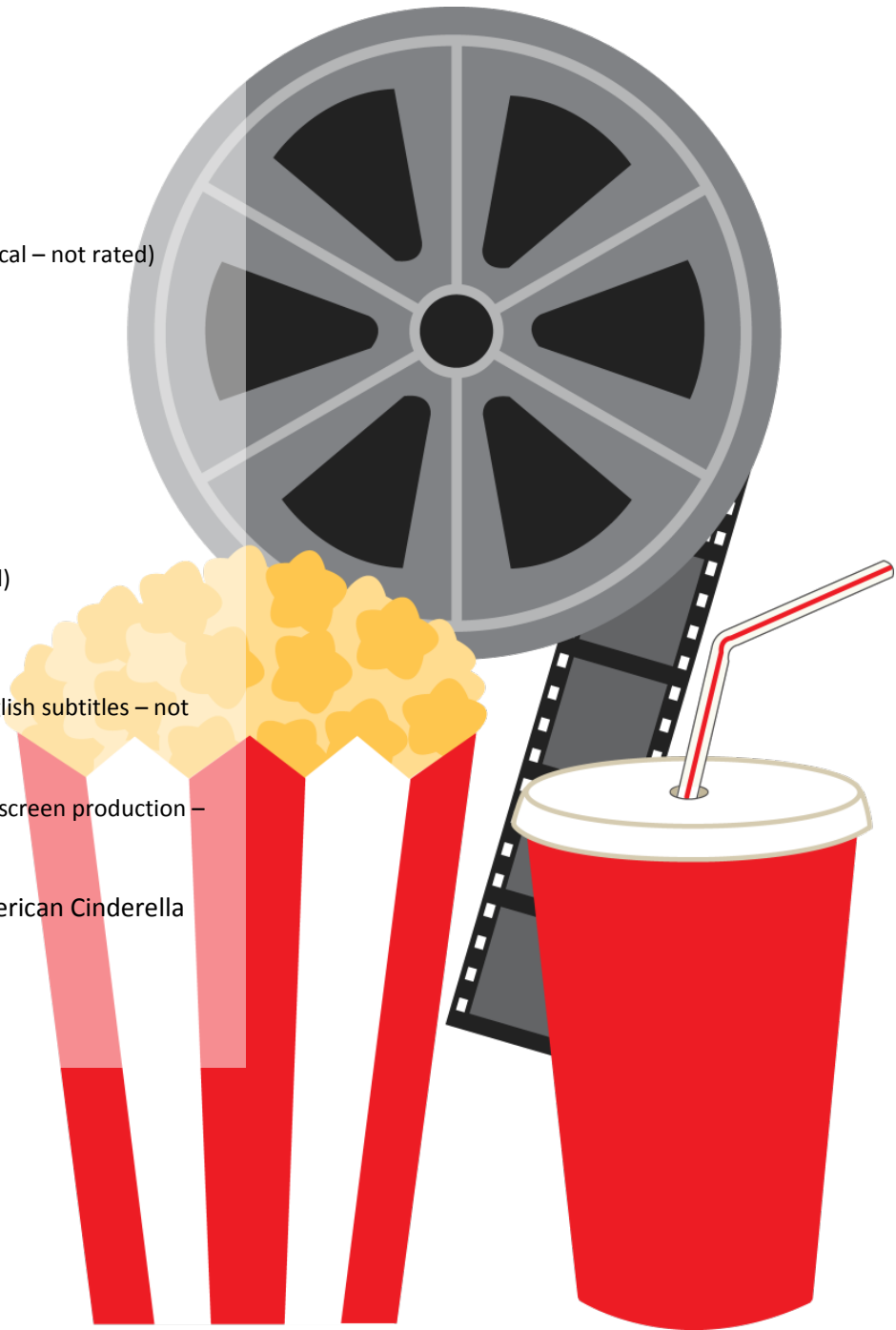
La Cenerentola by Rossini (opera – not rated)

Cinderella (Prokofiev ballet – not rated)

Three Wishes for Cinderella (Czech with English subtitles – not rated)

A Tale of Cinderella (Italian version, stage to screen production – rated G)

From the Brothers Grimm: Ashpet; An American Cinderella (set in the South during WWII – rated G)



# Rossini Recipes

*Rossini was a man who LOVED food! Do you enjoy cooking?*

*Try some of these recipes that share his name.*

## Chicken Rossini



### Ingredients (Serves 4)

4 chicken breasts, skinned  
Salt and freshly ground black pepper  
100 g/4 oz firm pate, cut into 4 slices  
75 g/3 oz butter or margarine  
175 g/6 oz button mushrooms, sliced  
45 ml/3 tbsp brandy  
90 ml/6 tbsp chicken stock  
30 ml/2 tbsp oil  
4 slices of bread, diced  
60 ml/4 tbsp double (heavy) cream

