

# *Russian Folk Tales*



*Illustrated by Schoolchildren*

# *RUSSIAN FOLK TALES*

*Retold by Ian Harkness*

*Illustrations*

*by*

*the students of Murmansk Art School  
for Children*



**EOS PUBLISHERS**

**Russian Folk Tales**  
**Retold by Ian Harkness**  
From a literal translation by Natasha Harkness  
from A.N.Afanasyev's collection

**The illustrations were painted by the pupils of  
Murmansk Children's Art College**

Susan Nordskog and Laurel Mittenthal edited the text

“The Dead Princess and the Seven Knights” by Alexander Pushkin  
Translated by Peter Tempest.

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## *Contents*

Preface .....	5
Murmansk Art College for Children.....	5
The Tale of Ivan-Tsarévich, the Firebird, and the Grey Wolf.....	6
The Frog Princess .....	34
Yemelya the Fool.....	44
Morozko.....	55
‘Snegurochka’, the Snow Maiden.....	65
The Tale of the Dead Princess and the Seven Knights .....	74
The Little Round Bun .....	107
Little Masha and the Bear.....	116
List of paintings and artists.....	126

## **Preface**

### **Murmansk Art College for Children**

I visited Murmansk in North West Russia on several occasions, when teaching English at Finnmark University College in Northern Norway. I had heard through friends of the special type of art colleges for children that exist in Russia. I had also heard that both the pupils and the teachers at the Children's Art College in Murmansk were especially gifted. I had seen evidence of this in a book of Russian folk tales published in Norway, *Ivan tsarevitsj og den grå ulven*, illustrated by the pupils of the college.

With the idea of producing a similar book in English, I decided to visit the college, and was kindly shown around the different departments by the principal, V.K. Chebotarj, and a teacher, I.N. Korobova I.N; I was also shown around another department of the college, by L.V. Marakulina.

The college's principal and the teachers showed great interest in cooperating on a book project using the children's paintings to illustrate a book of Russian folk tales. With this intent, the children at the college were asked to illustrate a number of Russian folktales, one of them being Father Frost, or Morozko, as he is called in Russia.

Murmansk Art College for Children was founded in 1966, and was the first school of its kind to be built north of the Polar Circle in Russia. At the present there are 350 pupils enrolled at the college. The students receive a primary art education, learning the basics of painting, drawing, sculpture and composition. They also study art history. The illustrations in this folktale form part of a larger collection based on Russian folk tales. This collection has been exhibited in both Russia and Norway.

Ian Harkness

## **The Tale of Ivan-Tsarévich, the Firebird, and the Grey Wolf**

In a land far far away, there once lived a mighty ruler called Tsar Vyslav Andronovich, who had three sons, Dimitri-Tsarévich, Vasily-Tsarévich, and Ivan-Tsarévich. The Tsar had a wonderful garden with many rare and magnificent trees, so that there was none that could compare with it in any other tsardom. One of the trees was especially beautiful and the Tsar loved it most of all, for it was an apple tree that bore apples of gold.

It happened one day that the Firebird began to visit the Tsar's garden. Its feathers were of gold, and its eyes were like the crystal of the East. Every night it would fly into the garden, pluck several of the golden apples, and then fly away again. This saddened Tsar Vyslav greatly. He summoned his three sons to him and said, "My dear children, which of you will keep guard in my garden and catch the Firebird? He who





captures the firebird alive, will receive half of the tsardom in my own lifetime, and the whole of it upon my death.”

The three princes, the Tsareviches, answered in one voice, “Our father, Your Imperial Majesty, we will with the greatest pleasure catch the Firebird for you.”

On the first night, Dimitri-Tsarévich kept guard under the golden apple tree. But he soon fell asleep and didn’t hear the Firebird, which flew quietly into the garden, plucked many of the golden apples, and then flew away again into the night. In the morning, the Tsar summoned his son and asked him, “Well, my dear son, did you see the Firebird this night or not?”

The Tsarévich answered, “No my father, gracious sovereign, this night the Firebird did not come into the garden.”

The next night it was Vasily-Tsarévich’s turn to keep guard under the golden apple tree. But after one hour had passed he too was soon sleeping so soundly that he didn’t hear the Firebird fly into the garden. It perched in the golden apple tree and plucked many of the golden



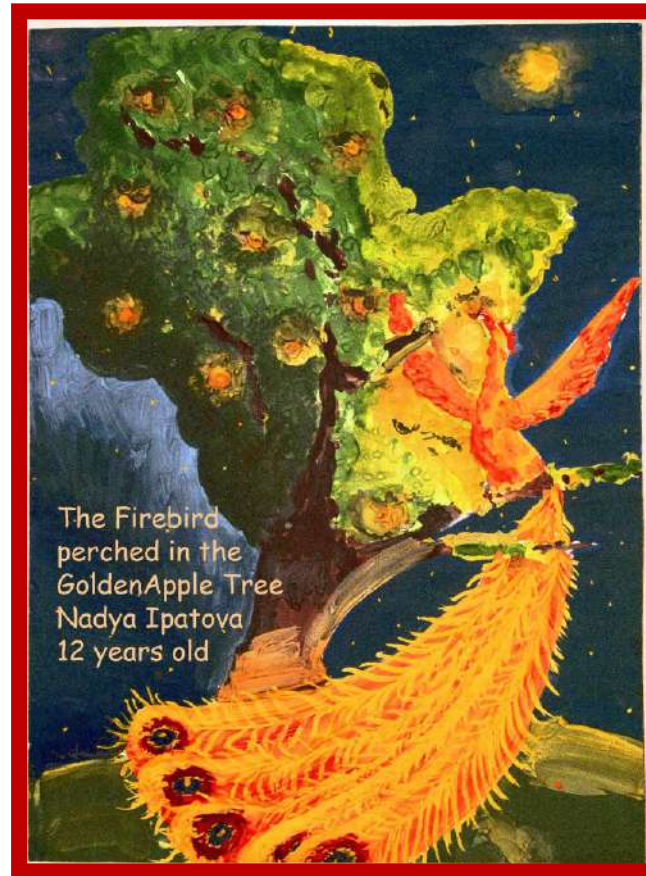
apples, then flew away again. The following morning, the Tsar summoned his second son and asked him, “Well, my dear son, did you see the Firebird this night or not?”

The Tsarévich replied, “Father, gracious sovereign, this night the Firebird did not come into the garden.”

On the third night, the youngest of the princes, Ivan-Tsarévich, kept watch under the golden apple tree. He kept guard vigilantly, first one hour, and then another. Finally, after the third hour the whole garden was suddenly illuminated as if by a thousand candles. It was the Firebird that had come to roost in the apple tree and was picking the golden apples. Ivan-Tsarévich crept warily under the Firebird and seized the bird by its tail feathers. But the bird tore itself loose from his grip and flew away. Ivan-Tsarévich was left holding a single bright, fiery-red feather. In the morning, as soon as Tsar Vyslav was awake, Ivan-Tsarévich went to his father and gave him the feather from the Firebird’s tail. Tsar Vyslav was overjoyed when his youngest son gave him the feather from the bird, which was so marvellous that it glowed in

the dark like a myriad of fireflies. The Tsar kept the feather in his jewel chest as something which he would treasure forever. But the Firebird never again returned to the Tsar's garden.

Tsar Vyslav summoned his sons once again and said to them, "Dear sons, ride out into the world and seek the Firebird. The one who captures it and brings it back to me alive will be given what I promised to you earlier, half of my tsardom while I live and the whole of it on my death."





Nástya Petkevich  
16 years old

The two brothers, Dimitri and Vasily, were envious of their younger brother, Ivan, because he had snatched a feather from the Firebird's tail and given it to their father. They were therefore quite happy when they set off together with their father's blessing in search of the Firebird, and without their younger brother.

Ivan-Tsarévich had also asked his father for permission to seek out the Firebird, but the Tsar didn't want to lose the companionship of all of his three sons, and therefore wanted to hold him back. But Ivan was so insistent that in the end his father was forced to give in to his pleas and let him go as well. Ivan-Tsarévich received his father's blessing, mounted his horse, and set off on his journey.

He rode near and far, high and low - who knows how far it was, since a tale is told long before a deed is done. At last he came to a wide-open field with green meadows. In the field stood a stone column upon which these words were written:

*He who goes straight,  
Shall endure trouble and strife.  
He who passes to the right,  
Shall have health and life,  
But his horse shall be slain.  
He who passes to the left,  
Shall himself be cleft,  
But his horse shall have life.*

Ivan-Tsarévich read the inscription, and took the road to the right, thinking to save his own life, though his horse might be slain.

He rode first one day and then another, when on the third day an enormous Grey Wolf suddenly appeared before him and said, “Hail to thee Ivan-Tsarévich! You read the inscription on the column that your horse would be slain, so why then did you ride this way?” Upon speaking these words, the Wolf cleft the horse in two, and then ran off.

Ivan-Tsarévich was very sad and wept bitterly over the death of his horse. He continued on foot for a whole day and grew very weary. He was resting when the Grey Wolf suddenly reappeared and said, “I pity you Ivan-Tsarévich, tiring yourself out like this on foot. Come, sit up on me, on the Grey Wolf, and say where I shall take you and why.”

Ivan-Tsarévich told the Grey Wolf where he wanted to go, and the Grey Wolf darted off, swifter than any horse. In a single night he took Ivan-Tsarévich to a stone wall, stopped, and said, “Now, Ivan-Tsarévich, jump off me - off the Grey Wolf and climb over this stone wall. There is a garden behind the wall, and in the garden hangs a golden cage in which the Firebird perches. Take the Firebird, but whatever you do do not touch the golden cage, or you will be captured for certain.”

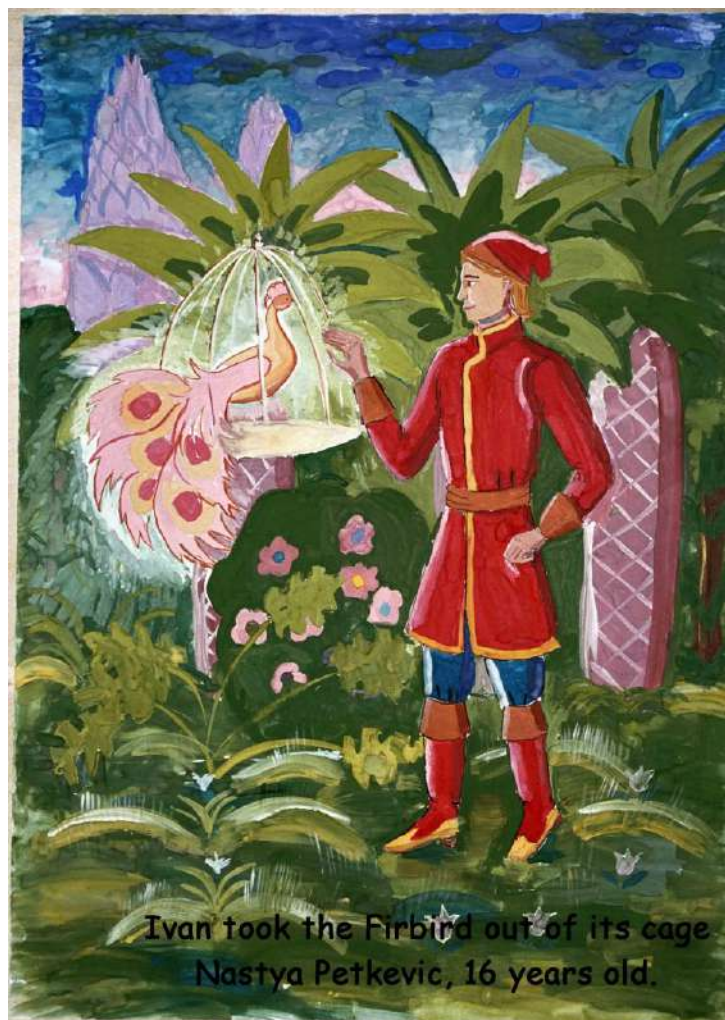
Ivan-Tsarévich climbed over the wall and saw the Firebird sitting in its cage of gold. He took the Firebird out of its cage, and was just about to return when he thought to himself, “Why should I take the Firebird without its cage, because then I will have nothing to carry the bird in!” But as soon as he touched the golden cage, the palace erupted with a



clangour and a clamour, as if there had been an invisible thread attached to the cage. Trumpets blasted and drums thundered, and the guards came running and took Ivan-Tsarévich captive.

They led him to their Tsar who was called Dolmat. Tsar Dolmat was furious at Ivan-Tsarévich, and cried in a wrathful voice, “Just who do you

think you are to come here stealing young lad? Are you not ashamed of yourself? What country do you come from and what’s your name?”





“I come from the land of Tsar Vyslav Andronovich, and am his youngest son, Ivan-Tsarévich,” he answered. “Your Firebird used to fly into my father’s garden every night, and steal the golden apples from the apple tree that my father loves most dearly. This saddened him greatly, and for this reason he has sent me to seek out the Firebird and bring it back to him.”

“Well, young Ivan-Tsarévich, if you had only come to me with honest intentions, I would have gladly given you the Firebird! But now how would it look, if I were to proclaim in all the tsardoms that you had dealt so dishonestly with me! However, be that as it may, listen to what I have to say to you, Ivan-Tsarévich! Cross thrice-nine lands into the thrice-tenth realm, and obtain for me there, from Tsar Afron, the golden-maned horse. If you can do this one service for me, I will forgive your offence and gratefully give you the Firebird in its golden cage.”

On hearing this Ivan-Tsarévich felt utterly miserable. He left Tsar Dolmat, and made his way back to the Grey Wolf. The Grey Wolf greeted him on his return, “Hail to thee Ivan-Tsarévich!” Ivan-Tsarévich

told the Grey Wolf everything that had happened. The Wolf reprimanded him and said, “Why did you not heed my words, I told you not to touch the golden cage?”

“I admit it, I stand here guilty before you,” answered Ivan-Tsarévich.

“Well, so be it, what’s done is done. Climb up on my back, on the Grey Wolf, and I will take you wherever you wish to go.”



Ivan-Tsarévich mounted the Grey Wolf, and they rode off as swiftly

as an arrow. They ran swiftly, perhaps it was near, perhaps far, but by nightfall they came to Tsar Afron's palace. The Grey Wolf said to Ivan-Tsarévich, "Go to the white-tiled stables and take there the horse with the golden mane, but do not touch the golden bridle hanging on the wall."

Ivan-Tsarévich entered the white-tiled stables and took the horse with the golden mane. But when he saw the golden bridle hanging on the wall, he became fascinated by it and took it. But as soon as he touched the bridle, the palace erupted into a clamour and clangour of trumpets blasting and drums thundering. The palace guards awoke and came running, seized Ivan-Tsarévich, and took him before Tsar Afron.

Tsar Afron was very angry at Ivan-Tsarévich, and said to him, "Who do you think you are, to come here thieving like this? What land do you come from, and what do they call you?"

"I come from the land of Tsar Vyslav Andronovich, and am his youngest son, Ivan-Tsarévich," he answered.

“Well, young Ivan-Tsarévich, if only you had come here to me with honest intentions, I would have gladly given you the horse with the golden mane. But now how do you think it would look, if I were to proclaim in all the tsardoms that you had dealt so dishonestly with me! However, Ivan-Tsarévich, listen to what I have to say to you! I have loved Yelena the Fair with all my heart for a long time. Cross thrice-nine lands into the thrice-tenth realm, and bring her back here to me. If you can do this one service for me, I will forgive you and make you a gift of the golden-maned horse.

