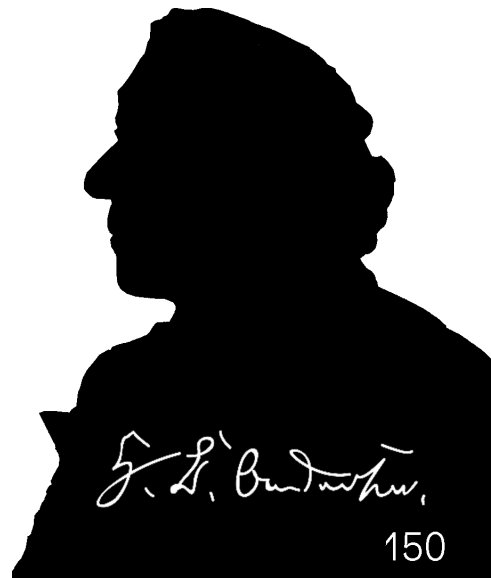


## LITERARY DOSSIER



## HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN 2025

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## 1. THE PRINCESS ON THE PEA

Once there was a prince who wanted to marry a princess. Only a real one would do. So he traveled through all the world to find her, and everywhere things went wrong. There were princesses aplenty, but how was he to know whether they were real princesses? There was something not quite right about them all. So he came home again and was unhappy, because he did so want to have a real princess.

One evening, a terrible storm blew up. It lightnined and thundered and rained. It was really frightful! In the midst of it all came a knocking at the town gate. The old king went to open it.

Who should be standing outside but a princess, and what a sight she was in all that rain and wind. Water streamed from her hair down her clothes into her shoes, and ran out at the heels. Yet she claimed to be a real princess.

“We’ll soon find that out,” the old queen thought to herself. Without saying a word about it, she went to the bedchamber, stripped back the bedclothes, and put just one pea in the bottom of the bed. Then she took twenty mattresses and piled them on the pea. Then she took twenty eiderdown feather beds and piled them on the mattresses. Up on top of all these the princess was to spend the night.

In the morning they asked her, “Did you sleep well?”

“Oh!” said the princess. “No. I scarcely slept at all. Heaven knows what’s in that bed. I lay on something so hard that I’m black and blue all over. It was simply terrible.”

They could see she was a real princess and no question about it, now that she had felt one pea all the way through twenty mattresses and twenty more feather beds. Nobody but a princess could be so delicate. So the prince made haste to marry her, because he knew he had found a real princess.

As for the pea, they put it in the museum. There it’s still to be seen, unless somebody has taken it.

There, that’s a true story.

(Hans Christian. Andersen. “The princess on the pea”, *Complete fairy tales*. Transl. Jean Hersholt. San Diego: Canterbury Classics, 2014, p. 13-14)

## Original version: PRINSESSEN PAA ÆRTEN

Der var engang en Prinds; han vilde have sig en Prindsesse, men det skulde være en *rigtig* Prindsesse. Saa reiste han hele Verden rundt, for at finde saadan en, men allevegne var der noget i Veien, Prindsesser vare der nok af, men om det vare *rigtige* Prindsesser, kunde han ikke ganske komme efter, altid var der noget, som ikke var saa rigtigt. Saa kom han da hjem igjen og var saa bedrøvet, for han vilde saa gjerne have en virkelig Prindsesse.

En Aften blev det da et frygteligt Veir; det lynede og tordnede, Regnen skyllede ned, det var ganske forskrækkeligt! Saa bankede det paa Byens Port, og den gamle Konge gik hen at lukke op.

Det var en Prindsesse, som stod udenfor. Men Gud hvor hun saae ud af Regnen og det onde Veir! Vandet løb ned af hendes Haar og hendes Klæder, og det løb ind af Næsen paa Skoen og ud af Hælen, og saa sagde hun, at hun var en virkelig Prindsesse.

“Ja, det skal vi nok faae at vide!” tænkte den gamle Dronning, men hun sagde ikke noget, gik ind i Sovekammeret, tog alle Sengklæderne af og lagde en Ært paa Bunden af Sengen, derpaa tog hun tyve Matrasser, lagde dem ovenpaa Ærten, og saa endnu tyve Ædderduuns-Dyner oven paa Matrasserne.

