

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

(THE STEADFAST TOY SOLDIER)

Written by
Hans Christian Andersen

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1835 - 1872

This adaptation by
Kiwi Opa



THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



Hans Christian Andersen is a Danish writer best remembered as one of the greatest storytellers of children's Fairy Tales. "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" was written between 1835 and 1872 and tells of the love and adventures of a one legged tin soldier and a paper doll dancer he falls in love with.

**By Hans Christian
Andersen (1805-1975)**



LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



Once upon a time,
a toymaker
fashioned
twenty five Brothers,
all soldiers,
from the same
piece of tin.

They all shouldered muskets,
They all looked straight ahead
and they all wore splendid uniforms
of red and blue.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



Alas, When it came to the last soldier there wasn't quite enough tin left.

The toymaker only had enough to give the last soldier one leg.

But that soldier didn't mind, he was very proud to be different, he was very proud of his one leg.

He too stood erect, shouldering his musket, looking straight ahead, in his bright red and blue uniform.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

The toymaker packed all 25 soldiers tightly, into a box.

It was very dark in there.



Then he carefully gift wrapped the box.
They were a birthday present for a small boy.

When the little boy saw the box, he let out an exciting yell, “Tin Soldiers! Thanks, Mum!”

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

The little boy emptied the soldiers out on the floor and selected the last tin soldier (because he was different) for sentry duty.



He placed him on a tower of blocks where the soldier could see:

a brown Teddy Bear;
a box labelled 'Jack';
a magnificent castle with swans floating on a lake; and ...

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



Standing at the castle door was the most beautiful girl the soldier had ever seen.

In fact, she was the only girl the soldier had ever seen, but he loved her because, like him, she only had one leg.

Well, he thought she did.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



“She is perfect,”
the Little Tin Soldier
said to himself,

“I shall make her my wife.”

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



But what the soldier
didn't realise,

The beautiful lady
was a Dancer,

She held her other leg
high in the air
behind her.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



At midnight,
when the clock
struck twelve,
all the toys
would come alive.

The Little Tin Soldier
was determined that
then, he would visit
the castle and ask
for the beautiful lady's
hand in marriage.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



At the stroke of midnight,
the little tin soldier
pushed open the lid of his box
and climbed out.

He breathed deeply,
because he was very nervous,
then he began to hop
in the direction of the castle.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



Suddenly the lid of the jack-in-the-box popped open and an ugly grinning face jumped out and stared down at the Little Tin Soldier.

The face had sharp beady eyes that shone and flashed, “I’m Jack!”

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

Jack stared at the Little Tin Soldier,

“She’s out of your league, soldier boy.
and anyway, ya only got one leg.”



There was a moment
silence between them.

“You live in a box!
She lives in a castle.
Give up!”

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



The Little Tin Soldier looked up at the castle.

The beautiful dancer had been watching him.

She smiled.

The soldier's tin heart melted.

He jumped down onto the floor
and started bouncing towards the castle.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



“Tin soldier,”

Jack practically spat
the words out,

“Don’t wish for
what does not belong
to you.”

The Tin Soldier
pretended not to hear.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



Jack's voice became ominous,

“Very well!
wait until tomorrow.

Bad things will happen.

An ill wind
will carry you away,”

and with a fiendish laugh
he disappeared back, inside his box.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



“I wouldn’t take any notice of Jack.”

Standing beside the soldier’s elbow was a Teddy Bear.

In spite of his growly voice, he sounded very friendly to the Little Tin Soldier.

“He’s bitter. He’s got no legs.

He can’t join in our games.”

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



The Teddy Bear sighed,
“Sad thing is, no-one
would play with him
even if he could move.”

The Little Tin Soldier glanced
towards the castle and
the stunningly beautiful lady.

“Go,” growled the friendly Teddy Bear,
“Most important!

Don't let Jack's words get into your heart.”

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

But the friendly Teddy Bear was too late.
The Little Tin Soldier **had** taken
Jack's words deep into his heart.



Jack had frightened him.

He lay down beside the lake,
watching the Dancer;

He never took his eyes off her.

Finally he drifted off to sleep.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

The next morning, when the little boy came in, he saw the tin soldier lying on the floor, he picked him up, placed him on a shelf, near an open window.



From there the soldier could see the whole room: Jack's box; the Teddy Bear; the castle and ... the beautiful lady was smiling at him.

