



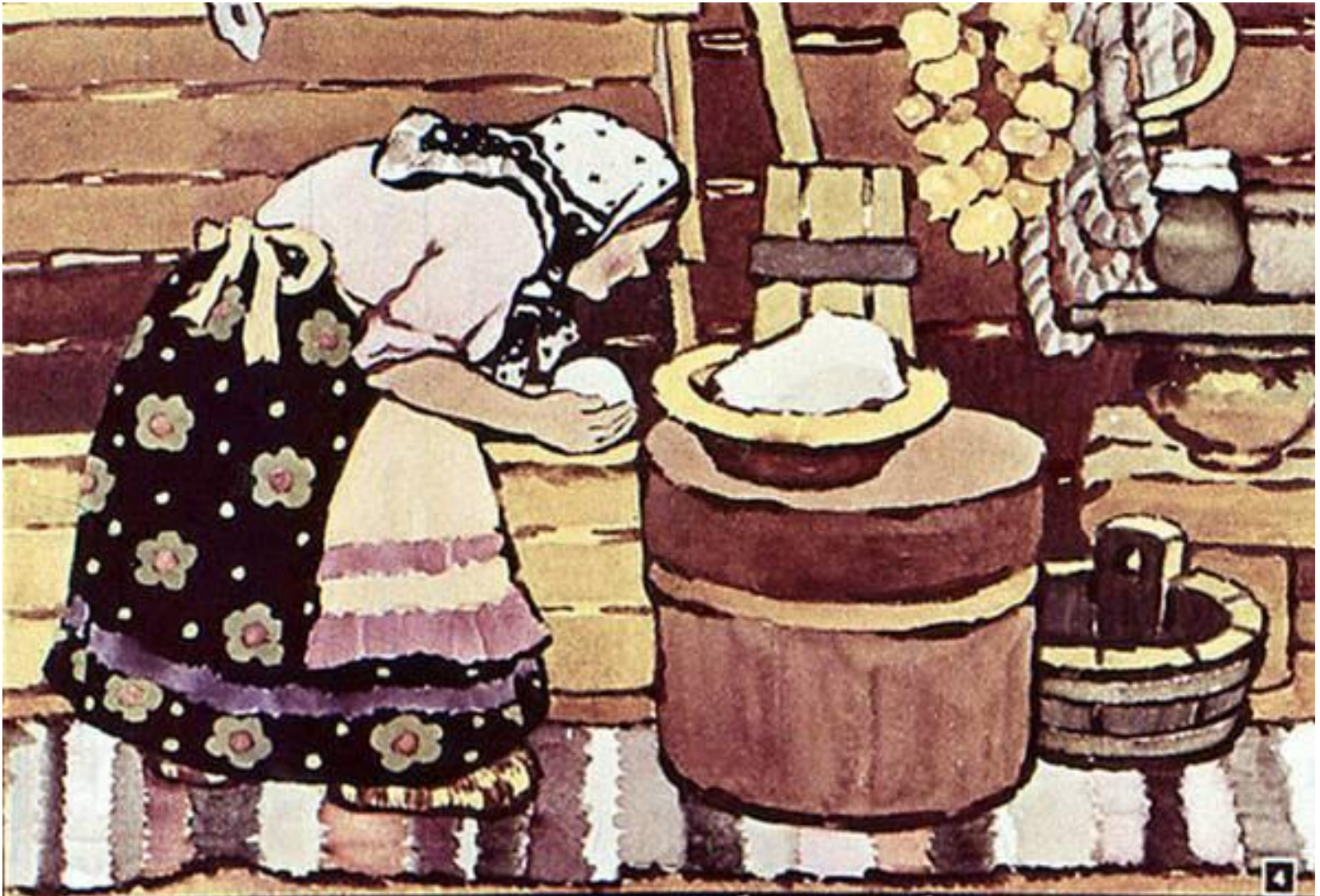
THE ROLLING ROL L





**There lived an old man and his wife. The old man said one day: - Why don't you bake me a roll, my dear?
- What shall I make it from? There's no flour!
-- Oh, old woman! Sweep up the pantry and scrape up the flour tin - you'll find enough!**





So the old woman did just that: She swept and scraped up two handfuls of flour.





