The Little Rooster — Golden Comb and the Millstones

Once upon a time 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 them. Whether they ate long or short, the old woman dropped one acorn into the cellar. The acorn sprouted 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 won't have to go to the forest for acorns, we'll pick them right in the house.

The old man cut a hole in 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 little tree kept growing and growing and grew all the way to the sky.

When the old man and old woman ran out of acorns, he took a sack and climbed the oak. He climbed and climbed... and climbed up to heaven. He walked and walked around the sky and saw: sitting there was a little rooster — golden comb — and beside him stood a pair of millstones. The old man didn't think twice, grabbed both the rooster and the millstones and descended into the hut. He descended and says to the old woman:

— What are we to do, what are we to eat?

— Wait, — said the old woman, — I'll try the millstones.

She took the millstones and began to grind: lo 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.

Some boyar was riding by and stopped at the old man's and old woman's hut.

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

The old woman says:

— What can I give you, dear — pancakes, perhaps?

She took the millstones and ground: pancakes and little pies piled up.

The boyar ate and says:

— Sell me, grandmother, your millstones.

— No, — answers the old woman, — I can't sell them.

He envied another's good fortune and stole the millstones from her. When the old man and old woman saw that the millstones were stolen, they began to grieve.

— Wait, — says the little rooster — golden comb, — I'll fly, I'll catch up!

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!

As soon as the boyar heard, he immediately orders:
— Hey, boy! Take and throw him into the water.
They caught the rooster and threw him into the well. And he began to say:
— Little nose, little nose, drink water! Little mouth, little mouth, drink water... — and drained the whole well.
He drank the water and flew to the boyar's chambers. He sat 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 boyar 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 say:
— Little nose, little nose, pour water! Little mouth, little mouth, pour water...
And extinguished all the heat in the oven. He fluttered up, flew into the boyar's chambers and cries again:
— Cock-a-doodle-doo! Boyar, boyar! Give back our millstones, golden, blue! Boyar, boyar! Give back our millstones, golden, blue!
At that very moment the boyar was receiving guests. The guests heard the rooster crying and immediately ran out of the house. The host rushed to chase them, and the rooster — golden comb — seized the millstones and flew off with them to the old man and old woman.