

Rumpelstiltskin- Lesson Guide



Book List:

1. *Grimm's Fairy Tales* by, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm (many versions available, perhaps try an audio version)
2. *Rump; The True Story of Rumpelstiltskin* by, Liesl Shurtliff
3. *Rumpelstiltskin, Graphic Novel* by Martin Powell
4. *The Kingfisher Book of Fairy Tales* by, Vivian French
5. *Rumpelstiltskin* by, Paul O. Zelinsky

Activities:

1. Color pages (below)
2. Make Liquid Gold Slime – <https://theimaginationtree.com/liquid-gold-slime/>
3. Play the “Name Game”

The Name Game
“Katie!
Katie, Katie, bo-ba-tee
Bo-na-na fan-na, fo-fa-nee
Fee fi mo-may-tee
Katie!
Arnold!
Arnold, Arnold, bo-bar-nold
Bo-na-na, fan-na fo-far-nold,
Fee fi mo-mar-nold
Arnold!”
(add in your names)



4. Rainbow Spinning Wheel craft (below)
5. Practice counting using gold coins as manipulatives



Rumpelstiltskin

A retelling of the Original Grimm's Fairy Tale
By Kendra Bott



Once upon a time there was a miller who had a beautiful and intelligent daughter that he was proud of and bragged about often. When the miller had a meeting with the king, he wanted to impress the king, so he told fanciful stories about his daughter.

"My daughter can spin straw into gold," he told the king.

"Can she?" The king was intrigued. "Bring her here and she will spin gold for me."

The miller brought his daughter before the king and she was presented with a room full of straw and a spinning wheel.

"Spin this straw into gold before morning," the king told her.

"But, your majesty," the girl started. The king interrupted by telling her if she failed, she would be sentenced to die.

The miller's daughter wept alone in the room for hours, knowing this was an impossible task. Suddenly, a strange little man appeared at her side.

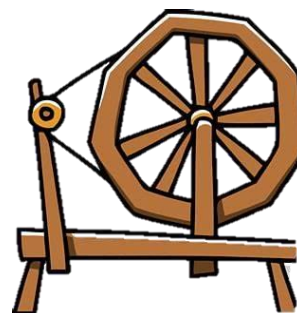
"Why are you crying?" he asked.

"If I don't spin this straw into gold for the king by morning, I will die."

"I can spin the straw into gold," the little man said.

"You can?" The girl perked up. "Please, will you? I can give you my necklace in exchange."

She held out her diamond necklace and the little man took it. He sat down at the wheel and grabbed a handful of straw. Whirl, whirl, whirl went the spinning wheel, and out came strands of gold. The girl jumped up and down, grateful to this little man.



In the morning, the king came to the spinning room and saw that there was no more straw, and piles of gold. His greed took over.

"Bring more straw," he told the guards. Then he turned to the miller's daughter. "Spin another roomful of straw into gold for me, and tomorrow, you shall be my bride. Fail, and I will execute you."



The strange little man came to the spinning room again that night, and the girl fell at his feet in relief.

“The king asked for more straw to be turned into gold. I can’t do it, but you can.”

“What will you give me in exchange?” the little man asked.

“I have nothing more. I’m so sorry. I’m but a poor miller’s daughter. That necklace was an heirloom from my mother, and the only thing of value I owned.”

The strange little man thought for a moment.

“If I do this for you, the king will wed you tomorrow?” The girl nodded. “Then, my payment shall be your first-born child.”

The girl was shocked, but if she didn’t agree, she knew she’d die in the morning.

“Spin the straw into gold tonight, and my first-born child shall be yours.” The girl said.

In the morning, the king was overjoyed when he saw the piled of gold in the spinning room. He grabbed the miller’s daughter in an embrace.

“We shall be married at sunset,” he told her.

