


Once upon a time there lived an old man and an old woman who had a granddaughter named Masha.

One day some friends of Masha's decided to go to the forest to gather mushrooms and berries and they came to Masha's house to ask her to go with them.



“Please, Grannie and Grandpa,” said Masha, “do let me go to the forest.”

“You may go, but see that you keep close to the others and don’t lose sight of them or you might get lost,” the two old people replied.

Masha and her friends came to the forest and began to hunt for mushrooms and berries. From bush to bush, from tree to tree went Masha, and before she knew it she had strayed far away from her friends. When at last she saw that she was all alone she began to halloo and call to them, but her friends did not hear her and made no answer.

Masha went here and she went there, she walked all over the forest, but she could not find her way and was quite lost.

By and by she came to the wildest and thickest part of the forest, and there before her she saw a little hut. Masha knocked at the door, but there was no reply. So she gave the door a push, and lo! the door opened.

Masha came into the hut and sat down on a bench by the window. She sat there and she thought:

“I wonder who lives in this hut? Why is no one here?”

Now in that hut there lived a great, big Bear. Only he was out walking in the forest just then.

It was evening by the time he came home, and when he saw Masha he was very pleased.

“Aha,” said he, “now I’ll never let you go! You will live in my house as meek as a mouse,



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