

The Sick Svat and the Svak'a

Once there was a svat who was hot for his svak'a. So much so, that he fell sick. His daughter-in-law said to him:

"Father, shall we ask mother to come over?"

"Ok, my daughter, ask her to come. I just can't go on at all. Let's see each other, my time has come, perhaps I'll die."

They invited her, and the svak'a came to visit. At that time there were no stoves, just fireplaces. He lay on one side of the fireplace, and she sat on the other side. Women at that time didn't wear underpants. He lay there, and she pulled up her skirt to warm herself. He watched her.

"Listen svak'a, raise it up a little more, and you'll warm up real nice."

She raised it up a little more and kept chatting with him. The whole time he watched her and kept talking. He said:

"Well, svak'a, I've seen what I wanted to see; now if I get better, I'll get better, if I die, I'll die!"

And she kept talking and kept pulling up her skirt.

"Hold it right there, svak'a. Warm yourself real nice. If you're cold, now you should get real warm."

"It's fine, svat. I feel fine. I came to see you. I told the old man: our daughter asked me to come visit our svat, he's real sick."

"That's nice, svaka, I'm glad you came. Now I'll either get well or I'll die."

He drew closer and closer to her.

"Father, you've begun to walk!" his daughter-in-law cried out.

"Well, I just wanted to sit next to my *svaka*."

He sat next to his *svak'a*, and began to fondle her.

"Momma, you ought to be ashamed," she said, "Father could come for you any minute now!"

"It's all the same: your father, the *svat*, it's all the same, daughter."

And the daughter-in-law said to her:

"Gosh, mother, aren't you ashamed?"

"You mind your own business!"

The daughter ran out the door and left the *svat* and *svaka* alone. And the *svat* got well - as fit as a fiddle.