Comparing Stories
"He's got a crooked back," she said. "That set him wrong. He was a sour young man and got no good of all his money and big place till he was married."

Mary's eyes turned toward her in spite of her intention not to seem to care. She had never thought of the hunchback's being married and she was a trifle surprised. Mrs. Medlock saw this, and as she was a talkative woman she continued with more interest. This was one way of passing some of the time, at any rate.

"She was a sweet, pretty thing and he'd have walked the world over to get her a blade o' grass she wanted. Nobody thought she'd marry him, but she did, and people said she married him for his money. But she didn't—she didn't," positively. "When she died—"

Mary gave a little involuntary jump.

"Oh! did she die!" she exclaimed, quite without meaning to. She had just remembered a French fairy story she had once read called "Riquet a la Houppa." It had been about a poor hunchback and a beautiful princess and it had made her suddenly sorry for Mr. Archibald Craven.

"Yes, she died," Mrs. Medlock answered. "And it made him queerer than ever. He cares about nobody. He won't see people. Most of the time he goes away, and when he is at Misselthwaite he shuts himself up in the West Wing and won't let any one but Pitcher see him. Pitcher's an old fellow, but he took care of him when he was a child and he knows his ways."

It sounded like something in a book and it did not make Mary feel cheerful. A house with a hundred rooms, nearly all shut up and with their doors locked—a house on the edge of a moor—whatsoever a moor was—sounded dreary. A man with a crooked back who shut himself up also! She stared out of the window with her lips pinched together, and it seemed quite natural that the rain should have begun to pour down in gray slanting lines and splash and stream down the window-panes. If the pretty wife had been alive she might have made things cheerful by being something like her own mother and by running in and out and going to parties as she had done in frocks "full of lace." But she was not there any more.

"You needn't expect to see him, because ten to one you won't," said Mrs. Medlock.
Ricky of the Tuft [French Riquet à la Houppe]

Charles Perrault

Once upon a time there was a queen who bore a son so ugly and misshapen that for some time it was doubtful if he would have human form at all. But a fairy who was present at his birth promised that he should have plenty of brains, and added that by virtue of the gift which she had just bestowed upon him he would be able to impart to the person whom he should love best the same degree of intelligence which he possessed himself.

This somewhat consoled the poor queen, who was greatly disappointed at having brought into the world such a hideous brat. And indeed, no sooner did the child begin to speak than his sayings proved to be full of shrewdness, while all that he did was somehow so clever that he charmed everyone.

I forgot to mention that when he was born he had a little tuft of hair upon his head. For this reason he was called Ricky of the Tuft, Ricky being his family name.

Some seven or eight years later the queen of a neighboring kingdom gave birth to twin daughters. The first one to come into the world was more beautiful than the dawn, and the queen was so overjoyed that it was feared her great excitement might do her some harm. The same fairy who had assisted at the birth of Ricky of the Tuft was present, and in order to moderate the transports of the queen she declared that this little princess would have no sense at all, and would be as stupid as she was beautiful. The queen was deeply mortified, and a moment or two later her chagrin became greater still, for the second daughter proved to be extremely ugly.

"Do not be distressed, Madam," said the fairy. "Your daughter shall be recompensed in another way. She shall have so much good sense that her lack of beauty will scarcely be noticed."

"May Heaven grant it!" said the queen. "But is there no means by which the elder, who is so beautiful, can be endowed with some intelligence?"

"In the matter of brains I can do nothing for her, Madam," said the fairy, "but as regards beauty I can do a great deal. As there is nothing I would not do to please you, I will bestow upon her the power of making beautiful any person who shall greatly please her."

As the two princesses grew up their perfections increased, and everywhere the beauty of the elder and the wit of the younger were the subject of common talk.

It is equally true that their defects also increased as they became older. The younger grew uglier every minute, and the elder daily became more stupid. Either she answered nothing at all when spoken to, or replied with some idiotic remark. At the same time she was so awkward that she could not set four china vases on the mantelpiece without breaking one of them, nor drink a glass of water without spilling half of it over her clothes.

