

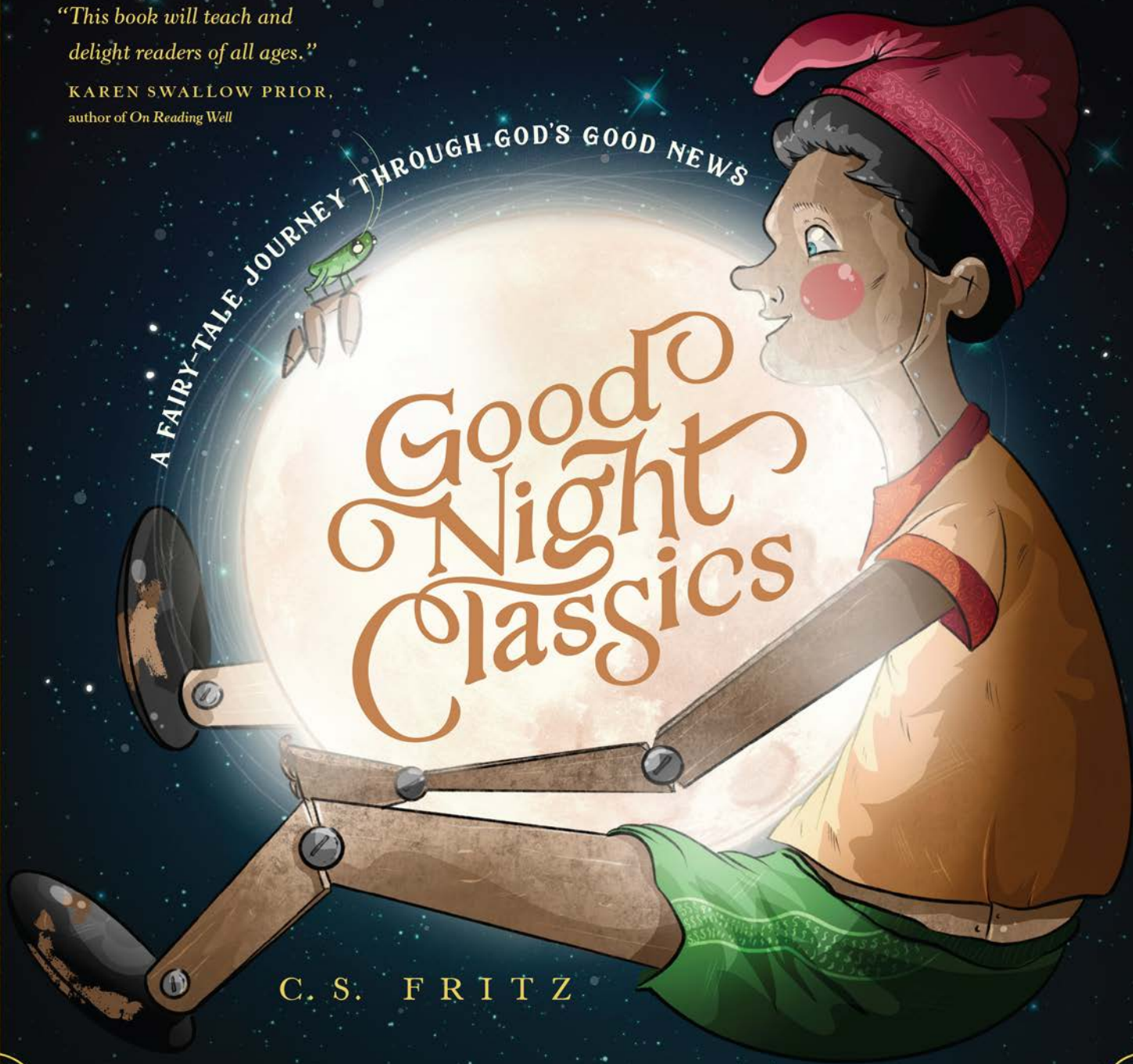
*"This book will teach and  
delight readers of all ages."*

KAREN SWALLOW PRIOR,  
author of *On Reading Well*

A FAIRY-TALE JOURNEY THROUGH GOD'S GOOD NEWS

# Good Night Classics

C. S. FRITZ



*Good Night Classics* is a feast for ears and eyes, serving up fresh insights on the proven wisdom of some of the world's most beloved tales. This book will teach and delight readers of all ages.

