

The star child grew up with the woodcutter's children. I was sorry for you when I found you the old man he brought to the door to the door. In summer, he sat by the water and smiled down at his beautiful. The woodcutter and his wife often spoke to him angrily: 'We looked after you when you needed our help. That is true,' said the woodcutter, 'but I helped you.' He sat at the table for meals with them and played with them. He was proud and unkind. They are my servants. 'Why are you so unkind to people who need your help?' She looked like a beggar. The star child saw her and said, 'Look at that ugly old beggar woman.' The woodcutter saw what the star child was doing. Then she fell to the ground. The woodcutter carried her into the house to his wife. 'Yes,' said the woodcutter. 'Yes,' said the woodcutter. 'I have travelled the world, trying to find him.' The woodcutter went out and called to the star child: 'Come into the house. Every year he became more and more beautiful. But the star child was only beautiful on the outside. He thought that he was better than the village children. 'They are ordinary people,' he thought, 'but I am the child of a star. He threw stones at the poor and at people who asked for help: 'Go to another place and ask for bread! We have none to give you!' He laughed at people who were weak and ugly. He loved himself. The star child did not listen to them. He went back to the other children. He could run fast, and dance, and make music. The other children followed the star child. Their hearts became as hard as his.