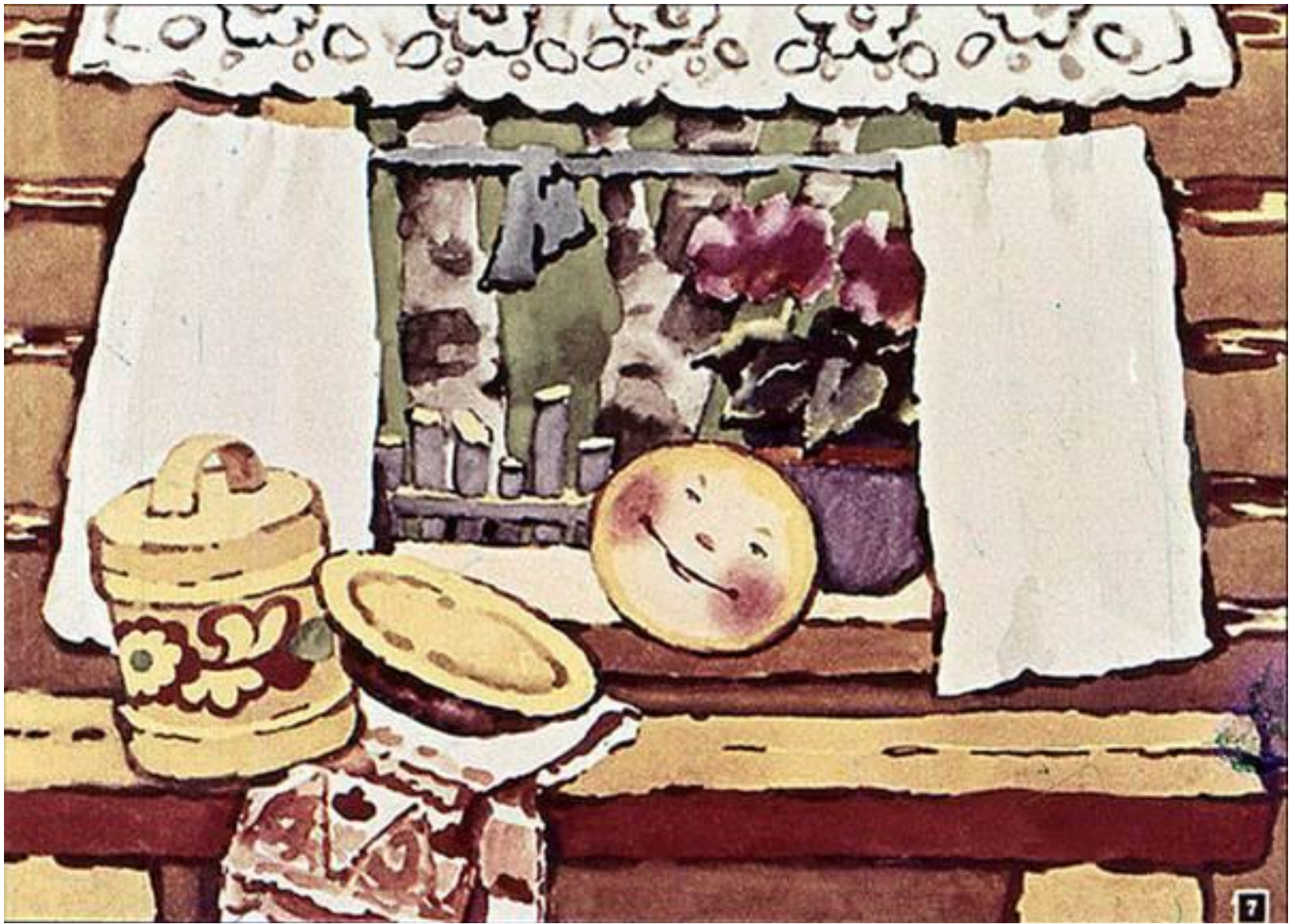
She mixed the pastry with sour cream and rolled out a roll, fried it in butter...





...and put it on the window sill to cool down.





The roll got fed up of sitting on the sill...





and rolled from the window to a bench,





...from the bench onto the floor.





**Then he rolled to the
door,**





jumped over the threshold into the entrance hall...





