

**Chapter 1 : Why the Sea is Salt | K I D S I N [racedaydvl.com](http://racedaydvl.com) - Free Playscripts for Kids!**

*Why the Sea Is Salt (Norwegian: Kvernen som maler på havsens bunn; the mill that grinds at the bottom of the sea) is a Norwegian fairy tale collected by Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe in their Norske Folkeeventyr.*

Once, in the old, old days, there were two brothers, one was rich and the other was poor. The poor wretch promised on the spot, and thanked him into the bargain. Now go straight to the Devil! He took the ham and set out on the way. He walked and he walked the whole day, and at nightfall he came to a place all splendid lighted up. Out in the woodshed stood an old man with a long white beard, chopping wood for Christmas. When he went in, everything happened just as the old man had said: I had a little of everything to fetch, and the way was long, too. Then he went on grinding out food and drink, and all kind of good things for Christmas and on the third day he invited his friends to come, for now he wanted to have a feast. When the rich brother saw all the things there were at the feast, he came wild with rage, for he begrudged his brother everything. When the rich brother saw that, he wanted to have the mill at any cost, and at last he got it, too. But he had to give three hundred dalers for it, and the other was to keep it until haying time. But the other had taken good care not to teach him how to stop it. It was evening when the rich brother took the mill home, and the next morning he bade his wife go out and spread hay after the mowers. He would make lunch himself today, he said. When it was getting on toward lunchtime, he put the mill on the kitchen table. The mill started to grind out herring and porridge, first all the dishes and troughs full, and then all over the kitchen floor. The man fumbled with the mill, and tried to get it to stop, but for all he turned and prodded it, the mill kept on grinding, and in a little while the porridge reached so high that man was close to drowning. He rushed out, with herring and porridge pouring out after him over both yard and fields. Now the old woman, who was busy spreading hay, began to think that time was dragging on too long before lunch was ready. So they headed for home. But when they had gone a little way up over the hill, they met herring and porridge and bread, rushing and pouring pell-mell, and the man, himself, leading the flood. He begged him, for goodness sake, to take back the mill that very minute. So he had to pay. With the mill he ground out so much gold, that he covered the manor only with sheets of gold, and that manor stood close to the shore, so it shone and sparkled far out over the fjord. Now everyone who sailed past there wanted to drop in and pay his respects to the rich man in the golden manor, and they all wanted to see that wonderful mill, for word of it had spread far and wide, and there was no one who had not heard of it. After a long time there also came a skipper who wanted to see the mill; he asked if it could grind out salt. Why yes, it could grind out salt, said the owner. And, when he had sailed a little distance out to sea, he brought the mill up on deck. Well, the mill started grinding salt so fast that it spouted. When the skipper had the ship full he wanted to stop the mill; but no matter what he did, or how he handled it, the mill went on grinding just as fast as ever, and the pile of salt grew higher and higher, until at last the ship went down. And there sits the mill at the bottom of the sea, grinding away to this very day, And that is why the sea is salt.

**Chapter 2 : Why dose the ocean have salt in it- folktale? | Yahoo Answers**

*Why The Sea Is Salt. Once, in the old, old days, there were two brothers, one was rich and the other was poor. When it was Christmas Eve, the poor brother hadn't a crumb of food in the house neither clabber nor bread - and so he went to his brother and begged for a little food for Christmas.*