Der skulde nu Prindsessen ligge om Natten.

Om Morgenen spurgte de hende, hvorledes hun havde sovet.

“O forskrækkeligt slet!” sagde Prindsessen, “Jeg har næsten ikke lukket mine Øine den hele Nat! Gud veed, hvad der har været i Sengen? Jeg har ligget paa noget haardt, saa jeg er ganske bruun og blaa over min hele Krop! Det er ganske forskrækkeligt!”

Saa kunde de see, at det var en rigtig Prindsesse, da hun gjennem de tyve Matrasser og de tyve Ædderduuns Dyner havde mærket Ærten. Saa ømskindet kunde der ingen være, uden en virkelig Prindsesse.

Prindsen tog hende da til Kone, for nu vidste han, at han havde en rigtig Prindsesse, og Ærten kom paa Kunstkammeret, hvor den endnu er at see, dersom ingen har taget den.  
See, det var en rigtig Historie!

(Hans Christian Andersen. “Prinsessen paa Ærten”, *Eventyr, fortalte for Børn*. Ny Samling. Første Hefte. København: C.A. Reitzel, 8. maj 1835, p. 41-42)

## 2. THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

The swindlers invited him to come closer and asked if he didn't agree that it was a beautiful pattern with lovely colors. They pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister opened his eyes even wider. But he could not see anything, because there was nothing to see. "Oh, my lord," he thought. "Could I possibly be stupid? I never thought so. No one must know. Am I incompetent? I'm afraid to admit that I can't see the cloth."

"Hmm, you're not saying anything," the man at the loom said.

"Oh, it's pretty — quite charming," the old minister said and looked through his glasses. "That pattern — those colors! Oh, yes, I'll tell the emperor how much I like it."

"Ah, we're glad to hear that," both weavers said and went on to speak about the colors and the mysterious design. The old minister listened carefully, because he had to repeat what they'd said when he returned to the emperor. And that was what he did.

The swindlers demanded more money and more silk and gold that they needed for their weaving. They pocketed all of it. There wasn't a scrap on the loom, but they kept working with the empty loom as they had before.

Soon the emperor sent another gentle bureaucrat to find out how the weaving was going and whether the fabric was close to being finished. Like the minister before him, he looked and looked, but because there was nothing on the loom, he couldn't see anything.

"Isn't that a beautiful piece of material?" both swindlers asked, and they described the lovely pattern that didn't exist at all.

"I'm not stupid," the man thought. "It must be that I'm not good at my job. It's quite odd — but one can't let on." He praised the cloth that he could not see and said how pleased he was with the pretty colors and the exquisite design. "It's ravishing," he told the emperor.

Everybody in town talked about the wondrous cloth.

Then the emperor wanted to see it for himself, while it was still on the loom. Accompanied by a host of distinguished men — among them, the two kindly old officials who had been there before — he approached the sly impostors. They were weaving as fast as they could but without any yarn or thread.

"Isn't it *magnifique*?" both kindly officials said. "Won't it please Your Majesty to see such patterns, such colors?" They pointed to the empty loom, because they were sure that the others could see the cloth.

“What on earth!” the emperor thought. “I can’t see anything. This is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I not qualified to be the emperor? This is the worst thing that could happen to me.”

Then the emperor said, “Oh, it’s very beautiful. It has my very highest approval.” And he nodded with satisfaction and regarded the empty loom. He didn’t want to say that he couldn’t see anything. The entire entourage, the one that he had brought along, looked and looked but saw no more than the rest of them. Still, like the emperor, they said, “Oh, it’s very beautiful.” They advised him to wear his splendid new outfit for the first time in the big parade that was coming up. They were all very pleased, and their praise went from mouth to mouth: “It’s *magnifique*, charming, excellent!” The emperor gave each swindler a medal to hang from his buttonhole and the title of Knight of the Loom.

