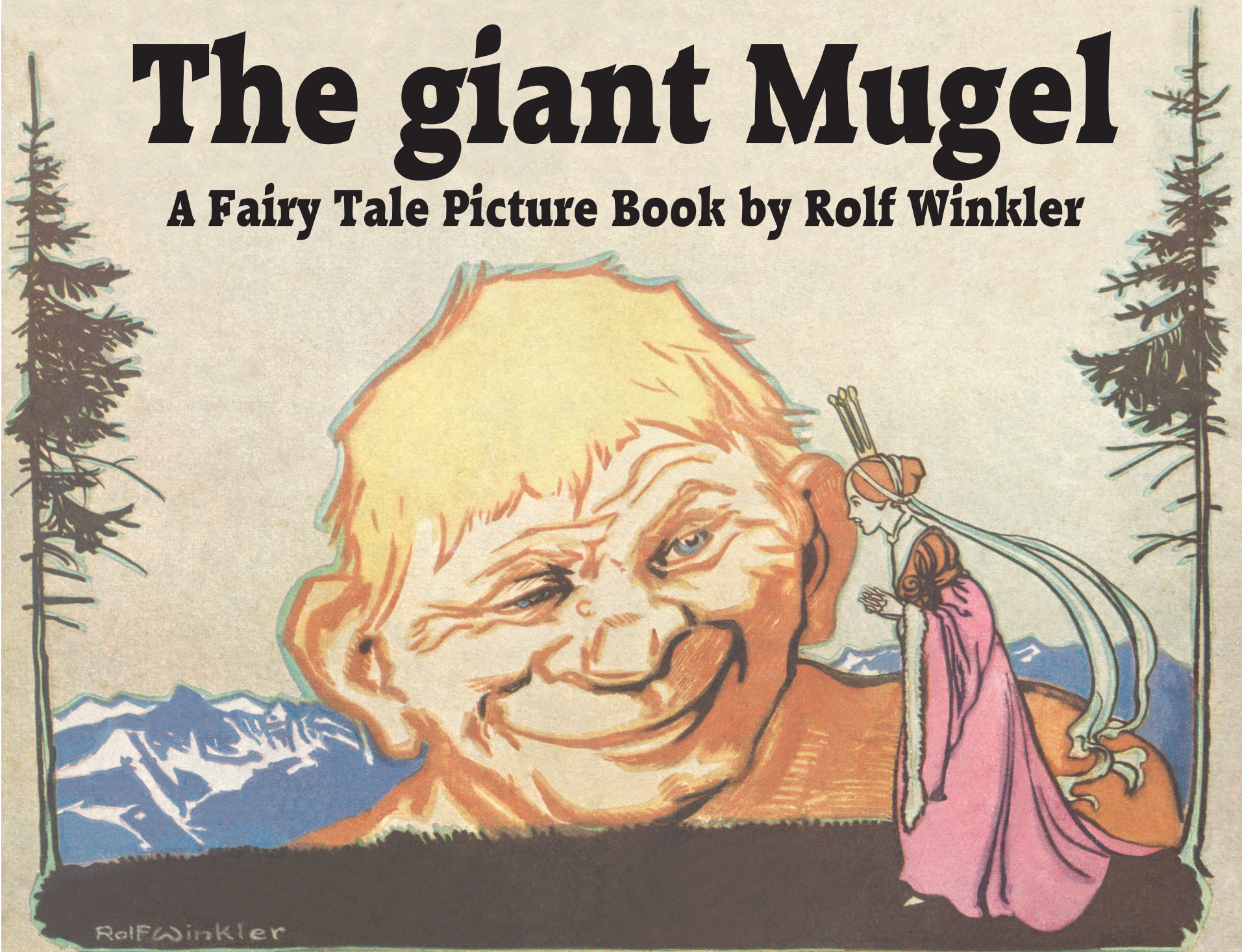
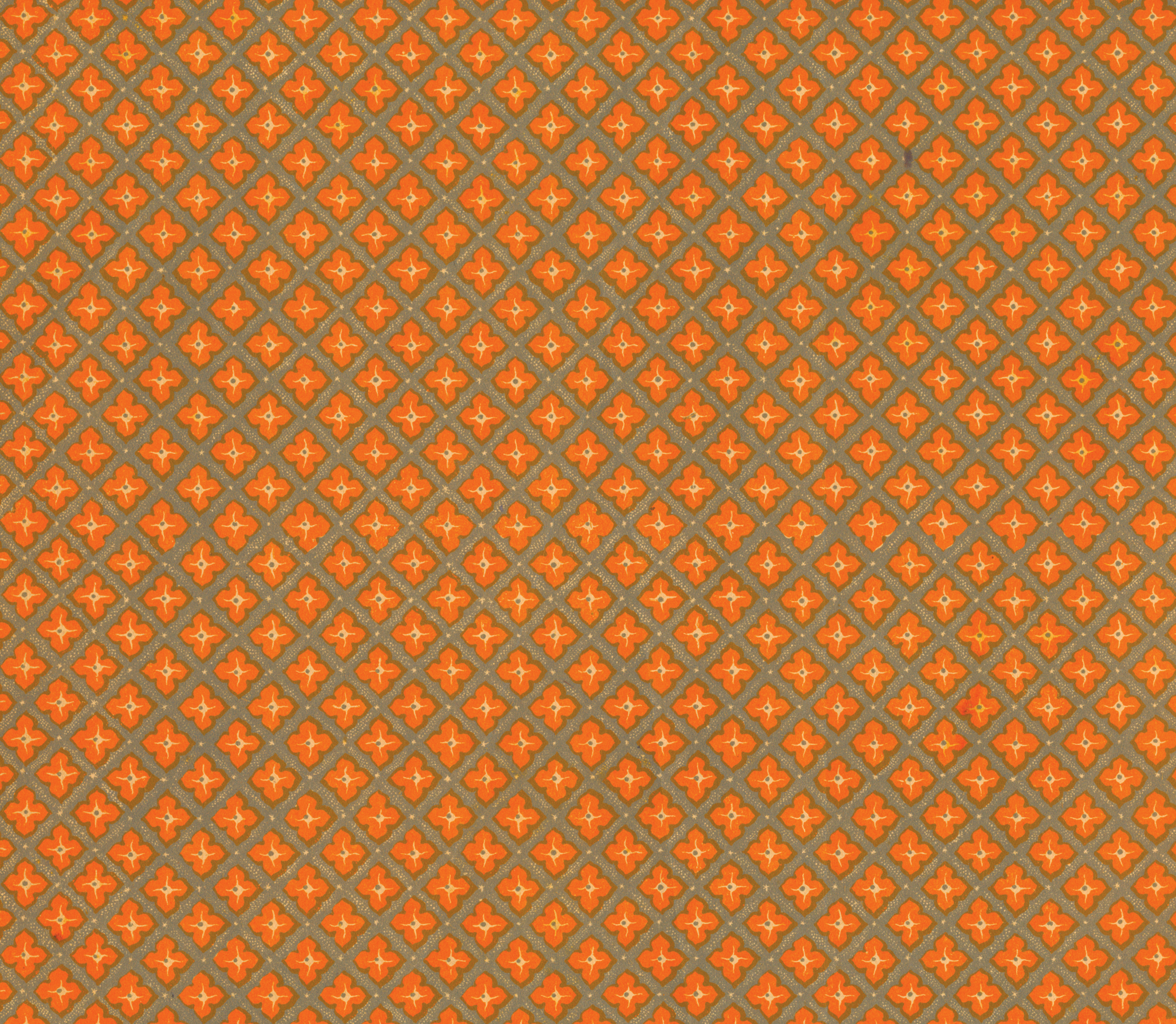


