



## Rewards and Fairies

*Rudyard Kipling*

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## Rewards and Fairies Rudyard Kipling

Through the agency of Puck, Dan and Una, meet an array of historical characters from flint and iron ages to Good Queen Bess and Sir Francis Drake. Other tales include stories of England following the Norman Conquest, and the Europe of Napoleon and Talleyrand.

## Rewards and Fairies Details

Date : Published May 5th 1995 by Wordsworth Editions (first published 1910)

ISBN : 9781853261596

Author : Rudyard Kipling

Format : Paperback 272 pages

Genre : Fantasy, Classics, Fiction, Childrens, Poetry, Short Stories

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## From Reader Review Rewards and Fairies for online ebook

### Leonardo Ferrari says

When I started reading 'Rewards and Fairies', out of continuity for 'Puck of Pook's Hill', I was expecting another handful of adventure tales with knights, pirates and savages — very amusing but somewhat childish nonetheless. I was very much surprised, however, to find so mature and deep a book, making such efforts in subtly exposing the darkness of human nature. King turned beggar and god turned slave, men sent to death and innocent hanged out of revenge. The burden of being a living god or a woman ruler, and all its implications. All these tales are lightly told, but some of its meaning likely goes beyond the understanding of most children, making this book a gem for re-reading in mature years. In the words of the knight Sir Richard, "Live you long enough, maiden, and you shall know the meaning of many whys." I found 'Cold Iron', 'Gloriana', 'The Knife and the Naked Chalk' and 'The Tree of Justice' to be exceptional in this matter, but all tales go deeper in some subtle meaning.

Now, this book is a sequel to 'Puck of Pook's Hill' but it can be read independently, since only a few tales use characters from the first book and when they do, all the references work only to situate those who read the first book and are not important for the understanding of the plot. Besides, the story's frame presented in the first book is covered in this book's introduction, thus closing all possible loose ends. This said, my only advice left is that, if you loved reading 'The Jungle Book's but haven't read 'Puck of Pook's Hill' — or even if you have, but somehow missed this —, you should go straight to the wonders of this grave book.

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### Jim says

This book was originally published prior to 1923, and represents a reproduction of an important historical work, maintaining the same format as the original work. While some publishers have opted to apply OCR (optical character recognition) technology to the process, we believe this leads to sub-optimal results (frequent typographical errors, strange characters and confusing formatting) and does not adequately preserve the historical character of the original artifact. We believe this work is culturally important in its original archival form. While we strive to adequately clean and digitally enhance the original work, there are occasionally instances where imperfections such as blurred or missing pages, poor pictures or errant marks may have been introduced due to either the quality of the original work or the scanning process itself. Despite these occasional imperfections, we have brought it back into print as part of our ongoing global book preservation commitment, providing customers with access to the best possible historical reprints. We appreciate your understanding of these occasional imperfections, and sincerely hope you enjoy seeing the book in a format as close as possible to that intended by the original publisher.

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### Simon Mcleish says

Originally published on my blog here in August 2001.

While Rewards and Fairies is a sequel to Puck of Pook's Hill, it is probably much better known as the

original home of Kipling's most famous poem, *If* - . Myself, I don't like the poem very much - it's too much the sort of "uplifting" thing children used to be forced to learn in school.

The format is identical to that of its predecessor, as Puck introduces the two children to a series of people - all male - who illustrate the history of Sussex, where Kipling himself lived in the latter part of his life. The tales this time, which range back right to the end of the Bronze Age, are not so interesting, and the collection as a whole has a perfunctory feel, as though Kipling doesn't care.

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## **Courtney Johnston says**

I've already written about how this book and *Puck of Pook's Hill* are made; now I want to talk about how they are written.

The language is the greatest appeal of these two collections. It's grand and archaic and fine - the language of knights and centurions and queens as well as gypsies and poachers and smugglers.

Teeth thutter, arrows thock, people are middlin' well acquainted. One of my favourite passages is from 'Simple Simon', a story about a shipbuilder who as a young man sailed with Sir Francis Drake in the 'fetching trade':

'I'd a foolishness in my head that ships could be builded out of iron. Yes - iron ships! I'd made me a liddle toy one of iron plates beat out thin - and she floated a wonder! But my Uncle, bein' a burgess of Rye, and a shipbuilder, he 'prenticed me to Frankie in the fetchin' trade, to cure this foolishness.'

'What was the fetchin' trade?' Dan interrupted.

