Kolobok — Version 1

Once upon a time there lived an old man and an old woman. The old man says: "Bake me a kolobok, old woman." — "What am I to bake it with? There's no flour." — "Eh-eh, old woman! Scrape the chest, sweep the bin; maybe some flour will turn up."

The old woman took a little wing, scraped the chest, swept the bin, and gathered about two handfuls of flour. She kneaded it with sour cream, fried it in oil, and set it on the windowsill to cool.

Kolobok lay and lay, and then suddenly rolled — from the window to the bench, from the bench to the floor, across the floor to the door, leaped over the threshold into the entryway, from the entryway onto the porch, from the porch into the yard, from the yard beyond the gate, farther and farther.

Kolobok rolls along the road, and coming toward him is a hare: "Kolobok, kolobok! I'll eat you up!" — "Don't eat me, little cross-eyed bunny! I'll sing you a song," said Kolobok, and he sang:

I was scraped from the chest,
Swept from the bin,
Kneaded with sour cream,
Fried in oil.
Cooled on the windowsill;
I ran away from grandpa,
I ran away from grandma,
And from you, hare, it's no trouble to run away!

And he rolled on farther; the hare was the only one who saw him!..

Kolobok rolls along, and coming toward him is a wolf: "Kolobok, kolobok! I'll eat you up!" — "Don't eat me, gray wolf! I'll sing you a song!"

I was scraped from the chest,
Swept from the bin,
Kneaded with sour cream,
Fried in oil,
Cooled on the windowsill;
I ran away from grandpa,
I ran away from grandma,

I ran away from the hare,
And from you, wolf, it's no trouble to run away!

And he rolled on farther; the wolf was the only one who saw him!..

Kolobok rolls and rolls, and coming toward him is a bear: "Kolobok, kolobok! I'll eat you up!" — "What makes you think you can eat me, you clumsy-paws!"

I was scraped from the chest,
Swept from the bin,
Kneaded with sour cream,
Fried in oil,
Cooled on the windowsill;
I ran away from grandpa,
I ran away from grandma,
I ran away from the hare,
I ran away from the wolf,
And from you, bear, it's no trouble to run away!

And he rolled away again; the bear was the only one who saw him!..

Kolobok rolls and rolls, and coming toward him is a fox: "Hello, kolobok! What a fine fellow you are!" And Kolobok sang:

I was scraped from the chest,
Swept from the bin,
Kneaded with sour cream,
Fried in oil,
Cooled on the windowsill;
I ran away from grandpa,
I ran away from grandma,
I ran away from the hare,
I ran away from the wolf,
I ran away from the bear,
And from you, fox, I'll run away all the more!

"What a splendid song!" said the fox. "But I've grown old, kolobok, and can't hear well; sit on my snout and sing it once more, louder." Kolobok jumped onto the fox's snout and sang the same song. "Thank you, kolobok! A splendid song — I'd love to hear it again! Sit on my tongue and sing it one last time," said the fox, and she stuck out her tongue; foolish Kolobok jumped onto her tongue, and the fox — yum! — ate him up.