**KAREN SWALLOW PRIOR**, research professor of English and Christianity & Culture, Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary; author of *On Reading Well*

When I was a child, profound, imaginative stories drew me to the God of wonder. And over the years, stories have renewed my faith again and again. These pages, with such beautiful, artful illustration, offer that same mysterious grace—inviting us into God's immense, astounding world.

**WINN COLLIER, PHD**, director of the Eugene Peterson Center for Christian Imagination; author of *Love Big, Be Well* and *A Burning in My Bones*

This beautiful book is a treasure. C. S. Fritz captures what Tolkien describes as the “arresting strangeness” of fairy tales, which show us deep truths more clearly than any lesson ever could. The luminous and charming illustrations undergird stories well told, which do not veer into the boring didacticism of Victorian moral stories but

instead trust the power of story as a truth-bearing art form. Readers cannot help but feel their desire to be a part of a greater Story both increased and deepened. I can't wait to read it to my nieces and nephews.

**JOY MARIE CLARKSON**, author of *Aggressively Happy*;  
coauthor of *The Clubhouse*; host of *Speaking with Joy*

*Good Night Classics* contains wonderful reimagined versions of the stories we longed for every night as children. Casey's striking visual style takes these well-known tales to new realms that will inspire future generations.

**HAROLD CRONK**, director of *God's Not Dead*;  
author of *The Beard Ballad*



*Presented to*

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*by*

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*on*

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# Good Night Classics

C. S. F R I T Z

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NavPress is the publishing ministry of The Navigators, an international Christian organization and leader in personal spiritual development. NavPress is committed to helping people grow spiritually and enjoy lives of meaning and hope through personal and group resources that are biblically rooted, culturally relevant, and highly practical.

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*Good Night Classics: A Fairy-Tale Journey through God's Good News*

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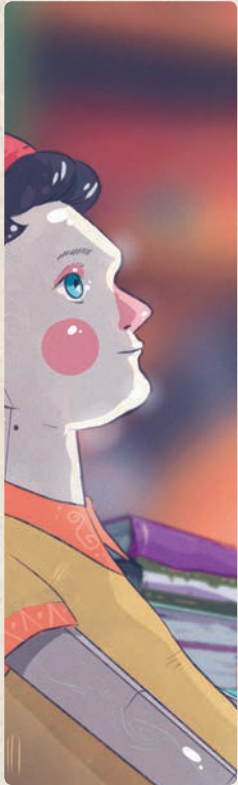
*For Colin,  
the best man I know*





