

1: - Rocking Horse Land by Naomi Lewis

*Rocking-Horse Land [Laurence Housman, Kristina Rodanas] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Prince Freedling loves the rocking horse he gets for his fifth birthday, but the creature becomes real every night and wants to be set free.*

All original paint and parts. Original maker tag on back of horse. There is various wear throughout. Some pen marks and wear on the paint. Items are sold as is. Most items are pre-owned and gently used unless otherwise stated. If there is ever any issue, please send me a message so I can do my best to fix it. Shoes may be shipped in a padded flat rate envelope unless otherwise requested or stated. These charges are the buyers responsibility. Seller assumes all responsibility for this listing. Shipping and handling The seller has not specified a shipping method to Germany. Contact the seller- opens in a new window or tab and request shipping to your location. Shipping cost cannot be calculated. Please enter a valid ZIP Code. This item will be shipped through the Global Shipping Program and includes international tracking. Learn more- opens in a new window or tab Change country: There are 1 items available. Please enter a number less than or equal to 1. Select a valid country. Please enter 5 or 9 numbers for the ZIP Code. Taxes Sales tax may apply when shipping to: Refer to eBay Return policy for more details. You are covered by the eBay Money Back Guarantee if you receive an item that is not as described in the listing.

Rocking-Horse Land has 8 ratings and 0 reviews. For his birthday Prince Fredolin is given a beautiful rocking horse--who surprises him by begging to be.

Rocking Horse Land Author: Laurence Housman Prince Fredolin woke up, both eyes at once, and sprang out of bed into the sunshine. He was five years old that morning, by all the clocks and calendars in the kingdom; and the day was going to be beautiful. Every golden minute was precious. He was dressed and out of his room before the attendants knew that he was awake. In the antechamber stood piles on piles of glittering presents; when he walked among them they came up to the measure of his waist. His fairy godmother had sent him a toy with the most humorous effect. Then he began to grow discontented because it would never turn into the same thing again, and after having broken the man-of-war he wanted to get it back again. This was very unsatisfactory. He thought his fairy godmother ought to have sent him two toys, out of which he could make combinations. At last he broke it once more, and it turned into a kite. And while he was flying the kite he broke the string, and the kite went sailing away up into the nasty clear sky, and was never heard of again. Then Fredolin sat down and howled at his fairy godmother. What a dissembling lot fairy godmother were, to be sure! They were always setting traps to make their godchildren unhappy. Nevertheless, when told to, he took up his pen and wrote her a nice little note, full of bad spelling and tarriddles, to say what a happy birthday he was spending in breaking up the beautiful toy she had sent him. Then he went to look at the rest of the presents, and found it quite refreshing to break a few that did not send him giddy by turning into something else. Suddenly his eyes became fixed with delight. Alone, right at the end of the room, stood a great black rocking horse. All its bells jangled as the head swayed gracefully down, and the prince kissed it between the eyes. Great eyes they were, the color of fire, so wonderfully bright, it seemed they must be really alive, only they did not move, but gazed continually with a set stare at the tapestry-hung wall, on which were figures of armed knights riding by to battle. So Prince Fredolin mounted to the back of his rocking horse, and all day long he rode and shouted to the figures of the armed knights, challenging them to fight, or leading them against the enemy. At length, when it came to be bedtime, weary of so much glory, he was lifted down from the saddle and carried away to bed. In his sleep Fredolin still felt his black rocking horse swinging to and fro under him, and heard the melodious chime of its bells, and, in the land of dreams, saw a great country open before him, full of the sound of the battle cry and the hunting horn calling him to strange perils and triumphs. In the middle of the night he grew softly awake, and his heart was full of love for his black rocking horse. He crept gently out of bed: Parting the door hangings he passed through into the wide hollow chamber beyond, all littered about with toys. The moon was shining in through the window, making a square cistern of light upon the floor. And then, all at once, he saw that the rocking horse had moved from the place where he had left it! It had crossed the room, and was standing close to the window, with its head toward the night, as though watching the movement of the clouds and the trees swaying in the wind. The Prince could not understand how it had been moved. He was a little bit afraid, and stealing timidly across, he took hold of the bridle to comfort himself with the jangle of its bells. As he came close, and looked up into the dark solemn face he saw that the eyes were full of tears, and reaching up felt one fall warm against his hand. Open the window, Master, and let me go! Sweet Master, let me go this night, and I will return to you when it is day! Search among my mane till you find in it a white hair, draw it out and wind it upon one of your fingers. And so long as you have it wound about your finger, you are my master; and wherever I am I must go or return at your bidding. Only return to me when it is day! Then the rocking horse lifted his dark head and neighed aloud for joy, and swaying forward with a mighty circling motion rose full into the air, and sprang out into the free world before him. Fredolin watched how with plunge and curve he went over the bowed trees. And again he neighed into the darkness of the night, then swifter than wind disappeared in the distance; and faintly from far away came a sound of the neighing of many horses answering him. Then the Prince closed the window and crept back to bed, and all night long he dreamed strange dreams of Rocking Horse Land. There he saw smooth hills and valleys that rose and sank without a stone or a tree to disturb the steel-like polish of their surface, slippery as glass, and driven