A year passed and the miller’s daughter, now the queen, gave birth to a healthy baby girl. She hadn’t thought of the strange little man since her wedding. But the evening after the princess’ christening, the strange little man appeared in the queen’s bedroom.

“I shall take my payment, now,” he told the queen.

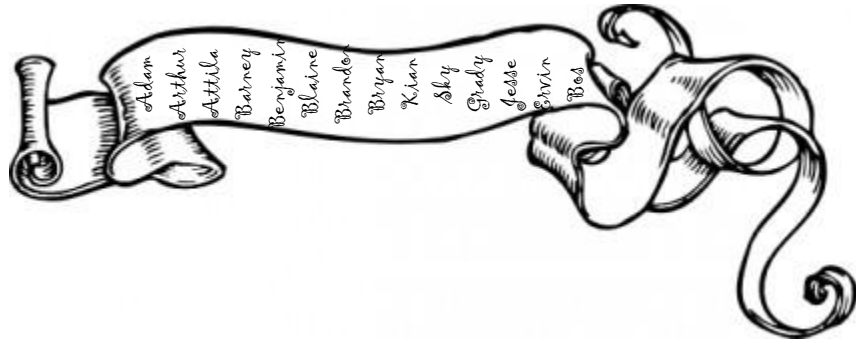
The queen scooped her child up and held onto her protectively.

“I’ll give you anything else, but don’t take her, please.”

The strange little man walked around the room, coming up with an idea. He liked games, so he decided the queen could earn her daughter back by winning this game.

“I’ll give you three nights to guess my name. If by the third night, you guess it, you can keep your child. But if you fail, your daughter is mine.”





This should be easy, the queen thought. She got out some paper and wrote down every single name she'd ever heard, from Adam to Zipporah. That night, when the strange little man came, she recited her list of hundreds of names. But to each name, the strange little man said, "No, no, no. That's not my name."

The next day she wrote down all the strange sounding words she could come up with, for he was a strange little man, he probably had a strange sounding name. "Twinkletoes? Stringbean? Zippledoo?" She recited each unusual name to the little man that evening, but to each name the queen suggested, the strange little man replied, "No, no, no. That's not my name."

The queen cried and hugged her daughter tight after the strange little man left. She had no more ideas, no more names in her head. What was she going to do? One of her guards heard her weeping and came in to see what was wrong.

"What is your name?" the queen asked him.

"James," he replied. No, she had tried that name the first day.

"Do you know any unusual names or words?" The guard shook his head, confused. "Never mind," the queen said. "It's useless."

That afternoon, the guard made his rounds across the kingdom. He rode his horse through the village streets and through the countryside. When he got to the seaside, he saw a fire lit inside a cave. The guard went over to investigate and saw a strange little man singing and dancing around the flames.

"I spin the straw into the gold
And soon the princess I'll claim!
Oh lucky me, for no one knows
That Rumpelstiltskin is my name!"



The guard came back to the palace and entered the queen's rooms. He told the queen about the man in the cave and of the strange new name he'd heard that afternoon. The queen jumped up and hugged the guard. He had no idea why she was so happy, but he was honored to serve his queen.

That evening when the strange little man came to the queen's rooms he said, "Now, your majesty, do you know my name or am I leaving here with your child?"

"Let's see," the queen mused. "Is your name Flower?"

"No, no, no. That's not my name."

"How about Slugmud?"

"No, no, no. That's not my name!" The strange little man giggled.

