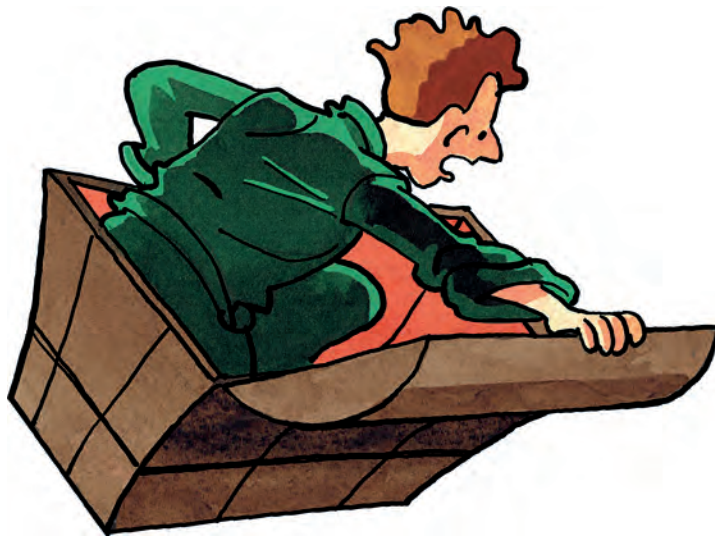


H.C. Andersens

# Den flyvende Skuffert

En billedbog illustreret af **Sussi Bech**



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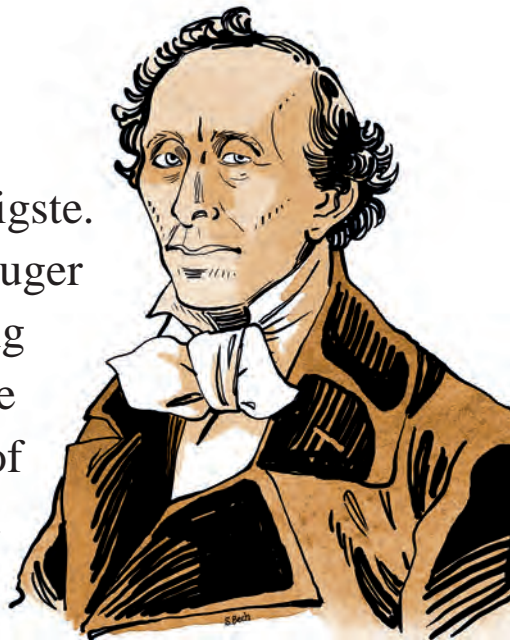


# Om H.C. Andersen

Hans Christian Andersen blev født i Odense i 1805. Hans forældre var fattige, og som fjortenårig stak han til København for at søge lykken. Hans drøm var at blive skuespiller på Det Kongelige Teater, men det blev litteraturen, der vandt.

I 1835 udsendte H.C. Andersen sit første hæfte med »*Eventyr, fortalte for Børn*«. Her fandt han sin stemme, og hans eventyr er siden trykt i over 150 lande.

Eventyret om »*Den flyvende kuffert*« er fra 1839 og et af hans tidligste. En fattig, ung mand bruger sin fantasi til at gøre sig interessant ved selveste den tyrkiske sultans hof – ikke meget ulig H.C. Andersen selv.





There was once a merchant who was so rich that he could have paved the whole street, and perhaps even a little side street besides, with silver. But he did not do that; for he knew other ways to spend his money. If he spent a shilling he got back a pound, such an excellent businessman was he until he died.

Now his son inherited all this money. He lived very

merrily. He went every night to the theatre, made paper kites out of five pound notes, and played ducks and drakes with sovereigns instead of stones. In this way the money was likely to come soon to an end - and so it did.

At last he had nothing left but four shillings, and he





had no clothes except a pair of slippers and an old dressing gown.

His friends did not trouble themselves anymore about him; they would not even walk down the street with him. But one of them who was rather good-natured sent him an old trunk with the message, “Pack up!” That was all very well, but he had nothing to pack up, so he got

into the trunk himself.

It was an enchanted trunk, for as soon as the lock was pressed it could fly. He pressed it, and away he flew in it up the chimney, high into the clouds, further and further away. Whenever the bottom gave a little creak he was in terror lest the trunk should go to pieces, for then he would have turned a dreadful somersault - just think of it!





In this way he arrived at the land of the Turks. He hid the trunk in a wood under some dry leaves, and then walked into the town. He could do that quite well, for all the Turks were dressed just as he was - in a dressing







gown and slippers.

He met a nurse with a little child.

“Halloa, you Turkish nurse,” said he. “What is that great castle there close to the town? The one with the windows so high up.”

