Appendix

TRANSITIVITY PROCESSES IN RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Once upon a time there was a poor miller with a very beautiful daughter.

She was not only beautiful but she was clever too.

The miller was very proud of his daughter. He was always boasting to people of her skill.
‘My daughter is very clever indeed,’ he said one day to the King of the land. ‘Why, she can even spin gold out of straw!’

Of course, it was not true, but the miller often said things like this.

‘Gold out of straw!’ said the King. ‘Bring the girl before me.’

For the King was rich and greedy and he wanted even more wealth than he had already.
So the miller proudly took his daughter to the King’s palace.

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<tr>
<th>Actor</th>
<th>Material</th>
<th>Goal</th>
<th>Circ: place</th>
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And there the King led the girl to a room where there was a great heap of straw and a spinning wheel.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Actor</th>
<th>Material</th>
<th>Goal</th>
<th>Circ: place</th>
<th>Existential</th>
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I order you to spin this straw into gold, said the King.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Actor</th>
<th>Material</th>
<th>Goal</th>
<th>Sayer</th>
<th>Verbal</th>
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You must do it by morning.’

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Actor</th>
<th>Material</th>
<th>Goal</th>
<th>Circ: time</th>
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‘But I cannot!’ said the poor girl. I cannot spin straw into gold.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Verbal</th>
<th>Sayer</th>
<th>Actor</th>
<th>Material</th>
<th>Goal</th>
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It’s impossible!’.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Carrier</th>
<th>Relational: Attributive</th>
<th>Attribute</th>
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</table>
The king refused to listen. He ordered his guards to lock the door and they left the miller’s daughter alone with the heap of straw.

| The girl sat down in a corner and began to cry. ‘Oh dear,’ she said. ‘What shall I do? I can’t spin the straw into gold. | Actor | Material | Actor | Material | Goal |
|-------------------------------------------------|---------------|-------------|---------------|----------|------|----------------|----------------|----------|
| The girl sat down in a corner and began to cry. ‘Oh dear,’ she said. ‘What shall I do? I can’t spin the straw into gold. | Actor | Material | Actor | Material | Goal | Cerc: manner | Senser Mental: Desiderative | Actor | Material | Goal | Cerc: time | Behaver Behavioral | Sayer |
| The girl sat down in a corner and began to cry. ‘Oh dear,’ she said. ‘What shall I do? I can’t spin the straw into gold. | Actor | Material | Actor | Material | Goal | Cerc: manner | Senser Mental: Desiderative | Actor | Material | Goal | Cerc: time | Behaver Behavioral | Sayer |
No one can spin straw into gold.

Actor | Material | Goal

Suddenly the door opened and there stood a funny little man with crooked legs.

Goal | Material | Existential | Existent

Circ: manner

‘Why are you crying?’ he asked the miller’s daughter.

Behaver | Behavioral | Sayer | Verbal | Receiver

‘What’s the matter?’

‘Alas!’ said the girl. ‘I must spin all this straw into gold by morning – it’s quite impossible.

Verbal | Sayer | Actor | Material | Goal

Circ: time | Carrier | Relational: Attributive | Attribute
I can do it for you,” said the funny little man.

But what will you give me for a reward?”

The girl was overjoyed. I’ll give you my necklace.

‘She said. But please help me!’

‘Very well,’ said the stranger. And he sat down at the spinning wheel.

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**Actors and Goals**

- **Actor**: I
- **Material**: Can do it
- **Goal**: For you
- **Sayer**: The funny little man

- **Actor**: You
- **Material**: Give
- **Goal**: Me for a reward

- **Actor**: The girl
- **Relational**: Was
- **Attribute**: Overjoyed
- **Actor**: I
- **Material**: Give
- **Goal**: You my necklace

- **Sayer**: She
- **Verbal**: Said
- **Material**: Help
- **Goal**: Me

- **Verbal**: Said
- **Sayer**: The stranger
- **Behavioral**: Sat down

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**Circumstance (Circ): manner**
He began to spin, and before long the heap of dirty straw was pure, shining gold.

The girl clapped her hands joyfully. "Here is my necklace," she said. Thank you – thank you!

Just as suddenly, the little man disappeared. In the morning, the King came to the room. How surprised and pleased he was to see...
the heap of gold!

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<th>Phenomena</th>
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But he was still greedy for more. ‘If you can spin gold out of that straw,’ he said, ‘you can do other things’.

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<tr>
<th>Goal</th>
<th>Sayer</th>
<th>Verbal</th>
<th>Actor</th>
<th>Material</th>
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So, that night, he shut the girl up again with another task to do before morning.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Circ: time</th>
<th>Behaver</th>
<th>Range</th>
<th>Circ: manner</th>
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Again the poor girl sat down and wept. But before long, the door

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<th>Behavioral</th>
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opened and the funny little man appeared once more. What will you give me to do your task? he said.

‘The ring on my finger,’ said the miller’s daughter. ‘Please help me!’

‘Agreed,’ said the little man, and again he set to work at the spinning wheel. By morning there was another heap of glittering gold.
Again the King was astonished and pleased. But still he wanted more. He led the miller’s daughter into a still larger room.

You must spin all this into gold by morning,’ he said.

‘And if you succeed, you shall be my Queen.’

The poor girl sat down in despair, ‘I cannot,’ she said.
‘It is too big a task.’ But for the third time, the little man appeared.

‘What will you give me this third time?’ he asked.