'Fetchin' poor Flemishers and Dutchmen out o' the Low Countries into England. The King o' Spain, d'ye see, he was burnin' 'em in those parts, for to make 'em Papishers, so Frankie he fetched 'em away to our parts, and a risky trade it was. His master wouldn't never touch it while he lived, but he left his ship to Frankie when he died, and Frankie turned her into this fetchin' trade. Outrageous cruel hard work - on besom-black nights bulging back and forth off they Dutch roads with shoals on all sides, and having to hark out for the *frish-frish-frish*-like of a Spanish galliwopses' oars creepin' up on ye. Frankie 'ud have the tiller and Moon he'd peer forth at the bows, our lantern under his skirts, till the boat we was lookin' for 'ud blurt up out o' the dark, and we'd lay hold and haul aboard whoever 'twas - man, woman, or babe - an' round we'd go again, the wind bewling like a kite in our riggin's, and they'd drop into the hold and praise God for happy deliverance till they was all sick.

'I had nigh a year at it, an' we must have fetched off - oh, a hundred pore folk, I reckon. Outrageous bold, too, Frankie growed to be. Outrageous cunnin' he was. Once we was as near as nothin' nipped by a tall ship off Tergoes Sands in a snowstorm. She had the wind of us, and spooned straight before it, shootin' all bow guns. Frankie fled inshore smack for the beach, till he was atop of the first breakers. Then he hove his anchor out, which nigh tore our bows off, but it twitched us round end-for-end into the wind, d'ye see, an' we clawed off them sands like a drunk man rubbin' along a tavern bench. When we could see, the Spanisher was laid flat along in the breakers with the snows whitening on his wet belly. He thought he could go where

Frankie went.'

My other favourite story as a kid was 'Gloriana' (influenced by my much-loved copy of Rosemary Sutcliff's *Queen Elizabeth Story*). It is a story about the painful duties and responsibilities of a ruler; England's colonies in America are being threatened by Philip of Spain, and Elizabeth must decide how to respond. Elizabeth acts out the episode for the children - a lovely play in itself on the pageantry and formality of the Elizabethan court:

'We've never been to a play,' said Una.

The lady looked at her and laughed. 'I'll make one for you. Watch! You are to imagine that she - Gloriana, Belpheobe, Elizabeth - has gone on a progress to Rye to comfort her sad heart (maids are often melancholic), and while she halts at Brickwall House, the village - what was its name?' She pushed Puck with her foot.

'Norgem,' he croaked, and squatted by the wigwam.

'Norgem village loyally entertains her with a masque or play, and a Latin oration spoken by the parson, for whose false quantities, if I'd made 'em in my girlhood, I should have been whipped.'

'You whipped?' said Dan.

'Soundly, sirrah, soundly! She stomachs the affront to her scholarship, makes her grateful, gracious thanks from the teeth outwards, thus' - (the lady yawned) - 'Oh, a Queen may love her subjects in her heart, and yet be dog-wearied of 'em 'in body and mind - and so sits down' - her skirts foamed about her as she sat - 'to a banquet beneath Brickwall Oak. Here for her sins she is waited upon by - What were the young cockerels' names that served Gloriana at table?'

'Frewens, Courthopes, Fullers, Husseys,' Puck began.

She held up her long jewelled hand. 'Spare the rest! They were the best blood of Sussex, and by so much the more clumsy in handling the dishes and plates. Wherefore' - she looked funnily over her shoulder - 'you are to think of Gloriana in a green and gold-laced habit, dreadfully expecting that the jostling youths behind her would, of pure jealousy or devotion, spatter it with sauces and wines. The gown was Philip's gift, too! At this happy juncture a Queen's messenger, mounted and mired, spurs up the Rye road and delivers her a letter' - she giggled - 'a letter from a good, simple, frantic Spanish gentleman called - Don Philip.'

'That wasn't Philip, King of Spain?' Dan asked.

'Truly, it was. 'Twixt you and me and the bedpost, young Burleigh, these kings and queens are very like men and women, and I've heard they write each other fond, foolish letters that none of their ministers should open.'

'Did her ministers ever open Queen Elizabeth's letters?' said Una.

'Faith, yes! But she'd have done as much for theirs, any day. You are to think of Gloriana, then

(they say she had a pretty hand), excusing herself thus to the company - for the Queen's time is never her own - and, while the music strikes up, reading Philip's letter, as I do.' She drew a real letter from her pocket, and held it out almost at arm's length, like the old post-mistress in the village when she reads telegrams.

