

In olden times when wishing still helped one, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful; and the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, which has seen so much, was astonished whenever it shone in her face. Close by the king's castle lay a great dark forest, and under an old lime-tree in the forest was a well, and when the day was very warm, the king's child went out to the forest and sat down by the fountain; and when she was bored she took a golden ball, and threw it up on high and caught it; and this ball was her favorite plaything.

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