



by
Hans Christian Andersen
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ONCE upon a time there was a prince who wanted to a princess; but she would have to be a princess. He all over the world to find one, but nowhere could he get what he wanted. There were princesses enough, but it was difficult to find out whether they were real ones. There was always something about them that was not as it should be. So he came home again and was, for he have liked very much to have a real princess.

One evening a terriblecame on; there was thunder and lightning, and the poured down in torrents. Suddenly a knocking was heard at the city gate, and the old went to open it.

It was a princess standing out there in of the gate. But, good gracious! what a sight the rain and the had made her look. The water ran down from her and clothes; it ran down into the toes of her and out again at the heels. And yet she said that she was a real princess.