Now although the elder girl possessed the great advantage which beauty always confers upon youth, she was nevertheless outshone in almost all company by her younger sister. At first everyone gathered round the beauty to see and admire her, but very soon they were all attracted by the graceful and easy conversation of the clever one. In a very short time the elder girl would be left entirely alone, while everybody clustered round her sister.

The elder princess was not so stupid that she was not aware of this, and she would willingly have surrendered all her beauty for half her sister's cleverness. Sometimes she was ready to die of grief for the queen, though a sensible woman, could not refrain from occasionally reproaching her for her stupidity.
The princess had retired one day to a wood to bemoan her misfortune, when she saw approaching her an ugly little man, of very disagreeable appearance, but clad in magnificent attire.

This was the young prince Ricky of the Tuft. He had fallen in love with her portrait, which was everywhere to be seen, and had left his father's kingdom in order to have the pleasure of seeing and talking to her.

Delighted to meet her thus alone, he approached with every mark of respect and politeness. But while he paid her the usual compliments he noticed that she was plunged in melancholy.

"I cannot understand, madam," he said, "how anyone with your beauty can be so sad as you appear. I can boast of having seen many fair ladies, and I declare that none of them could compare in beauty with you."

"It is very kind of you to say so, sir," answered the princess; and stopped there, at a loss what to say further.

"Beauty," said Ricky, "is of such great advantage that everything else can be disregarded; and I do not see that the possessor of it can have anything much to grieve about."

To this the princess replied, "I would rather be as plain as you are and have some sense, than be as beautiful as I am and at the same time stupid."

"Nothing more clearly displays good sense, madam, than a belief that one is not possessed of it. It follows, therefore, that the more one has, the more one fears it to be wanting."

"I am not sure about that," said the princess; "but I know only too well that I am very stupid, and this is the reason of the misery which is nearly killing me."

"If that is all that troubles you, madam, I can easily put an end to your suffering."

"How will you manage that?" said the princess.

"I am able, madam," said Ricky of the Tuft, "to bestow as much good sense as it is possible to possess on the person whom I love the most. You are that person, and it therefore rests with you to decide whether you will acquire so much intelligence. The only condition is that you shall consent to marry me."

The princess was dumfounded, and remained silent.

"I can see," pursued Ricky, "that this suggestion perplexes you, and I am not surprised. But I will give you a whole year to make up your mind to it."

The princess had so little sense, and at the same time desired it so ardently, that she persuaded herself the end of this year would never come. So she accepted the offer which had been made to her. No sooner had she given her word to Ricky that she would marry him within one year from that very day, than she felt a complete change come over her. She found herself able to say all that she wished with the greatest ease, and to say it in an elegant, finished, and natural manner. She at once engaged Ricky in a brilliant and lengthy conversation, holding her own so well that Ricky feared he had given her a larger share of sense than he had retained for himself.

On her return to the palace amazement reigned throughout the court at such a sudden and extraordinary change. Whereas formerly they had been accustomed to hear her give vent to silly, pert remarks, they now heard her express herself sensibly and very wittily.
The entire court was overjoyed. The only person not too pleased was the younger sister, for now that she had no longer the advantage over the elder in wit, she seemed nothing but a little fright in comparison.

The king himself often took her advice, and several times held his councils in her apartment.

The news of this change spread abroad, and the princes of the neighboring kingdoms made many attempts to captivate her. Almost all asked her in marriage. But she found none with enough sense, and so she listened to all without promising herself to any.

At last came one who was so powerful, so rich, so witty, and so handsome, that she could not help being somewhat attracted by him. Her father noticed this, and told her she could make her own choice of a husband. She had only to declare herself. Now the more sense one has, the more difficult it is to make up one's mind in an affair of this kind. After thanking her father, therefore, she asked for a little time to think it over. In order to ponder quietly what she had better do she went to walk in a wood -- the very one, as it happened, where she had encountered Ricky of the Tuft.

