

The Old Man who would Give Oxen for a Tool

Long time ago men used to trade, they used to buy beautiful oxen from Greece. A couple of merchants, one was an older man, and the other was just a young boy, had bought some oxen and were driving them along some valley, or river. They saw some women who were doing their laundry. They tied up the oxen and started looking at them. The boy fell asleep, since he was a little tired. The old man kept watching the women. He watched and watched. He saw a lad and an old woman approaching from a distance. He wanted to ask the young man for his tool. His didn't work.

"I'll ask that guy to let me have his tool. I'll give him what ever he wants for it."

He met up with them:

"Where are you going?"

"We're going visiting."

"Hey, boy, can you do me a favor?"

"What is it, uncle?"

"Give me your tool and I'll give you mine. I've been watching these women all day. Mine doesn't work any more. I'll give you those oxen. I'm driving four teams of oxen, I'll give you all of them."

The youth laughed and said:

"Even if you gave me the whole country, I wouldn't give it up! I need it."

The old woman said:

"What did you do with it when you were young? You should have left some for your old age? And now you want the child's! You've just met him and now you want his tool. He'll need it himself; he'll get married, just as you got married. You've got children, a house, and you still

want more! He doesn't want to give it to you friend, he wants to keep it and save some for his old age."

Ok. The old man walked away tormented, and he lay down in the shade. And the young boy, the little merchant, woke up:

"Hey what's the matter uncle, why are you lying down?"

"I can't go on! I got sick, I'm ill..."

"Why are you sick?"

"I just can't look at those women. I've been watching them all day, and that's why I'm sick."

"Wait, do you want me to go there in your place?"

"Sure, go on."

The boy got up and went over. They tease him, he teases them. He mentions it to them, and they go after him with the paddles: wham-bam, wham-bam, wham-bam they beat up the youth. Then he came over to the old man:

"Well, uncle! They really beat me up. You're lucky you weren't there, old man. My tool works, and they still beat the hell out of me. Yours doesn't, they would have slaughtered you."