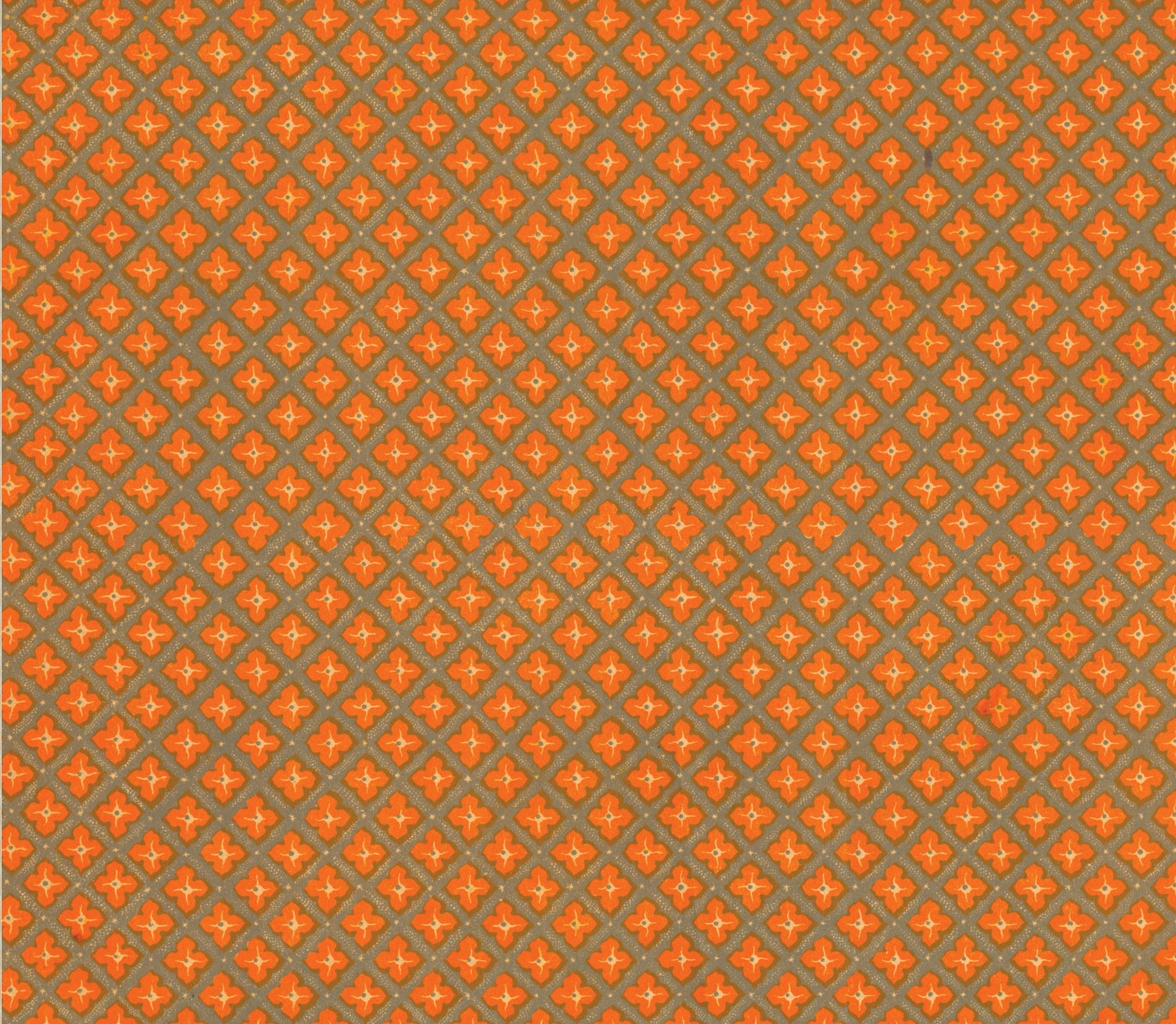
The giant Mugel

A Fairy Tale Picture Book by Rolf Winkler



Franz Schneider Verlag Berlin-Schöneberg & Leipzig





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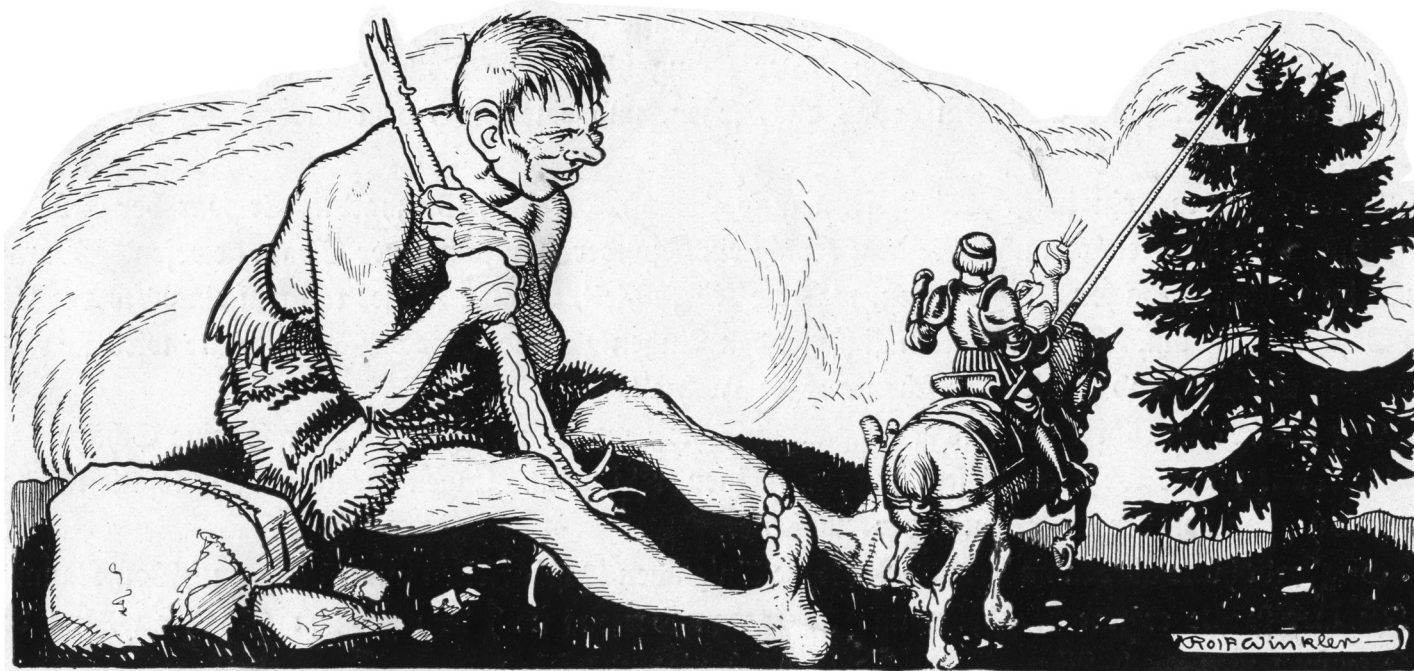
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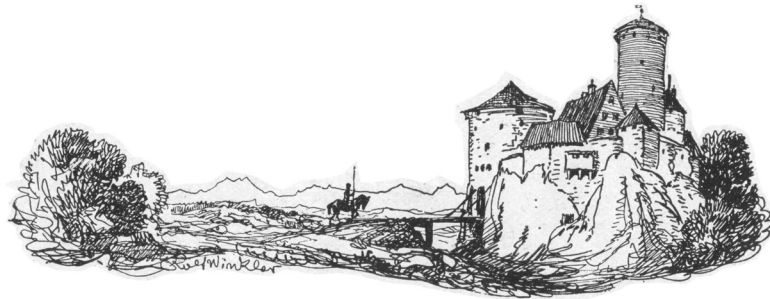
The giant Mugel

A Fairy Tale Picture Book

by Rolf Winkler Text
Edited by Paul Gärtner



Franz Schneider Verlag Berlin-Schöneberg



Once upon a time there was a king who had a beautiful daughter. Her name was Lilitt, and she was so beautiful that the sons of other kings came from far and wide to see her and ask for her hand in marriage.

But the king's daughter was vain and arrogant and swore to herself that she would not take a husband who was not as unique and unusual in the world as she was in her beauty. Then the richest and the most beautiful and the strongest, the greatest artists, the oldest princes and the youngest princes came forward. The king would have gladly given his daughter to some of them, but Lilitt found fault with each of them, and one after the other went away offended and insulted.

One day, a king's young son called Sieghardt came to the castle. He was the heir to the most powerful neighbouring kingdom and would have been a particularly welcome son-in-law to the king. So, the castle kitchen baked and roasted for all it was worth, and the servants ran around each other in a hurry and bustle. They winked at each other and said, "Well, she'll be sensible today," and were already looking forward to the wedding.

The king accompanied the suitor around the castle and showed him all his treasures. He thought that Lilitt must also like this young, handsome, rich and clever prince and was already talking about the dowry. But Sieghardt hardly listened and only glanced briefly at the royal treasures. Walking from chamber to chamber, he looked with a pounding heart for the greatest treasure he had come for, Lilitt - but she was nowhere to be seen.

At last, they met the maiden in a small castle garden as she was letting rose petals fall and dance into the valley.



