

The Priest's Daughter who didn't Want to Get Married

A priest and his wife had only one daughter. She grew up and became of age. Her parents looked after her and cared for her. She was long haired, gray eyed, and "peaches and cream". They bought her belts, they bought her dresses. In other words, if you please, she was the most beautiful girl that there was. However, the time came to marry her off. In the village, this one had a wedding, that one had a wedding, but their daughter was still unable to find a husband. And they asked her:

"Well, daughter, can't you find a young man yet?"

"Mother, why are you asking me about that? I'm not getting married!"

"Why aren't you getting married?"

"You know, I saw a great marvel: some young man had a prick down to his knees. The neighbor woman died from it, and that's why I don't want to get married. I could die, too."

"Well, if you don't want to get married, don't get married!"

Well, they had a servant who supposedly had no prick: he had one but it was rather short. The priest had a donkey and the servant was taking it to water. When he got it to the water trough, he grabbed it and cut off its ears and then he led it past the priest's daughter, yelling at it:

"Giddy-up, you mother fucker - you without ears, and I without a prick! What can we do, we can't get married! No girl wants me."

The girl heard him. From time to time her mother would ask her again:

"Come on, daughter, we need to marry you off?"

"Well, mother, since you force me, I'll get married, but you'll have to marry me off to our servant!"

"You silly fool, what kind of fool are you?"

"I want only him. I don't want anyone else."

The wife said to the priest:

"The thing is thus and so, our daughter wants the servant. If it's the servant, let it be the servant. The girl thought that he doesn't have a prick. Well, so what? That was the reason." So they prepared the wedding: food, drink, celebration.

One night passed, two nights, and on the third night...Well, now they have to sleep together as bride and groom, because the girl did not want to sleep with him the first night. And so, they lay down. Something was bothering the bride. A piece of straw had stuck into her. It had fallen down through her sleeve, way down in her shirt. And she said to him:

"Hey, husband, can you scratch me a little? Something is itching me right through my sleeve, way down under my clothes."

So, would he scratch her? His blood got so hot that he didn't know how to contain himself! And when his rod stood straight up he immediately rammed it into her. She said:

"Hey, that's a great scratcher, it scratches real well!"

So they did it. And the same thing happened the next night. He wanted to do something else, and he said to his wife:

"Hey, wife, let's take off the scratcher. We'll put it away for the next time!"

So he pretends to pull it off, as if he could move it! You can't move the damned thing just any old place. Wherever it's been sewn on, that's where it stays. But he, so that his wife would not leave him because he was poor, pretended to hang it on the door and then pretended that a cat had come in:

"Shoo, shoo cat! Hey, wife, get up quick!"

"What is it?"

"The cat carried off the scratcher."

"How could he have carried it off?"

"It fell off the door and the cat carried it off."

After a while the priest's wife woke up:

"What's the matter, daughter?"

"My husband's scratcher fell off, we have to go find it."

The wife said to the priest:

"Get up, the girl is crying. The scratcher fell down, let's go look for it."

And so the priest got up and they went to look under the door. But the wretched thing wasn't there. The priest hadn't had time to dress, and he slept in a nightshirt without underpants. He was with his wife. When he slept with his wife, he slept without underpants. While looking in the courtyard here and there to find the scratcher, the priest knelt down, and his scratcher came sticking out. His daughter grabbed it:

"Ah, father, here is my scratcher!"

"No, daughter, that scratcher is not for you, it's your mother's. Well, congratulations and I wish you all the best. Your husband has your scratcher," he said.