

Once Upon a Point of View

1st
grade

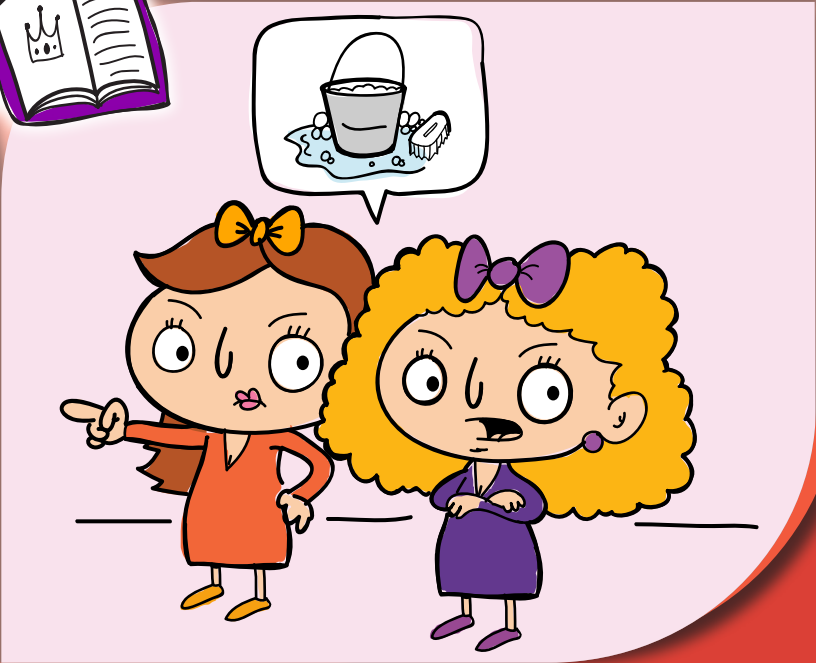
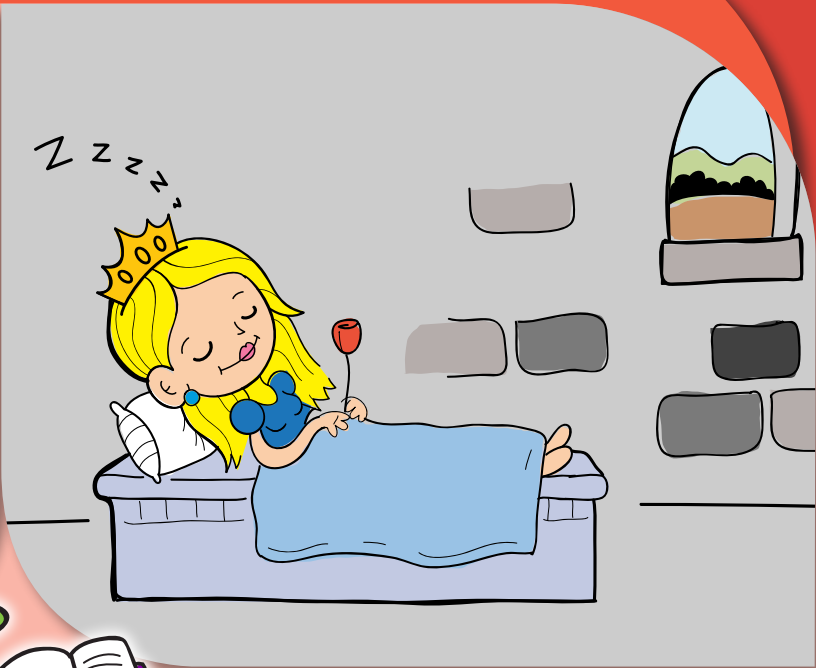


Table of Contents

Once Upon a Point of View

Introduction

Brom Bones and the Headless Horseman

Sleeping Beauty's Prince: The Untold Story

Guess the Fairy Tale

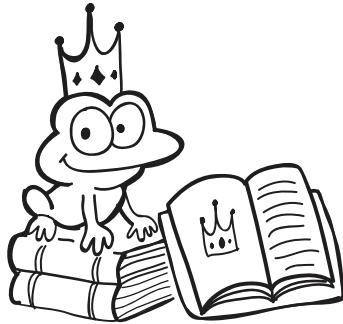
The Huntsman

Cinderella's Stepsisters

Certificate of Completion

Want more workbooks? Join Education.com Plus to save time and money.
<http://www.education.com/education-plus/>

