

Once upon a time, there lived a miller and his wife.



One day, an old lady by the name of Mokosh shows up at the door of the mill. The miller opens the door.



Mokosh returns home without flour.

The miller's daughter Nevah sees everything and takes pity on the old lady. When she was a child, fairies had bathed her so that she should pass by evil. They prophesied that Sun would be her bridesman.



Dear grandma
come by
tomorrow and
I shall grind
you the
wheat.



The old lady returns the following day. Nevah approaches the mill through the creek.



The creek
is ice-cold,
but there is
no other
way to the
mill.



Thank you,
my child. I will
tell Sun who
gifted him
with bread.



After the first time Nevah made flour, the mill would not work for anyone other than her. Nevah's parents are jealous because only she can make flour. Nevah wants to leave. Suddenly, Mokosh appears in front of her.





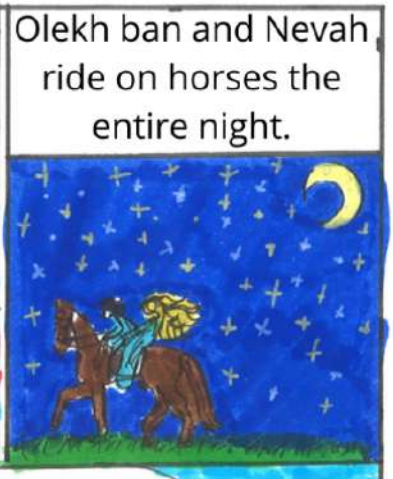
Here are the keys, Olekh ban.



No, dear Nevah!



I want you to be my wife.

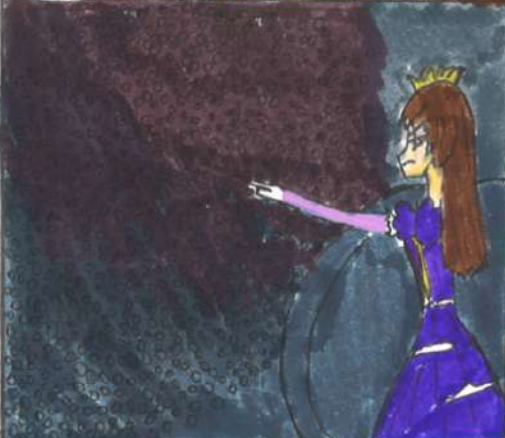


Olekh ban and Nevah ride on horses the entire night.

They arrive at his kingdom and Nevah sees that he is not wealthy, but that does not bother her.



We are getting married. We will invite twenty heroes, twenty paupers, a wolf and a she-wolf, an eagle and a sparrowhawk, a turtledove, and a swallow.



Nevah, I am wounded.



Mokosh, please help.



I will not, you should have listened to me, but instead you left with Olekh



Go away Mokosh!



Nevah, I will help you as you have helped me.



All of evil disappeared completely, and Olekh ban's wounds healed. Nevah and Olekh lived happily ever after.

