

The Chronicle of the Pancake

by Unknown

Once upon a time there was a woman who had seven hungry children, and she was baking pancakes for them. There was dough made with new milk, and it lay in the pan, and was rising so plumply and comfortably, that it was a pleasure to watch it. The children stood around it, and their grandfather sat and looked on.

“Give me a little bit of pancake, mother, I’m so hungry!” said one of the children.

“Dear mother!” said the second.

“Dear, sweet mother!” said the third.

“Dear, sweet, good mother!” said the fourth.

“Dear, best, sweet, good mother!” said the fifth.

“Dear, best, sweet, good, dearest mother!” said the sixth.

“Dear, best, sweet, good, dearest, sweetest mother!” said the seventh, and so they all begged around the pancake, one more sweetly than the other, for they were all so hungry and so well-behaved.

“Yes, children, wait until it turns around,” said she—until I have turned it around, she should have said—“then you shall all have a pancake, a lovely best-milk pancake. Just see how fat and comfortable it is lying there!”

When the pancake heard that it was frightened, turned itself around suddenly, and wanted to get out of the pan; but it only fell on its other side, and when this had baked a little, so that it took shape and grew firmer, it leaped out on the floor, and rolled off like a wheel, out of the door, and down the street.

Hey there! The woman was after it with the pan in one hand, and the spoon in the other, as fast as she could, and after her came the children, and last of all, their grandfather came hobbling along.

“Will you wait! Halt! Catch it! Hold it!” they all cried together, and wanted to catch up with it and grab it on the run; but the pancake rolled and rolled, and sure enough, it got so far ahead of them that they could no longer see it, for it had nimbler legs than all of them. After it had rolled a while it met a man.

“Good-day, pancake,” said the man.

“Good-day, Man Tan,” said the pancake.

“Dear, good pancake, don’t roll so fast; but wait a little and let me eat you!” said the man.

“Mother Gray and grandpa I’ve left behind, and the seven squallers, too, you’ll find, so I think I

can leave you as well, Man Tan!” said the pancake, and rolled and rolled until it met a hen.

“Good-day, pancake,” said the hen.

“Good-day, Hen Glen,” said the pancake.

“Dear, good pancake, don’t roll so fast, wait a little and I will eat you up!” said the hen.

“Mother Gray and grandpa I’ve left behind, and the seven squallers, too, you’ll find, and Man Tan, so I think I can leave you as well, Hen Glen!” said the pancake, and rolled along the road like a wheel. Then it met a rooster.

“Good-day, pancake,” said the rooster.

“Good-day, Rooster Booster,” said the pancake.

“Dear, good pancake, don’t roll so fast. Wait a little and I will eat you up!” said the rooster.

“Mother Gray and grandpa I’ve left behind, and the seven squallers, too, you’ll find, and Man Tan and Hen Glen, and so I think I can leave you as well, Rooster Booster,” said the pancake, and rolled and rolled as fast as ever it could. And after it had rolled a long time it met a duck.

“Good-day, pancake,” said the duck.

“Good-day, Duck Tuck,” said the pancake.

“Dear, good pancake, don’t roll so fast. Wait a little and I will eat you up!” said the duck.

“Mother Gray and grandpa I’ve left behind, and the seven squallers, too, you’ll find, and Man Tan, and Hen Glen and Rooster Booster, so I think I can leave you as well,” said the pancake, and rolled on as fast as ever it could. After it had rolled a long, long time, it met a goose.

“Good-day, pancake,” said the goose.

“Good-day, Goose Loose,” said the pancake.

“Dear, good pancake, don’t roll so fast. Wait a little and I will eat you up!” said the goose.

“Mother Gray and grandpa I’ve left behind, and the seven squallers, too, you’ll find, and Man Tan and Hen Glen and Rooster Booster and Duck Tuck, and I think I can leave you as well, Goose Loose,” said the pancake, and rolled away.

After it had again rolled for a long, long time, it met a gander.

“Good-day, pancake,” said the gander.

“Good-day, Gander Meander,” said the pancake.

“Dear, good pancake, don’t roll so fast. Wait a little and I will eat you up!” said the gander.

“Mother Gray and grandpa I’ve left behind, and the seven squallers, too, you’ll find, and Man Tan and Hen Glen and Rooster Booster and Duck Tuck and Goose Loose, and I think I can leave you as well, Gander Meander,” said the pancake, and began to roll as fast as ever it could.

After it had rolled a long, long time, it met a pig.

“Good-day, pancake,” said the pig.

“Good-day, Pig Snig,” said the pancake, and began to roll as fast as ever it could.

“Now wait a little,” said the pig. “You need not hurry so, for we can keep each other company going through the forest and take our time, for it is said to be haunted.” The pancake thought that such was quite apt to be the case, and so they started off; but after they had gone a while they came to a brook.

The pig swam across on his own bacon, which was easy enough; but the pancake could not get across.

“Sit down on my snout,” said the pig, “and I will carry you over that way.” The pancake did so.

“Uff, uff!” said the pig, and swallowed the pancake in one mouthful.

“And now, since the pancake no further goes,
This little chronicle comes to a close.”

Source:

Unknown. “The Chronicle of the Pancake.” *The Norwegian Fairy Book*. Ed. Clara Stroebe. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1922. 274 – 278. Electronic.