Copyright © 2014 Education.com. All Rights Reserved



Introduction

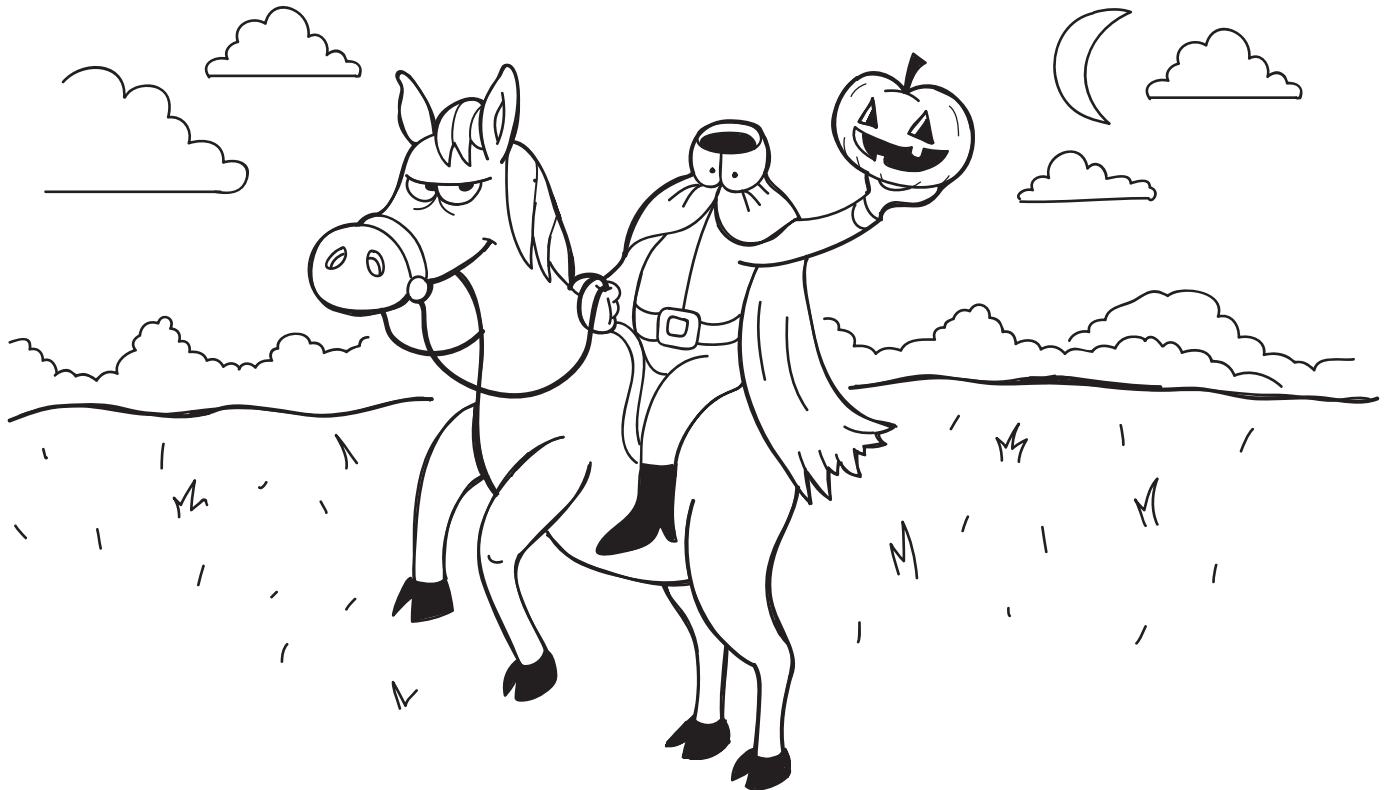
Everyone knows about Cinderella and her glass slipper, but what about her two so-called evil stepsisters? Get to know the other side of beloved classic tales with this workbook--perfect for you and your kid to read out loud together. Discussion questions are included with each story so you can explore how these versions are different from the classics you know and love. And who knows? These might just be the new classics.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

What do you know about the legend of Sleepy Hollow?

