The Bear and the Fox

Once upon a time there lived a bear and a fox.
The bear had a little tub of honey stored away in the attic of his house.
The fox found out about it. How could she get to the honey?
The fox ran to the bear and sat under the window:
— Godfather, you don't know my trouble!
— What's the matter, godmother, what's your trouble?
— My house is falling apart, the corners have caved in, I haven't even lit the stove. Let me spend the night with you.
— Go ahead, godmother, spend the night.
So they lay down to sleep on the stove. The fox lies there wagging her tail. How can she get to the honey? The bear fell asleep, and the fox — tap-tap with her tail.
The bear asks:
— Godmother, who's knocking?
— They've come for me, calling me to the wedding.
— Then go, godmother.
So the fox went out. But she herself climbed into the attic and began on the tub of honey. She ate her fill, returned, and lay down again.
— Godmother, hey godmother, — asks the bear, — what name were you given?
— Pochinochek.
— That's a fine name.
The next night they lay down to sleep, the fox — tap-tap with her tail:
— Godfather, hey godfather, they're calling me to the wedding again.
— Then go, godmother.
The fox climbed into the attic and ate the honey down to half. She returned again and lay down.
— Godmother, hey godmother, what were you called?
— Polovinochek.
— That's a fine name.
On the third night the fox — tap-tap with her tail:
— They're calling me to the wedding again.
— Godmother, hey godmother, — says the bear, — don't be gone long, or I want to bake pancakes.
— Well, I'll be back soon.
But she — up to the attic, and she finished off the tub of honey, scraped it all clean. She returned, and the bear had already gotten up.
— Godmother, hey godmother, what were you called?

— Poskryobyshkom.
— That name is even better. Well, now let's bake pancakes.
The bear baked pancakes, and the fox asks:
— Where's your honey, godfather?
— Up in the attic.
The bear climbed into the attic, but there was no honey in the tub — it was empty.
— Who ate it? — he asks. — It was you, godmother, who else!
— No, godfather, I haven't set eyes on any honey. You ate it yourself and you're blaming me!
The bear thought and thought...
— Well, — he says, — let's test who ate it. Let's lie on our backs in the sun. Whose honey melts out — that one is the one who ate it.
They lay down in the sun. The bear fell asleep. But the fox couldn't sleep. Lo and behold — honey appeared on her belly. She quickly smeared it onto the bear's belly.
— Godfather, hey godfather! What's this? So you're the one who ate the honey!
The bear — nothing to be done — confessed.