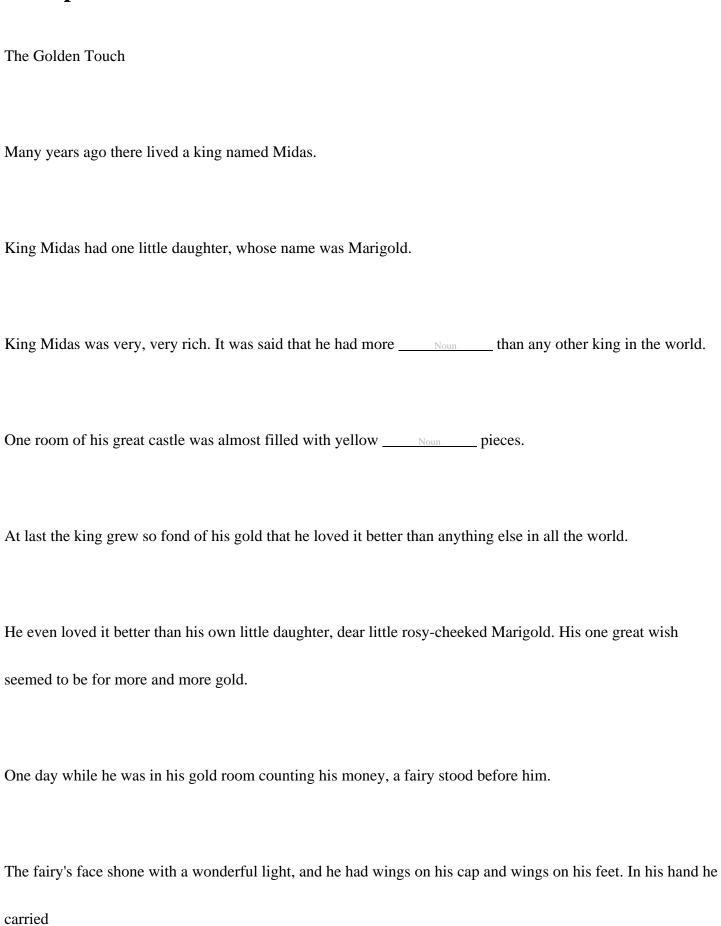
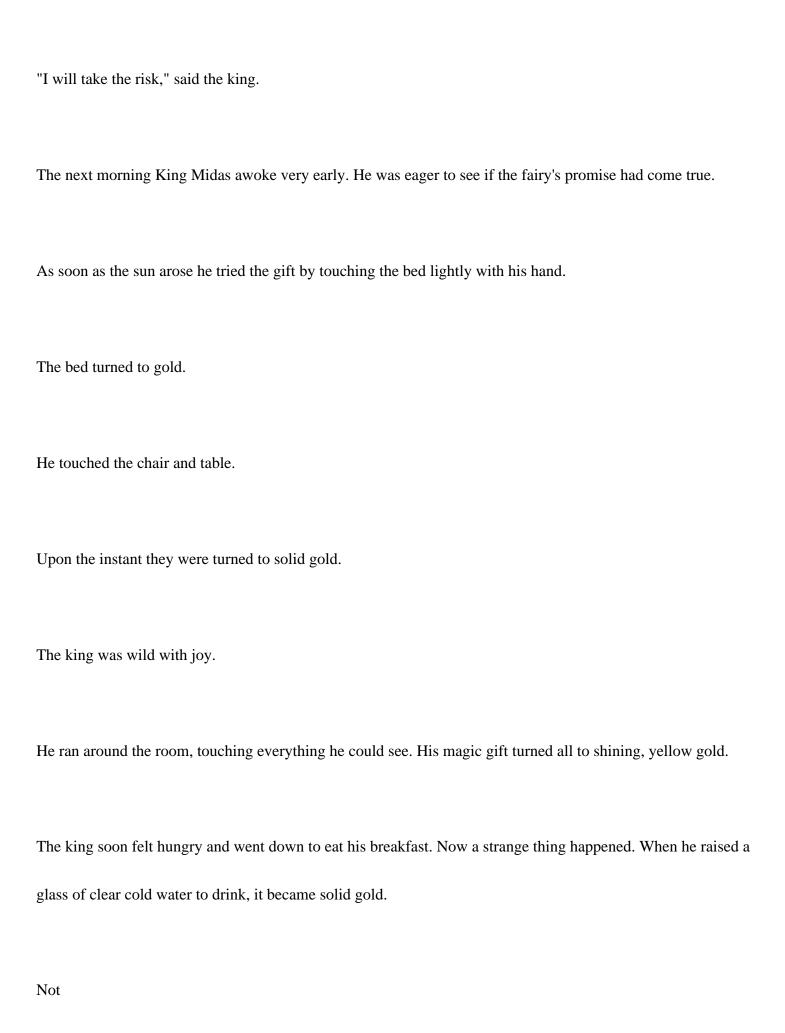
The Special Touch

