



G O L D E N D R E A M S
B R A S I L

Five tales, *for sleep.*

*A bedside reader for
First Edition friends*

H A N S C H R I S T I A N A N D E R S E N · I N A U G U R A L E D I T I O N · 2 0 2 6

A NOTE FROM THE FOUNDER

Five tales, for you.

When we were drafting the brand, we kept returning to five tales by Hans Christian Andersen — not as decoration, but as a way of thinking.

The Princess who feels what others do not. Jack who carries only what he found along the road. The Mermaid who knows how to descend. Gerda who melts ice with warmth. The Duckling who, at last, recognises himself in the water.

Five tales about perceiving better. Which, in the end, is all we ask of a good night's sleep.

This small book is yours because you chose the First Edition before there was much to choose from — a quiet act of trust that we will work for years to deserve.

Read it slowly. It was made for the night-table.

Eduardo Cazassa

Founder · Golden Dreams Brasil

THE READER

Sleep, told *in five stories.*

No writer shaped the Danish imagination more than Hans Christian Andersen. Born in Odense in 1805, he wrote some 160 tales which, over two centuries, have been translated into more than 125 languages.

His tales are not children's stories. They are small adult treatises on sensibility, transformation, solitude, desire, and discovery. That is why they have survived.

The five tales that follow are not the whole canon. They are the five we return to most — each illuminating a dimension of how we think about sleep, matter, and the bedroom.

I	The Princess <i>and the</i> Pea	SENSIBILITY
II	Jack the Dullard	SIMPLICITY
III	The Little Mermaid	DEPTH
IV	The Snow Queen	REFUGE
V	The Ugly Duckling	TRANSFORMATION

The Princess *and the Pea.*

A storm. A castle. A knock at the gate. A young woman stood drenched at the entrance, water running down her hair and her dress, claiming to be a princess.

The queen-mother, suspicious, said nothing — but devised a quiet test. In the guest chamber that night, she placed a single pea on the bedstead. Over the pea, twenty mattresses. Over the mattresses, twenty feather beds, layer upon layer, until the bed nearly touched the ceiling. The young woman climbed up and slept there.

At breakfast, the queen asked how she had slept.

"Terribly," she answered. "I scarcely closed my eyes. Something hard lay beneath me — I am bruised black and blue all over."

So she was a princess after all. Only a real princess could have skin so delicate. The prince married her. The pea was placed in a museum, where, unless it has been stolen, there it remains.

WHY THIS TALE

A body is a more honest instrument of measurement than any sales argument.

The tale is often read as an anecdote about privilege. It is not. It is a tale about perception — the kind of sensibility that cannot be learned, cannot be bought, and cannot be feigned.

In Andersen's logic, the princess is not recognised by her dress, her accent, or her pedigree. She is recognised by the body's response to a minuscule detail, hidden beneath twenty layers.

"Only a real princess could have skin so delicate."

This is the lens through which we design our most refined pieces. The body perceives the difference between a well-twisted thread and a merely adequate one; between a chosen down and any down. Our client is this contemporary princess. Not in the sense of the fable, but in the sense that she — or he — perceives first. It is for them that we work the extra decimal of finish.

WHAT THIS TALE TEACHES US

True quality is what the body identifies before reason does. Our work is to protect that difference — even when no one is looking.

Jack *the* Dullard.

Three sons. Three plans. The king had announced that his daughter would marry whoever could best please her in conversation. Two of the brothers, regarded as clever by all the family, set to work.

They memorised dictionaries — both Latin and the newspaper. They studied royal protocol. They polished their horses. Their father, proud, gave each a fine steed.

The third son — Jack, called the Dullard because he had never said anything especially bright — asked for a horse too. There were none left.

"Then I shall ride the goat," said Jack.

He sat backwards on the goat and trotted off behind his brothers. Along the road he found things — a dead crow, a wooden clog, a handful of mud — and pocketed each.

At court, the brothers stood stiff in the princess's presence. Their dictionaries vanished from their tongues. Their polished speeches collapsed. The princess yawned.

Jack stepped forward. "It is hot in here."

"Yes," said the princess, "I am roasting a cockerel."

"Then I'll bring out my crow." He produced it from his pocket.

"How will you cook it? I have no pot."

"I have one." He produced the clog.

"And the sauce?"

"In here." He produced the mud.

The princess laughed. Then listened. Then chose him.

WHY THIS TALE

The well-made thing does not need to announce itself.

Andersen published the tale in 1855. It is the most Scandinavian of his fables about luxury. The brothers arrive covered in preparation — memorised speeches, thoroughbred horses, polished shoes. Jack arrives covered in himself, riding a goat, his pockets full of found things. What enchants the princess is not erudition. It is presence.

*"I prepared nothing.
I brought only what I found along the way."*

A small tale carrying an enormous idea. Good fabric speaks for itself. A well-designed bed arrives in a room without discourse — and precisely for that reason, is recognised.

In our Nordic line, one of the pillows bears Jack's name. It performs its office as he does: without haste, without ornament — trusting that matter is enough.

WHAT THIS TALE TEACHES US

Well-made pieces need not announce themselves. They appear — and that, when true, is enough.

The Little Mermaid.

Far out in the sea, where the water is as blue as the petals of the loveliest cornflower and as clear as the purest glass, deeper than any anchor can reach, there lived a princess in a palace of coral.

The light fell filtered, like snow on glass. She was the youngest of six sisters, and the most curious. Once a year, on her birthday, each sister was permitted to rise to the surface and look upon the world above. Each returned with stories — the spires of cities, the bells of churches, the voices of humans calling to one another from the shore.

