

Classics for Young Readers

HEIDI



JOHANNA SPYRI

EDITED BY

Ranelda Hunsicker

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE VAN PATTER

Heidi

Classics for Young Readers

Sir Gibbie by George Macdonald

Sir Gibbie: A Guide for Teachers and Students

Hans Brinker by Mary Mapes Dodge

Hans Brinker: A Guide for Teachers and Students

A Little Princess by Frances Hodgson Burnett

A Little Princess: A Guide for Teachers and Students

Black Beauty by Anna Sewell

Black Beauty: A Guide for Teachers and Students

Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe

Robinson Crusoe: A Guide for Teachers and Students

Little Women by Louisa May Alcott

Little Women: A Guide for Teachers and Students

Faerie Gold: Treasures from the Lands of Enchantment

Faerie Gold: A Guide for Teachers and Students

Heidi by Johanna Spyri

Heidi: A Guide for Teachers and Students

Heidi

by
Johanna Spyri

Edited by
Ranelda Mack Hunsicker

Illustrated by
Bruce Van Patter



P U B L I S H I N G

P.O. BOX 817 • PHILLIPSBURG • NEW JERSEY 08865-0817

©2006 Ranelda Mack Hunsicker (text) and Bruce Van Patter (illustrations)

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—except for brief quotations for the purpose of review or comment, without the prior permission of the publisher, P&R Publishing, P.O. Box 817, Phillipsburg, New Jersey 08865-0817.

Printed in the United States of America

A study guide to this edition
of *Heidi* is available
from P&R Publishing
(1 800-631-0094)

Page design by Tobias Design

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Spyri, Johanna, 1827–1901.

Heidi / Johanna Spyri ; edited by Ranelda Mack Hunsicker ; illustrated by Bruce Van Patter.

p. cm.—(Classics for Young Readers)

ISBN-13: 978-0-87552-739-0 (pbk.)

ISBN-10: 0-87552-739-6 (pbk.)

1. Orphans—Fiction. 2. Grandfathers—Fiction. 3. Mountain life—Switzerland—Fiction. 4. Switzerland—Fiction. I. Hunsicker, Ranelda Mack, 1953– II. Title III. Series.

PZ7.S772Ham 2006

2006041659

Contents

Part One: Heidi's Years of Learning and Travel

1. Up the Mountain to Alm-Uncle 9
2. At Home with Grandfather 23
3. Out with the Goats 32
4. The Visit to Grandmother 46
5. Two Visits and What Came of Them 60
6. A New Chapter about New Things 71
7. Fraulein Rottenmeier Spends an Uncomfortable Day 80
8. There is Great Commotion in the Large House 95
9. Herr Sesemann Hears of Things That Are New to Him 107
10. Another Grandmother 114
11. Heidi Gains in One Way and Loses in Another 125
12. A Ghost in the House 130
13. A Summer Evening on the Mountain 142
14. Sunday Bells 159

Part Two: Heidi Makes Use of What She Has Learned

15. Preparations for a Journey 177
16. A Visitor 183
17. A Compensation 192
18. Winter in Dorfli 201
19. The Winter Continues 213
20. News from Distant Friends 222
21. How Life Went on at Grandfather's 238
22. Something Unexpected Happens 246
23. "Goodbye Till We Meet Again" 261



PART ONE

HEIDI'S YEARS
OF LEARNING
AND TRAVEL



ONE

Up the Mountain to Alm-Uncle

From the old village of Mayenfeld, a footpath winds through green and shady meadows to the foot of the mountains. The way is steep and leads directly up to the summits above. On a clear sunny morning in June two figures climbed the narrow mountain path: one, a tall strong-looking girl, the other a child whose little cheeks were so aglow with heat that the crimson color could be seen even through her dark, sunburned skin. The child did not look more than five years old, if as much, but what her natural figure was like it would have been hard to say. She apparently had two or three dresses, one above the other, and over these a thick red woolen shawl wound round about her. Her small feet were shod in thick, nailed mountain-shoes.

