



# THE ROLLING ROL L





**There lived an old man and his wife. The old man said one day: - Why don't you bake me a roll, my dear?  
- What shall I make it from? There's no flour!  
-- Oh, old woman! Sweep up the pantry and scrape up the flour tin - you'll find enough!**







So the old woman did just that: She swept and scraped up two handfuls of flour.







She mixed the pastry with sour cream and rolled out a roll, fried it in butter...



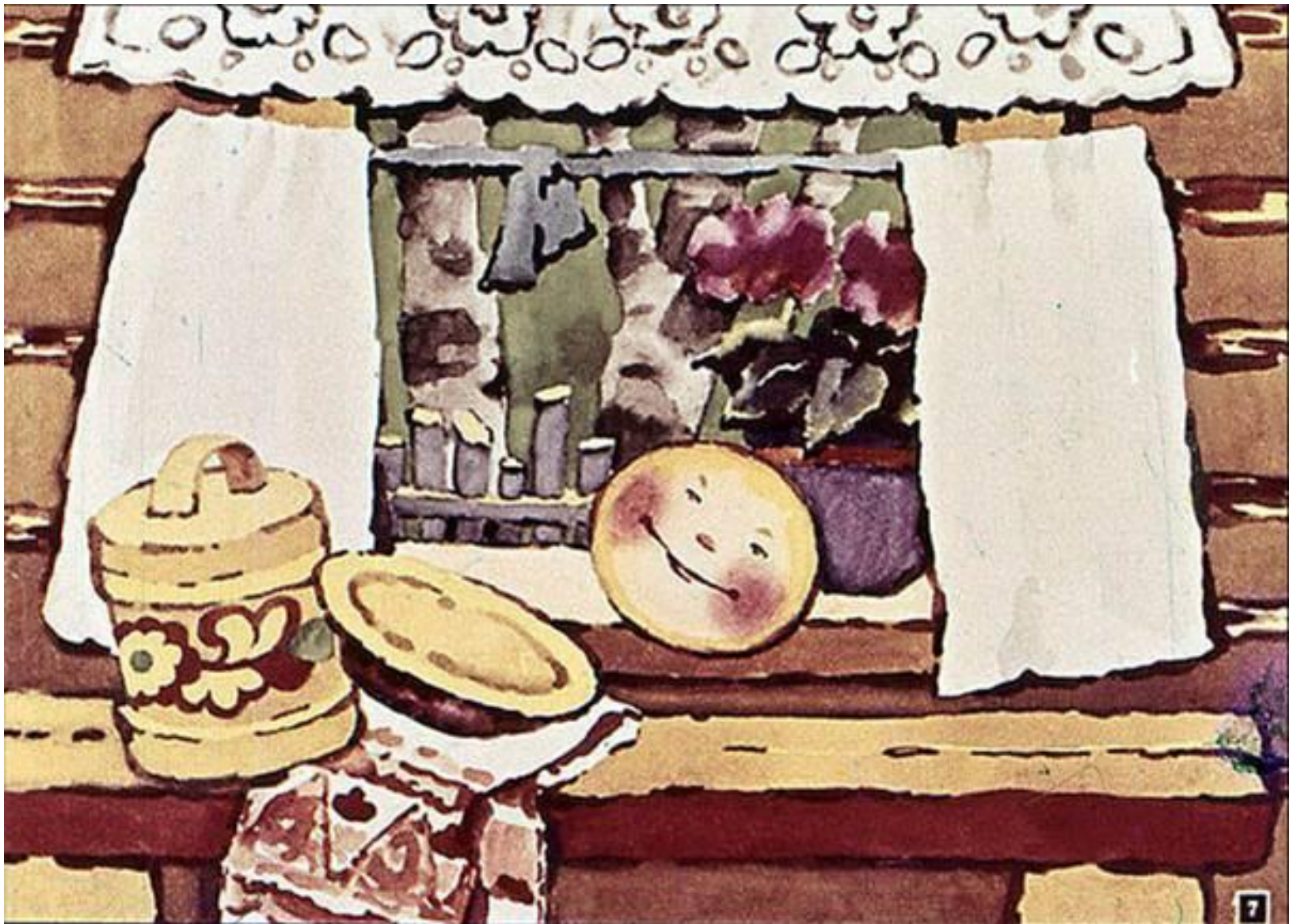




...and put it on the window sill to cool down.







