This is the original Hans Christian Anderson story, the Snow Queen (1844)

which inspired
the highly successful
Disney movie
‘Frozen’ (2013)

And the very popular
C S Lewis’s
Chronicles of Narnia
‘The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe’ (1950).
In the original story, "the devil", creates a mirror that turns good to evil.

He delights in using it to distort everyone and everything;

it makes the loveliest landscapes look like "boiled spinach."

The mirror fails to reflect the good and beautiful aspects of people and things, but magnifies their bad and ugly aspects.
THE SNOW QUEEN

His demons attempt to carry the mirror into heaven in order to make fools of the angels and of God.

But the higher they lift it, the more it shakes with laughter. It slips from their grasp and falls back to earth, shattering into a billion pieces, some no larger than a grain of sand.

Two of the grains from the mirror enter Kay.

The Turkish delight in this story comes from C S Lewis, to simplify things.
The story begins:

Gerda was a little girl who lived with her Grandma.

Her BFF (best friend forever) lived next door.

His name was Kay
Between Gerda’s house and Kay’s there was a small walkway.

Gerda and Kay played there everyday, played games, read books and talked.

They talked about getting married, when they grew up.
One winter’s day
they were playing inside,
when Gerda’s grandma cried,

“Look, the Snow Queen
is gathering her bees.

See them swarm
all around her.”

Gerda and Kay
rushed to the window.
“Often at midnight, she flies through the streets of the town.

She looks in the windows.

As she looks, the ice freezes into wonderful shapes, shapes like flowers and castles.”
“If you warm pennies by the fire,” Grandma continued, “and hold them up to the frosted glass.

The warm pennies create a peep hole in the frost, and you can look out.”

Kay pointed his nose to where the Snow Queen was and poked out his tongue.
Later, on the roof, Gerda asked Kay, “Do you think she might, come for us?”

“Only let her try,” said Kay,

“I’ll set her on the stove and she’ll melt away to a toasted marshmallow.”
Gerda shivered, “Don’t say things like that.”

She rushed back inside hoping the Snow Queen wasn’t watching them.

“I’m not afraid,” said Kay, “I’ll show her if she dares come near me!”

Then he climbed back through the window to his own room.
That night, Little Kay was getting ready for bed.

Half undressed, he climbed on a chair, by the window and peeped out.

A snow flake grew larger and larger until ... it became the Snow Queen.
THE SNOW QUEEN

Her dress looked like millions of starry snow-flakes linked together.

She was made of ice shining and glittering.

Her eyes sparkled like bright stars,

but there was no peace, no rest in her glance.

She was evil.
She nodded towards the window and waved with her hand.

The little boy was frightened and sprang from his chair.

When he looked up, he saw the beautiful lady at the window.

She held in her hand a plate of Turkish delights.

Kay couldn’t resist. He undid the catch and snatched a handful from the plate.
As he shoved them greedily into his mouth, the lady grabbed his wrist and pulled him out of the window onto her sled.

She flicked her whip and the horses started off.

Kay should have been very frightened but instead, with Turkish delight all around his mouth, he held out his hand for more.
Because this wasn’t any normal sweet.

The Snow Queen had baked a powerful spell into the Turkish delight.

It was addictive, like a drug.

Those that ate it, would become her slave forever.
The Snow Queen’s sled lifted off the ground.

“Are you cold?” she asked.

“May I have another sweet?” Kay replied.

The Snow Queen smiled as her sled flew high over the houses and away up north.
THE SNOW QUEEN

Kay had crept inside the Snow Queen’s fur coat. She kissed him on the forehead.

The kiss was colder than ice; it went straight to Kay’s heart and he thought he was going to die.

‘If only she’d give me more Turkish delight,’ he thought, ‘then I’d be warm.’
They arrived at the castle.

The Snow Queen set her sled down in the snow covered courtyard.

She grasped Kay’s little hand, and dragged him up the stairs towards the great castle door.
They were suddenly surrounded by thousands of fluttering snow-flakes.

But they didn’t fall from the sky as normal snowflakes do, they poured out of the doors and windows.

They were the Snow Queen’s guards, and they were alive.
The Snow Queen dragged Kay through a big hall, then down into the castle’s dungeon.