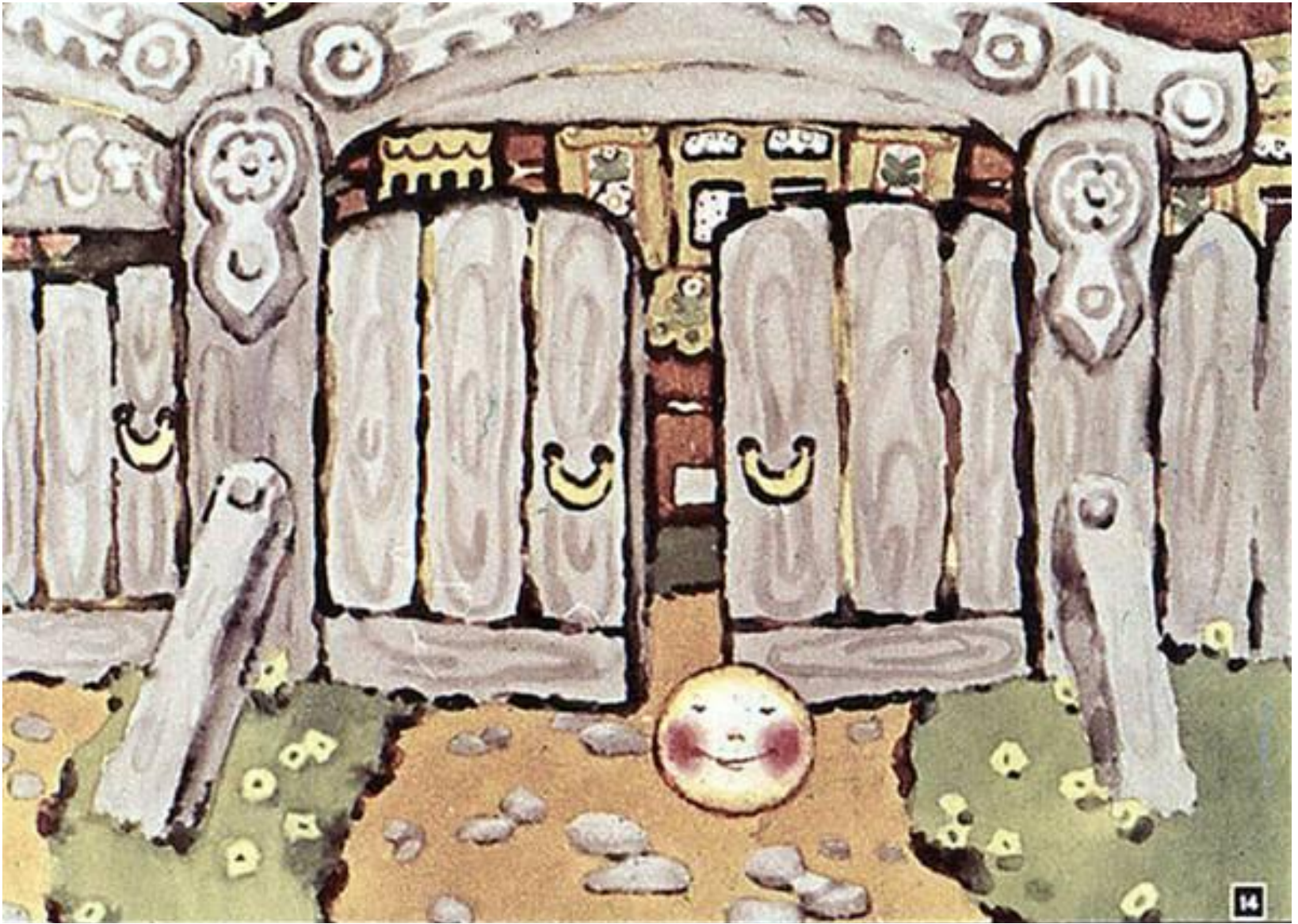
from the entrance hall to the porch,...





