

I am Old, you are Young

Once upon a time there was an old man. However, he wanted to get married. A young woman appeared on the scene. People told him: "Listen, don't take that woman, you can't fuck her! That woman is looking for a cock!"

Anyway, he took the woman. In the evening they lay down. And now the man wants to, but he can't get his cock up.

"Come on, man!"

"Ah, wife, I can't this evening. Tomorrow I'll go and have it fixed. I know of a craftsman, he'll make it as hard as steel, he'll put a little steel into it, and then..."

"So husband, where is this craftsman?"

"It's far," he said. "It's far, all the way in Skopje."

"Well, okay, how much does it cost?"

"It's very expensive, 100 lira, but I'll have to pay. What can I do? I'm old and you're young!"

"You raise my legs, touch here, touch there, and there's no way you can get it in."

"Hold on, wife, give me 100 lira and I'll go have it fixed, then you'll see what I can do. Give me 100 lira!"

And she--plink, plank, plunk--gives him 100 lira. He goes off to Skopje. He went from tavern to tavern, from candy shop to candy shop. He ate and drank for a month, and got as fat as a pig around his neck. Fixing his cock! He really went off to eat and drink.

At some point he up and went home. His wife was still waiting for him at the door.

"Welcome home, husband!"

"Hello, wife."

"So how is it now?"

"You'll see this evening.

"Yes, we'll see, we'll see!"

And it got dark. Now the wife wanted it, but her husband wanted to eat.

"Wife, let's eat now, and then we'll do it. I am hungry, and that's it. First I want a good meal, and then we'll do our business."

"Okay, husband, whatever you say, but eat quickly!"

"Take it easy wife, I'll choke. The night is ours!"

"Fine, husband, go on!"

He ate what he ate, and then he raised her legs. Just as he put it in, she yawned and the cock slipped out! Just as he stuffed it in again, she coughed, and the cock slipped out again!

"Come on wife, why do you cough when I put it in?"

"Listen, man, it's still limp! This is something a child can do, and you're a man! That won't do it!"

"Oh wife, there's a defect. Oh fuck him, there's a defect!"

"Yeah, husband, it's defective."

"There is a place where they strengthen and lengthen them, they make them longer and stronger."

"But how much do they want, eh husband?"

"They want one hundred lira. It'll be so long, there won't be a place to hide it."

"We'll keep it in the chest."

"What are you talking about, wife? How can you keep it in the chest? This isn't an apple, or a fish that you can hide in the chest! It's a cock!"

"That's ok husband, I'll roll it up in a blanket like a small child. I'll hide it there in the chest. Then when we need it, we'll take it out and use it. Did you see them make it there?"

"I saw."

"And how long was it?"

"Like this, a span and then some!"

"That's great, husband. Go get it! Get it, it will be just what we need."

He went off as if to get a cock. He ate, drank, stuffed himself. He came home again.

"Wife," he said, "the craftsman took my money, and I've returned home hungry."

"But did you measure it there?"

"I measured it."

"How long was it?"

"A foot and then some."

"Is that true, husband? The devil take him, how could he lie to you like that?"

"Wife, that's how it was."

He lay down as if to sleep.

"Wait and let me rest, I'm exhausted."

She takes a distaff and starts spinning. And he pretends to snore: hrrr, hrrr. She measures a foot and then some from the handle of the distaff: "The devil take you, why didn't you take it." She spun some more and said to herself again: "The devil take you, why didn't you take it. We could have kept it in the chest. And when you weren't around, I could have shoved in me myself."

He woke up.

"Wife, did you say something? Did you say something to me? Are you cursing me? You

woke me up," he said, "the devil take him, the devil take him!"

"It's nothing, the distaff won't go down and I can't spin. So what shall we do?"

"Well, here's what we'll do, I'll go again and give him whatever he asks."

And so he goes again to the craftsman as if to get his cock straightened out.

He said to the craftsman:

"Listen, I'll give you a hundred lira, but you'll have to do this for me: I want you to extend it with rubber. I want it to be a foot long, doesn't matter how you do it. I'll pay whatever it costs."

"Fine, lie down!"

He measured a piece from some white rubber. He stuck it on his cock. He spread it with glue, or with something. And the man got up and stuffed it into his pants.

He went home.

"Hey wife, you are not going to shame me now, you bitch! Just reach for it and you'll see."

She looked down and she said:

"And what in the world is this? I can't lie next to you."

"What do you mean, you can't! You'll have to take it one way or another! You kept yelling at me to make it bigger. And now I did it. Three hundred lira, gone. Stop thinking, grab it!"

He lifted it a little and the rubber rose and the head of the rubber was thick.

"Husband, I'll forgive you everything but don't put that thing in me. I'll die, I can't take that. That's a mule's cock, it's not a normal cock!"

"I wasted so much money--three hundred lira--and now you don't want it. What's the

matter? Come on, lie down!"

"I can't, please! I'll give you another hundred lira, just don't do it to me. That thing will kill me."

"Don't worry, wife! Let's just bring it close to your pussy. Let it kiss it. If you won't take it all in, at least let it kiss it once."

"Listen man, if it kisses it, you'll ram it in and it'll go right in. A fuck always follows a kiss!"

"Come on, hey, come on!"

He wouldn't let her get out of it. He laid her down, raised her legs up nicely. Now he pushed the entire rubber thing in with his fingers. He jammed in the rubber thing, and the cock went up in it. Now she says:

"Listen, take it out, I'll give you another hundred lira!"

And she got up and hit him.

"Congratulations! You're old, but you gave me what I needed. I said you were old, and that you couldn't do it, but you did it"

"Well, I had to pay good money to fix it. And now? Now the man wants me to bring him another hundred lira to fix it again."

"Here's a hundred more lira. You can fix it, or not fix it, but I won't let you put that thing in me again."

Goodbye and good riddance!