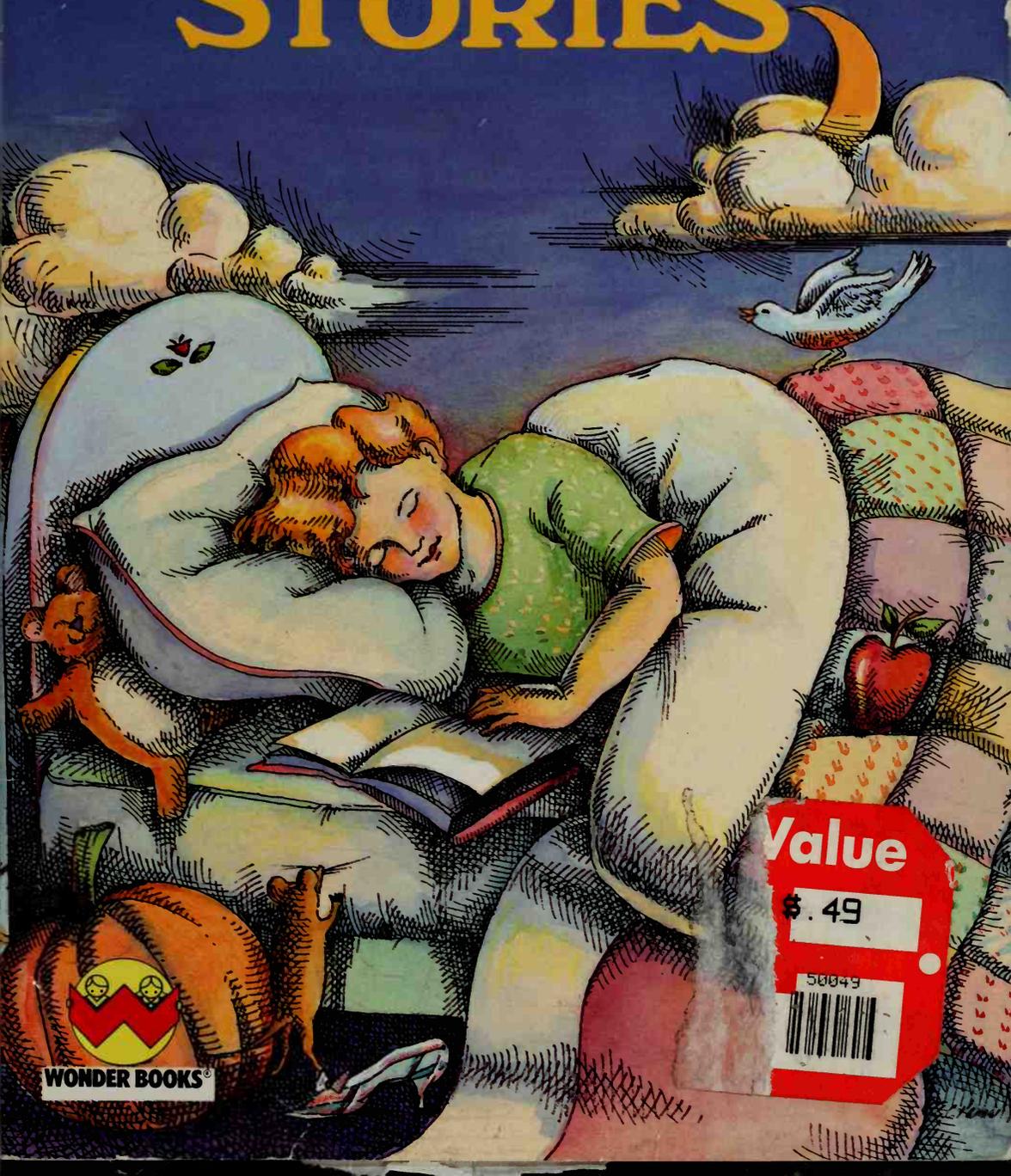


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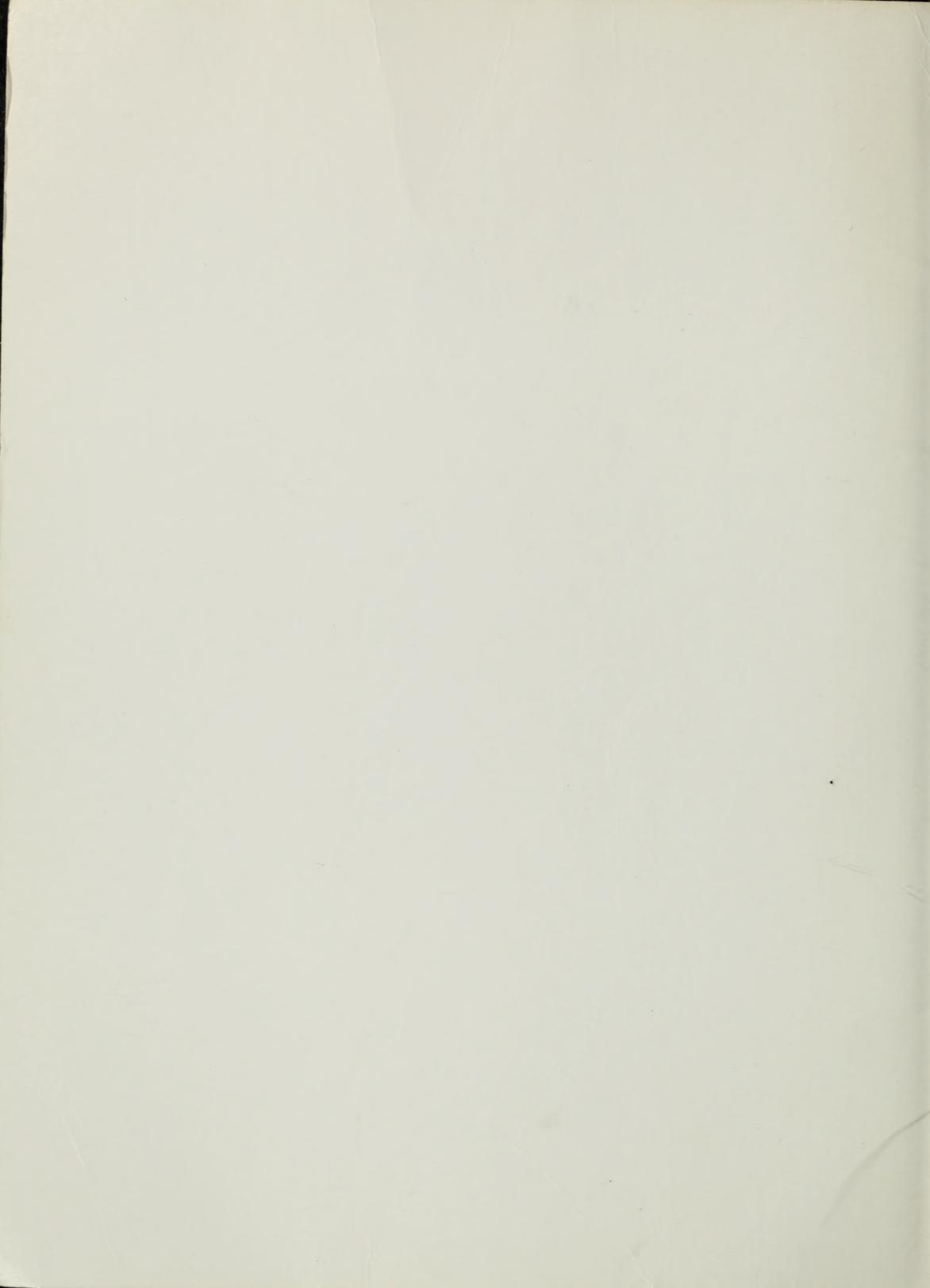
