

"Kolobok in search of friends"

Fairy tale

Once upon a time, in a Russian hut, an old man and an old woman baked a kolob-kolobashka—a small round loaf of bread made from leftover barley flour and scrapings from the dough trough. The resulting Kolobok was fluffy, soft, and rosy. The old man and old woman placed Kolobok on the windowsill to cool and went to rest before dinner. But the loaf got bored lying alone on the windowsill. He jumped onto the soft grass and rolled down the path, looking for friends.

Kolobok rolls across the Russian expanses, singing a song:

I am the Russian Kolobok,
My side is rosy.
I am scraped from the bin,
Swept from the bin,
Kneaded in sour cream,
Cooled on the windowsill.
I went for a walk,
To look for friends.

Suddenly, he sees a small, round, crispy-crusted flatbread rolling toward him. "Hello," says Kolobok. "I'm the Russian Kolobok-Ruddy Side. And who are you? Where are you from and where are you going?"

"My name is Sakhalyy Lappieske. They gave me

such a long and beautiful name in Yakutia—the
Sakha Republic in the Far East. Listen to my song:
I'm a Yakut flatbread
To others, perhaps a crumb
And my clothes are modest.
But I need a little:
A small bowl of flour,
A spoonful of milk and salt.
Here's a hearty meal!
I went for a walk, to look for friends.

"Let's go for a walk together—to look for friends,"
Kolobok called to her.

The friends rolled along the path together. As they
rolled, each sang their own song. Suddenly, they saw
a round, fried pastry appearing towards them.

"Hello," says Kolobok. "I'm the Russian Kolobok, the
ruddy side. My friend Sakhalyy Lappieske, a Yakut
flatbread from the Far East, is with me. What's your
name? Where are you from, and where are you
headed?"

"My name is Tertpek, the unleavened bread of
the indigenous peoples of Siberia: the Shors and the
Altai. Listen to my song:
I'm Tertpek, Siberian bread,
Everyone who eats me is healthy and strong.
They boil me in water,
And fry me in ashes.
They eat me morning, noon, and evening,
They want more.

I went for a walk, looking for friends.

"Let's go for a walk together, looking for friends,"
Kolobok called out.

The friends rolled along the path together. As they
rolled, each sang their own song. Suddenly they see
a fluffy, airy loaf of bread appearing towards them.

"Hello," says Kolobok. "I am the Russian Kolobok,
the ruddy side. My friends are with me: Sakhalyy
Lappieske, a Yakut flatbread from the Far East,
Tertpek, the unleavened bread of the indigenous
peoples of Siberia. What is your name? Where are
you from, and where are you headed?"

"My name is Nyan", the traditional bread of the
peoples of the North: the Nenets, Khanty, Komi, and
Mansi. Listen to my song:

I am Nyan' – look at me!

A gift from the North.

Baked with water and flour,

Baked in a chum hut,

Preserved with reindeer fat,

Kept in a birch bark bag.

I went for a walk, to look for friends.

"Let's go for a walk together – to look for friends,"
Kolobok called. The friends rolled along the path
together, each singing their own song. Suddenly, they
see a dark brown rye bread appearing towards them.

"Hello," says Kolobok. "I am the Russian Kolobok,
the ruddy side. My friends are with me: Sakhalyy
Leppieske, a Yakut flatbread from the Far East,

Tertpek, the unleavened bread of the indigenous peoples of Siberia, and Nyan, the bread of the peoples of the North. And what is your name? Where are you from and where are you going?

"My name is Ikmek, the national Tatar bread. Listen to my song:
I am Ikmek of rye,
Not just any bread.
I am a hero to the Tatars,
Recognized as their main food.
Made from hop cones,
With honey leaven.
I went for a walk, to look for friends.
"Let's go for a walk together – to find friends," Kolobok called.

The friends rolled along the path together, each singing their own song. Suddenly, they saw a very thin, slender, beautiful loaf of bread with golden spots of glaze appearing towards them.

"Hello," Kolobok said. "I am the Russian Kolobok – the ruddy side. My friends are with me: Sakhalyy Leppieske – a Yakut flatbread from the Far East, Tertpek – the unleavened bread of the indigenous peoples of Siberia, Nyan – the bread of the peoples of the North, and Ikmek – the national Tatar bread. And what is your name? Where are you from and where are you heading?"

"My name is Lavash – the wheat bread of the peoples of the Caucasus: Chechens, Ossetians,

Avars, Lezgins, and many others." Listen to my song:
I am Lavash-milash,
Caucasian round loaf.
Mixed with wheat flour,
Rolled thin with a rolling pin,
Baked in a tandoor oven,
Called a cultural heritage.
I went for a walk, looking for friends.
"Let's go for a walk together, looking for friends,"
Kolobok called to him.

The friends rolled along the path together, each singing their own song. Suddenly, they saw a round pastry appearing towards them, artfully decorated with dough figures in the shapes of ears of corn, flowers, plants, and animals.

"Hello," Kolobok said. "I am the Russian Kolobok, the Ruddy Side. My friends are with me: Sakhalyy Leppieske – a Yakut flatbread from the Far East; Tertpek – an unleavened bread of the indigenous peoples of Siberia; Nyan – the bread of the peoples of the North; Ikmek – a traditional Tatar bread; and Lavash – a wheat bread of the peoples of the Caucasus. What's your name? Where are you from, and where are you traveling?"

"My name is Karavai – the ceremonial bread of the Slavs: Russians, Ukrainians, Belarusians." They bake me for name days, weddings, housewarmings. Listen to my song:
I'm a sweet, fluffy loaf,

Serve me with tea!
They always bake for holidays,
I'm the best attribute there.
Decorate with dough patterns,
Welcome guests with me.
I went for a walk, looking for friends.
"Let's go for a walk together, looking for friends,"
Kolobok called to him.

The friends rolled along the path together. As they rolled, each sang their own song. Along the way, they met other friends: Kshi, baked right on the oven floor in Mordovia; Hapartu, a fluffy wheat loaf from Chuvashia; Bortsog, fried in boiling oil from Kalmykia; Tupasai, a ball-shaped loaf from Bashkiria; Shanga, a flatbread from Buryatia; and many, many others. Each had something to sing about themselves. And most importantly: together they were not afraid of any hungry, evil or cunning animals.

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