After a good hour's walk, the two came to the hamlet known as Dorfli, halfway up the mountain. They met with greetings

from all sides—some calling to them from windows, some from open doors, others from outside—for the elder girl was now in her old home. She did not, however, pause to respond to her friends. Instead, she passed on without stopping until she reached the last of the scattered houses of the hamlet. Here a voice called to her from the door, “Wait a moment, Dete. If you are going up higher, I will come with you.”

Dete stood still, and the child immediately let go her hand and sat on the ground.

“Are you tired, Heidi?” asked her companion.

“No, I am hot,” answered the child.

“We shall soon get to the top now. You must walk bravely on a little longer. Take good long steps, and in another hour we shall be there,” said Dete.

A stout, good-natured-looking woman joined them. She and Dete broke at once into lively conversation about everybody and everything in Dorfli and its surroundings. The child wandered behind them.

“And where are you off to with the child?” asked the one who had just joined the party. “I suppose it is the child your sister left?”

“Yes,” answered Dete. “I am taking her up to Uncle, where she must stay.”

“The child stay up there with Alm*-Uncle! You must be out of your senses, Dete! How can you think of such a thing! The old man will soon send you packing off home again!”

“He cannot very well do that, seeing that he is her grandfather. He must do something for her. I have had the charge of the child till now, and I can tell you, Barbel, I am not going to

* Alm is another word for Alps, the mountains of Switzerland.

give up my chance of getting a good place for her sake. It is for the grandfather now to do his duty by her.”

“That would be all very well if he were like other people,” said Barbel. “But what can he do with a child, especially with one so young! The child cannot possibly live with him. But where are you thinking of going yourself?”

“To Frankfurt, where an extra good place awaits me,” answered Dete.

“I am glad I am not the child!” exclaimed Barbel. “The old man will have nothing to do with anybody, and never sets his foot inside a church from one year’s end to another. When he does come down once in a while, everybody clears out of the way of him and his big stick. The mere sight of him, with his bushy gray eyebrows and his immense beard, is alarming enough. Few would care to meet him alone.”

“Well, and what of that?” said Dete, in a defiant voice. “He is the grandfather all the same, and must look after the child. He is not likely to do her any harm, and if he does, he will be answerable for it, not I.”

“I should very much like to know,” continued Barbel, “what makes the old man live up there on the mountain like a hermit, hardly ever allowing himself to be seen. All kinds of things are said about him. Dete, you must have learned a good deal about him from your sister—am I not right?”

“You are right, I did, but I am not going to repeat what I heard. If it should come to his ears I should get into trouble about it.”

Now Barbel had for a long time been most anxious to learn about Alm-Uncle. She could not understand why he seemed to

feel such hatred toward his fellow creatures, or why people spoke about him half in whispers, as if afraid to say anything against him. Also, she wondered why all the people in Dorfli called him Alm-Uncle, for he could not possibly be uncle to everybody living there. Barbel had only lived in Dorfli since her marriage, which had taken place not long before. But Dete had been born in Dorfli and had lived there with her mother until the death of the latter the year before.

Barbel put her arm through Dete's in a confidential sort of way and said, "I know I can find out the real truth from you, and the meaning of all these tales that are afloat about him. I believe you know the whole story. Now do just tell me what is wrong with the old man, and if he was always shunned as he is now, and was always such a misanthrope."

"How can I possibly tell you whether he was always the same, seeing I am only twenty-six and he at least seventy years of age? You can hardly expect me to know much about his youth. If I was sure, however, that what I tell you would not go the whole round of Prattigau, I could relate all kinds of things about him; my mother came from Domleschg, and so did he."

"Nonsense, Dete," replied Barbel. "I am quite capable of holding my tongue when it is necessary."