While she walked, deep in thought, she heard beneath her feet a thudding sound, as though many people were running busily to and fro. Listening more attentively she heard voices. "Bring me that boiler," said one; then another, "Put some wood on that fire!"

At that moment the ground opened, and she saw below what appeared to be a large kitchen full of cooks and scullions, and all the train of attendants which the preparation of a great banquet involves. A gang of some twenty or thirty spit-turners emerged and took up their positions round a very long table in a path in the wood. They all wore their cook's caps on one side, and with their basting implements in their hands they kept time together as they worked, to the lilt of a melodious song.

The princess was astonished by this spectacle, and asked for whom their work was being done.

"For Prince Ricky of the Tuft, madam," said the foreman of the gang. "His wedding is tomorrow."

At this the princess was more surprised than ever. In a flash she remembered that it was a year to the very day since she had promised to marry Prince Ricky of the Tuft, and was taken aback by the recollection. The reason she had forgotten was that when she made the promise she was still without sense, and with the acquisition of that intelligence which the prince had bestowed upon her, all memory of her former stupidities had been blotted out.

She had not gone another thirty paces when Ricky of the Tuft appeared before her, gallant and resplendent, like a prince upon his wedding day.

"As you see, madam," he said, "I keep my word to the minute. I do not doubt that you have come to keep yours, and by giving me your hand to make me the happiest of men."

"I will be frank with you," replied the princess. "I have not yet made up my mind on the point, and I am afraid I shall never be able to take the decision you desire."

"You astonish me, madam," said Ricky of the Tuft.

"I can well believe it," said the princess, "and undoubtedly, if I had to deal with a clown, or a man who lacked good sense, I should feel myself very awkwardly situated. 'A princess must keep her word,' he would say, 'and you must marry me because you promised to!' But I am speaking to a man of the world, of the greatest good sense, and I am sure that he will listen to reason. As you are aware, I could not make up my mind to marry you even when I was entirely without sense; how can you expect that today, possessing the intelligence you bestowed on me, which makes me still more difficult to please than formerly, I should take a decision which I could not take then? If you wished so much to marry me, you were very wrong to relieve me of my stupidity, and to let me see more clearly than I did."
"If a man who lacked good sense," replied Ricky of the Tuft, "would be justified, as you have just said, in reproaching you for breaking your word, why do you expect, madam, that I should act differently where the happiness of my whole life is at stake? Is it reasonable that people who have sense should be treated worse than those who have none? Would you maintain that for a moment -- you, who so markedly have sense, and desired so ardently to have it? But, pardon me, let us get to the facts. With the exception of my ugliness, is there anything about me which displeases you? Are you dissatisfied with my breeding, my brains, my disposition, or my manners?"

"In no way," replied the princess. "I like exceedingly all that you have displayed of the qualities you mention."

"In that case," said Ricky of the Tuft, "happiness will be mine, for it lies in your power to make me the most attractive of men."

"How can that be done?" asked the princess.

"It will happen of itself," replied Ricky of the Tuft, "if you love me well enough to wish that it be so. To remove your doubts, madam, let me tell you that the same fairy who on the day of my birth bestowed upon me the power of endowing with intelligence the woman of my choice, gave to you also the power of endowing with beauty the man whom you should love, and on whom you should wish to confer this favor."

"If that is so," said the princess, "I wish with all my heart that you may become the handsomest and most attractive prince in the world, and I give you without reserve the boon which it is mine to bestow."

No sooner had the princess uttered these words than Ricky of the Tuft appeared before her eyes as the handsomest, most graceful and attractive man that she had ever set eyes on.

