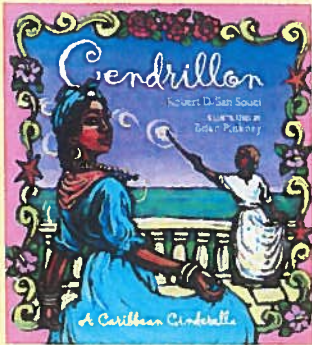


Cendrillon



# The Island of Martinique

If you visit Martinique, be ready to say “*Bonjour!*” That is the French word for “good day.” Located in the Caribbean Sea, Martinique is known for its green forests, colorful flowers, and calm blue waters. Many of the island’s traditions come from France and Africa. This mix of traditions is called Creole. Martinique’s Creole traditions can be found in all parts of life: in language, in food, in clothing styles — even in fairy tales.

California  
Standards

## Standards to Achieve

Reading

- Use reading strategies (R.2.2)



Martinique is 425 square miles, less than half the size of Rhode Island.







Martinique's warm climate makes flowers like these a year-round sight.

## Cinderella in Martinique

People in many parts of the world know the fairy tale story of Cinderella. A poor **orphan** lives with her **proud** stepmother and stepsisters. On the night of the ball, a kind fairy **godmother** changes Cinderella from a **peasant** girl into an **elegant** princess. Cinderella goes to the ball and wins the heart of a handsome prince. In Martinique, Cinderella is known as Cendrillon [SOHN-dree-yhon]. As you read the selection *Cendrillon*, look for details that are special to Martinique.



## MEET THE AUTHOR

# Robert D. San Souci

Robert D. San Souci likes to tell old stories with a new twist. Whenever he retells a folktale, he researches the history of the country to make sure that all his details will be accurate. Even when it's a tale that's hundreds of years old, San Souci gets ideas from the modern world. He likes to ride the bus just to hear how ordinary people talk!



## MEET THE ILLUSTRATOR

# Brian Pinkney

Illustrator Brian Pinkney gets totally involved in his subjects. When he illustrated a book on ballet, he took dance lessons. When he wrote and illustrated a book about a boy who plays drums, he used his own experience playing drums. Pinkney illustrates in a style called scratchboard. He scratches lines into a board coated with a special black paint over white clay. The lines in the white clay show the picture he's drawn.



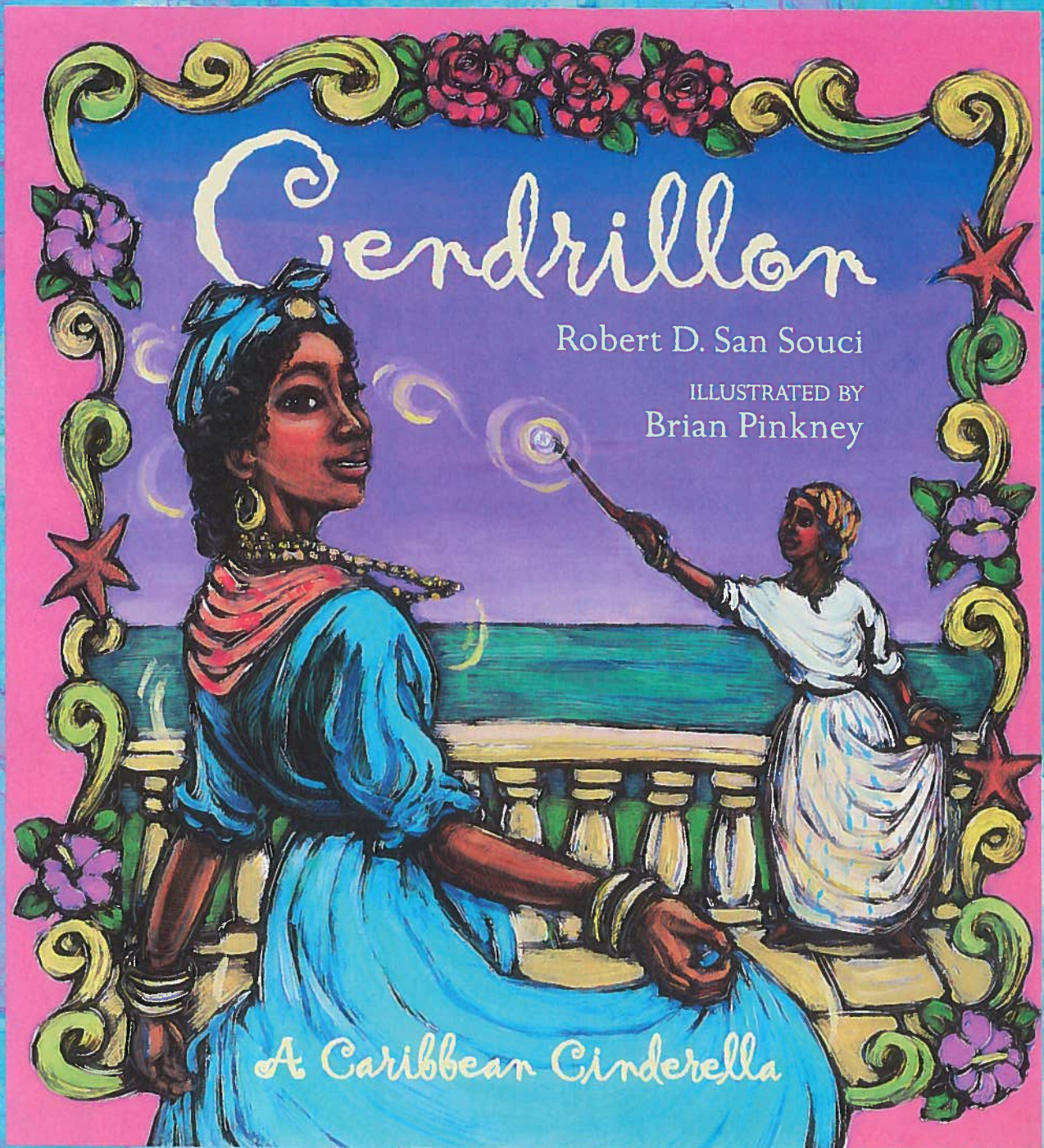
**Other books by the team of Robert D. San Souci and Brian Pinkney:** *Sukey and the Mermaid*, *Cut from the Same Cloth*

Internet



To learn more about the author and the illustrator, visit Education Place. [www.eduplace.com/kids](http://www.eduplace.com/kids)