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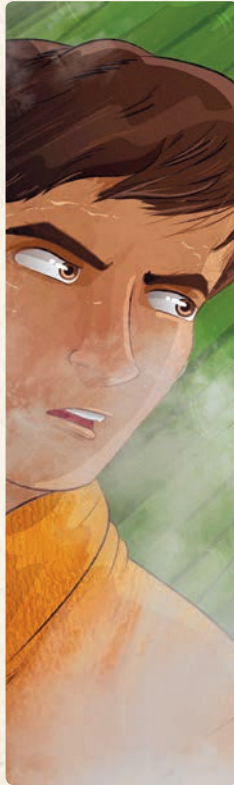
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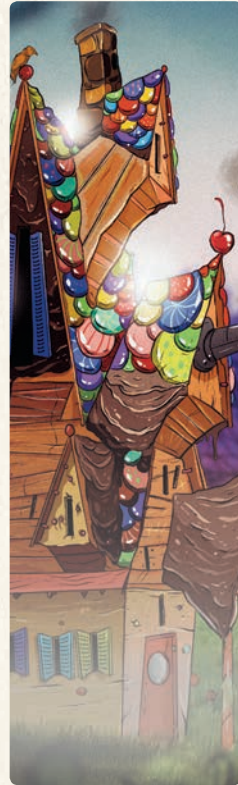
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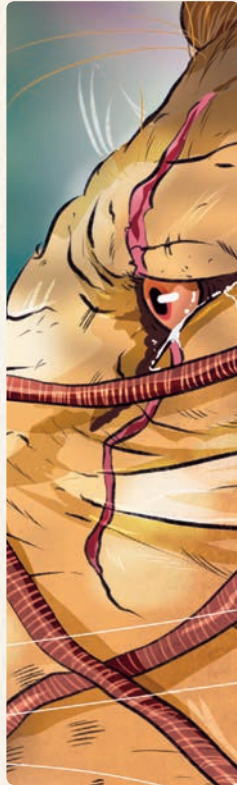
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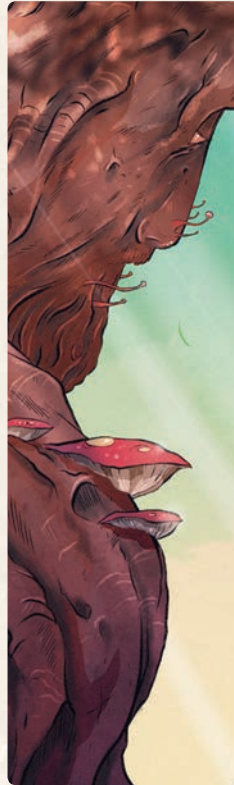
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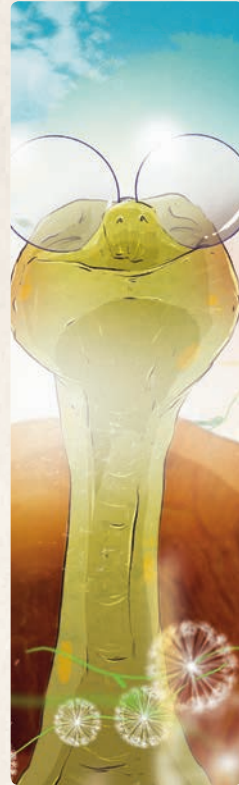
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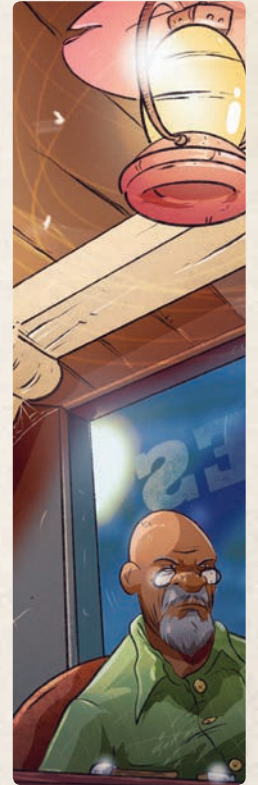
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## ✧ TO THE READER ✧

*The realm of fairy-story is wide and deep and high  
and filled with many things: all manner of beasts and birds are found there;  
shoreless seas and stars uncounted; beauty that is an enchantment, and  
an ever-present peril; both joy and sorrow as sharp as swords.*

J. R. R. TOLKIEN

*Sometimes fairy stories may say best what's to be said.*

C. S. LEWIS

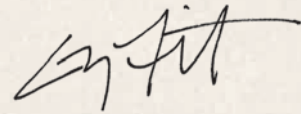
*For many of us, fairy tales are our first introduction to Story.*

Children and creatures and light and darkness are woven together in ways that linger long after the book is closed. And these tales feel sacred, transcending time and culture. Perhaps that's because fantasy has a unique way of speaking to our deepest emotions, of pointing to life in all its fullness.