The prince could scarcely show his interest, his heart was pounding, and her beauty almost struck him dumb . . . but brrr! What a look she gave him from above!

It rolled down the prince's spine like ice-cold peas, when she opened her beautiful mouth mockingly and asked quite pointedly: "You know very well that I will only extend my hand to a very special man! What great things have you already achieved, and what makes you stand out in the eyes of the world?"

But that was too much for the old king, and he broke out in a thunderstorm. "What kind of behaviour is that and what do you think you're doing? Don't think so highly of yourself just because you have a smooth face and cute little hands and feet . . . !" That was all the prince heard. Lilitt had deeply wounded his pride. He immediately saddled up and rode off with his entourage, sending sparks flying.

The king locked himself in his room, resentful, and thought about how he could punish his wayward child for her arrogance.

Then he had an idea.

Far away on the border of the kingdom, in the wild Schachenwald forest, the king had a faithful friend, Mugel the giant. He was a big and hulking fellow like no other; he guarded the border and anyone who wanted to invade the king's kingdom with evil intentions would lose the desire to do so just by seeing Mugel the giant from afar. But as he was otherwise a good-natured fellow, he seemed to the king to be perfect for his plan.

He sent for the high steward Rauhbein and the scribe Heigerl; they had to set off immediately to summon Mugel to the king. But so that no-one realised the king's plan, the giant was to wait for the king at the lonely chapel on the nearby mountain peak. He was only to walk at night and hide in the woods during the day.

The two messengers rode for two days before they reached the Schachenwald, and the deeper they travelled into the forest, the wilder the area became.



Eventually the path stopped completely, and they had to dismount, leave the horses behind and continue on foot. They laboriously worked their way through dense undergrowth and climbed uphill over huge boulders. They panted with exertion and the thorns tore their clothes and skin.

But as they wandered through the deciduous forest, they came to a pond. It lay there like a shining black crystal. Around the shore the sun conjured up green light from the depths, and a thousand delicate red flakes floated on the clear surface. These were the blossoms that the chestnut trees had strewn across the pond.

Rauhbein and Heigerl, however, did not get a chance to enjoy the delightful forest gem. There was a sandy spot on the bank; as they approached it, the scribe suddenly recoiled, grabbed the high steward by the arm and pointed to the patch of sand with his outstretched hand. He couldn't speak, the shock had left him speechless. In the sand you could see the trace of a human foot, it was probably two metres long.

When they saw this, they would have preferred to turn round immediately. But because they had to fulfil their mission, they encouraged each other, gave the terrible place a wide berth and walked on cautiously. They soon stepped out onto a forest meadow, where Mugel's rock castle rose up abruptly in front of them like a huge block of stone.

Blue smoke swirled steeply into the air like a delicate veil, indicating to the hikers where Mugel could be found. Their teeth were chattering, but they took heart and came closer. And when they turned round a corner of the rock, the giant was crouching on the grass in front of them like a large lump, warming his feet by the fire.

He raised his head and looked at the two royal messengers in astonishment. Of course, they didn't look solemn and dignified, as befitted the envoys of a king. Mugel felt sorry for the poor visitors as they stood there, trembling and pale, staring at him with eyes wide with terror. He really was a good chap and was almost embarrassed that they were so afraid of him.

He tried to make his voice sound gentle and mild and asked what they wanted.



But as his bass resounded, the scribe's hair stood on end pushing his cap off which fell into the grass. But the high steward mustered all his strength and presented their instructions.

Mugel listened attentively. He couldn't imagine what the king had in mind for him, but as an obedient and loyal servant, he didn't think much about it and promised to come. The two were relieved; they bowed and hurried back to their horses, then disappeared .

Mugel got up and went into the house. 'The next day he put a few hams and haunches of venison in a basket as food for the journey, picked up a slender beech tree trunk and set off. The sun was already descending to earth like a red ball. He walked all night and slept through the day in the dense undergrowth. On the second night, he reached the mountain peak that the high steward had indicated to him. He hid in the thicket next to the chapel and waited for the king.

Down below in the little town, one light after another went out. When twelve o'clock struck from the tower, a hidden back door in the castle wall opened noiselessly, and out into the moonlight stepped the king. He looked around carefully to the right and left to make sure no one saw him, closed the door, removed the key and put it in his trouser pocket. Then he walked over to the edge of the forest and disappeared into the darkness. The path led steeply uphill, and the old gentleman grew weary of climbing in the dark forest. He breathed a sigh of relief when he finally reached the top. Mugel was already sitting in front of the little church in the moonlight. He gently took the king's hand with two fingers and helped him up onto a high boulder so that they could see each other's faces better.

The king now poured out his heart and told Mugel about Lilitt and her suitors and how she was scaring away his best friends and turning the most powerful princes into enemies with her arrogance and foolishness. Yes . . . if she were really as clever as she was beautiful, then she might well wish for a very special man - but she really wasn't very clever! He had now thought up a plan and wanted to show her that she was on the wrong track with her high-flying thoughts, and Mugel needed to help him!



The king thought it would be best if Mugel took Lilitt into his wilderness for a while. If she could no longer sleep in silken beds, eat at a deliciously laid table or dance rose petals into the valley, then she would become more modest. Of course, she wouldn't go to him voluntarily, so Mugel should simply catch her on a walk and carry her away. Being frightened wouldn't do her any harm.

The good giant did not at all feel comfortable with this proposal. What was he supposed to do with the beautiful, delicate princess? He had never had anything to do with women in his life and certainly not with the king's daughters. He made a worried face and grumbled and growled and made all kinds of excuses. But it didn't help him, the king didn't listen; he promised him a good bonus and, in the end, Mugel agreed.

They arranged everything, and before dawn, the king took leave of his friend and went home. Mugel, however, lay down again in the bushes and waited for the king's daughter.

