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THE
MAGIC
FLUTE

A RETELLING OF THE OPERA
BY MOZART



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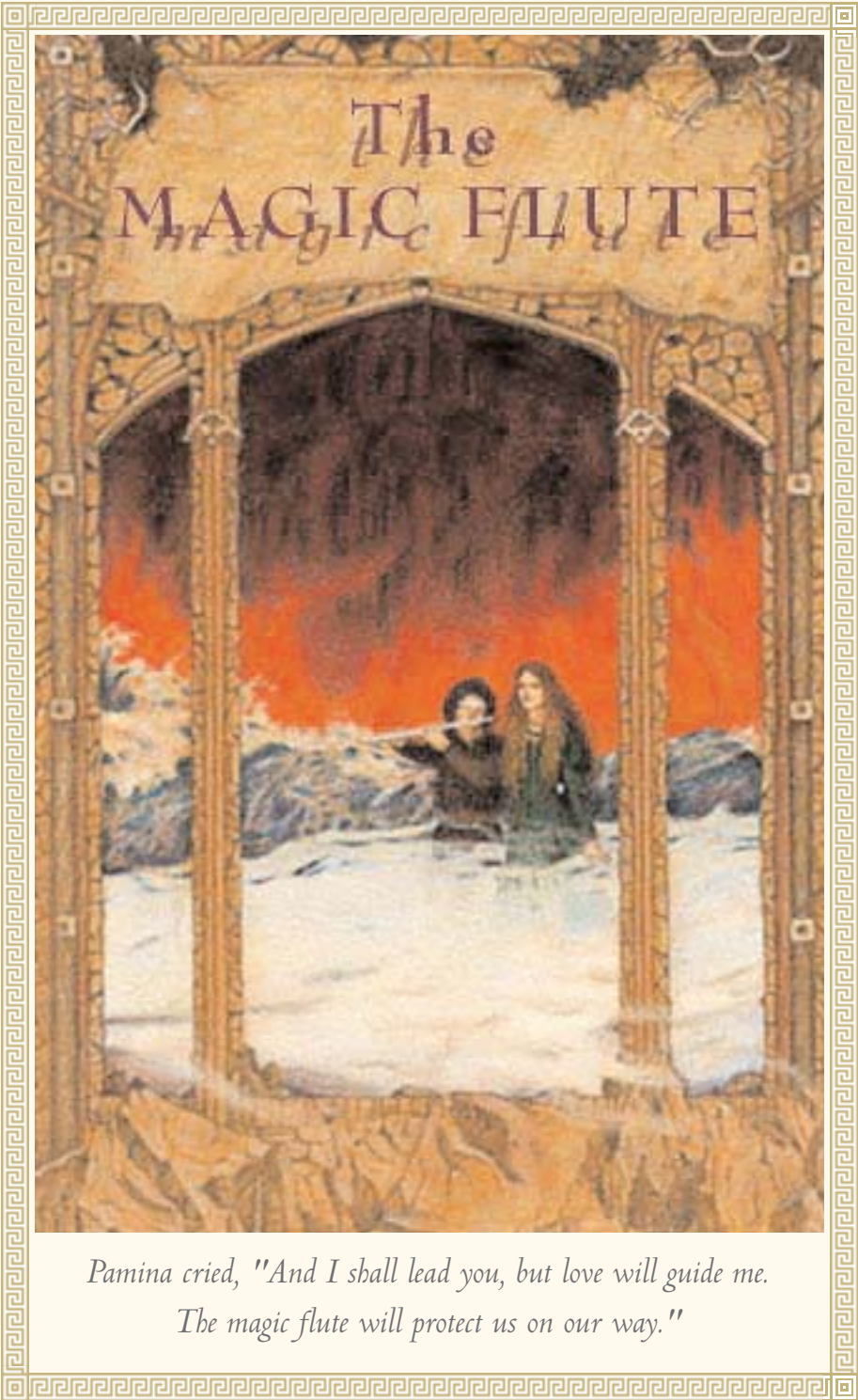
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*Pamina cried, "And I shall lead you, but love will guide me.
The magic flute will protect us on our way."*



n a faraway land filled with music, a princess was born to a king and his queen. They named the girl Pamina. Pamina grew up listening to the beautiful song of the magic flute, which the king often played for his young daughter. This flute had been carved by her father out of the deepest heart of a thousand-year-old oak after it had been destroyed by lighting. The other treasures of the king included an ancient solar orb, which gave the power of the sun to whoever owned it.

