Grandmother, Granddaughter, and Hen

Once upon a time there lived Grandma Dasha, granddaughter Masha, and hen Ryaba. They lived together, ate and drank together, and went together to fetch water.

Sometimes Grandma would go to the river for water, and her buckets would clatter:
Clunk-clunk!
The granddaughter would go to the river for water, and her little buckets would go:
Clink-clink, clink-clink!
The hen would go to the river for water, and her little buckets would go:
Tinkle-tinkle-tinkle, tinkle-tinkle-tinkle!
Grandma would come back from the river, and the water in her bucket would go:
Drip-drop!
The granddaughter would come back from the river, and the water in hers would go:
Drip-drop, drip-drop!
The hen would come back from the river, and the water in hers would go:
Drip-drop-drop, drip-drop-drop!
So one day they all went to fetch water. Grandma Dasha in front, granddaughter Masha in the middle, and hen Ryaba behind.
The little buckets swayed on the shoulder poles, the poles creaked and sang a song, and the buckets chimed along.
Grandma's went:
Creak! Clunk!
The granddaughter's went:
Creak-creak! Clink-clink!
The hen's went:
Creak-creak-creak! Tinkle-tinkle-tinkle!
At that very time, an apple was hanging on a branch. The apple listened, gazed, stretched out the branch, and dropped from the tree. It rolled across the grass, from the grass onto the path, and down the path. It rolled right up to the hen's feet — the hen fell over, tumbled. It rolled up to the granddaughter's feet — the granddaughter fell over, tumbled. It rolled up to Grandma's feet — Grandma fell over, tumbled, groaned and gasped.

And the shoulder pole went:
Creak-creak-creak!
And the little bucket went:
Clunk-clink-tinkle!
What a noise, what a ringing, what a creaking!
Grandpa came running at the noise, the creaking, the ringing.
"What happened, what went wrong?!"
The hen clucks:
"A hawk swooped down on me!"
The granddaughter cries:
"A wolf leaped at me!"
Grandma groans:
"A bear pounced on me!"
And all there was, was one little apple!