The sun shone hot the whole next day. Mugel enjoyed seeing the colourful town lying in the valley in front of him as gracefully as a toy. He enjoyed watching the tiny people. They swarmed around the town like ants. They hurried to and fro as if there was nothing more important in the world than their business. The giant also peered attentively over to the royal palace, but the day passed, and he saw nothing there that concerned him. At last, when the sun was about to go to rest behind the mountains with a tired, heated face, two women walked down the great flight of steps by the castle and came up the forest path to the chapel.

Lilitt soon entered the little church with her old nurse to say her evening prayers, as she used to do every day. The giant waited patiently. But when the two women came out and prepared to return home, he jumped suddenly into their path. They cried out loudly, but there was no one far and wide who could have heard them, and there was no chance of escape. Mugel grabbed the king's daughter like a chicken and her senses faded at the sight of his giant paws. He caught her just before she sank to the ground.

The old nurse with her gouty legs looked as if she had never taken a fast step in her life, but in her fright, she jumped over the giant's arms in one leap and flapped down the mountain screaming like a frightened chicken.



Mugel didn't care about the old woman at all; he gently picked Lilitt up and put her in his basket. Then he grabbed his tree stick and left.

He hurried away, but was careful not to jump, lest he should harm the king's daughter, and carried the basket as if it contained precious, fragile crystal. The good fellow looked very fondly at the beautiful girl as she lay so lovely and pale and unconscious in the greasy basket. He already feared the horror and despair when Lilitt awoke and found herself in his power.

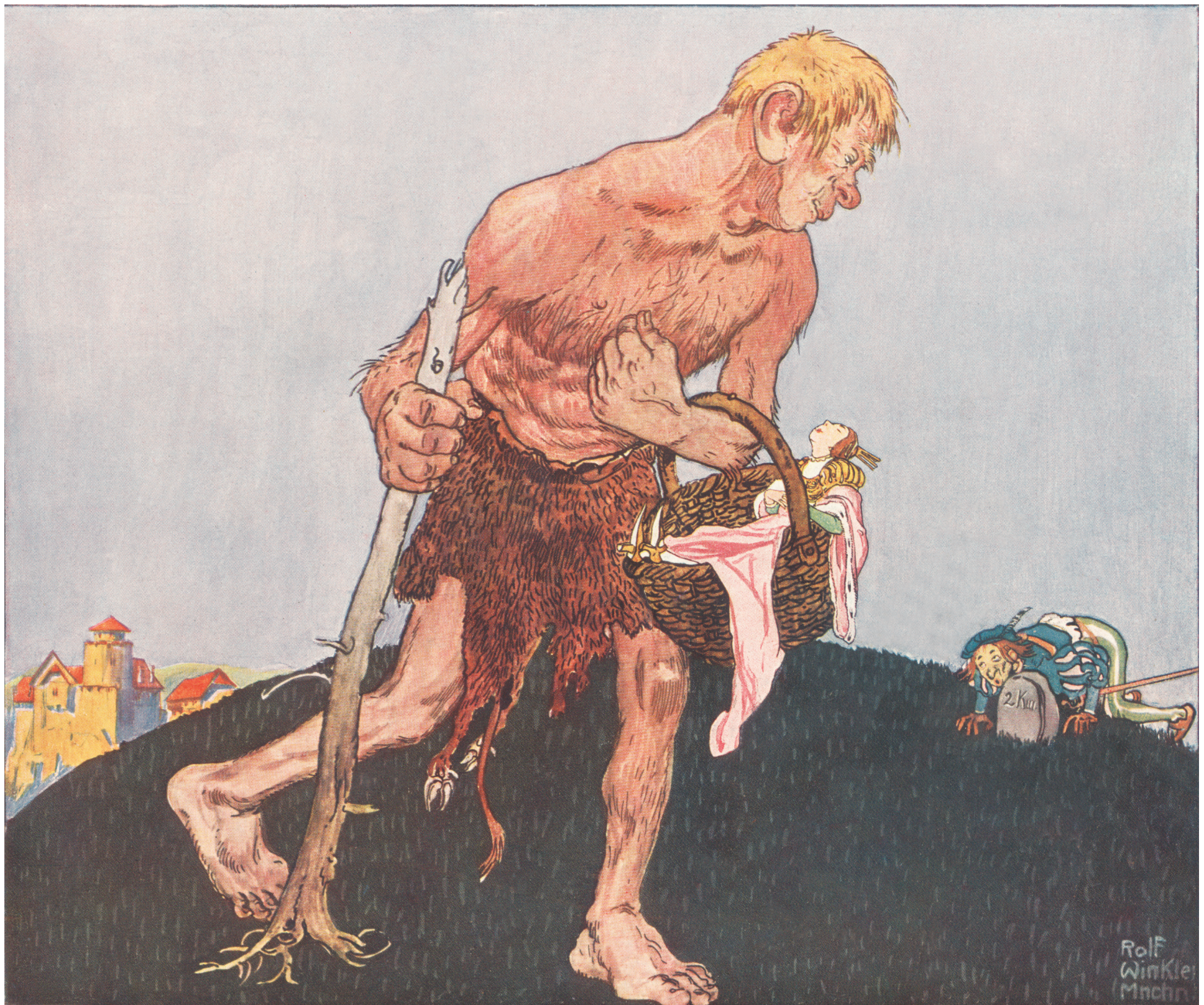
Meanwhile, the nurse had come to the castle, exhausted, with the news of the kidnapping. The king, however, did not take any notice. Sometimes he thought to himself that perhaps he had been too harsh and that Lilitt might suffer damage in her later life. But when he thought of her indomitable arrogance, the lesson seemed to him to be just and beneficial.