He smiled back.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



Suddenly,
a gust of wind
caught the curtain.

It flipped
the Little Tin Soldier
backwards,
out of the
open window.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

As he fell down towards the ground,
Jack's words tumbled through his mind,

'Tomorrow, an ill wind will carry you away,'



And he
was sure
he heard
Jack's
fiendish
laugh
in the wind.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



The Little Tin Soldier landed upside down with his bayonet wedged between the cracks in the pavement.

The little boy and his mother rushed down to rescue him.

But they couldn't find him, although at one time, they almost stood on him.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

Now the soldier felt really miserable.

To make him feel even worse, large, heavy drops of rain started to fall.



It wasn't long before water was pouring down the gutter beside him.

‘What bad thing is going to happen next,’ he said to himself.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



As if in answer,
two boys came running
down the street.

They thought
it would be fun
to send him out to sea.

They quickly made
a small sail boat out
of an old newspaper
and placed him inside.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



They sent the newspaper boat sailing down the gutter,

then raced alongside laughing and splashing in the puddles.

The Little Tin Soldier, shouldered his musket, looked straight ahead, and he wondered, 'Will I ever see my beautiful Dancer again?'

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



Large waves rocked the boat up and down.

It became soggy.

At times it swirled a full circle, quickly, in the water.

The Little Tin Soldier trembled.

He held on to his musket tightly.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



Suddenly the boat dipped down and rushed into a drain.

‘What on earth is happening?’ thought the Soldier,

‘I bet Jack is behind this, his evil words put a magic spell on me!’

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



Inside the drain
it was very dark.

As dark as the box
the soldier lived in.

In the distance
he saw
what looked like,
the headlights of a car.

But that was silly,
for cars hadn't been invented.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

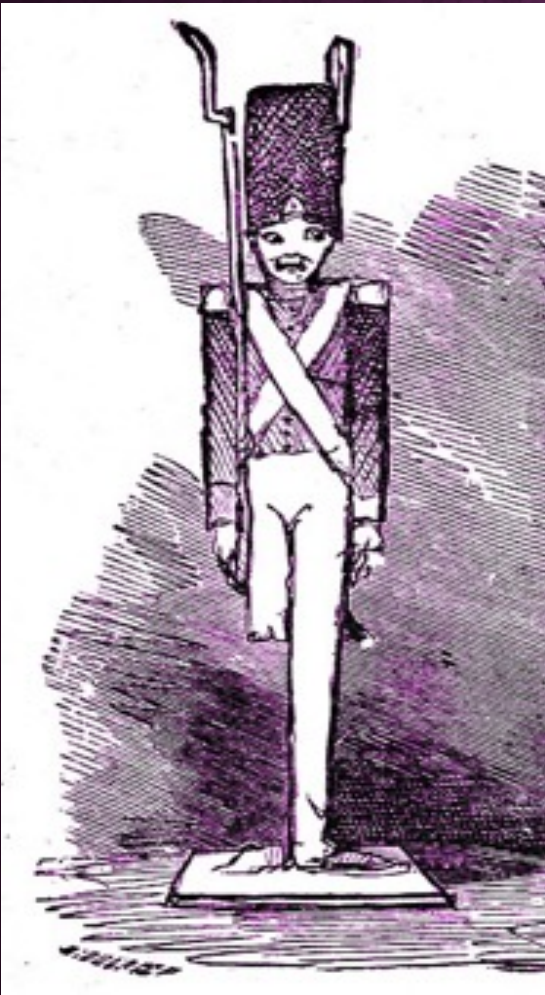
As the newspaper boat floated closer, the soldier realised that the two lamps, were in fact, eyes.

The eyes of a huge, ugly, fat, water-rat with a chewed off ear,



“Passport!”
it cried.

It was
the border
patrol!



LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

The Rat's eyes reminded him of Jack's sharp, beady eyes, that shone and flashed.

Unlike Jack's the rat's eyes didn't flash, but they just were as mean and unfriendly.

The Tin Soldier remained silent and held tightly to his musket.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



The Water Rat's hand reached out to make a grab for his passport.

But the Little Tin Soldier was too quick.

He crashed his boat through the straw barrier, and sped away.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

Hollering and gnashing his teeth
the Rat gave chase.