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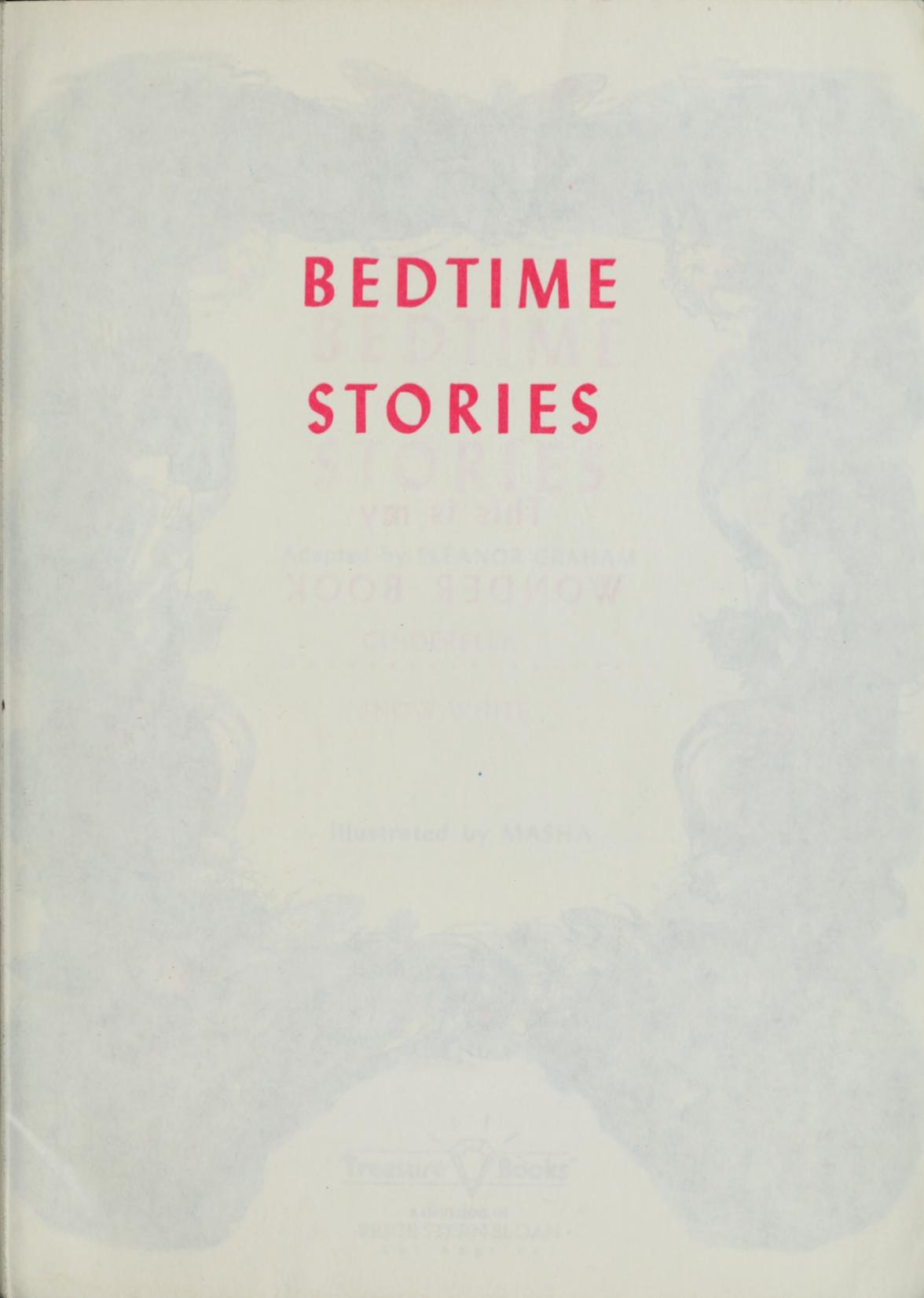
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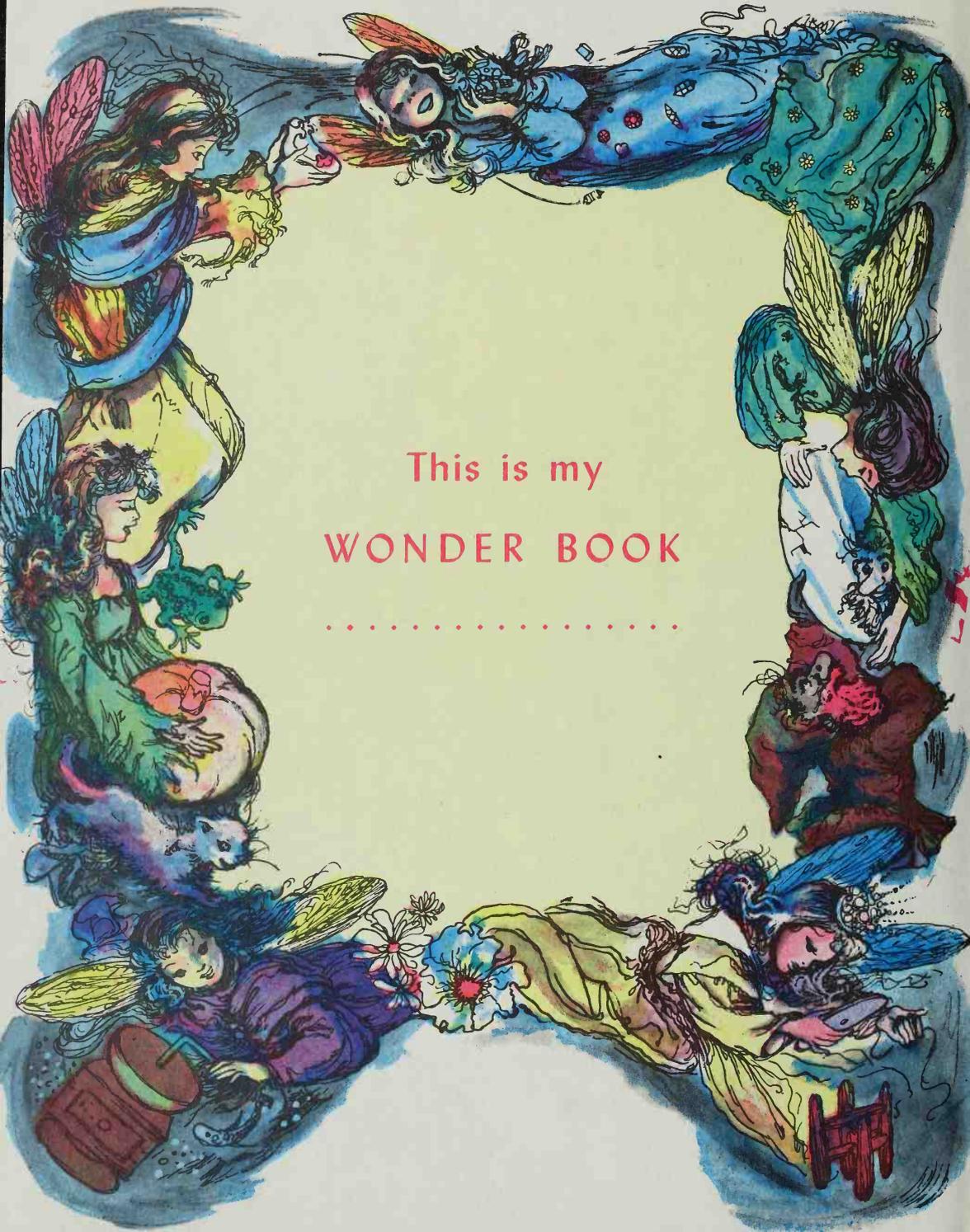
