A Bast Shoe for a Hen, a Hen for a Goose

A fox was walking along a path and found a bast shoe. She came to a peasant and asked, "Master, let me stay the night." He said, "There's no room, little fox! It's cramped!" — "How much room do I need! I'll get on the bench myself, and my tail under the bench." They let her stay the night, and she said, "Put my bast shoe in with your chickens." They put it there, and at night the fox got up and hid her bast shoe. In the morning they got up, and she asked for her bast shoe, and the hosts said, "Little fox, it's gone!" — "Well, then give me a chicken for it."

She took the chicken and came to another house, asking them to put her chicken in with the mistress's geese. At night the fox hid the chicken and got a gosling for it in the morning. She came to a new house, asked to stay the night, and said to put her gosling in with the rams; again she played a trick, took a ram for the gosling, and went on to yet another house. She stayed the night and asked them to put her ram in with the master's calves. At night the little fox stole the ram too, and in the morning demanded that they give her a calf for it.

She strangled them all — the chicken, the gosling, the ram, and the calf — hid the meat, stuffed the calf's hide with straw, and set it on the road. A bear and a wolf came along, and the fox said to them, "Go steal a sled and let's go for a ride." So they stole the sled and the collar, harnessed the calf, and all got into the sled. The fox took the reins and shouted, "Gee up, gee up, little calf, straw-sided one! The sled is someone else's, the collar isn't ours, drive on — don't stand still!" The calf would not move. She jumped out of the sled and shouted, "Stay there, you fools!" and went off herself. The bear and the wolf rejoiced over their prize and set about tearing the calf; they tore and tore, saw that it was only a hide and straw, shook their heads, and went home.