

**THE CHILDREN'S
BLUE BIRD**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649159321

The children's Blue bird by Georgette Leblanc

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GEORGETTE LEBLANC

**THE CHILDREN'S
BLUE BIRD**

The Children's Blue Bird

The Children's Blue Bird

By
Georgette Leblanc

Translated by
Alexander Teixeira De Mattos

New York
Dodd, Mead and Company
1967

COPYRIGHT, 1913
BY THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
COPYRIGHT, 1913
BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PROPERTY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

~~1436-4620~~
MY -
1436-4620

Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
I THE WOODCUTTER'S COTTAGE	3
II AT THE FAIRY'S	31
III THE LAND OF MEMORY	49
IV THE PALACE OF NIGHT	65
V THE KINGDOM OF THE FUTURE	89
VI IN THE TEMPLE OF LIGHT	117
VII THE GRAVEYARD	125
VIII THE FOREST	137
IX THE LEAVE-TAKING	157
X THE AWAKENING	169

DEC 2 1975

The Woodcutter's Cottage

CHAPTER I

THE WOODCUTTER'S COTTAGE

ONCE upon a time, a woodcutter and his wife lived in their cottage on the edge of a large and ancient forest. They had two dear little children who met with a most wonderful adventure.

But, before telling you all about it, I must describe the children to you and let you know something of their character; for, if they had not been so sweet and brave and plucky, the curious story which you are about to hear would never have happened at all.

Tyltyl—that was our hero's name—was ten years old; and Mytyl, his little sister, was only six.

Tyltyl was a fine, tall little fellow, stout and well-set-up, with curly black hair which was often in a tangle, for he was fond of a romp. He was a great favourite because of his smiling and good-tempered face and the bright look in his eyes; but, best of all, he had the ways of a bold and fearless little man, which showed the noble qualities of his heart. When, early in the morning, he trotted along the

forest-road by the side of his daddy, Tyl the woodcutter, for all his shabby clothes he looked so proud and gallant that every beautiful thing on the earth and in the sky seemed to lie in wait for him to smile upon him as he passed.

His little sister was very different, but looked ever so sweet and pretty in her long frock, which Mummy Tyl kept neatly patched for her. She was as fair as her brother was dark; and her large timid eyes were blue as the forget-me-nots in the fields. Anything was enough to frighten her and she would cry at the least thing; but her little child's soul already held the highest womanly qualities: she was loving and gentle and so fondly devoted to her brother that, rather than abandon him, she did not hesitate to undertake a long and dangerous journey in his company.

What happened and how our little hero and heroine went off into the world one night in search of happiness: that is the subject of my story.

Daddy Tyl's cottage was the poorest of the countryside; and it seemed even more wretched because it stood opposite a splendid hall in which rich children lived. From the windows of the cottage you could see what went on inside the Hall when the dining-room and drawing-