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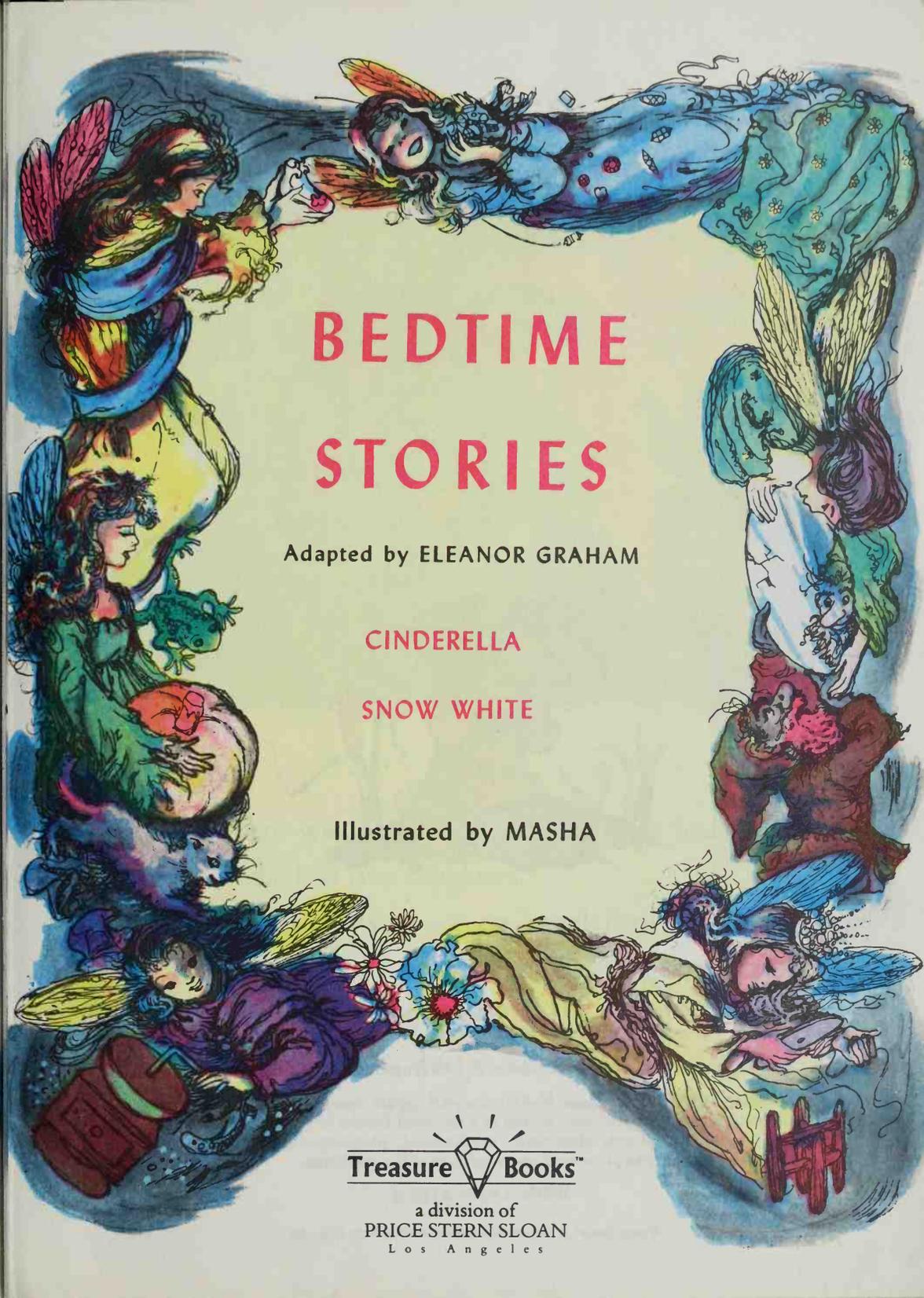
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BEDTIME STORIES