Then roll it down To cool Below. Come, brothers, let us roll the snowball Below! In the twinkling of an eye, the seven little dwarfs had rolled the snowball through an entrance in the side of the hill. Down, down, the snowball rolled, until it reached the place where the fires burned. Then sizzle, sizzle, came the hot steam pouring out of the entrance. All this time the Poor Brother had stood watching the seven dwarfs, and saying not a word. But suddenly he thought, "If I do not go Below at once, there will be no fire left to boil my ham. It certainly was a very queer place! There were great fires burning on every side. Although the huge snowball had cooled the air, it had not quenched the fires. The Chief Dwarf was stirring some fat that was boiling in a kettle. When he saw the Poor Brother standing before him with the ham under his arm, he cried, "Ho, ho! It was many a day since they had tasted ham, and they were very fond of it. I am hungry and have come to boil the ham," said the Poor Brother. I will show you how to use it. The dwarf said, "When you wish the Mill to grind, use these words: Grind, quickly grind, little Mill, Grind--with a right good will! The Mill will obey you. Then he trudged home again through the snow. When he arrived in front of the hut, he put the little Mill down on the snow, and said at once, "Grind, quickly grind, little Mill, Grind a HOUSE--with a right good will! It had fine large windows and broad stairways, and the house was furnished from garret to cellar. By spring, the Mill had ground out the last article that was needed for the house, and the Poor Brother cried, "Halt, halt, little Mill! Then the Poor Brother placed the Mill in the barnyard and told it to grind horses, cows, woolly sheep, and fat little pigs. When he told it to halt, the Mill stopped grinding. The Poor Brother carried the Mill to the fields and commanded it to grind rich crops of wheat, oats, barley, and corn. Then he took the Mill into the house and asked it to grind fine clothing for his wife and his daughters, and to keep all the cupboards filled with good things to eat. At last the Poor Brother had everything that he wanted. He placed the Mill behind the kitchen door and sat down, with his wife and daughters, to eat the choicest food he had ever tasted. The Rich Brother heard about all the strange things that had happened, and he went to visit the Poor Brother. The Poor Brother told about the Mill, and that he need only say, "Grind, quickly grind, little Mill, Grind--with a right good will! The Rich Brother did not wait to hear any more but said, "Lend the Mill to me for an hour. His wife was in the hayfield, spreading the hay after the mowers. He passed her on the way home and told her that he would attend to breakfast that morning. When the Rich Brother reached home, he placed the Mill on the table, and told it to grind porridge and red herrings. The Mill began at once to grind oatmeal porridge and fat red herrings. All the dishes and pans were soon filled. Then the porridge and herrings began to flow over the kitchen floor into the yard. The Rich Brother tried to stop the Mill. He turned and twisted and screwed the handle, but he could not stop it, for he did not know the magic words. At last he waded through the porridge across the fields to the mowers, crying, "Help! The Poor Brother laughed when he found out what had happened. They rowed back to the kitchen in a boat, and the Poor Brother whispered the magic words. The Mill stopped grinding. In the course of time, the porridge soaked into the ground, but after that nothing would grow there excepting oats, and afterwards the brooks and ponds were always filled with herrings. The Rich Brother no longer wished to keep the Mill. The Poor Brother carried it home once more and placed it behind the door. Years afterwards, a rich merchant sailed from a distant land and anchored his ship in the harbor. He visited the home of the Poor Brother and asked about the Mill, for he had heard how wonderful it was. He thought it would be much easier to fill his ship with salt from the Mill, than to make a long voyage across the ocean to procure his cargo. The Poor Brother consented gladly. The merchant went away with the Mill. He did not wait to find out how to stop the grinding. When the merchant went aboard the ship, he said to the captain, "Here is a great treasure. Then he ordered the sailors to their posts of duty, and the ship sailed away. When they were out at sea, the merchant said, "Captain, we need not go any further upon our voyage. The Mill will grind out salt enough to fill the hold of the ship. When the hold of the ship was full of salt, the merchant cried,

"Now you must stop, little Mill. It kept on grinding salt, and more salt, and still more salt. The captain shouted, "We shall be lost! The ship will sink! Throw the Mill overboard. And overboard went the wonderful Mill, down to the bottom of the deep sea. But the Mill kept on grinding salt at the bottom of the sea. At least, so some people say.

**Chapter 3 : SurLaLune Fairy Tales: East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon by Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen**

*But the magic millstone kept turning, even at the bottom of the sea, pouring out the finest whitest salt. It is turning there to this very day, making more and more salt. And that, believe it or not, is why the sea is salt.*