This edition of bedtime stories invites you and your children to discover a new richness in fairy tales, drawing out where the things of God emerge from the lines and rhythms of these familiar stories. The truth of God can be found throughout this world he's made, and within the imaginations of the people he's created. We

can find pieces of that truth in candy cottages, just as we can find it in church pews. But, reader, be warned—there is darkness within the fairy tales we know so well, and I’ve kept some of that in these pages. That’s intentional—and important—because the moments of darkness serve as invitations to see the light.

With that, I invite you to rediscover these classic tales with the children in your life, seeing them through a new lens, with the truths of God shining out on every page. As you read these tales with fresh eyes, I hope you’ll learn to see meaning in the mystery of all stories within your life. And I also hope that as you do, you feel within you a stirring toward another story, a greater story: the greatest story ever told.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'C. S. Fritz', with a stylized, cursive script.

C. S. FRITZ

PINOGGHIO






In the beginning, an old man walked deep into the dark woods.

He walked slowly among the tall trees, holding out his hand to feel the rough bark of oaks and maples. Sometimes he paused to pull out a red, satin ribbon from his satchel and tie a piece around the branch, marking it for cutting. “This one,” he’d say. “This one is special.” You see, every morning Geppetto wandered the misty woods for miles, seeking trees to carve into toys for the village children.

Geppetto loved his village. He loved the villagers who traded goods and stories, the children laughing in the cobblestone streets, and even the stray cat that wound ’round his ankles outside the toy shop.

The only thing Geppetto loved more than the village were his creations. Everything he made brought him joy.

An illustration of a woodworker with grey hair and a beard, wearing a red and purple plaid shirt and a brown leather vest. He is carrying a large tree trunk on his back and has an axe tucked under his arm. He is walking through a forest with tall, thin trees and a green field in the background.

**But on this day,** Geppetto planned to make something unlike any of his other creations. Deep into the wilderness he walked, ignoring the tall oak and the full fir, seeking the weeping yellowleaf—the smallest and most forgettable of all trees in the land. Now Geppetto could do his most precious of work.

Geppetto stared at its branches, its sun-faded leaves, its potential. What could he make with its wood? His mind whirred with excitement. He placed the tree over his shoulder and scurried back to his home.





At his shop, Geppetto set to work creating two yo-yos, four spinners, and six whirly-whomps. The wood molded beneath Geppetto's tools as he carved. After each toy was finished, Geppetto brushed off the final shavings and admired his work. He whispered, "Good, good," to the toys before placing them on the shelf.

As the day turned to dusk, Geppetto had only a short piece of the branch left.

Geppetto started carving. First legs, then arms, then a head, a nose, and eyes. A puppet began to emerge from the branch. Geppetto continued to whittle piece by piece, detail by detail. This puppet was the most beautiful creation he had ever made.



After the moon rose and the sun was almost asleep, Geppetto took a step back to admire his work. And this time, he let out a shout: “VERY GOOD!”

