The Hare

A poor peasant was walking across a clean field, saw a hare under a bush, rejoiced and said:
— That's when I'll start living in a little house! I'll take this hare, kill it with a whip and sell it for four altyns. With that money I'll buy a sow. She'll give me twelve piglets. The piglets will grow up and each bring twelve more. I'll slaughter them all and fill a barn with meat. I'll sell the meat, and with the money I'll get a house and take a wife. My wife will bear me two sons: Vaska and Vanka. The children will plow the field, and I'll sit by the window and keep order: "Hey there, lads," I'll shout, "Vaska and Vanka! Don't drive the people at their work too hard—evidently you yourselves have never lived in poverty!" And the peasant shouted so loudly that the hare was frightened and ran away, and the house with all its wealth, with wife and children, vanished.