Ivan-Tsarévich left the palace and began to weep bitterly on hearing these words. He returned to the Grey Wolf who greeted him, “Hail to thee, young warrior!” He told the Grey Wolf everything that had happened, and the Wolf reprimanded him and said, “Why did you not heed my words? I told you not to touch the golden bridle?”

“I stand here guilty as charged,” answered Ivan-Tsarévich.

“Well, so be it,” said the Grey Wolf. “Sit up on my back, on the Grey Wolf and I will take you wherever you wish to go.”

Ivan-Tsarévich mounted on the Grey Wolf's back, and the Wolf rode off as fast as an arrow. They arrived at last in the tsardom of Yelena Tsarevna the Fair and came to the golden palisade, which surrounded the magnificent garden of the palace. "Ivan-Tsarévich, climb down from my back, off the Grey Wolf and return along the road upon which we came and wait for me there in the open field under the green oak."





Yelena the Fair  
walked in the garden  
with her ladies-in-waiting

Katya Antal  
11 years old



The Grey Wolf sat near the golden palisade and waited for Yelena Tsarevna the Fair to come into the garden on her evening walk. When the sun was setting, she came into the garden accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting and attendants. When she came to the place where the Grey Wolf was hiding, he sprang up, and snatching the Tsarevna he ran off with her as fast as he could. He ran back to the open field where Ivan-Tsarévich was waiting by the green oak, and said, “Ivan-Tsarévich, come and sit on my back, on the Grey Wolf,” and with both of them on his broad back he sped off to the palace of Tsar Afron.

All the ladies-in-waiting and attendants who had been walking in the garden with Yelena the Fair ran into the palace and raised the alarm. The men-at-arms set off in pursuit of the Grey Wolf, but no matter how fast they ran, they couldn't catch up with the Wolf, so all returned home again.

As they rode together on the back of the Grey Wolf, Ivan-Tsarévich fell in love with Tsarevna Yelena the Fair, and she with him. When the Grey Wolf arrived at the palace of Tsar Afron, Ivan Tsarévich was very

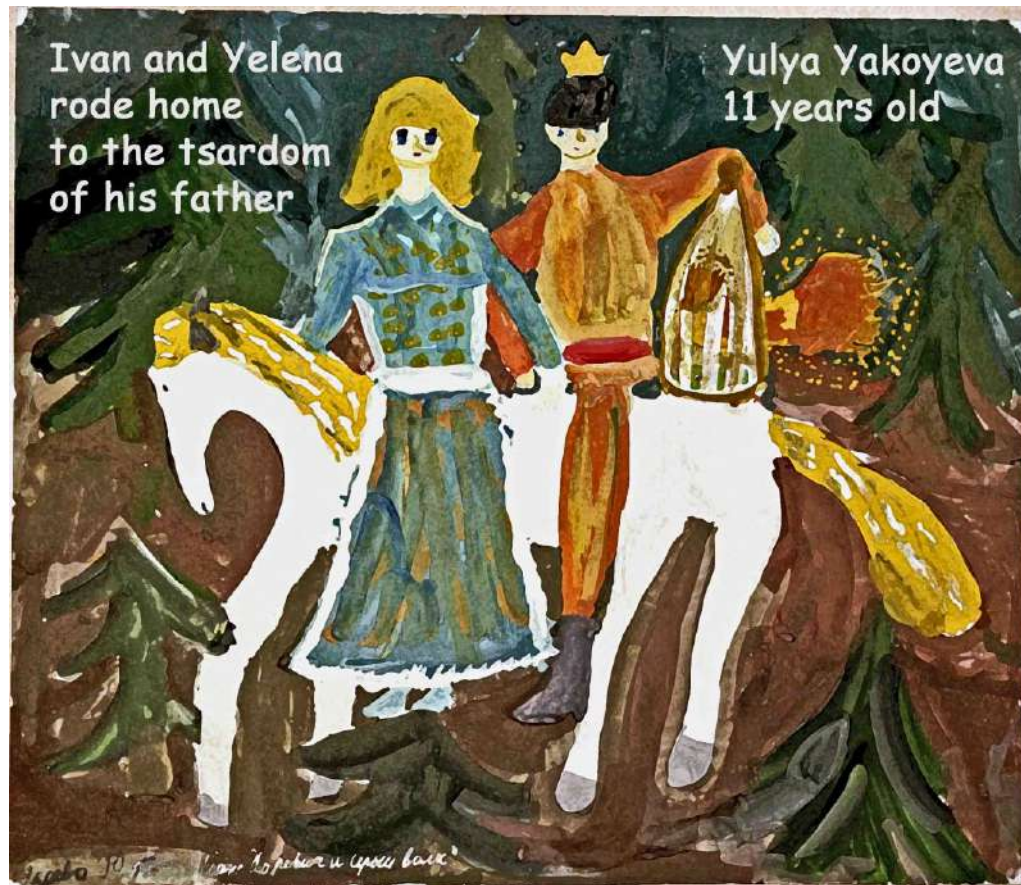
sad and wept bitter tears. The Grey Wolf asked him, “Why are you so sad, Ivan-Tsarévich?”

“How can I not be sad and grieved, Grey Wolf? I love Yelena the Fair dearly, and now I must give her up to Tsar Afron in return for the golden-maned horse. If I don’t do him this service, he will dishonour my name throughout all the tsardoms.

“I have served you well until now, Ivan-Tsarévich,” said the Grey Wolf, “and will continue to do so, so listen to what I have to say! I will turn myself into the Fair Yelena, and then you will take me to Tsar Afron and give me to him. In return he will give you the golden-maned horse. The Tsar will take me as his queen, and then you will be able to mount the golden-maned horse and ride far away. After some time I will ask the Tsar to allow me to walk in the garden with the ladies-in-waiting. You have only to think of me then Ivan-Tsarévich, and I will re-appear before you in my true form once again.” As soon as Grey Wolf had said this, he struck the dank earth and turned himself into Tsarevna Yelena

the Fair. Ivan-Tsarévich went with the Grey Wolf, who was now in the guise of the Tsarevna, and they sought out Tsar Afron.

The Tsar was overjoyed when he clasped his eyes on the beautiful Tsarevna, whom he had for so long desired. He gave the golden-maned horse to Ivan-Tsarévich as he had promised.



Ivan-Tsarévich rode off on the horse and quickly found Tsarevna Yelena. The Fair Yelena sat up on the horse together with the Tsarévich, and they rode off together towards the palace of Tsar Dolmat. The Grey Wolf, who was now in the guise of Tsarevna Yelena, stayed together with Tsar Afron first one day, then another, and on the third day asked leave of Tsar Afron to walk in the garden with the ladies-in-waiting.

Meanwhile, Ivan-Tsarévich and the Tsarevna had almost forgotten about the Grey Wolf. But when the Tsarévich suddenly cried, “Oh, where is Grey Wolf?” then the Wolf appeared from out of nowhere and stood before him.

The Grey Wolf said, “Sit on me, Ivan-Tsarévich, on the Grey Wolf, and the Fair Tsarevna can ride on the golden-maned horse.”

They all rode off together towards the realm of Tsar Dolmat. When they reached the Tsardom of Tsar Dolmat, they stopped some distance from the Tsar’s palace. Ivan-Tsarévich began to plead with the Grey Wolf, “Listen to me, my faithful friend, Grey Wolf. You have helped me so far, and it would help me still more if you could turn yourself into the

golden-maned horse.” The Grey Wolf agreed and struck the dank earth with his paw, turning himself into the golden-maned horse. Ivan-Tsarévich left the Fair Yelena in a green meadow, sat on the Grey Wolf, and they rode towards the white-stoned palace of Tsar Dolmat. When the Tsar saw Ivan-Tsarévich come riding on the golden-maned horse, he was overjoyed. He kissed him on his smooth cheeks, took him by his right hand and led him into the white-stoned palace. Out of pure joy, Tsar Dolmat ordered that a feast be prepared. They all sat around the oaken tables, which were covered with chequered tablecloths, and ate, drank and made merry for two days. On the third day, Tsar Dolmat presented Ivan-Tsarévich with the Firebird in its golden cage. The Tsarévich took the Firebird, left the palace and found the Tsarevna waiting in the green meadow with the golden-maned horse. They mounted the golden-maned horse and rode back towards the land of his father, Tsar Vyslav Andronovich.

Tsar Dolmat went riding the next day on his golden-maned horse into the open fields. When he was at some distance from the palace, the

horse suddenly reared up and threw the Tsar, turning itself back into the Grey Wolf, who then ran off swiftly. The Grey Wolf soon caught up with the Tsarévich and Tsarevna on the golden-maned horse. “Sit on me, Ivan-Tsarévich, on the Grey Wolf, and the Fair Tsarevna can ride on the golden-maned horse,” said the Wolf.

Ivan-Tsarévich sat on the Wolf’s back, and they set off together once again. They eventually reached the spot where the Wolf had cleft the horse of Ivan-Tsarévich in two. The Grey Wolf then said, “I have served you well, Ivan-Tsarévich, but now I must leave you. You have the Firebird, the golden-maned horse and the Fair Tsarevna Yelena, and I can serve you no more. Fare thee well, and good luck on your journey home!” The Grey Wolf ran off into the dark forest. Ivan-Tsarévich was very sad at seeing him go and wept bitterly. After a time he regained his spirits, and together with the Fair Yelena he rode off on the golden-maned horse carrying the Firebird in its golden cage.

The Tsarévich and his bride to be were not far from the tsardom of his father, but he and the Tsarevna were both very weary, and decided

to rest at a spot not twenty leagues from his father's palace. They stopped, dismounted from the horse, and lay down to rest under a tree. Ivan Tsarévich tied the golden-maned horse to the tree and took the cage with the Firebird with him. The Tsarévich and the Tsarevna lay on the soft grass together, engaged in loving intercourse, and then fell asleep in each other's arms.

Now it chanced that as fate would have it, at this time the brothers of Ivan Tsarévich, Dimitri and Vasily, were also returning to their father's Tsardom, after searching in vain for the Firebird in different lands. They happened upon the sleeping couple under the tree. Seeing the Firebird in its golden cage and the golden-maned horse, they were filled with a deep envy of their younger brother, and decided to slay him. Dimitri took his sword out of its sheaf and cleft Ivan-Tsarévich in two. The brothers then roused the Fair Tsarevna Yelena and asked, "Fair maiden, from what tsardom do you come and what do they call you?"

The Fair Tsarevna, seeing Ivan-Tsarévich dead on the ground, spoke with bitter tears, "I am Tsarevna Yelena the Fair, travelled from afar,



and the promised bride of Ivan-Tsarévich whom you have just slain. Had you been men of courage and honour, you would have challenged the Tsarévich to fair battle, rather than slay him while he lay sleeping, like the cowards you are.”

Tsarévich Dimitri brought the point of his sword to the breast of the Fair Tsarevna and said, “Listen, Yelena the Fair, you are now in our hands. We will take you to our father, Tsar Vyslav Andronovich, and you will tell him that we found you and the Firebird and the golden-maned horse. If you refuse to do this, we will kill you here and now.”

Tsarevna Yelena the Fair was frightened for her life, and swore to do as she was told. Dimitri and Vasily cast lots to see which of them should have the Fair Tsarevna and which the golden-maned horse. It came out that the Tsarevna should belong to Vasily and the horse to Dimitri.

One day when the Grey Wolf was roaming these very same paths, he came upon the dead body of Ivan-Tsarévich. The Grey Wolf was deeply saddened by the sorry sight and wanted to revive the Tsarévich but didn’t know how. He suddenly spied a crow and two nestlings sitting in

their nest in the treetops. The Wolf hid behind a bush and waited for the crow to descend. When the crow and the two nestlings flew down from their treetop nest, the Wolf pounced upon them and threatened to tear one of the nestlings in two. The crow flung himself on the ground and pleaded, “Do not touch my child, it has done you no harm.”

“Listen, crow, I will not touch your son if you will do me this one service. Fly across thrice-nine lands into the thrice tenth realm and bring me back the Waters of Life and Death.”

The crow said, “Grey Wolf, I will do you this service, if only you spare my son.” When the crow had spoken these words, he flew away.

On the third day the crow returned with two phials. In one was the Water of Life and in the other the Water of Death. He gave these to the Grey Wolf. The Grey Wolf took the phials, tore the nestling in two, sprinkled him with the Water of Death, and the nestling grew together. Then he sprinkled him with the Water of Life, and the nestling shook himself and flew away.

The Grey Wolf sprinkled Ivan-Tsarévich with the Water of Death, and his body clove together. He then sprinkled him with the Water of Life, and Ivan-Tsarévich stood up and said, “Oh my, what a long sleep I’ve had!”

“Yes, Ivan-Tsarévich, you might have slept for ever had it not been for me,” replied the Wolf. Your brothers murdered you in your sleep, and robbed you of the Fair Yelena, the golden-maned horse and the Firebird in its golden cage. You must return at once to your father’s palace as quickly as you can. It is today that your brother Vasily intends to marry your bride, the Fair Yelena, so climb up on me, on the Grey Wolf, and I will take you there.”

Ivan-Tsarévich sat on the Grey Wolf’s back, and the Wolf carried him swiftly to the palace of Tsar Vyslav Andronovich. The Wolf stopped outside the walls, and the Tsarévich slipped down off his back and walked to the palace. He found his brothers sitting at the table feasting with the Tsar, and Tsarévich Vasily was seated next to Tsarevna Yelena.

When the Tsarevna saw Ivan-Tsarévich, she jumped up at once and began to kiss his sweet lips and cry out, “O my beloved bridegroom, Ivan-Tsarévich, this is he, and not that other who sits at the table.”

Then Tsar Vyslav stood up and began to question the Tsarevna closely.. The Fair Tsarevna told him the truth about everything that had happened.

The Tsar was greatly angered with his two eldest sons, Dimitri and Vasily, and had them cast into the darkness of the deepest dungeons.

Ivan-Tsarévich married Tsarevna Yelena the Fair, and they lived their lives lovingly, so that one was never seen without the other.

## The Frog Princess

In a far-away kingdom in a distant empire lived a Tsar and his Tsaritsa, and they had three sons. All three sons were young, unwed and valiant, the like of which no tale can tell, and no quill write.

The Tsar called his three sons to him and said, “ My dear children, take each of you an arrow, stretch taut the cords of your bows, and shoot in different directions. Wherever your arrows fall, that is where you will find your destined brides.”

The elder brother shot his arrow, and it fell in the courtyard of a *boyar*, a mighty lord, right in front of the lord’s daughter’s chamber. The middle brother shot his arrow, and it flew into a courtyard, falling in front of a magnificent balcony, where there stood a lovely young maiden, the daughter of a merchant. The youngest brother, Ivan *Tsarévich*, or Prince Ivan, shot his arrow, and it fell into a muddy marsh, where a quacking-frog caught hold of it in its mouth.

Prince Ivan said to his father, the Tsar: “How can I take this quacking-frog for my wife? A quacker is not my equal.”

“Take her and marry her,” said the Tsar. “You are destined to have her!”

So all the young princes were married, the eldest to the *boyar's* daughter, the middle one to the merchant's daughter, and Prince Ivan to the quacking-frog.

The Tsar summoned his sons and said, “Your wives shall each bake soft white bread for my breakfast.”

Prince Ivan became distressed on hearing this, and returned to his chambers with his head hung low. “Qua, qua, Prince Ivan, why are you so sad?” asked the frog. “Is it because your father, the Tsar, has spoken some unpleasant words to you?”

“How can I not be sad? His majesty, my father, has ordered you to bake soft white bread for his breakfast tomorrow.”