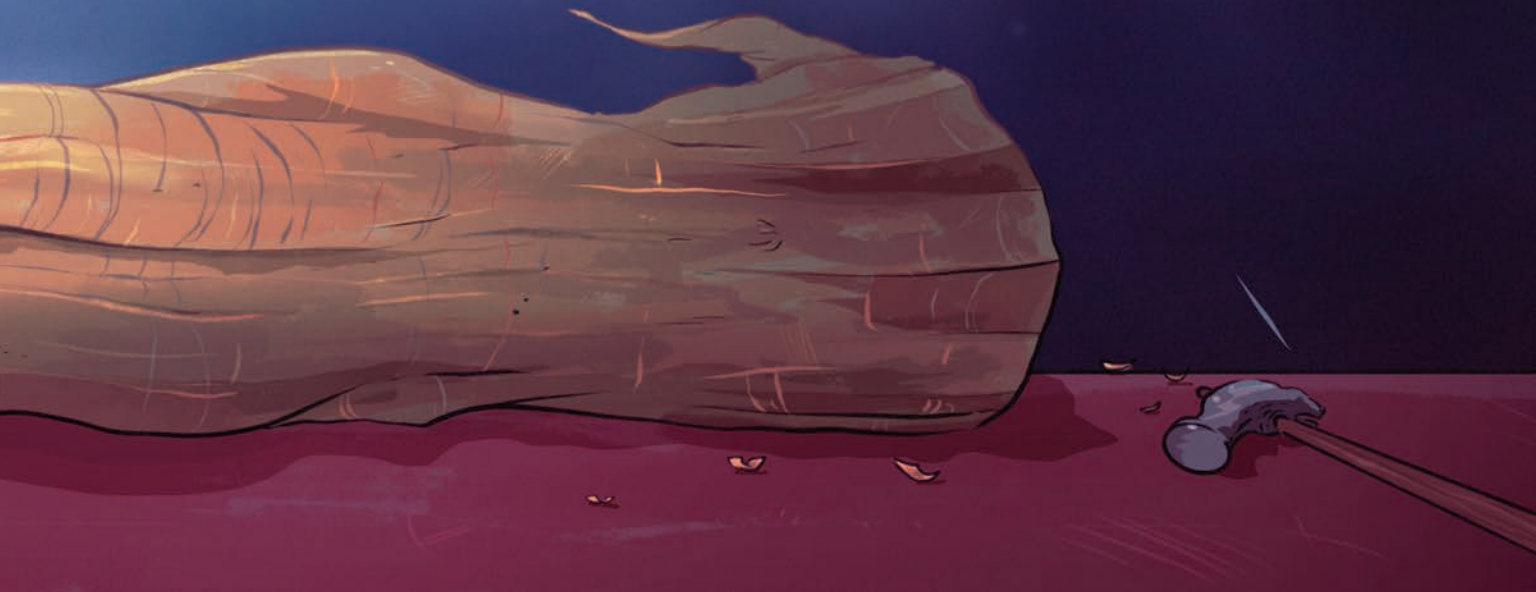
He reached for the puppet, picked it up, and embraced his creation.

As he held the puppet close, he heard the most magical sound.  
Great big breaths going in and out, in and out.

Thump, thump . . . thump, thump . . .

The sound of life.

