

**PINOCCHIO: THE  
ADVENTURES OF  
A MARIONETTE**

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Pinocchio: The Adventures of a Marionette by C. Collodi & Walter S. Cramp

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**C. COLLODI & WALTER S. CRAMP**

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ADVENTURES OF  
A MARIONETTE**





*The Adventures of*  
**Pinocchio**

By

**C. Collodi**

*Translated from  
the Italian by*

**Walter S. Cramp**

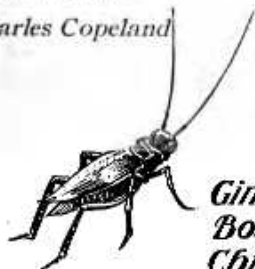
*With Editorial  
Revision by*

**Sara E. H. Lockwood**

*And Many Original  
Drawings by*

**Charles Copeland**

Carlo Lorenz



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## PREFACE

Under the assumed name of C. Collodi, Carlo Lorenzini is well known to the reading world of Italy. His most successful book, *Pinocchio*, was written for children, and has already become a classic. Of all the fairy stories of Italian literature this is the best known and the best loved. The name of the marionette hero is familiar in every household of northern and central Italy. In its whimsical extravagance, its quaint humor, and its narrative style the story appeals strongly to both old and young.

American children, who have long delighted in French and German fairy tales, and among whom Hans Christian Andersen is universally beloved, should not remain in ignorance of this Italian classic. The Florentines call it a literary jewel, and as such it should be known to all young readers. In order to preserve the unique flavor of the story



as much as possible the translator has followed the original rather closely. Pinocchio's waywardness and love of mischief are fully set forth, and the moral, though sufficiently obvious, is not allowed to detract from the enjoyment of his adventures.

The story is one that readily lends itself to the fertile fancy and skillful pencil of an able illustrator. In the present volume, as in the original, the pictures play an important part which is not likely to be overlooked by the readers for whom the book is designed.



## CHAPTER I

Once upon a time there was —

“A king?” my little readers will immediately say.

No, children, you are mistaken. Once upon a time there was a piece of wood. It was not fine wood, but a simple piece of wood from the wood yard, — the kind we put in the stoves and fireplaces so as to make a fire and heat the rooms.

I do not know how it happened, but one beautiful day a certain old woodcutter found a piece of this kind of wood in his shop. The name of the old man was Antonio, but everybody called him Master Cherry on account of the point of his nose, which was always shiny and purplish, just like a ripe cherry.

As soon as Master Cherry saw that piece of wood he was overjoyed; and rubbing his hands contentedly, he mumbled to himself, "This piece of wood has come in good time. I will make from it a table leg."

No sooner said than done. He quickly took a sharpened ax to raise the bark and shape the wood; but when he was on the point of striking it he remained with his arm in the air, because he heard a tiny, thin little voice say, "Do not strike so hard!"

Just imagine how surprised good old Master Cherry was! He turned his bewildered eyes around the room in order to see whence that little voice came; but he saw no one. He looked under the bench, and no one; he looked in a sideboard which was always closed, and no one; he looked in the basket of chips and shavings, and no one; he opened the door in order to glance around his house, and no one. What then?

"I understand," he said, laughing and scratching his wig; "I imagined I heard that little voice. I will start to work again."

He took up the ax and again gave the piece of wood a hard blow.

"Oh! you have hurt me!" cried the little voice, as if in pain.