

# Sleeping Beauty

There was once a castle which stood in the middle of the forest, **surrounded by** beautiful gardens. (1) \_\_\_\_\_ it lived a king and a queen, and one day a baby daughter as lovely as a flower **was born to them**. They called her Rose.

One night, (2) \_\_\_\_\_ the queen lay in her bed with the baby asleep in its **cot** beside her, three fairies **appeared**, (3) \_\_\_\_\_ **candles** in their hands. The queen **held her breath in wonder**, and watched as a blue-eyed fairy **bent over** the cot and said:

'You shall be as pretty (4) \_\_\_\_\_ a rosebud and as good as gold.'

Then a black-eyed fairy **gave the baby a different fate**:

'Your life will be rosy, (5) \_\_\_\_\_ short; you will **prick** your finger on a **spindle** and die.'

But the third fairy, whose eyes were grey, kissed the child and partly took away the evil curse:

'You will not die, (6) \_\_\_\_\_ sleep, until someone comes and finds you (7) \_\_\_\_\_ the roses.'

The queen thought she must be dreaming, and she wanted to cry out, but the fairies put out their candles and **disappeared** in the dark. The queen **at once ran** to tell the king all that (8) \_\_\_\_\_ happened. The next day the king gave orders for all spindles and **spinning-wheels** in the castle to be collected and burnt, hoping to save Princess Rose from the evil fairy's **curse**.

So the little princess grew bigger and bigger and more and more beautiful every day. She did not learn to spin (9) \_\_\_\_\_ other girls did, but just played all day long. But one day, when she was fifteen years old, she was playing in the garden with a golden ball, when it **rolled into the thicket** beside the old **tower**. When she went to look for it, she found a little door let (10) \_\_\_\_\_ the tower. Opening the door, Princess Rose **climbed up** a flight of winding steps, until she came right to the top of the tower. (11) \_\_\_\_\_, in a tiny room, a **wizened** old woman sat beside a spinning-wheel. The princess **was fascinated by** the spinning-wheel, (12) \_\_\_\_\_ having seen one in her life, and she sat down beside the old woman and began to finger it. Before she knew it, she had pricked her finger on the spindle, and **in a trice** she fell to the ground, fast asleep.

No sooner had the little princess fallen asleep, than everyone and everything in the castle went to sleep too. (13) \_\_\_\_\_ the rose bushes in the garden **went on growing**, and they grew and grew until they had **overgrown** the whole castle.

**Time passed**, and the princess slept on. Many a rich prince came in search of the castle, **crossing mountains and felling forests**, but all **in vain**. (14) \_\_\_\_\_ was successful.

Then, one day, a **merry** young man called Jack was making his way through the forest, **singing softly to himself**. He was a **wandering**