“Don't be sad Prince Ivan, the morning is wiser than the evening, so go to sleep and get some rest.” The frog made the young prince lie down and rest, and casting off her frog-skin turned into the fair maiden, Vasilisa the Wise. She walked out on to her beautiful balcony and cried:

“Nurses and maids! Set to work and make me some soft white bread, such as I used to eat and taste in my dear father’s house!” In the morning when Prince Ivan awoke, the bread was baked and ready. The bread was so wonderful that the like of it cannot be imagined, but only told of in tales. The bread was decorated with ingenious ornaments, showing the Tsar’s cities and their fortresses. When the Tsar was given the bread, he praised Prince Ivan greatly.

The Tsar issued a new command to his three sons, “Let each of your wives weave me a silk carpet in a single night.”

Once again Prince Ivan returned home unhappy and with his head hung low. “Qua, qua, Prince Ivan,” said the frog, “why are you so sad? Has your father, the Tsar, spoken some cruel and sad words to you?”

“How can I not be sad? His majesty, my father, has ordered that you should weave a silk carpet in a single night.”

The frog said, “Don’t worry, the morning is much wiser than the evening, so go to bed and take some rest!” She made him lie down to rest, and casting off her frog’s skin she turned into the fair maiden,



Vasilisa the Wise. She went out onto her beautiful balcony and cried: “Nurses and maids! Set to work and weave me a silken carpet, such as the one I used to sit on in my father’s house.” No sooner was it said than done. Next morning when Prince Ivan awoke, the carpet was woven and ready. It was so wonderful that the like of it cannot be imagined, but only told of in tales. It was adorned with gold and silver, and beautifully embroidered. The Tsar praised Prince Ivan highly for the carpet.

After that, the Tsar commanded that a ball was to be held, and that all three princes should attend with their wives, so that he could see them with his own eyes.

Once more Prince Ivan returned home unhappy with his head hung low. “Qua, qua,” said the Frog, “Why are you so sad? Has your father, the Tsar, said unpleasant words to you?”

“How can I not be sad?” answered Prince Ivan. “His majesty, my father, has ordered that I appear before him with you at the ball tomorrow. But how can I show you, a frog, to the people?”

“Don’t worry, Prince Ivan, go alone to the Tsar, and I will follow later. When you are at your father’s tomorrow, you will hear a great trampling and thunder, and then you must say, “There comes my dear little Froggy in her box.””

The elder brothers arrived with their wives who were clad in their best. When they saw their younger brother, Prince Ivan, they laughed and said, “Why have you come without your wife, brother? You could at least of brought her in a kerchief. And where did you find such a beauty? You must have searched all the marshes, I would say.”

Suddenly there was a great trampling and thunder, and the whole palace shook and trembled. The guests became very frightened and jumped out of their seats and didn’t know what to do. Prince Ivan said, “Don’t be afraid, it’s only my dear little Froggy arriving in her little box.” A gilded coach drawn by a team of six horses flew up to the steps of the Tsar’s palace, and out stepped Vasilisa the Wise. Her beauty cannot be imagined, but only told of in tales. She took Prince Ivan by the hand, and led him to the oaken tables, which were covered with

embroidered cloths. The guests began to eat and drink and make merry. Vasilisa drank wine, but put the dregs of her glass in her left sleeve. She ate some roast swan, and put the bones in her right sleeve. The wives of the elder brothers saw these cunning tricks, and started to do the same. Later, when Vasilisa the Wise was dancing with Prince Ivan, she waved her left arm and a lake appeared. She then waved her right arm and white swans were seen swimming on the lake. Such sights amazed the Tsar and all his guests. The wives of the elder brothers were dancing, and they also waved their left arms, but sprayed everyone with dregs of wine. They then waved their right arms, but a bone landed right in the Tsar's eye! The Tsar became furious at such behaviour and had them driven from his court in disgrace.

In the meantime, Prince Ivan ran home and finding the frog's skin he burnt it in the fire. When Vasilisa came and saw that her frog's skin was gone, she became sad and said to Prince Ivan, "Oh, Prince Ivan what have you done! If only you had waited a little, I would have been yours forever, but now I must say farewell! You must seek me beyond the

Thrice-Ninth Land in the Thrice-Tenth Tsardom in the house of Koschei the Deathless. She then turned into a white swan and flew out the window.

Prince Ivan wept bitterly, prayed to God in all four directions, and went where his eyes led him. He walked on and on. It was perhaps near, perhaps far, perhaps a long time, perhaps a short time, who can say. On his way he met an old man. “Good morrow, good fellow!” said the old man. “What do you seek, and where are you bound?”

Prince Ivan told him of his misfortune. “Alas! Prince Ivan, why did you burn the Frog’s skin? Neither was it yours to wear, nor to do away with! Vasilisa the Wise was born wiser and more cunning than her father, and this so angered him that he turned her into a frog. Here, take this tangle-ball, and wherever it rolls you must follow it bravely.”

Prince Ivan thanked the old man and followed the tangle-ball across the open plain until he met a bear. The prince wanted to kill it, but the bear implored in a human voice, “Do not kill me, Prince Ivan, for one day I may be of use to you!”

The prince went on, and this time he saw a drake flying high above him. Prince Ivan took aim at the bird with his bow and was about to shoot when the bird implored in a human voice, “Do not kill me, Prince Ivan, for one day I may be of use to you!” He spared the drake and followed the tangle-ball further, until a hare crossed his path.

He took aim at the hare with his bow, but the hare begged, “Pray, do not shoot me Prince Ivan, for one day I may be of use to you!”

So Prince Ivan spared him and went on to the blue sea, where he saw a pike stranded on the beach. “Ah, Prince Ivan,” said the pike, “take pity on me.” He cast her into the sea and walked on along the shore.

Perhaps it was a long time, perhaps a short time, but eventually the tangle-ball rolled to a little hut. The hut was standing on chicken’s legs and spinning round and round. Prince Ivan said:

*Little hut, little hut!  
Stand as thy mother placed thee,  
With your front towards me,  
And your back towards the sea.*

The cottage turned with its back facing the sea and its front towards him. Prince Ivan entered the cottage and once inside saw the bony-legged Baba-Yaga, the witch. She was lying on the stove sharpening her teeth, and her nose grew to the ceiling and dripped over the doorsill.

“What brings you here good fellow?” Baba-Yaga asked the prince.

“Ah, you old hag! First give me some food and drink and then let me steam myself in the *banya*, and then you can ask me questions afterwards,” said Prince Ivan.

Baba-Yaga fed him and gave him drink, and let him steam himself in the bath-house. The prince then told her that he was looking for his wife, Vasilisa the Wise. “Ah, I know!” said Baba-Yaga. “She is now with Koschei the Deathless. It will be hard to get her back though. It is not easy to defeat Koschei. His death is in the eye of a needle, the needle is in an egg, the egg is in a duck, the duck is in a hare, the hare in a chest and the chest at the top of a tall oak tree, which Koschei guards as his does his own eye.”

Baba Yaga showed the place where the oak tree was growing. Prince Ivan went there, but he didn't know what to do. How would he be able to reach the chest? Suddenly the bear appeared from nowhere and pulled up the oak tree, roots and all. The chest fell down and was smashed on the ground, and then the hare ran out of the chest in full flight. Another hare pursued him and caught him, tearing him to bits. A duck flew out of the hare and soared up into the air. She flew high, but a drake flew after her, striking her so she dropped the egg, which fell into the sea. Prince Ivan wept bitter tears on realising that he would never be able to recover the egg. But a pike suddenly floated to the shore holding the egg in its mouth. The prince took the egg, cracked it and took out the needle. The more Prince Ivan bent the needle the more Koschei twisted and writhed. But when Prince Ivan broke off the eye of the needle Koschei fell down dead.

Prince Ivan went to Koschei's house and found Vasilisa the Wise there. They returned home and lived a long and happy life together.

## Yemelya the Fool

Once upon a time, there lived three brothers. Two of them were clever, but the third, called Yemelya, was thought to be a fool. One day, Yemelya's brothers decided to go to town to purchase some wares.

“While we're away you must listen to our wives and obey their every command. If you do as you're told, we'll buy you a red caftan, red boots and a red shirt, ” said the brothers.

“Very well, I will obey everything they say,” Yemelya replied.

No sooner had the brothers gone to town though, than Yemelya went to have a rest on top of the stove, which was his favourite place.

“What are you lying on the stove for, you lazy good-for-nothing! Your brothers have promised you presents if you obey and help us! You could at least go and fetch some water,” scolded the sisters-in-law.

Yemelya took the pails and went to the fetch water at a nearby river. He cut a large hole in the ice, filled the buckets, and set them down. In



one of the pails was a large pike. "I'll fry this pike and eat my fill,"

Yemelya thought to himself







“Don’t eat me, but throw me back into the water, and I will give you what you desire,” said the pike in a human voice!



“What could you possibly give me,” he asked the fish?

“Just utter my name, and whatever you desire shall be yours,” said the pike! Say for instance:



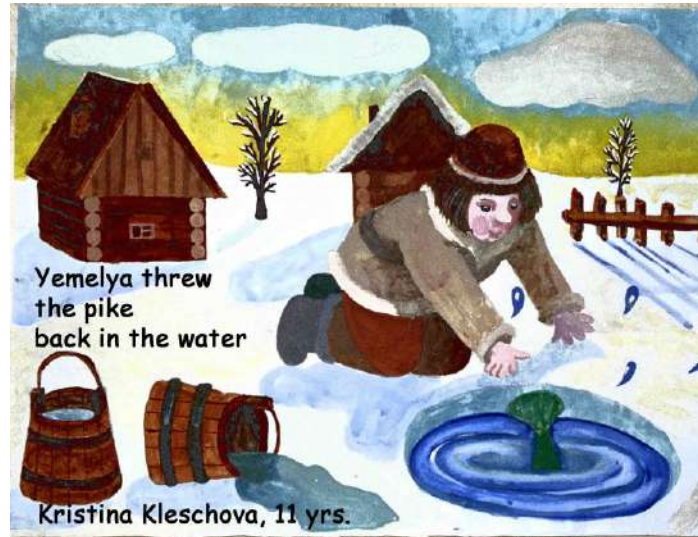
*At the pike's command, by my own request,  
Go buckets home by yourselves  
And stand in your places.*

Yemelya threw the pike  
back into the water.

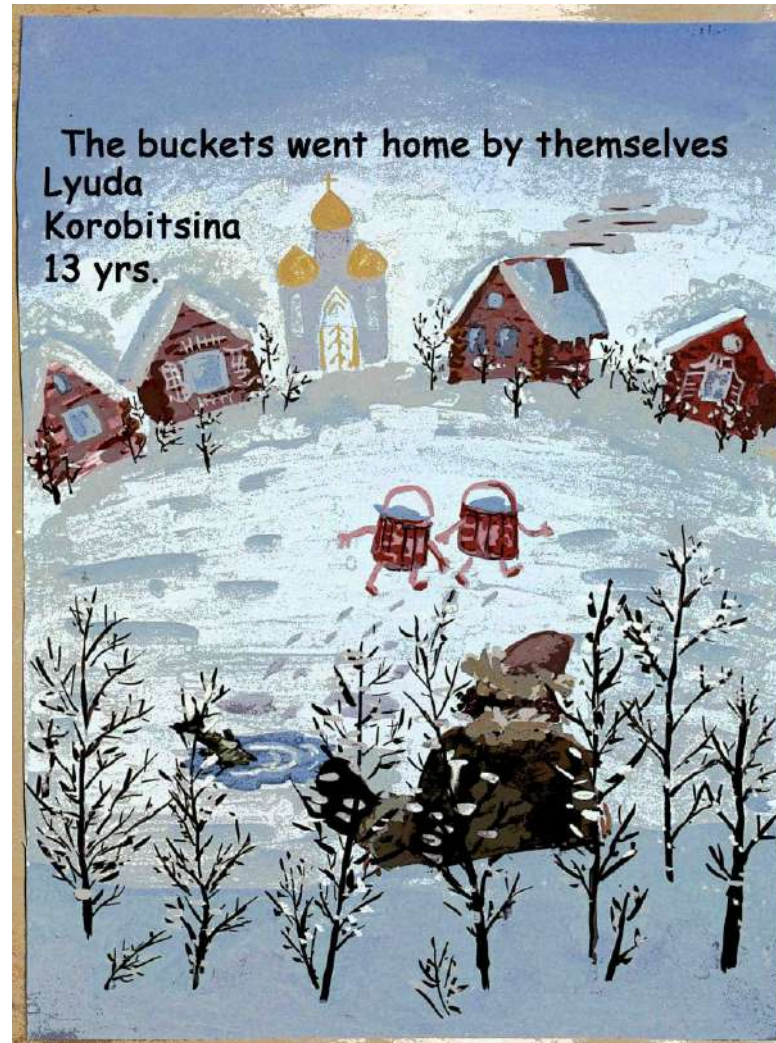
He then uttered the words,  
like the pike had said, and the  
buckets went home by  
themselves and stood in their  
places.

This amazed the sisters-in-  
law, who were watching. “Perhaps he is not the fool we thought him to  
be, when he can make the buckets walk home by themselves,” said one  
sister to the other!

Yemelya went home, and lay down on the stove as usual. Once again,  
his sisters-in-law scolded him, “What are you lying down on the stove



for fool when we don't have any firewood. Go to the forest and chop some!"



Yemelya took two axes, climbed on the sledge, but didn't harness the horse. Instead, he said:

*At the pike's command, by my own request,  
Drive into the forest, O sledge!*

The sledge moved off at a rattling pace, as if pulled by a team of horses. On the way to the forest, Yemelya rode through the town, and his horseless sledge was travelling so fast that it bowled over many of the people who were out walking that day.

“Stop him! Catch him!” the townspeople shouted. But the sledge was travelling at such a speed they couldn't catch him. Once in the forest, Yemelya climbed down from the sledge, sat on an old tree trunk, and said:

*At the pike's command, by my own request,  
One axe fell the tree, the other chop the firewood!*

The wood was soon quickly chopped and piled on to the sledge. Yemelya then said to one of the axes:

*At the pike's command, by my own request,*

*Go, axe, and cut me a cudgel!*

The axe went and cut him a cudgel, and the cudgel came and lay on top of the sledge. Yemelya climbed up on the sledge, and it moved off in a homewards direction. He drove back through the town, where crowds of people were lying in wait for him. They caught him, and started to beat him. Yemelya then said to the cudgel, in a low voice:

*At the pike's command, by my own request,*

*Beat these people black and blue!*

The cudgel sprang up, beating and thumping a great number of people, who toppled to the ground like sheaves of corn! Yemelya escaped and drove home, where he stacked the firewood and once again lay down on the stove.

The men of the town petitioned the Tsar to seize Yemelya.

“We must try and trick him! Our best plan would be to promise him a red caftan, red boots and a red shirt,” they agreed.

The Tsar's guards were sent to fetch Yemelya whom they found sitting on his stove as usual. “If you go immediately to the Tsar,” they





said to him, “he will give you a red caftan, red boots and a red shirt.”

Still sitting on his stove, Yemelya said:



*At the pike's command, by my own request,  
Up stove, and away to the Tsar's palace!*

The stove moved off by itself in the direction of the palace, and Yemelya soon arrived there. The Tsar was going to put Yemelya to death, but his daughter, the fair Tsarèvna Marja, took a great liking to Yemelya. She begged her father to let her marry him. The Tsar became enraged at his daughter's preposterous idea. He let the couple be wed, but ordered them to be put into a tarred barrel and cast into the sea.

After the barrel had floated on the sea for a long time, Marja begged her husband to do something. Yemelya said:

*At the pike's command, by my own request,  
Cast this barrel upon the shore,  
And let it be torn apart!*

They climbed out of the barrel, and Marja then implored Yemelya to build some sort of house they might live in together. Yemelya said:

*At the pike's command, by my own request,  
Let a marble palace be built,  
And erect it next to the Tsar's palace!*

The next morning, the Tsar saw the new palace next to his own, and sent an emissary to find out who was living there. As soon as he learnt that it was his daughter who was living there, he demanded that both she and her husband appear before him. Yemelya and his wife, Tsarèvna Marja, went to the palace of the Tsar. The Tsar pardoned them, and they all lived happily together, and prospered as well.