I have nothing left to give you, ‘said the miller’s daughter.

I gave you the necklace, and I gave you the ring on my finger.

I have nothing left.’
There is one more gift you can give me,

‘said the little man.

Promise to give me your first child when you become the Queen.

I am not yet Queen, ‘thought the miller’s daughter.

‘Surely it is safe to make this promise.

He will forget about it. So she promised.

The little man sat down at the spinning wheel again and started to spin.
Soon there was a heap of gold, and then he disappeared, just as he did before.

When the King came to the room, he was overjoyed to see so much gold.

‘You shall be my Queen,’ he said to the miller’s daughter.

So they were married with great ceremony and feasting and the miller was even prouder of his daughter.
In time a child was born to the Queen and

Carrier  Relational: Attributive  Attribute

she was very happy.

Carrier  Relational: Attributive  Attribute

She did not remember the little man and her promise. But one day

Senser  Mental: Cognition  Phenomenon

the door of her room opened and there he stood.

Goal  Material  Existent  Existential

‘Remember,’ he said, ‘you promised me your first child.

Mental: Cognition  Sayer  Verbal  Actor  Material  Goal

Now I have come to claim the child.

Actor  Material  Goal
The Queen held the child in her arms and wept. She begged the little man to let her keep the child, but he said, ‘You promised. You cannot break your promise. It was a bargain.

Still the Queen wept and begged for mercy, and at last he said, ‘Very well. I shall give you three days. If, during that time, you can tell me my name, you may keep the child. And with that, he vanished.
The queen called to her servants. I want messengers to go into every corner of the Kingdom,’ she said. They must try to find all the strangest names. Tell them to hurry!’

The Queen did not sleep that night. She lay, tossing and turning, and trying to think of all the names she knew.

The next day the little man arrived at the palace. ‘Do you know my name yet?’ he asked.
‘Is it Timothy?’ asked the Queen. ‘No,’ said the little man, ‘it isn’t Timothy.’

‘Is it Benjamin?’ she asked.

“No, ‘he replied. “It’s not Benjamin.”

And he laughed to himself.

‘Is it perhaps….. Jeremiah?’ asked the Queen.
‘No.’

The queen tried all the names she could remember, but to each one the little man replied, ‘No, that isn’t my name. Then, he chuckled and said, ‘You will never guess my name. And he disappeared.

The next day he arrived at the palace again.

‘Well your Majesty,’ he said, do you know my name yet?’
The Queen decided to try all the nicknames she knew.

"Is it Bandy-legs?" she asked.

The little man laughed.

"No, Bandy-legs isn't my name."

"Can it be Hunch back?"

"No," he laughed, "that's not my name."

"Then, she said, "it must be Crookshanks."

The Queen decided to try all the nicknames she knew.
‘No, you’re wrong,’ said the little man.

The Queen went on trying all sorts of names, but to each one the little man said ‘No, that’s not my name.’ Then he laughed in an evil way.

Tomorrow is the last day, ‘he said.

You must guess my name tomorrow or I shall take
That night the Queen did not sleep at all. Sadly she looked at her child, lying asleep in the cradle.

‘Tomorrow I must guess the name of the little man or I lose my child for ever,’ she said, and she wept.

In the morning, she rose, very pale, and weary.
‘There is no hope now,’ she said. But suddenly there was a clatter of hooves at the palace gate and a messenger arrived and demanded to speak to the Queen immediately.

What is it?’ said the Queen eagerly, as the messenger hot and dusty, came into her presence.

“Tell me,” she asked, ‘have you found the name of Mental: Desiderative Sayer: Verbal Existential

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A clatter of hooves at the palace gate and a messenger arrived and demanded to speak to the Queen immediately.
the little man?’

‘Your Majesty,’ said the messenger, ‘a strange thing happened yesterday. I climbed a high hill and found a thick forest. In the forest was a little hut and before the hut was a fire. I came near to the hut and there I saw a funny little man. He danced around the fire on one leg and as he danced...’
he sang this song:

“Merrily the feast I’ll make,
Today I’ll brew, tomorrow bake,
Merrily I’ll dance and sing,
For next day will a stranger bring;
Little does my lady dream
Rumpelstiltskin is my name.

‘Hurrah!’ cried the Queen. ‘Rumpelstiltskin is his name!’
And she clapped her hands for joy and hugged her child. Not long after this, the little man arrived at the Palace. “Well,” he said, “do you know my name yet?” And he laughed in a wicked kind of way, for he knew that the child was nearly his. ‘Now,’ said the Queen, ‘let me guess.”
Is your name John? 

No, "said the little man, still laughing to himself, 

that "s not my name. 

The queen paused. She pretended she was thinking hard. Is it... Tom? 

‘No!’ The little man shouted with delight. ‘That
isn’t it!

‘Let me think.’ The Queen paused again.

Can it be … Rumpelstiltskin?’

The little man flew into a rage. Some witch told you by name!’ he screamed at the Queen.

He stamped his foot angrily on the floor.
In fact, he stamped so hard that his foot went right through the wooden floor! All the ladies of the court laughed at him as he tried to pull his foot free.

He tugged and tugged with both hands until at last he managed to pull his foot out of the floor.

Then he stamped angrily out of the palace, muttering to himself, and disappeared.
As for the Queen, she lived happily in her beautiful palace, and her child grew up to be strong and brave.

And Rumplestiltskin? No one ever saw him again.