### Directions

Flatten the chicken and season with salt and pepper. Wrap each slice of pate in a chicken breast and secure with cocktail sticks (toothpicks). Melt 50 g/2 oz/0.25 cup of the butter or margarine and fry the chicken until lightly browned, then transfer it to a flameproof casserole dish (Dutch oven). Fry the mushrooms for 1 minute, then add the brandy and stock and bring to a boil. Season to taste and pour over the chicken. Cover and cook in a preheated oven at 350 degrees until cooked through. Heat the oil and fry the bread on both sides until crispy and golden, then drain and place on a warm serving dish. Lift out the chicken from the casserole, remove the cocktail sticks (toothpicks) and place on top of the croutons. Stir the cream into the sauce and season to taste. Bring back to a boil, then spoon over the chicken. Serve.



### Ingredients

6 eggs  
4 chicken livers  
12 nice mushrooms  
1/2 cupful of stock  
1/2 teaspoonful of salt  
1 dash of pepper

### Instructions

Put the stock in a saucepan and boil rapidly until reduced one-half, add a drop or two of browning. Throw the chicken livers into boiling water and let them simmer gently for ten minutes; drain. Slice the mushrooms and put them, with the livers, into the stock; let them stand until you have cooked the eggs. Put a tablespoonful of butter in the bottom of a shallow platter; when melted break in the eggs, stand them in the oven until "set," garnish with the livers and mushrooms and pour over the sauce.



## Rossini MOCKtail

### Ingredients

3 strawberries, hulled  
1 teaspoon sugar  
1 squeeze lemon juice  
5 oz ginger ale

### Directions

Blend the strawberries, sugar, and lemon juice together in a blender to make a syrup. Pour ginger ale into a glass, and gently pour the strawberry syrup over the back of a spoon onto the surface of the ginger ale. The syrup should linger at the top, moving down to color the rest of the drink slowly. Garnish with lemon.



# MAKE A BRACELET

## activity

In Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, Angelina is wearing a pair of matching bracelets. She gives Don Ramiro one of these bracelets so that he can recognize her when he finds her.

### Questions to ask students:

What do you think that the bracelets looked like?

What do you think they were made out of?

Who do you think gave the bracelets to Angelina?

Do you think they were special to her? If so, why?

What do other Cinderella stories use instead of bracelets?

### Materials

Construction paper strips (1.5" x 8")

Glue

Glitter glue

Gems, sequins, beads, stickers, etc.

