

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

By

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Synopsis

In an ancient, anonymous kingdom, in an ancient, anonymous time, a King feels restless and bored in his perfection. Meanwhile, a widowed Miller has grown weary of his Daughter who reminds him of his long-lost wife. The Miller, hearing of the King's predicament, decides to offer his Daughter to the King under the premise that she can spin straw into gold. The prospect of this alchemic girl intrigues the King, who throws her in a barn to transform a pile of straw. The Daughter is distraught until a little man appears who claims to be able to do just that. In exchange for her ruby ring, he spins the gold.

The next day the King is astonished to find the task completed, but, being greedy, demands the Daughter perform the feat a second time. Again, the little man appears and, in exchange for the girl's necklace, produces the gold. The next morning, the King avariciously accepts the new gold and presents the Daughter with one last pile. If she can turn this straw into gold, says the King, he will marry her. When the little man appears this time, he agrees to help the Daughter if she promises her first born child. Hastily, the Daughter assents.

The girl is married to the King and soon gives birth to a child. One day, the little man arrives to collect the child as payment. The new Queen refuses to give up her baby. The little man gives her one chance to keep her offspring. If she can guess his name within three days, he will no longer lay claim to the youngster. Frantically, the Queen collects as many names as she can, but to no avail. Each night the little man laughs at her plight. On the eve of the third day, a

messenger of the royal family hears singing from behind some bushes. Peering through, he sees the little man dancing around a fire chanting: “She will never guess - Rumpelstiltskin is my name!” The messenger rushes to the Queen to relate what he heard.

In the morning, the little man returns to the castle and asks if the Queen would like to guess one last time. When she finally asks “Could it be Rumpelstiltskin?,” the little man stamps his foot, exclaiming: “The devil told you that!” The floor cracks beneath his feet and he disappears, never to be heard from again.