## Morozko

Once upon a time, there was an old woman who had both a stepdaughter and a daughter of her own. Her own daughter could do no wrong in her mother's eyes. She would always praise her, and give her a pat on the head and say, "such a clever girl!" But the old woman found only fault with her stepdaughter, and the poor girl cried herself to sleep every night. Yet, if the truth be told, the girl was really as good as gold.

A storm may rage, but sooner or later it will blow itself out. But once the old woman was roused, there was nothing that would calm her. She raged away at her husband, and shouted, "Take that girl out of my sight, old man, so that my eyes won't be plagued by the sight of her, nor my ears tormented by the sound of her voice! Take her away from here, far, far away to the depths of the forest and let the cutting-frost do for her!"

And although the old man grieved and wept, he lifted his daughter up onto the sledge. He wanted to cover her with a horse-blanket, but was

too frightened of his wife to do even that. He drove her out into the bitter cold of the forest, and set her down under a large pine tree.



He made the sign of the cross over her, and drove away quickly so he didn't have to witness her cold and certain death. The poor lass was left there shivering and saying her prayers.



Father Frost came flying  
Anya Klaus, 10 yrs.



Suddenly, *Morozko*, or ‘Father Frost’ as he is often known, came leaping and dancing up. Casting glances at the beautiful maiden, he snapped:

*I am Father Frost, my pretty lass,  
They call me Red Nose wherever I pass!*

The girl  
replied:



*Welcome, Father Frost!*

*You must be part of God's scheme,  
Sent for my sinful soul to redeem!*

Frost had intended to embrace her, causing her to freeze to death, but he was taken with her wise and god-fearing words. So he took pity

on her and tossed her a warm fur coat. She put it on, and sat there with her knees tucked up under her chin to keep warm. Once again Father

Frost came leaping and dancing towards her. Casting glances at the lovely maiden, he cried out:

*I am Father Frost my pretty lass,*

*They call me Red Nose wherever I pass!*

The girl once again replied:

*Welcome, Father Frost!*

*You must be part of God's scheme,*

*Sent for my sinful soul to redeem!*

But Father Frost had not come to save her sinful soul at all. He had brought her a great and heavy dowry chest, full of pretty clothes and all things fine. She sat on the chest, and looked so gay and pretty in her fur coat!

Once again Frost the Red Nose came leaping, dancing and casting glances at the beautiful maiden. She again greeted him graciously, and he gave her a rich robe embroidered in silver and gold. She put on the robe

and sat there singing songs so sweetly. So beautiful she looked, and so stately!

Meanwhile, the girl's stepmother had prepared a funeral feast for her, and had baked platefuls of pancakes. "Go and bring back your daughter, old man, so that we may bury her and hold the funeral wake", she said. Just as the old man was leaving, the dog under the table began to bark:

*Woof, woof!*

***His** daughter returns in silver and gold,*

***Her** daughter will no suitor hold!*

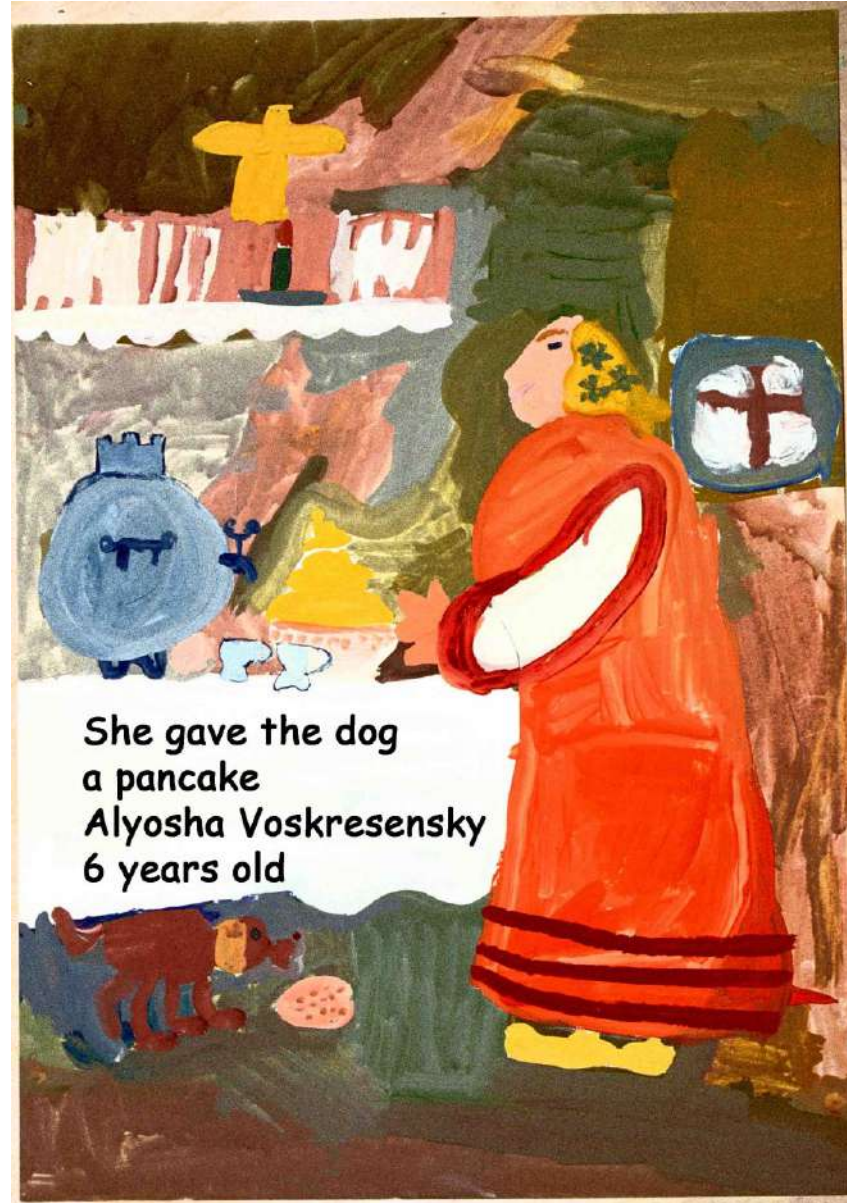
"Keep your jaws, shut you stupid mutt!" scolded the woman.

"There's a pancake for you, but you must say:

*'**Her** daughter by suitors will be sought,*

***His** daughter stiff-frozen home will be brought!'*"





She gave the dog  
a pancake  
Alyosha Voskresensky  
6 years old

The dog didn't waste a second in gobbling down the pancake, but only barked and said:

*Woof, woof!*

***His** daughter returns in silver and gold,*

***Her** daughter will no suitor hold!*

The old woman gave the dog some more pancakes, and a thrashing for good measure, but the dog kept on repeating:

*Woof, woof!*

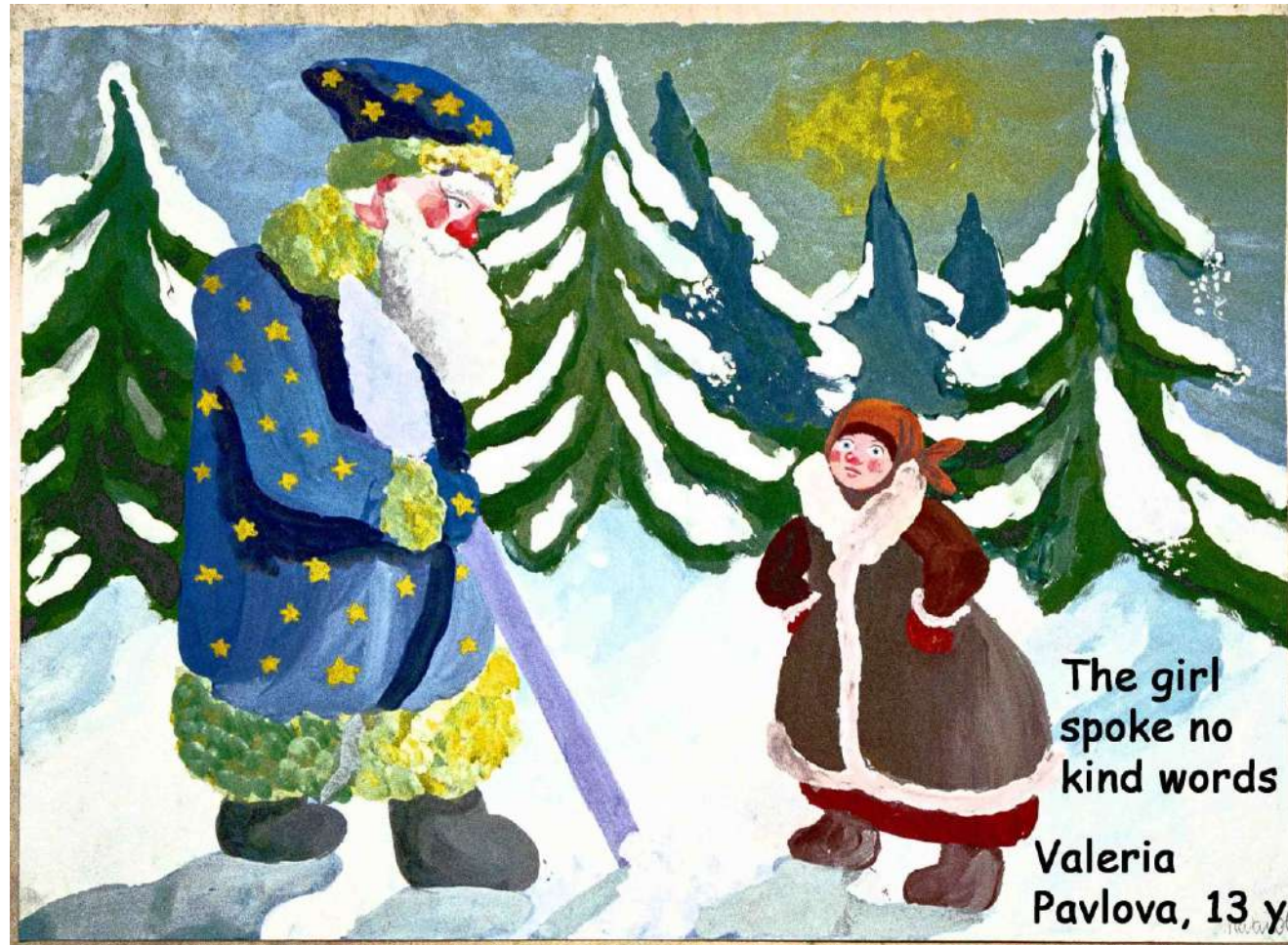
***His** daughter returns in silver and gold,*

***Her** daughter will no suitor hold!*

Suddenly the door creaked and flew open, and a great, heavy chest was brought in. The stepdaughter walked in dressed in her robe embroidered in silver and gold and she looked like an elegant and radiant lady. The stepmother threw up her hands in bewilderment. "Old man, old man, harness the horses, and take my daughter to the exact same spot in the forest and leave her there!" The old man took her to the forest, and placed her under the same large pine tree. Father Frost,

the Red Nose, reappeared. He leapt, danced and at the girl glanced, but the girl spoke no kind words to him. So he grew angry, gripped her body with all his might, and froze her to death.

Later, the old woman said to her husband, “Old man, go and bring



back my daughter. Harness our fastest horses, and take care not to overturn the sledge and lose the chest!” But the dog under the table barked and said:

*Woof, woof!*

***His** daughter by suitors will be sought,*

***Her** daughter back in a sack will be brought!*

“Don’t tell such wicked lies!” scolded the woman. “Here’s a pie for you; now say this instead:

*‘**Her** daughter returns in silver and gold!’ ”*

But just then the door flew open, and the old woman rushed out to welcome her daughter, but found instead only her cold and stiff body to embrace. The old woman wept and wailed, but couldn’t bring her daughter back to life.

## **‘Snegurochka’, the Snow Maiden**

Once upon a time there was an old man and his wife. They had everything they needed, a cow, a sheep, and a cat on the hearth. They didn’t have any children, though, which made them very sad.

One winter’s day the fresh white snow lay deep everywhere. The neighbours’ children were out playing. Some of them threw snowballs at each other, while others built a snowman.

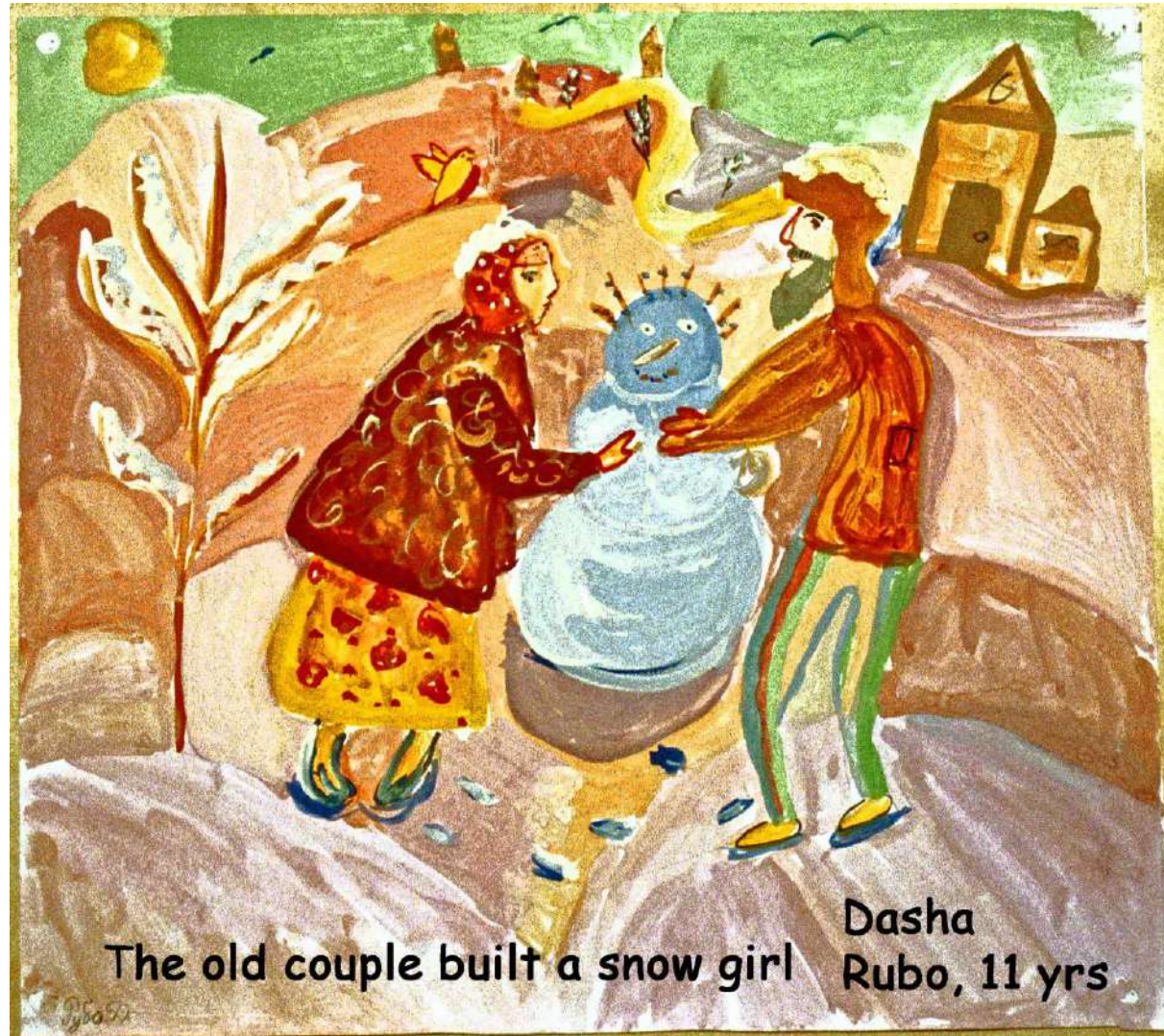
The old couple were looking out the window watching the children play, when the old man said to his wife, “Well my dear, why don’t we go outside and build a snowman too?”