Adapted by ELEANOR GRAHAM

CINDERELLA

SNOW WHITE

Illustrated by MASHA

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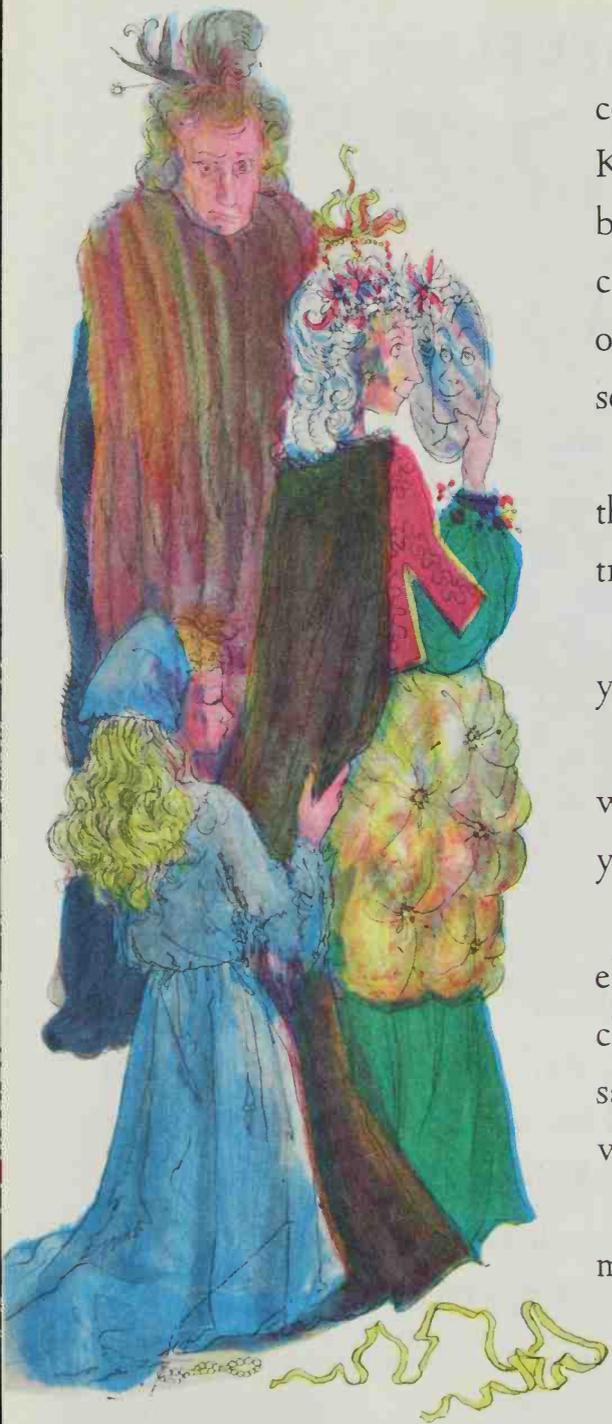
CINDERELLA



ONCE there was a little girl whose father had married a second wife who had two daughters.

“You are not as pretty as we are,” said these two daughters to the little girl. “You are good for nothing but work, so hurry up and take the ashes out and poke up the fire.”

And because she was always kept busy tending the fire, raking the cinders, they called her Cinderella.



Now it happened that in the country where they lived, the King's son was going to give a ball. The two sisters were all excited, and spent days in trying on dresses and looking at themselves in the mirror.

"You can fix our hair for us," they said to Cinderella, and she tried their hair in different ways.

"I do wish I could go with you," Cinderella said softly.

"You!" They laughed. "What would the Prince say if he saw you in your ragged old dress?"

After they had gone, Cinderella looked down at her old clothes and sighed. "Just the same, I wish I could go," she whispered.

"And so you shall," said a musical voice behind her.

Cinderella whirled around, and there stood a beautiful lady with a gold crown on her head.

"Who are you?" asked Cinderella, staring at this stranger in wonder.

"I am your fairy godmother, and I've come to send you to the Prince's ball. Run into the garden, child, and get me a nice big pumpkin."

Cinderella did as she was told. The fairy waved her wand over the pumpkin, and it was immediately changed into a splendid coach.