**The roll got fed up of sitting on the sill...**







**and rolled from the window to a bench,**







**...from the bench onto the floor.**







**Then he rolled to the  
door,**







**jumped over the threshold into the entrance hall...**







**from the entrance hall to the porch,...**



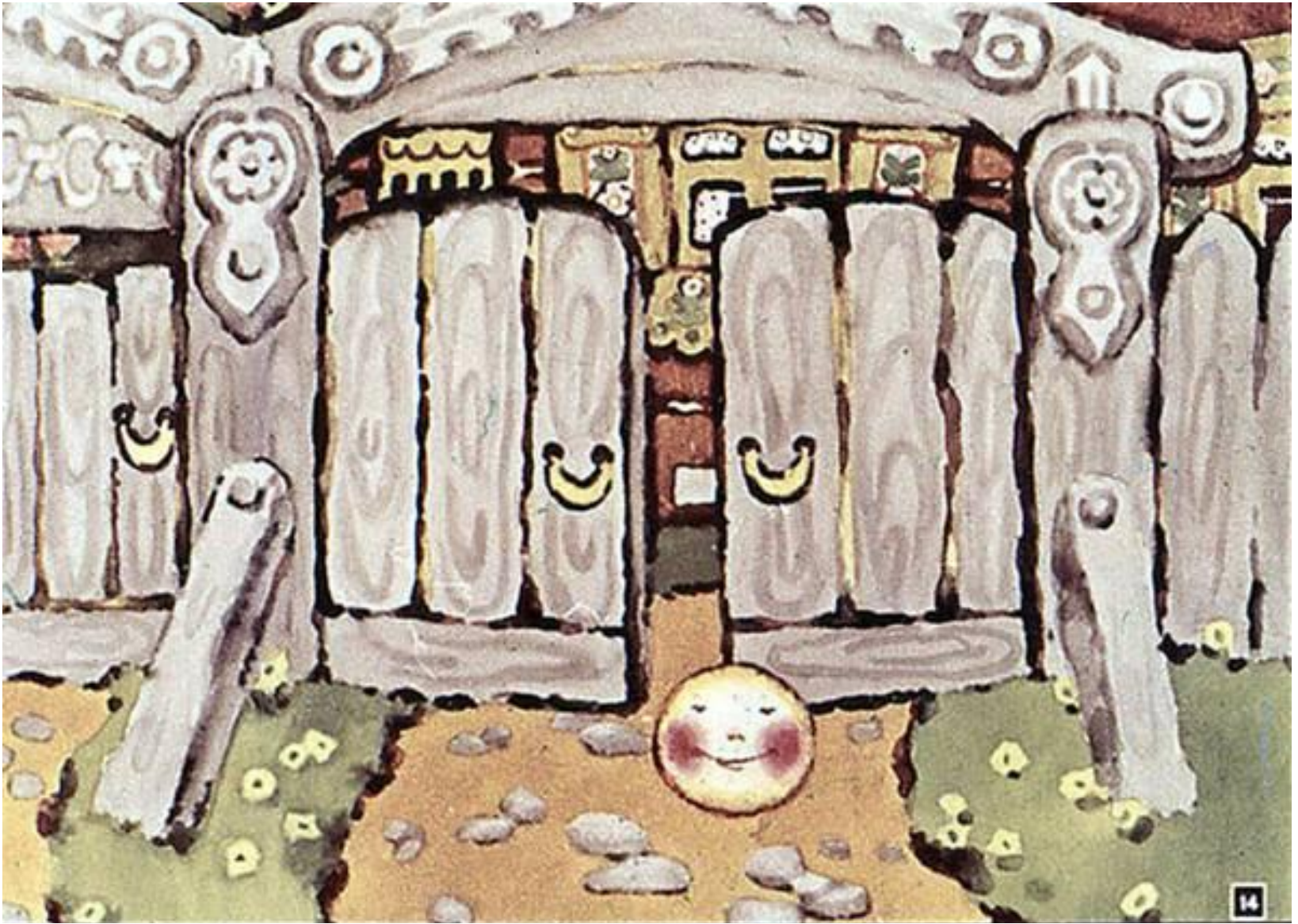




from the porch into the courtyard,...