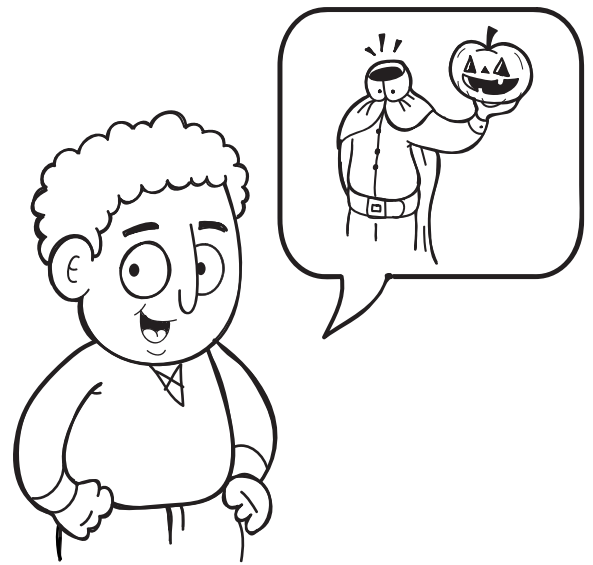


The story goes that a man lost his head in the Revolutionary War and now haunts the woods of his hometown of Sleepy Hollow. Called the Headless Horseman, he seeks to take the heads of others. He throws his pumpkin at poor souls in the woods and smashes their heads. Unless the person can reach the churchyard bridge before dawn, he can be sure that the Headless Horseman will get him. That was the fate of Ichabod Crane, who encountered the Headless Horseman one night and was never seen again.



Why do you think the Headless Horseman haunts the woods?

Brom Bones and The Headless Horseman



My name is Brom Van Brunt, but everyone calls me Brom Bones because I'm so big and strong. Some even say that I'm like Hercules. I'm tall, I have broad shoulders, and my hair is short and curly. My greatest skill is horsemanship. Nobody is better than me with horses. I learned everything from my father who passed away when I was younger. My father taught me to take care of myself and to take care of others. The town of Sleepy Hollow considers me a hero. I am always available to fix and build things or help with their horses. I have four friends who are always with me and they all agree that I'm the leader of the group. Even though everyone in town considers me a hero, the one person I really care about is the beautiful Katrina Van Tassel. Until Ichabod Crane came into town, I always thought she cared about me, too.

The Van Tassels really liked me and I enjoyed spending time with them. From time to time, Katrina's father, Baltus Van Tassel, would ask me to come over and help him with his horses. I took these opportunities to say hello to Katrina. She was always very sweet but very shy. I liked to impress her with my strength by lifting heavy objects whenever she passed by. She would always pretend not to notice, but I'm almost sure that I saw her giggle.

Katrina liked to help at the schoolroom, and one day I heard that there was a new teacher by the name of Ichabod Crane. I didn't think much of him. He was scrawny, had a small head, long nose, and huge ears, and overall looked



like a scarecrow. The children seemed to like him and so did the parents. I noticed that he had begun to talk to Katrina. He was very awkward, but he made her laugh nonetheless. It made me furious. How could he be funnier than me? And why would Katrina even waste her time with this man? I tried to let it go, but every time I saw Ichabod near her I only grew more and more jealous.

When the Van Tassels threw a party at their farmhouse, I never thought that Ichabod would be invited as well. I was determined to make a better impression on Katrina. I arrived with my great horse, Daredevil, a creature that only I could manage. I made quite an entrance. My friends followed and joined me inside. I looked for Katrina, hoping to invite her to sit at my table. I was certain that she would choose me over Ichabod, but to my surprise, she was already dancing with him! I felt my face redden with anger. I couldn't believe that she was dancing with him. When the song was over, everyone clapped and told him how great a dancer he was. Not only was she choosing him over me, the whole town seemed to have chosen him as well. I had to put an end to it.

I gathered everyone around and told them the story of the Headless Horseman. I made sure to look right at Ichabod as I told the story. He began to seem a bit nervous and suggested that perhaps people would like to hear a more cheerful story.

"Why, are you scared?" I taunted.