"Now we need horses," said the fairy godmother. "Bring me the mouse-trap."

Cinderella ran to bring the trap, which was like a little cage and had six fat mice in it. Another wave of the wand, and the mice became six prancing



white horses. Cinderella stared at them in wonder.

“A coachman now,” said the godmother. “Let me see. Have you a rat-trap?”

“Oh yes,” said Cinderella, her eyes shining with excitement. She set the rat-trap down on the ground, and the fairy opened



the door just enough to let out one rat, which she tapped with her wand.

“There’s your coachman,” she said as the rat changed into a

plump little man who jumped up on the coach seat and took the reins in his hands.

“If you will look behind the watering pot in the garden,” said the fairy, “you’ll find six lizards.”

Sure enough, behind the watering pot were six green lizards waiting for Cinderella, and they were quickly transformed into footmen whose clothes were trimmed with silver and gold.

“Have a good time, my dear,” said the fairy godmother.

“But—my clothes!” said Cinderella timidly.

The fairy godmother laughed, and she touched Cinderella with her wand.

“Oh-h-h-h!” cried Cinderella as she looked down at her beautiful gown. It was made of cloth of gold and silver, and on her feet twinkled lovely little slippers of glass.

“There is only one thing for you to remember,” said the fairy. “You must be home by midnight, for at twelve o’clock this magic will end.”

Cinderella said she would remember, and off she started in the magnificent coach.

What a marvelous evening it was!

“Who is she?” everyone asked.







"The Prince dances with nobody but her."

"How lovely she is!" they all said.

Even the King, who saw his son dancing with Cinderella, said to his wife, "I have never seen a lovelier maiden."

"Will you come again tomorrow night?" the Prince whispered in Cinderella's ear.

"I'll try," she answered happily. Just then she looked at the clock and saw it was a quarter to twelve, and she slipped away to her waiting coach.

When her sisters came home, they could talk of nothing but the mysterious princess.

"I wonder if she will come again tomorrow," said one of the sisters.

Cinderella wondered, too; but the next evening, after her

stepsisters had left for the palace, the beautiful fairy appeared once more and made the same magic all over again.

This time the evening was even more wonderful, if that could be. The time fairly flew by, and Cinderella was so happy dancing



with the Prince that she forgot all about watching the clock.

Suddenly it began to strike. Looking up, Cinderella saw with dismay that it was midnight!

She dashed out of the ballroom and down the palace steps, in such a hurry that she never even noticed that one of the little glass slippers had come off on the stairs.

By the time she reached her coach, the clock had finished



striking. Where the coach had stood, there was only a big pumpkin lying on the ground. Cinderella scurried off. Her clothes had changed back into old rags, but strangely enough she still had one little glass slipper. She made up her mind to keep it always as a reminder of what a lovely time she had had.

The next morning, everyone was awakened early by the sound of a bugle. A messenger from the palace called out the news that the Prince had found the mysterious maiden's glass slipper. He was going to take it to every house in the kingdom, and when he found its owner, that maiden would be his bride.

What a hustle and bustle there was then, as all the girls ran to put on their best dresses to welcome the King's son. Cinderella washed her face and wished that she could change her ragged dress, but she had nothing else to wear.

Then the Prince himself stood in the doorway, and the two stepsisters pushed Cinderella aside in their hurry to try on the slipper.

"I think it will fit," gasped the older girl; but try as she would, she could not squeeze her toes into the tiny slipper.

The younger sister had no better luck.

"Let me try," said Cinderella in a shy little voice.

"You!" cried the stepsisters. "Go back to the kitchen!"

"No," said the Prince, for he was looking hard at Cinderella's lovely little face and not at her ragged clothes. "Let her try."

Cinderella slipped her foot easily into the glass slipper. Then, to everyone's amazement, she drew forth the other slipper from her pocket and put it on her other foot.

At that very moment, the fairy godmother appeared and touched Cinderella's dress with her wand. There she stood in the gorgeous ball gown, and the Prince knelt down at her feet and said, "This is my own true bride."

There was a wonderful wedding, and Cinderella was so happy that she forgave the stepsisters for their unkindness, took them to live at the court and even found husbands for them.



SNOW WHITE

A lovely Queen was sitting by the palace window, sewing, one snowy winter day. She had raised the window to get a breath of air, and it happened that she pricked her finger, and a few drops of blood fell on the clean, white snow.

"I wish I had a baby," thought the Queen, "with skin as white as this snow, lips as red as this blood, and hair as black as this windowsill."

Soon afterward, a little daughter was born to her, and the Queen died.

Everyone said, "What a lovely child! See how white her skin is! How red her lips! And what lovely black hair!" And so they called her Snow White.

After a while, the King married again, and the New Queen was very proud and vain. She thought herself the most beautiful woman in the world, and



she was very fond of her magic mirror. She used to stand in front of it every day, preening herself. And she would ask,

“Mirror, mirror, on the wall,

Who is fairest of us all?”

and the mirror would answer,

“You are the fairest, Lady Queen.”

This pleased the Queen very much; but as Snow White began to grow up, she became prettier and prettier. Soon she was more beautiful than the Queen; and so one day, when the Queen stood before the magic mirror and asked,

