



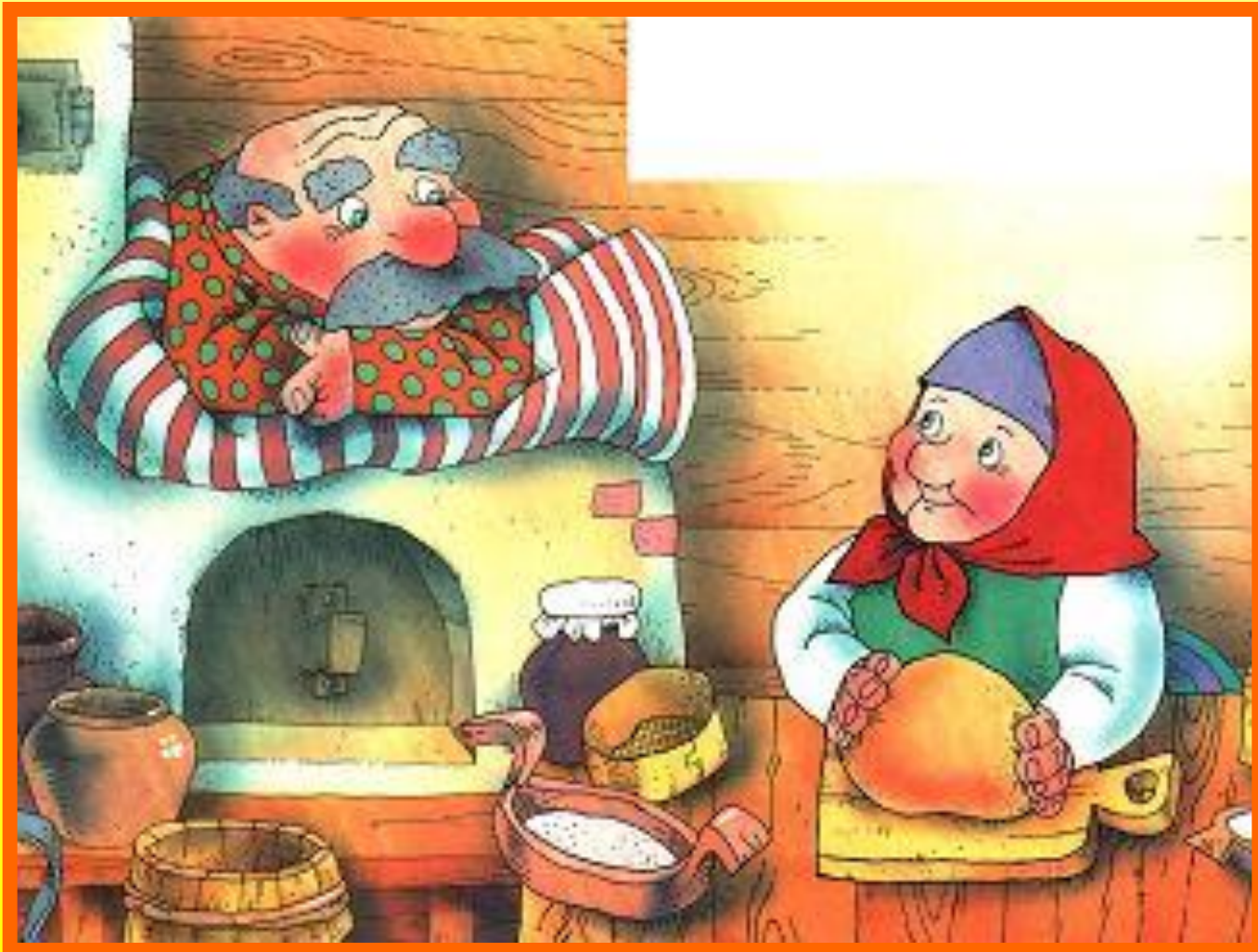
Russian national tale “The rolling bun”

Once there lived an old man and old woman. The old man said,
"Old woman, bake me a rolling bun."



"What can I make it from? I have no flour." "Eh, eh, old woman! Scrape the cupboard, sweep the flour bin, and you will find enough flour."

The old woman picked up a duster, scraped the cupboard, swept the flour bin and gathered about two handfuls of flour.



She mixed the dough with sour cream, fried it in butter, and put the rolling bun on the window sill to cool. The rolling bun lay and lay there.



Suddenly it rolled off the window sill to the bench, from the bench to the floor, from the floor to the door. Then it rolled over the threshold to the entrance hall, from the entrance hall to the porch, from the porch to the courtyard, from the courtyard through the gate and on and on.



The rolling bun rolled along the road and met a hare.
"Little rolling bun, little rolling bun, I shall eat you up!" said the hare. "Don't eat me, slant-eyed hare! I will sing you a song," said the rolling bun, and sang:



I was scraped from the cupboard,
Swept from the bin, Kneaded with sour cream, Fried in butter, And cooled on
the sill. I got away from Grandpa, I got away from Grandma, And I'll get away
from you, hare!

And the rolling bun rolled away before the hare even saw it move!

The rolling bun rolled on and met a wolf. "Little rolling bun, little rolling bun, I shall eat you up," said the wolf. "Don't eat me, gray wolf!" said the rolling bun. "I will sing you a song." And the rolling bun sang:



I was scraped from the cupboard, Swept from the bin, Kneaded with sour cream, Fried in butter, And cooled on the sill. I got away from Grandpa, I got away from Grandma, I got away from the hare, And I'll get away from you, gray wolf!

