

THE GAME OF
Rip Van Winkle

A Modern Version
of An Old Tale

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Back cover

Front cover

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8 Pages

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Game of
RIP VAN WINKLE

DIRECTIONS

Select one person to read the story. This person evenly distributes the cards among the players. They keep the cards in a pile, face downwards. The reader pauses at each — in the narrative and the players in turn, beginning at the left of the reader, read their cards, one for each —, prefixing the printed words with an "A" or "An" to make the sense correct. Thus a card printed "Old Clay Pipe" should be read "An old clay pipe". Cards after being read are discarded to the center of the table, and redrawn and read over if there are not enough to complete the story.

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Inside Back.

Inside Front

RIP VAN WINKLE

A New Version of an Old Tale

In a little old house, in a little old town at the foot of mountains that were old before either the village or the house were thought of, lived Rip Van Winkle. Had this good-natured man lived alone in that little old house, he might have known a happy if uneventful existence, even though his story were never written. But a scolding wife was an incentive for Rip to take to the woods, and frequent repetition caused the trip to become a sort of habit, culminating in the twenty years' visit which made Rip Van Winkle famous while he slept. You all know the story as it is written, but this missing word narrative will tell the tale as perhaps it might have been. Therefore let us, you and I, in fancy, take the hand of Rip Van Winkle and accompany him on that autumn day so many, many years ago, as he and his good dog, Wolf, wend their way along the dusty village street to the mountains, and see what we shall make him see. . . .

Rambling along through the woods Rip had uncon-

sciously reached the summit of the highest mountain, from which he could see in the distance — which had evidently been struck by lightning years before and looked like —. Rip took — out of his pocket, and sitting down upon — began to admire —, while the dog, Wolf, sported amongst the underbrush with — in his mouth. Through an opening in the trees he could see — sailing down the Hudson, while overhead — flew from one tree top to another, fetching food for its young. Turning his head Rip looked down into a deep mountain glen, at the bottom of which stood —, on which the sunlight glistened, making it look like —.

Rip sat there musing for some time, then picking up — he started to wend his way down the mountain, when suddenly he heard a voice crying "Rip Van Winkle, Rip Van Winkle!" and turning round was astonished to see coming toward him a strange figure carrying — on his shoulder. Rip could not tell whether it was a human being or —, but as it came nearer he ascertained it to be a funny little man with — hung over his head. He wore — strapped round his waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer ones decorated with — down the sides and — tied round the knees. The dwarf stood in front of Rip and pointing to — near the base of the mountain, bade him carry — down the hill.

Rip followed his mysterious guide, and soon found himself in a deep cave where he saw several more dwarfs playing with —. One of them approached Rip, and handing him — asked if he wanted to see — that Hendrick Hudson used to carry about with him. Rip assented and the dwarf took him into an inner chamber, the walls of which were decorated with — and —, while — and other trophies of the chase hung from the ceiling. It was a grewsome place, the only light being from — which smoldered on the floor of the cave, and Rip began to feel like — as his uncanny companion commenced to dance back and forth, waving — in each hand. Suddenly he paused and taking — from a high shelf, thrust it into Rip's mouth, saying "Eat that!" Rip's knees shook, and he clutched for support, as he tremblingly answered, "I never ate — in all my life!" "Well, then," said the dwarf, who spoke the language of —, "perhaps you'd like to chew —." Rip was about to remonstrate when — rushed through the cave pursued by —, and following them came all the dwarfs, each armed with —. Rip's companion clutched his arm and bade him follow the hurrying crowd, saying they were going to see a race between — and —.