(Hans Christian. Andersen. “The Emperor’s New Clothes”, *The Stories of...* Transl. Diana Crone Frank and Jeffrey Frank. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 2003, p. 106-108)

## Original version: KEJSERENS NYE KLÆDER

Begge Bedragerne bad ham være saa god at træde nærmere og spurgte, om det ikke var et smukt Mønster og deilige Farver. Saa pegede de paa den tomme Væv, og den stakkels gamle Minister blev ved at spile Øinene op, men han kunde ikke see noget, for der var ingen Ting. "Herre Gud!" tænkte han, "skulde jeg være dum! Det har jeg aldrig troet, og det maa ingen Mennesker vide! skulde jeg ikke due til mit Embede? Nei det gaaer ikke an, at jeg fortæller, jeg ikke kan see Tøiet!"

"Naa, de siger ikke noget om det!" sagde den ene, som vævede!

"O det er nydeligt! ganske allerkjæreste!" sagde den gamle Minister og saae igjennem sine Brillor, "dette Mønster og disse Farver! — ja, jeg skal sige Keiseren, at det behager mig særdeles!"

"Naa det fornøier os!" sagde begge Væverne, og nu nævnede de Farverne ved Navn og det sælsomme Mønster. Den gamle Minister hørte godt efter, for at han kunde sige det samme, naar han kom hjem til Keiseren, og det gjorde han.

Nu forlangte Bedragerne flere Penge, mere Silke og Guld, det skulde de bruge til Vævning. De stak Alt i deres egne Lommer, paa Væven kom ikke en Trevl, men de bleve ved, som før, at væve paa den tomme Væv.

Keiseren sendte snart igjen en anden skikkelig Embedsmand hen for at see, hvorledes det gik med Vævningen, og om Tøiet snart var færdigt. Det gik ham ligesom den anden, han saae og saae, men da der ikke var noget uden de tomme Væve, kunde han ingen Ting see.

"Ja, er det ikke et smukt Stykke Tøi!" sagde begge Bedragerne og viste og forklarede det deilige Mønster, som der slet ikke var.

"Dum er jeg ikke!" tænkte Manden, "det er altsaa mit gode Embede, jeg ikke duer til? Det var løierligt nok! men det maa man ikke lade sig mærke med!" og saa roste han Tøiet, han ikke saae, og forsikkrede dem sin Glæde over de skønne Couleurer og det deilige Mønster. "Ja det er ganske allerkjæreste!" sagde han til Keiseren.

Alle Mennesker i Byen talte om det prægtige Tøi.

Nu vilde da Keiseren selv see det, medens det endnu var paa Væven. Med en heel Skare af udsøgte Mænd, mellem hvilke de to gamle skikkelige Embedsmænd vare, som før havde været der, gik han hen til begge de listige Bedragere, der nu vævede af alle Kræfter, men uden Trevl eller Traad.

"Ja er det ikke magnifique!" sagde begge de skikkelige Embedsmænd. "Vil deres Majestæt see, hvilket Mønster, hvilke Farver!" og saa pegede de paa den tomme Væv, thi de troede, de andre vistnok kunde see Tøiet.

“Hvad for noget!” tænkte Keiseren, “jeg seer ingen Ting! det er jo forfærdeligt! er jeg dum? duer jeg ikke til at være Keiser? Det var det skrækkeligste, som kunde arrivere mig! “O det er meget smukt!” sagde Keiseren, “det har mit allerhøieste Bifald!” og han nikkede tilfreds og betragtede den tomme Væv; han vilde ikke sige, at han ingen Ting kunde see. Hele Følget, han havde med sig, saa og saa, men fik ikke mere ud af det, end alle de Andre, men de sagde ligesom Keiseren, “o det er meget smukt!” og de raadede ham at tage disse nye, prægtige Klæder paa første Gang, ved den store Procession, som forestod. “Det er magnifique! nysseligt, excellent!” gik det fra Mund til Mund, og man var allesammen saa inderligt fornøiede dermed. Keiseren gav hver af Bedragerne et Ridderkors til at hænge i Knaphullet og Titel af Vævejunkere.

(Hans Christian Andersen. “Kejserens nye Klæder”, *Eventyr, fortalte for Børn*. Ny Samling. I:3. København: C.A. Reitzel, 7. april 1837, p. 108-110)

### 3. THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

There were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers. They were all brothers, born of the same old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets and looked straight ahead of them, splendid in their uniforms, all red and blue.

