The Rooster and the Millstones

Once there lived an old man and his old wife, poor as poor could be! They had no bread, so they went to the forest, gathered acorns, brought them home and began to eat. Whether they ate long or short, the old woman dropped one acorn into the cellar. The acorn put out a sprout and in no time grew up to the floor. The old woman noticed and says:

— Old man! We must cut a hole in the floor; let the oak grow higher; when it has grown, we will not go to the forest for acorns, we will pick them in the hut.

The old man cut the floor; the little tree grew and grew and grew up to the ceiling. The old man took apart the ceiling, and then removed the roof; the tree kept growing and growing and grew up to the very sky. The old man and old woman ran out of acorns, so he took a sack and climbed the oak.

He climbed and climbed and reached the sky. He walked and walked across the sky and saw: sitting there was a little rooster with a golden comb and an oily little head, and there stood millstones. So the old man did not think twice, grabbed the rooster and the millstones and descended into the hut. He descended and says:

— What are we to do, old woman? What are we to eat?

— Wait, — said the old woman, — I will try the millstones.

She took the millstones and began to grind; and behold a pancake and a pie, a pancake and a pie! Whatever she turned — all pancakes and pies!.. And she fed the old man.

A certain nobleman was riding past and stopped at the old man and old woman's hut.

— Is there, — he asks, — anything to eat?

The old woman says:

— What can I give you to eat, my dear, if not pancakes?

She took the millstones and ground: pancakes and little pies piled up. The visitor ate and says:

— Sell me, grandmother, your millstones.

— No, — says the old woman, — they cannot be sold.

He took and stole the millstones from her. When the old man and old woman learned that the millstones had been stolen, they grieved and grieved.

— Wait, — says the rooster with the golden comb, — I will fly, I will catch up with him!

He flew to the boyar's chambers, sat on the gate and cries:

— Cock-a-doodle-doo! Boyar, boyar, give back our millstones, golden, blue! Boyar, boyar, give back our millstones, golden, blue!

As soon as the nobleman heard, he immediately orders:

— Hey, lad! Take him and throw him in the water.

They caught the rooster and threw him into the well; and he began to chant:

— Little nose, little nose, drink water! Little mouth, little mouth, drink water! — and he drank up all the water.

He drank all the water and flew to the boyar's chambers; perched on the balcony and cries again:

— Cock-a-doodle-doo! Boyar, boyar, give back our millstones, golden, blue! Boyar, boyar, give back our millstones, golden, blue!

The nobleman ordered the cook to throw him into the hot oven. They caught the rooster and threw him into the hot oven — right into the fire; and he began to chant:

— Little nose, little nose, pour water! Little mouth, little mouth, pour water! — and he doused all the heat in the oven.

He fluttered up, flew into the boyar's chamber and cries again:

— Cock-a-doodle-doo! Boyar, boyar, give back our millstones, golden, blue! Boyar, boyar, give back our millstones, golden, blue!

The guests heard this and ran out of the house, and the host ran to chase them; the rooster with the golden comb grabbed the millstones and flew off with them to the old man and old woman.