

Story 16: The Kolobok



Story shared by: *Anna*

Representing: *Ukrainian*

The Story:

Once upon a time, in a cozy, quaint cottage planted in the countryside, lived an old woman who spent her days alone. One day, she discovered the last remaining portion of flour and decided to bake herself a kolobok, a delightful bread. She gathered all the ingredients and mixed the dough with care, kneading it into a perfect circular shape. She then placed the dough in the oven and waited patiently, watching as heat from the fire baked it into a beautiful, golden bun. Once it was ready, she placed it on the windowsill to cool, allowing the soft breeze from the window to gently cool the golden bun. The kolobok laid there for a while, basking in the sunlight while listening to the cheerful birds, and whispering rustle of leaves from trees nearby.

As it observed the world outside, a sense of adventure began to awaken within the kolobok. “Why should I just sit here when I could be observing the world?” The kolobok thought to himself. Then, with a sudden burst of determination, the Kolobok crawled off of the windowsill, onto the bench that sat below, tumbled to the ground, and finally found itself in the great, magnificent world. He rolled down the dirt path, and suddenly came face to face with a hare! “Kolobok, Kolobok, I’ll eat you up!” He taunted. “Don’t eat me up, I’ll sing you a song!” The Kolobok replied. “Well go on then...” The hare suggested.

“I am Kolobok, I am Kolobok,
I have a nice and brown crust.
From the barrels I was scraped,
I was mixed with cream, then on the window I was placed,
And from Grandma I escaped,
And now from you, Hare, I will escape.”



And just like that, the Kolobok was able to continue on his way. He kept on rolling and rolling until suddenly meeting the fox. “Kolobok, Kolobok, I’ll eat you up!” The fox threatened. “Don’t eat me, I’ll sing you a song!” The Kolobok pleaded. “A song?”

“I am Kolobok, I am Kolobok,
I have a nice and brown crust.
From the barrels I was scraped,
I was mixed with cream, then on the window I was placed,
And from Grandma I escaped,
And from the hare I escaped,
And now from you, Fox, I will escape.”

And, just like that, the Kolobok continued on it’s way. He kept rolling until he encountered a bear. “Kolobok, Kolobok, I’ll eat you up!” Said the bear. “Don’t eat me, let me sing you a song!”

“I am Kolobok, I am Kolobok,
I have a nice and brown crust.
From the barrels I was scraped,
I was mixed with cream, then on the window I was placed,
And from Grandma I escaped,
From the hare I escaped,
From the fox I escaped,
And now from you, Bear, I will escape.”

Once again, the kolobok continued on his path. That was before suddenly meeting the gray wolf who said “Kolobok, Kolobok, where are you rolling? Wait up! Please sing me a song?” Once again, the kolobok began.

“I am Kolobok, I am Kolobok,
I have a nice and brown crust.
From the barrels I was scraped,
I was mixed with cream, then on the window I was placed,
And from Grandma I escaped,
From the hare I escaped,
From the fox I escaped,
From the bear I escaped,



And now from you, Wolf, I will escape.”

But just as the kolobok started to leave, the wolf said, “you have such a beautiful voice, but I don't hear it very well. Get up on my nose and sing it again.” So the kolobok slowly rolled onto the wolf's snout as they stared into eachothers eyes. The kolobok began to sing,

“I am Kolobok, I am Kolobok-”

But just before it could finish the song, the wolf threw the Kolobok in the air and, “NOM!” Swallowed it whole.

Story Moral: *Do not trust strangers.*