Some people assert that this was not the work of fairy enchantment, but that love alone brought about the transformation. They say that the princess, as she mused upon her lover's constancy, upon his good sense, and his many admirable qualities of heart and head, grew blind to the deformity of his body and the ugliness of his face; that his humpback seemed no more than was natural in a man who could make the courtliest of bows, and that the dreadful limp which had formerly distressed her now betokened nothing more than a certain diffidence and charming deference of manner. They say further that she found his eyes shine all the brighter for their squint, and that this defect in them was to her but a sign of passionate love; while his great red nose she found naught but martial and heroic.
However that may be, the princess promised to marry him on the spot, provided only that he could obtain the consent of her royal father.

The king knew Ricky of the Tuft to be a prince both wise and witty, and on learning of his daughter's regard for him, he accepted him with pleasure as a son-in-law.

The wedding took place upon the morrow, just as Ricky of the Tuft had foreseen, and in accordance with the arrangements he had long ago put in train.

**Moral:**
Here's a fairy tale for you,
Which is just as good as true.
What we love is always fair,
Clever, deft, and debonair.

**Another Moral:**
Nature oft, with open arms,
Lavishes a thousand charms;
But it is not these that bring
True love's truest offering.
'Tis some quality that lies
All unseen to other eyes --
Something in the heart or mind.
Beauty and the Beast

There was once a very rich merchant. He had six children, three sons and three daughters. He spent a lot of money giving them the best education. His daughters were extremely pretty, especially the youngest. When she was little everybody called her "The Little Beauty." As she grew up, Beauty became her name. This made her sisters very jealous.

Beauty’s two older sisters spent their time going to parties, balls, plays, concerts, and so forth. They laughed at their youngest sister because she spent the greatest part of her time reading books.

Because they were rich, several merchants wanted to court the girls. Beauty’s sisters said they would never marry, unless they were asked by a duke or an earl at least. Beauty simply said she was too young to marry. She would stay home with her father a few years longer.

All at once, the merchant lost his whole fortune. All he had was a small country house a great distance from town. He told his children with tears in his eyes, they must go there and work for their living. Beauty’s sisters said they would stay in town. They had suitors they would marry. They said they were concerned for Beauty because she was a charming, sweet-tempered creature who spoke so kindly to poor people. Several gentlemen wanted to marry Beauty even though she had not a penny. She told them she must not leave her father. Even though she was sad, Beauty told herself, "Were I to cry, that would not make things better. I must try to make myself happy without a fortune." The sisters soon learned their suitors were only interested in their wealth. They quickly left them when it was lost, so they too had to stay with their father.

When the family came to their country house, the merchant and his three sons began farming. Beauty rose at four in the morning. She spent her time cleaning and cooking dinner. In the beginning, she found it very difficult. A couple months later, she grew stronger and healthier than ever. Then she was able to do her work and have time to read and do other things she enjoyed.

On the contrary, her two sisters did not know how to spend their time. They got up at ten and did nothing all day long. They said, "What a poor, stupid, mean-spirited creature Beauty is. Why would she be contented with such an unhappy dismal situation?"

The good merchant was of quite a different opinion. He knew very well that Beauty outshone her sisters not only in her humility and industry but in patience with her sisters. They not only left her all the work of the house to do, but insulted her at every opportunity.

A year later, a letter arrived. The merchant’s ship had not been lost at sea. He would have some money coming in. Beauty’s sisters begged him to buy new gowns, headdresses, ribbons, and all manner of trifles. Beauty asked for nothing. She thought to herself, that all the money her father was going to receive, would scarcely be sufficient to purchase everything her sisters wanted.

"What will you have, Beauty?" said her father.

"Since you have the goodness to think of me," answered she, "be so kind to bring me a rose." Beauty didn’t care if she received a rose, but she asked for something small as a good example for her sisters to follow.

The merchant went to town only to find he owed taxes. He headed back to the county house as poor as before. He was within thirty miles of his own house, when he became lost. The wind and rain threw him off his horse. Night was coming. He was afraid he would starve to death of cold and hunger. He might be devoured by the wolves he heard howling. Suddenly, he saw a light in the distance.
He hastened toward the light, but was greatly surprised at not meeting with anyone in the outer courts. The merchant tied his horse up to the stable and walked towards the house. When he entered the large hall, he found a blazing fire. Since he was wet quite through with the rain and snow, he drew near the fire to dry himself. "I hope," he said, "the master of the house or his servants will excuse the liberty I take. I suppose it will not be long before some of them appear."