“Yes, but let us build a snow-girl, as we have no child of our own,” she replied.

The old couple went into the garden and started to build their own snow-girl. They hollowed out two dimples for her cheeks, used two deep-blue beads for her eyes, and a piece of red ribbon for her mouth. How beautiful the Snow Maiden, Snegurochka, was! All of a sudden, Snegurochka’s lips curved into a beautiful smile. She began to move her



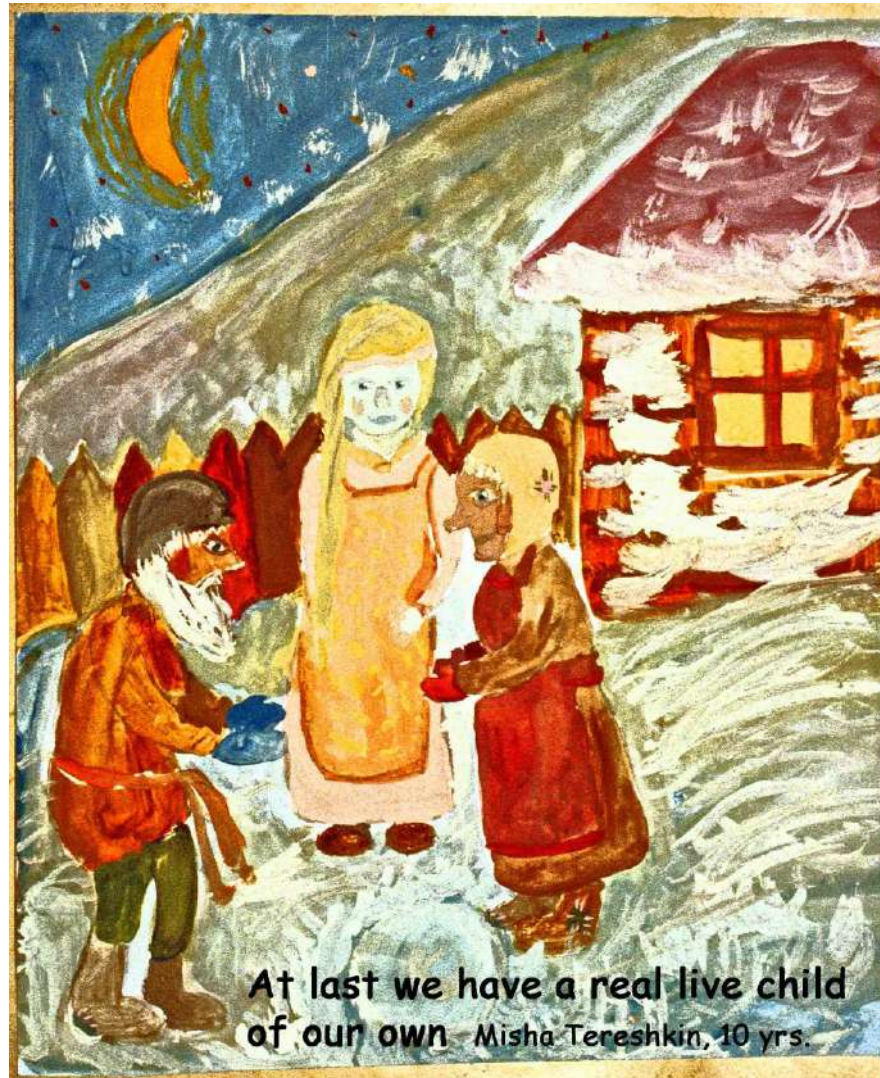
arms and legs, too, and walked down the garden path into the little wooden cottage. The old couple could hardly believe their eyes!



The old couple built a snow girl Dasha  
Rubo, 11 yrs



“Husband!” cried the old woman, “It’s true! At last, we have our own real live daughter, our own dear little Snegurochka!”



At last we have a real live child  
of our own Misha Tereshkin, 10 yrs.

The old couple were beside themselves with joy! They doted on Snegurochka so much that they wouldn't let her out of their sight. She grew by the hour, and with each passing day she grew more beautiful. Snegurochka was so pale, yet so lovely! Her silvery hair flowed down her back, her skin was whiter than the driven snow and her eyes bluer than the winter sky.

Spring came. The larks sang, the trees turned green and the sun rose higher and higher in the sky. All the boys and girls were cheerful and sang gay songs. But Snegurochka only grew sad and stayed inside the cottage. When she looked out of the window she would only weep. The old couple became very worried for her, and asked her, "Are you ill, our little daughter?"

"I am fine," she answered them. Still, she remained in her corner, looking sad, and wouldn't go outside.

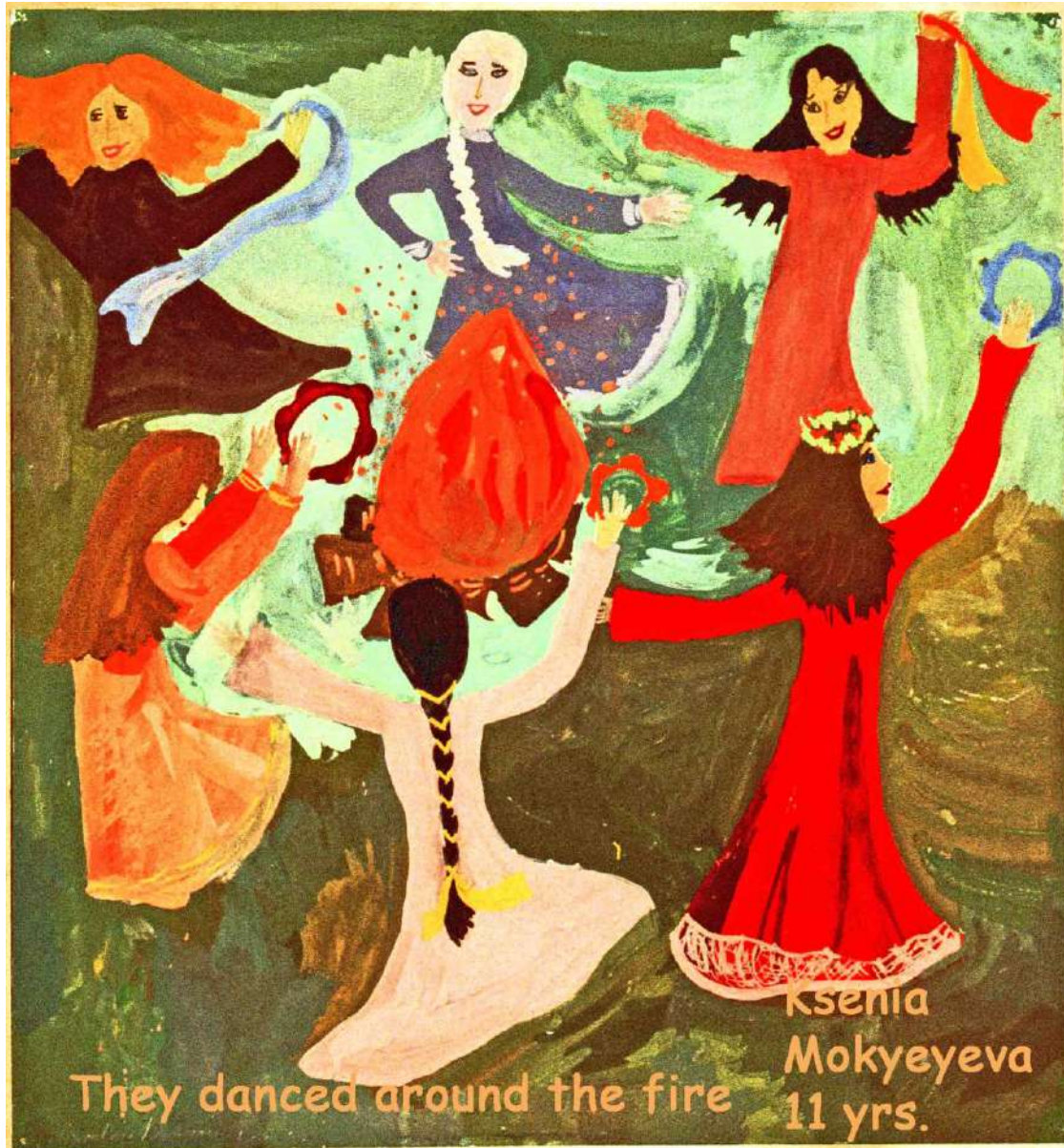




The snow girl grew sad

Katya  
Ponomaryova  
11 years old





Summer was approaching - the flowers blossomed in the gardens and the grain ripened in the fields. Snegurochka grew even sadder. She ventured outside the cottage, but would hide from the sun and stayed in cool and shady places. She liked rain and storm best of all, but when the sun came out again she would grow sad once more.

On Midsummer's Eve, Snegurochka's friends asked her to come with them into the forest. She didn't want to go outside into the sun, but the old woman urged her, "Go out and play Snegurochka. Go, my little daughter and have some fun with your friends!"

Snegurochka went into the forest with her friends. The boys and girls ran about the forest, wove garlands of flowers, and sang songs. Snegurochka sat in the shade under the trees by a stream and kept cool by dipping her hands into the rippling water.

Evening came, and the girls and boys played even more merrily. They built a bonfire. Wearing their garlands, they began jumping over it. Snegurochka didn't want to join in this game, but her friends kept on at



her. She walked up to the fire, and stood trembling with her face pale and her hair falling loosely about her.



The snow girl danced near  
the flames of the fire

Katya  
Ryzhankova  
9 years

“Jump! Jump, Snegurochka!” her friends cried. Snegurochka took a deep breath and jumped! A hissing sound and a sigh came from above the fire, and Snegurochka.... VANISHED!!

A light mist appeared above the fire, rising higher and higher, and disappeared slowly in the blue sky.

# The Tale of the Dead Princess and the Seven Knights<sup>1</sup>

by Aleksandr Pushkin



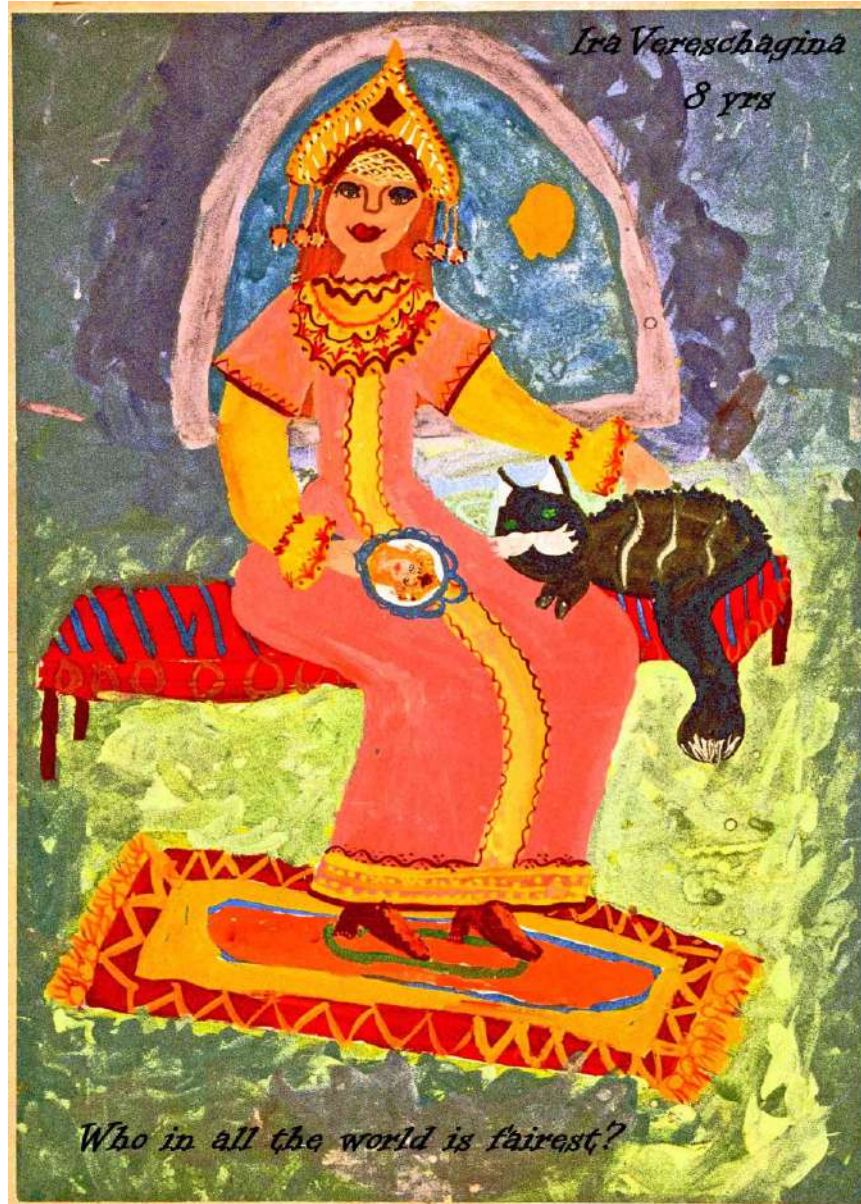
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<sup>1</sup> Translation by Peter Tempest.

With his suite the Tsar departed.  
The Tsaritsa tender-hearted  
At the window sat alone,  
Wishing he would hurry home.  
All day every day she waited,  
Gazing till her dedicated  
Eyes grew weak from overstrain,  
Gazing at the empty plain.  
Not a sign of her beloved!  
Nothing but the snowflakes hurried  
Heaping drifts upon the lea.  
Earth was white as white could be.  
Nine long months she sat and waited,  
Kept her vigil unabated.  
Then from God on Christmas Eve  
She a daughter did receive.  
Next day early in the morning,  
Love and loyalty rewarding,  
Home again from travel far  
Came at last the father-Tsar.  
One fond glance at him she darted,  
Gaspd for joy with thin lips parted,  
Then fell back upon her bed  
And by prayer-time was dead.  
Long the Tsar sat lonely, brooding.

But he, too, was only human.  
Tears for one sad year he shed...  
And another woman wed.  
She (if one be strictly truthful)  
Was a born Tsaritsa—youthful,  
Slim, tall, fair to look upon,  
Clever, witty—and so on.  
But she was in equal measure  
Stubborn, haughty, wilful, jealous.  
In her dowry rich and vast  
Was a little looking-glass.  
It had this unique distinction:  
It could speak with perfect diction.  
Only with this glass would she  
In a pleasant humour be.  
Many times a day she'd greet it  
And coquettishly entreat it:  
“Tell me, pretty looking-glass,  
Nothing but the truth, I ask:  
Who in all the world is fairest  
And has beauty of the rarest?”  
And the looking-glass replied:  
“You, it cannot be denied.  
You in all the world are fairest  
And your beauty is the rarest.”