"Very well then, I will tell you—but just wait a moment," said Dete in a warning voice. She looked back to make sure that the child was not near enough to hear all. The child was nowhere to be seen. Dete stood still and looked around her in all directions.

"I see where she is," exclaimed Barbel, "look over there!" She pointed to a spot far away from the footpath. "She is climb-

ing up the slope yonder with the goatherd and his goats. I wonder why he is so late today bringing them up. It happens well, however, for us, for he can now see after the child, and you can tell me your tale.”

“Oh, as to the looking after,” remarked Dete, “the boy need not put himself out about that. She is not by any means stupid for her five years, and knows how to use her eyes. She notices all that is going on, and this will stand her in good stead some day, for the old man has nothing beyond his two goats and his hut.”

“Did he ever have more?” asked Barbel.

“Indeed,” replied Dete. “He was owner once of one of the largest farms in Domleschg. He was the older of two brothers. The younger was a quiet, orderly man, but nothing would please the older brother but to go driving about the country and mixing with bad company, strangers that nobody knew. He drank and gambled away his property. When this became known to his mother and father they died, one shortly after the other, of sorrow. The younger brother went off in anger, no one knew where. Uncle, having nothing left but his bad name, also disappeared. Eventually someone found out that he had gone to Naples as a soldier. After that nothing more was heard of him for twelve or fifteen years. Then he reappeared in Domleschg, bringing with him a young child, whom he tried to place with some of his relatives. Every door was shut in his face, for no one wished to have any more to do with him. Embittered by this treatment, he vowed never to set foot in Domleschg again. He then came to Dorfli, where he continued to live with his little boy. He apprenticed his son, Tobias, to a carpenter. Tobias was

a steady lad, and kindly received by everyone in Dorfli. But the old man was still looked upon with suspicion. It was rumored that he had been forced to escape from Naples because he had killed a man in some brawl. But we did not refuse to acknowledge our relationship with him, my great-grandmother on my mother's side having been sister to his grandmother. So we called him Uncle and, as through my father we are also related to nearly every family in Dorfli, he became known all over the place as Uncle. And since he went to live on the mountainside he has gone everywhere by the name of Alm-Uncle."

"And what happened to Tobias?" asked Barbel with deep interest.

"I am coming to that, but I cannot tell you everything at once," replied Dete. "Tobias was taught his trade in Mels, and when he had served his apprenticeship he came back to Dorfli and married my sister Adelaide. They had always been fond of one another, and they got on very well together after they were married. But Tobias died only two years after their marriage, a beam falling upon him as he was working, and killing him on the spot. Adelaide was so overcome with grief that she fell into a fever from which she never recovered. Two months after Tobias had been carried to the grave, his wife followed him. Their sad fate was the talk of everybody far and near, and most people believed that it was a punishment for the godless life Uncle had led. Some went so far even as to tell him so to his face. Our minister tried to get him to repent, but the old man grew only more angry and stubborn and would not speak to a soul. Then we heard that he had gone to live up the Alm and did not intend ever to come down again. Since then he has led his soli-

tary life on the mountainside at enmity with God and man. Mother and I took Adelaide's little one, then only a year old, into our care. When mother died last year, and I went down to the Baths to earn some money, I paid old Ursel, who lives in the village just above, to keep the child. I stayed on at the Baths through the winter. Since I could sew and knit I had no difficulty in finding plenty of work. Early in the spring the same family I had served before returned from Frankfurt. They asked me to go back with them, and we leave the day after tomorrow. It is an excellent place for me."

"And you are going to give the child to the old man up there? It surprises me beyond words that you can think of doing such a thing, Dete," said Barbel.

"What do you mean?" retorted Dete. "I have done my duty by the child, and what would you have me do with it now? I cannot take a child of five years old with me to Frankfurt. But where are you going to yourself, Barbel, as we are now half way up the Alm?"