Retrieved November 14, , from <http://Next> The embedded audio player requires a modern internet browser. You should visit [Browse Happy](http://BrowseHappy.com) and update your internet browser today! Once on a time, but it was a long, long time ago, there were two brothers, one rich and one poor. He walked the whole day, and at dusk he came to a place where he saw a very bright light. So he turned aside, and the first thing he saw was an old, old man, with a long white beard, who stood in an outhouse, hewing wood for the Christmas fire. When he got in, everything was just as the old man had said. All the devils, great and small, came swarming up to him like ants round an anthill, and each tried to outbid the other for the fitch. When the man got out into the yard, he asked the old woodcutter how he was to handle the quern; and after he had learned how to use it, he thanked the old man and went off home as fast as he could, but still the clock had struck twelve on Christmas eve before he reached his own door. He had only to speak the word, and the quern ground out what he wanted. But later on in the evening, when he had got a drop too much, he could keep his secret no longer, and brought out the quern and said: When his brother saw it, he set his heart on having the quern, and, after a deal of coaxing, he got it; but he had to pay three hundred dollars for it, and his brother bargained to keep it till hay-harvest, for he thought, if I keep it till then, I can make it grind meat and drink that will last for years. It was evening when the rich brother got the quern home, and the next morning he told his wife to go out into the hay-field and toss, while the mowers cut the grass, and he would stay at home and get the dinner ready. So, when dinner-time drew near, he put the quern on the kitchen table and said: Then the man twisted and twirled at the quern to get it to stop, but for all his twisting and fingering the quern went on grinding, and in a little while the broth rose so high that the man was like to drown. When he got the door open, he ran out and set off down the road, with the stream of herrings and broth at his heels, roaring like a waterfall over the whole farm. Now, his old dame, who was in the field tossing hay, thought it a long time to dinner, and at last she said: Maybe he finds it hard work to boil the broth, and will be glad of my help. So one day there came a skipper who wanted to see the quern; and the first thing he asked was if it could grind salt. It can grind anything. Now, when the skipper had got the quern on his back, he soon made off with it, for he was afraid lest the man should change his mind; so he had no time to ask how to handle the quern, but got on board his ship as fast as he could, and set sail. When he had sailed a good way off, he brought the quern on deck and said:

**Chapter 4 : A Children's story about Winter - Why the Sea is Salt - Kids Winter Stories**

*Why the Sea Is Salt Norway Once on a time, but it was a long, long time ago, there were two brothers, one rich and one poor. Now, one Christmas eve, the poor one hadn't so much as a crumb in the house, either of meat or bread, so he went to his brother to ask him for something to keep Christmas with, in God's name.*

The Mighty Maidens, As maid-thralls held. And before they ceased their singing, they ground out a host against Frodi, so that the sea king called Mysingr came there that same night and slew Frodi, taking much plunder. Then the Peace of Frodi was ended. Mysingr took Grotti with him, and Fenja and Menja also, and bade them grind salt. And at midnight they asked whether Mysingr were not weary of salt. He bade them grind longer. They had ground but a little while, when down sank the ship; and from that time there has been a whirlpool in the sea where the water falls through the hole in the millstone. It was then that the sea became salt. The American-Scandinavian Foundation, , pp. Why the Sea Is Salt Norway Once on a time, but it was a long, long time ago, there were two brothers, one rich and one poor. He walked the whole day, and at dusk he came to a place where he saw a very bright light. So he turned aside, and the first thing he saw was an old, old man, with a long white beard, who stood in an outhouse hewing wood for the Christmas fire. When he got in, everything went just as the old man had said. All the devils, great and small, came swarming up to him like ants round an anthill, and each tried to outbid the other for the flitch. When the man got out into the yard, he asked the old woodcutter how he was to handle the quern; and after he had heard how to use it, he thanked the old man and went off home as fast as he could, but still the clock had struck twelve on Christmas eve before he had reached his own door. He had only to speak the word, and the quern ground out what he wanted. But later on the evening, when he had got a drop too much, he could keep his secret no longer, and brought out the quern and said, "There, you see what has gotten me all this wealth. When his brother saw it, he set his heart on having the quern, and, after a deal of coaxing, he got it; but he had to pay three hundred dollars for it, and his brother bargained to keep it till hay harvest, for he thought, if I keep it till then, I can make it grind meat and drink that will last for years. It was evening when the rich brother got the quern home, and next morning he told his wife to go out into the hayfield and toss, while the mowers cut the grass, and he would stay at home and get the dinner ready. So, when dinnertime drew near, he put the quern on the kitchen table and said, "Grind herrings and broth, and grind them good and fast. Then the man twisted and twirled at the quern to get it to stop, but for all his twisting and fingering the quern went on grinding, and in a little while the broth rose so high that the man was like to drown. When he got the door open, he ran out and set off down the road, with the stream of herrings and broth at his heels, roaring like a waterfall over the whole farm. Now, his old dame, who was in the field tossing hay, thought it a long time to dinner, and at last she said, "Well! Maybe he finds it hard work to boil the broth, and will be glad of my help. So one day there came a skipper who wanted to see the quern; and the first thing he asked was if it could grind salt. It can grind anything. Now, when the skipper had got the quern on his back, he soon made off with it, for he was afraid lest the man should change his mind; so he had no time to ask how to handle the quern, but got on board his ship as fast as he could, and set sail. When he had sailed a good way off, he brought the quern on deck and said, "Grind salt, and grind both good and fast. There lies the quern at the bottom of the sea, and grinds away at this very day, and that is the reason why the sea is salt. Appleton and Company, , pp. Link to the tale in the original Norwegian: Note that Dasent changed the title in his translation. As his parents died while he was very young, his grandmother took care of him and taught him reading and writing, and to be a good boy. When she became very old, and thought she was about to die, she called the little boy to her and said, "I am old, Hans, and may not live long. You were always a good boy, and therefore you shall have my only treasure, a coffee mill which I have always kept at the bottom of my old chest. This coffee mill will grind all that you wish. When he had walked a long distance, and needed something to eat, he placed the mill on the grass and said, "Grind some bread and butter, little mill. The next day he came to a large seaport, and when he saw the many vessels, he thought it would be pleasant to see more of the great world. He therefore boarded one of the ships and offered his service to the sailors. As soon as the ship was out of port, the sailors commenced abusing Hans. He bore the harsh treatment as well as