The Tsaritsa laughed with glee,  
Shrugged her shoulders merrily,  
Puffed her cheeks and bat her eyelids,  
Flicked her fingers coyly, slyly,  
Pranced around with hand on hips,  
Arrogance upon her lips.  
All this time the Tsar's own daughter  
Quietly, as Nature taught her,  
Grew and grew, and came quite soon  
Like a flower into bloom:  
Raven-browed, of fair complexion,  
Breathing kindness and affection.  
And the choice of fiancé  
Lighted on Prince Yelisei.  
Suit was made. The Tsar consented  
And her dowry was indented:  
Seven towns with wealthy store,  
Mansion-houses — sevenscore.

On the night before the wedding  
For a bridal party dressing  
The Tsaritsa, time to pass,  
Chatted with her looking-glass:  
“Who in all the world is fairest

And has beauty of the rarest?”  
Then what did the glass reply?  
“You are fair, I can’t deny.  
But the Princess is the fairest  
And her beauty is the rarest.”  
Up the proud Tsaritsa jumped.  
On the table how she thumped,  
Angrily the mirror slapping,  
Slipper heel in fury tapping!  
“O you loathsome looking-glass,  
Telling lies as bold as brass!  
By what right is she my rival?  
Such young folly I shall bridle.  
So she’s grown up—me to spite!  
Little wonder she’s so white:  
With her bulging mother gazing  
At that snow—what’s so amazing!  
Now look here, explain to me  
How can she the fairer be?  
Scour this realm of ours and seek well,  
Nowhere shall you find my equal.  
Is not that the truth?” she cried.  
Still the looking-glass replied:  
“But the Princess is the fairest  
And her beauty is the rarest.”

The Tsaritsa burst with spite,  
Hurled the mirror out of sight  
Underneath the nearest cupboard,  
And when breath she had recovered  
Summoned Smudge, her chamber maid,  
And to her instructions gave:  
“Take the Princess to the forest,  
Bind her hand and foot and forehead  
To a tree! When wolves arrive  
Let them eat the girl alive!”  
Woman’s wrath would daunt the devil!  
Protest was no use whatever.  
Soon the Princess left with Smudge  
For the woods. So far they trudged  
That the Princess guessed the reason.  
Scared to death by such foul treason,  
Loud she pleaded: “Spare my life!  
Innocent of guilt am I!  
Do not kill me, I beseech you!  
And when I become Tsaritsa  
I shall give you rich reward.”  
Smudge, who really loved her ward,  
Being loth to kill or bind her,  
Let her go, remarking kindly:  
“God be with you! Do not moan!”

And, this said, went back alone.  
“Well?” demanded the Tsaritsa,  
“Where’s that pretty little creature?”  
“In the forest on her own,”  
Smudge replied. “And there she’ll stay.  
To a tree I firmly lashed her.  
When a hungry beast attacks her  
She’ll have little time to cry  
And the quicker she shall die!”

Rumour spread and caused a panic:  
“What, the Tsar’s own daughter vanished!”  
Mournful was the Tsar that day.  
But the young Prince Yelisei  
Offered God a fervent prayer  
And departed then and there  
To seek out and homeward guide  
His sweet-tempered, youthful bride.  
Meanwhile his young bride kept walking  
Through the forest until morning,  
Vague as to her whereabouts.  
Suddenly she spied a house.  
Out a dog ran growling, yapping,  
Then sat down, his tail tap-tapping.  
At the gate there was no guard.

All was quiet in the yard.  
Close at heel the good dog bounded  
As the Princess slowly mounted  
Stairs to gain the living floor,  
Turned the ring upon the door.  
Silently the door swung open  
And before her eyes unfolded  
A bright chamber: all around  
Benches strewn with rugs she found,  
Board of oak beneath the ikon  
And a stove with tiles to lie on.  
To the Princess it was clear  
Kindly folk were dwelling here  
Who would not deny her shelter.  
No one was at home, however.  
So she set to, cleaned the pans,  
Made the whole house spick and span,  
Lit a candle in the corner,  
Fed the fire to be warmer,  
Climbed onto the platform bed  
There to lay her sleepy head.  
Dinner time, The yard resounded,  
Horses stamped and men dismounted.  
Thick-moustached and ruddy-skinned,  
Seven lusty Knights walked in.





*Seven knights walked in  
Julia Porfejovets, 9 år*

Said the Eldest: “How amazing!  
All so neat! The fire blazing!  
Somebody’s been cleaning here  
And is waiting somewhere near.  
Who is there? Come out of hiding!  
Be a friend in peace abiding!  
If you’re someone old and hoar,  
Be our uncle evermore!  
If you’re young and love a scuffle,  
We’ll embrace you as a brother.  
If a venerable dame,  
Then shall ‘mother’ be your name.  
If a maiden fair, we’ll call you  
Our dear sister and adore you.”

So the Princess rose, came down  
To the Seven Knights and bowed,  
Her good wishes emphasising,  
Blushing and apologising  
That to their delightful home  
Uninvited she had come.  
Straight they saw her speech bore witness  
To the presence of a Princess.  
So they cleared a corner seat,  
Offered her a pie with meat,



Filled a glass with wine and served it  
On a tray, as she deserved it.  
But the glass of heady wine  
She politely did decline  
And the pie she broke with caution,  
Savouring a tiny portion.  
Pleading she was very tired,  
Soon she gracefully retired  
And the Seven Knights conveyed her  
To the best and brightest chamber  
And, away as they did creep,  
She was falling fast asleep.

Days flew by—the Princess living  
All the time without misgiving  
In the forest, never bored  
With the Seven Knights abroad.  
Darkness would the earth still cover  
When at dawn the seven brothers  
Would ride out to try their luck  
With a long-bow, shooting duck,  
Or to ply their sword in battle  
And a Saracen unsaddle,  
Headlong at a Tartar go,  
Chop his head off at a blow,

Or give chase to a Circassian,  
From the forest send him dashing.  
She, as lady of the house,  
Rose much later, moved about  
Dusting, polishing and cooking,  
Never once the Knights rebuking.  
They, too, never chided her.  
Days flew by like gossamer.

And in time they grew to love her.  
Thereupon all seven brothers  
Shortly after dawn one day  
To her chamber made their way  
And the Eldest Knight addressed her:  
“As you know, you are our sister.  
But all seven of us here  
Are in love with you, my dear,  
And we all desire your favours.  
But that must not be, God save us!  
Find some way to give us peace!  
Be a wife to one at least,  
To the rest remain a sister!  
But you shake your head. Is this to  
Say our offer you refuse?  
Nothing from our stock you’ll choose?”

“O my brave and bonny brothers,  
Virtuous beyond all others!”  
In reply the Princess’said,  
“God in heaven strike me dead  
If my answer be not honest:  
I’ve no choice—my hand is promised!  
You’re all equal in my eyes,  
All so valiant and wise,  
And I love you all, dear brothers!  
But my heart is to another  
Pledged for evermore. One day  
I shall wed Prince Yelisei!”

Hushed, the brothers kept their station,  
Scratched their foreheads in frustration.  
“As you wish! So now we know,”  
Said the Eldest with a bow.  
“Pray forgive us—and I promise  
You’ll hear nothing further from us!”  
“I’m not angry,” she replied.  
“By my pledge I must abide.”  
Bowing low, the seven suitors  
Left her room with passions muted.  
So in harmony again

Did they live and friendship reign.

The Tsaritsa was still livid  
Every time she saw in vivid  
Memory the Princess fair.  
Long the mirror, lying there,  
Was the object of her hatred;  
But at last her wrath abated.  
So one day it came to pass  
That she took the looking-glass  
Up again and sat before it,  
Smiled and, as before, implored it:  
“Greetings, pretty looking-glass!  
Tell me all the truth, I ask:  
Who in all the world is fairest  
And has beauty of the rarest?”  
Said the mirror in reply:  
“You are fair, I can’t deny.  
But where Seven Knights go riding  
In a green oak-grove residing  
Humbly lives a person who  
Is more beautiful than you.”  
The Tsaritsa’s wrath descended  
On her maid: “What folly tempted  
You to lie? You disobeyed!”

Smudge a full confession made...  
Uttering a threat of torture,  
The Tsaritsa grimly swore to  
Send the Princess to her death  
Or not draw another breath.



One day by her window waiting  
For her brothers homeward hasting  
Sat the young Princess and span.  
Suddenly the dog began  
Barking. Through the courtyard scurried  
A poor beggar-woman, worried  
By the dog she kept at bay  
With her stick. "Don't go away!  
Stay there, stay!" the Princess shouted,  
From the window leaning outward.  
"Let me call the dog to heel  
And I'll offer you a meal."  
And the beggar-woman answered:  
"Pretty child, you take my fancy!  
For that dog of yours, you see,  
Could well be the death of me.  
See him snarling, bristling yonder!  
Come here, child!" The Princess wanted  
To go out, and took a loaf.  
But the dog its body wove  
Round her feet, refused to let her  
Step towards the woman-beggar.  
When the woman, too, drew near,  
Wilder than an angry bear  
It attacked her. How perplexing!



“Had a bad night’s sleep, I reckon!”  
Said the Princess. “Catch it! There!”  
And the bread flew through the air.  
The poor beggar-woman caught it.  
“I most humbly thank you, daughter,  
God be merciful!” said she.  
“In return take this from me!”  
The bright apple she was holding,  
Newly picked, fresh, ripe and golden,  
Straight towards the Princess flew...  
How the dog leapt in pursuit!  
But the Princess neatly trapped it  
In her palms. “Enjoy the apple  
At your leisure, little pet!  
Thank you for the loaf of bread...”  
Said the beggar-woman, brandished  
In the air her stick and vanished...



Up the stairs the Princess ran  
With the dog, which then began  
Pitifully staring, whining  
Just as if its heart were pining  
For the gift of speech to say:  
“Throw that apple far away!”  
Hastily his neck she patted:  
“Hey, Sokolko, what’s the matter?  
Lie down!” Entering once more  
Her own room, she shut the door,  
Sat there with her spindle humming,  
Waiting for her brothers’ coming.  
But she could not take her gaze  
From the apple where it lay  
Full of fragrance, rosy, glowing,  
Fresh and juicy, ripe and golden,  
Sweet as honey to the lips!  
She could even see the pips...  
First the Princess thought of waiting  
Until dinner. But temptation  
Proved too strong. She grasped the bright  
Apple, took a stealthy bite  
And with fair cheek sweetly hollowed  
A delicious morsel swallowed.  
All at once her breathing stopped,

Listlessly her white arms dropped.  
From her lap the rosy apple  
Tumbled to the floor. The hapless  
Maiden closed her swooning eyes,  
Reeled and fell without a cry,  
On the bench her forehead striking,  
Then lay still beneath the ikon ...  
Now the brothers, as it chanced,  
Were returning in a band  
From another warlike foray.  
Out to meet them in the forest  
Went the dog and, running hard,  
Led them straight into the yard.  
Said the Knights: "An evil omen'  
Grief in store!" The door they opened,  
Walked into the room and gasped.  
But the dog like lightning dashed  
For the apple and devoured it.  
Death that instant overpowered it.  
For the apple was, they saw,  
Filled with poison to the core.  
By the dead Princess the brothers  
Bent their heads in tears and uttered  
Holy prayer to save her soul;  
Nothing could their grief console.



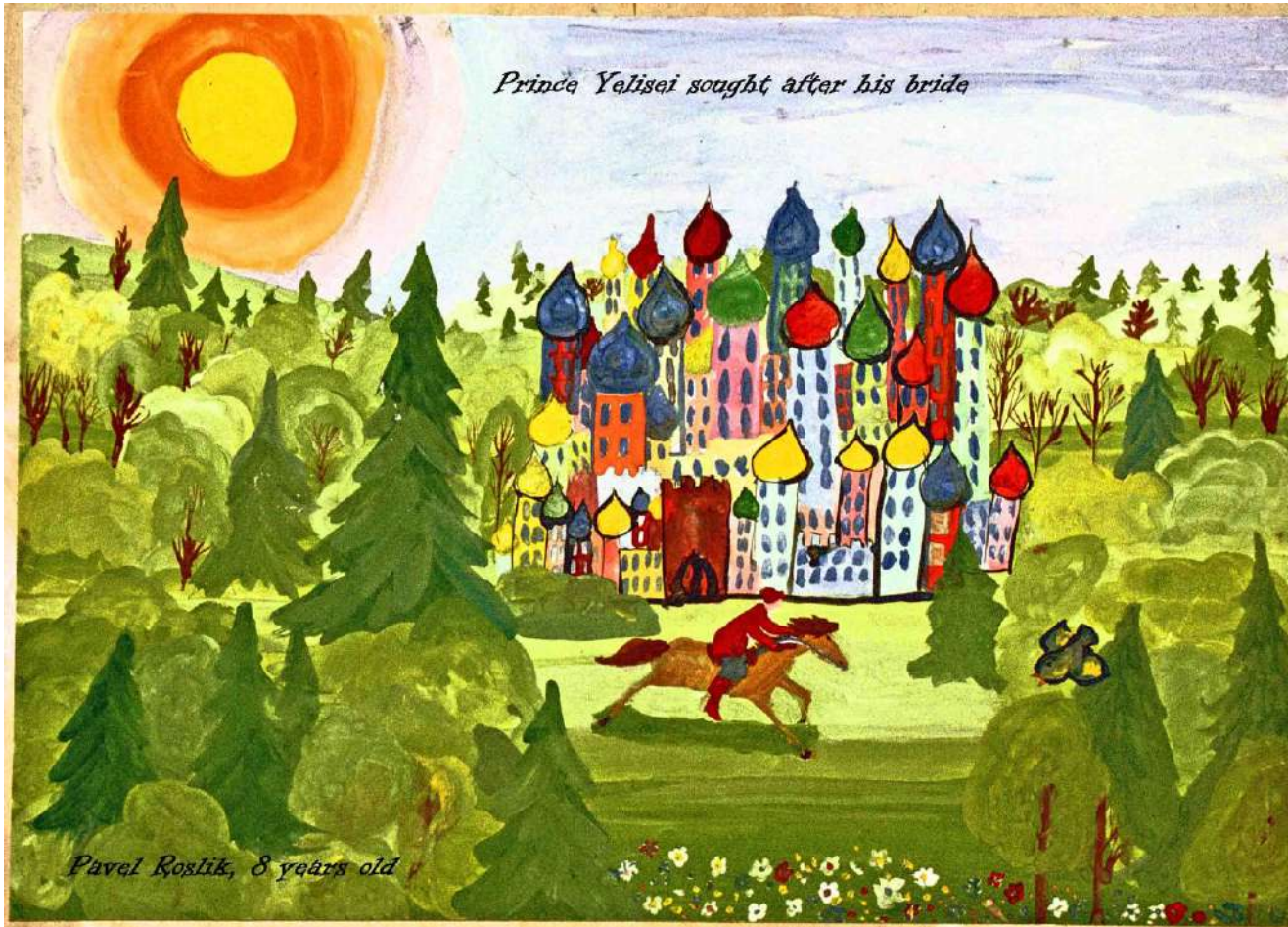


From the bench they raised her, dressed her,  
Wished within a grave to rest her,  
Then had second thoughts. For she  
Was as rosy as if sleep  
Garlands of repose were wreathing  
Round her—though she was not breathing.  
Three whole days they waited, but  
Still her eyes were tightly shut.  
So that night with solemn ritual  
In a coffin made of crystal  
They laid out the body fair  
Of the Princess and from there  
To a hollow mountain bore her,  
Where a tomb they fashioned for her:  
Iron chains they used to fix  
Her glass case to pillars six  
With due caution, and erected  
Iron railings to protect it.  
Then the Eldest smote his breast  
And the dead Princess addressed:  
“Ever peaceful be your slumber!  
Though your days were few in number  
On this earth—spite took its toll— Yet shall heaven  
have your soul.  
With pure love did we regard you,



For your loved one did we guard you,  
But you came not to the groom,  
Only to a chill dark tomb.”