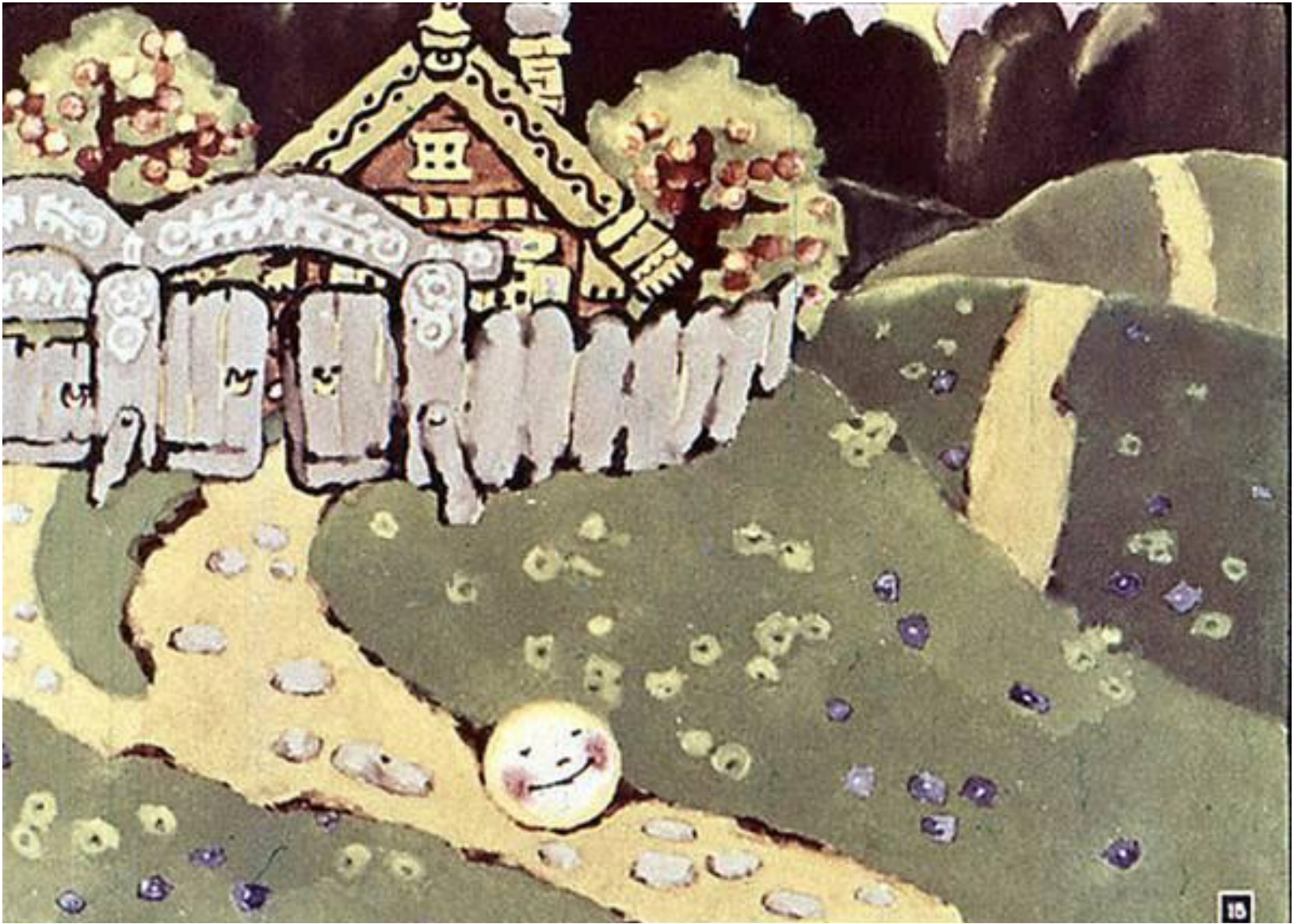
from the porch into the
courtyard,...





