



## **THE COBBLER AND THE ELVES**

Adapted and retold by Dianne de Las Casas

There was once an old cobbler who lived with his wife in a small village in Germany. The shoemaker had a small workshop and loved his job but there were times when his craft did not bring enough money for food.

It was just days before Christmas. The cobbler and his wife had very little money. The cobbler said to his wife, "Dear, I am sorry but it's been a slow season. I have not sold many shoes. I won't have a gift to give you." He hung his head in shame.

The cobbler's wife pinched his cheek, smiled, and said, "Honey, don't you know by now that I don't need fancy gifts? Your presence is my present."

The cobbler grinned. "Well, it's getting late. Perhaps we should head to bed. I will work on these shoes tomorrow."

The cobbler set the leather for a pair of man's shoes on his work bench. Then he and his wife went to bed.

While they were sleeping, two tiny men tiptoed in. Dressed in raggedy, taggedy clothing, they danced around the cobbler's shoe leather.

"We are elves. We are elves.  
We will make a brand new pair of shoes  
This is how we help. How we help...  
A little gift from us to you."

Then the elves began working.

They cut. Snip, snippity, snip. Snip, snippity, snip.  
They sewed. In and out. In and out. In and out. In and out.  
They nailed. Tap, tappity, tap. Tap, tappity, tap.

When they were finished, they had a new pair of leather shoes. Just before dawn, the two tiny men tiptoed their way out of the window.

In the morning, when the cobbler went to his workshop, was he surprised! There on the workbench was a brand new pair of leather shoes. He called his wife and they marveled at their good fortune. “Who could have done such a thing?” asked the cobbler.

The cobbler’s wife pinched his cheek and said, “It is our good fortune.”

So the cobbler placed the shoes in the window and that very day, they sold right away. With the money he made from the shoes, the cobbler bought enough leather to create two pairs of shoes. But that night, the cobbler didn’t have enough energy to make the shoes. He set the leather on the workbench and went to bed.

While they were sleeping, two tiny men tiptoed in. Dressed in raggedy, taggedy clothing, they danced around the cobbler’s shoe leather.

“We are elves. We are elves.  
We will make a brand new pair of shoes  
This is how we help. How we help...  
A little gift from us to you.”

Then the elves began working.

They cut. Snip, snippity, snip. Snip, snippity, snip.  
They sewed. In and out. In and out. In and out. In and out.  
They nailed. Tap, tappity, tap. Tap, tappity, tap.

When they were finished, they had a new pair of leather shoes. Just before dawn, the two tiny men tiptoed their way out of the window.

In the morning, when the cobbler went to his workshop, was he surprised again! There on the workbench were two brand new pair of leather shoes! He called his wife and they marveled at their good fortune. “Who could have done such a thing?” asked the cobbler once more. “Tonight, we will find out!”

So the cobbler placed the shoes in the window and that very day, they sold right away. With the money he made from the shoes, the cobbler bought enough leather to create four pairs of shoes. He set the leather on the workbench and he and his wife hid.

While they were hiding, two tiny men tiptoed in. Dressed in raggedy, taggedy clothing, they danced around the cobbler’s shoe leather.

“We are elves. We are elves.  
We will make a brand new pair of shoes  
This is how we help. How we help...  
A little gift from us to you.”

A little gift from us to you.”

Then the elves began working.

They cut. Snip, snippity, snip. Snip, snippity, snip.  
They sewed. In and out. In and out. In and out. In and out.  
They nailed. Tap, tappity, tap. Tap, tappity, tap.

When they were finished, they had four new pairs of leather shoes. Just before dawn, the two tiny men tiptoed their way out of the window.

The cobbler said, “Wonder of wonders! Our good fortune is by the magic of elves!”

The cobbler’s wife said, “We should leave them gifts, just as they have left us gifts. I will sew them new clothing!”

The cobbler added, “And I will make them new pairs of shoes!”

So the cobbler and his wife began working.

They cut. Snip, snippity, snip. Snip, snippity, snip.  
They sewed. In and out. In and out. In and out. In and out.  
They nailed. Tap, tappity, tap. Tap, tappity, tap.

When they were finished, they had two new outfits and two new pairs of shoes. They set the tiny tailored attire on the workbench, and the cobbler and his wife hid.

While they were hiding, two tiny men tiptoed in. Dressed in raggedy, taggedy clothing, they danced around the new outfits and shoes. They were so happy they began singing.

“We are elves. We are elves.  
We will wear brand new clothes and shoes  
This is what we get. What we get  
From giving a little gift to you.”

The elves snap-snappity-snapped their fingers and just like magic, they were dressed in the new duds. Then the two tiny men tapdanced their way out of the window. The cobbler and his wife rejoiced at seeing the elves so happy. It was a very merry Christmas. For the rest of their lives, the cobbler and his wife were blessed with good fortune. The End.