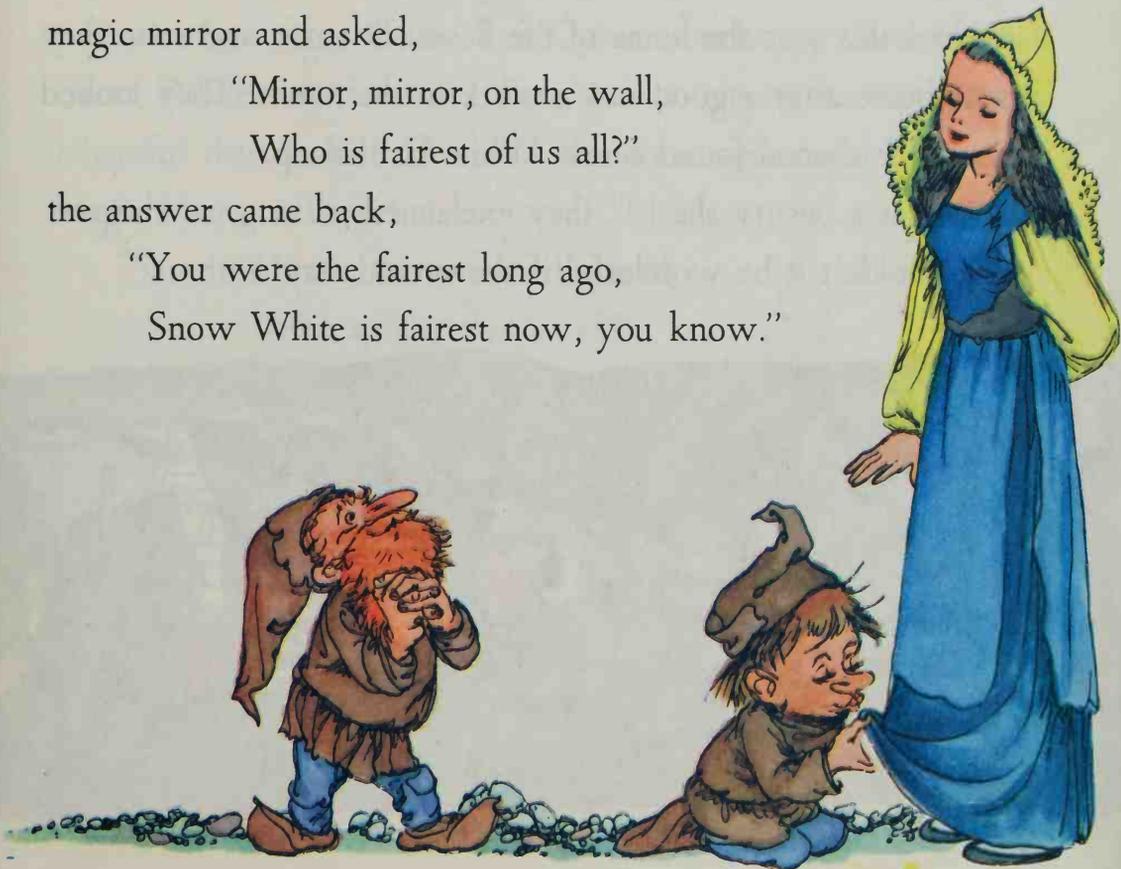
“Mirror, mirror, on the wall,

Who is fairest of us all?”

the answer came back,

“You were the fairest long ago,

Snow White is fairest now, you know.”



This made the Queen furious. She called one of the King's huntsmen and said, "Take Snow White into the forest and kill her. Bring me back her heart."

The Huntsman led Snow White into the woods, but he could not bear to kill her. "Run off among the trees and hide, Princess," he told her. Then he killed a young boar and took its heart to the wicked Queen.

Poor Snow White, left alone in the forest, wandered along until she came to a neat little cottage. She knocked at the door. When there was no answer, she opened the door and went in.

Now this was the home of the Seven Dwarfs, and soon they came home after a good day's work in the mines. They looked around, and soon found Snow White fast asleep.

"What a beauty she is!" they exclaimed, talking in whispers.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if she would stay with us?"



"Oh, please stay with us," begged the smallest dwarf of all.
"Please, PLEASE!"

And he said it so loud that Snow White woke up. At first she was startled to see the seven little men, but they had such lovely smiles and were so polite that she soon felt quite at home.

"Do you really want me to stay?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said the Seven Dwarfs all at once.

And when Snow White told them about the wicked Queen, they told her that they would take care of her and keep her safe forever.

In the meantime, the wicked Queen was happy, thinking that Snow White was dead and there was no one in the world more beautiful than herself. One day she went and stood before the Magic Mirror and said,

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall;

Who is fairest of us all?"

She was smiling as she asked the question, but soon her face grew green with rage, for this is what the mirror said:

"You were the fairest long ago—

Snow White is fairest now, you know.

She lives with Dwarfs—far, far away,

And she's alive and well today."

The Queen was furious. She made an apple that was poisoned on one side and perfectly good on the other side. When she had finished it, she dressed herself up to look like somebody else and went to call on Snow White.

"I can't let you in," said Snow White when the Queen knocked at the door.

"I have some nice apples to sell," said the Queen, and she held the poisoned one up to the window.

"I'm not allowed to buy any," said Snow White.

"Well, just take a bite, dearie," said the Queen, but when Snow White held back, she added, "Not afraid of it, are you? See, I'll take a bite myself," and she bit it carefully on the side that was not poisoned.

"I guess it wouldn't hurt to take a bite," said Snow White



timidly; but when she put her teeth into the apple she fainted.

And this time when the Queen got back home and stood before the Magic Mirror to ask the same old question, she heard the answer she wanted to hear:

“You are the fairest, Lady Queen.”

That evening the Seven Dwarfs found Snow White lying on the floor, and try as they might, they could not rouse her.

“That bad old Queen has killed her,” said the youngest Dwarf.

“But she doesn’t look dead,” said the oldest and wisest. “See how red her lips are. Let’s put her in a glass case where we can always watch over her.”

So that’s what they did.

One day a handsome Prince came through the forest. When he saw Snow White and heard her story from the Dwarf who was on guard, he offered all the gold that he had if he could take the case home with him.

But the Dwarf answered, “We wouldn’t sell her for anything.”

“Then give her to me,” said the Prince.

When the other six Dwarfs came home and saw how much the Prince wanted Snow White, they decided to let him have her, for he promised to take care of her always.

The Prince’s men raised the glass case to their shoulders to

carry it away, but one of them tripped on a stone and stumbled. Crash! went the case to the ground, and the bite of poisoned apple that had stuck in Snow White's throat bounced right out! She sat up and looked around her in wonder.