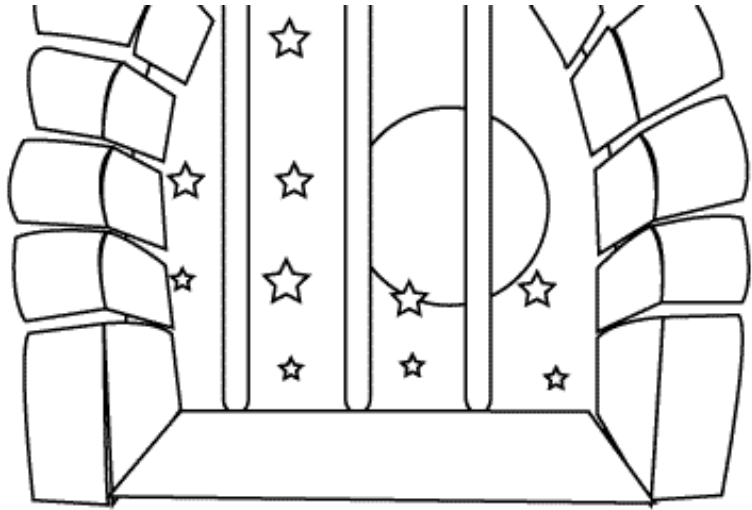
"Well, then it must be that your name is Rumpelstiltskin!" said the queen.

The strange little man screamed and stomped the floor.

"How did you guess?" he asked. But the queen just smiled and held her daughter in her arms. Rumpelstiltskin stomped again, so hard this time that he made a hole in the floor and fell right through, never to be seen again.