Selection 2



# Cendrillon

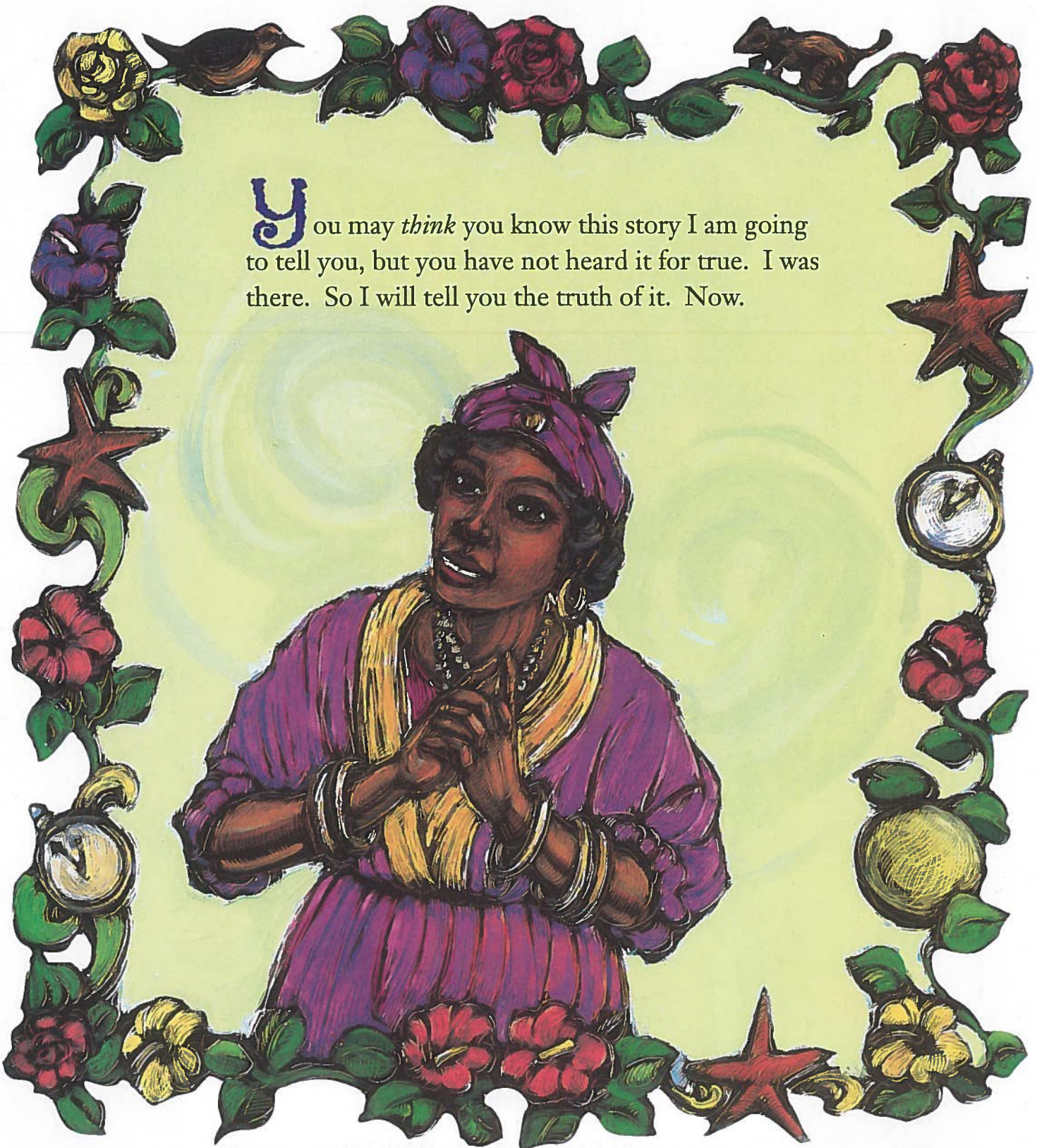
Robert D. San Souci

ILLUSTRATED BY  
Brian Pinkney

*A Caribbean Cinderella*

### Strategy Focus

This version of the Cinderella story takes place in Martinique. As you read, think of **questions** to ask about how the setting affects the story.



**Y**ou may *think* you know this story I am going to tell you, but you have not heard it for true. I was there. So I will tell you the truth of it. Now.



I live on a green-green island in the so-blue Mer des Antilles [MEHR de-ZON-teeyl], the Caribbean Sea. Long ago, when I was a child, my family was poor. When my mother died, she left me only one thing: a wand of mahogany. “Three taps will change one thing into another,” my mother had whispered. “But only for a short time. And the magic must be used to help someone you love.”

Of what use was this to an orphan like me, who every day struggled to find shelter and fill her belly? I could not use the wand. I had no one to love and no one who loved me.

When I grew up, I worked as a *blanchisseuse* [blahn-SHEEZ-seuz], a washerwoman, scrubbing other people’s sheets and shirts at the riverside. Drying them in the sun.

One woman I worked for was kind. I often nursed her, for she was always sickly, poor creature. In thanks, she made me the *nannin’* [non-NIHN], godmother, of her baby girl, Cendrillon [SOHN-dree-yhon]. When I held that *bébé* [BEEYH-beeyh] in my arms on her christening day, I felt such love! And I saw love returned from her sweet brown eyes.

Alas! Cendrillon’s mamma died soon after this. Then her papa, Monsieur [MOHN-sur], married again. Madame Prospère [Pros-SPER-in] was a cold woman, and puffed-up proud because her grandfather had come from France.



When a new daughter, Vitaline [VEE-tah-LEEN], was born, Madame gave a christening party for her rich friends. What a feast it was!

Madame and the other fine ladies were dressed in satin and velvet, all the colors of the rainbow. They laughed at my worn white skirts and peasant's way of speaking.

Pretty Cendrillon came and kissed me. "*Bonjou'* [BOH-zhew], *Nannin'.*" She gave me a cup of punch. Her hands were blistered and red.





"*Paw' ti* [pov tee] *Cendrillon*, poor little child!" I cried. "What have you done to yourself?"

She shrugged. "My father's wife works me like a serving-girl."

"And Monsieur allows this?"

Sighing, she said, "He fears Madame. But I am strong. The work hurts my hands but not my heart."

"Someday, I will find a way to help." Even as I spoke them, my words sounded hollow. What could I — a poor washerwoman — do for my dearest?





