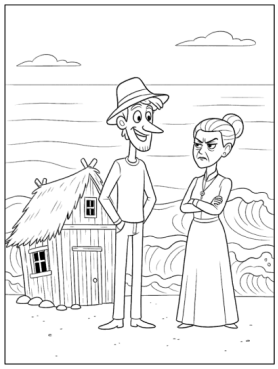
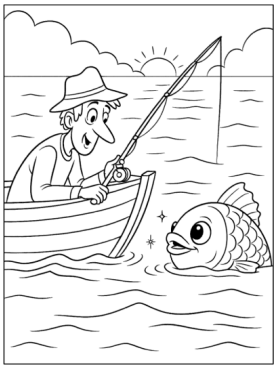
# The Fisherman and his Wife

A retelling of the Grimm Brothers fairy tale



Near the edge of the wide, whispering sea, there stood a tiny, wiggly wooden hut. Inside lived a fisherman named Silas and his wife, Elara. Silas was cheerful and content. Elara... well... she wished life were a little fancier.



One bright morning, Silas cast his line—and up came a shimmering fish with rainbow scales! "Please let me go," the fish said kindly. "I'm a magic fish named Glister." Silas blinked in surprise... then gently set the fish free.

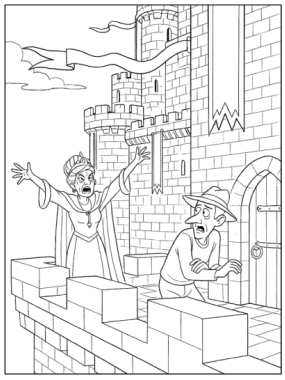
When he told Elara, she gasped. "A magic fish? And you didn't ask for anything?" She pointed toward the sea. "Go back! Ask for a nicer home!" So Silas trudged to the shore and called, "Magic fish, magic fish, come to me..."

With a splash and a swirl—POOF! Their tiny hut became a sunny cottage with flower boxes and bright windows. Silas smiled. Elara smiled too... but only for a little while.

The next morning, Elara tapped her foot. “This cottage is nice,” she said, “but I want a big house!” Silas sighed a long, sea-breezy sigh. Still, he walked back to the shore and called the magic fish again.

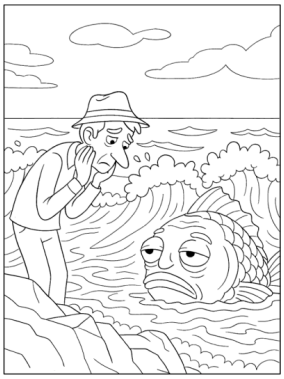
POOF! A tall, shiny house appeared—with long staircases, sparkling floors, and a kitchen big enough for a parade. Silas felt grateful. But Elara… she was already dreaming of something even bigger.

Soon she wanted a castle. Then she wanted to be a queen! Each time Silas called, Glister granted the wish. Elara sat on a golden throne in a giant castle, wearing a heavy crown, while Silas looked on with a worried face.



At last, Elara looked out at the sky. “I want to rule… the whole… WORLD!” she cried. Silas’s heart fluttered like a frightened bird. But he walked to the sea anyway, whispering the magic words to the darkening waves.

The waves crashed. The sky turned grey. Glister the magic fish rose from the deep, looking very tired and old. “Go home, Silas,” the fish said gently. “Your wife already has everything she truly needs.”



Silas hurried home—and found the castle gone. No big house. Not even the cottage. Only their tiny, wiggly hut stood by the sea. Elara looked around, then hugged him tight. “I think... this is enough,” she whispered. And they lived happily ever after.

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