The Elves and the Shoemaker
Once upon a time there was a poor shoemaker. He made beautiful shoes and worked very hard. But he still could not earn enough to support himself and his family. He became so poor that he couldn’t even afford to buy the leather he needed to make shoes! When he came down to his very last scraps of leather, he cut them out carefully and put the pieces on his workbench so that he could sew the shoes together the next morning. “Now I wonder,” he sighed, “will I ever make another pair of shoes?”
The next morning, the shoemaker awoke early and went down to his workshop. On his bench he found an exquisite pair of shoes! They had small and even stitches, formed more perfectly than he had ever seen. He saw that they were made from the very pieces of leather he had set out the night before.

“Who in the world could have done this great service for me?” He wondered. Even before he could think about it, a rich man strode into his shop and bought the shoes, and for a fancy price at that!
The shoemaker was ecstatic! He immediately went out to buy plenty of food for his family, and some more leather too. That afternoon, he cut out two pairs of shoes and laid them out on the bench so he could sew them the next day. Low and behold, the next morning he found two more pairs of beautifully finished shoes on his workbench.

“Who could make such fine shoes - and so quickly?” he thought.

For weeks, and then months, this continued. Whether the shoemaker cut leather for two pairs or four pairs, the finest new shoes were always ready in the morning. Soon his little shop was producing the most beautiful and expensive looking shoes in the land. The shoemaker and his family became very rich indeed.

The Elves and the Shoemaker
page 3
One evening the shoemaker and his wife were sitting by the fire, when suddenly he declared, “I must find out who has been helping us!”

That night, he and his wife hid in the cupboards of his workshop, waiting for the mysterious helpers to appear.

When the clock struck midnight, the shoemaker and his wife heard a noise. Two tiny men, each with a bag of tools, were squeezing in through a small crack under the door. They clambered onto the workbench and began to sew, humming as they worked.

“My, those elves are so small,” the wife whispered. “They have done so much good for us. Since it is nearly Christmas, we should make some gifts for them.”
On Christmas Eve, the shoemaker and his wife laid out presents for the elves: two tiny jackets, two pairs of mini trousers and two little woolen caps. They also left out a plate of good things to eat and drink. When the elves came in and saw the presents, they began to laugh and shout with joy. They tried on the clothes and helped themselves to the food and drink.

At the end of the night, they jumped down happily and disappeared under the door.
After Christmas, the shoemaker cut out his leather as he always had, and laid the pieces out on the table at night. But the two elves never returned. “I believe they heard us whispering,” said his wife. “Elves are so very shy when it comes to people, you know.”

“I know. I will miss their help,” the shoemaker said, “but we will manage. The shop is always so busy now. But my stitches will never be as tight and small as theirs!” The shoemaker did continue to prosper, but he and his family always remembered the good elves who had helped them during the hard times. And each and every Christmas Eve, they gathered around the fire to drink a toast to their tiny friends.