“The sultan’s daughter lives there,” she replied. “It is prophesied that she will be very unlucky in her husband, and so no one is allowed to see her except when the sultan and sultana are by.”

“Thank you,” said the merchant’s son, and he went into the wood, sat himself in his trunk, flew on to the roof, and crept through the window into the princess’

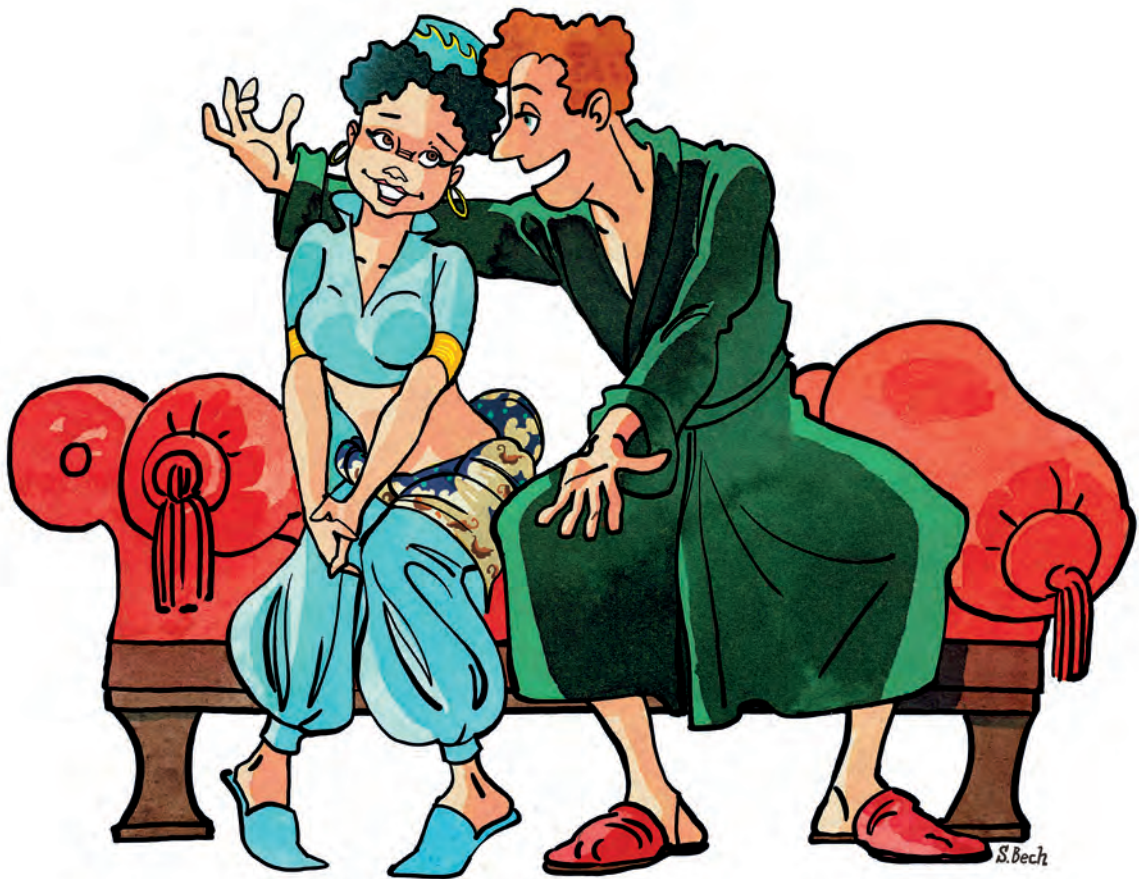


S. Bech

room.

She was lying on the sofa asleep, and was so beautiful that the young merchant had to kiss her. She woke up and was very much frightened, but he said he was a Turkish god who had come through the air to see her, and that pleased her very much.

They sat close to each other, and he told her a story about her eyes. They were beautiful dark lakes in which her thoughts swam about like mermaids. Her forehead was a snowy mountain, grand and shining. These were lovely stories.





Then he asked the princess to marry him, and she said yes at once.

“But you must come here on Saturday,” she said, “for then the sultan and the sultana are coming to tea with me. They will be indeed proud that I receive the god of the Turks. But mind you have a really good story ready, for my parents like them immensely. My mother likes something rather moral and high-flown, and my father likes something merry to make him laugh.”



“Yes, I shall only bring a fairy story for my dowry,” said he, and so they parted. The princess gave him a sabre set with gold pieces which he could use.

Then he flew away, bought himself a new dressing gown, and sat down in the wood and began to make up a story, for it had to be ready by Saturday, and that was no easy matter. When he had it ready it was Saturday.