*Life has come from the dust.*

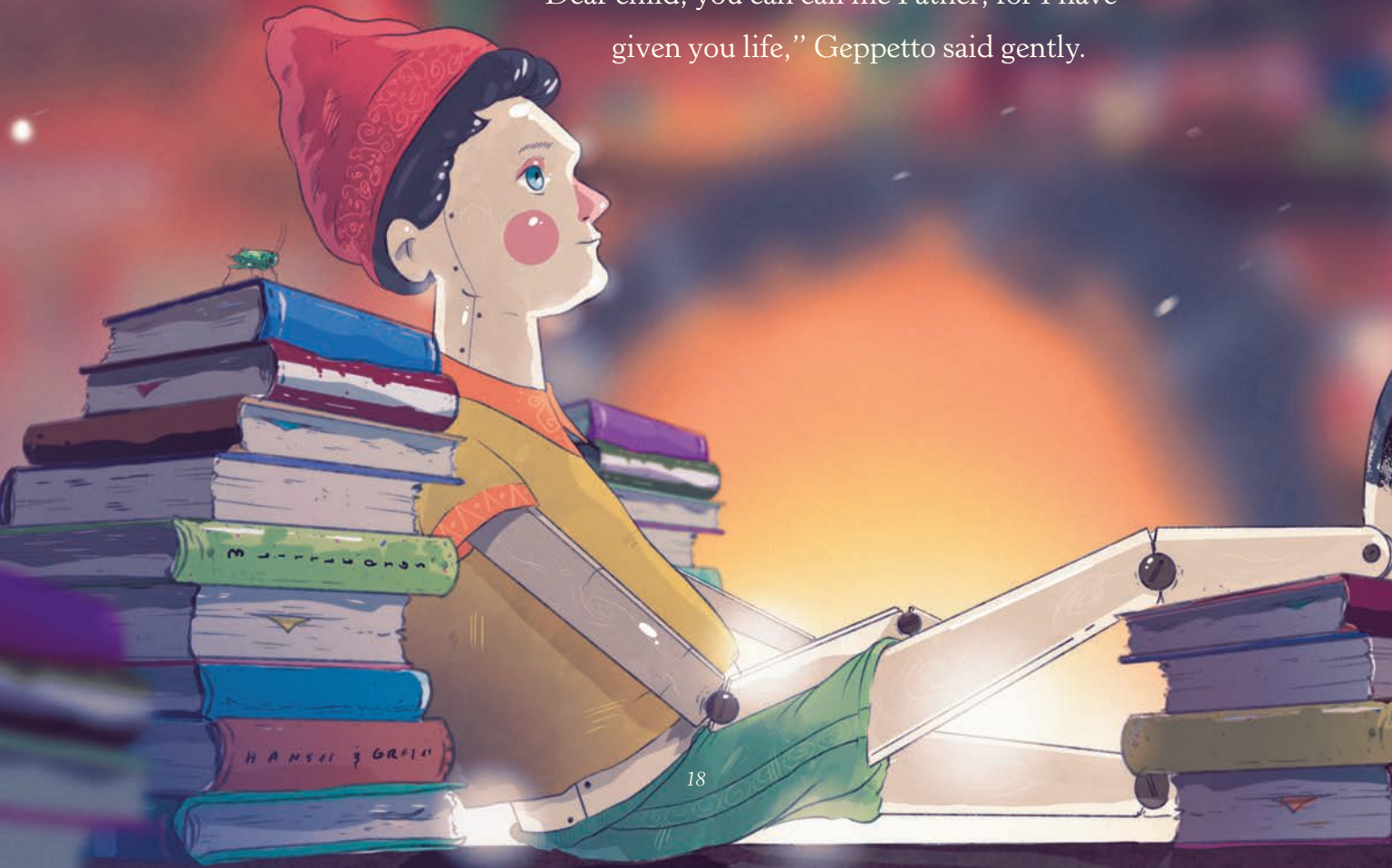


Geppetto gently set the toy back on the worktable. The puppet slowly stretched his wooden arms and legs. He blinked his freshly painted eyes like a child waking from a long nap.

*“You will be called Pinocchio,”* the old man whispered. A tear rolled down his cheek.

“And what can I call you?” asked Pinocchio.

“Dear child, you can call me Father, for I have given you life,” Geppetto said gently.





*“What is a child? What is life? What am I to do with a life?”*

Pinocchio asked.

Geppetto pulled Pinocchio onto his knee. “This might be a good time to tell you a story,” said Geppetto. “For this is the first thing you should know: *Good stories show us how to live our own stories.*”





*The*  
**THREE  
LITTLE  
PIGS**  
*A TALE OF FOUNDATIONS*

Once upon a time,  
three little pigs set out into the  
Great Green Forest to make  
their way in the world.







The first pig, Shep, set off east. He came upon a scarecrow using straw to stuff his head. Shep thought, *This straw will be a good foundation for my home.* He said to the scarecrow, “Please, sir, may I have some straw to build my house?”

The scarecrow did share his straw, but not without a warning. “Be wary, little pig. Straw is good for starting fires and stuffin’ me tush, but it’s too weak for a home.” But Shep ignored the warning and built his house from straw.

Just as Shep closed the front door of his new home, he heard four loud knocks.

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

“Who’s there?” asked the pig.

“Dear friend,” said a crooked voice, “may I come in and have dinner? It’s been so long since I’ve . . . eaten.”

Shep’s tail coiled as he stuttered out, “N-n-not today, stranger.”

An odd whistle came from the other side of the door. Shep peeked out the window. He could see the stranger breathing in and out faster and faster through sharp, pointed teeth. The stranger bellowed, “Little pig, little pig, let me come in!”

Shep mustered all his courage. “No, no—not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!” he shouted back.