'Hm! Hm! Hm! Philip writes as ever most lovingly. He says his Gloriana is cold, for which reason he burns for her through a fair written page.' She turned it with a snap. 'What's here? Philip complains that certain of her gentlemen have fought against his generals in the Low Countries. He prays her to hang 'em when they re-enter her realms. (Hm, that's as may be.) Here's a list of burnt shipping slipped between two vows of burning adoration. Oh, poor Philip! His admirals at sea - no less than three of 'em - have been boarded, sacked, and scuttled on their lawful voyages by certain English mariners (gentlemen, he will not call them), who are now at large and working more piracies in his American ocean, which the Pope gave him. (He and the Pope should guard it, then!) Philip hears, but his devout ears will not credit it, that Gloriana in some fashion countenances these villains' misdeeds, shares in their booty, and - oh, shame! - has even lent them ships royal for their sinful thefts. Therefore he requires (which is a word Gloriana loves not), requires that she shall hang 'em when they return to England, and afterwards shall account to him for all the goods and gold they have plundered. A most loving request! If Gloriana will not be Philip's bride, she shall be his broker and his butcher! Should she still be stiff-necked, he writes - see where the pen digged the innocent paper! - that he hath both the means and the intention to be revenged on her. Aha! Now we come to the Spaniard in his shirt!' (She waved the letter merrily.) 'Listen here! Philip will prepare for Gloriana a destruction from the West - a destruction from the West - far exceeding that which Pedro de Avila wrought upon the Huguenots. And he rests and remains, kissing her feet and her hands, her slave, her enemy, or her conqueror, as he shall find that she uses him.'

The contrast between Gloriana and the postmistress is lovely - and I guess Kipling had no way of knowing that a child reading this in the 1980s would find the notion of telegrams just as foreign as that of Elizabethan politics.

The other aspect of the two books are the poems. These range from dull to iconic, and include the much-cited *If*, and the almost equally well-known *Smuggler's Song*. '*If*' never did it for me, but I love the '*Smuggler's Song*'; '*Cold Iron*' perhaps was my favourite of all:

Gold is for the mistress -- silver for the maid --  
Copper for the craftsman cunning at his trade.  
"Good!" said the Baron, sitting in his hall,  
"But Iron -- Cold Iron -- is master of them all."

So he made rebellion 'gainst the King his liege,  
Camped before his citadel and summoned it to siege.  
"Nay!" said the cannoneer on the castle wall,  
"But Iron -- Cold Iron -- shall be master of you all!"

Woe for the Baron and his knights so strong,  
When the cruel cannon-balls laid 'em all along;  
He was taken prisoner, he was cast in thrall,

And Iron -- Cold Iron -- was master of it all!

Yet his King spake kindly (ah, how kind a Lord!)  
"What if I release thee now and give thee back thy sword?"  
"Nay!" said the Baron, "mock not at my fall,  
For Iron -- Cold Iron -- is master of men all."

Tears are for the craven, prayers are for the clown --  
Halters for the silly neck that cannot keep a crown.  
"As my loss is grievous, so my hope is small,  
For Iron -- Cold Iron -- must be master of men all!"

Yet his King made answer (few such Kings there be!)  
"Here is Bread and here is Wine -- sit and sup with me.  
Eat and drink in Mary's Name, the whiles I do recall  
How Iron -- Cold Iron -- can be master of men all!"

He took the Wine and blessed it. He blessed and brake the Bread,  
With His own Hands He served Them, and presently He said:  
"See! These Hands they pierced with nails, outside My city wall,  
Show Iron -- Cold Iron -- to be master of men all."

"Wounds are for the desperate, blows are for the strong.  
Balm and oil for weary hearts all cut and bruised with wrong.  
I forgive thy treason -- I redeem thy fall --  
For Iron -- Cold Iron -- must be master of men all!"

Crowns are for the valiant -- sceptres for the bold!  
Thrones and powers for mighty men who dare to take and hold.  
"Nay!" said the Baron, kneeling in his hall,  
"But Iron -- Cold Iron -- is master of men all!  
Iron out of Calvary is master of men all!"

Religion, magic, power, loyalty - Kipling's England.

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## **Lucy says**

The sequel to Puck of Pook's Hill, with the same strengths and faults: if you didn't know the history to which it refers before you read it, you'd be fairly lost. "The Conversion of St Wilfred" and "A Doctor of Medicine" were excellent stories, and the final story has a twist on history which I won't reveal, but there is some dross in there too. There was less in this book of the meetings with Puck and the introductions to the characters, which made it seem a little perfunctory - but Kipling writes so well that it has to deserve 3 stars.

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## **Tracy says**

I didn't care for this book. I had trouble getting into the short stories and a few didn't make much sense.

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## **Steve Miller says**

I enjoyed some of Kipling's better known works, but I struggled through the first story in this one, and left the rest of the book alone. Others have obviously found appeal in this book, so perhaps I am missing something. I will let others praise it and go on to other reading.

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## **Bruce Mohler says**

I wish all books about British history (or any country's history for that matter) were as fun to read as "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies".

Gratefully, the oak, ash, and thorn that affected Dan's and Una's memory has not seemed to impair my memory of the stories.