When she was older, Cendrillon would come to the river each morning to do the family's laundry. Her sweet "*Bonjour*" was music. Her smile was sunshine even when clouds hid the sun. We knelt beside the other *blanchisseuses* and talked and sang and laughed as we scrubbed the clothes. Cendrillon seemed so happy, I wished that I could always see her so.

Nothing was easy for her at home. Madame and spoiled Vitaline ate dainties. Cendrillon often had only a handful of manioc flour and tail ends of codfish. All day she worked. At night she slept on a hard straw pallet.

Then, one day, she came sad-faced to the river. No singing or joking would make her smile. I asked, "What troubles you so, my child?"

"There is a ball tonight, but I am not to go," she said, looking so miserable, my heart nearly snapped in two. "Vitaline and Mamma will go. But Mamma says I am lazy."

"Does it mean so much to you, this ball?"

"Oh, yes, *Nannin*!" she cried. "It is a birthday *fet'* [FET] for Paul, Monsieur Thibault's [TEE-bowlz] son. He is so handsome and well spoken, he is like a prince. Yet he is kind."

"Do not cry, dear one," I said, hugging her. "Tonight you will go to the ball."

"For true?"

"Upon my soul, I promise this," I said. Though I was fearful of risking so much when I had no plan.

But her smile lightened my heart. As she gathered up her laundry, I heard her singing.

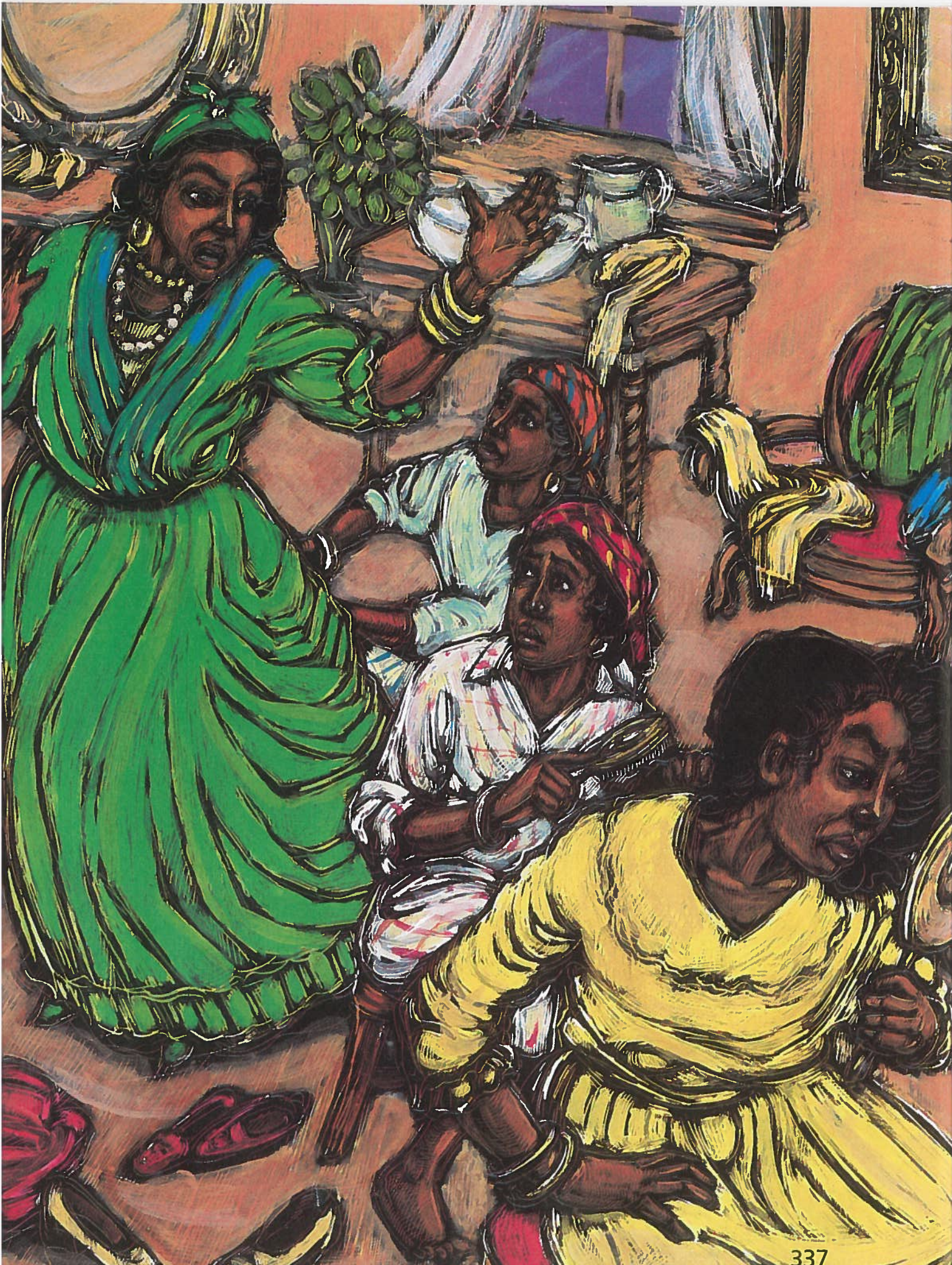


Long after she left, I sat watching the river. *How am I to keep my promise?* I asked myself. Then, as the day grew late, I began to think what I must do.

It was dark when I reached home, took my mother's wand from the shelf, and hurried to my sweet Cendrillon.

What a hubble-bubble at the house! Cendrillon's papa stood on the porch, holding his gold watch, while the coachman waited beside the family carriage. "We are late," Monsieur said, as if the fault belonged to me. Inside, Madame and Vitaline were shouting, "Cendrillon, find my shoulder-scarf!" "Cendrillon, comb my hair!" I helped arrange Madame's gown, while Cendrillon combed Vitaline's hair.

Finally they were off, away. Good riddance!





Upon the instant, I told Cendrillon, “Now *you* will go to the ball.”

“But I have no carriage,” she protested. “I have no gown.”

“Go into the garden and pick a *fruit à pain* [FREE-ya pan],” I said.

The child looked at me as if she thought, *My poor nannin’ has gone mad*. But she found a big, round breadfruit.

I tapped this three times — *to, to, to!* — with my wand, and it became a gilded coach.

So far so good!

Cendrillon gasped, but I told her, “Do not waste your breath on questions; we still have much to do.”