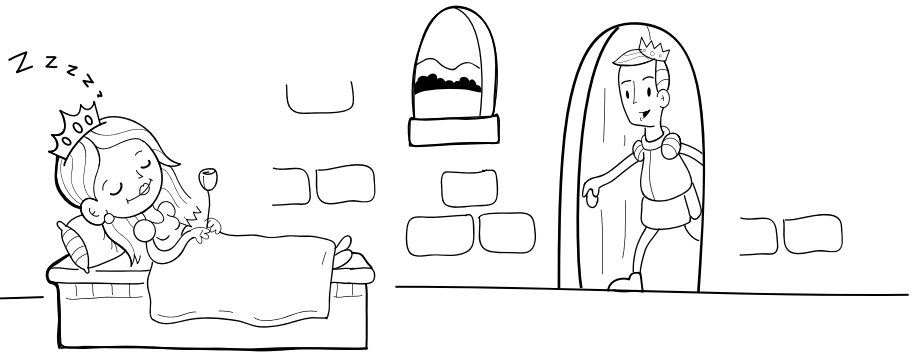
He responded nervously, "No. Not at all."

So, I continued with the story until everyone, especially Ichabod, was quivering in their boots. When the party ended and I saw that Ichabod was on his way out, I reminded him to watch out for the Headless Horseman.

There was no Headless Horseman, of course. That story is just a story. Before the party, I had gathered my friends and made a plan to get rid of Ichabod once and for all. After the party, I disguised myself as the Headless Horseman and rode my horse into the forest, waiting for Ichabod to show up. My head was covered by a large coat, so it looked like I had no head. I knew which route he would take to get home, so I took off and waited there for him. As he rode his horse through the dark forest, I hid behind the trees with my horse. He was scared before I even had the chance to jump out at him, which made me want to laugh. He whistled as he rode his horse. Perhaps he was trying to calm himself. I began to make my way towards him. He heard me coming because he began to pick up speed. So I went faster, too. When Ichabod slowed down, so did I. He was so afraid and I knew I had him where I wanted. The poor fool even tried to shoot me, but he was so scared that he missed! I continued to chase him until we got to the bridge where he thought he would be safe. I held a pumpkin in my arm so it looked like I was ready to throw it at his head. I threw it, but not at his head. I knocked over his hat and the pumpkin smashed to the ground. He covered his face with his arms and quivered. At that point, I let out a loud laugh. I approached him slowly and told him to leave this town and never come back. He took off as fast as he could. No one ever saw him again.



Sleeping Beauty



Once upon a time, in a kingdom far, far away, a little princess was born. Her parents, the king and queen, had wanted a child for so long. They threw a big party at the castle to celebrate. They invited all the fairies ... except one. When the fairy, who was old and powerful, found out she was not invited, she was angry and cast an evil spell on the princess. The curse was that the princess shall one day prick her finger on a spindle and fall into a deep sleep. Only true love's kiss could wake her.

A good fairy took the little princess away from the castle to protect her from the evil fairy. The king and queen were sad to leave their baby, but they knew she wouldn't be safe in the castle. Although the good fairy took care of the princess, she could not prevent the powerful curse from working its magic. When she was 16, the princess did indeed prick her finger on a spindle and fall into a deep sleep. The good fairy put her back into the castle and cast a spell over the entire castle. Everyone inside fell asleep, and a thick forest grew around it so that no one could enter.

A hundred years passed, and one day, a prince from a neighboring kingdom rode past the forest. He wanted to know what was in the forest. Curiously, all the trees separated to make a path for him, and he rode right into the castle. He found the sleeping princess and, seeing that she was so beautiful, couldn't help but kiss her. She awoke and knew that he was the one who broke the spell. They lived happily ever after.

What do you know about the Prince from Sleeping Beauty?

