





## TOM TIT TOT

Once upon a time there was a woman<sup>1</sup>, and she baked five pies. And when they came out of the oven, they were very hard to eat. So she says to her daughter:

"Daughter, put the pies on the shelf, and leave them there a little, and they will come again<sup>2</sup>." That is<sup>3</sup>, the crust will become softer.

But the girl says to herself, "Well, if they come again, I will eat them now." And she ate them all.

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<sup>1</sup> **once upon a time there was a woman** — жила-была женщина

<sup>2</sup> **they will come again** — они подойдут снова

<sup>3</sup> **that is** — то есть

Well, when supper-time came, the woman said, "Go and get one of the pies. I think they came again now."

The girl went and looked, and there were only dishes. So she comes back and says, "No, they did not come again."

"No?" says the mother.

"No," says the daughter.

"Well," said the woman, "I'll<sup>1</sup> eat one for supper."

"But you can't<sup>2</sup>, if they didn't<sup>3</sup> come," said the girl.

"But I can," says she. "Go you, and bring the best pie."

"Best or worst," says the girl, "I ate them all, and you can't eat the pie till it comes again."

Well, the woman was very angry, and she took her spinning to the door, and she began to sing:

"My daughter ate five, five pies today.

My daughter ate five, five pies today."

The king was coming down the street, and he heard her song. So he stopped and said:

"What were you singing, my good woman?"

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<sup>1</sup> **I'll** = I shall, I will

<sup>2</sup> **can't** = cannot

<sup>3</sup> **didn't** = did not

The woman told him these other words, instead of that<sup>1</sup>:

"My daughter span five, five skeins today.

My daughter span five, five skeins today."

"Oh!" said the king, "I never heard of anyone who could do that." Then he said, "Listen, I want a wife, and I'll marry your daughter. During eleven months of the year she will have everything that she wants; but the last month of the year she will spin five skeins every day, and if she can't I shall kill her."

"All right," says the woman; she thought only about a grand marriage. Her daughter was very happy. "I'll marry a king!" she thought. "And in eleven months the king will forget about skeins."

Well, so they were married. And for eleven months the girl had all she liked to eat, and all the dresses she liked to wear, and all the friends she liked.

When the time came, she began to think about the skeins. But the king did not say any word about them, and she decided that he forgot them.

However, the last day of the last month he takes her to a new room. There was nothing in it but a spinning-wheel and a stool.

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<sup>1</sup> **instead of that** — ВМЕСТО ТОГО

And he says, "Now, my dear, I'll shut you here tomorrow with some food and some flax, and if you do not spin five skeins by the night, your head will be cut<sup>1</sup>." And he went away.

The girl was very frightened, she didn't know how to spin, and what will she show the king tomorrow? Nobody will come to help her. She sat down on a stool in the kitchen, and began to cry.

Suddenly she heard a knock on the door. She stood up and opened it, and she saw a small black impet with a long tail. He looked at her, and asked:

"Why are you crying?"

"Why do you ask?" says she.

"Tell me," said he, "why are you crying." And he turned his tail around.

So the poor girl told him about the pies, and the skeins, and everything.

"I'll help you," says the little black impet, "I'll come to your window every morning and take the flax and bring it ready at night."

"What do you want for that?" says she.

He said, "I'll give you three guesses every night to guess my name, and if you don't guess it before the end of the month you will be mine<sup>2</sup>."

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<sup>1</sup> **your head will be cut** — тебе отрубят голову

<sup>2</sup> **you will be mine** — ты будешь моею

Well, she thought, "I'll guess his name for sure<sup>1</sup>". "All right," says she, "I agree."

The next day, her husband took her into the room, and there was the flax and her food.

"This is the flax," says he, "and if you don't spin it this night, you'll lose your head." And then he went out and locked the door.

So the girl heard a knock near the window. She stood up and opened it, and there was the little old impet.

"Where's the flax?" says he.