*To, to, to!* Six *agoutis* [ah-GOO-teez] in a cage became six splendid carriage horses. *To, to, to!* Five brown field lizards became five tall footmen. *To, to, to!* A plump *manicou* [MAN-ee-coo] was changed to a coachman.

Then I tapped Cendrillon. Her poor calico dress was changed to a trailing gown of sky-blue velvet. Upon her head sat a turban just as blue, pinned with a *tremblant* [TRHEM-blahn], pin of gold. She had a silk shoulder-scarf of pale rose, rings in her ears, bracelets, and a necklace of four strands of gold beads, bigger than peas.

Upon her feet were elegant pink slippers, embroidered with roses. It was enough to hurt my eyes to look at my darling.





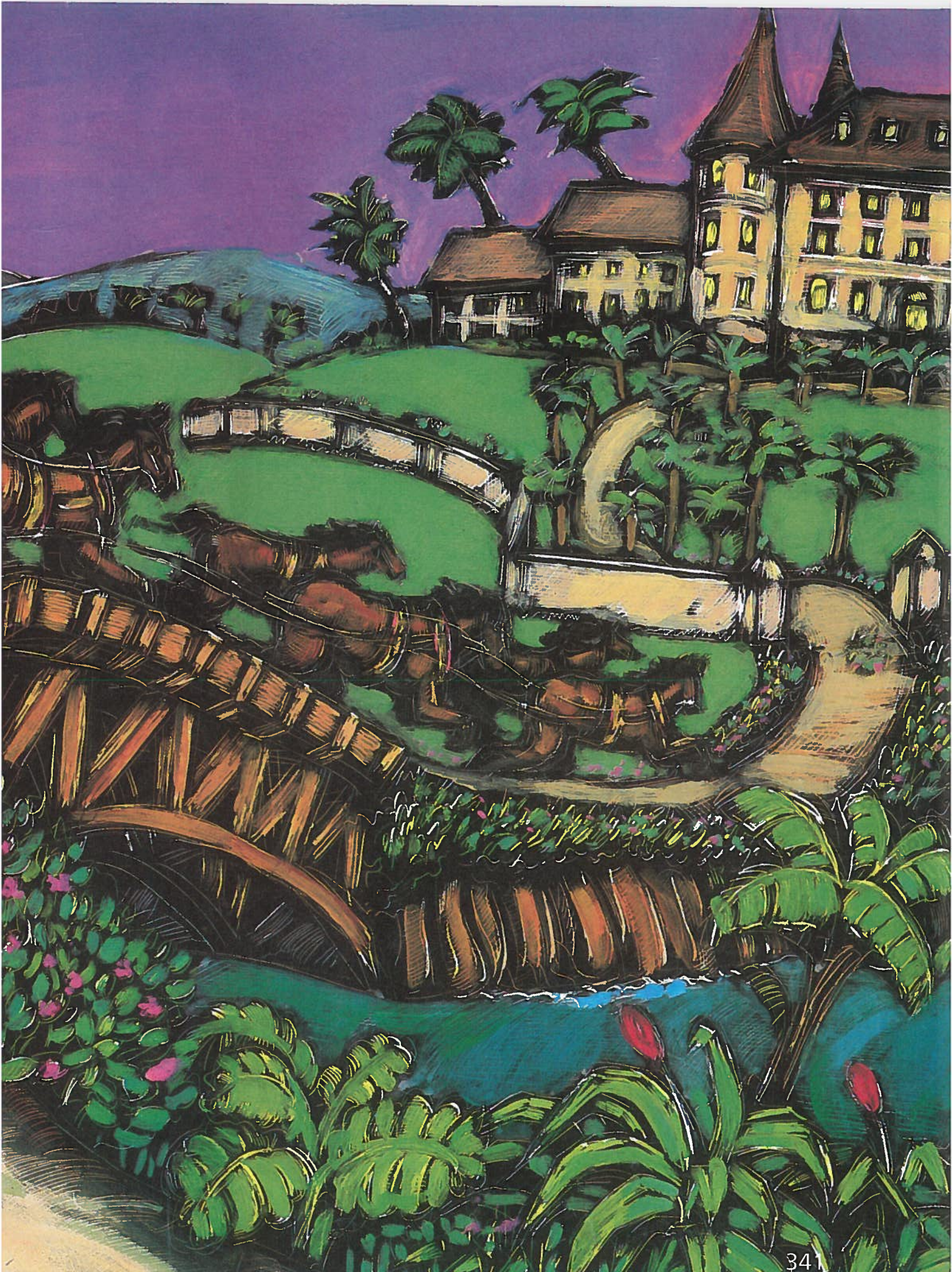
Finally, I turned my washerwoman's shift into a fine red dress. I would chaperone Cendrillon, as suited a proper young lady.

Away we went, over the bridge, through the town, along the shore to the *granmaison* [grahn-MAY-zohn] of Monsieur Thibault.

Just before we stepped down from our carriage, I warned Cendrillon, "The magic lasts only a short time. We must leave before the midnight bell is rung."

"Yes, *Nannin'*," she promised.