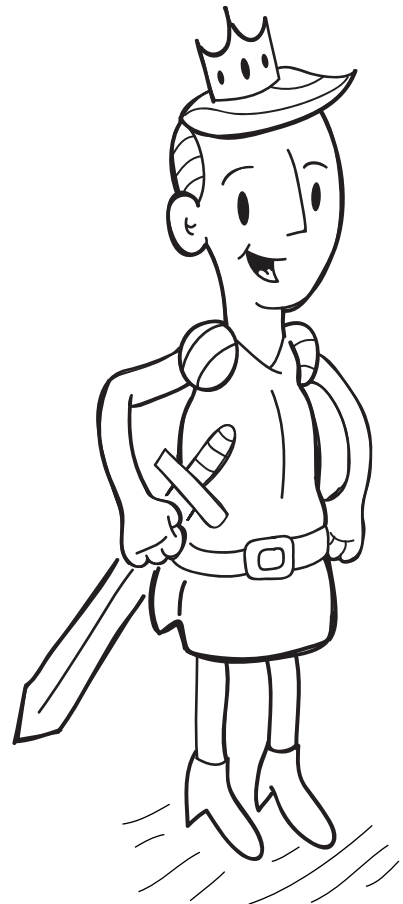
What do you think his parents are like?

Sleeping Beauty's Prince: The Untold Story

The prince climbed up the tower and found the beautiful princess sleeping. She had been asleep for 100 years. As he admired her beauty, he thought about how terrible it must have been for her to have this fate. He thought that she must have grown up in a castle with loving parents and everything she could ever want. Why would anyone curse her like this? Then, he couldn't help but think about his own upbringing ...

The young prince grew up in a beautiful castle. His father was the great king of their land. He taught the young prince the art of sword fighting and hunting. The king made sure that his son was with him as much as possible. As a young boy, the prince accompanied his father wherever he could. They were inseparable. The prince was the first to volunteer for every hunting trip, even when he was too small. "I'll go, Dad!" he would say. The king would laugh and say, "Okay, but don't tell your mother."

His mother, however, was not as involved in the young prince's life. She often stayed in her room, away from everyone. For most of the prince's childhood, she was absent. He wondered why she was so distant, but the workers in the castle simply said that it was too dangerous for the prince to be around her. He often looked out his window and glanced at the tower across the way, where his mother stayed. If he was lucky, she was looking out at him as well. Unfortunately, it was only for a second. Her warm face quickly changed. Her eyes widened and reddened. It even looked as if she was hissing at him. He thought he saw sharp teeth on her. She would turn away as if ashamed and close the curtains. The young prince was hurt and confused.



Can you think of one thing the princess has in common with the prince?

Handwriting practice lines consisting of four sets of three horizontal lines each. Each set includes a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line.

How is the prince's childhood the same as or different from what you thought before you read the story?

Handwriting practice lines consisting of four sets of three horizontal lines each. Each set includes a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line.

? ? ? ? **Guess the Fairy Tale** ? ? ? ?

Once upon a time, there lived a princess in a great kingdom. Her hair was as black as a raven, her skin was as white as snow, and her lips were as red as a ruby. She had a loving father, but her stepmother, the queen, was unkind.

Every day, the queen would ask her magic mirror who the fairest one in the kingdom was. The mirror would answer that the queen was the fairest one of all. But one day, the mirror answered differently. The princess was the fairest one of all. The queen flew into a rage and summoned a huntsman. She told him to take the princess into the woods, kill her, and bring back her heart. The huntsman brought the princess into the woods but could not bring himself to kill an innocent person. He told her to run away into the forest and never come back.

The princess fled deep into the forest and found seven friends to help her.

When the queen asked her mirror the next day who was the fairest one of all, she thought the mirror would answer, "the queen." When she discovered she'd been tricked and that the princess was still fairer than she, the queen was outraged. She came up with a new idea to get rid of the princess. It involved a poisoned apple.

The evil queen discovered where the princess hid. The queen disguised herself as an old woman, and when the princess was alone, gave her the apple to take a bite. The princess had barely bitten the apple when she fainted as if dead. The queen was happy.