he could, and when he had nothing to eat the mill ground all that he wished. The bad men wondered how he could always be contented, although they gave him but little to eat. One day one of them peeped through a hole in the cabin door and discovered how the coffee mill served him. Now the sailors offered a large sum of money to Hans if he would sell his treasure. He refused, however, saying that it was all that his good old grandmother had left him. So one day these wicked men threw Hans overboard and seized the mill. As they were in need of some salt, they bid it grind for them. The mill immediately began its work, and soon they had enough. The men grew desperate, but none of them was able to find a way out of the difficulty. So at length the ship sank down with the mill, the salt, and all the wicked men. The men were drowned, but the mill is yet standing at the bottom of the sea, grinding away, and for this reason the water in the ocean has and always will have a salt taste.

**Chapter 5 : Why the Sea is Salty Tall Tale | Chic African Culture**

*Why the sea is salt / A retelling of the Norwegian folktale in which a magical churn repays a young girl's generosity and her mean uncle's greed.*

Norwegian folktales and myths Folktales are free ranging and imaginative stories which have passed from storyteller to storyteller from time immemorial. They depict the relationship between people, expressed in fantastic and symbolic terms. Like all good literature, they are based on real life, yet never confined to reality or what people consider true and reasonable. They often feature supernatural and extraordinary elements. The style of the folktale vs. The most common are: Similarly, folktales tend to have a standardized ending. Often bringing us back to the real world again. Sometimes this formula tells us what happened after the main story was over: Simplification and schematization are common in folktales. The stories have a limited array of stock characters. A king or queen, a princess or a prince, three brothers or three trolls. The roles are further schematized by type casting. Askelapen, is the most important of all the characters. He always waits for just the right moment, then he steps forward and does what no one else can. The plot is often schematized too, and usually there are only two people in the plot at any given time. The folktale uses short characterizations and employs repetition to emphasize what is important. The number "three" recurs; we meet three brothers, three princesses or three trolls. Repetition is often accompanied by escalation; the dangers and difficulties increase each time they are mentioned, and the solution is normally reached the third time round. The folktale starts and ends calmly, and poetic justice is seen to be done. The good are rewarded and the evil are punished. There is always a happy ending. The various types of folktales There are several different types of folktale. We usually divide them into three groups: The former have animals as their main characters, both domestic and wild animals. The animals are able to talk and they behave like human beings while retaining some of their animal characteristics. Norwegian folktales of this sort focus mainly on the bear, the wolf and the fox - and some of the best known stories involve these animals. Most of the stories explain the origin of a particular feature of the animal. One well-known story tells how the fox was able to fool the bear into going ice fishing with his tail. Equally well-known is the story about the fox who tried to steal butter. Similarly there is the story of the house mouse and the field mouse. The well known Greek fable about the monkey who was proud of her children becomes a story about a sandpiper in Norwegian. Of the domestic animals, cats, goats and chickens are the favourites. A story which may be unique to Norway is about the three billy goats Gruff, de tre bukkene Bruse , who outsmarted and destroyed a big troll on their way to summer pastures. Stories about the supernatural and magic form the biggest and most important group of folktales. They tell about specific beings such as giants, dragons, trolls, witches and humans with supernatural powers. They also describe specific supernatural phenomena such as seven league boots, cloaks of invisibility, table cloths which bring forth food when they are laid, glass mountains, castles made of gold and all manner of fantastic and wonderful things. These stories of the supernatural also tell the tale of specific events, such as journeys made through seven times seven kingdoms, people who sleep for a hundred years, people who are turned into animals, into stone and so on. The structure of these adventures follows a fixed pattern and the different sequences of the plot have their predetermined positions. First comes the account of some mishap, loss or accident; such as a princess being carried off by a troll. Next the hero or heroine becomes endowed with special aids or powers. Next we are told about how the heroine meets the prince, or the hero meets the princess, and how complications arise causing delay and preventing the two from being together. After these ordeals, the main character overcomes all difficulties or opponents and, as the saying goes, "Wins the princess and half the kingdom". The transformation stories tell how humans are turned into animals or other creatures. Best known of the wonder-tales is "Table, set thyself! The comical stories form the third large group of folktales. This type of tale has fewer supernatural aspects compared with the other types. The oldest traces of Norwegian folktales The proliferation of folktales over almost the entire globe shows that this is one of the oldest forms of lore. In Old Norse literature one often comes across features reminiscent of folktales or with folktale motifs. In such stories one cannot tell what is true and what is not and also the king often tends to come out of such stories