"We have just reached the place I wanted," answered Barbel. "I had something to say to the goatherd's wife, who does some spinning for me in the winter. So goodbye, Dete, and good luck to you!"

Dete shook hands with her friend and remained standing while Barbel went toward a small, broken-down hut. It stood a few steps away from the path in a hollow that gave it some protection from the mountain wind. When the stormy south wind came sweeping over the mountain, everything inside it, doors and windows, shook and rattled, and all the rotten old beams creaked and trembled. If the goatherd's dwelling had been stand-

ing on the exposed mountainside, it could not have escaped being blown straight down into the valley.

Here lived eleven-year-old Peter. Every morning he went down to Dorfli to fetch the village goats and drive them up on to the mountain. There they were free to browse until evening on the delicious mountain plants.

Then Peter, with his light-footed animals ran and leaped down the mountain again until he reached Dorfli. There he would give a shrill whistle, and all the owners of the goats would come out to fetch home their animals. Generally the small boys and girls ran in answer to Peter's whistle. None of them were afraid of the goats, and this was the only hour of the day during the summer months that Peter had any opportunity to see his young friends. The rest of his time was spent alone with the goats. He had a mother and a blind grandmother at home, it is true, but he had to start off very early in the morning, and only got home late in the evening from Dorfli, for he always stayed as long as he could talking and playing with the other children. So he had just time enough at home to swallow down his bread and milk in the morning, and again in the evening to get through a similar meal, lie down in bed, and go to sleep. His father, who had been known also as the goatherd, had been accidentally killed while cutting wood some years before. His mother, whose real name was Brigitta, was always called the goatherd's wife, while the blind grandmother was just "Grandmother" to all the old and young in the neighborhood.

Dete had been standing for a good ten minutes looking about her in every direction for the children and the goats. Not a glimpse of them, however, was to be seen, so she climbed to a

higher spot, where she could get a fuller view of the mountain as it sloped beneath her to the valley. With increasing anxiety, she continued to scan the surrounding slopes.

Meanwhile the children were climbing up by a roundabout way. Peter knew many spots where all kinds of good food, in the shape of shrubs and plants, grew for his goats, and he was in the habit of leading his flock aside from the beaten track. Heidi, exhausted with the heat and weight of her thick clothes, panted and struggled after him. She said nothing, but her little eyes kept watching Peter, as he sprang nimbly about on his bare feet, clad only in his short light breeches. Then she watched the slim-legged goats leap over rocks and shrubs and up the steep ascents with even greater ease. All at once she sat down on the ground. As fast as her little fingers could move, she pulled off her shoes and stockings. Next she stood, unwound the hot red shawl and threw it away. Then she undid her frock. It was off in a second, but there was still another to unfasten. Dete had put the Sunday frock on over the everyday one, to save the trouble of carrying it. Quick as lightning the everyday frock followed the other, and now the child stood up, clad only in her light short-sleeved undergarment. She stretched out her little bare arms with glee. Then she put all her clothes together in a tidy heap and went jumping and climbing up after Peter and the goats.

Peter had taken no notice of what the child was doing, but when she ran up to him in her new attire, his face broke into a grin. It grew broader as he looked back and saw the small heap of clothes lying on the ground. His mouth stretched almost from ear to ear, but he said nothing. The child, able now to move at

her ease, began to talk with Peter. She wanted to know how many goats he had, where he was going to with them, and what he had to do when he arrived there.

After some time, they and the goats came within view of Cousin Dete. She shrieked out, "Heidi, what have you been doing? What a sight you have made of yourself! And where are your two frocks and the red wrapper? And the new shoes I bought, and the new stockings I knitted for you—everything gone! Not a thing left! What can you have been thinking of, Heidi? Where are all your clothes?"

The child quietly pointed to a spot below on the mountainside and answered, "Down there." Dete followed the direction of her finger. She could see something lying on the ground, with a spot of red on the top of it.

