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One day the king was going to give a ball, and it was to last for three days. We are going to the ball, said the cross sisters, and we shall, perhaps, dance with the young prince, the king's only son. Do not you wish you were going, Cinderella? Cinderella cried, but that was of no use, and she begged her step-mother to let her go too, but her step-mother said no, you must stop at home and sweep the house, that we may find it all in order when we come back. So they all dressed themselves out in their best clothes, and away they went to the ball. Poor Cinderella sat down and cried for a little while; but at last, as she was a good girl, she said to herself, I will not cry, I will sweep the house as I was told, then perhaps they will be kind to me when they come home. So she took the broom and began to sweep; when all at once a very beautiful lady stood before her and said, Cinderella, listen to me, I am your god-mother, and I am a fairy. I love you because you are good, and I do not like to see you so sad. Tell me what you were crying for just now. Because I want to go to the ball, said Cinderella. You shall go to the ball, said the fairy.