Rip hustled along as best he could, frequently stumbling over — or knocking his head against —

which had of been left in the cave by volcanic eruptions earlier days. After traversing what seemed to Rip an endless passage, so dark he could not see — in front of him, they entered a great chamber at one end of which burned —, shedding a great light over all the surroundings. Beside of — an elevation of rock served as a platform with — in the background, and in the center sat an old man with — on either side of him. Several of the dwarfs took places around him and the old man, rising, presented each with —. Then, advancing to the front of the platform, he addressed the multitude in stentorian tones. "Who," he asked, "is that mortal from the upper world whose face looks like — and who carries in his jacket —? How dares he set foot in the underground domain of Hendrick Hudson, the great explorer who sailed from Holland on — and discovered — at the mouth of the river to which I have given my name? He looks to me like — or one of the hated English who stole my river from me! Bring him forth and bid him lay — at my feet, and bow his humble head while in my august presence!" At this moment one of the dwarfs hit Rip in the back with — and thrusting — into his hand, pushed him towards the famous explorer.

In the presence of so great a personage Rip felt like —, but summoning his courage he dropped on one knee

and said, "Believe me, Sir Henry, I came not hither of my own desire; I sought — in the mountains because my wife, who is —, would allow me no peace at home. I was found in the woods by one of your subjects who brought me here. See, I present you with—." Sir Henry smiled and was about to speak, when a stir in the crowd made him pause, and into the chamber came — riding — and drawing —. A youthful page alighted and approaching the explorer handed him — which he opened, and said to the dwarfs, "I have here — sent by the fairy queen. She bids us all assemble at the palace court and inspect —, sent her by Neptune, God of the Ocean. Rip Van Winkle, I grant you favor. You are — and my guest till Morpheus claims you." And so saying Sir Henry mounted — and soared away over the heads of his listeners.

Rip proceeded with the dwarfs to the fairy court, and there his eyes were dazzled by the brilliancy of the scene before him. Beautiful flowers bloomed on every side. Amongst a bed of tulips grew — while — swung from a cherry tree. On a throne made in the form of — sat the Fairy Queen. She was most beautiful, dressed in —, and on her head she wore —. On either side of her was seated —, while — stood behind. She held a magic wand which Rip thought looked

more like —. As each dwarf passed her, he was presented with — which she told them to take good care of. Rip received — which he thought was —. Arising from her throne she struck the magic wand against a stone, and presently there appeared — that began to sing and dance. This strange creature disappeared in the same manner.

As Rip followed the dwarfs he observed a small lake in which — was swimming. He watched it for some time, when suddenly — sprang from the water and, upon touching land, turned into —. This astonished Rip. When he was a boy he had read with great interest about — that dwelt in the Land of Nod; how — was made out — from her magic touch. At that time he often wished he could see —. His wish was now fulfilled, and before him sat —. Rip watched her for some time; she was dressed in the same manner as the Fairy Queen, with — on her back, and instead of the magic wand she held — in each hand. Her eyes, which were like —, were now fixed on Rip, who began to feel like —, and seeing — behind —, which he recognized as —, he made his way in that direction, but before he had taken many steps the fairy placed her hand upon his head and he immediately turned into —. Rip now had occasion to make good use of — which

the Fairy Queen had given him. But how was he to go about it? Striking the wand against a stone he turned all the flowers into —, the birds on the trees no longer sang, but fell to the ground, turning into —. The Fairy Queen at once knew what had happened. Rip became alarmed as he saw her, now transformed into —, walking in his direction. He instantly whirled the wand in the air, when everything resumed its former shape and he was again in his own form.

He sat down beside the Fairy Queen and suddenly his ears were greeted by strains of weird music, and twelve beautiful fairies danced across the court preceded by —. But it was this music that got on Rip's nerves. It worked itself into his system and made his head feel like —. It made his eyelids heavy, and the picture began to fade as though a dreamy haze were descending on the scene and shutting it from view.

The first thing that met Rip Van Winkle's gaze when he awoke was — singing on a mulberry bush. He reached for his gun, but found in its stead only —. His next thought was of Wolf, but no joyful bark answered his familiar call, and looking down he saw — which he recognized as all that was left him of his faithful dog. But what surprised him most was to find — growing from his chin, as Rip had always gone through

life smooth-shaven. "My!" he exclaimed, "I must have slept here many days, and what will my good wife say when I appear before her looking like ——?"

