

Puss in Boots

Once upon a time there was a miller who had three sons. When the miller died, he left the mill to his eldest son and a donkey to his second son. They were able to set to work straightaway.



But all that was left for the youngest son was his father's cat.

He sat down on a stone and sighed, "A cat! What am I going to do with a cat?"

But the cat heard his words and said:

"Don't worry. Give me a pair of boots and a bag and we will do very well together."

The miller's son gave the cat what it asked for.

The cat put on his boots and left the bag, filled with lettuce leaves, in a field.

Very soon a little rabbit came to nibble the lettuce.



Quick as a flash, Puss caught the rabbit in his bag and carried it to the King's palace.

"Your Majesty," said Puss, "please accept this fine rabbit as a present from my master, the Marquis of Carrabas."

"I've never heard of him," said the King,

"but you deserve a treat from the kitchen."



The next day, Puss heard,
that the King and his daughter
would be driving along the river.

"Master," he said,
"do what I say and we shall be rich.
You must take off your clothes
and swim in the river.
And you must believe that your
name is the Marquis of Carrabas."



"I've never heard of him," said the miller's son, "but I'll do as you say, Puss."

Before long, the King drove past with his daughter,
the Princess. He was pleased to see Puss again.

"Your Majesty," said Puss, bowing low,
"a very terrible thing has happened.
My master, the Marquis of Carrabas,
was swimming in the river,
when some thieves came and
stole all his clothes."



"How dreadful!" exclaimed the
King and the Princess together.
The King sent off to the palace at once
for some clothes.



When the miller's son put them on,
he looked very handsome.
"Please come and ride in our carriage,"
said the King. "May I present my daughter?"



Puss ran quickly on ahead.
When he saw some men making hay in a field,
he shouted to them:
"The King is coming. If he asks,
you must say that this land belongs
to the Marquis of Carrabas."



"We never heard of him," said the haymakers,
but we'll do as you say."

Soon the King drove past in his carriage
with the Princess and the miller's son.
"Tell me, my man," said the King to a haymaker,
"whose land is this?"

"It belongs to the Marquis of Carrabas,
Your Majesty,"
the man replied at once.



Meanwhile, Puss had found out that the land was really owned by an ogre, who lived in a huge castle nearby. Puss quickly made his way to the castle and knocked at the door.

He asked the ogre:

"Sir, is it true that you are a very good magician?"

The ogre, who liked to show off, replied:

"Yes, it's true. I can even turn myself into a lion!"

Quick as a flash, the ogre became a fierce, roaring lion! Puss was so startled that he scrambled to the top of a chest of drawers to hide.



When the ogre had changed himself back again,

Puss jumped down.

"Turning into a lion must be easy for someone as big and strong as you," he said. "But can you turn yourself into something tiny - like a mouse?"

"Of course I can!" roared the ogre. "Just watch!"

In the blink of an eye, the ogre became a little mouse scurrying across the floor.



Puss instantly sprang upon him and ate him up.

"Now that the ogre is gone," Puss said to himself,
"this castle will make a very fine home for my master,
the Marquis of Carrabas."



The King was most impressed by the handsome young man,
who owned such rich land and lived in such a magnificent castle.
"He would make a fine husband for my daughter," the King said.

So the miller's son and the Princess and Puss lived happily ever after.
And now everyone has heard of the Marquis of Carrabas!

