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проб. **T**here was an old man used to live in our village called Kokovanya. He'd none of his own family left, so he thought he'd take some orphan into his hut to be a child to him.

He asked the neighbours if they knew of anyone, and they told him: "Grigory Potapov's children were left orphans on Glinka not long ago. The bailiff sent the older girls to the manor sewing room, but there's a little girl of six nobody wanted. That would be the child for ye."

But Kokovanya said: "I'd be unhandy like wi'a maid. A lad 'ud be better. I'd teach him my trade and he'd help me, too, when he got bigger. But what can I do wi'a maid? What can I teach her?"

But then he thought about it all again. "I knew Grigory and his ^{неси} goodwife too," he said. "They were lusty workers and right merry folk. If the maid takes after them it won't

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