The very first thing in the world that they heard was, "Tin soldiers!" A small boy shouted it and clapped his hands as the lid was lifted off their box on his birthday. He immediately set them up on the table.

All the soldiers looked exactly alike except one. He looked a little different as he had been cast last of all. The tin was short, so he had only one leg. But there he stood, as steady on one leg as any of the other soldiers on their two. But just you see, he'll be the remarkable one.

On the table with the soldiers were many other playthings, and one that no eye could miss was a marvelous castle of cardboard. It had little windows through which you could look right inside it. And in front of the castle were miniature trees around a little mirror supposed to represent a lake. The wax swans that swam on its surface were reflected in the mirror. All this was very pretty, but prettiest of all was the little lady who stood in the open doorway of the castle. Though she was a paper doll, she wore a dress of the fluffiest gauze. A tiny blue ribbon went over her shoulder for a scarf, and in the middle of it shone a spangle that was as big as her face. The little lady held out both her arms, as a ballet dancer does, and one leg was lifted so high behind her that the tin soldier couldn't see it at all, and he supposed she must have only one leg, as he did.

"That would be a wife for me," he thought. "But maybe she's too grand. She lives in a castle. I have only a box, with four-and-twenty roommates to share it. That's no place for her. But I must try to make her acquaintance." Still as stiff as when he stood at attention, he lay down on the table behind a snuffbox, where he could admire the dainty little dancer who kept standing on one leg without ever losing her balance.

When the evening came, the other tin soldiers were put away in their box, and the people of the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play among themselves at visits, and battles, and at giving balls.

(Hans Christian. Andersen. "The steadfast tin soldier", *Tales*. Transl. Jean Hersholt. San Diego: Canterbury Classics, 2014, p. 99-100)



## Original version: DEN STANDHAFTIGE TINSOLDAT

Der var engang fem og tyve Tinsoldater, de vare alle Brødre, thi de vare fødte af en gammel Tinskee. Geværet holdt de i Armen og Ansigtet satte de lige ud; rød og blaa, nok saa deilig var Uniformen. Det Allerførste, de hørte i denne Verden, da Laaget blev taget af Æsken, hvori de laae, var det Ord: "Tinsoldater!" det raabte en lille Dreng og klappede i Hænderne; han havde faaet dem, for det var hans Geburtsdag, og stillede dem nu op paa Bordet. Den ene Soldat lignede livagtig den anden, kun en eneste var lidt forskjellig; han havde eet Been, thi han var blevet støbt sidst, og saa var der ikke Tin nok; dog stod han ligesaa fast paa sit ene, som de andre paa deres to, og det er just ham, som bliver mærkværdig.

Paa Bordet, hvor de bleve stillede op, stod meget andet Legetøi; men det, som faldt meest i Øinene, var et nydeligt Slot af Papir. Gjennem de smaa Vinduer kunde man see lige ind i Salene. Udenfor stode smaa Træer, rundt om et lille Speil, der skulde see ud som en Sø; Svaner af Vox svømmede derpaa og spillede sig. Det var altsammen nydeligt, men det Nydeligste blev dog en lille Jomfru, som stod midt i den aabne Slotsdør; hun var ogsaa klippet ud af Papir, men hun havde et Skjørt paa af det klareste Linon og et lille smalt blaat Baand over Skulderen ligesom et Gevandt; midt i det sad en skinnende Paillette, lige saa stor som hele hendes Ansigt. Den lille Jomfru strakte begge sine Arme ud, for hun var en Dandserinde, og saa løftede hun sit ene Been saa høit i Veiret, at Tinsoldaten slet ikke kunde finde det og troede, at hun kun havde eet Been ligesom han.

"Det var en Kone for mig!" tænkte han; "men hun er noget fornem, hun boer i et Slot, jeg har kun en Æske, og den ere vi fem og tyve om, det er ikke et Sted for hende! dog jeg maa see at gjøre Bekjendtskab!" og saa lagde han sig saa lang han var bag en Snuustobaksdaase, der stod paa Bordet; der kunde han ret see paa den lille fine Dame, som blev ved at staae paa eet Been, uden at komme ud af Balancen.