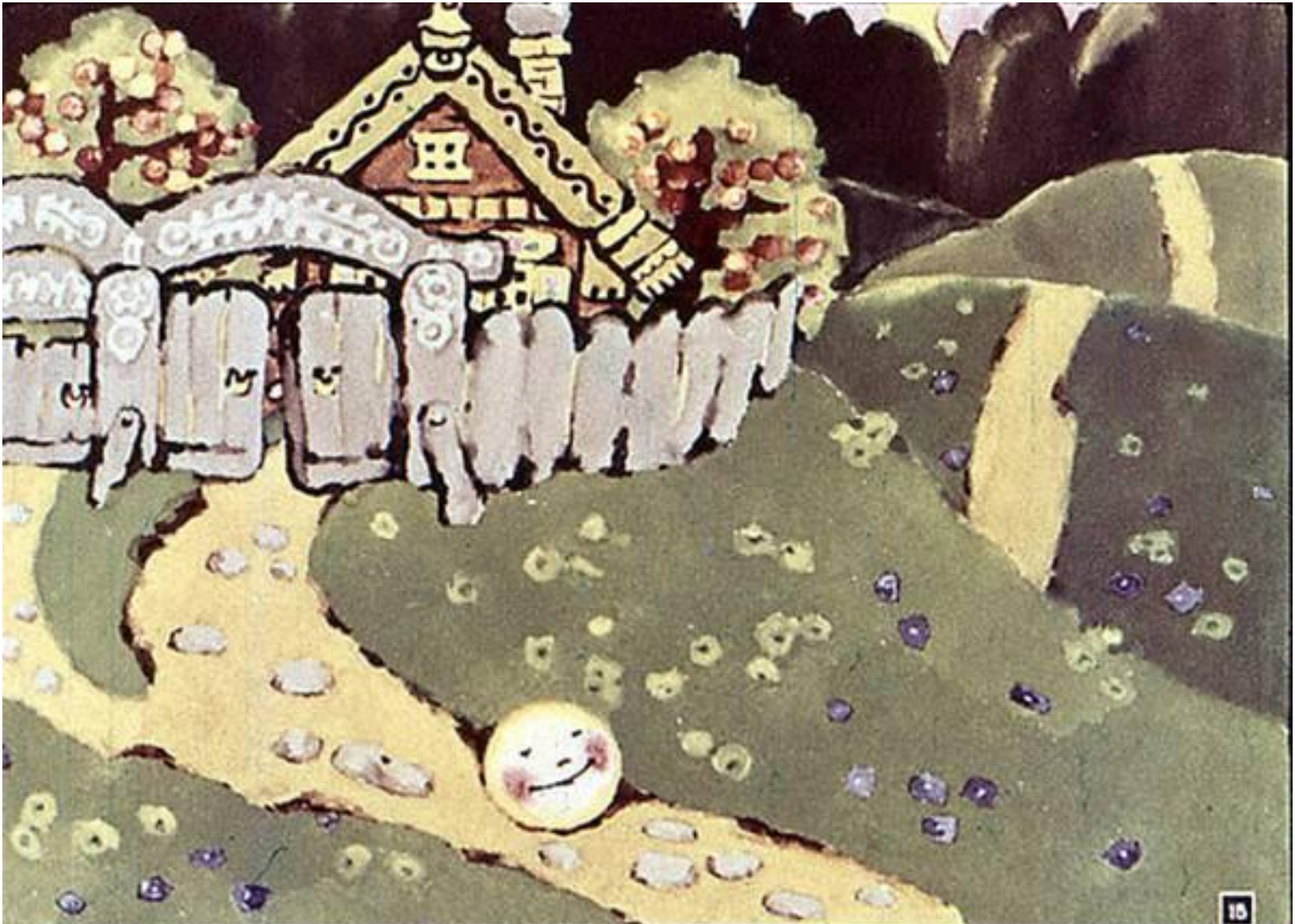




**from the courtyard through the gate,...**



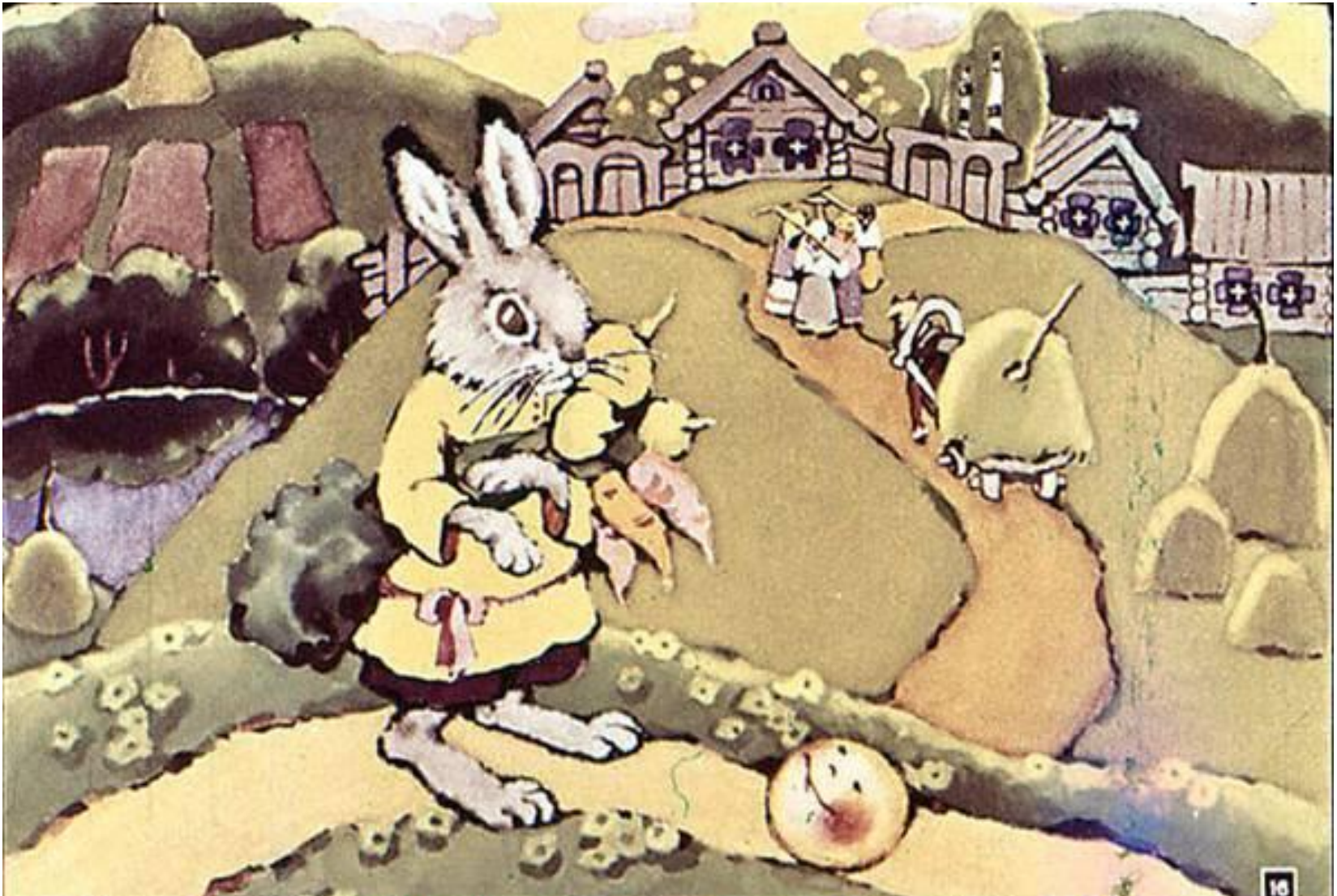




**further and  
further...**







**As he was rolling down the path a hare approached it and said: "Rolling roll, rolling roll, I'll eat you!"**

**"No, don't eat me, dear hare, better listen to my**





**I'm a rolling, rolling roll!  
Swept up from the pantry,  
Scraped from the flour tin,  
Mixed in with some cream,  
And baked in the oven  
I was placed on the sill.  
But I ran away from the old  
man,  
And I ran away from the old  
woman,  
And I'll run away from you,  
hare!**







**And the roll rolled away before the hare even saw it move!**







**It rolled on and met a grey wolf:**  
**-Rolling roll, rolling roll! I will eat you up!**  
**- Don't eat me, grey wolf: I'll sing you a**  
**song**







**And the roll sang: "I'm a rolling, rolling roll, swept up from the pantry, scraped from the flour tin, mixed in with some cream, and baked in the oven, I was placed on the sill. But I ran away from the old man, and I ran away from the old woman, and I ran from the hare. And I'll run away from you, wolf!"**







**And the roll rolled  
further...**