badly". Clear evidence of the existence of folktales or stories similar to folktales, about stepmothers at the time of the sagas, is also to be found in the saga about King Sverre. It was much like the old stories of what goes on between royal children and their wicked stepmothers". Despite having old roots, folktales were not written down in Norway until the nineteenth century, owing to the fact that folktales were held in low esteem among the educated classes. Even the leading eighteenth century Norwegian writer Holberg deemed folktales fit only for the nursery; they were "without merit and ought to be banned". This view only changed with the advent of the romantic movement in Germany. The romantics saw folklore as the most obvious and clear reflection of the soul of the people. The typical Norwegian folktale style is above all objective in its manner. However fantastic the subject matter may be, the style of the narrative remains realistic. Folk legends The folktale is a branch of folk literature which has much in common with the other main section of popular storytelling, the folk legends. Unlike the folktale, the legend often claims to be factual, and often describes things in a way that people can believe in. The legend is generally shorter than the folktale and is usually fixed in time and space. In the older historical topographic literature we have both legends and stories about the legends. He relied on many oral and written sources. Within the framework of travelogue and ethnographic account, these two volumes contain a rich selection of legends, particularly from Eastern Norway. This was the first Norwegian collection of legends. Subsequently a large number of collections from all over Norway have been published. Mythical legends Aspects of the Norwegian countryside are a constant topic in Norwegian legend. To this day such legends remain vital in the local communities, and some are known throughout the country. Legends connected with natural phenomena are common in all countries, but a rugged and mountainous country like Norway probably has a particularly rich tradition in legends. Geological features can often seem strange and wonderful, stimulating the popular imagination. If a mountain top has a hole right through it, as is the case with the Torghatten mountain in Northern Norway, this would seem to require an explanation. Legends which refer to supernatural beings and spirits *vetter* are often referred to as mythical legends. Previously, academics used to think that the supernatural beings in the legends were actually the descendants of the old gods, hence the name, mythical legend. In fact only one of the Norwegian legends refers the old Aesir gods, which is about the god Thor. It is supposed to have been created when Thor smashed the mountain above, obliterating the little farm below with a pile of rocks. There are several other legends about supernatural beings in the Norwegian tradition. Many of the legends are connected with the sea. Otherwise there are tales about various creatures of the sea, the most common being about the sea ghost, Draugen. He is considered to be the ghost of someone who has drowned or the personification of all who have died at sea. Draugen is described as a headless fisherman dressed in oilskins. He sails the seas in half a boat and wails when someone is about to drown. In inland lakes and rivers lives the river sprite or Nixie. He is dangerous because he tries to lure people into the water with him. Like Draugen, he also gives warning of when someone is about to drown. He represents what is dangerous and unpleasant about water. This awe-inspiring creature is masterfully portrayed by the painter T. He has also painted the river sprite in the guise of a white horse, a form in which the river sprite could appear according to several legends. Specifically Norwegian traditions are legends about the spirit which plays the fiddle, Fossegrimen, who lives in waterfalls and who can teach would-be fiddlers how to play. Aspiring fiddle players must go to the waterfall and offer food to the Fossegrimen. The legends often tell why this did not succeed - for example when the food offered was so inadequate that the Fossegrimen only taught the fiddler to tune his instrument, but not how to play it. Great numbers of mythical creatures inhabit the mountains and forests, and legends about landmarks created by troll exist all over the country. Sometimes the trolls themselves remain standing in stone. The pixies, *haugfolket*, or the subterraneans, *de underjordiske*, undoubtedly play the biggest role in Norwegian legend. They consist of a large group of supernatural beings *vetter*. They have many names such as *bergfolk* - the mountain people, *haugfolk* - the hill people, *underjordiske* - those who live below ground, *huldefolk* and *tusser*. Legend has it that these people are the descendants of the children that Eve hid from God. When He discovered that they had been hidden, God proclaimed that what had once been hidden should remain hidden. Another legend tells that those who live underground were angels whom the Lord had expelled from paradise. Those who live underground are usually considered as being of a lesser order than humankind, and they are envious of the people who are able to live