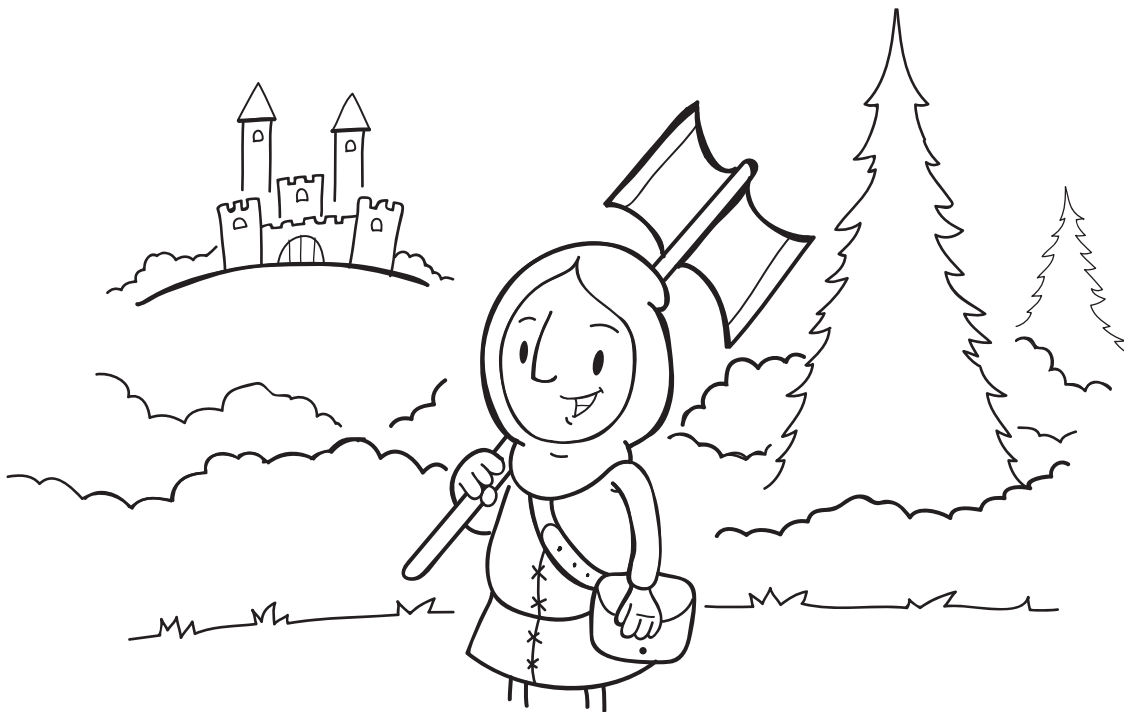
The princess's seven friends kept her safe until one day, a prince came to pay his respects. The prince thought she should not stay in the forest, where the queen might come back. When the prince picked up the princess, the piece of apple that was stuck in her throat fell out. She awoke. The prince invited her to come to his kingdom, where they lived happily. The wicked queen was found and punished.

The Huntsman

My name is Jared. I am a huntsman in a great kingdom. One day many years ago, a princess was born to our king and queen. Sadly, on that same day, her mother, our queen, died. One year later, the king remarried. There was a large wedding celebration. Along with many other hunters, I provided food for the wedding dinner. I brought wild birds and pigs for the cooks at the castle to use in their sumptuous dishes. I saw the new queen. Even from far away, the queen was beautiful.

The king and queen enjoyed the food at their wedding feast so much that I was asked to return to the kitchens every month with game for the cooks to prepare. You see, it was a goose that I caught that ended up on the queen's dinner plate.

Time passed and the princess grew. The king grew older, the queen grew older, and so did I.



Every morning I would wake before the sun was up. In the darkness of early morning, I went to the forest to hunt. I caught fish from the river. I took down big wild animals like boar, and even bear. I caught fast animals like birds and deer. I hunted animals that jumped and seemed to dance, like rabbits and wild goats. Some days I caught nothing. I walked for miles. Every evening I stopped at a small pool of water. Purple flowers grew all around. I would kneel there and say, "If I can feed myself for one more day, I will sell what cannot be eaten and give the rest away." Then I would drink some of the cool water in the pool, for hunting is hard work and I was thirsty.

One evening after reciting those words a voice spoke to me. "This is the one hundredth time you have spoken those words, huntsman." When I looked up, there stood before me a woman. She was even more beautiful than the queen, for this woman had kind eyes.

"Here is a gate." With these words and a wave of her hand, an arch appeared behind the pool of water. "You may step through or you may continue your life wandering the forest and working in the kingdom."

"What is beyond the gate?" I asked.

"What if I told you there is fortune there?"