"Here it is," says she. And she gave it to him.

When the evening came, the knock came again to the window. The girl stood up and opened it, and there was the little old impet with five skeins of flax on his arm.

"Here it is," says he, and he gave it to her.

"Now, what's my name?" says he.

"Is that Bill?" says she.

"No, it isn't!" says he, and he twirled his tail.

"Is that Ned?" says she.

"No, it isn't!" says he, and he twirled his tail.

"Well, is that Mark?" says she.

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<sup>1</sup> **for sure** — наверняка

"No, it isn't!" says he, and he twirled his tail harder and flew away.

When her husband came in, there were the five skeins ready for him. "Well, I shan't<sup>1</sup> kill you tonight, my dear," says he; "you'll have your food and your flax in the morning," says he, and goes away.

Every day he brought the flax and the food, and every day that little black impet came mornings and evenings. And all the day the girl was trying to guess his name in order to<sup>2</sup> say it when the impet came at night. But she did not say the right name. By the end of the month, the impet began to look very angrily, and twirled his tail faster and faster.

Finally the last day came. The impet came at night with the five skeins, and said:

"Do you know my name?"

"Is that Nicodemus<sup>3</sup>?" says she.

"No, it isn't," he says.

"Is that Sammlle<sup>4</sup>?" says she.

"No, it isn't," he says.

"Is that Methusalem<sup>5</sup>?" says she.

"No, no, no!" he says.

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<sup>1</sup> **shan't** = shall not

<sup>2</sup> **in order to** — чтобы

<sup>3</sup> **Nicodemus** — НИКОДИМ

<sup>4</sup> **Sammlle** — СЭММЛ

<sup>5</sup> **Methusalem** — Мафусаил

Then he looks at her and says: "Woman, there's only tomorrow night, and then you'll be mine!" And he flew away.

She was very afraid. But the king came. When he sees the five skeins, he says:

"Well, my dear, if I see the skeins ready tomorrow night, I shan't kill you. And I'll have supper here." So he brought supper, and another stool for him, and they sat down.

Suddenly he stops and begins to laugh.

"What's up?<sup>1</sup>" says she.

"Oh," says he, "I was hunting today, and I went very far in the wood. And I heard a song. So I got off<sup>2</sup> my horse, and I went forward. I saw a funny little black man. He had a little spinning-wheel, and he was spinning wonderfully fast, and he was twirling his tail. And he was singing:

"Nimmy nimmy not

My name's Tom Tit Tot."

When the girl heard this, she became very happy, but she didn't say a word.

Next day that little impet looked very malicious when he came for the flax. And when the night came, she heard the knock. She opened the window, and the impet came

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<sup>1</sup> **What's up?** — В чём дело?

<sup>2</sup> **I got off** — я слез



into the room. He was grinning, and his tail was twirling very fast.

"What's my name?" he asked when he was giving her the skeins.

"Is that Solomon<sup>1</sup>?" she says.

"No, it isn't," he said, and came further into the room.

"Well, is that Zebedee<sup>2</sup>?" says she again.

"No, it isn't," says the impet. And then he laughed and twirled his tail like a wheel.

"Take time<sup>3</sup>, woman," he says, "next guess, and you're mine." And he lifted his black hands.

The girl smiled and said:

"NIMMY NIMMY NOT, YOUR NAME'S TOM TIT TOT!"

When the impet heard her, he cried awfully and flew away into the dark, and she never saw him any more.

## УПРАЖНЕНИЯ

1. *Выберите правильный вариант:*

1. A woman lies to a king; she tells him that her daughter can spin five skeins.
2. A woman lies to a king; she tells him that her daughter can spin three skeins.
3. A woman lies to a king; she tells him that her daughter can spin six skeins.

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<sup>1</sup> **Solomon** — Соломон

<sup>2</sup> **Zebedee** — Зеведей

<sup>3</sup> **Take time** — Не торопись