out in the sunlight i solheimen.

**Chapter 6 : Our cultural heritage : Norwegian folktales and myths**

*Why the Sea Is Salt; Katie Woodencloak; Soria Moria Castle. Why the Sea Is Salt. Once on a time, but it was a long, long time ago, there were two brothers, one rich and one poor.*

Now, one Christmas eve, the poor one had not so much as a crumb in the house, either of meat or bread, so he went to his brother to ask him for something with which to keep Christmas. Not far from here is the entrance to the home of the underground folks. They have a mill there which can grind out anything they wish for except bacon; now mind you go there. When he got in, everything went just as the old man had said. All the hillfolk, great and small, came swarming up to him, like ants around an ant-hill, and each tried to outbid the other for the bacon. When the man got out of the cave and into the woods again, he met the same old beggar and asked him how to handle the mill. After he had learned how to use it, he thanked the old man and went off home as fast as he could; but still the clock had struck twelve on Christmas eve before he reached his own door. He had only to speak the word and the mill ground out whatever he wanted. You see the mill is a good one, and the mill stream never freezes. Now, when his rich brother saw all that was on the table and all that was in the cupboards, he grew quite wild with anger, for he could not bear that his brother should have anything. But later in the evening, when he had gotten a little too merry, he could keep his secret no longer, and he brought out the mill and said: When his brother saw it, he set his heart on having the mill, and, after some talk, it was agreed that the rich brother was to get it at hay-harvest time, when he was to pay three hundred dollars for it. Now, you may fancy the mill did not grow rusty for want of work, for while he had it the poor brother made it grind meat and drink that would last for years. When hay-harvest came, the rich brother got it, but he was in such a hurry to make it grind that he forgot to learn how to handle it. It was evening when the rich brother got the mill home, and next morning he told his wife to go out into the hayfield and toss hay while the mowers cut the grass, and he would stay at home and get the dinner ready. So, when dinner time drew near, he put the mill on the kitchen table and said: The man twisted and twirled at the mill to get it to stop, but for all his fiddling and fumbling the mill went on grinding, and in a little while the broth rose so high that the man was nearly drowning. So he threw open the kitchen door and ran into the parlor, but it was not long before the mill had ground the parlor full too, and it was only at the risk of his life that the man could get hold of the latch of the house door through the stream of broth. When he got the door open, he ran out and set off down the road, with the stream of herrings and broth at his heels, roaring like a waterfall over the whole farm. Now, his old dame, who was in the field tossing hay, thought it a long time to dinner, and at last she said: Maybe he finds it hard work to boil the broth, and will be glad of my help. But just as they had got a little way up the hill, what should they meet but herrings and broth, all running and dashing and splashing together in a stream, and the master himself running before them for his life, and as he passed them he called out: And now he set up a farmhouse far finer than the one in which his brother lived, and with the mill he ground so much gold that he covered it with plates of gold. And, as the farm lay by the seaside, the golden house gleamed and glistened far away over the sea. So one day there came a skipper who wanted to see the mill, and the first thing he asked was if it could grind salt. It can grind anything. He much preferred sitting at home with a pipe and a glass. Well, the man let him have it, but the skipper was in such a hurry to get away with it that he had no time to ask how to handle the mill. He got on board his ship as fast as he could and set sail. When he had sailed a good way off, he brought the mill on deck and said, "Grind salt, and grind both good and fast. There lies the mill at the bottom of the sea, and grinds away to this very day, and that is the reason why the sea is salt-so some folks say. Row, Peterson and Company,