Of all the king's treasures, it was the magic flute Pamina loved most. Its sweet tones calmed even the most troubled of heart. Its song brought forest creatures to rest peacefully at her knee.

When the king found himself upon his deathbed, he passed the magic flute onto his queen. The solar orb was given to Sarastro, his most trusted friend, to hold for when Pamina grew up. He begged Sarastro to help his queen watch over their young daughter as she grew.

After the period of mourning had passed, the queen, furious that her husband had not left the powerful solar orb to her, began to resent her daughter who would one day own it. Nothing eased her jealous heart, not even the song of the magic flute. In time, the queen learned the power of black magic; the land fell into discord. From then on she was known as the Queen of the Night.

To protect Pamina from her mother, Sarastro took the child with him to Heliopolis, the peaceful city that he ruled where he raised the princess as if his own. Pamina was too young to understand the change in her mother. She missed the queen greatly.

The years passed and Pamina grew to be beautiful and kind but sad. She often remembered the days when her father lived, her mother was good, and the magic flute's song as blissful as their lives.



The Queen of the Night spent those same years plotting to regain the solar orb from Sarastro, against whom her sorcery was useless. From her tall tower with its magic window that allowed her to see anything no matter how close or far, the Queen often searched for someone who could help her.

One day she spied a young man fighting a dragon in the dark wood surrounding the tower. It was Prince Tamino from a neighboring land, who was well known for his courage. The Queen of the Night muttered a spell to halt the dragon, and appeared before the prince.

"Who are you?" Tamino asked in wonder, staring at the tall dark woman before him.

The Queen of the Night introduced herself, and as she did, handed Tamino a small locket. Within it was a jewel-like painting of the loveliest girl he had ever seen. Instantly the prince knew he loved her.

"This is my daughter Pamina," the queen explained, pleased by Tamino's rapt attention to the painting. "She has been abducted by Sarastro, the monstrous ruler of Heliopolis. He also stole my solar orb, which I need to protect my subjects. That is why this land is in such ruin," she lied. "Return them both and you shall have Pamina for your wife."

"How is she yours to give?"

The Queen ignored his question as she gave the magic flute to Tamino. "Take this gift from me—it will help you in your quest. Farewell!"

Despite his misgivings, Tamino took the Queen's offering and began the long journey toward

Heliopolis. He traveled through knotted woods, over craggy mountains, and across icy rivers. But when the prince reached the city's thick outer walls he paused, confused by three doors that greeted him. Which one should he enter? Perhaps the magic flute could guide him, just as the queen had promised.

Tamino sat upon a rock and played. The golden tones soothed his heart and brought wild animals to rest at his feet. Calmed by the music, Tamino approached the center door and knocked.

A handsome older man garbed in rich robes greeted him. "What is it you seek here?" he asked in a deep serene voice.

"I am Prince Tamino. I seek to rescue the Princess Pamina from the monster Sarastro!" Tamino cried.

"You are wrong, young prince. Sarastro is no monster," the older man told him, laughing. "I am Sarastro. I watch over Pamina at the request of her dead father, who was my closest friend. Come with me and see for yourself."

Tamino was confused. Once again, he played the magic flute for guidance. Its song told him to trust the stranger.

As Tamino followed Sarastro into the city, the prince saw the city's inhabitants bow to Heliopolis's

ruler out of respect, not fear. A procession of men and women, all dressed in white, greeted them with a song of welcome. In the procession was Pamina, who broke from the crowd to greet her guardian.

Tamino interrupted her, taking her hand into his. "Princess, I come with news of your mother."

And then Pamina's eyes met the prince's for the first time. She was not unmoved by the kindness she saw within them. "Who are you?" whispered the princess. She saw the bundle tied to Tamino's belt. "My father's magic flute . . . how did you—"

"I am Prince Tamino. Your mother sent me to find you," Tamino began to explain. But then he remembered how he felt as he stared at her portrait for the first time. Pamina saw the emotion upon his face, and the two rushed into each other's arms, as if they could never be parted.

The procession of men and women sputtered confusion at their sudden show of affection. Sarastro came forth and separated them. But love would have its stubborn way: the couple gazed at each other as if nothing else existed.

A moment passed as Sarastro thought. Then he spoke to them as well as to the procession awaiting his judgment.

