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# **PINOCCHIO**

**Carlo Collodi**

Translated by  
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Carlo Collodi

Illustrated by  
Gustav Gullberg

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## THE STORY OF A MARIONETTE

**O**NCE upon a time there was a piece of wood. It was not worth much. It was only a piece of fire-wood like those that we burn in winter in the stove or in the fireplace to warm the rooms.

I cannot say how it happened; but one fine day an old carpenter found this piece of wood in his shop. The name of the carpenter was Master Antonio, but almost everybody called him Master Cherry because the end of his nose was almost as red as a ripe cherry.

When Master Cherry saw the piece of wood he was pleased. He rubbed his hands together with delight, and said softly to himself:

“This wood has come just at the right time. I will use it to make a leg for the table.”

As soon as he had said this, he took a sharp ax to cut away the bark. But before he could strike the first blow, he stopped with the ax held high in the air. He had heard a very small voice say, “Do not strike me so hard!”

Master Cherry was very much surprised. He turned his eyes all around the room to see where the little voice came from. He looked under the bench. He looked in the cupboard. He looked in the basket of shavings. He even opened the door

of the shop and looked into the street; but no one could he see.

At last Master Cherry laughed and began to scratch his head.

"I see how it all is," he said. "I only thought I heard someone speak."

Again he took up the ax, and this time he struck the piece of wood a terrible blow.

"Oh! you have hurt me!" cried the same little voice.

Master Cherry stood as still as if he had turned to stone. His eyes started out of his head with fright. His mouth remained open, and his tongue hung down almost to the edge of his chin.

He was trembling with fear, but as soon as he was able to speak, he said:

"Where on earth did that little voice come from? There is no one here. Is it possible this piece of wood has learned to cry and speak like a child? I cannot believe it. It is only a piece of firewood. If I threw it on the fire, it would boil a pot of beans. Can anyone be hiding inside it? If anyone is hiding there, so much the worse for him. I will settle him at once."

As he said this, he took the poor piece of wood in his hands and began to beat it against the wall.

Then he stopped to listen to see if he could hear the little voice. He waited two minutes. He waited five minutes. He waited ten minutes, but he could hear nothing.

"I see how it all is," said he as he tried to laugh and pushed his wig back into place. "I only thought I heard someone speak."

But all the time he was frightened, and he tried to sing to give himself a little courage.

He put aside the ax and took his plane, but as soon as he began to smooth the wood, the little voice laughed and said:

"Stop! You are tickling me!"

This time Master Cherry fell down as if he had been struck by lightning. At last, when he opened his eyes, he found himself sitting on the floor. His face was quite white, and the end of his nose, instead of being red, had become blue from fright.

## MASTER CHERRY'S VISITOR

**A**T that moment someone knocked at the door. "Come in," said the carpenter; for he did not have the strength to rise to his feet.

A little old man at once walked into the shop. His name was Gepetto, but some of the bad boys called him "Indian Pudding," because his yellow wig looked so much like a pudding.

"Good day, Master Antonio," said Gepetto. "What are you doing there on the floor?"

"I am teaching the ABC's to the ants," said Antonio. "What can I do for you?"

"I have come to ask a favor of you," said Gepetto.

"Well, here I am, ready to serve you," replied the carpenter, as he rose to his knees.

"This morning an idea came into my head," said Gepetto. "I thought I would make a wonderful puppet or marionette that could run and jump. With it I could travel about the world and earn a living."

"Good for you, Indian Pudding," shouted the same little voice that had frightened Antonio.

Gepetto was very angry and said, "Why do you insult me?"

"I did not insult you," said Antonio.

"Yes, you did," said Gepetto. "I heard what you said, but I shall not quarrel with you. Give me a piece of wood so I can make my marionette, and I shall go home and not trouble you again."

Master Antonio was delighted. He went to the bench and got the piece of wood that had frightened him. But just as he was going to give it to his friend, the piece of wood jumped out of his hands and struck Gepetto a terrible blow upon the knees.

"You have a nice way of giving presents," said Gepetto. "You have almost lamed me!"

"I did not do it. It was the wood," said Antonio.

"I do not believe you," said Gepetto, as he limped out of the door with the piece of wood in his hand.

## THE MARIONETTE

**G**EPETTO lived in a small room with one window. The only furniture he had was an old chair, a bed, and a broken table. At one end of the room there was a fireplace in which a fire was burning; but the fire was painted. Over the fire was a painted kettle that seemed to be boiling and sending out clouds of steam.

As soon as he reached home, Gepetto took his tools and began to make his marionette.

"What name shall I give him?" he said to himself. "I think I shall call him Pinocchio. It is a name that will bring him luck. I once knew a whole family that was named Pinocchio. The father was named Pinocchio. The mother was named Pinocchia, and the little children were named Pinocchi, and all of them did well."

Having found a name for the marionette, he began to work in earnest. First he made the hair, then the forehead, and then the eyes.

As soon as the eyes were finished, he was surprised to see them move and begin to stare at him. Soon he became angry and said:

"Wooden eyes, why do you stare at me?"

No one answered.

Then he took his knife and made the nose, but as soon as he had finished it, it began to grow. And it grew, and it grew, until it seemed as if it never would stop growing.

Gepetto cut it off, and cut it off, until he was tired, but it only grew longer and longer.

Before he had finished the mouth, it began to laugh and make fun of him. "Stop laughing!" said Gepetto; but he might as well have spoken to the wall.

"Stop laughing, I say!" he shouted in an angry voice.

The mouth then stopped laughing, but stuck out its tongue as far as it would go.

Gepetto pretended not to see this, and went on with his work. After the mouth was finished, he made the chin, then the throat, then the arms and the hands.

As soon as he had made the hands, Gepetto felt his wig pulled off. He turned around, and what do you think he saw? He saw his yellow wig in the hands of the marionette.

"Pinocchio, give me back my wig!" he shouted.

But instead of giving it back, Pinocchio put it on his own head, and was almost smothered by it.

Pinocchio's conduct made Gepetto feel very sad. He dried a tear and said:

"You young rascal! You are not yet finished, and still you do not have respect for your father. You are a bad, bad boy!"

Then he began to make the legs and the feet, but before they were finished they began to kick him.

"I deserve it," he said to himself. "I should have thought of it before. Now it is too late."

Then he placed the marionette on the floor and began to teach him to walk. At first his legs were stiff, and he could not move. But Gepetto held him by the hand and showed him how to put one foot before the other.

## PINOCCHIO RUNS AWAY

**A**FTER a few moments Pinocchio began to walk and then to run about the room. At last he jumped through the open door and ran down the street.

Gepetto ran after him, but he was not able to catch him. Pinocchio leaped like a rabbit. His wooden feet made more noise on the pavement than twenty pairs of heavy shoes.

"Stop him! Stop him!" shouted Gepetto.

But the people only stood still with wonder, as the marionette ran past them like a racehorse. They only laughed at Gepetto as he ran after him.

At last a soldier heard the noise and thought that a colt had escaped from his master. He placed himself in the middle of the road with his feet spread apart so nothing could pass him.

When Pinocchio saw him, he tried to escape him by passing between his legs. But the soldier caught him by the nose and held him fast. It was a very large nose and just the size to be held by a soldier.

As soon as the soldier put Pinocchio into the hands of Gepetto, he tried to punish him by pulling his ears. But just think how surprised he was because he could not find them. In his hurry to