## Chapter 7 : Norwegian Folktales – The Gold Scales

*Why the Sea is Salt. ONCE on a time, but it was a long, long time ago, there were two brothers, one rich and one poor.. Now, one Christmas eve, the poor one had not so much as a crumb in the house, either of meat or bread, so he went to his brother to ask him for something with which to keep Christmas.*

The older brother was rich and successful, but mean and arrogant. The younger brother was very poor, but kind and generous. One day the poor brother and his wife found that they had nothing to eat in their house. They had no money either, and nothing that they could sell. To make matters worse, the next day was a holiday, a day of celebration. Tomorrow is a holiday. How will we celebrate? The poor brother was in a fix. He did not know what to do. Surely he will not grudge us a little meat for the holiday? He did not like to ask his brother for help, for he knew how mean and selfish his brother was. But the next day was a holiday, and he really could not think how else to get something to eat. Go away, we have no time for you! Lend me a little meat, so that I and my wife may also celebrate. He has told me to take it to Hiysi. I must take it to Hiysi. So the poor man turned around and started walking towards the forest. So he walked and he walked through the trees. After a while he met some woodcutters. Can you tell me how to find his hut? He will offer you silver and gold and precious stones in gratitude. Ask instead for his millstone. If he tries to offer you something else, refuse. Ask only for his millstone. Very soon he saw a hut. He went inside, and there sat Hiysi, the Wood-Goblin himself. But I can give you anything else you like. But do you know how to use it? It will give you whatever you wish for. Just make your wish and say Grind, my millstone! When you have enough and want the millstone to stop, just say Enough and have done! And it will stop. He walked and he walked and he walked, and at last reached his home. His wife was weeping, having given him up for dead. Give us a feast fit for a king. The poor man and his wife ate and ate till they could eat no more. The next day the poor man and his wife celebrated the holiday happily. There was enough to eat, and new clothes to wear. From then on they never lacked for anything. The millstone gave them a fine new house, green fields full of crops, horses and cattle, and enough food to eat and clothes to wear. Soon they had so much that they did not really need to use the millstone any more. The poor brother told him everything – about Hiysi and his gift of the magic millstones. The poor brother, not suspecting his brother of any wickedness, did so. Give us good things to eat. The rich brother could not believe his eyes. What harm could there be in letting his brother have the millstone for a while? The rich brother was delighted. He grabbed the millstone and ran off with it, without asking how to make it stop. He put the millstone into a boat, and rowed out to sea with it, where the fishermen were hauling in their catch of fish. Give me salt, as much as you can! Soon the boat was full. The rich man decided to stop the millstone. But he did not know how. The rich man begged and pleaded with the millstone to stop. But he did not know the magic words. So the millstone kept turning and pouring out salt and more salt. The boat was now so full of salt that it began sinking. But there was no one there to hear him. The millstone kept turning, pouring out salt, and the boat kept sinking till it sank to the bottom of the sea with the rich man and the millstone. The rich man drowned for his greed. But the magic millstone kept turning, even at the bottom of the sea, pouring out the finest whitest salt. It is turning there to this very day, making more and more salt. And that, believe it or not, is why the sea is salt.

## Chapter 8 : Why the Sea is Salt - Wikipedia

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## Chapter 9 : Norwegian Folk Tales - Why The Sea Is Salt. - [RTF Document]

*Norwegian folk tales and fairy tales from Asbj rnsen and Moe's collection.*