


Bluebeard fairy tale story

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Charles Perrault's The Blue Beard Story is a French folklore published in 1895 by Charles Perrault. Parents of young children will be warned, blue beard - an evil man who perseveres his wives, except for his latter, whose brothers save her and her family happily. We have this version that is softer than the one told by the Brothers Grimm. Once upon a time there was a man who had exquisite city and dacha, gold and silver plates, embroidered furniture and gilding trainers all over bars; but, unfortunately, this man had a blue beard that made him look so ugly and awful that there was neither a woman nor a girl who could escape from him. One of his neighbors, a quality lady, had two daughters who were perfectly beautiful. He offered to marry one of them, leaving her to choose which of the two she would give him. None of them will have it; and they sent him from one to the other, could not come up with their minds to marry a man who had a blue beard. What increased their dissatisfaction with him was that he already had several wives, and no one knew what had become of them. The Blue Beard, to cultivate their acquaintance, took them, along with their mother, three or four of their most intimate friends, and some of the young people living next door to one of their country places, where they went all week. Nothing was considered except excursions, hunting and fishing, parties, balls, entertainment, collations; no one went to bed; all night spent in fun games and gambles. In short, things went so well that the youngest daughter began to find out that the home owner's beard wasn't as blue as he used to be and that he was a very decent man. Immediately after returning to the city, the marriage took place. At the end of the month, Blue Beard told his wife that he was obliged to take a journey that would take six weeks, at least on the issue of great consequence; that he was interested, she would ask as much as she could during his absence; that she will invite her best friends, take them to the country with her if she is satisfied, and keep a great table everywhere. Here, he told her, are the keys to my two big stores; these are the chests in which the gold and silver plates are stored, that is, used only in certain cases; these are the keys of strong boxes in which I hold my money; These open caskets that contain my jewels; And that's the passing key to all the apartments. As for this little key, it's a closet at the end of a long gallery, on the ground floor. Open everything, and go everywhere except that little closet that I forbid you from entering, and I forbid you so harshly that if you have to dare open the door, there's nothing you might not have to fear from my anger! She promised to follow all his instructions; manlessly, and after that he hugged her, he edded her to the horse and went out on a trip. Neighbours and friends of the young bride did not wait for her invitation, so they wanted them to see all the treasures contained in the mansion without risking entering him while the man was at home, so were horrified whether they were near his blue beard. Here they immediately run through all the rooms, cabinets and cabinets, each apartment exceeds the other in beauty and wealth. They then climbed into store rooms where they couldn't admire enough the number and elegance of tapestries, beds, sofas, cabinets, stands,[1] tables and mirrors in which they could see themselves from head to foot, and who had framed glass.[2] some of the silver, and some of the gilded metal, more beautiful and luxurious than ever seen. They never stopped increasing and enjoy the good fortunes of their friend, who meanwhile was not in the least entertained by the gaze of all these treasures, as a result of her impatience to open a cupboard on the ground floor. Her curiosity grew to such an extent that, without reflecting how rude it was to leave her company, she ran down the back stairs in such a veneration that twice or three times she narrowly avoided neck-hacking. Arriving at the door of the closet, she paused for a moment, asked about her husband's prohibition, and that some misfortune might befall her for her disobedience; but the temptation was so strong that she could not defeat her. So she took a small key and opened, shaking, the closet door. At first she could not discern anything, the windows were closed; after a while, she began to perceive that the floor was covered with clot blood, which reflected the dead bodies of several females, hanged to the walls. It was all blue beard wives who cut their throats one by one. She was ready to die of fright, and the key of the cupboard she had withdrawn from the lock fell from her hand. Slightly regaining feelings, she picked up the key, locked the door again and went to her cell to compose herself; but she couldn't succeed, so much she campaigned. Noticing that the cupboard key was stained with blood, she wiped it two or three times, but the blood wouldn't come off. In vain she washed it, and even brushed it with sand and freestone, the blood was still there because the key was fascinated, and there was no means of cleaning it