Da det blev ud paa Aftenen, kom alle de andre Tinsoldater i deres Æske og Folkene i Huset gik til Sengs. Nu begyndte Legetøiet at lege, baade at komme Fremmede, føre Krig og holde Bal...

(Hans Christian Andersen. "Den standhaftige Tinsoldat", *Eventyr, fortalte for Børn*. Ny Samling. Første Hefte. København: C.A. Reitzel, 2. october 1838, p. 121-122)

#### 4. THE UGLY DUCKLING

It was so lovely out in the country! It was summer: the corn stood yellow and the oats green; down in the green meadows the hay had been stacked; and the stork was walking about there and chattering in Egyptian, for he had learnt that language from his mother. Round the fields and meadows there were vast woods, and in the midst of the woods were deep lakes — yes, it was really lovely out in the country! Right in the sunshine there lay an old manor-house with deep canals round it, and great dock-leaves grew from the wall down to the water — they were so tall that small children could stand upright under the biggest of them. They grew like a wild and tangled wood. A duck was sitting on her nest there: she was waiting for her little ducklings to hatch out, but she was rather tired of it now because it had lasted so long and she rarely had a visitor — the other ducks much preferred swimming round in the canals to running up and sitting under a dock-leaf to gossip with her.

At last, one after another, the eggs began to crack. ‘Peep, peep!’ they said — all the eggs had come alive, and the ducklings were poking their heads out.

‘Quack, quack! Hurry up!’ she said, and so they made as much haste as they could, and looked all round them under the green leaves, and their mother let them look as much as ever they wanted to, for green is good for the eyes.

‘My, how big the world is!’ said all the young ones, for they undoubtedly had much more room to move about in now than they had had inside their eggs.

‘You don’t think this is the whole world!’ said their mother. ‘Why, it stretches a long way on the other side of the garden, right into the parson’s field! Though I have never been so far myself! — You’re all here now, aren’t you!’ And so she got up. ‘No, that you’re not! The biggest egg is still there — however much longer is it going to be! I’m tired of it now, I can tell you!’ And so she sat down again.

‘Well, how is it going?’ said an old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

‘This one egg is taking such a long time!’ said the mother-duck. ‘It just won’t hatch! But you must see the others now! They’re the loveliest ducklings I’ve ever seen, all the image of their father — the wretch, he never comes to visit me!’

‘Let me look at that egg that won’t crack!’ said the old duck. ‘You can take it from me, that’s a turkey’s egg! I was once had, too, in the very same way, and the trouble and bother I had with the young ones! They’re afraid of water, I tell you! I could not get them in! I quacked and snapped, but it was no use! — Let me see the egg! Yes, it’s a turkey’s egg right enough! Let it be, and teach the other children to swim!’

‘No, I’ll sit on it a little longer!’ said the duck. ‘I’ve been sitting so long now, I can sit until the Deer Park shuts for the winter!’

'Please yourself!' said the old duck, and off she went.

At last the big egg cracked. 'Peep, peep!' said the young one, as he tumbled out: but oh, how big and ugly he was! The duck looked at him. 'It's a terribly big duckling, that one!' she said. 'None of the others looks like that! Surely it's never a turkeychick? Well, we shall soon find out! Into the water he shall go, even if I have to kick him in myself!'

(Hans Christian. Andersen. "The Ugly Duckling", ... *fairy tales: a selection*. Transl. L. W. Kingsland. Oxford: University Press, 1984 [1959], p. 214-216)

## Original version: DEN GRIMME ÆLLING

Der var saa deiligt ude paa Landet; det var Sommer, Kornet stod guult, Havren grøn, Høet var reist i Stakke nede i de grønne Enge, og der gik Storcken paa sine lange, røde Been og snakkede ægyptisk, for det Sprog havde han lært af sin Moder. Rundtom Ager og Eng var der store Skove, og midt i Skovene dybe Søer; jo, der var rigtignok deiligt derude paa Landet! Midt i Solskinnet laae der en gammel Herregaard med dybe Canaler rundt om, og fra Muren og ned til Vandet voxte store Skræppeblade, der vare saa høie, at smaa Børn kunde staae opreiste under de største; der var ligesaa vildsomt derinde, som i den tykkeste Skov, og her laae en And paa sin Rede; hun skulde ruge sine smaae Ællinger ud, men nu var hun næsten kjed af det, fordi det varede saa længe, og hun sjældent fik Visit; de andre Ænder holdt mere af at svømme om i Canalerne, end at løbe op og sidde under et Skræppeblad for at snaddre med hende.