**...until it met a bear:**  
**-Rolling roll, rolling roll, I'll eat you!**  
**-Hey, clumsy, why eat me? Better listen to my song:**







**I'm a rolling, rolling roll, swept up from the pantry, scraped from the flour tin, mixed in with some cream, and baked in the oven I was placed on the sill. But I ran away from the old man, and I ran away from the old woman, I ran from the hare, I ran from the wolf, from you, bear, I shall also**







**And the roll rolled  
further...**







**...until it met a fox:  
-Hello, rolling roll! How fine and glowing you look!  
The roll was happy to receive such praise and he  
sang his song:**







**I'm a rolling, rolling roll, swept up from the pantry, scraped from the flour tin, mixed in with some cream , and baked in the oven I was placed on the sill. But I ran away from the old man, and I ran away from his wife, I ran from the hare, I ran from the wolf, I ran from the bear. From you, fox, I shall**







**- What a sweet song! - said the fox. - What a shame that this old fox is hard of hearing. Why don't you sit up on my nose and sing that song once more!**







**The rolling roll was pleased that his song had been appreciated, he jumped onto the fox's nose and sang his song again.**







**But the fox said:**

**-Rolling roll, rolling roll, will you sit up on my tongue and sing that wonderful song again?**

**The rolling roll jumped onto the fox's tongue...**







**...and the fox gobbled it up!**







**THE  
END**