He then had it proclaimed everywhere: "A giant has abducted my daughter! Whoever rescues her from his hands shall have her as his wife and half the kingdom as well!" Many of the spurned suitors simply said: "Serves her right!" and stayed at home. Others wanted to please the king, searched around the neighbourhood a little, but soon gave up. Still others were sent in the wrong direction by the king himself, for he had nothing much in mind for them.

When Prince Sieghardt heard the king's message, he forgot all his resentment, for he still loved the princess dearly. He immediately offered his help to the king, who was delighted and told him where to look for the princess.

Mugel had reached his house in the Schachenwald. But when Lilitt still didn't move, he became restless and tried to wake her up in every conceivable way.

Blowing on her didn't help; he made her smell a rind of bacon, but that was also in vain. So, he fetched his drinking bucket, which was as big as a barrel. He filled it at the trout stream to sprinkle the King's daughter a little water on her face.



But he was clumsy and poured the whole bucket of ice-cold water over her body. Lilitt immediately jumped up, opened her eyes in horror, and when she realised that she was in the basket of the monster and in his power, a stream of tears fell down her cheeks.

Mugel let her cry quietly, and then he began to talk to her as gently as he could: "Don't be afraid, beautiful lady, and don't cry anymore; it was always your wish to belong to only one very special man! But you won't find anyone taller than me anywhere!" But these words did not reassure Lilitt at all. When she heard that she was to become the giant's wife, she was even more frightened and cried even harder.

Mugel then thought of leaving her alone. But before he left her, he said to her: "I will leave you now. But don't try to run away; the bears and wolves in the wilderness around you won't let you get far. If I had to catch you again, I would put you on a chain next time!" And with that, he trudged off to make a bed for the king's daughter for the night. He soon found what he needed. He stuck four stakes into the ground by a mighty fir tree and stretched a cowhide over them. It still smelt a bit, but there was nothing to be done about that. He then spread a second skin underneath on the mossy ground, and finally he surrounded it with boulders and large stones as do children playing in their little garden. He was very proud and satisfied, brought the princess over and showed her the beautiful four-poster bed.

Then Lilitt got another fright; she shook with horror and cried: "Ugh, I'm supposed to sleep under that stinking skin?" And then she started crying again. The giant was disappointed, "Fiddlesticks," he growled, "you haven't eaten for a long time and there's nothing you can do about it. You just must have something warm in your stomach first, then you'll like your little bed!"

But Lilitt thought of her silk duvet at home and was unhappier than ever. Now Mugel gathered huge bundles of brushwood and set them alight in a crevice in the rock.



Rolf
Winkler
München.

The fire roared out of the branches and blazed and flickered up to the dark sky as if an entire forest was on fire. From another crevice, the giant took a slaughtered young cow, put it on a spit and began to roast it over the fire.

There he crouched, turning the spit thoughtfully, sniffing the air with his nose and savouring the delicious aroma of the roast; and the red glow of the fire danced over his naked, mighty limbs. Then he took a branch and cheerfully fanned the flames so that they shot up high, and the whirl of sparks danced into the night.

As he sat there turning the spit, he remembered the king's daughter. She must have been freezing in her wet clothes; he hadn't even thought of that again. He called her over; she came timidly and crouched down on a stone by the fire, shivering with cold. But as the warmth dried her clothes and flowed through her body, she gradually became calmer and more composed.

The roast wasn't quite cooked yet, but Mugal cut himself a good piece of loin and ate it, smacking his lips; the fat dripped from the corners of his mouth and his face and fingers glistened. Lilith saw this with a shudder. But when he handed her a scrap of meat with a friendly grin on a piece of tree bark, she shook with disgust, for she could not for all the world have swallowed a morsel of it. And because she was now completely dry, she got up and went over to her new four-poster bed.

In the meantime, the giant had had his fill, had recovered his good humour and called after her: "Good night, little princess! Rest your little eyes and dream away your sorrows! You'll see, this is a good place to live, and I'm not such a bad chap after all!"

He got up and fetched his lute, which he had made himself, plucked the strings with his rough paws and made a marvellous music. It purred and buzzed and rattled and sounded almost like a drum and was horrible to listen to. Then he opened his mouth and rolled his eyes and began to sing a lullaby to the princess. And he sang so loudly that the ravens flew up and looked for other places to sleep. However Lilith could hear the song and she had to keep still and plugged her ears with both index fingers.



Ralf Winkler, München

Then all sorts of thoughts wandered through her head. All her suitors came before her again and she heard her own mocking and haughty laughter. But she didn't regret it now. It was only when she thought of Prince Sieghardt that her heart felt a little tight . . . but why had he run to her father first like all the others? Why hadn't he come to her?

Mugel's singing fell silent. Soon he was snoring like a buzz saw. For a moment Lilitt thought of fleeing, but when she heard a wolf howling in the distance, the thought passed as quickly as it had come. And so, she sat under her cowhide and gazed dreamily at the slowly dying fire and thought of home, where a whole castle full of people had endeavoured daily and hourly to keep her in a good mood. And what would she have given now if she could have shared her sorrow with the least of them! The morning was not far off, when her eyes fell shut with memories and dreams, and she sank into a deep sleep.

The morning breeze blew along, and the little birds stretched their wings and marvelled at the beautiful sleeping royal child, and the dewdrops flashed and sparkled more beautifully than the diamonds in the king's treasure chambers. And when Lilitt opened her eyes and looked out into the sun's splendour, the colourful singers were singing and twittering merrily in circles, and Mugel trudged across the meadow. He had taken his morning bath in the forest pond, had scrubbed and rubbed himself in honour of the king's daughter as never before, and still looked as red as a crab. But in his hand, he carried the most beautiful strawberries; he had picked them on the way and brought them to his guest as a morning greeting. And then he showed Lilitt the lovely meadows all around with their hundreds of thousands of colourful flowers and showed her where in the forest the red, sweet berries shone out of the green leaves. The whole forest was like a mighty harp. From its sun-golden strings rushed and sounded sweet songs of peace in solitude, and through the swaying treetops the crystal of the blue, infinite sky shone down on the royal child. But Lilitt heard and saw nothing of all this.