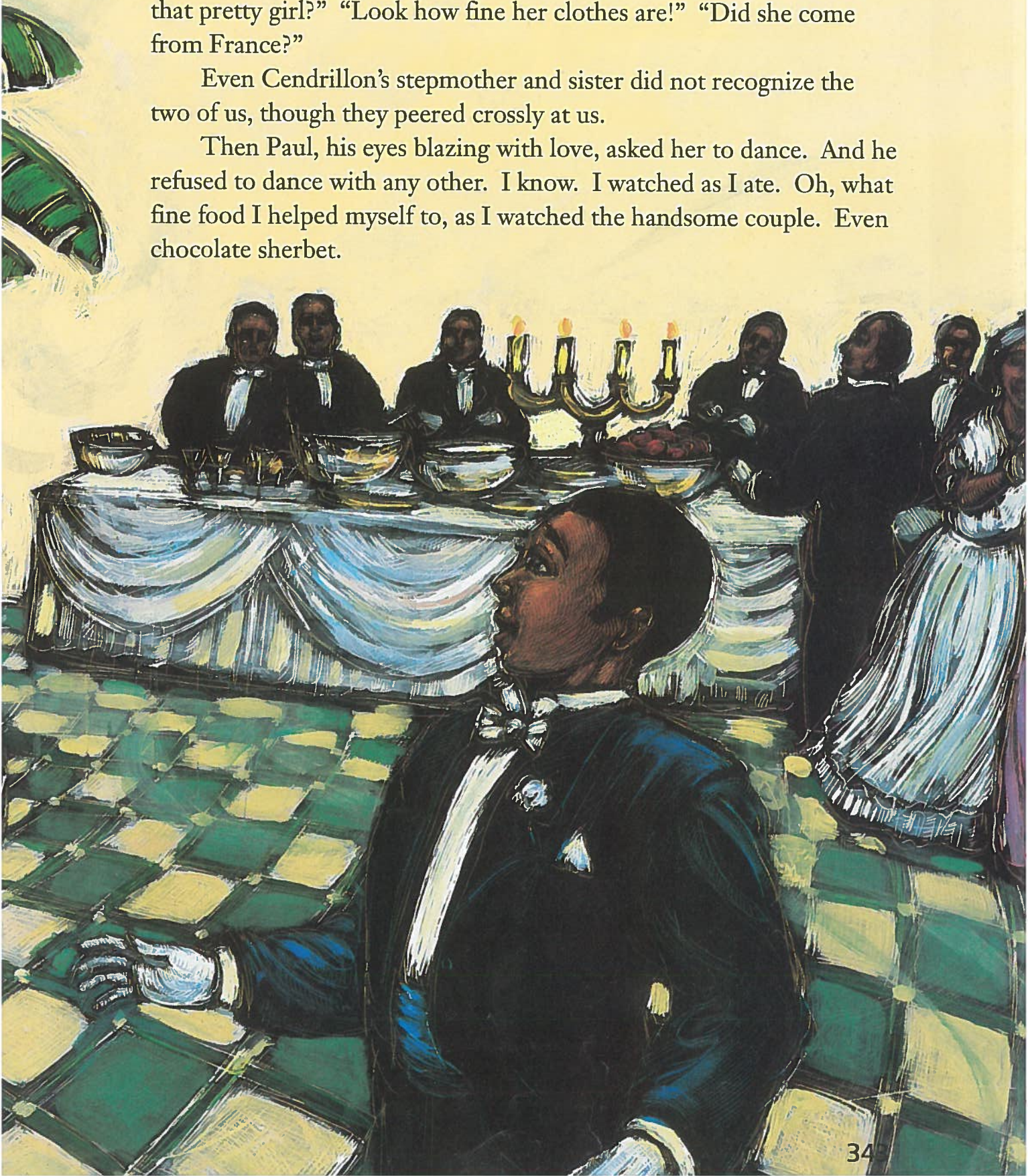




What a grand entrance Cendrillon made! All eyes turned toward her and could not turn away. I heard whispers all around: “Who is that pretty girl?” “Look how fine her clothes are!” “Did she come from France?”

Even Cendrillon’s stepmother and sister did not recognize the two of us, though they peered crossly at us.

Then Paul, his eyes blazing with love, asked her to dance. And he refused to dance with any other. I know. I watched as I ate. Oh, what fine food I helped myself to, as I watched the handsome couple. Even chocolate sherbet.





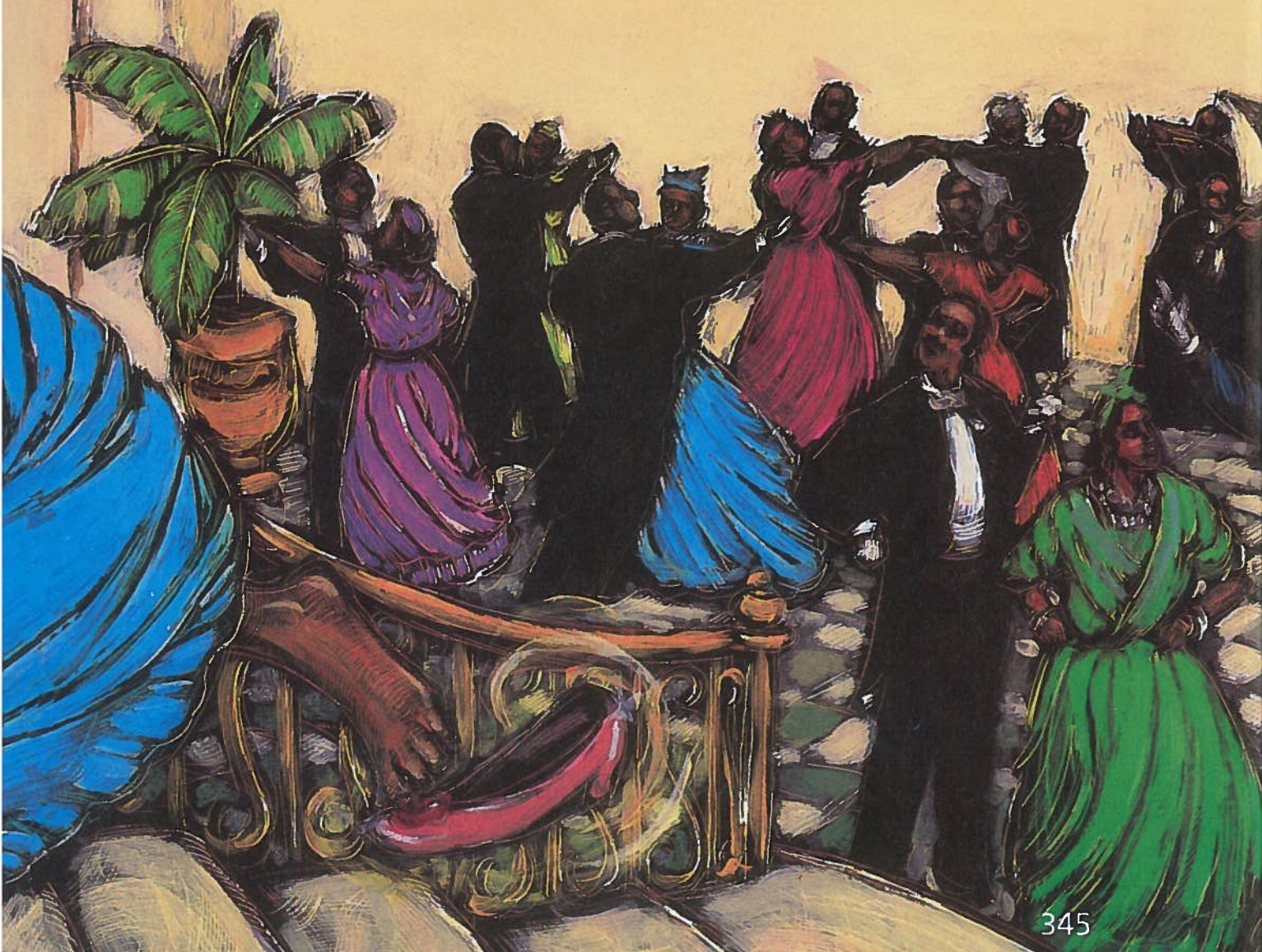
Cendrillon was so happy, and I was happy seeing her so, that we forgot to mark the time. Suddenly, I heard distant bells strike the first chime of midnight.

