The War of the Mushrooms

In olden-old times Tsar Gorokh fought with mushrooms.
The boletus mushroom, colonel over the mushrooms, sitting under the little oak, looking at all the mushrooms, began to order:
— Come, you belianki, to me to war!
The belianki refused:
— We are columnar nobles! We will not go to war!
— Come, you ryzhiki, to me to war!
The ryzhiki refused:
— We are rich peasants! We will not go to war!
— Come, you volnushki, to me to war!
The volnushki refused:
— We, volnushki, are old women! We will not go to war!
— Come, you openki, to me to war!
The openki refused:
— Our legs are very thin! We will not go to war!
— Come, you gruzdi, to me to war!
— We, gruzdi, are friendly lads! We will go to war!