over by a strong wind; and over them, with a sound like the humming of bees, flew the rocking horses. Up and down, up and down, with bright manes streaming like colored fires, and feet motionless behind and before, went the swift pendulum of their flight. Which of us shall be first? Which shall be first? And at that, all at once, he woke and saw it was broad day. That night Fredolin came again when all had become still in the palace. And now as before Rollonde had moved from his place and was standing with his head against the window waiting to be let out. Now this same thing happened every night. So a year went by, till one morning Fredolin woke up to find it was his sixth birthday. And as six is to five, so were the presents he received on his sixth birthday for magnificence and multitude to the presents he had received the year before. His fairy godmother had sent him a bird, a real live bird. The he did very much want to see if the cat would eat the mouse, and not being able to have them both together he got rather vexed with his fairy godmother. And so it went on till he got to a cow. Now a guinea pig has got no tail to pull, so it remained a guinea pig, while Prince Fredolin sat down and howled at his fairy godmother. But the best of all his presents was the one given to him by the King his father. But these praises and the pleasure of riding about on a real horse so occupied his thoughts that that night he forgot altogether to go and set Rollonde free, but fell fast asleep and dreamed of nothing but real horses and horsemen going to battle. And so it was the next night too. Dear Prince and kind Master, let me go, for my heart breaks for a sight of my native land. Then he lifted his head and neighed so that the whole palace shook, and swaying forward till his head almost touched the ground he sprang out and away into the night over the hills toward Rocking Horse Land. Then Prince Fredolin, standing by the window, thoughtfully unloosed the white hair from his finger, and let it float away into the darkness, out of sight of his eye or reach of his hand. Go and be happy in your own land, since I, your Master, was forgetting to be kind to you. And there on the morning of the day, among all the presents that covered the floor of the chamber, stood a beautiful foal rocking horse, black, with deep burning eyes. No one knew how it had come there, or whose present it was, till the King himself came to look at it. Then the King took the little Prince his son, and told him all the story of Rollonde as I have told it to you here. So here is my story of Rollonde come to a good ending.

3: Rocking Horse Land: And Other Classic Tales of Dolls and Toys Book Review

Author: Laurence Housman. Prince Fredolin woke up, both eyes at once, and sprang out of bed into the sunshine. He was five years old that morning, by all the clocks and calendars in the kingdom; and the day was going to be beautiful.

4: Gages Lake, IL Homes For Sale | McColly Real Estate

Rocking Horse Land has 4 ratings and 1 review. Cheryl said: Note that many of these stories are available in other collections or as stand-alone picture-.

5: Rocking-Horse Land by Laurence Housman

Rocking - Horse Land by Laurence Housman, Kristina Rodanas For his birthday Prince Freedling is given a roomful of lavish and magical presents. The only one that doesn't bore him is a splendid black rocking-horse.

6: Rocking Horse Land by Angela Barrett

Online shopping from a great selection at Books Store.

7: Rocking-horse land - Laurence Housman - Google Books

Laurence Housman (), younger brother of A. E. Housman, was an accomplished illustrator, musician, and author of more than eighty works of poetry, fiction, plays, nonfiction, and stories for children.

8: Rocking-horse land | Open Library

Rocking-Horse Land by Laurence Housman, illustrated by Kristina Rodanas-First edition. Hardback story/picture book is quite clean and in as new condition. Price clipped dust jacket has a short edge tear, etc., but overall is good and in a Brodart protector-looks nice.

9: Rocking Horse Land - Equiki

Get this from a library! Rocking-horse land. [Laurence Housman; Kristina Rodanas] -- Prince Freedling loves the rocking horse he gets for his fifth birthday, but the creature becomes real every night and wants to be set free.

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