That same day the bad Tsaritsa,  
Waiting for good news to reach her,  
Secretly the mirror took  
And her usual question put:  
“Who is now by far the fairest  
And has beauty of the rarest?”  
And the answer satisfied:  
“You, it cannot be denied.  
You in all the world are fairest  
And your beauty is the rarest!”



*Prince Yelisei sought after his bride*

*Pavel Roslik, 8 years old*

In pursuit of his sweet bride  
Through the country far and wide  
Still Prince Yelisei goes riding,  
Weeping bitterly. No tidings!  
For no matter whom he asks  
People either turn their backs  
Or most rudely rock with laughter:  
No one knows what he is after.  
Now to the bright Sun in zeal  
Did the bold young Prince appeal:  
“Sun, dear Sun! The whole year coursing  
Through the sky, in springtime thawing  
From the chill earth winter snow!  
You observe us all below.  
Surely you’ll not grudge an answer?  
Tell me, did you ever chance to  
See the Princess I revere?  
I’m her fiancé” “My dear,”  
Said the Sun with some insistence,  
“I have nowhere seen your Princess,  
So she’s dead, we must presume,  
That is, if my friend, the Moon,  
Has not met her on his travels  
Or seen clues you may unravel.”

Through the dark night Yelisei,  
Feeling anything but gay,  
With a lover's perseverance  
Waited for the Moon's appearance.  
"Moon, O Moon, my friend!" he said,  
"Gold of horn and round of head,  
From the darkest shadows rising,  
With your eye the world apprising,  
You whom stars with love regard  
As you mount your nightly guard!  
Surely you'll not grudge an answer?  
Tell me, did you ever chance to  
See the Princess I revere?  
I'm her fiancé." "O dear!"  
Said the Moon in consternation,  
"No, I have not seen the maiden.  
On my round I only go  
When it is my turn, you know.  
It would seem that I was resting  
When she passed." "How very vexing!"  
Cried aloud Prince Yelisei.  
But the Moon went on to say:  
"Wait a minute! I suggest you  
Have the Wind come to the rescue.  
Call him now! It's worth a try.

And cheer up a bit! Goodbye!”

Yelisei, not losing courage,  
To the Wind’s abode now hurried.  
“Wind, O Wind! Lord of the sky,  
Herding flocks of clouds on high,  
Stirring up the dark-blue ocean,  
Setting all the air in motion,  
Unafraid of anyone  
Saving God in heaven alone!  
Surely you’ll not grudge an answer?  
Tell me, did you ever chance to  
See the Princess I revere?  
I’m her fiance.” “O hear!”  
Said the Wind in turmoil blowing.  
“Where a quiet stream is flowing  
Stands a mountain high and steep  
In it lies a cavern deep;  
In this cave in shadows dismal  
Sways a coffin made of crystal.  
Hung by chains from pillars six.  
Round it barren land in which  
No man ever meets another.  
In that tomb your bride discover!”

With a howl the Wind was gone.  
Yelisei wept loud and long.  
To the barren land he journeyed  
Desperately, sadly yearning  
Once again to see his bride.  
On he rode. A mountain high  
Rose before him, soaring steeply  
From a land laid waste completely.  
At its foot—an entrance dim.  
Yelisei went quickly in.  
There, he saw, in shadows dismal  
Swayed a coffin made of crystal  
Where the Princess lay at rest  
In the deep sleep of the blest.  
And the Prince in tears dissolving  
Threw himself upon the coffin...  
And it broke! The maiden straight  
Came to life, sat up, in great  
Wonder looked about and yawning  
As she set her bed see-sawing  
Said with pretty arms outstretched:  
“Gracious me! How long I’ve slept!”  
Down she stepped from out the coffin...  
O the sighing and the sobbing!  
Carrying his bride, he strode





*In a coffin of crystal  
lay his bride  
Yulya Nikonchuk, 7 years old*

Back to daylight. Home they rode,



*They stood holding hands in the sunlight  
Lena Palchikova, 9 years old*

Making pleasant conversation  
Till they reached their destination.  
Swiftly rumour spread around:  
“The Princess is safe and sound!”

It so happened the Tsaritsa  
In her room was idly seated  
By her magic looking-glass  
And to pass the time did ask:  
“Who in all the world is fairest  
And has beauty of the rarest?”  
Said the mirror in reply:  
“You are fair, I can’t deny,  
But the Princess is the fairest  
And her beauty is the rarest!”  
The Tsaritsa leapt and smashed  
On the floor her looking-glass,  
Rushing to the door she saw the  
Fair young Princess walk towards her.  
Overcome by grief and spite,  
The Tsaritsa died that night.  
From the grave where she was buried  
To a wedding people hurried,  
For the good Prince Yelisei  
Wed his Princess that same day.

Never since the World's creation  
Was there such a celebration;  
I was there, drank mead and yet  
Barely got my whiskers wet.



## **The Little Round Bun**

Once upon a time there lived a little old man and a little old woman. The little old man said to his wife, “Bake me a nice round bun, dear little wife.”

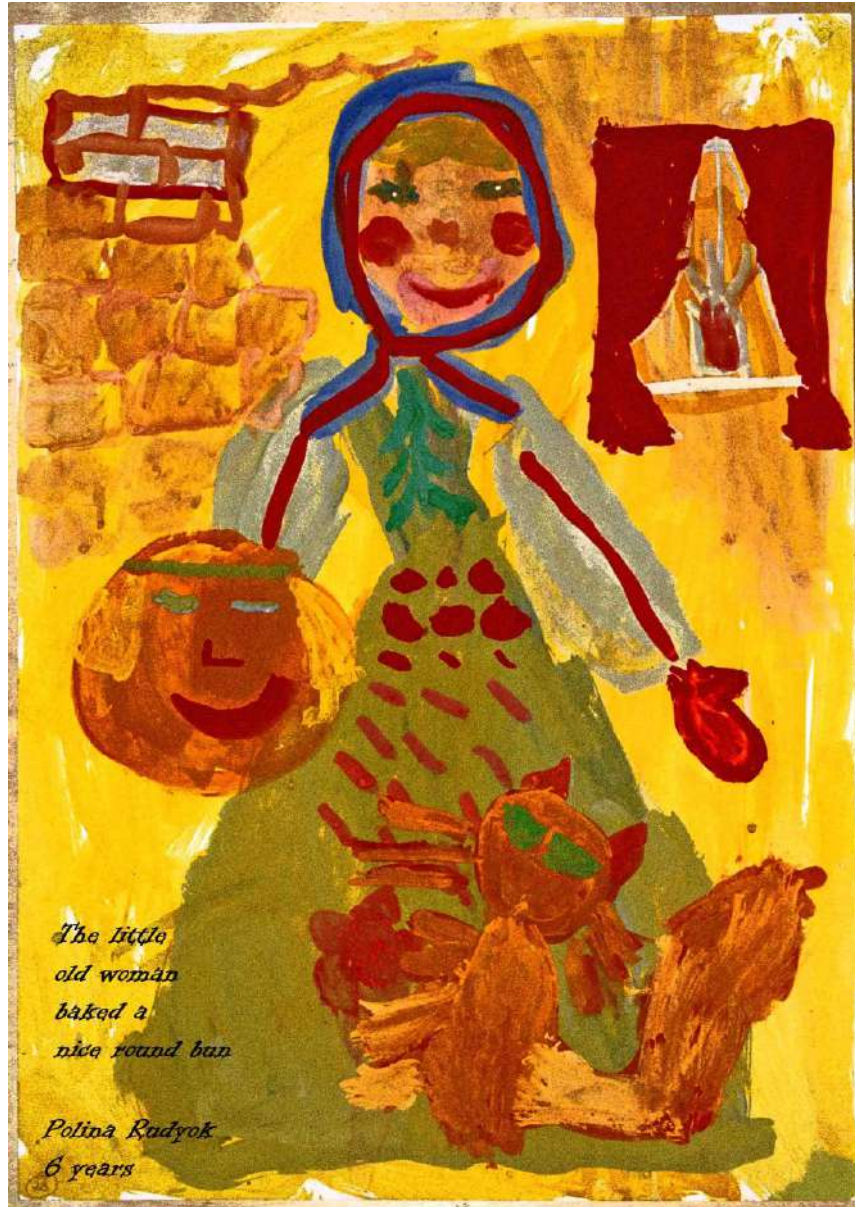
“With what shall I bake it, dear husband?” asked she. “We don’t have any flour left.”

“Eh, eh, dear wife! Scrape the bottom of the flour bin, sweep the floor of the granary, and with a bit of luck we’ll have flour enough.”

The little old woman scraped the bottom of the bin, swept the granary floor and managed to gather two handfuls of flour. She kneaded the dough with sour cream, baked a little round bun with butter, took it out of the oven and put it in the window to cool.

The Little Round Bun lay on the sill for a while. Suddenly, it rolled down onto the kitchen bench, dropped from the bench to the floor, rolled along the floor to the door, hopped over the doorsill to the porch, and rolled from the porch to the yard, through the yard past the gate, and further and further on down the road!

The Little Round Bun rolled on and on until it met a Rabbit.



*The little  
old woman  
baked a  
nice round bun*

*Polina Rudyok  
6 years*



“I’m going to eat you up, Little Bun!” said the Rabbit.

“Please don’t eat me, Bunny Rabbit! Let me sing a song for you instead,”  
said the Bun, and started to sing:

*I am from the bin scraped,*

*From the floor swept,*

*With sour cream kneaded,*

*With butter baked,*

*In the window cooled.*

*I’ve run away from a little old woman,*

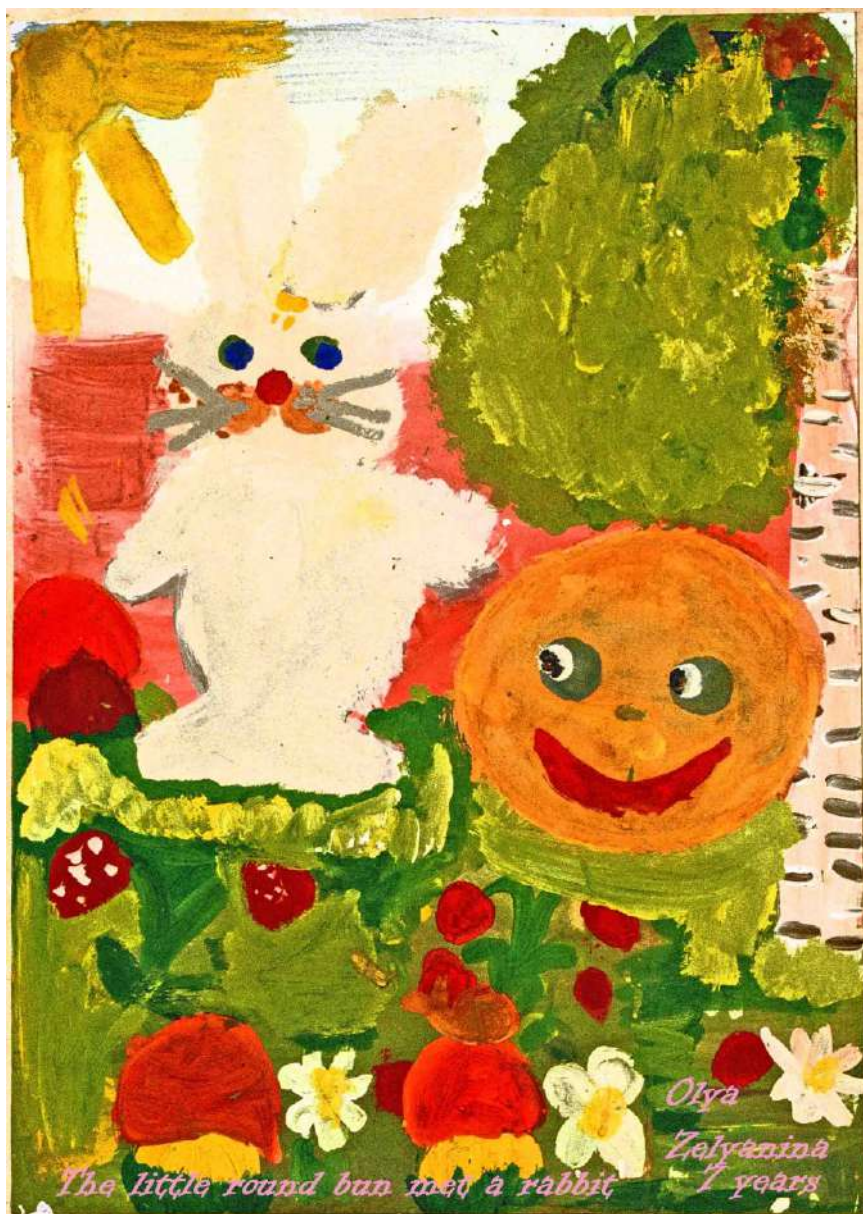
*A little old man,*

*And run away from you too, I can!*

And off rolled the Little Round Bun, so quickly that the Rabbit hardly saw  
him roll away!

The Bun kept rolling along, and met a Grey Wolf.

“Little Bun, Little Bun, I am going to eat you up!” said the Grey Wolf.

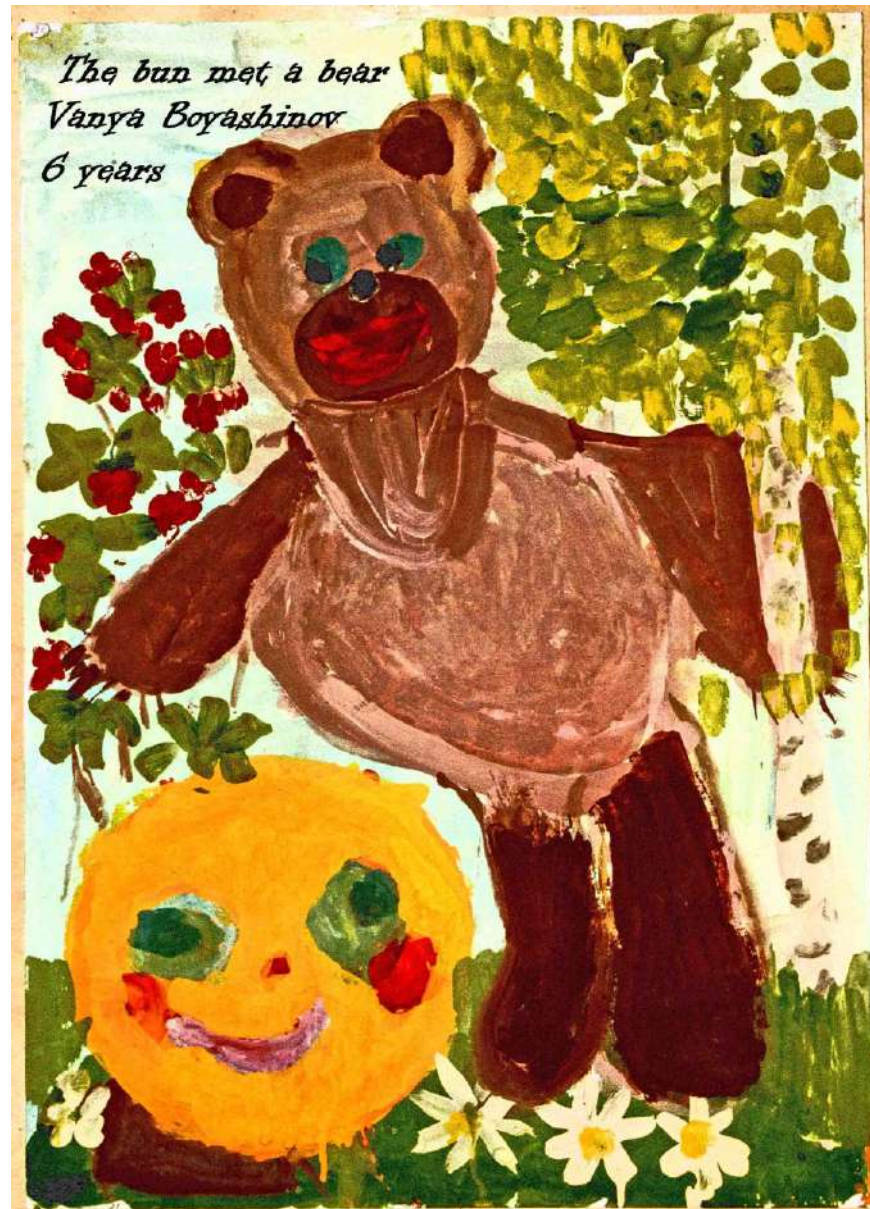


“Oh Please don’t eat me, big Grey Wolf! Let me sing a song for you instead,” and the Bun started to sing:

*I am from the bin scraped,  
From the floor swept,  
With sour cream kneaded,  
With butter baked,  
In the window cooled.  
I’ve run away from a little old woman,  
A little old man,  
A Bunny Rabbit,  
And run away from you too, I can!*

And the Little Bun rolled away, so fast that the Grey Wolf hardly saw him go!