Little Kay was quite blue almost black with cold, but he did not feel it.

The Snow Queen kept feeding him Turkish delight.
The next morning when Gerda came to visit Kay he wasn't there. She looked everywhere for him.

She raced out the front door and down to the village square.

"Have you seen Kay? Have you seen my friend?" she cried.

But no-one had seen him.
The Snow Queen

She spoke to the flowers in the fields, “He didn’t pass this way,”

and she wept many tears.

Nobody knew where he had gone.

“He must be dead,” she cried,

and tears by the bucket full poured out of her eyes.
She returned to her house soooo sad, that her feet tripped over her bottom lip.

She trudged up the stairs and climbed out the window.

She began to pray, “Don’t let my Kay be dead, please, don’t let my Kay be dead.”
“I don’t believe he is,” said a voice.

Gerda looked up, and there in the garden sat a little sparrow.

“When we’re searching for food we sit high on the rooftops. We see everything. We would have seen him unless ... he fell in the river.”
A tiny spark of hope lit up in Gerda’s heart, “I’ll go and ask the river.”

She put on her new red shoes, her winter coat, her fur hat and gloves,

“If he drowned the river will know.”
THE SNOW QUEEN

“River, river,” shouted Gerda to the fast flowing water,

“Did my Kay come by here?

Did he fall in your deep waters and drown?”
There was no answer.

“Is it true, that you have taken my little playmate away from me?” cried Gerda,

“I will give you my red shoes, if you will only give him back to me.”
“She crept into a boat on the edge of the water, stood in the bow and flung her red shoes that she loved so much, into the river.

“There,” she said to the river, “Now give me back my friend!”
Sad for Gerda, she didn’t realise that the boat she stood in, wasn’t tied to the bank.

Her movement rocked the boat loose.

Away down stream she floated.

She was frightened but she didn’t cry. She was determined to find Kay.
The little boat floated on with the stream getting faster and faster.

Little Gerda sat quite still.

Her red shoes floated beside the boat, but too far away for her to grab.
The Snow Queen

Then Gerda saw a small cottage. It had strange red and blue windows, a thatched roof and two wooden soldiers standing guard at the door.
An old lady came hobbling out.

She was bent over and carrying a walking stick.

She wore a large sun hat, with all sorts of pretty flowers painted on it.
The old woman walked to the edge of the river, caught the boat with her walking stick and drew it in to land.

She lifted Gerda out.

Although Gerda was afraid of this strange old woman, she was glad to feel herself on dry ground again.
“Come stroll with me through the garden and tell me who you are.”

Gerda told her everything.

“What have you seen my little Kay,” she asked.

“No, but perhaps he might come by.”

The perfume of the flowers was hypnotic. Gerda felt at peace, and safe.
They went inside.

On the table stood a bowl of beautiful cherries.

The little old lady told Gerda not to be sorrowful, but eat some cherries.

Gerda was allowed to eat as many as she wanted.
While Gerda was eating, the old woman combed out her long flaxen ringlets with a golden comb.

As she combed, she whispered, “I have longed for a granddaughter like you.”

Gerda forgot about Kay for the old woman was casting a spell on her. She wanted to keep Gerda as her own.
For the rest of the day they returned to the flower garden.

‘How fragrant and beautiful it is,’ thought Gerda!

Every flower that could be thought of, for every season, of every year, was here in full bloom.

Gerda jumped for joy, and played till the sun went down.
Then she slept in an elegant bed with red silk pillows, embroidered with coloured violets.

Lulled into a dream-like state by the flowers, the cherries, the bed and the old woman’s spells, Gerda dreamt a happy dream with the old woman as her grandmother.

“I will stay here forever,” she murmured.
But in the garden one day
Gerda noticed the roses.

They reminded her of Kay.

She asked of the roses,
“Do you know where
my dear friend Kay is?
Is he dead?”

“No,” they answered,
“We have been in the ground where all the dead lie.
Your Kay is not there.”
“Kay is not dead!” “Kay is not dead!”
The knowledge broke the old woman’s spells.

Gerda raced to the garden gate.
It was locked but the latch was rusty.
She leant on it and it gave way.

She ran till she could run no longer.
There she sat on a great stone.

