The Golden Slipper

Once upon a time there lived an old man and an old woman. The old man and the old woman had two daughters. One day the old man went to the market and bought a little fish for one sister and another little fish for the other. The elder ate her fish, but the younger went to the well and says:
— Mother little fish! Shall I eat you or not?
— Don't eat me, — says the little fish, — but let me go into the water; I'll be of use to you.
She let the little fish down into the well and went home.

The old woman did not love her younger daughter at all. She dressed her sister in her very best rags and went with her to church for mass, but left the younger one two measures of rye and told her to clean it before she returned from church.

The girl went to fetch water, sits by the well and weeps; the little fish floated to the top and asks her:
— What are you crying about, fair maiden?
— How can I not cry? — answers the fair maiden. — Mother dressed my sister in her very best rags, went with her to mass, but left me at home and told me to clean two measures of rye before she returns from church!

The little fish says:
— Don't cry, go get dressed and ride to church; the rye will be cleaned!
She got dressed, arrived at mass. Mother could not recognize her.

Mass began to end, the girl rides home; mother also comes home and asks:
— Well, you fool, did you clean the rye?
— I cleaned it, — she answers.
— What a beauty there was at mass! — says mother. — The priest doesn't sing, doesn't read — he just keeps looking at her; and you, fool, just look at yourself, what rags you're wearing!
— I may not have been there, but I know! — says the maiden.
— How would you know? — said her mother.

The next time mother dressed her elder daughter in her very best rags, went with her to mass, and left the younger one three measures of wheat and says:
— While I pray to God, you clean the wheat.
So she went to mass, and the daughter went to fetch water at the well; she sits by the well and weeps.

The little fish floated up and asks:
— What are you crying about, fair maiden?
— How can I not cry, — answers the fair maiden, — mother dressed my sister in her very best rags, went with her to mass, but left me at home and told me to clean three measures of wheat before she returns from church.

The little fish says:
— Don't cry, go get dressed and ride after her to church; the wheat will be cleaned!
She got dressed, arrived at church, began to pray to God. The priest doesn't sing, doesn't read — he just keeps looking at her!

Mass began to end. There was at that mass on that side a prince; our fair maiden pleased him very much; he wanted to know whose she was. He took and dropped pitch under her shoe. The shoe remained, and she rode home.
— Whose shoe this is, — says the prince, — her I will take to wife!
That shoe was all embroidered with gold. And so the old woman came home.

— What a beauty there was there! — she says. — The priest doesn't sing, doesn't read — he just keeps looking at her; and you, fool, just look at yourself: what a ragged thing you are!

And at that time the prince searched through all the districts for the maiden who had lost the shoe; he could not find anyone for whom the little shoe would fit.

He came to the old woman and says:
— Show me your girl, will the shoe fit her?
— My daughter will soil the shoe, — answers the old woman.

The fair maiden came; the prince tried the shoe on her — the shoe fit her. He took her to wife; and they began to live and thrive and accumulate wealth.

I was there, I drank beer, it ran down my lips, didn't reach my mouth. They gave me a blue caftan, a crow flies and cries:
— Blue caftan! Blue caftan!
I think: "Take off the caftan!" — I took it and took it off. They gave me a cap, they started pushing my neck. They gave me red little shoes, a crow flies and cries:
— Red little shoes! Red little shoes!
I think: "Stole the little shoes!" — I took them and threw them away.