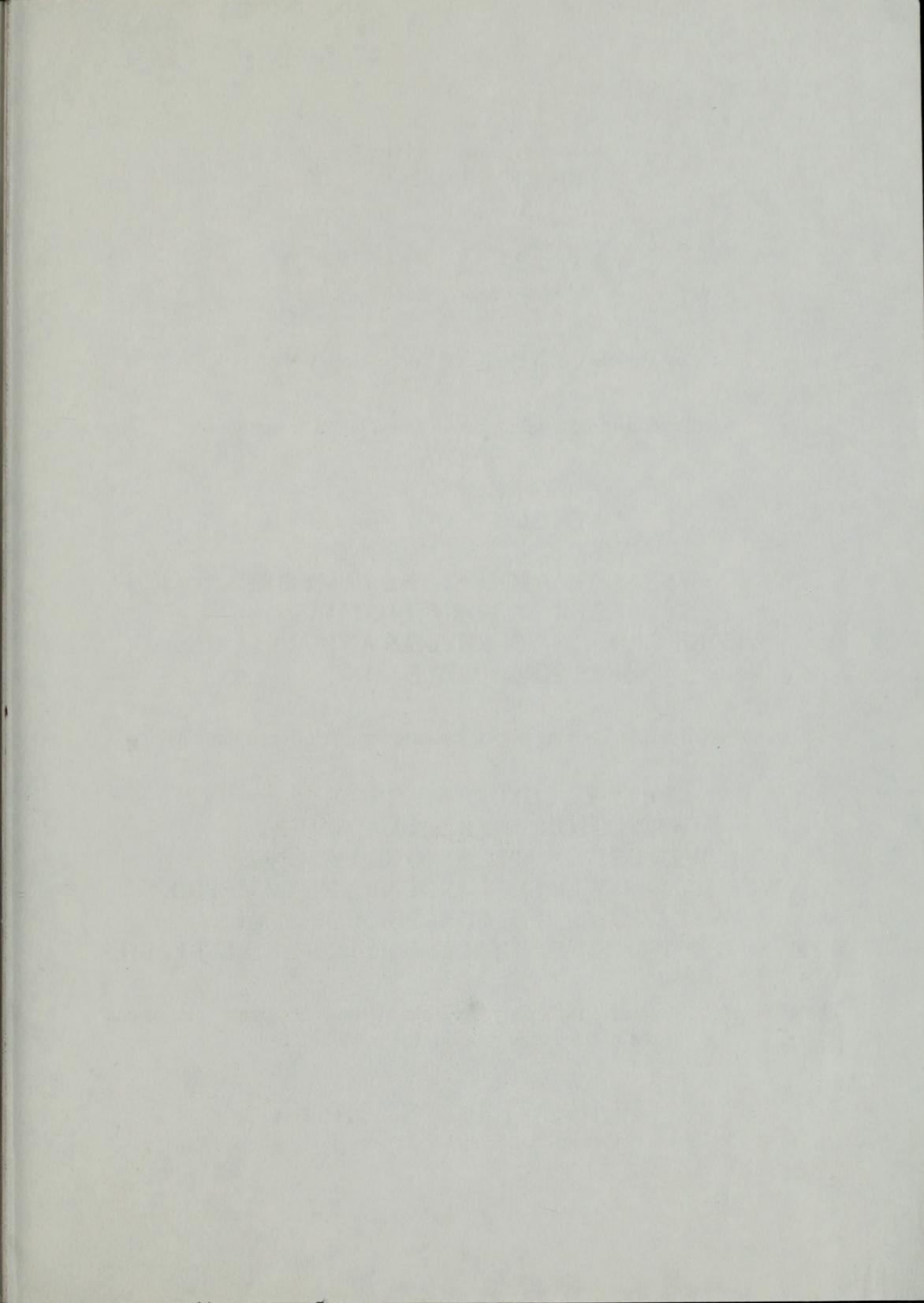
And then the Prince said, "Snow White, will you marry me?"

"I would be very glad to marry you," said Snow White, "but I'm afraid the wicked Queen would find us."

"Oh, no, she'll never hurt anyone again," said the Prince. "You know that temper of hers? Well, one day she got so mad that she just went up in smoke, and no one has seen her since."

And so Snow White and the Prince were married, the Dwarfs came to visit them often, and nobody has ever heard another word about the bad old Queen.