"I am good enough at hunting that I can pay for what I need. That is enough."

"And if I said you could find rest there? You would not have to work from sunup to sundown."

"I am better being useful than idle, mistress. I rest enough when I am asleep. And I take time to relax."

"What if I said there is a dragon beyond that gate?" But this time she smiled at her joke.

"I would believe that."

At this she really did laugh.

"I am a simple man," I said in apology. "Please, allow me to keep hunting and I will bother no one."

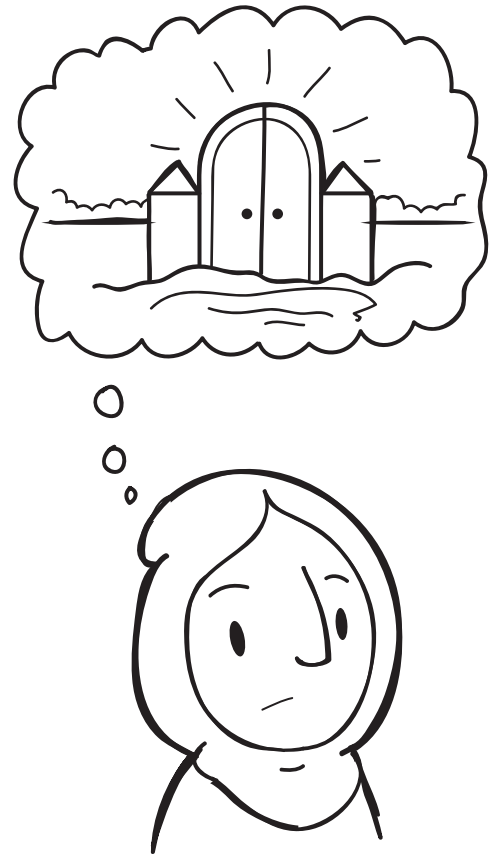
She nodded her head, then turned and walked away.

What a relief. It felt like a stone had fallen away from my heart!

The next day, I went hunting and, as usual, stopped at the pool with the purple flowers and spoke my hope. I quickly looked around but nothing happened. No one was there. As the days passed I began to think perhaps I had dreamed the woman and the gate. I even chuckled to myself sometimes, thinking how silly I was. Why would a magical woman appear, or offer me anything?

One day, I stood outside the castle kitchens. My game bag was full and heavy on my back. "You!" someone screeched from deep within the kitchen. An old woman ran up to me. "You, hunter! Come with me!" She tugged me by the arm. "Leave that there!" she commanded, and pulled my bag from me. She pulled me as hard as she could deeper into the castle than I had ever been. The old woman pushed me through a doorway into a small bare stone room. She shut the door. This was how I met the queen.

The queen stood at the other end of the room. She was still beautiful, though she looked older and unhappy. The queen had summoned a huntsman, so here I stood.



She said to me, "Take the king's daughter out into the woods. I never want to see her again. Kill her, and as proof that she is dead, bring her heart back to me." I stared at her and said nothing. "You will go now. She is playing in the garden." I did not move. I did not speak. "Or the guards will take you away. Forever. And if you run, they will find you. Return when the deed is done."

I obeyed.

The princess had skin as white as snow and hair as black as a raven. I took her into the woods.

"Run away, you poor child," I told her.

She seemed to understand. "I will run into the wild woods and never come back, dear huntsman."

I took pity on her. I gave her my knife, though I did not think that she would be able to defend against the wild animals.

I found a small boar and killed it. I took its heart back to the queen as proof that the princess was dead. The wicked woman had it salted and cooked, and she ate the heart thinking it was that of the princess.

The next morning, I did not hunt. I walked and walked until I came to the pool of water with purple flowers. I knelt and took a sip of the cool water. "Can the gate help the princess?" I said aloud.

A voice spoke. "You have come to this pool and spoken one thousand times. But this time, you ask a question. And you ask it to help someone else." The woman with kind eyes stood beside me.

"Can you help her? She is in the forest alone. She is probably dead."

"She is not dead. She is with friends. New friends."

"Can this be true?" I demanded. "How do you know?"

"The queen will soon know that you lied. I offer you welcome, and entrance."
Again the gate appeared. "You will be safe beyond that gate."