Amid all the splendour and beauty, she sat on a meadow hill and her longing thoughts wandered far out over the mountains and forests. Tears rolled down her cheeks like pearls and fell onto the strawberries in her lap.



Not far away, however, Mugel squatted in his rock house and gazed longingly out into the country, waiting for the one who would free him from the king's daughter. He did not know what to do with her, she neither ate nor drank, and he grumbled to himself that her crying was ruining his whole mood. He felt uneasy at home, so he wandered around the forest and gathered wood for the winter.

Meanwhile, Lilitt's hunger began to torment her. And because she had nothing else, she popped one red berry after another into her mouth and shed many a tear. Her eyes burned from crying so much, but she never tired of looking out into the country, day after day, to where her father's castle must lie behind the mountains.

And as she sat there again one day and looked and looked . . . there . . . what is that? Didn't a ray of light just flash up, far back at the edge of the distant, dark forest? . . . look, there it is again! What might that be? - That's how it flashed in the sunshine in the hazy distance, when as a child you stood on the balcony at home and looked out for the guests who were expected at the party. And then you would always rush down the old spiral staircase and cheer: "They're coming, they're coming!" Oh yes . . . that was always a joy and life at home! And now? . . . it's all over, it's all gone! And how was it possible? - Her own folly and arrogance were to blame! And it hammered in her ears: "Pride comes before a fall!" Again, and again and again and she couldn't get it out of her mind. Oh, if only it was all just a dream, if only she could suddenly wake up at home in her little bed and grab her nose and say: "It wasn't true, it was all just a dream!" You certainly wouldn't want to do it again, and what if Prince Sieghardt were to come back after all - oh yes . . . but he didn't come back!

Look, it's flashing again! A thousand yes, what is that! It's no longer flashing, it's shining, for a long, long time! And no longer close to the edge of the forest! No, but look, it's as if the little light has moved forward, out of the forest; there it is in the middle of the slag heap, close to the single tall pines! Truly, it is moving and coming closer! Coming this way? Yes, of course . . . here!

Lilitt had long since jumped up; everything around her had fallen, the little red berries lay scattered all around, and with wide, greedy eyes she stared into the distance, as if she wanted to draw the twinkling and sparkling back there with her gaze, with all the power of her heart. If only someone were coming here to get her! - Oh, it was unthinkable!



Rolf
Winkler

She had forgotten all about Mugel the giant, oh, if only she could have seen him! He had just kicked down and chopped up a young beech tree behind her at the corner of the forest and looked out into the countryside for a while. And when he saw the light flashing and the glow, he rubbed his hands with a grin, picked up his little tree, slipped back into the forest and disappeared.

But Lilitt stood there with her body bent forward and stared out - there was no doubt about it, it was a man . . . and he wasn't walking, he was approaching too fast for that - he was riding a horse. He was even trotting, or galloping! . . . and what shone and flashed there were the sun's rays dancing over shining steel, over gleaming, gleaming armour! - It was a knight, of course, a proud, brave knight, what else could that mean!

Soon it disappeared - a shadow of cloud ran over the hillside and smothered the glow, - soon it was there again - soon a bush took it up, a grove - soon it emerged from it again, and closer and closer it came, and the rider could be recognised more and more clearly. Then Lilitt could hold herself no longer; she tore down her veil with a single movement, rose and stretched herself on tiptoe, and waved and waved the delicate, fluttering thing through the air, cheering and shouting . . . and tears of joy welled up in her eyes.

The knight had disappeared into the forest that lay beyond the large meadow at the foot of the hill. Lilitt stood there, her heart pounding in her throat. From the forest behind her came the sound of an axe . . . "the giant!" . . . flashed through her mind. For heaven's sake, if he discovers the knight, and if it comes to a fight - oh dear, what will the knight do with sword and spear and armour against the horrible monster! The giant will crush even the strongest knight with a single kick, or he will slay him with his tree trunk before the rescuer can even get close to him!

And a hot fear gripped the maiden, and without thinking she jumped down the hill and ran with her little skirts gathered up towards the forest where the knight was coming along, running and running and jumping over roots and stones and clods of earth as fast as she could with her long, pointed shoes and high heels. Just get away from here, quickly, before the giant notices! Flee with the knight on the horse . . . flee . . . quickly, before disaster strikes!



Out of breath, she runs over the last grassy patch - towards the edge of the forest; there it stamps and snorts in front of her between the trees, and out of the forest the knight steers his little steed out into the meadow. - He is taken aback when he sees the maiden running ahead of him, pulls the reins . . . and he swings himself out of the saddle, jumps into the grass with rattling and clanking and runs towards the maiden with outstretched arms: "Lilitt . . . Sieghardt" And there she is already hanging from his neck.

The whole world around them had disappeared and all thoughts had vanished. Lilitt nestled trembling against the hard armour and stroked the cold iron; Sieghardt, however, kissed the tears from her cheeks and eyes, and she held so still as if she didn't even . . . notice.

"Ho ho! That's a nice story . . . !" Like a booming thunderclap, Mugel's bass voice tore them out of their bliss! The giant was standing close to them . . . he had approached very quietly, and now their arms fell down the sides of their bodies and they couldn't find their way back into the world again. Sieghardt's limbs and thoughts were paralysed - he had never imagined the giant to be so inhumanly huge and terrible! But he quickly caught himself, pulled out the broad sword and with one leap he jumped between the maiden and the ogre.