Astonishing all with my rudeness, I grabbed Cendrillon's hand and cried, "It is nearly midnight! We must go!"

For a moment, I feared she would not obey. Then she turned, and we ran toward the door.

Paul cried, "Wait! I do not even know your name!"

He ran after us, but guests and servants, confused by such running and shouting, blocked his way. As it was, we barely escaped to our carriage because Cendrillon stumbled on the stair. She had to leave behind one embroidered slipper.



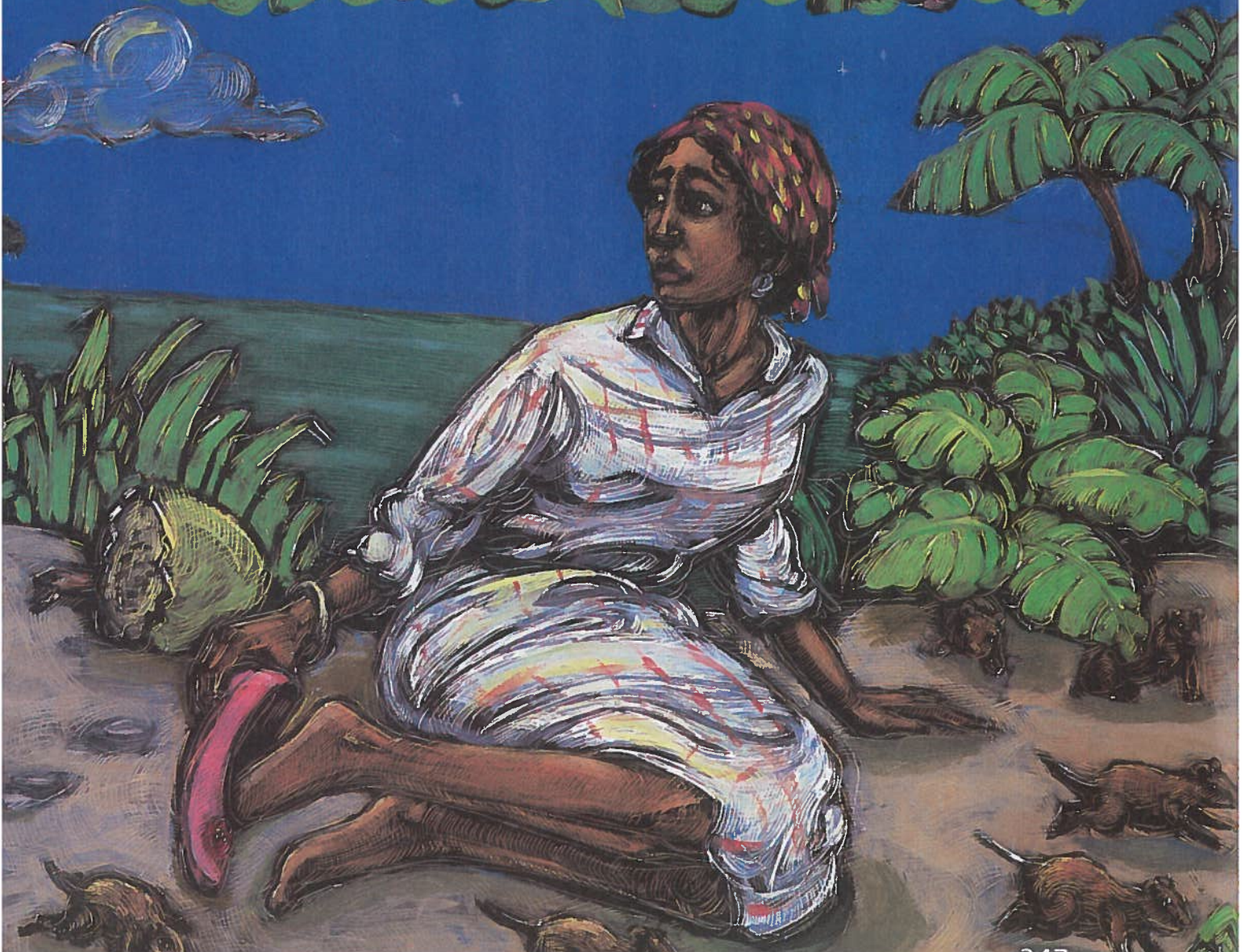


Off we sped into the night as I counted the chimes. And the moment I heard the twelfth stroke, we found ourselves in the dusty road, beside a smashed breadfruit. Around us, *agoutis* and lizards and a fat *manicou* scurried into the brush.

We walked home like two ragged washerwomen. Our fine clothes were gone — all except Cendrillon's one pink slipper.

She took it off, saying, "I will keep this to remind me of this wonderful night and a happiness I will never know again."

"But," I said, "I will help you visit Paul again."







She shook her head. "I see now that it was not Cendrillon he fell in love with," she said. "He was under the spell of your wand. When the magic goes, the love, too, will fade from his eyes."

"Alas!" I said. "My plans have come to nothing. I cannot give you the gift of a love that would change your life for true."

"Dear Godmother," she said, kissing my cheek, "you gave me this night. It is enough."

I did not see Cendrillon at the river the next day. When I called at the house, I found she was in bed. Madame and Vitaline said she was being lazy. But I saw she was sick with a broken heart. I stroked her brow for a good long time — until I heard a great commotion.

When I looked for the cause, I found that Paul had arrived. He was followed by a footman carrying Cendrillon's lost pink slipper on a satin pillow.

To Madame and Vitaline, he explained, "I am searching for the lovely stranger who was at the *fet'* last night. This is her slipper. I am asking all unmarried young women on the island to try it on. I will wed the one whose foot it fits."

From the doorway I heard Madame say, "My pretty daughter is the only unmarried girl in the house."