Endelig knagede det ene Æg efter det andet: »pip! pip!« sagde det, alle Æggeblommerne vare blevne levende og stak Hovedet ud.

»Rap! rap!« sagde hun, og saa rappede de sig alt hvad de kunde, og saae til alle Sider under de grønne Blade, og Moderen lod dem see saa meget de vilde, for det Grønne er godt for Øinene.

»Hvor dog Verden er stor!« sagde alle Ungerne; thi de havde nu rigtignok ganske anderledes Plads, end da de laae inde i Ægget.

»Troer I, det er hele Verden!« sagde Moderen, »den strækker sig langt paa den anden Side Haven, lige ind i Præstens Mark! men der har jeg aldrig været! - I ere her dog vel Allesammen!« - og saa reiste hun sig op, »nei, jeg har ikke alle! det største Æg ligger der endnu; hvor længe skal det vare! nu er jeg snart kjed af det!« og saa lagde hun sig igjen.

»Naa hvordan gaaer det?« sagde en gammel And, som kom for at gjøre Visit.

»Det varer saa længe med det ene Æg!« sagde Anden, som laae; »der vil ikke gaae Hul paa det! men nu skal Du see de andre! de ere de deiligste Ællinger jeg har seet! de ligne Allesammen deres Fader, det Skarn han kommer ikke og besøger mig.«

»Lad mig see det Æg, der ikke vil revne!« sagde den gamle. »Du kan troe, at det er et Kalkun-Æg! saaledes er jeg ogsaa blevet narret engang, og jeg havde min Sorg og Nød med de Unger, for de ere bange for Vandet, skal jeg sige Dig! jeg kunde ikke faae dem ud! jeg rappede og snappede, men det hjalp ikke! - Lad mig see Ægget! jo, det er et Kalkun-Æg! lad Du det ligge og lær de andre Børn at svømme!«

»Jeg vil dog ligge paa det lidt endnu!« sagde Anden; »har jeg nu ligget saalænge, saa kan jeg ligge Dyrehavstiden med!«

»Vær saa god!« sagde den gamle And, og saa gik hun.

Endelig revnede det store Æg. »Pip! pip!« sagde Ungen og væltede ud; han var saa stor og styg. Anden saae paa ham: »Det er da en forfærdelig stor Ælling den!« sagde hun; »ingen af de andre see saadanne ud! det skulde dog vel aldrig være en Kalkun-Kylling! naa, det skal vi snart komme efter! i Vandet skal han, om jeg saa selv maa sparke ham ud!«

(Hans Christian Andersen. "Den grimme Ælling", *Nye Eventyr*. Første Bind. Første Samling. København: C.A. Reitzel, 11. november 1843, p. 31-32)

## 5. THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

Her little hands were almost dead with cold. Oh, one little match would do some good! Dared she pull one out of the bundle and strike it on the wall to warm her fingers! She pulled one out, “ritsch”, how it spluttered, how it blazed! It burnt with a bright clear flame, just like a little candle when she held her hand round it. It was a very curious candle too. The little girl fancied that she was sitting in front of a big stove with polished brass feet and handles. There was a splendid fire blazing in it and warming her so beautifully, but — what happened — just as she was stretching out her feet to warm them, — the blaze went out, the stove vanished, and she was left sitting with the end of the burnt out-match in her hand. She struck a new one, it burnt, it blazed up, and where the light fell upon the wall, it became transparent like gauze, and she could see right through it into the room. The table was spread with a snowy cloth and pretty china; a roast goose stuffed with apples and prunes was steaming on it. And what was even better, the goose hopped from the dish with the carving knife and fork sticking in his back, and it waddled across the floor. It came right up to the poor child, and then — the match went out, and there was nothing to be seen but the thick black wall.