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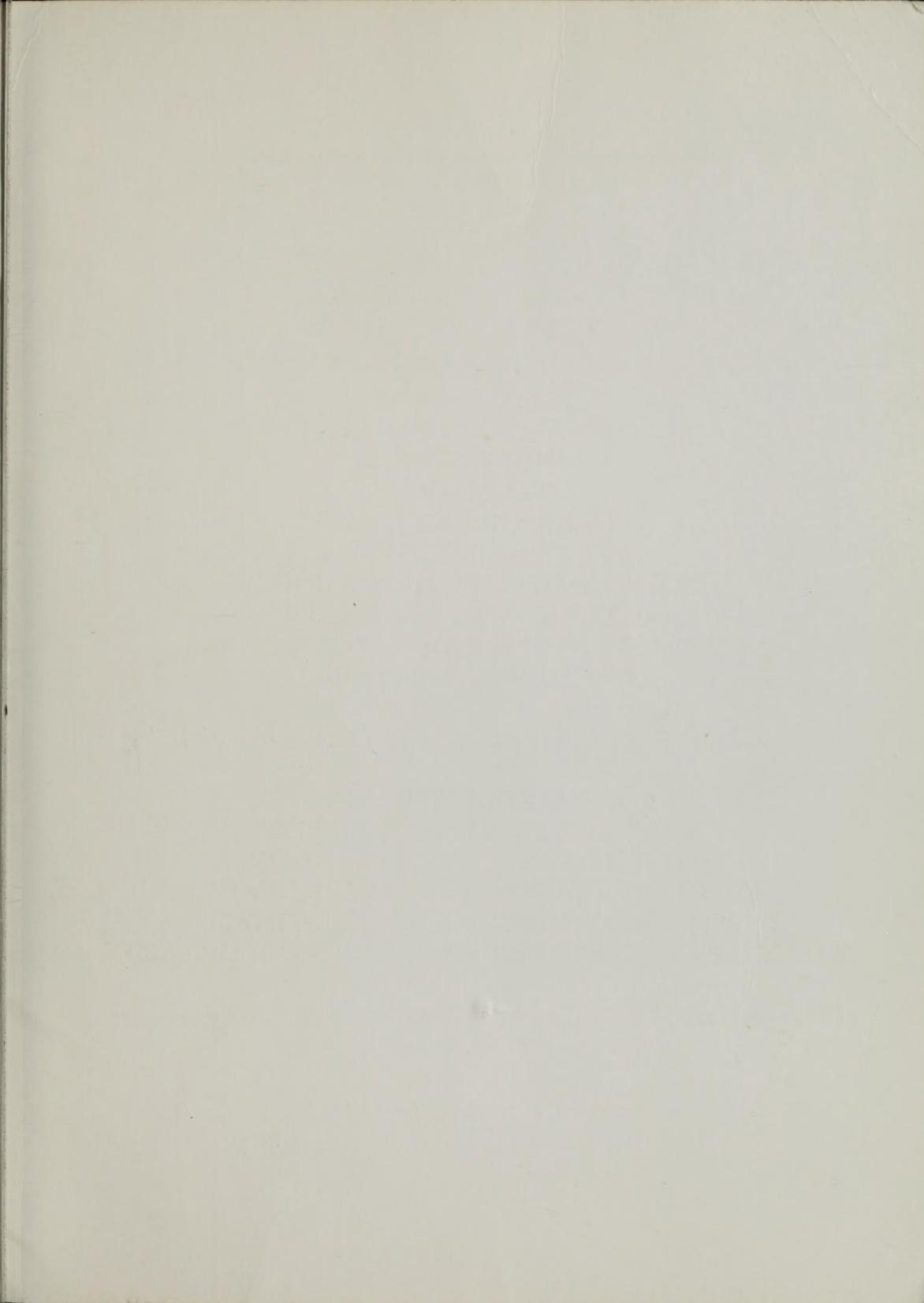
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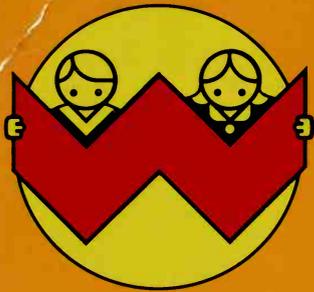
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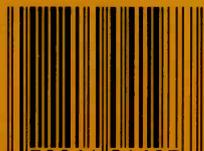
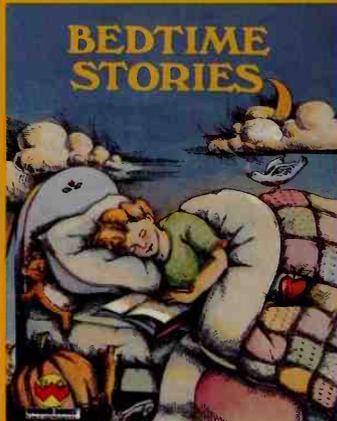
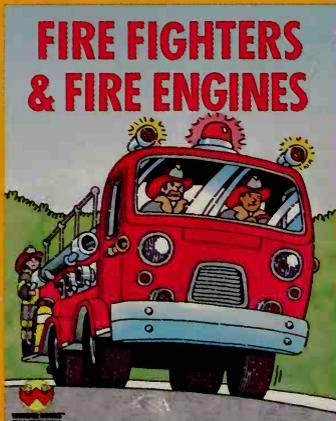
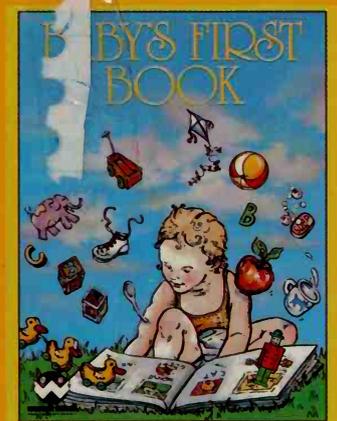
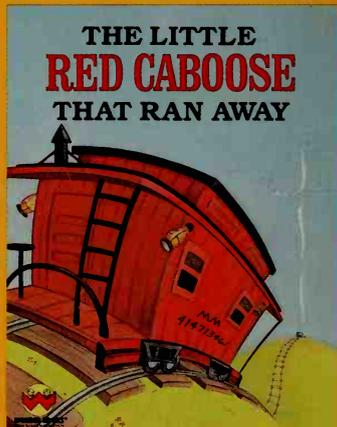
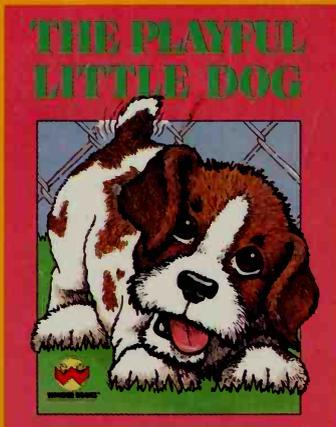
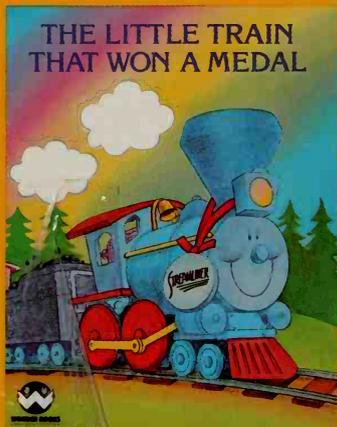
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