Then Vitaline and her mamma tried to force the girl's big foot, with toes like sausages, into the slipper. Such grunting and groaning you never heard! So eager were they, I feared they would destroy the slipper.

"If you cut off those big toes," I called out, "it would be a fine fit." Madame screeched, "Go away, old woman!"

And I did. Straight back to Cendrillon's room I marched.



“Now, child, if you love me,” I charged her, “do this one thing for me: Go out into the hall.”

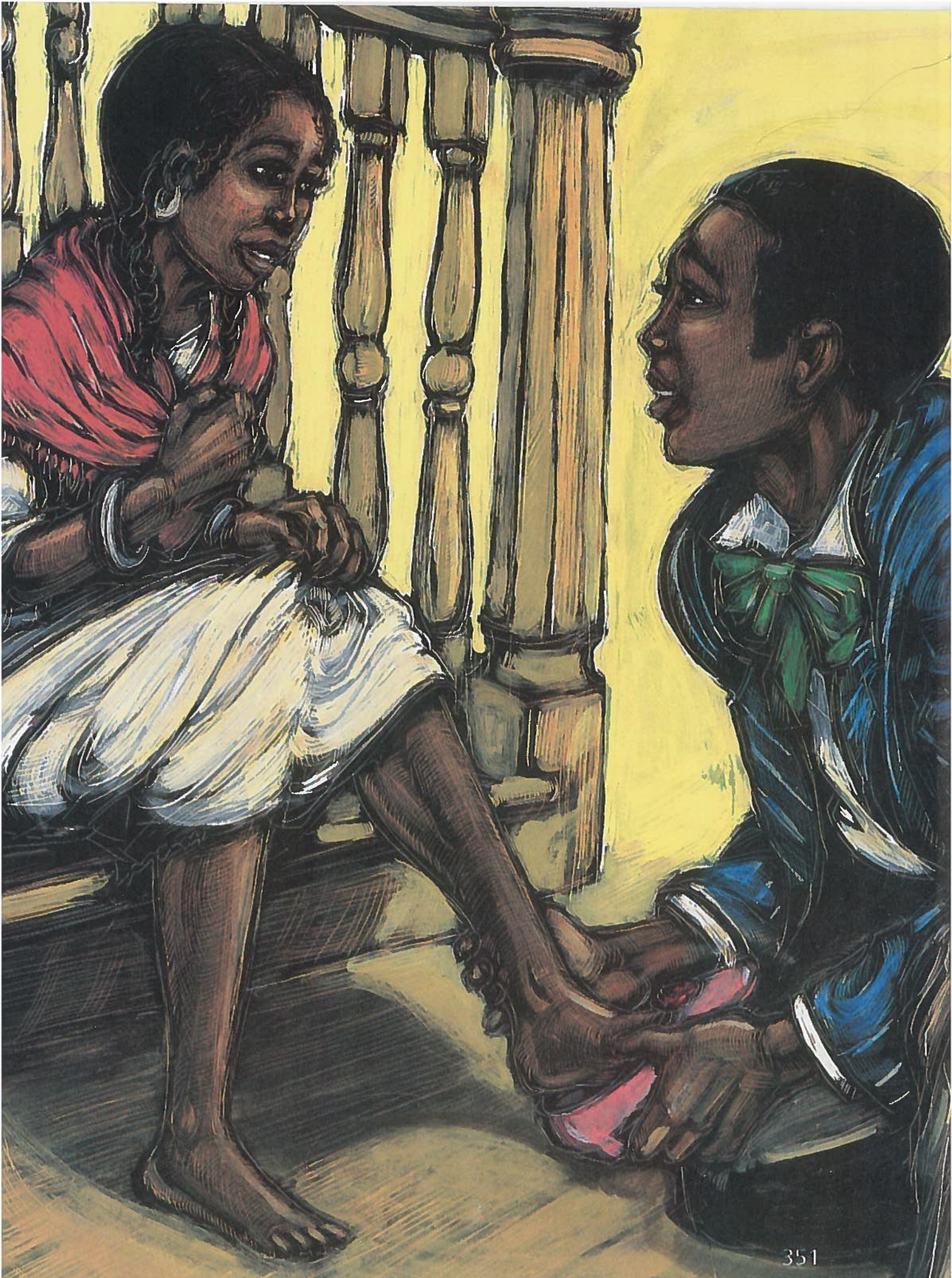
She drew a shawl around her cotton shift. Barefoot, she went into the hall, where panting Madame and sobbing Vitaline had given up the battle of the slipper. But just as Paul was turning to go, I tapped Cendrillon — *to, to, to!* — with my wand. To the astonishment of all, she appeared as she had at the ball.

“No, Godmother dear,” she said. “No more spells.”

