

"I'll name three funny ones first," she said, "and then three pretty ones. These are funny ones: 'Big Claus and Little Claus,' 'The Brave Tin Soldier,' 'The Tinder Box.' You're not too near the fire, are you?"

"No," said Rudd.

His mother continued: "These are pretty ones: 'The Bronze Boar,' 'The Fir Tree,' 'The Nightingale.' Now then?"

"Which would you say?" Rudd asked.

"No, I want you to choose," said Mrs. Sergison. "They're all perfect."

"Very well, then," said Rudd, thinking deeply. "First, we'll have 'The Brave Tinder Box,' and then——"

"That's two," said Mrs. Sergison. "You've mixed them up. It's 'The Brave Tin Soldier,' one, and 'The Tinder Box,' two."

"'The Tinder Box,'" said Rudd, "and then—then we'll have 'The Bronze Boar.'"

"Very well," said his mother. "You're quite sure you're not too near the fire?"

"Quite," said Rudd.

His mother began to read Hans Andersen's story of "The Tinder Box."