He waited a considerable time, until it struck eleven, and still nobody came. At last he was so hungry that he ate the chicken that was on the table. He then walked through the palace until he found a bedroom and went to sleep.

The next morning the merchant found a suit of clothes. He was thankful as his own had been ruined. He decided the palace must belong to a fairy. The merchant returned to the great hall, where he had supped the night before. There he found hot chocolate on a little table. "Thank you, good Madam Fairy," said he aloud, "for providing me a breakfast. I am extremely obliged to you for all your favors."

The good man drank his chocolate, and then went to look for his horse. As he passed through an arbor of roses he remembered Beauty's request. He gathered a branch on which were several. Then immediately he heard a great noise. Turning he saw a frightful Beast coming towards him.

"You are very ungrateful," said the Beast to him. "I saved your life by receiving you into my castle. In return, you steal my roses. I value them beyond anything in the universe. For this, you shall die. Say your prayers."

The merchant fell on his knees. He lifted up both his hands. "My lord, I beseech you to forgive me. I only wanted to take a rose to my daughter."

"My name is not My Lord," replied the monster. "I am Beast. I will forgive you on the condition that you send your daughter to me. Swear that if your daughter refuses to die in your stead, you will return within three months."

The merchant had no mind to sacrifice his daughters to the ugly monster, but he promised anyway. The Beast told him he would not go away empty handed. He told him to go back to the room where he slept. There he would see a great empty chest. He was to fill it with what he wanted. The Beast would send it to his home.

"Well," said the good man to himself, "if I must die, I shall have the comfort, at least, of leaving something to my poor children."

He returned to the bedchamber and filled the chest with gold. He then left the palace with as much grief as he had entered it with joy. The horse took one of the roads of the forest and in a few hours the good man was at home.

His children ran to their father, but instead of embraces he held up the branch he had in his hands. He burst into tears and told his family what had happened. The sisters said it was all Beauty's fault for asking for a rose. "She would not ask for fine clothes, as we did. Miss wanted to distinguish herself, so now she will be the death of our poor father. Yet she does not so much as shed a tear."

"Why should I," answered Beauty, "it would be very needless. Father will not suffer upon my account. I will go to the monster. I am very happy in thinking that by my death, I will save my father's life."

"No, sister," said her three brothers. "We will go slay him."

"Do not imagine any such thing, my sons," said the merchant. "The Beast is too powerful. I am charmed with Beauty's kind and generous offer, but I will not let her do it. I am old and have not long to live."
"Father," said Beauty, "you shall not go to the palace without me." Her sisters were delighted that she was going, for her virtue and amiable qualities made them envious and jealous.

The merchant was so upset that he completely forgot the chest of gold. When he awoke, he found it by his bedside. He was determined, however, not to tell his children.

The merchant took Beauty to the palace. When Beast entered the room, Beauty was terrified at his horrid form. The monster asked her if she came willingly, "Ye -- e -- es," she answered trembling.

The beast spoke to the merchant, "I am greatly obliged to you, honest man. Go on your way tomorrow morning. Never think of coming here again."

The merchant begged Beauty to go and let him stay. "No, father," said Beauty. "You will set out tomorrow morning and leave me."

That night Beauty dreamed that a fine lady came and spoke to her. "Your good actions of giving up your own life to save your father's shall not go unrewarded." Beauty told her father about the dream. Still he cried bitterly when he left his dear child.