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## **Julie says**

I didn't know it was the end of a series, but I was able to enjoy it despite not having read the other books. I enjoyed the glimpse into the past. The stories were engaging, but I could only read one or two before needing to stop. I liked the Talleyrand and St. Wilfrid the best, but I found all of them enjoyable in some way or another. The poems were too "old" for my taste.

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## **Jen says**

In childhood all things are possible. Belief and imagination are strong, so when presented with seemingly outlandish situations and stories, it's easy to accept them as truth. Rewards and Fairies by Rudyard Kipling offers numerous fantastic stories as told to two children.

To read this, and other book reviews, visit my website: <http://makinggoodstories.wordpress.com/>.

In their free time adventures, Dan and Una come across their old friend Puck, a fairy, and slowly remember the adventures they had the last time they met with Puck, who had removed that time from their memories to keep the fairy world safely secret. Encountering new stories as they come across people who all happen to know Puck, Dan and Una learn some new things to either accept as is or try to place in the context of their own lives.

An interesting collection of short stories and poems, this book offers both entertainment and an exploration of some darker, deeper themes. The language was beautifully crafted -and I'd expect nothing less from



Kipling - and the historical events and stories that these tales pulled from were familiar enough to provide context but unique enough to stand alone as something vaguely new. Having not read the predecessor to this book, I didn't feel as if I was missing any key aspects to understand (although the footnotes did suggest reading the other book for clarification of certain stories), but reading it might offer a better comprehension of if this volume offers growth upon what was previously presented.

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## **Dariusz Grom says**

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

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## **Ray Hall says**

This is the second book, the first being Pook of Pook's Hill. I enjoyed the stories about History in Sussex where Kipling lived, also included in the books are the wonderful Poems and Songs.

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## **Rachel Bonaccorso Lindsay says**

Fantastic! Has a little bit of everything fun. Anything by Kipling is bound for my all-time favorites pile. This series is a collection of stories lightly joined together by a common theme and a common place. In Rewards and Fairies, the theme is what it means to be human: making tough decisions, contributing to the community, and generally upholding that noble and free status that Puck of Pook's Hill established as the true character of the British citizen.

Rewards and Fairies shows a bit more of Kipling's cultural sensitivities AND insensitivities. These are, of course, always somewhat apparent in all his works, and I read them without judging Kipling negatively. I would say that he was a good person, a great writer, and that he believed strongly in the human spirit wherever it might be found; but he definitely ascribed to the idea of cultural difference and, like a great many of his contemporaries, saw his own culture as a kind of pinnacle of evolution. I judge too that the Victorians generally viewed evolution as the transition from lesser to greater: it was an easy assumption to make, and it took a good long while before the majority of Westerners re-evaluated this way of thinking.

Thus you'll find the N-word sprinkled throughout Kipling's works, and it might be wise to discuss Imperialism and how it related to contemporary values when your children read Kipling.

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## **kristyn says**

A worthwhile read if only for the poem "If-"

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## **Steve Mitchell says**

The sequel to "'Puck of Pook's Hill'" is - once again - a collection of short stories based around British history with added poems thrown in. One of the poems in this book happens to be 'If' which is the greatest poem ever written; so there!

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## **Clare Farrelly says**

I enjoyed this book that I listened to as an audio. The stories were interesting and funny. The best part were the poems before and after each chapter though, they were beautiful and the chapters in between them helped the poetry to become more beautiful. There was no bad content and it would be an interesting and fun way for kids to learn about some of the historical events that the short stories in here tell of.

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### **Kathy says**

A fun read about two kids who keep meeting up with Puck. More a collection of short stories than anything else. I loved the poems that begin and end each chapter. I will have to read Puck of Pook's Hill since it is referred to regularly. A good classic to add to my list.

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### **Ron says**

Maybe a 3.5. Excellent story telling; the poems left me cold, except the joy in finding an old favorite--"If you can keep your mind when all about you Are losing theirs and blaming it on you"--as the opening line to "If".

Another good line "I reckon there's more things told than are true, And more things true than are told" from "The Ballard of Minepit Shaw."

The real fun is the interplay between a pair of "modern" children and the world of Fairy, which gives some background on how nineteenth century people viewed the world of the Night People.

A good read.

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### **Chris Purser says**

I enjoyed this second part. I didn't think it was as good as part 1 but, as a whole they are both very good.

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### **Lauren says**

This didn't have the charm of Puck of Pook's Hill although it also lacked the kind of overbearing sense of British imperialism that was so prevalent in Puck and led to some vaguely uncomfortable reading.

I was glad to be with Una and Dan again, though. My British history chops are SORELY lacking. Ouch. There's a lot I don't know. I loved the chapters that took place in Philadelphia with the Seneca and Big Hand.

If you like this - and Puck's as well, you should listen to the Peter Bellamy records that have the poems put to music. <https://mainlynorfolk.info/peter.bell...>

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