He screamed to the wood and the straw,



“Stop ‘im, stop ‘im.
‘E as’n’t paid
me his toll.

‘E ‘ain’t got no
pass.”

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

But the roaring water surged on.

The Little Tin Soldier
could already see daylight ahead.



‘Freedom, freedom,’
he thought,

‘I might still
get home to
see her smile
once more.’

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

As the little boat rushed towards the daylight, the Soldier heard a noise.



It was a waterfall.

The little boat
shot out into the air.

Way, way, way below
was a canal.

‘Not again,’ thought the soldier. Although he was frightened, he refused to close his eyes.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

The boat spun and swirled and crashed onto the surface of the water and shattered into a thousand pieces.

(Do you think the soldier actually counted the pieces?)

The soldier was thrown into the thunderous water, with millions of bubbles rising up all around him.

(He definitely didn't count the bubbles!)



LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

There was a sudden silver flash,
everything went dark.



He thought of the
beautiful Dancer's smile.

He sighed,
'will Jack's curse never end!'

An old tune
popped into his head,

*'Farewell, warrior! Ever brave,
drifting onward to thy grave.'*

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

It was then the soldier understood,
he had been swallowed by a fish.



He lay full length,
shouldering his musket.

The fish began to
thrash about;
the soldier held on
for dear life.

Then suddenly it lay still.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

As the soldier lay there,
a flash of lightning
struck the fish';
daylight flooded in.



Then,
he heard a voice
he recognised.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



“Why, it’s the
little one legged
Soldier
that fell out
the window.

Goodness gracious!”

The voice belonged
to the little boy’s
mother.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

The fish that had swallowed him,
had been hooked from the canal,
taken to the market
and sold to the mother.

When the mother
sliced it open,
she found the
Little Tin Soldier.



LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



She carefully
dried and showered
the Soldier,

then put him
in the castle,
next to the
beautiful Dancer.

“Don’t they make
a lovely couple,
both standing there
on one leg?”

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



The soldier felt
the presence of the Dancer.

Her smile melted his heart.

When the clock chimed
midnight,
he would boldly
take her hand,
ask her to marry him
and ...

perhaps, even kiss her.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

But Jack's words still shadowed his heart.



Suddenly the little boy's sister came into the room,

“That soldier is ugly, he's deformed.”

She grabbed the Little Tin Soldier, and threw him into the fire.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



The fire burned,
smoke poured from
his uniform.

He was suffocating,
because of the flames,
maybe because of
the fire of his love,
he was totally unsure.

All he knew was,
he was melting away.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



He stared up
at the beautiful Dancer.

She smiled
back at him.

But there was a tear
that fell from her eye.

The tear finally
washed Jack's words
from the soldier's heart.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



As he was watching
the curtain moved.

A breeze swooped in,
caught the paper dancer
in its arms,

and rushed her
into the flames
beside her love.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



Happy at last,
wrapped in
each others arms,
the paper Doll
and the
Little Tin Soldier,
danced close
in the flames.

LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

The next morning, when the mother came in to clean up the ashes.

She discovered,
lying in the fireplace,
snuggled together,

the soldier's heart;
and beside it,

the paper Dancer's
little red tinsel rose.

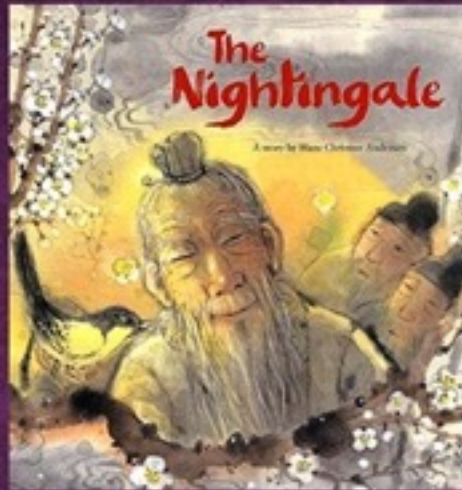


LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

... together forever.



THE END



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THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER



Hans Christian Andersen is a Danish writer best remembered as one of the greatest storytellers of children's Fairy Tales. "The Brave Tin Soldier" was written between 1835 and 1872 and tells of the love and adventures of a one legged tin soldier and a paper doll dancer he wants to make his wife.

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By Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1975)



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