"Tamino and Pamina, I see your love for each other. I will not stand in your way, if marriage is what you desire. Is this so?" They both shook their heads in assent. "But before you can be united, Pamina's father would want Tamino to prove himself worthy. Are you both willing?"

And again Pamina and Tamino agreed. Tamino was taken from Pamina to a separate room to wait for whatever might come his way.



From her magic tower from which she could see all, the Queen of the Night saw Tamino's regard for Sarastro and was angered. How could she regain the solar orb if Tamino was allied with him? Though all would be lost if Sarastro found her with Pamina, she uttered a spell.

Pamina was alone in her room when the Queen of the Night suddenly appeared before her. The princess ran to her mother and they embraced joyously. The Queen of the Night kissed her daughter's forehead, stroking her hair away from her face.

"Ah, Mother, how I have missed you!" cried the princess. "But I am so confused. Sarastro says he is

protecting me from you, but why would you harm me? After all, it was you who sent Tamino here."

The Queen did not answer Pamina. Instead, she warned, "My daughter, I see the young prince has fallen under Sarastro's power. Only you can save us." She quickly explained about the solar orb's powers, about how it had been taken from her so long ago. "It is time for it to be returned to me. Since the prince has proven unworthy, you must be the one." She pressed a small dagger into her daughter's palm. "You must kill Sarastro and steal the solar orb."

Pamina wept. "I can't!"

"Do it—or you are no longer my daughter!"

The Queen of the Night disappeared abruptly in a gust of grey wind.

Pamina stared at the dagger in her hand. Her mother wanted her to kill Sarastro—good Sarastro who was esteemed by all—for the sake of this solar orb. Pamina let the dagger drop to the floor. She could not do it, not even for the love of her mother.

But it was already time for Tamino's trial. Sarastro entered to fetch Pamina and found the poor girl weeping upon the floor. She confided to him all that had taken place. He comforted her as best he could while they walked to the edge of the city where

Tamino would undergo the test of earth, fire, wind, and water.

There, at the foot of a great mountain, Tamino awaited his bride and Sarastro. Etched into the side of this mountain was a deep cave from which could be seen ribbons of fire and, beyond that, a rushing waterfall circled by strong winds.

"Are you ready?" Sarastro asked Tamino.

Tamino's eyes rested warmly upon Pamina. He answered in a strong voice, "I am."

Pamina cried, "And I shall lead you, but love will guide me. The magic flute will protect us on our way." She turned shyly to her guardian. "Please, Sarastro, may I?"

Pleased with the girl's courage, Sarastro agreed.

Before the two awaited the cave with its trials. Tamino lifted the flute to his lips. Pamina took his hand and together they walked into the cave, the sweet tone of the flute quelling their fears.

Flames surrounded the couple and lapped at their feet. Powerful winds howled by their ears. How could they not be harmed? But the song of the magic flute guarded them. They were safe.

Next came the waterfall. Pamina and Tamino shuddered as they walked into its pounding force.

But, again, the flute surrounded them in a cloud of blissful music. The couple walked through untouched.

They emerged at the other side into sunlight. Their trial complete, Tamino and Pamina faced Sarastro together, feeling only joy within their hearts.



Sarastro allowed the prince and princess to marry the next day. Even the Queen of the Night was unable to disturb their happiness. Her fury at her failure was such that she became a black raven. She flew away into the night, never to be heard from again.

Sarastro turned the solar orb over to Pamina, who now ruled by right over the Queen of the Night's realm. But the magic flute remained in Tamino's possession. As the years unfolded—years that were happy, full, and wise—he played it often for his wife, who never tired of hearing its ethereal song.



ABOUT THIS E-BOOK

The Magic Flute was the last opera Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart composed before his death in 1791 at the age of 35. Many of its ideas are believed to have been inspired by the beliefs and rites of the Freemasons, a secret society to which Mozart had been initiated. Other themes, such as the power of music to bring freedom and joy to humanity, are timeless in their universal appeal.

This e-book was typeset in Centaur. It was designed, written and illustrated by **Kris Waldherr**, the author of *Sacred Animals*, *The Goddess Tarot* and many other illustrated books. It is the first of what we hope will be a series of many e-books produced by us for adults and children.

If you enjoyed this e-book, we hope you will visit www.artandwords.com to learn more about the work of Kris Waldherr.