The End

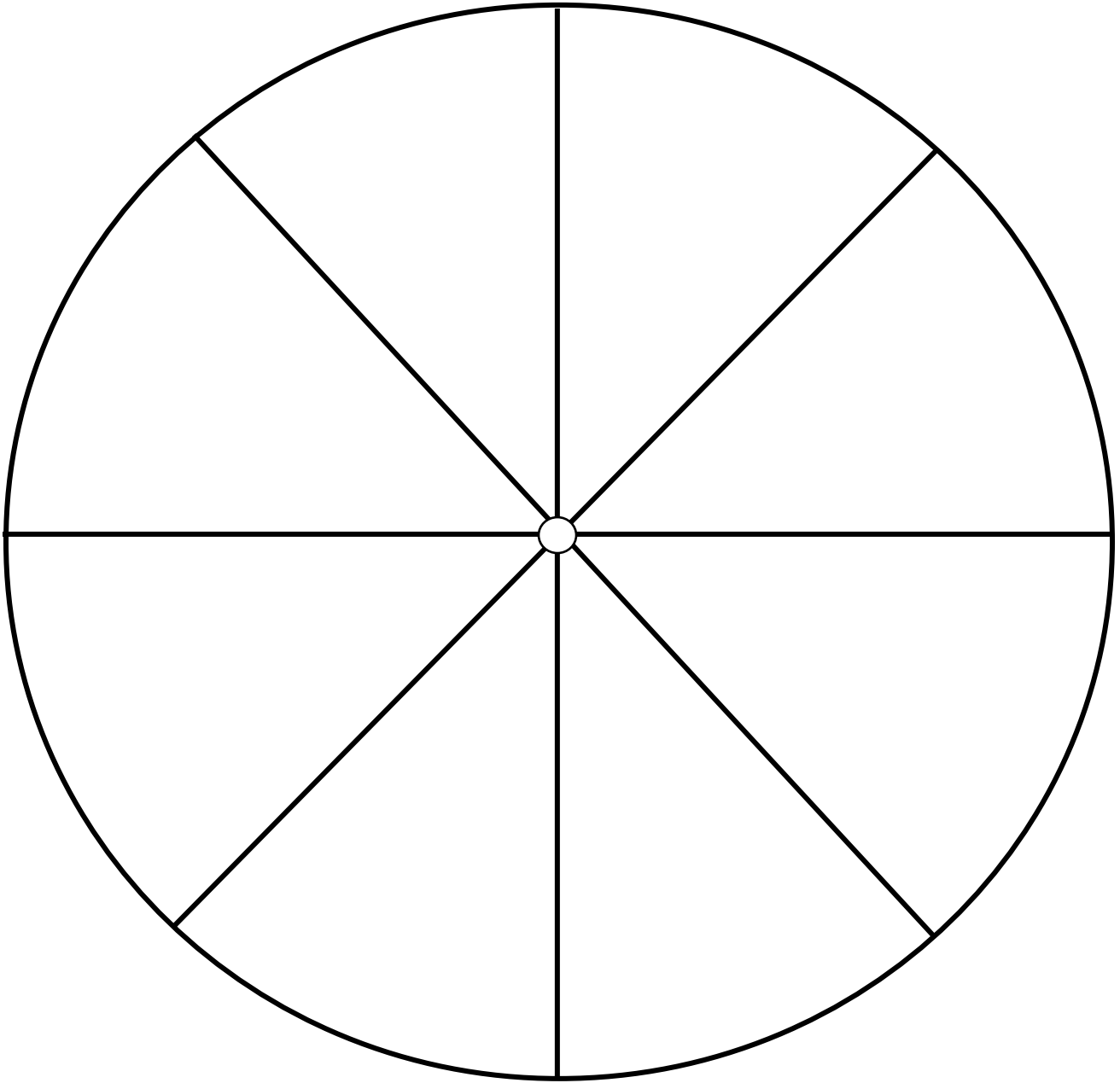


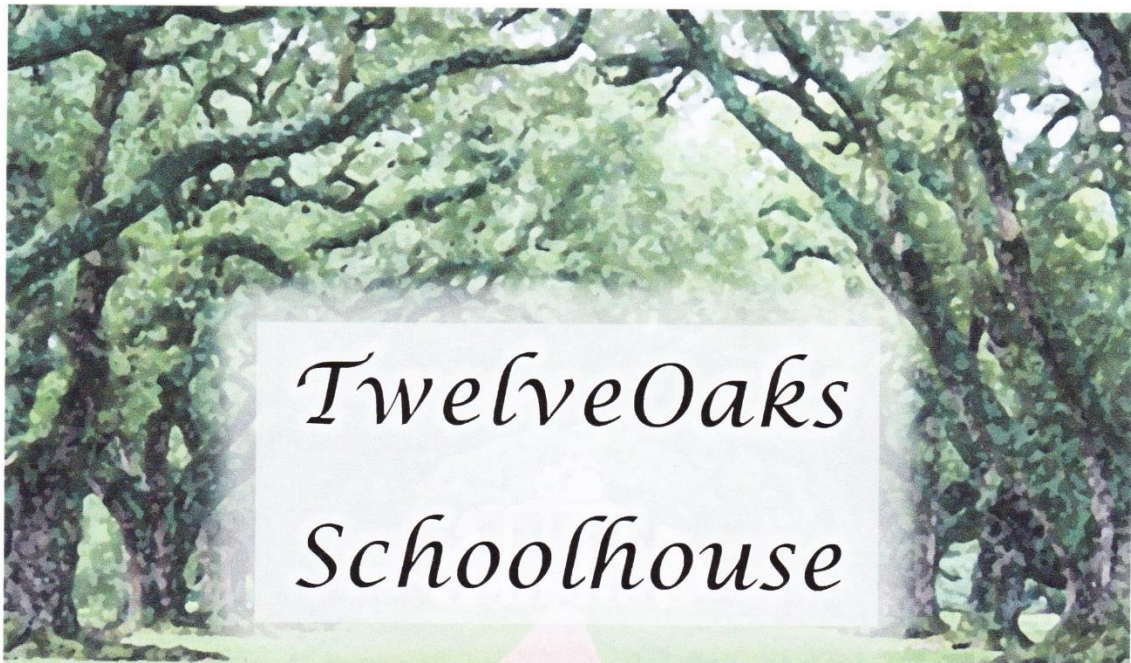


Rumpelstiltskin

Rainbow Spinning Wheel

Print on cardstock, color each section a different color. Cut out circle, punch a pencil through the center of the wheel and spin.





Feature Stories and Fairy Tales ~ Rumpelstiltskin

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Kendra Bott