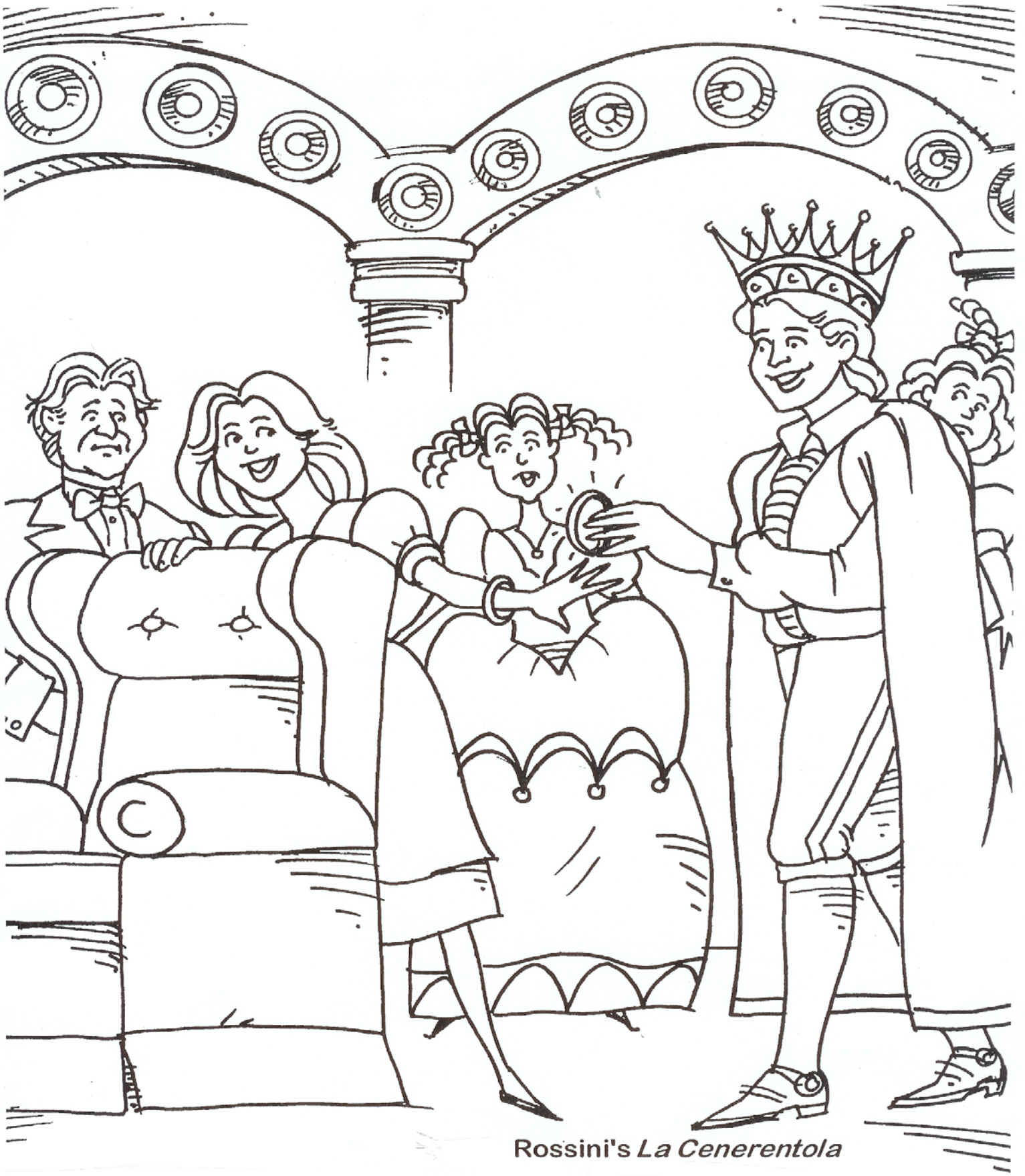
### Directions

1. Select a paper strip and size it to your wrist. Do not glue ends together yet.
2. Choose your decorations.
3. Glue your decorations to your bracelet using regular glue.
4. Add some glitter glue for extra sparkle (optional).
5. Carefully form the bracelet into a circle and glue ends together.
6. Let bracelet dry for about 15 minutes. Then it is ready to wear!









Rossini's *La Cenerentola*

# Program Evaluation

(or Complete Online: <http://goo.gl/forms/vXrJE6pWsZ>)

Opera Colorado strives to provide quality programs that meet the needs of students and teachers across the state. Please take a few minutes to complete this evaluation and give us feedback on your experience. **Opera Colorado is also interested in your students' response to the programs. We would be happy to receive any letters or artwork from them!**

Program:

- ☐ **La Boheme** (dress rehearsal)  
☐ **Falstaff** Please circle one: (dress rehearsal / matinee)  
☐ **Backstage Workshops** (Please circle one: Nov. 7 | Nov. 9 | Nov. 10 | May 7 | May 8 | May 11)  
☐ **Touring Opera Performance** (Please circle one: *Cinderella* / *Elixir of Love*)  
☐ **Opera in a Trunk** (Please name which trunk: \_\_\_\_\_)  
☐ **In-School Workshop** (Please specify: \_\_\_\_\_)  
☐ **Other** (Please specify: \_\_\_\_\_)

Is this your first time participating in Opera Colorado's Education programs? YES / NO

If YES, what made you participate this year?

If NO, how many years have you been a participant?

Were you able to incorporate opera into your curriculum? YES / NO

If YES, please share how.

If NO, do you have suggestions?

Please estimate the percentage of your students who had never been exposed to Opera prior to this event: \_\_\_\_\_

How would you describe your students' initial attitude toward exposure to Opera?

1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....7  
*negative/unwilling*      *neutral*      *positive/excited*

Did their attitude change after learning more about opera and attending the event? If so, please show on the scale:

1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....7  
*negative/unwilling*      *neutral*      *positive/excited*

Was the Opera Colorado Teacher Guidebook helpful in preparing your students to attend the event?

1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....7  
*not helpful*      *very helpful*

On a scale of 1 to 7, how would you rate the priority of Arts Education in your school?

1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....7  
*not important*      *very important*

Please share with us any additional comments you have. We especially love stories of how Opera impacted your students. Please use space on back needed.

**Thank you for your time and comments!**

Name \_\_\_\_\_ School/Subject \_\_\_\_\_

Teacher \_\_\_\_\_ Administrator \_\_\_\_\_ Paraprofessional \_\_\_\_\_ Parent / Chaperone \_\_\_\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_

My students are: K-2      3-5      6-8      9-12      College