

## Spinner of Gold – rest of the story

During the chase, in about the middle of the afternoon, lightning began to criss-cross the sky and there was such a downpour that you wouldn't turn a dog out in such weather. In this drenching rain all the gentleman's servants hid wherever they could, scattering in all directions, so that he was left alone, soaked through to the skin, with just one servant in a thick forest he had never been in before.

Where could he shelter from the worsening storm? Where could he dry himself? Where could he spend the night? The poor man and his servant looked all around them for at least a shepherd or herdsman's hut. But there was none to be seen.

At last, when they had almost worn themselves out with searching, they caught sight of wisps of smoke coming out of a hole in a tree, as if from a lime kiln.

"Go and find out where that smoke is coming from," the gentleman said to his servant. "There must be some people there. Ask them whether they would give us shelter for the night."

The servant went off and in two shakes of a lamb's tail he was back again, saying that upon his word, there was neither door, nor hut, nor people there.

"Huh, you're a lot of help," said the gentleman, his teeth chattering from the cold, "I'll go there myself, and as a punishment, you'll stay here and get drenched in this freezing rain."

The gentleman dashed off, but he couldn't find anything either; there was just that smoke coming out of a hole in one place. Finally, he declared bad-temperedly,

"The devil take it, I must find out where that smoke is coming from!"

He went over to the hole, knelt down and peered inside. He found himself looking into a kind of underground kitchen, where some food was being fried and a stone table was laid for two. A little fellow in a red cap was running around the table, pushing a golden wheelbarrow and when he had gone all the way round, he began to sing:

"I taught her how to spin gold thread,

Tonight she'll guess my name.

Guess it right, I'll let her go,

Guess it wrong, she can't say no,

And my name is Rampelnik!"

And once more he ran round the table as if he was out of his mind, crying:

"Nine dishes I have cooked,  
A silken bed prepared.  
Guess it right, I'll let her go,  
Guess it wrong, she can't say no,  
And my name is Rampelnik!"

That was all the gentleman needed. He ran back to the servant as fast as his legs would carry him and as the weather had cleared a little, they were lucky enough to find the path and they could hurry off home.

He found his wife looking worn out, miserable and red-eyed from crying, because she thought that her husband was going to come back too late for her to say goodbye to him.

"Don't worry, my dear," he said when he stepped into the room. "I know what you need to know. His name is Rampelnik."

Then he told her everything - where he had been and what had happened to him. Anna was beside herself with joy, she hugged and kissed her husband and happily went off to the room where she had spun that first night, to spin gold thread for the last time.

At midnight the wall opened and the little fellow in the red cap appeared, as he had the year before. Running around her with his golden wheelbarrow, he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Guess my name, I'll let you go,  
Guess it wrong, you can't say no.  
So guess it, guess it!"

"I'll have a try," said Anna. "Your name is Rampelnik."

When she said it, the dwarf caught up the wheelbarrow, flung his cap on the ground and disappeared the way he had come. The wall closed behind him and Anna gave a sigh of relief.

She never spun gold thread again, but she didn't need to, because they were rich enough and she and her husband loved each other. Their little boy grew up fast, they bought a cow and a milking pail, and that is the end of the tale.