completely: when the blood washed away on one side, she returned from the other. Blue Beard returned the same night and said she received letters along the way informing him that the business he was riding was arranged in his favor. His wife did everything she could to convince him that she was thrilled with his speedy return. V.O. in the morning he asked her again for his keys; she gave them to him; but her hand trembled so that it was not so hard for him to guess what had happened.1 How does this happen, he said, that the key cabinet is not with others? I must have left him,' she replied, 'up the stairs on my desk.' Falls,' Blue Beard said, 'to give it to me now.' After several excuses, she was forced to produce a key. A blue beard, examining her, said to his wife, Why is there any blood on this key? I don't know, the poor wife replied, paler than death. You don't know? Again, the Blue Beard was united. I know pretty well. You need to enter the cabinet. Well, ladies, you're going to come into it, and get in your place among the ladies you've seen there.1 She rushed her husband's feet, cries and pleads for his pardon, with all the signs of genuine repentance for disobeying him. Its beauty and suffering may have melted the rock, but the Blue Beard had a heart heavier than a rock. You have to die, ladies, he said, and immediately. If I have to die,' she replied, looking at him flowing through her eyes, give me some time to say my prayers. I give you an hour and a half, blue beard replied, but not for a minute anymore. As soon as he left, she called her sister and told her: Sister Anne (because they called her), go up, I pray you, to the top of the tower, and see if my brothers come. They promised me they would come to me today; and if you see them, subscribe to them to sway.1 Sister Anne mounted on top of the tower, and the poor distressed creature conscripts her every now and then: Anne! Sister Anne! Can't you see anything coming? And Sister Anne answered her, I see nothing but the sun that makes dust, and the grass turns green. Meanwhile, the Blue Beard, with a large cut in hand, called his wife with all his might: Come down quickly, or I'll go there. Another minute, if owed, - replied the wife; and immediately repeated in a low voice: Anne! Sister Anne! Can't you see anything coming? And Sister Anne said, I see nothing but the sun that makes dust, and the grass turns green. Come down fast, the Blue Beard roars, or I'll get there. I will come, his wife replied, and then exclaimed, Anne! Sister Anne! Can't you see anything coming? I see, Sister Anne said, a large cloud of dust moving down this path. Are these my brothers? Sorry! No, sister, I see a pack of sheep. You're not going to come down? Blue Beard screamed. Another minute, the wife replied, and then she cried: Anne! Sister Anne! Can't you see anything coming? I see, she replied, two riders going down this path; but they are still long distance away. Heaven will be praised! She exclaimed, a moment later. They're my brothers! I'm doing everything I can to speed them up. The blue beard began to rumble so loudly that the house shook again. The poor wife came down, and went and rushed, with flowing eyes and disheveling curls, at her feet. It's of no use,' said Blue Beard. You must die! Then grabbing her by the hair with one hand, and raising from the other corner, he was going to cut off her head. The poor wife returned to him and, securing her dying eyes on him, pleaded with him to let her one brief moment gather herself. No, no, he said; It is heartening to recommend yourself to heaven.1 And raising your hand—At that point there was such a loud knock on the gate that the Blue Beard stopped short. It was open, and immediately two riders were spotted drawing their swords, ran straight into the Blue Beard. He recognized them as brothers of his wife—one a dragoon, another a musketeer, and therefore fled immediately. I hope to escape; but they chased him so close that they overthrew him before he could reach the pitch of his door, and, passing with swords through his body, left him dead in place. The poor wife was almost as dead as her husband, and had no power to rise up and hug her brothers. It was found that the Blue Beard had no heirs, and so his widow remained in possession of all his property. She hired part of it, marrying her sister Anne to a young gentleman who had long loved her; the other part is buying a captain's commission for her two brothers, and with the rest she married a very decent man who made her forget the miserable time she went through with Blue Beard.Provided that one has common sense, and the world, but knows the ways, this story bears proof that she is one of the days gone by. No man is now so stunning, impenetrability awaits: Although jealous, he is still quiet, indifference to his wife is affecting. And from his beard, which is a shade, His spouse does not need to fear such a catastrophe; indeed, twould often baffled you to tell which of the twain is a master. Create a library and add your favorite stories. Let's get to work by clicking the Add button. Add blue beard history to your personal library. Library.

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