"What if I bring the princess here? Can she cross instead?"

The woman silently shook her head no. "You have proven yourself faithful and trustworthy. The princess must live her own story. I say again, huntsman, for the third and final time. If you refuse, I cannot invite you again. You may step through."

I took a step forward. Then I took another step forward. I passed through the gate, half-hoping and half-fearing there would be a dragon on the other side.



Cinderella

In the classic fairy tale of Cinderella, the stepsisters are portrayed as evil and wicked. In one version of the tale, the older stepsister is meaner and crueler than the younger stepsister. How would the story of Cinderella be different if it were told by the stepsisters? Read the following passages and see if you can guess which stepsister is which. Then answer the questions below.

Version 1

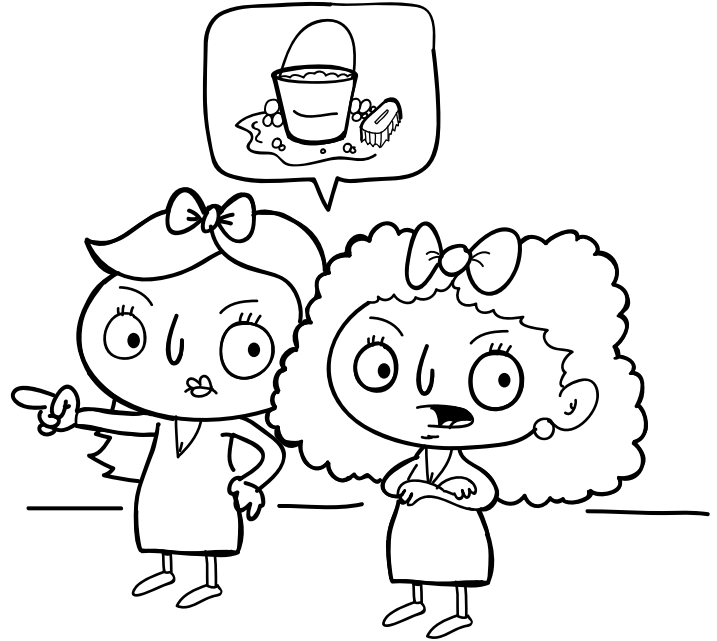
My dad died when I was really little and I barely even remember him. After my mom got married again, she, my sister, and I moved in with Cinderella and her dad.

I never got to know Cinderella very well. She was very shy. She seemed sad all the time. I tried to joke around with her, but she didn't get my jokes.

Sometimes I felt bad about the way my mom and sister treated Cinderella. My mom thought that the hard work she made Cinderella do was for her own good. She would always say, "Hard work builds character."

I didn't like that Cinderella never stood up for herself. When my sister picks on me or pushes me around, I say something back! I may be the baby of the family, but I think that you shouldn't let other people treat you badly and not say anything.

Things changed after the royal ball though. My mom said Cinderella couldn't go, but she found a way to attend the ball. I had no idea that she was the one dancing with the prince. We might have never found out that she went to the ball if she hadn't lost one of her slippers.



Eventually the prince discovered that Cinderella was the mysterious stranger because the slipper fit her foot perfectly. Now she's queen of all the land!

Version 2

A few years ago we moved in with Cinderella and her dad. I didn't like her. She was too quiet and really boring.

Cinderella started doing most of my chores. I didn't mind. I worked very hard for my mom for a long time. I deserved a break! Besides, it was nice to have someone to boss around.

All Cinderella did the whole time was cry and feel sorry for herself. It was pathetic!

Sometimes I teased Cinderella and called her names, but sisters do that all the time! I've picked on my sister since she was a baby, and she's not always nice to me either. Cinderella is way too sensitive

When the invitation for the royal ball arrived, I was so excited. If the prince fell in love with me I would become the queen! Even though my mom said Cinderella couldn't go to the ball, she went anyway. We didn't know she had gone to the ball at first. A few days later the prince showed up with that tiny slipper. When the slipper fit her, we realized Cinderella had tricked us!

Everyone always talks about how beautiful Cinderella is. I think she's pretty, but she's also annoying and had even tricked us. Nobody is perfect, but Cinderella thinks she is.

Great job!

is an Education.com reading superstar

