There was once a merchant who was **extremely rich. He had six children**, three boys and three girls; **His daughters were beautiful**; but the youngest was especially admired. They went every day to the ball, to comedy, to walk, and mocked their youngest, which employed most of her time **reading good books**. Many wanted to marry the daughters, but Belle told them she was too young, and that it wanted to **keep company with his father for several years.**  
  
All of a sudden, the merchant lost his property, and there remained to him that a small country house, far from the city. Belle did the housework since they could not afford a maid, and the older sisters would not help.

When they did get money, Belle did not want anything. "You do not pray me buy you something, 'said his father. Since you have the kindness to think of me, she said, I beg you to **bring me a rose,** because it does not grow here.

The man went; but when he arrived, he was given a trial for his goods, and having had much trouble, he also returned poor it was. **He had only thirty miles to get to his house he was lost.** It was snowing horribly; the wind was so great, he threw the two times down from his horse, and night came he thought he **would die of hunger or cold, or he would be eaten wolves,** he heard screaming around him. Suddenly, looking down a long avenue of trees, he saw a great light, but that seemed far removed. He walked over to that side and **saw that the light was coming out of a large palace**, which was all lit up.

As the rain and snow had soaked to the skin, **he approached the fire to dry,** and said to himself, the master of the house, or domestic forgive me the freedom I took and no doubt they will come soon. (broke into house, ate his meat and drank his wine, and fell asleep in a bed, and stole roses from his house)- rude!

In the morning, he heard a loud noise and saw a beast coming to him so bad that he was ready to faint. "You are very ungrateful, 'said the Beast, a terrible voice; I saved your life by receiving you in my castle, and for my trouble, you steal my roses, which I like better than all things in the world. **We must die to repair this fault;** I give you a quarter of an hour to ask God for forgiveness.   
  
The merchant fell on his knees and said to the Beast, clasping her hands:  
  
"My Lord, forgive me, I did not believe offense, picking a rose for one of my daughters, who had asked me.  
  
 I want to forgive you, **provided that your daughters come voluntarily, to die in your place**; Do not argue me go, and if your daughters refuse to die for you, swear that you will return in three months. ».  
  
- I assure you, my father, said Beauty you will not go to the palace without me; you can not help but follow you. Although I am young, I am not strongly attached to life, and **I would rather be devoured by this monster, than to die of grief give me your loss**. »  
  
**Belle could not help but shudder, seeing this horrible figure:** but she reassured her best, and the monster having asked him if it was heartily she had come, she said, trembling, as yes it does.  
  
When he was gone, Beauty sat in the great room and wept too; but as it was a lot of courage, she herself to God, and resolved not to the point grieve for the little time she had to live; because she firmly believed that the Beast would eat in the evening. **She resolved to walk in the meantime, and visit this beautiful castle**. She could not help but admire the beauty. But she was very **surprised to find a door**, on which he had written: Apartment Belle. She opened the door hastily, and was dazzled by the magnificence that reigned there: but what most struck her sight, was a large library, a harpsichord, and several music books.  
  
"Beauty, told this monster, would you **please let me see you dinner?**  
  
- No, replied the Beast, here there mistress you. You only have to tell me to go, if I bore you; I get out immediately. Tell me, is it not you think me very ugly?  
  
- This is true, says Belle, because I can not lie, but I think you are very good.  
  
- You have the goodness, says Belle. I confess I'm glad your heart; when I think you seem to me more so ugly.  
  
- Oh lady, yes, 'replied the Beast, I have a good heart, but I'm a monster.  
  
"*Beauty, will you be my wife? »*  
  
It was some time before responding; she was afraid to arouse the anger of the monster by denying she told him yet trembling:  
  
"No, the Beast. »  
  
Belle spent three months in this palace with enough tranquility. Every evening, the Beast was visiting the maintained during supper. There was only one thing that made it difficult to Belle is that the monster, before bed, always asked her if she would be his wife, and seemed filled with grief when he said no. She told him:  
  
"You grieve me, the Beast; I want to marry you, but I am too sincere to make you believe that this never happen. I'll always be your friend, try to get away with this.  
  
- It must be so, 'replied the Beast; I go to court*. I know I'm horrible; but I love you very much*; However, I am too happy that you want to remain here; promise me you'll never leave me. »  
  
La Belle blushed at these words. **She saw in the mirror, his father was ill with grief,** to have lost, and she wanted to see him again.  
  
- I would rather die myself, says this monster as giving you grief. I will send you to your father, you will stay and your poor Beast will die in pain.  
  
- No, said Beauty, crying, I love you too much to want to cause your death**. I promise to come back in a week**.   
  
However Belle reproached grief she would give her poor Beast, whom she loved with all her heart, and she was bored to do see.

She dressed beautifully to please him, and was bored to death all day, waiting for nine at night; but the clock vain ringing, the Beast did not appear. Beautiful, then, afraid of causing her death. She ran all the palace, throwing loud cries; she was in despair. After searching everywhere, she remembered her dream, and ran into the garden to the canal, where she had seen her sleeping. **She found the poor beast extent unconscious, and she thought she was dead. She threw herself on his body, without horror of his face, and feeling that his heart was still beating**, she took water in the channel, and threw him on the head. The Beast opened his eyes and told the Beautiful:  
  
"You forgot your promise, the grief of having lost you, made me resolve to let me starve; but I die happy, since I have the pleasure to see her once.  
  
- No, my dear Beast, lest ye die, said Beauty, you will live to become my husband  
  
Scarcely had she uttered Belle these words, she saw the bright light castle, fireworks, music, everything announced it a party but all these beauties not stopped his sight: she turned to her dear Beast, which was threatening shudder. What was his surprise! **The Beast had disappeared, and she no longer lives at his feet a prince more beautiful than love,** thanking the finishing her enchantment. Although this prince deserved full attention, she could not help asking him where the Beast.  
  
**A wicked fairy had condemned me to remain in this figure until a beautiful girl would consent to marry me**, and she had forbidden me to publish my mind.   
  
'Belle,' said the lady, who was a great fairy, come receive the reward of your good choice: you **preferred virtue to the beauty and spirit**, you deserve to find all these qualities combined in the same person. You will become a great queen: I hope that the throne will not destroy your virtues.   
  
In the moment the fairy gave a wand, which transported all who were in this room, in the kingdom of the prince. Topics saw him with joy, and he married Belle, who lived with him a long time and in perfect happiness, because it was based on virtue.