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Книга: Уçăлма тухнă шăши çури = A little mouse on a walking tour

Рассказ: Sarmanday

Sarmanday's yellow hen laid a yellow egg; a mouse came up and broke it up with the tail. Sarmanday is weeping and a yellow hen is cackling. An alarmed gate says,

“I should open and close, open and close...”

A bull used to go to the pond.

“Gate, why do you swing open?” – he asks.

“How can I not swing open? Sarmanday's yellow hen laid an egg; a mouse came up and broke it with his tail. Sarmanday is weeping and a yellow hen is cackling.”

A bull says, “Well, then I should bellow.” And with bellow he goes down to the pond. Water asks, “Why are you bellowing, bull?”

“How can I not bellow?” – he says. Sarmanday's yellow hen laid a yellow egg; a mouse came up and broke it with his tail. Sarmanday is weeping, a yellow hen is cackling and a gate swings opens.

The water says, “Then I should get rough.”

A young married woman comes to take some water.

“Water, why are you so rough?” – she asks.

“How can I not be rough?” – the water says. Sarmanday's yellow hen laid a yellow egg; a mouse came up and broke it with his tail. Sarmanday is weeping, a yellow hen is cackling and a gate swinging open and bull is bellowing.

The young married woman says,

“Well, then I should brake one of the buckets.” And she crashes a bucket. She goes back home. Her mother-in-law was making dough. «Well, my dear daughter-in-law, why did you bring water in one bucket only?»

“Why not? Sarmanday's yellow hen laid a yellow egg, a mouse came up and broke it with his tail. Sarmanday is weeping, a yellow hen is cackling the gate is swinging open, the bull is bellowing and the pond has gone rough.”

And the mother-in-law says,

“Well, I should throw out dough.” And she threw it out.

A son comes back from the forest and asks, “Didn't you cook soup?” Sarmanday's yellow hen laid a yellow egg; a mouse came up and broke it with his tail. Sarmanday is weeping, a yellow hen is cackling the gate is swinging open, a bull is bellowing and the pond has gone rough, your young wife has broken one of the buckets.”

The son says, “Well, then I should throw out one of my boots.” And he threw it out. This is the end of the story.