As soon as he was gone, Beauty sat down in the great hall and began to cry. Then she decided that before she died she might as well see this fine castle. It was a delightful pleasant place. As she walked, she was extremely surprised at seeing a door, over which was written, "Beauty's Apartment." She opened it hastily. Inside she found a large library, a harpsichord, and several music books. Opening the library she took a book, and read these words, in letters of gold:

Welcome Beauty, banish fear,
You are queen and mistress here.
Speak your wishes, speak your will,
Swift obedience meets them still.

"There is nothing I desire more than to see my poor father." She had no sooner said this, when to her great amazement, she saw her own home in the reflection of the mirror. Her father had arrived with a very dejected countenance. Her sisters went to meet him. They pretended to be sorrowful. What they really felt was joy at having got rid of their sister. A moment later, the vision in the mirror disappeared.

That night when Beauty sat down to supper, she heard the noise Beast made. She could not help being terrified. "Beauty," said the monster, "will you allow me to have dinner with you?"

"If you please," answered Beauty trembling.

"No," replied the Beast. "You alone are mistress here. You can tell me to leave if my presence is troublesome. But, tell me, do not you think me very ugly?"

"That is true," said Beauty. "I cannot tell a lie, but I believe you are very good natured."

"So I am," said the monster. "Besides my ugliness, I am a poor, silly, stupid creature."

"I don't think so," replied Beauty. "For fools do not recognize their own foolishness."

"Eat then, Beauty," said the monster. "Enjoy the palace, for everything here is yours. I should be very uneasy, if you were not happy."
"You are very obliging," answered Beauty. "I own I am pleased with your kindness. When I consider that, your deformity isn’t noticeable."

"Yes, yes," said the Beast. "My heart is good, but still I am a monster."

Beauty told the Beast that it would be much worse to hide the ugliness on the inside.

Beauty ate a hearty supper. Now that she had seen the monster’s kindness she no longer feared him. She was surprised; however, when he said to her, "Beauty, will you be my wife?"

She took her time answering because she did not want to anger him. At last, however, she said trembling, "no Beast." Immediately the poor monster hissed so frightfully that the whole palace echoed. But Beauty soon recovered her fright, for Beast only turned his back to her and left.

When Beauty was alone, she felt a great deal of compassion for poor Beast. "Anything so good natured should not be so ugly."

Beauty spent three months very contentedly in the palace. Every evening Beast paid her a visit. Soon she grew accustomed to his deformity. There was but one thing that gave Beauty any concern. Every night, before she went to bed, the monster always asked her if she would be his wife. One day she said to him, "Beast, you make me very uneasy. I wish I could consent to marry you, but I don’t see it happening. I will always be your friend. I hope this will satisfy you."

The Beast replied, "But I love you. I should be happy that you will stay here. Promise never to leave me."

Beauty blushed at these words. She had seen in her mirror that her father had pined himself sick for the loss of her. She longed to see him again. "I could," answered she, "indeed, promise never to leave you entirely. I have so great a desire to see my father. I fear I will die if you refuse me this."

"I had rather die myself," said the monster, "than give you the least uneasiness. I will send you to your father. You can stay with him. I will be the one who dies from grief."

"No," said Beauty, weeping. "I love you too much to be the cause of your death. I give you my promise to return in a week. You have shown me that my sisters are married, and my brothers gone to the army. Only let me stay a week with my father, as he is alone."

"You can go tomorrow," said the Beast, "but remember your promise. You need only lay your ring on a table before you go to bed. Then I will know you wish to come back. Farewell Beauty." Beast sighed, as usual. Beauty went to bed very sad at seeing him so afflicted. When she woke the next morning, she found herself at her father's. When the maid came in and saw her, she gave a loud shriek. The merchant ran upstairs to see what the matter was. He almost died with joy when he saw his dear daughter again. He held her in his arms above a quarter of an hour. Beauty dressed herself. Then she sent word to her sisters to come with their husbands. They were both very unhappy. The eldest had married a gentleman. He only cared for himself and neglected his wife. The second had married a smart man. He used his wit to plague and torment everybody and his wife most of all. Beauty's sisters sickened with envy when they saw her dressed like a princess. She was more beautiful than ever. They went down into the garden to vent it in tears. One said to the other, in what way is this little creature better than us?