Again, she lit another. This time she was sitting under a lovely Christmas tree. It was much bigger and more beautifully decorated than the one she had seen when she peeped through the glass doors at the rich merchant’s house this very last Christmas. Thousands of lighted candles gleamed upon its branches, and coloured pictures such as she had seen in the shop windows, looked down to her. The little girl stretched out both her hands towards them — then out went the match. All the Christmas candles rose higher and higher, till she saw that they were only the twinkling stars. One of them fell and made a bright streak of light across the sky. “Some one is dying,” thought the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had ever been kind to her, used to say, “When a star falls a soul is going up to God.”

Now she struck another match against the wall, and this time it was her grandmother who appeared in the circle of flame. She saw her quite clearly and distinctly, looking so gentle and happy.

“Grandmother” cried the little creature. “Oh, do take me with you! I know you will vanish when the match goes out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the delicious goose, and the beautiful Christmas tree!”

(Hans Christian. Andersen. “The little match girl”, *Fairy tales from...* Transl. Mrs. E. Lucas. London: J. M. Dent, 1899, p. 179-181)

## Original version: DEN LILLE PIGE MED SVOVLSTIKKERNE

Hendes smaa Hænder vare næsten ganske døde af Kulde. Ak! en lille Svovlstikke kunde gjøre godt. Turde hun bare trække een ud af Bundtet, stryge den mod Væggen og varme Fingrene. Hun trak een ud, »ritsch!« hvor spruddede den, hvor brændte den! det var en varm, klar Lue, ligesom et lille Lys, da hun holdt Haanden om den; det var et underligt Lys! Den lille Pige syntes hun sad foran en stor Jernkakkellovn med blanke Messingkugler og Messingtromle; Ilden brændte saa velsignet, varmede saa godt! nei, hvad var det! - Den Lille strakte allerede Fødderne ud for ogsaa at varme disse, - - da slukkedes Flammen, Kakkellovnen forsvandt, - hun sad med en lille Stump af den udbrændte Svovlstikke i Haanden.

En ny blev strøget, den brændte, den lyste, og hvor Skinnet faldt paa Muren, blev denne gjennemsigtig, som et Flor; hun saa lige ind i Stuen, hvor Bordet stod dækket med en skinnende hvid Dug, med fiint Porcelain, og deilig dampede den stegte Gaas, fyldt med Svedsker og Æbler! og hvad der endnu var prægtigere, Gaasen sprang fra Fadet, vraltede hen af Gulvet med Gaffel og Kniv i Ryggen; lige hen til den fattige Pige kom den; da slukkedes Svovlstikken og der var kun den tykke, kolde Muur at see.

Hun tændte en ny. Da sad hun under det deiligste Juletræ; det var endnu større og mere pyntet, end det hun gennem Glasdøren havde seet hos den rige Kiøbmand, nu sidste Juul; tusinde Lys brændte paa de grønne Grene og brogede Billeder, som de der pynte Boutikvinduerne, saa ned til hende. Den Lille strakte begge Hænder i Veiret - da slukkedes Svovlstikken; de mange Julelys gik høiere og høiere, hun saa de vare nu de klare Stjerner, een af dem faldt og gjorde en lang Ildstriben paa Himlen.

»Nu dør der Een!« sagde den Lille, for gamle Mormoer, som var den Eneste, der havde været god mot hende, men nu var død, havde sagt: naar en Stjerne falder, gaaer der en Sjæl op til Gud.

Hun strøg igjen mod Muren en Svovlstikke, den lyste rundt om, og i Glandsen stod den gamle Mormoer, saa klar, saa skinnende, saa mild og velsignet.

»Mormoer!« raabte den Lille, »O tag mig med! jeg veed, Du er borte, naar Svovlstikken gaaer ud; borte ligesom den varme Kakkellovn, den deilige Gaasesteg og det store velsignede Juletræ!«

(Hans Christian Andersen. "Den lille Pige med Svovlstikkerne", *Nye Eventyr*. Bind II:2. København: C.A. Reitzel, 11. november 1848, p. 154-155)

(Hans Christian Andersen. "Den lille Pige med Svovlstikkerne", Frølund, Casp. Fred. Soph. *Dansk Folkekalender for 1846*. Fred. Frølund & Flinch, 1845, p. 134-135)