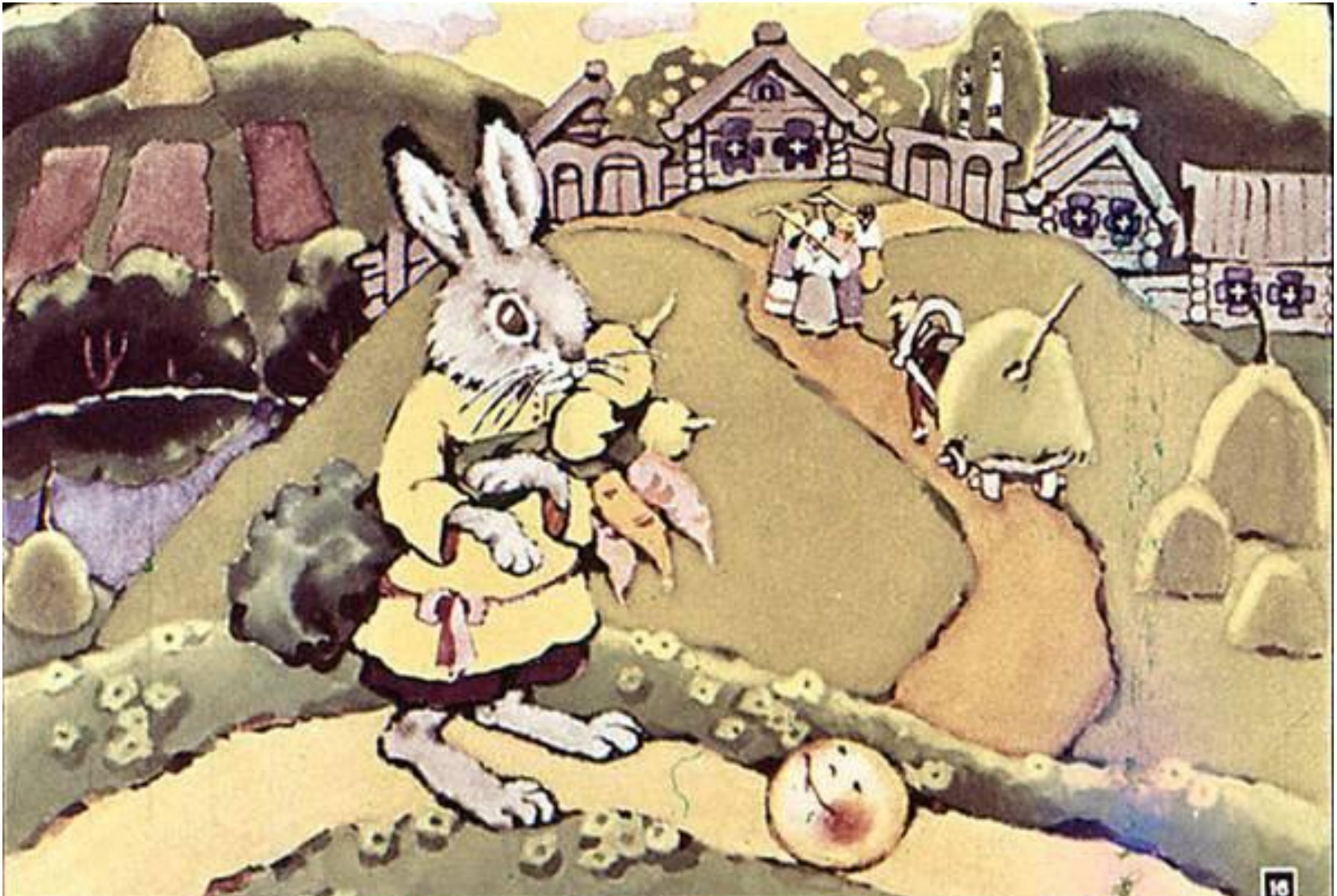
from the courtyard through the gate,...





**further and
further...**





As he was rolling down the path a hare approached it and said: "Rolling roll, rolling roll, I'll eat you!"

"No, don't eat me, dear hare, better listen to my



**I'm a rolling, rolling roll!
Swept up from the pantry,
Scraped from the flour tin,
Mixed in with some cream,
And baked in the oven
I was placed on the sill.
But I ran away from the old
man,
And I ran away from the old
woman,
And I'll run away from you,
hare!**





And the roll rolled away before the hare even saw it move!





It rolled on and met a grey wolf:
-Rolling roll, rolling roll! I will eat you up!
- Don't eat me, grey wolf: I'll sing you a
song





And the roll sang: “I’m a rolling, rolling roll, swept up from the pantry, scraped from the flour tin, mixed in with some cream, and baked in the oven, I was placed on the sill. But I ran away from the old man, and I ran away from the old woman, and I ran from the hare. And I’ll run away from you, wolf!”





**And the roll rolled
further...**





...until it met a bear:
-Rolling roll, rolling roll, I'll eat you!
-Hey, clumsy, why eat me? Better listen to my song:





I'm a rolling, rolling roll, swept up from the pantry, scraped from the flour tin, mixed in with some cream, and baked in the oven I was placed on the sill. But I ran away from the old man, and I ran away from the old woman, I ran from the hare, I ran from the wolf, from you, bear, I shall also





**And the roll rolled
further...**





**...until it met a fox:
-Hello, rolling roll! How fine and glowing you look!
The roll was happy to receive such praise and he
sang his song:**





I'm a rolling, rolling roll, swept up from the pantry, scraped from the flour tin, mixed in with some cream , and baked in the oven I was placed on the sill. But I ran away from the old man, and I ran away from his wife, I ran from the hare, I ran from the wolf, I ran from the bear. From you, fox, I shall





- What a sweet song! - said the fox. - What a shame that this old fox is hard of hearing. Why don't you sit up on my nose and sing that song once more!





The rolling roll was pleased that his song had been appreciated, he jumped onto the fox's nose and sang his song again.





**But the fox said:
-Rolling roll, rolling roll, will you sit up on my tongue and
sing that wonderful song again?
The rolling roll jumped onto the fox's tongue...**





...and the fox gobbled it up!





**THE
END**