"You good-for-nothing little thing!" exclaimed Dete. "What could have put it into your head to do like that? What made you undress yourself?"

"I don't want any clothes," said the child, not showing any sign of repentance.

"You wretched, thoughtless child! Have you no sense in you at all?" continued Dete. "Who is going all that way down to fetch them? It's a good half-hour's walk! Peter, you go off and fetch them for me as quickly as you can. Don't stand there gaping at me, as if you were rooted to the ground!"

"I am already past my time," answered Peter slowly, without moving from the spot where he had been standing with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, you won't get far if you keep on standing there with your eyes staring out of your head," Dete replied. "But see, you

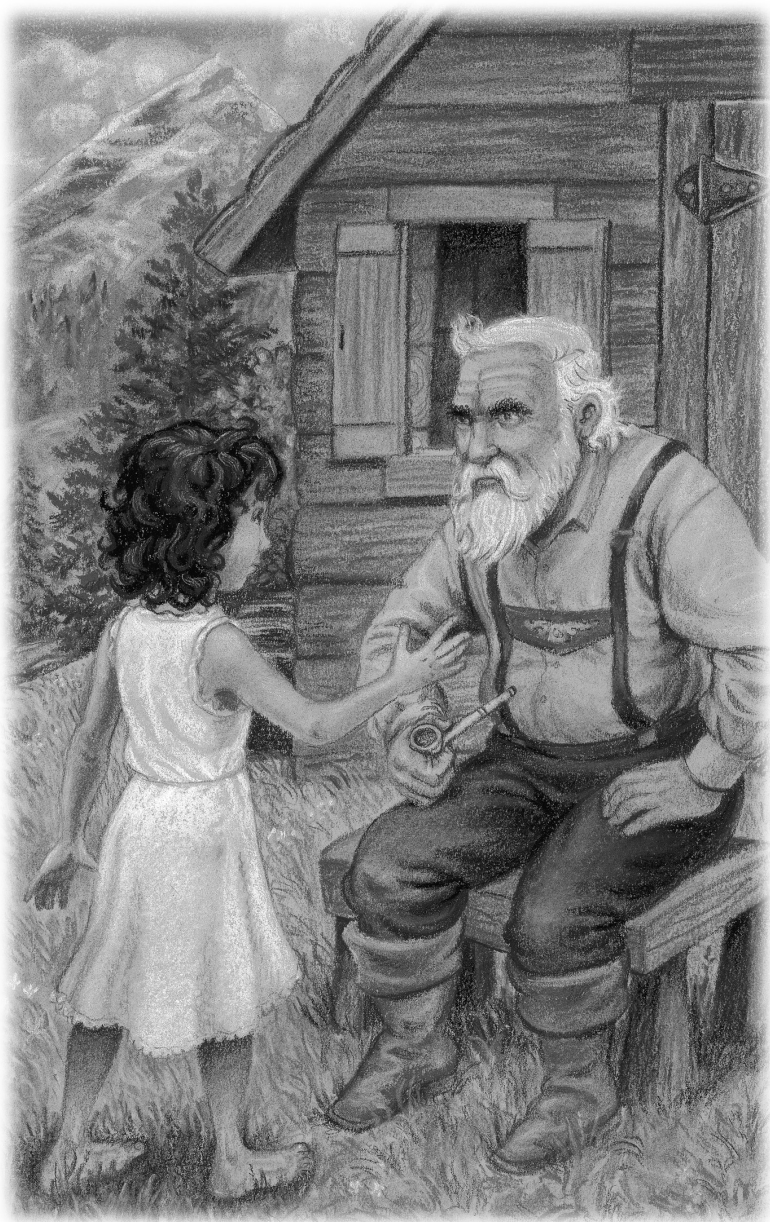
shall have something nice,” and she held out a bright new piece of money that sparkled in the sun. Peter immediately took off down the steep mountainside. In an incredibly short space of time he had reached the little heap of clothes, which he gathered up under his arm. He was back again so quickly that Dete gave him a word of praise as she handed him the promised money. Peter thrust it into his pocket and his face beamed with delight, for it was not often that he had such riches.