And the rolling bun rolled away before the wolf even saw it move!

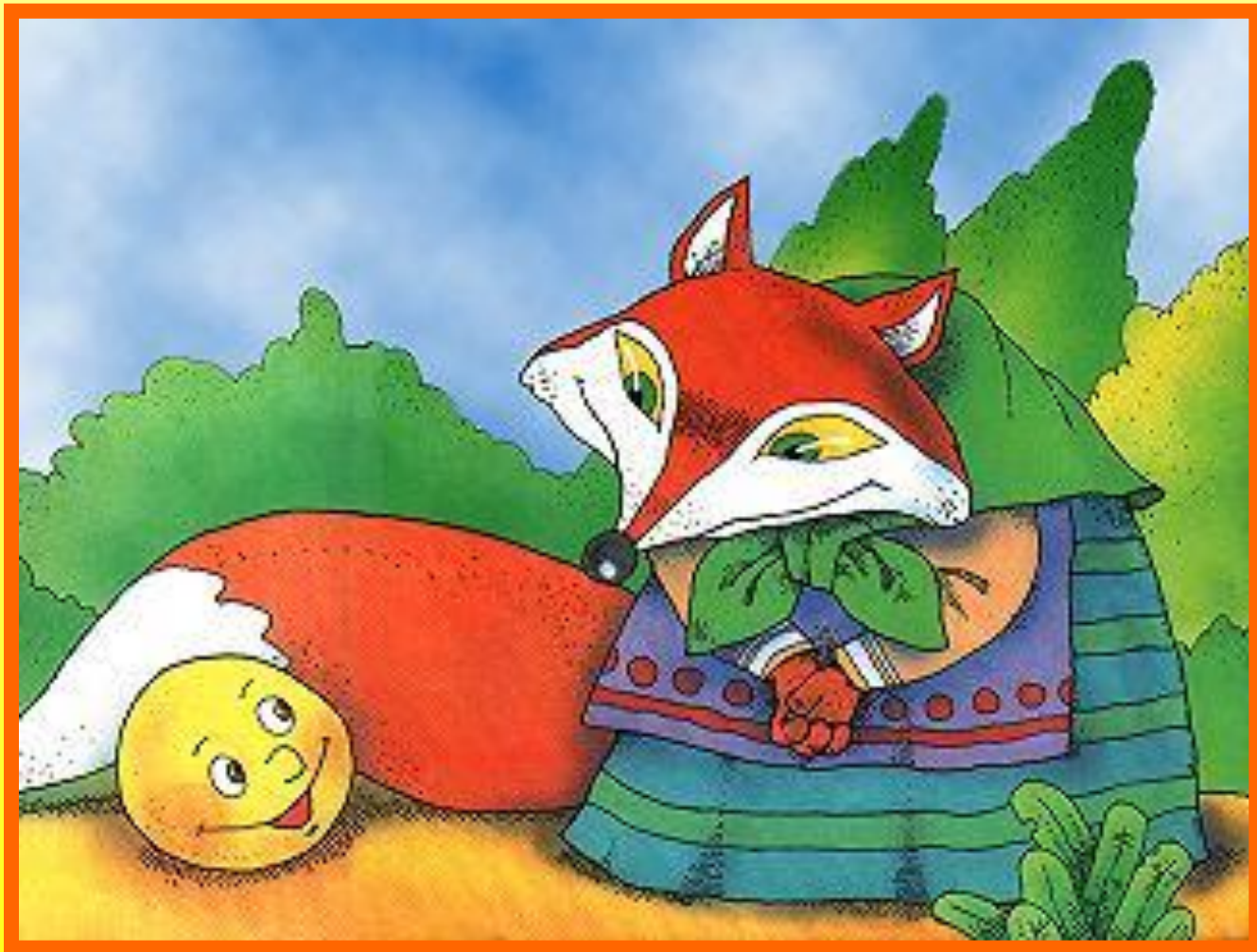
The rolling bun rolled on and met a bear. "Little rolling bun, little rolling bun, I shall eat you up," the bear said. "You will not, pigeon toes!" And the rolling bun sang:



I was scraped from the cupboard, Swept from the bin, Kneaded with sour cream,
Fried in butter, And cooled on the sill. I got away from Grandpa, I got away from
Grandma, I got away from the hare, I got away from the wolf, And I'll get away from you,
big bear! And again the rolling bun rolled away before the bear even saw it move!

The rolling bun rolled and rolled and met a fox.

"Hello, little rolling bun, how nice you are!" said the fox. And the rolling bun sang:



I was scraped from the cupboard, Swept from the bin, Kneaded with sour cream,
Fried in butter, And cooled on the sill. I got away from Grandpa, I got away from
Grandma, I got away from the hare, I got away from the wolf, I got away from bear,
And I'll get away from you, old fox!

What a wonderful song!" said the fox. But little rolling bun, I have become old now and hard of hearing. Come sit on my snout and sing your song again a little louder." The rolling bun jumped up on the fox's snout and sang the same song.



"Thank you, little rolling bun, that was a wonderful song. I'd like to hear it again. Come sit on my tongue and sing it for the last time," said the fox, sticking out her tongue. The rolling bun foolishly jumped onto her tongue and- snatch!- she ate it.

The end

