watch, and to keep out of the sheepfold mischief.

Mrs. Russell had never herded sheep before. But
she knew that Mrs. Barton was right. She jumped
into her car and drove after the sheep. She carefully
drove around the little flock. The sheep began to slow
down. Mrs. Russell drove around in front of them,
and the sheep stopped. But they didn’t turn around
and go back to the sheepfold. Mrs. Russell knew she
would have to help the sheep back home, as quick as a
wink. Cars would soon be coming down Ackertown
Road, and the sheep would be in danger.

Mrs. Russell began herding the sheep with her
car. She drove down the road backward! And the
sheep turned around and walked in front of the

How Bear Was Turned Over

— Nikolai Sladkov, Translated by Larisa Kuznetsova

It was a long, long winter. Every day there was a
blizzard. Every night there was a frost. It seemed like
it would never end.

All the birds and animals were suffering from the
long winter. And only Bear was fast asleep in his den.
He had forgotten, perhaps, that it was time to turn
over onto his other side.

There is a saying in the forest that as Bear turns
over to his other side, so the sun will turn towards
summer. All the birds and animals had been waiting
for a long time until finally they had completely lost
their patience. They all came over to Bear’s den to
wake him up. The patience of all the birds and forest
beasts had snapped, so they all went to Bear’s den to
wake him up!

“Bear. It’s time to turn! Everyone is so tired of
winter. We so miss the Sun! Flip onto your other side!”

Bear did not answer—not even a word. Bear did
not even move. He just snored.

“I could tap on his head with all my might!”
exclaimed Woodpecker. “He would immediately
begin to move!”

“No-o-o,” bellowed Moose. “It should be done
respectfully, respectfully. Oh, dear Bear,” Moose
tearfully begged, “ple-e-e-ase hear us. We are begging
and pleading with you. Turn over! Ple-e-ease! Life is
so bitter. Everywhere in the woods there is snow up to
our ears and we moose cannot run away from wolves.”

Bear moved his ears and grumbled, “Why should
I care? For me deep snow is good. It’s warm in here . . .
in my den . . . and quiet.”

The White Partridge cried, “Shame on you, Bear!
All the berries, all the bushes and all the buds are
covered with snow. There is nothing to peck! Turn
over, Bear!”

But Bear kept saying, “It’s ridiculous! If you
are tired of winter, why should I bother and turn
over? Why should I care for buds and berries? I have
enough fat under my skin!”

Squirrel could not bear it anymore and
screeched, “A-a-a-ah, you are a lazy, wooly mattress!
You would know how I feel if you ever tried to jump
from branch to branch all covered with ice until your
paws were bleeding! Flip, sluggard! I am counting—
one, two, three!”

“Four, five, six,” Bear taunted. “Shoo, shoo out of
here! I am sleeping . . . “

All the birds and animals grew sad. And then
all of a sudden, Mouse popped out of the snow and
squeaked, “Hey, are you all frightened by Bear? I’ll
turn this short-tailed lazybones in the blink of an
eye!”

“You? In a blink?” The animals and birds gasped.

“With one left foot!” Mouse bragged.

The next moment, Mouse darted into the Bear’s
den and started to tickle Bear—running, scratching
and biting Bear. And Bear began to twitch, jerking
his feet and squealing like a piglet!

“Stop! Stop!” squealed Bear. “Stop tickling. I am
turning over!”

And all of a sudden, a burst of warm air went out
of Bear’s den like smoke from a chimney.

Mouse popped out of Bear’s den and squeaked, “I
told you! I told you! Bear turned over! Hurray!”

And when Bear rolled over on his side, the Sun
turned towards summer. With each day, the Sun
got higher and warmer. With each day, spring came
closer. With each day, it was lighter and happier in
the woods.