But Mugel laughed so loudly that the trees rustled and would not calm down again. The echo threw back his laughter from all sides, as if ten giants were laughing so wildly at the same time, and he waved the tree trunk he had just chopped off and laughed and laughed: "Put that thing away . . . it's too much fun!" And he pretended to tease the prince with the big stick, and Sieghardt stood there at a loss for words. He had never seen anything like it before.

But the mischief jumped out of Mugel's eyes, he threw the cudgel away, bent down, stretched out his giant hand to the prince and said with a friendly, good-natured grin: "We're not going to fight . . . we two . . . we're actually good friends and are both pulling in the same direction: you want to get little Lilitt - and I've only kept her here for you so that she'll be sensible and go with you!" The two people were stunned and couldn't get a word out. And Mugel turned to the princess and said very gently and tenderly: "Now forget your grief, beautiful maiden;



you see, an unusual man like me doesn't really suit you! Give me your little hand and don't be angry with me, go in peace with your sweetheart and give my regards to your father! . . . Happy journey!"

Lilitt hesitantly held out her hand, and Sieghardt also placed his on Mugel's index finger, but neither of them could be quite enthusiastic. The prince was still thinking far too much about how he wanted to free the king's daughter from the cruel giant. He could not yet understand how things had suddenly turned out so differently, and he thought he was dreaming." The glory of having defeated the giant was now over. Lilitt, however, did not trust the good Mugel, she was in a hurry to get home and urged the prince to his horse.

He then quickly lifted her into the saddle, mounted behind her, took the reins in his hand and steered the steed towards the forest. Between the first trees, they turned round once more and waved goodbye, and Mugel looked after them, his face beaming with joy that he had done his job so well and that he was rid of the problem.

As the couple rode along under the old forest trees, they both saw and heard little of what was around them, and if the little horse had not been so clever, they might even have lost the right path. But even though they only looked into each other's eyes, the world seemed a thousand times more beautiful than ever before.

Mugel's yodelling and roaring accompanied them for a long time, and when they had left the forest behind them and reached the open countryside and saw the good fellow standing and waving in the distance, Lilitt let her veil blow in the wind as a sign that she was no longer angry with him. Then they rode through meadows of flowers and forests of beech and fir, over hill and dale, and laughed and joked, and were as merry and happy as real royal children, and always thought they were the happiest people in the world. The news of the king's daughter's liberation travelled before them, and the good citizens of the little town told each other marvellous things about Prince Sieghardt's bravery and his heroic deeds in the battle with the giant and with who knows what other terrible monsters.

But the old king walked around the castle and grinned, and when no one saw it, he slapped his thigh and rubbed his hands with pleasure, rejoicing that his ruse had succeeded so splendidly and thought: "This Mugel . . . he's a great fellow!"



Flags flew from all the castle towers, and when the bride and groom finally rode slowly through the streets and headed up to the castle hill, the whole town waved a thousand colourful flags of welcome without stopping, and cheers and the sound of bells and flowers showered down on the happy couple.

The prince made the most cheerful face, and the princess greeted and nodded and laughed to all sides and wore her little nose no higher than any other person.

Up at the castle drawbridge stood the king, waiting for his children. And when he saw his little daughter riding along so happily and cheerfully in the prince's arms, he had to smile again and rub his hands and wink his eyes. Lilitt, however, smiled at him mischievously and wagged her finger at him, saying, "Dear, dear!" and gave him a kiss.

The whole world now knew that she was Sieghardt's bride, and the whole castle was busy preparing for the wedding. There was more baking and roasting, and the servants again ran round each other with eagerness, and there was joy and merriment in the castle and in the whole country. When the wedding day dawned, Mugel also came, this time in broad daylight. The king and the bride and groom had invited him, and he had said that he would gladly accept the invitation. But he walked cautiously around the town so as not to cause any damage, and the people flocked round, marvelling at him and laughing when he nodded to them in a friendly manner. But when he lifted his hand and beckoned to them, there was running and pushing and shouting, because they were actually quite afraid of the huge fellow.

Of course, Mugel could not enter the wedding hall, it was too low and narrow for him. However when he stood in the castle courtyard, he could see straight into the hall from above through the chimney, and if he bent down a little, he could see the joy through one of the high windows and hear the cheering. Then he looked at the bridegroom and the bride and his face beamed, for he told himself that this wedding was actually his work. And when the king and Mugel looked at each other, they waved and winked and grinned.

There was a lot going on in the hall, and it was also ensured that Mugel suffered no shortage in the castle courtyard. He was given soup by the bucketful, he ate a whole roast calf on his own, as well as hay carts full of salad and fruit and a large barrel full of boiled fruit. Today he supped the very best, oldest wine from his drinking bucket, and no one could tell how often he drank it to the health of the bride and groom and the castle.



The people stood around Mugel and marvelled at him, but they had all lost their shyness, for they had realised that he was a harmless, kind-hearted fellow.

He became more and more cheerful and laughed so much that the roof tiles rattled and the horses in the stables became shy.

That evening, the king presented him with his gift. Mugel didn't want money, he couldn't use it in his wilderness, so his grateful friend gave him the best he could wish for: a whole herd of the most handsome cattle. The giant drove them home. At first the cattle did not seem at ease with this shepherd, and he sometimes had to show them the right way; but then the animals got used to him as they had to the people before, and with a blissful smile he went on his way.

The young couple spent their days in cheerful bliss.

The young Queen was the gentlest woman in all the land; and when she had a child, they sent the good news first to the Schachenwald. And they remained faithful friends with the Giant Mugel.