The Bun rolled along until he met a Bear.



“Little Bun, Little Bun, I am going to eat you up!” said the Bear. “Oho, but how are you going to catch me, Old Bandy Legs?” said the Bun, and started to sing:

*I am from the bin scraped,  
From the floor swept,  
With sour cream kneaded,  
With butter baked,  
In the window cooled.  
I've run away from an old woman,  
An old man,  
A Bunny Rabbit,  
A Grey Wolf,  
And run away from you too, I can!*

And away the Bun rolled, so swiftly that the Bear hardly saw him leave!

The Bun was still rolling along when he came upon a fox.

“Hello, Little Round Bun! How nice and round you are!” Again, the Bun started to sing:

*I am from the bin scraped,  
From the floor swept,  
On sour cream kneaded,  
With butter baked,  
In the window cooled.  
I've ran away from a little old woman,  
A little old man,  
A Bunny Rabbit,  
A Grey Wolf,  
A Bandy-legged Bear,  
And run away from you too, I can!*

“What a lovely song!” exclaimed the Fox. “But, Little Bun, I am getting old and hard of hearing. Could I trouble you to come and sit on my snout, and sing the song once again, just a little louder?” So the Bun jumped up on the fox’s snout and sang the song again. “Thank you, Little Bun! What a lovely song! I would so love to hear it just once more! Do sit on my tongue and sing it



for me for the very last time!” said the Fox and stuck out her long tongue. At that, the foolish Little Bun jumped up on the fox’s tongue, poised to sing. But *snickety snack* the fox gobbled him up!

## Little Masha and the Bear

Once upon a time, there lived an old man and woman who had a granddaughter called Little Masha. One day, Little Masha and her friends decided to go into the forest to pick mushrooms and berries.

“Please, Grandma and Grandpa,” said Little Masha, “may I go to the forest with my friends to pick mushrooms and berries?”

“You may, but keep close to the others so that you won’t get lost,” the old couple replied.

Little Masha and her friends ran off into the forest. When they came there, they began to look for mushrooms and berries. Little Masha ran from tree to tree and from bush to bush, and before she knew it she had lost sight of all her friends. She began to call out, “Aoooh -aoooh -aoooh! Where are you?” But her girlfriends couldn’t hear her, and didn’t answer. Little Masha wandered around and around the forest, and got more and more lost. She ended up in the very depths of the forest.





“Look, there is a small cottage,” said Little Masha to herself. She knocked on the door, but there was no answer. She gave the door a push, and it opened! She went inside and sat down on a bench near a window. She thought to herself, “Who lives here, I wonder?”

In fact, a huge bear lived in that very same little cottage, but he was out walking in the forest. In the evening, the bear returned, and was very pleased to see Little Masha sitting there forlornly. In a gruff voice, the Bear said:

*Now, I'll never let you go!  
You'll live here with me you know,  
You'll the stove stoke,  
After I have awoke,  
The porridge cook and serve,  
You're just what I deserve!*

Little Masha was sad for a long time, but she had no choice but to stay with the Bear and keep house for him.





*Masha and the bear  
Misha Kukhartsyev, 6 yrs.*



Every day, the Bear went off into the forest. Before he left, he always said to Little Masha, “You mustn’t ever try to run away, you know. If you do, I’ll catch you and eat you up in two bites!”

Although Little Masha was ever so frightened when she heard this, she couldn’t help but start to plan her escape from the Bear. The cottage was surrounded by the deep forest on all sides, and Masha didn’t know how she would find her way home. And there was no one she could ask. So she racked her brains, and finally thought of a way she might trick the Bear.

One day when the Bear returned from the forest, Little Masha said to him, “Dear Mister Bear, let me go on a trip to the village to visit grandma and grandpa, so I can take them something nice to eat.”

“No,” said the Bear, “you’ll only get lost in the forest. I’ll take it to them myself.”

Now, this was exactly what Little Masha had hoped the Bear would say! She baked some nice homemade pies called *Pirozhki*, and put them in a very big basket. She said to the Bear, “Look here Mister Bear, I’ll put the pies into this

basket, so you can take them to grandma and grandpa. But no matter what happens, you mustn't open the basket on your way there, or take out any of the pies to eat! I'm going to climb to the top of the old oak tree, and I'll be keeping an eye on you, you know!"

"Very well, then," said the Bear, "give me the basket!"

Little Masha said, "But go out onto the porch first, and see if it is raining!"

When the Bear went out onto the porch, Little Masha quickly climbed into the basket, and put the large plate of pies on her head. The Bear came back and saw that the basket was all ready. He strapped it onto his back and set off for the village. "Tramp, tramp" went the Bear among the pine trees. "Stamp, stamp," went the Bear among the birch trees. Up the hills and down the dales he trudged, on the long and winding road to the village. At last he got tired and had to sit down to rest.

"I'll just sit down on this tree stump and eat a pie," the Bear thought to himself.

But Little Masha called out from inside the basket:

*I see you!*

*I see you!*

*Don't sit on the stump!*

*Get off your plump rump!*

*I can spy,*

*Don't eat that pie!*

*Take them to Grandma,*

*Take them to Grandpa!*

The Bear looked up at the trees. “My, what sharp eyes that girl must have!” thought the Bear to himself, “she sees everything I do!”

He lifted the basket onto his back again, and continued on his journey. He walked and walked, and walked and walked, and once again became ever so tired. He stopped and said to himself, “I’ll just sit down on this tree stump and eat a pie!”

But Little Masha again called out from inside the basket:

*I see you!*

*I see you!*

*Don't sit on the stump!*

*Get off your plump rump!*

*I can spy,*

*Don't eat that pie!*

*Take them to Grandma,*

*Take them to Grandpa!*























“What a crafty little girl that Masha is!” thought the Bear to himself. “She sits high and sees far!” The Bear got up again, and continued at full trot until he reached the village!

In the village, he found the house where Masha’s grandma and grandpa lived. He knocked on the gate with all his might. “Knock, knock! Open the gate! I’ve brought you some pies from Masha,” shouted the Bear.

The village dogs scented the Bear and rushed out at him from every yard, yelping and barking. This frightened the Bear, and he put the basket down and ran towards the forest as fast as he could, without ever looking back.

The old man and the old woman came out of the house, and saw the basket standing next to the gate. Grandpa lifted the lid, and couldn't believe his eyes. In the basket sat Little Masha, alive and well! The old man and the old woman were overjoyed! Little Masha told Grandma and Grandpa what had happened as they kissed and hugged her, saying, "Our Little Masha tricked the Bear! You are as clever as clever can be." And indeed our reader will surely agree!

## List of paintings and artists












The Tale of Ivan-Tsarévich, the Firebird and the Grey Wolf			
<p>The Firebird. Vera Sevaleva, 5 yrs.</p> 	<p>The Firebird perched in the golden apple tree. Nadya Ipatova, 12 yrs.</p> 	<p>Ivan was left holding a fiery-red feather. Nastya Petkevich, 16 yrs.</p> 	<p>Ivan and the wolf rode off as swiftly as an arrow. Ksenia Lisova, 10 yrs.</p> 
<p>Ivan took the Firebird out of its cage. Nastya Petkevich, 16 yrs.</p> 	<p>Yelena Tsarevna the Fair walked in the garden with her ladies-in-waiting. Katya Antal, 11 yrs.</p> 	<p>Ivan and Yelena rode home to the tsardom of his father. Yulya Yakoyeva, 11 yrs.</p> 	<p>They rode off together - Ivan on the grey wolf and Yelena on the golden maned horse. Karina Khadorovich, 12 yrs.</p> 
<p>* The Firebird perched in the golden apple tree. Olya Shatskaya, 11 yrs.</p> 	<p>* The Firebird and the golden apple tree. Sasha Mikyailin, 11 yrs.</p> 	<p>* Yelena, the horse with the golden mane and the Firebird. Sveta Dyrnayeva, 11 yrs.</p> 	
The Frog Princess			
<p>Each of the three brothers shot an arrow. Tanya Shevchuk, 10 yrs.</p> 	<p>A frog held the arrow in its mouth. Marina Maltseva, 11 yrs.</p> 	<p>The Frog Princess danced round and round. Ksenia Barinova, 12 yrs.</p> 	<p>She waved her arm and swans came flying out of her sleeve. Anya Vasilyeva 11 yrs.</p> 
<p>A white swan swam on the lake. Kristina Filimonova, 13 yrs.</p> 	<p>The Frog Princess turned into a white swan. Sveta Markelova, 12 yrs.</p> 	<p>Baba Yaga and her cottage on chicken legs. Nadya Vaschuk, 5 yrs.</p> 	<p>"Little hut, stand as thy mother placed thee," said Ivan. Anna Laskina, 6 yrs.</p> 
<p>* A frog held the arrow in its mouth. Dima Yermuratii, 13 yrs.</p> 	<p>* One of the wives threw the frog skin in the fire. Lena Suponyeva, 12 yrs.</p> 	<p>* Baba Yaga and her cat. Nastya Ivakhnenko, 6 yrs.</p> 	






## Yemelya the Fool

<p>Yemelya filled the buckets with water. Irina Roman, 11 yrs.</p> 	<p>"I'll fry this pike and eat my fill." Rodion Lasarev, 13 yrs.</p> 	<p>"Throw me back into the water," said the pike. Lyosha Zabolotny, 14 yrs.</p> 	<p>Yemelya threw the pike back into the water. Kristina Kleschova, 11 yrs.</p> 
<p>The buckets went home by themselves. Lyuda Korobitsina, 13 yrs.</p> 	<p>The stove took Yemelya to the palace. Dima Plotnikov, 13 yrs.</p> 	<p>* The stove took Yemelya to the palace. Arina Krushtina, 10 yrs.</p> 	<p>* People waved at Yemelya as he drove past. Sasha Kotlobai, 11 yrs.</p> 

## Morozko

<p>The old man drove his daughter out into the bitter cold. Yana Peretrukhina, 8 yrs.</p> 	<p>The poor lass sat there shivering. Tanya Poshvina, 11 yrs.</p> 	<p>Father Frost came flying. Anya Klaus, 10 yrs.</p> 	<p>"I am Father Frost my pretty lass." Dasha Ogorodnikova, 10 yrs.</p> 
<p>"Welcome Father Frost!" said the girl. Dasha Bachurina, 8 yrs.</p> 	<p>She gave the dog a pancake. Alyosha Voskresensky, 6 yrs.</p> 	<p>The girl spoke no kind words. Valeria Pavlova, 13 yrs.</p> 	<p>* The girl sat under a large pine tree. Lena Palchikova, 8 yrs.</p> 
<p>* Father Frost suddenly appeared. Katya Kryukova, 9 yrs.</p> 	<p>* Father Frost gave the girl a warm fur coat. Sasha Kochneva, 9 yrs.</p> 	<p>* The stepmother made some pancakes for the funeral feast. Yulya Nikonchuk, 7 yrs.</p> 	




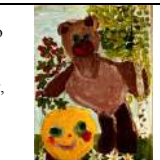
### ‘Snegurochka’, the Snow Maiden

<p>The old couple built a snow-girl. Dasha Rubo, 11 yrs.</p>		<p>“At last we have a real live child of our own.” Misha Tereshkin, 10 yrs.</p>		<p>Spring came but the snow-girl grew sad. Katya Ponomaryova, 11 yrs.</p>		<p>The snow-girl and her girlfriends danced round the fire. Ksenia Mokyeyeva, 11 yrs.</p>	
<p>The snow-girl danced near the flames of the fire. Katya Ryzhankova, 9 yrs.</p>		<p>The snow-girl jumped over the fire. Katya Ivanova, 11 yrs.</p>		<p>* The snow-girl. Sasha Ponomaryova, 9 yrs.</p>		<p>* The snow-girl's girlfriends danced and sang. Alexandra Kochneva, 9 yrs.</p>	





### The Tale of the Dead Princess and the Seven Knights

<p>“Who in all the world is the fairest?” she asked the mirror. Ira Vereschagina, 8 yrs.</p>		<p>The dog barked at the old woman. Sergei Fomin, 9 yrs.</p>		<p>The large red apple rested on the window ledge. Valeria Shevchenko, 12 yrs.</p>		<p>They carried the glass coffin into the cave. Alyosha Shadrin, 6 yrs.</p>	
<p>Prins Yelisei sought after his bride. Pavel Roslik, 8 yrs.</p>		<p>In a coffin of crystal lay his bride. Yulya Nikonchuk, 7 yrs.</p>		<p>They stood holding hands in the sunlight. Lena Palchikova, 9 yrs.</p>			

### The Little Round Bun

<p>The little old woman baked a nice round bun. Polina Rudyok, 6 yrs.</p>		<p>The little round bun met a rabbit. Olya Zelyanina, 7 yrs.</p>		<p>The bun rolled on until it met a bear. Alyosha Shadrin, 5 yrs.</p>		<p>“Little bun, I’m going to eat you up.” Vanya Boyarshinov, 6 yrs.</p>	
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### Masha and the Bear

<p>Masha and her friends. Nastya Sisina, 5 yrs.</p>		<p>Masha and the bear. Inna Plyavina, 5 yrs.</p>		<p>Masha in the forest. Vera Sevalyeva, 5 yrs.</p>		<p>Masha and the bear in the forest. Misha Kukhartsev, 6 yrs.</p>	
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<p>** The Tale of Tsar Saltan. Yelena Valina, 12 yrs.</p>		<p>** The Tale of Tsar Saltan. Katya Kutuzova, 12 yrs.</p>		<p>** The Tale of the Golden Cock. Sasha Stabrov, 5 yrs.</p>		<p>** The Tale of the Golden Cock. Masja Kobzeva, 12 yrs.</p>	
<p>** The Tale of the Golden Fish. Ilya Borisov, 12 yrs.</p>		<p>* The snow-girl fetched the water to make some soup. Katya Cherkes, 10 yrs.</p>					

\* The paintings marked with an asterisk are 'duplications', i.e. there are other pictures with the same narrative theme, and they are therefore not included in the stories, but included here because they form a part of the 'collection'.

\*\* Other paintings from the collection are not included because they belong to other stories by Pushkin than the one included in this book.

**Russian Folk Tales**  
**Retold by Ian Harkness**  
From a literal translation by **Natasha Harkness**  
from **A.N.Afanasyev's** collection

**The illustrations were painted by the pupils of  
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