**“THEN I’LL HUFF, AND I’LL PUFF, AND I’LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE IN,”** the stranger screamed. Then he blew with a violent storm and demolished the pig’s straw house.

I wonder what happened next? Before we find out, let’s check in on our second pig, Hugo.





Hugo set off west. There in the forest, he met a tree fairy singing sweet melodies from the high branches of a corkscrew tree.

Noticing the beautiful twisty branches the tree fairy used for her house, Hugo thought, *These branches will be good materials for my home.* He asked the fairy, “Please, might I have some of your sticks to build my house?”

The tree fairy certainly shared, but not without warning. “Be ever careful, small pig,” she hummed. “Sticks are good for arrows, spears, ladders, and torches, but one mustn’t use them for a home, for they are far too fragile!”

Hugo shook his head and thought, *The sticks will make a beautiful home!* So he built his foundation with a bundle of sticks.

Just as Hugo settled down in front of his new fireplace, he heard four loud knocks at his wooden door.

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

“*Who goes there?*” asked the pig.

“Open!” a hurried voice replied. “Please. I must come in!”

The whiskers on Hugo’s snout rattled. He called out, “Not today, stranger.”

And then he heard a high, heaving whistle.

The stranger panted, “Pig! Pig! I must come in!”

“Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!” Hugo concluded.

“THEN,” the stranger shouted, “***I’LL HUFF, AND I’LL PUFF, AND I’LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE IN!***”

The stranger blew with all his might, and the pig’s stick home clattered down around him.

I wonder what happened next? Before we find out, we must check in on our third pig, who is named Soso.

Soso took the road less traveled and went north. *Who can tell me the right way to build a home?* he wondered. Soso decided to seek the king of the land in his mighty fortress. When he arrived, the pig bowed and asked, “Excuse me, my lord. How I might build a home like yours?”







The king leaned down from his stone throne and smiled at the pig. He declared, “Everyone who hears these words of mine and does them will be like a king who built his house on the rock.” He continued, “And if rain falls, and floods come, and winds blow, your house will not fall, because it has been built on the rock. *Dear pig, dig deep, and lay rock upon rock and brick upon brick.*”

As he listened to the king, Soso felt excited. But he needed one more thing.

“Please, my lord, may I have some of your bricks to build this home?” the pig inquired.

The king ordered that Soso be given the bricks he needed to build his strong foundation.

Soso then laid brick upon brick, just as his king instructed. When he was done, he went inside and tapped a hoof against one of the strong walls.

Just then, he heard squealing and oinking and shouting coming from outside. Soso opened the door—and his two brothers rushed in and slammed the door behind them!

Then . . . there was a knock at the door.

**BOOM!**

“It’s him!” cried Shep.

**BOOM!**

“Who?” wondered Soso.

**BOOM!**

“The wolf!” squealed Hugo.

**BOOM!**

Peering out the window, they could see the wolf’s long snout quivering over his sharp teeth as he whistled in and out, “Little pigs, little pigs, let me in!”

Soso announced, “No! Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!”

The wolf roared, “***THEN I’LL HUFF, AND I’LL PUFF, AND I’LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE IN!***”

He drew in a deep breath—

“Here it comes!” warned Shep.

—and then came a mighty *WHOOSH* from outside the solid door—

“He will break this house down!” wailed Hugo.

. . . but then, to their great surprise, nothing happened.

**Absolutely nothing.**





No drape fluttered. No floorboard creaked. No window rattled. Every part of the house remained still.

Hugo and Shep looked around in awe. “What happened?” they asked.

*“This foundation is stronger than the wolf,”* Soso said.

The wolf continued to huff and puff, and huff and puff. But he could not break the strong foundation. Realizing his defeat, he howled in anguish and dashed into the shadows of the Great Green Forest.

“I don’t understand,” Hugo said.

“Why didn’t your house break like ours did?” asked Shep.

Soso smiled and thought of the wise king on his great stone throne. *“Let me show you,”* he said. ✨