

The Snowflake Prince  
Erica Hughes  
Russian Fairy Tales, Russian 0090

In a certain kingdom there lived a merchant. The merchant had three daughters. The eldest and middle daughters fancied exotic and lavish gifts, while the youngest and most beautiful daughter was quite humble and never asked for much. One day the father was about to set out for town and asked his daughters what he could buy for them. The eldest and middle daughters said, "Bring us pearl necklaces and lace dresses." The merchant asked the youngest daughter what she wanted. "Oh father, bring me the most beautiful snowflake in all of Russia." The father said his goodbyes and left his daughters for town. He bought his two daughters the pearls and dresses, but could not find the most beautiful snowflake in all of Russia. The father returned home heartbroken and the eldest and middle daughters put on their new dresses, mocking their youngest sister.

The next day the merchant was heading to town and asked his daughters what he could buy them. This time the elder daughters requested fur coats. The merchant asked what he could buy his youngest daughter. The youngest daughter humbly asked, "Father, bring me the most beautiful snowflake in all of Russia." Returning to town the father purchased the fur coats, but could not find the most beautiful snowflake in all of Russia. The father returned home and the elder daughters wore their coats and made fun of their little sister sitting by the stove.

The following day the merchant was to go to town, and he asked his daughters what he could buy them. The eldest and middle daughters said, "Father, bring us ruby lockets." The youngest sister asked again for the most beautiful snowflake in all of Russia. The father departed for town, and purchased the lockets. Becoming quite miserable because he could not find the most beautiful snowflake in all of Russia, the merchant ran into an old man. The merchant said: "Old man, have you seen the most

beautiful snowflake in all of Russia?” The old man, who was carrying a glass vile, said that he had the most beautiful snowflake and would sell it for 3000 kopeks. The merchant agreed and headed home.

The merchant gave the elder daughters their lockets. He then pulled from his sack a small glass vile. “Youngest daughter, here is the most beautiful snowflake in all of Russia.” The daughter gleefully thanked her father and placed the vile in her hand, admiring the beautiful snowflake. It was soon time for dinner and bed, so the daughters went to their rooms to sleep. After closing the door, the youngest daughter pulled the vile cap off and out came the most beautiful snowflake in all of Russia. The snowflake quickly turned into a handsome prince. “Lovely maiden, wont you speak sweet words to me and accompany me by the fire?” The youngest daughter and handsome prince talked for hours until her sisters heard the chatter, and busted into the room causing the window to fly open. As the window flung open, the prince quickly took his form as a snowflake and was whisked out of the window without the sisters’ knowledge.

After lamenting for three days because her beloved prince had vanished, a golden falcon came to the youngest daughter’s window. “You will find your beloved prince in the thrice tenth kingdom beyond the mountains and the valleys. But first you must visit Baba Yaga, and she will tell you how to get there.” The next day the youngest daughter departed from her home heading toward the dark forest.

After a long time or short time, the youngest daughter came upon a house on chicken legs. “Turn around house.” The house on chicken legs turned around and Baba Yaga was standing in the threshold. “I smell a Russian,” said Baba Yaga. The young girl said that the golden falcon had told her to come there in search of her beloved prince. “I

will help you but you must complete a task first, or I will eat you.” Baba Yaga gave her the tasks of separating the grains of wheat from her barrel. The youngest daughter began the task of separating the wheat. She finished quickly and retrieved Baba Yaga. “Young one, you are smart so I will help you. The golden falcon will take you to my sister, Baba Yaga, who will help you in your journey.”