"Sister," said the oldest, "a thought just strikes my mind. Let's keep her here longer than the week. Then perhaps the silly monster will be so enraged at her for breaking her word that he will devour her."
After this was decided, they went up and behaved affectionately toward their sister. Beauty wept with joy. When the week was over, they cried and tore their hair. They acted like this until Beauty promised to stay a week longer.

In the meantime, Beauty was upset about not seeing poor Beast, whom she sincerely loved. She really longed to see again. The tenth night she spent at her father's, she dreamed she was in the palace garden. In the dream Beast laid on the grass. In a dying voice, he reproached her for her ingratitude. Beauty awoke and burst into tears. She cried out, "It is not his fault that he is ugly. He is kind and good, and that is sufficient. Why did I refuse to marry him? I should be happier with the monster than my sisters are with their husbands. It is virtue, sweetness of temper, and a willingness to help others that makes a good husband. Beast has all these valuable qualifications. I care for him. I will not make him miserable." Beauty having said this rose and put her ring on the table. When she awoke the next morning, she was overjoyed to find herself in the Beast's palace.

She put on one of her richest dresses to please him. She waited for evening with the utmost impatience, at last the wished-for hour came, the clock struck nine, yet no Beast appeared. Beauty then feared she had been the cause of his death. She ran crying and wringing her hands all about the palace. When she remembered her dream, she flew to the garden. There she found poor Beast stretched out, quite senseless, and, as she imagined, dead. She threw herself upon him without any dread and found his heart beat still. She fetched some water from the canal, and poured it on his head. Beast opened his eyes, and said to Beauty, "You forgot your promise. I was so saddened by the loss of you that I resolved to starve myself.

"No, dear Beast," said Beauty. "You must not die. Live to be my husband. From this moment I give you my hand. Alas! I thought I had only a friendship for you, but the grief I now feel convinces me, that I cannot live without you." Beauty scarcely had pronounced these words, when she saw the palace sparkle with light. Then there were fireworks, instruments of music, everything seemed to give notice of some great event. She turned to her dear Beast, for whom she trembled with fear, but how great was her surprise! Beast had disappeared, and she saw, at her feet, one of the most handsome princes that eye ever beheld. Her love for him had put an end to the charm. This curse had turned him into a Beast. Though this prince was worthy of all her attention, she asked where Beast was.

"You see him at your feet," said the prince. A wicked fairy had condemned me to remain under that shape until a beautiful maiden should consent to marry me. The fairy likewise made me speak to no one of this. You were the only one who could see past the monster to the man inside.

Beauty, agreeably surprised, gave the charming prince her hand to rise. They went together into the castle. Beauty was overjoyed to find, in the great hall, her father and his whole family. Then the lady from Beauty's dream appeared.

"Beauty," said this lady, "come and receive the reward of your sensible choice. You have preferred virtue before either wit or beauty. You deserve to find a person with all of these qualifications united. You are going to be a great queen. I hope the throne will not lessen your virtue, or make you forget yourself. As to you, ladies," said the fairy to Beauty's two sisters, "I know your hearts and all the malice they contain. Become two statues, but, under this transformation, still retain your reason. You shall stand before your sister's palace gate. It is your punishment to see her happiness. You will not return to your former state, until you conquer your own faults. I am very much afraid that you will always remain statues. Pride, anger, gluttony, and idleness are sometimes conquered, but overcoming a malicious, envious mind is a kind of miracle."

Immediately the fairy gave a stroke with her wand. In that moment all that were in the hall were transported into the prince's dominions. His subjects received him with joy. He married Beauty, and lived with her many years, and their happiness -- as it was founded on virtue -- was complete.
Summarize the three stories.

The Secret Garden

Ricky of the Tuft

Beauty and the Beast
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### Comparing Plots

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<th>Beauty and the Beast</th>
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