The youngest waited five years for her own ascent. When the day came, she rose through the water in silence. She saw the sky for the first time — the stars, the cities, the moonlight on the water. And she saw a ship, lit by lanterns, where a prince stood on the deck, watching the sea.

She fell in love with the world above. To walk among humans, she traded her voice for legs. Each step on land would feel as though she were walking on knives. She did not complain. The tale, when read as an adult, is not about romance. It is about everything that lies beneath the surface — and about what it costs to know it.

WHY THIS TALE

To sleep well is to descend well.

Andersen published the tale in 1837. In 1913, Copenhagen installed a statue of the character at Langelinie harbour — today one of the most visited monuments in the country. Strip away the layer that mass culture imposed upon it, and the fable returns to what it always was: a meditation on depth.

"Deep beneath the sea, among the corals, the light fell like snow on glass."

Sleep, for us, is that act of descending. It is the crossing into a world that exists beneath the surface of the day — quieter, slower, deeper. It is not a metaphor. It is literally what the body does when it sleeps: it sinks in layers, each calmer than the one before.

Our Signature line was conceived to accompany that descent. The signature piece of the house inherits, from the culture in which it was made, the name of the tale — Mermaid. Not for the romantic character, but for what she represents.

WHAT THIS TALE TEACHES US

The right piece is what equips the body for the descent — every night, without fanfare.

The Snow Queen.

A wicked magician once made a mirror that distorted every beautiful thing it reflected. Held up to a flower, it showed weeds. Held up to a kind face, it showed cruelty.

He carried the mirror to heaven to laugh at the angels — but it slipped from his hands and shattered, scattering across the world. Two splinters lodged in a boy named Kay. One in his eye, which made him see ugliness everywhere. One in his heart, which began to harden into ice.

Kay had a friend named Gerda. They lived in two small houses across from one another, with roses growing in window boxes between them. One winter day Kay left with the Snow Queen — a tall woman in white furs, in a sleigh. She kissed him twice: once to numb the cold, once to make him forget.

She carried him to a palace of ice. In the great hall stood a lake of ice broken into a thousand pieces. Kay tried, day after day, to arrange the pieces to spell the word ETERNITY. He could not. He was too cold to think.

Gerda set out to find him. She crossed forests. She slept among reindeer. She walked an entire winter on bare feet. She reached the palace at last. She did not pull him out. She did not argue. She only wept onto his chest, and the warm tears melted the splinter in his heart.

WHY THIS TALE

The lesson is not about the cold outside. It is about the quality of the warmth within.

Of all Andersen's tales, this is the most architectural. There are two spaces, and the entire tale is a negotiation between them: the palace of ice, of absolute beauty and absent affection; and the small warm house where Gerda was raised — full of roses, imperfection, and life.

"In the frozen hall stood a lake of ice broken into a thousand pieces — so alike they seemed a work of art."

Brazil has no palaces of ice. It has something subtler: rooms cooled to seventeen degrees on forty-degree nights, flats living in permanent winter on the inside while the city burns on the outside. The Scandinavian system, far from foreign to our climate, is especially useful here — where the thermostat, not geography, defines the temperature of sleep.

This is why we make duvets in three calibrations. And why we think of the bedroom as refuge: the place where interior warmth, light and precise, reorganises the whole day that precedes sleep.

WHAT THIS TALE TEACHES US

The bedroom is the place where the body finds warmth again. We design pieces to protect that arrival — every night, without exception.

The Ugly Duckling.

It was so beautiful out in the country. The sun shone warm on a wide-moated farm where, beneath a great dock leaf, a duck sat hatching her eggs.

One by one, the eggs cracked. Out tumbled small yellow ducklings, who looked at the world for the first time and quacked with delight. All but one egg, larger than the rest, took longer. When at last it broke open, the duckling that emerged was grey, ungainly, and far too large.

In the water he swam well. On land, he was rejected. His siblings pecked at him. The farm rooster crowed insults. He left.

He wandered the marshes. He slept on snow. He starved through a long winter, half hidden in the reeds of a frozen lake. He thought, more than once, that it would be easier to die.

Spring came. The duckling lifted his head and beat his wings — and to his amazement, the wings carried him into the air. He flew. He came to rest in a pond where three white birds floated, the most beautiful creatures he had ever seen. He approached, expecting them to drive him away.

Instead, they came to greet him. He bent his head to the water, ready to receive their pecks. And reflected in the still surface, he saw what he was. He was not a poorly made duck. He was, from the very beginning, a swan.

WHY THIS TALE

It is not about becoming beautiful. It is about finally seeing oneself.

It is the most famous of Andersen's tales, and for that very reason the most misread. The protagonist does not change: he has always been a swan. What changes is the mirror — and the time it took to reach the right water.

"Bending over the water, the duckling saw reflected no longer a grey and awkward bird, but a swan."

There is a moment in the life of every one of our clients when they realise they have always been someone who sleeps worse than they need to. Not by fault, not for lack of effort — simply for lack of repertoire.

One night beneath the right duvet, in a well-designed system, is the domestic equivalent of that glance at the water. The product does not invent the difference. It simply reveals, at last, what the body always knew to look for.

WHAT THIS TALE TEACHES US

There are people who do not sleep badly by nature. They sleep badly because they have not yet experienced the right rest. Our role is to narrow the distance between one and the other.



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*Good night is a phrase.
Sleeping well, a craft.*

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Tales adapted from Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875)

Brand interpretations from the Golden Dreams Brasil Brand Book

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