So saying he began his way down the mountain as fast as his stiffened limbs would carry him. Passing by ——, he noticed for the first time that everything seemed changed. The village street was wider, new houses looked across at each other from either side, and the faces of those persons whom he met were all unfamiliar to Rip Van Winkle. Stopping an elderly man, by whose side walked —— Rip asked him if he knew where —— could be found. The man told Rip to keep straight on past —— and he would find the old tavern. He also offered Rip —— to smoke on his way.

Rip reached the square where the old tavern, his favorite resort, had stood, but instead of the inn he had known, saw only —— and a rickety wooden building, over the door of which hung —— and a sign that read, "The Union Hotel." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter him and his cronies, Rip saw a tall pole with —— on the top of it and below it —— waving in the breeze.

He looked for the old sign that used to bear a picture of King George surrounded by ——, but instead saw a likeness of one George Washington riding —— and holding —— high above his head. Even the character of the

people seemed changed. Instead of the peaceable old friends he had known, Rip saw "a lean, billious-looking fellow" with —— in his pocket, talking about the rights of citizens, ——, elections, ——, liberty, ——, heroes of '76, and other things which were unknown and incomprehensible to Rip.

The people now crowded around him, and the orator approached him, asking on which side he voted, but Rip stood like —— and looked his amazement. Rip finally found his tongue and answered confusedly, "I don't know what you mean. I am —— and a true subject of King George." The people stared at him as though he were —— and one urchin whose mother was —— sneered, "Pike the guy what don't know the revolutionary war is over." "Say, mister," said the orator, don't you know that we are no longer subjects of a foreign king? This country is now ruled by ——, every man is —— and has been for fifteen years, and every citizen owns —— . Who are you, anyway?" Rip looked blankly at —— and said helplessly, "I don't know. But yesterday I had ——, while to-day I am only —— . O, does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

"Surely," answered a tall raw-boned woman who bore —— on her shoulder, "there he is, over there, leaning on ——."

Rip looked and saw — the exact image of himself when he went up the mountain. This was too much. He sat down on — and — fell from his eyes. As he sat thus a comely woman pressed through the crowd. On her back she carried — and a chubby child, which, frightened at —, began to cry.

“Hush, Rip,” said she. “You act like —.” The name and the face of the woman, which resembled —, awoke a train of recollections in Rip’s mind. “What is your name, my good woman?” he asked. “Judith Gardener.” “And your father’s name?” “Ah, my poor father was —. His name was Rip Van Winkle, but it’s twenty years since he went away from home with —, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home with —; but whether father shot himself or was carried away by —, nobody knows. I was but — then.” Rip wiped his eyes with — and then said anxiously, “Where’s your mother?” “Mother is now with —,” answered the woman. “She attacked — one day and was killed by the bursting of —.”

This at least lifted a load from Rip’s mind, and he could contain himself no longer. Claspings — in one arm he threw the other around his daughter. “I am your father!” cried he. “Young Rip Van Winkle once, now —.” All stood amazed till — tottering out from the

crowd looked at — and said, “Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle himself! I know, because he had — tattooed on his right hand. You remember me, Rip; I used to be —. My father married — and owned — over in Jersey! We used to play together! Why, don’t you recollect when you and I, between us, ate —? Where have you been so long?”

Rip’s story was soon told, and though it was at first doubted, the testimony of an old neighbor who was looked upon as — made it sound plausible. It developed that Rip’s daughter was married to — and owned a prosperous farm and —. So Rip went to live with them and busied himself by carrying — each day for his son-in-law’s lunch, and riding the baby around on —. Rip’s teeth were gone, and he could eat nothing but — and —, and so his daughter invented for him a soup made of —, which he sipped with great relish.

As Rip grew older he would sit beside the town pump with — on his knee and tell stories about — to —. In this interesting manner he passed his declining years until his stories became so well known that only — would listen to them. But still in his dotage he seemed to hear once more in fancy the music of —, to see the fairies dancing dreamily in the cavern, and to listen to the voices of the funny dwarfs, bidding him follow on.