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READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

The Flying Trunk

Hans Christian Andersen

Once upon a time there was a boy, the son of a thoughtful and wealthy merchant. He had inherited all his wealth from his father, only the son was not so thoughtful. He quickly spent everything. Only a pair of slippers and a nightgown were still in his possession.

Luckily for the poor son, a suitcase was given to him by a kind-hearted old man. Unfortunately, the boy had no possessions to fill it with. That's why the child sat in the trunk himself, which led him to the discovery that the suitcase could fly as soon as you pressed the lock.



With fear, he wedged himself into the rickety suitcase, hoping it would not break. He flew, further and further, until he landed in the land of the Turks. The son hid his suitcase in the woods and went into town. There was a huge castle there. "What kind of castle is that?" the boy asked a Turkish woman.

She answered politely. "There lives the daughter of the Sultan, young man. Apparently, she, the princess, would become very unhappy because of a lover according to a prophecy. For that reason, they let no one come to her."

Unable to resist the curiosity, he returned to his suitcase and immediately flew to the highest tower of the castle. Through the window he flew and his eyes landed on the beautiful, sleeping princess. The power over himself he had lost, he slowly walked up to her and kissed her.



The Princess was startled, but her fear turned to wonder. For the son indicated that he was the Turkish god, as he had come flying here. Without any hesitation, he began to speak about her appearance. About each of her features he knew to tell a fairy tale with passion.

He knew how to talk, so he immediately asked for the hand of the Princess, to which he received a 'yes' in reply. "Next Saturday, you must come here, then the Sultan and Sultanness are here for tea. Then, make sure you have the most beautiful fairy tale to tell. For my mother, it must be moral and serious, and for

my father, it must be comical and laughable!"

So, the son left again, to prepare for Saturday. He bought a new dressing gown and spent as much time and attention as possible on the story he would recite.

Soon it was Saturday, the royal family and the entire court were present. The son was received with a friendly welcome and everyone was eager to hear his story. The son began to tell stories, and soon he was bringing lifeless objects to life, to characters that each had a story to tell. Pots, pans, matches, everyone had something to say.



The royal couple was impressed, they could fully immerse themselves in the lively kitchen objects. Immediately they gave the boy the hand of the princess. Naturally, a party followed to celebrate the marriage. The whole nation was in joy and cheered loudly. The son celebrated and flew through the fireworks strewn sky. It was wonderful.

Once he landed in the forest, the son returned to the city. The people claimed to have seen the god of the Turks with their own eyes, flying in a mantle of fire. The son was never before so happy.

When he returned to the forest, his suitcase was nowhere to be found, just a pile of ashes lay there. The suitcase had been burnt by the fireworks. Never again could he return to the Princess, while she would wait for him forever.



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