“You can carry the things up for me as far as Uncle’s, since you are going the same way,” said Dete. Peter willingly followed her on his bare feet, with his left arm around the bundle and his right arm swinging his goatherd’s stick. Heidi and the goats went skipping and jumping joyfully beside him.

After a climb of more than three-quarters of an hour they reached the top of the Alm mountain. Uncle’s hut stood on a projection of the rock, exposed to the wind and sun, with a full view of the valley beneath. Behind the hut stood three old fir trees, with long, thick, untrimmed branches. Beyond these rose a further wall of mountain. Its lower heights were overgrown with beautiful grass and plants, but above were stonier slopes that led gradually up to the steep, bare rocky summits.

Against the hut, on the side looking toward the valley, Uncle had put up a seat. Here he sat, his pipe in his mouth and his hands on his knees, quietly looking out, when the children, the goats, and Cousin Dete suddenly clambered into view. Heidi was at the top first. She went straight up to the old man, put out her hand, and said, “Good evening, Grandfather.”

“What is the meaning of this?” he asked gruffly, as he gave the child an abrupt shake of the hand, and gazed at her from



under his bushy eyebrows. The grandfather—with his long beard and thick gray eyebrows that grew together over his nose and looked just like a bush—was such a remarkable appearance, Heidi was unable to take her eyes off him. Meanwhile, Dete came up, with Peter after her. “I wish you good-day, Uncle,” said Dete, as she walked toward him. “I have brought you Tobias and Adelaide’s child. You will hardly recognize her, as you have never seen her since she was a year old.”

“And what has the child to do with me?” asked the old man curtly. “You there,” he called out to Peter, “be off with your goats, and take mine with you.”

Peter obeyed instantly, for the old man had given him a look that made him feel that he did not want to stay any longer.

“The child is here to remain with you,” Dete made answer. “I have done my duty by her for these four years, and now it is time for you to do yours.”

“That’s it, is it?” said the old man, as he looked at her with a flash in his eye. “And when the child begins to fret and whine after you, what am I to do with her then?”

“That’s your problem,” retorted Dete. “I had to put up with her without complaint when she was left on my hands as an infant. Now I have to go and look after my own earnings, and you are the next of kin to the child. If you cannot arrange to keep her, do with her as you like. You will be answerable for the result if harm happens to her, and you don’t need to add to the burden already on your conscience.”

Now Dete was not quite easy in her own conscience about what she was doing. Consequently, she was feeling hot and irritable and said more than she had intended. As she uttered her

last words, Uncle rose from his seat. He looked at her in a way that made her draw back a step or two. Then flinging out his arm, he said, "Be off with you this instant, do not let me see your face again in a hurry."

Dete did not wait to be told twice. "Goodbye to you then, and to you too, Heidi," she called, as she started to descend the mountain at a running pace. When she reached Dorfli, questions came raining down upon her from all sides, for every one knew Dete and the history of the child. From every door and window voices called: "Where is the child?" "Where have you left the child, Dete?" More and more reluctantly Dete answered, "Up there with Alm-Uncle!" "With Alm-Uncle, have I not told you so already?"

Then the women began to reproach her. First one cried out, "How could you do such a thing!" then another, "To think of leaving a helpless little thing up there,"—while again and again came the words, "The poor mite! The poor mite!" Unable at last to bear it any longer Dete ran forward as fast as she could until she was beyond reach of their voices. She was far from happy at the thought of what she had done. But she quieted herself with the idea that she would be better able to do something for the child if she was earning plenty of money. It was a relief to think that she would soon be far away from all these people who were making such a fuss about the matter, and she rejoiced further still that she was at liberty now to take such a good job.