The Clay Boy

Once upon a time there lived an old man and an old woman. They had no children. The old woman says:
— Old man, mold a boy out of clay, and he'll be like a son.
The old man molded a boy out of clay. They laid him on the stove to dry. The boy dried and began to ask for food:
— Give me, grandma, a little tub of milk and a bit of bread.
The old woman brought him this, but he ate it all and asks again:
— I want to eat! I want to eat!
And he ate all the bread from the old man and the old woman, drank all the milk, and shouts again:
— I want to eat! I want to eat!
There was nothing more to give him. The Clay Boy jumped off the stove and ate the old woman with her spinning wheel, the old man with his cane — and went out into the street.
A bull comes toward him. The Clay Boy says to him:
— I ate five bits of bread, five tubs of milk, the old woman with her spinning wheel, the old man with his cane — and I'll eat you too, bull!
And he ate the bull.
He goes on. Woodcutters with axes come toward him. The Clay Boy says:
— I ate five bits of bread, five tubs of milk, the old woman with her spinning wheel, the old man with his cane, the bull with his horns — and I'll eat all of you!
And he ate the woodcutters with their axes.
He goes on. Peasants with scythes and women with rakes come toward him. The Clay Boy says to them:
— I ate five bits of bread, five tubs of milk, the old woman with her spinning wheel, the old man with his cane, the bull with his horns, the woodcutters with their axes — and I'll eat all of you!
He ate the peasants with their scythes and the women with their rakes and went on. The Clay Boy met a goat and says:
— I ate five bits of bread, five tubs of milk, the old woman with her spinning wheel, the old man with his cane, the bull with his horns, the woodcutters with their axes, the peasants with their scythes, the women with their rakes — and I'll eat you too, goat!
And the goat says to him:
— Don't bother, stand at the bottom of the hill, and I'll stand on the hilltop, run down and jump right into your mouth.

The Clay Boy stood at the bottom of the hill, and the goat ran down from the hill and struck his horns into his belly! And the Clay Boy crumbled to pieces.
And out of his belly came the old woman with her spinning wheel, the old man with his cane, the bull with his horns, the woodcutters with their axes, the peasants with their scythes and the women with their rakes.
The goat saved them all.