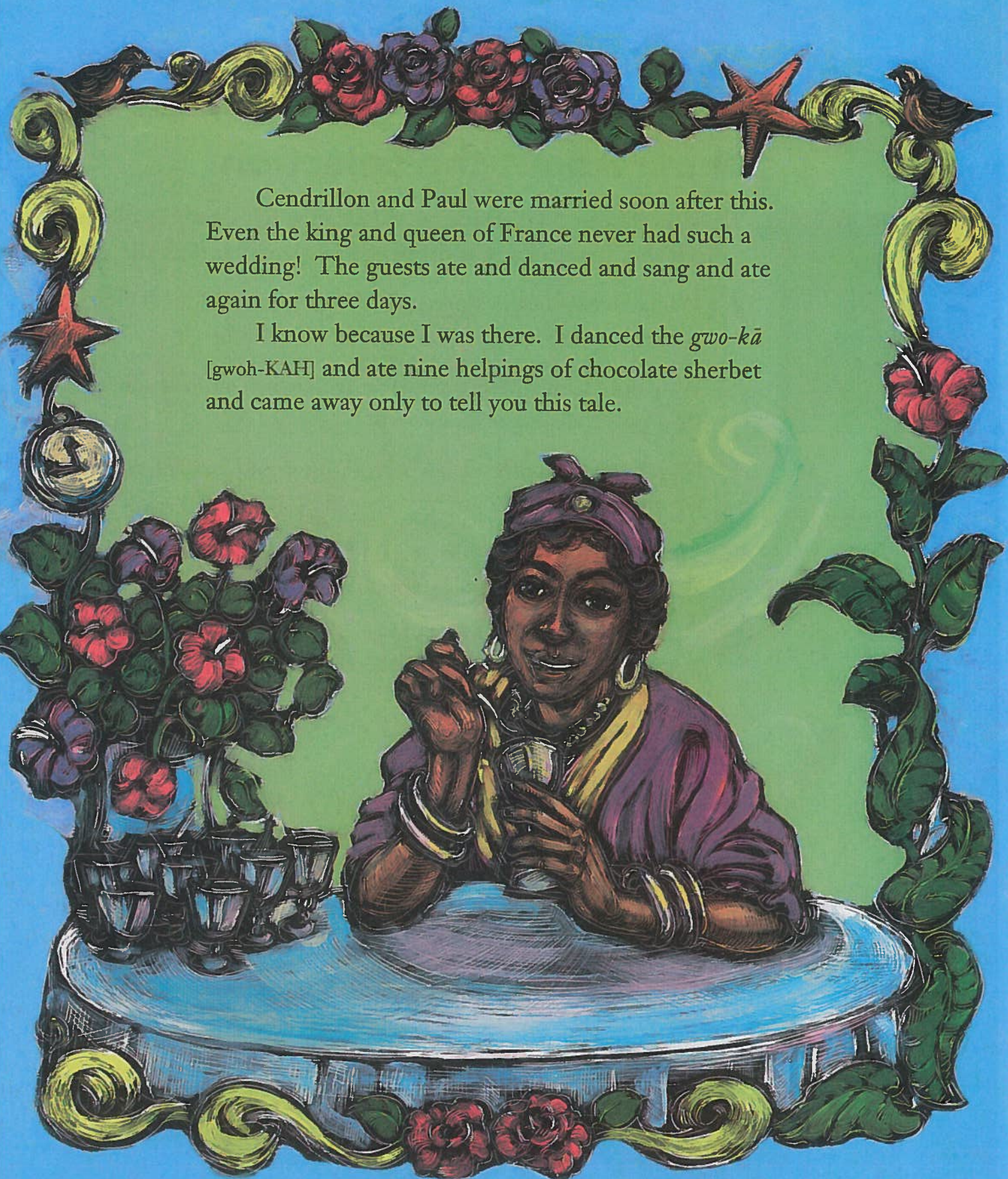
With a sigh, I touched her again, and she was as before, in her shift and shawl.

Without hesitation, Paul knelt before her. Gently he placed the slipper on her foot. Then he said, “You are as beautiful this minute as you were last night.” And everyone in the room could see the true-love in his eyes.









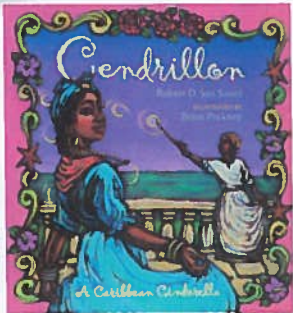
Cendrillon and Paul were married soon after this. Even the king and queen of France never had such a wedding! The guests ate and danced and sang and ate again for three days.

I know because I was there. I danced the *gwo-kā* [gwoh-KAH] and ate nine helpings of chocolate sherbet and came away only to tell you this tale.



## Responding

### Think About the Selection



1. How do you think Madame and Vitaline felt when they found out that Cendrillon was the mysterious guest at the ball?
2. Which events in the story could happen in real life? Which amazing events could never happen in real life?
3. Why does Cendrillon want to wear her own clothes when Paul puts the slipper on her foot?
4. How would this story have been different if Cendrillon had left the ball on time?
5. Many countries have versions of the Cinderella story. Why do you think this story is so popular all over the world?
6. **Connecting/Comparing** Which story do you think is more amazing, *Cendrillon* or *The Stranger*? Give reasons for your answer.

### Narrating

### Write Another Scene

How would *Cendrillon* be different if it were told by another character, such as the stepmother or Paul? Choose one scene from the story. Then pick a different character to narrate the events of that scene. Write the scene from that character's point of view.

#### Tips

- Start your story with "Now let me tell you what happened . . ."
- Tell only what that character would know about events.

## Social Studies

### Make a Travel Brochure

If you were going to Cendrillon's island home, what would you see there? Make a travel brochure of Martinique. Look in the selection and in the Get Set to Read on pages 326–327 for details about Martinique to include in your brochure.



## Viewing

### Watch a Movie Version

View one of the many film or television versions of *Cinderella*. Then, in a small group, discuss how the movie compares to the story *Cendrillon*. Which version do you like better? Why?



An animated version of *Cinderella*

## Internet

### Send an E-postcard

Now that you've read two selections in this theme, send an e-postcard about these amazing stories to a friend. You'll find a postcard at Education Place.

[www.eduplace.com/kids](http://www.eduplace.com/kids)

## Dance Link

### Skill: How to Read a Time Line

- Read the **title** to see what the time line is about.
- Look for **dates** and notice the **time span** each section of the time line shows.
- Scan the time line from left to right. The earlier **events** will be on the left. The later events will be on the right.

California  
Standards

### Standards to Achieve

#### Reading

- **Identify structural patterns (R2.1)**
- **Use reading strategies (R2.2)**

# Let's Have a BALL!

Fantastic balls like the one in *Cendrillon* aren't just in fairy tales. In real life, people still go to fancy parties like balls. Guests wear their most formal clothing. And what type of dancing do they do? Ballroom dancing, of course!

## The History of Ballroom Dance

1600s

One of the first ballroom dances, the **minuet**, was popular in Europe in the **1600s**. Dancers stood in two lines. They moved along the floor in an S or Z pattern, joining hands at different parts in the dance.

1700s

People first danced the **waltz** in Germany during the **1700s**. With its gliding steps and graceful turns, it quickly became popular all over the world.



*The graceful minuet was a favorite among the lords and ladies of Europe.*





Guests loved to waltz at balls like this one, held by the Skidmore Guard in the 1870s.



These professional dancers perform an elegant tango.



Dancers had to be quick on their feet for the lively fox trot.

## 1800s

The waltz stayed popular throughout the **1800s**. Some of the best-loved waltz music was written in that century. You may even have ice-skated to "The Skaters' Waltz."

## 1900s

The **fox trot** was a favorite ballroom dance of the **1900s**. The dance was named after Harry Fox, a famous performer who used to trot across the stage! At that time, Latin American dances such as the **rumba** and the **tango** became popular too.

## 2000s

Today, you can still see guests waltzing at weddings or doing the **tango** on televised dance contests. Hundreds of years after the first dancers twirled across the floor, ballroom dancing is as popular as ever.

