

The bun rolled on and met a bear.

"Little bun, I will eat you up!" the bear said.

And the bun sang: "I was scraped from the cupboard, swept from the bin, kneaded with sour cream, fried in butter, and cooled on the sill. I got away from Grandpa, I got away from Grandma, I got away from the hare, I got away from the wolf, and I'll get away from you!"

And the bun rolled away.