For a long time or short time, the youngest daughter flew on the falcon’s back until they came across another house on chicken legs in the dark forest. They came upon the house on chicken legs, and the youngest daughter said: “Turn around house.” The house turned around and Baba Yaga was standing in the threshold. “Fie, I smell a Russian.” The youngest daughter replied, “Baba Yaga, please do not eat me, your sister has sent me here.” “Very well, come inside.” Baba Yaga gave the youngest daughter a task to complete before she was going to help her find her beloved prince. “Youngest daughter, you must separate all the cinders in my stove. If not, I will eat you.” The youngest daughter began her task of separating the cinders from the stove. When she finished Baba Yaga gave her permission to continue her journey. “The golden falcon will take you to see my sister. She knows where your beloved prince is.” The youngest daughter hopped onto the golden falcon’s back and headed toward Baba Yaga’s sister’s house.

After a long time or short time, the youngest daughter and the golden falcon came upon a house on chicken legs in the dark forest. “Turn around house,” said the youngest daughter. The house turned around and Baba Yaga was standing in the threshold. “I smell young Russian blood!” The youngest daughter replied: “Spare me Baba Yaga, for your sister has sent me here.” Baba Yaga gave the youngest daughter a task to complete

in exchange for the whereabouts of her beloved prince. “Young one, you must gather every speck of dust from my house.” The youngest daughter gathered all the dust throughout the house and requested the information that she came for. “Baba Yaga, now that I have completed my task you must tell me where I can find my beloved prince.” “Young one, I am sorry but your prince has married another, but you can find them in the thrice tenth kingdom past the valleys and the mountains,” said Baba Yaga. “The golden falcon must stay here, but follow this silver bee wherever it goes. It will lead you to your prince.”

After a long time or short time of following the silver bee through the dark forest, the youngest daughter became quite fatigued and came upon a small hut to ask for food. An old woman was standing outside of the hut. “Grandmother, I have been walking for very long. Would you please give me something to eat?” “Of course my child, come in,” said the old woman. The youngest daughter ate her fill, and rose to continue her journey. “Grandmother, do you know where I can find the Snowflake Prince?” “I’m sorry young one, all I can offer you is this beautiful mug,” said the old woman. The youngest daughter gratefully accepted the mug and continued following the bee.

For a long time or short time of following the bee, the youngest daughter became quite tired and came upon a hut. “Grandmother, I am so tired, may I lay by your stove and sleep?” “Of course child, come in,” said the old woman. After her nap, the youngest daughter rose to continue her journey. “Grandmother, do you know where I can find the Snowflake Prince?” “I’m sorry child; all I can offer you is this elegant cloth.” The youngest daughter continued her journey, and followed the silver bee.

For a long time, or a short time the youngest daughter followed the bee until she became quite thirsty. She came upon a hut, and asked the old woman for a drink. “Grandmother, I am so thirsty. May I have a drink?” The grandmother gave the youngest daughter a drink to quench her thirst. “Before I leave grandmother, can you tell where I can find the snowflake prince? He is so hard to find!” “Young one, you will find him across the river and beyond the wheat field,” said the old woman. “Take this spindle and your other gifts and trade them with the cook for three nights lodging.”

The youngest daughter came upon the house where the prince was staying. She traded the cook her mug, cloth, and spindle for three nights lodging. “You will sleep in the attic above the prince’s room,” said the cook. Throughout the day the youngest daughter helped the cook in the kitchen, and the baker bake his treats. When it was time for bed the youngest daughter retreated to the attic above the room where her beloved was sleeping.

She peered through a crack in the floor, gazing at her love. She called and called for him but he would not wake from his slumber. In the morning the youngest daughter helped the cook and the baker in the kitchen all day. When it was time for bed, she retreated to her room. That night she peered through a crack on the floor, and called for her beloved again, but he would wake from his slumber. The next day she helped the cook and baker in the kitchen until it was time for bed. She retreated to her room and peered through the crack in the floor. She called and called for her beloved again, and a few of her tears slipped through the crack and landed on the prince’s cheek. He woke from his slumber and found his beloved princess in the attic. “Oh my beloved prince, I

have been looking for you for so long!” They were very happy and fled the homestead leaving the old wife behind.

The happy couple returned to the prince’s kingdom and there was a magnificent wedding. They lived happily, prospered, and drank wine.