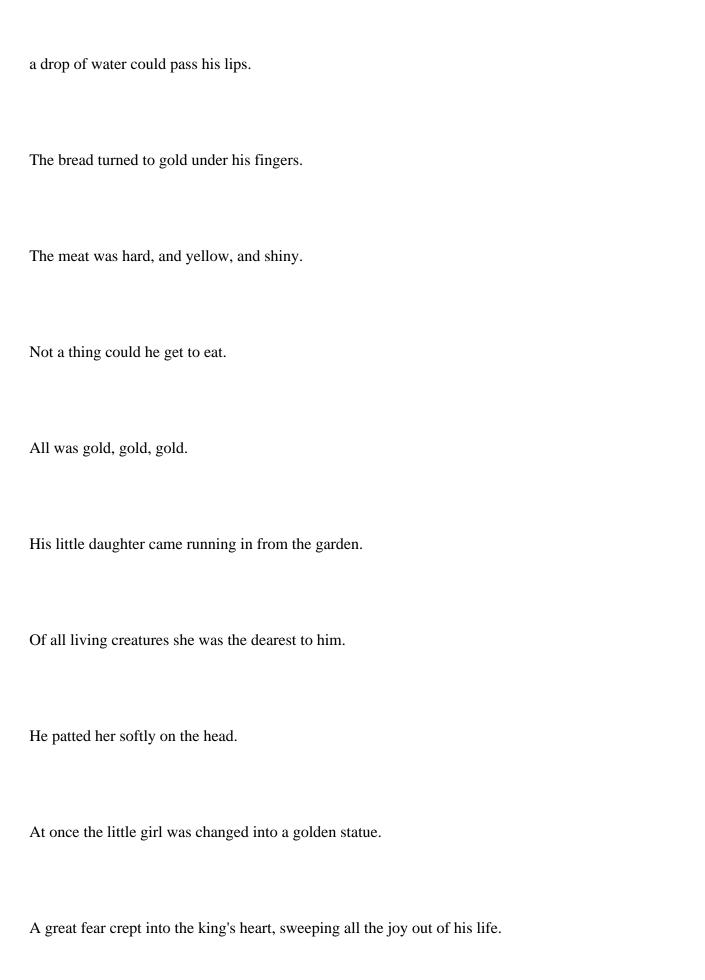
1.	Noun						
2	Noun						

The Special Touch









In his grief he called and called upon the fairy who had given him the gift of the golden touch.
"O fairy," he begged, "take away this horrible golden gift! Take all my lands. Take all my gold. Take everything,
only give me back my little daughter."
In a moment the beautiful fairy was standing before him.
"Do you still think that gold is the greatest thing in the world?" asked the fairy.
"No! no!" cried the king. "I dislike the very sight of the yellow metal."
"Are you sure that you no longer wish the golden touch?" asked the fairy.
"I have learned my lesson," said the king. "I no longer think gold the greatest thing in the world."
"Very well," said the fairy, "take this pitcher to the spring in the garden and fill it with water. Then sprinkle those
things which you have touched and turned to gold."
The king took the pitcher and rushed to the spring. Running back, he first sprinkled the head of his dear little girl .

Instantly she became his own darling Marigold again.
The king sprinkled the golden food, and to his great joy it turned back to real bread and real butter.
Then he and his little daughter sat down to breakfast. How good the cold water tasted. How eagerly the hungry king ate the bread and butter, the meat, and all the good food.
The king disliked his golden touch so much that he sprinkled even the chairs and the tables and everything else that the fairy's gift had turned to gold
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