It was then she realised, the summer had passed; it was now autumn.
Suddenly she heard the sound of a carriage.
It stopped, “May we give you a lift?”

Inside was a Prince and a Princess.

They invited Gerda to stay in their castle for a few days.

She told them her story. They said, “you must hurry.”
“You won’t get very far without boots,” said the Prince.

“And you’ll go faster with a carriage,” exclaimed the Princess.
They not only gave her boots and a coach made of pure gold but also a muff, a coachman, a footman, and riders all wearing golden crowns on their heads.

The Prince and the Princess waved her off, and wished her every success with her quest.
The coach drove on through a thick forest where robbers waited. “It is gold! It is gold!” they shouted, and rushed forward, seizing the horses. During the battle, the coachman, the footman and all the riders died.
Little Gerda stepped bravely from the carriage.

“She is fat and pretty, and she has been fed on nuts and honey,” said the old robber-woman.

The woman had a long beard and eyebrows that hung over her eyes, “How nice she will taste!” she cackled.
“Ow!” screamed the old woman, springing in the air, and jumping about. All the robbers laughed. Her ear had been bitten by her own daughter!

“She shall play with me,” said the little robber-girl; “she shall give me her muff and her pretty dress, and sleep with me in my bed.”
The little robber-girl, who was about the same size as Gerda, wore a mournful look on her face.

She clasped little Gerda round the waist, and said,

“They shall not kill you. I will protect you.”
“I suppose you are a princess,” she smiled at Gerda.

“No,” Gerda replied.

Gerda explained her story.

How fond she was of little Kay.

How she must find him.
After they ate and drank, they slept in a corner on straw and carpet.

Above them, more than a hundred pigeons, who pretended to be asleep, watched and listened to the little girls.

“These all belong to me,” said the robber-girl proudly.
“And here is my old sweetheart ‘Ba’,” she dragged a reindeer out by the horn.

“Why is he all tied up?” Gerda wanted to know.

“To stop him running away.”

The little robber-girl laughed. “I tickle his neck every night with my knife. It makes him look so funny.”
The robber-girl had drawn her knife.

Gerda looked at it in great fright, “Will you take that knife to bed?”

“I always sleep with my knife,” said the little robber-girl, “You never know what might happen in the night.

But now, tell me again about little Kay, and why you’ve come searching for him.”
Gerda was drifting off to sleep when one of the wood-pigeons cooed, “We have seen little Kay.”

Gerda sat bolt upright, “Where?”

“In the carriage of the Snow Queen. They drove through the woods while we were lying in our nest. She blew upon us and … all our young died.”
“Where were they going?” cried Gerda.

“Lapland!” said the reindeer, “A place you can leap and run about freely on sparkling ice plains. The Snow Queen has a castle there.”

“Kay, my little Kay!” Gerda sighed.

“Lie still,” said the robber-girl, “or I shall run you through with my knife.”
In the morning
Gerda told the little robber-girl
what the wood-pigeons had said.

She looked serious,
nodded her head,
“I’ll help you escape,” she said.

“Our men have gone,
mother is the only one here.

At noon, she drinks out of a great bottle,
then falls asleep.”
When the mother was asleep, the little robber-girl went to the reindeer, squinted her eyes and said,

“I should very much like to tickle your neck a few more times with my knife, for it makes you look so funny ...
Instead, I will untie your cord.

You shall go to Lapland, where you can leap and run freely on sparkling plains of ice.

But you must make good use of your legs, run fast, carry this little maiden to the castle of the Snow Queen.

Help her find her Kay.”
The reindeer jumped for joy.

The little robber-girl lifted Gerda onto his back, "Here are two loaves and a ham so that you won't starve."

Then the little robber-girl gave Gerda a really big hug; cut the string holding the reindeer, and away they flew.
The reindeer flew, over stumps and stones,
through the great forest,
up snowy mountains,
across flat plains.
Wolves howled.
Ravens screamed.

THE SNOW QUEEN
Above them lights danced across the sky.

“The Northern Lights,” explained the reindeer.
They stopped by a little hut where an old Lapland woman, by the light of an oil lamp, was cooking fish.

After Ba and Gerda had told their stories, the Lapland woman said, “Oh, you poor things, you still have a long, long way to go.

The Snow Queen lives more than a hundred miles further North.”
“I have a friend who lives near the castle. She can give you more information than I.

I have no paper, but I will write a few words on a piece of dried fish.”

Gerda accepted the message, and the pair set off for the Snow Queen’s palace.
They found the woman’s hut. She lived in an igloo which had no door.

The entrance was so low, Gerda and Ba had to crawl in on their hands and knees.

Outside was terribly cold, but inside was as hot as summer, the woman wore nothing but shorts and a tee-shirt.
She loosened little Gerda’s dress, and took off her fur boots and mittens, otherwise Gerda might have melted like butter on hot toast.

Then she placed a piece of ice on the reindeer’s head.
The woman read what was written on the dried fish.

She read it three times until she knew it by heart.

Then, she popped the dried fish into her soup pot.

She knew it was good to eat, and never wasted anything.
“You are so clever,” said the reindeer.

“Can you give little Gerda something to make her stronger.

Perhaps as strong as twelve men.

She needs to overcome the Snow Queen?”
“The power of twelve men,” said the woman, “that would be of very little use.”

She looked at little Gerda.

“Dear, you have everything you need to overcome the Snow Queen, your purity, your innocence of heart.

Go with God, and the Angels will protect you.”
“Two miles from here is the Snow Queen’s castle.

Stop by the large bush, which stands in the snow, covered with red berries.”

Gerda and Ba rode on through the forest.

Gerda felt the cold, “Oh, I have forgotten my boots and mittens!” she cried.
But the reindeer dared not stop.

They were too close to the Snow Queen’s palace.

“She has guards. She can sense our presence,”

and he was afraid.
He ran on until he reached the bush with the red berries.

There he set Gerda down, kissed her with a sloppy wet kiss, great bright tears trickled down his cheeks,

“You must go on alone from here,” he said, “I will be here when you come back. I will make sure you and your little friend, if you find him, get home safely.”
Gerda stood there, no shoes, no gloves, outside the tall ice walls of the Snow Queen’s palace.

THE SNOW QUEEN
She was suddenly surrounded by thousands of snow-flakes that fluttered about her.

They didn’t fall from the sky as normal snowflakes do but poured out of the doors and windows of the castle.

She suddenly realised they were alive.

They were the Snow Queen’s guards.
Gerda prayed.

The cold was so great she could see her own breath. It came like steam from her mouth.

As she continued to pray the steam appeared to increase, until it took the shape of little angels.

They all wore helmets and carried shields and spears. They grew in size the moment they touched the earth.
By the time Gerda had finished her prayers, a whole legion stood round her.

They thrust their spears into the terrifying snowflakes who shattered into a hundred pieces.

The angels stroked her hands and feet. She felt warm, both inside and out.

Warm, full of courage, feeling safe, Gerda hastened on to the Snow Queen’s castle.
Winds raged around her, cutting into her like a knife.

But she offered up a prayer and the winds sank down, as if they were going to sleep.

Little Gerda forced open the great castle door.
Gerda found Kay, deep in the castle beside a frozen lake.

She flew to him, threw her arms round his neck, and held him fast,

“Kay, dear little Kay, I have found you at last.”
Little Kay was quite blue with cold, indeed almost black.

but he had become so addicted to Turkish delight, he no longer felt it.

All this time the Snow Queen had fed him that sweet with the powerful spell.
Gerda wept hot tears that fell on his breast and penetrated his heart.

They melted the ice and washed away all desire that Kay had for Turkish delight.
Warmth returned to his body.

He recognized Gerda and cried joyfully,

“Gerda?

Where have you been all this time?”

They clung together, laughing and weeping for joy.
Ba was waiting when the children got to the large bush covered with red berries.

He knelt down in the snow.

The two children climbed on his back.

Away he flew, hoofs kicking up snow as he went, the children holding on tightly.
He took them to the river.

The river was overjoyed when it saw Gerda had found her Kay.

Happy they rode home in the little boat and arrived just in time for supper.

Grandma made them a steaming hot cup of chocolate and they slept for three whole days!
THE SNOW QUEEN

THE END
THE SNOW QUEEN

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