

Each Pot Has its Own Cover

Once a man had a daughter ready for marriage. When she pissed, if you'll pardon me, nine water mills ground and three rolling mills rolled. One day she said to her father:

"Father, go and find me a husband! How long am I going to live like this? Tell me my fate truthfully."

And then her father set off to find her a husband. He walks, and walks, and walks. He goes around villages and cities. One day he came upon a man lying in the courtyard, cracking nuts with his thing.

"Hey there, I'm seeking a groom for my daughter. Would you care to be the one?"

"What sort of daughter do you have?"

"Well, when she pisses nine water mills ground and three rolling mills roll!"

"Ah, I'm not the one for her. Keep on looking!"

He walked some more, and he came upon a man: nine carts tied to his cock, he throws it over his shoulder, and he's pulling them.

And he asks him:

"This is my problem: I am seeking a groom for my daughter. When she pisses nine watermills grind and three rolling mills roll."

"I'm not for her, go find someone else!"

He walks, and walks, and walks, until he comes to a great river, like the Vardar. He wants to cross the river, but there's no bridge to go across. Some guy sets down his cock, stretches it out, and now people, carts, everything go across on it.

He says to him:

"Come on, get going, here's the bridge for you!"

"I'm afraid."

"What do you mean you're afraid?"

"I'm afraid."

And so he grabs the back part of his cock, lies on it and folds it over:

"Hold on tight!" he said.

And he plops it over on dry land.

"Get down now!" he said.

The man got down, and this one put the bridge back again.

"Where are you off to?"

"I am seeking a groom for my daughter. When she pisses nine water mills grind and three rolling mills roll!"

"Is that what kind she is?"

"That's how she is."

"I can be your son-in-law. When you come to get me, bring fourteen carts so we can load up my rod. They can be any kind of carts you want, so long as they can carry it."

They came to an agreement. The man searched, and searched, and searched, but he found only thirteen carts. He came back, loaded him up and brought him to the house. The man had a huge house, an old house, quite long - about twelve meters. When the wedding reception was held, the young groom sat by the wall, his cock was wound around and around the table. The people sat on it. They didn't know what it was. It was covered. They began to talk: this woman is like this, that woman is like that. He said to them:

"Don't talk dirty, think what you're sitting on!"

They went on again: this woman has this kind of tits, that one has such a pussy, if you'll

excuse me! And boom! His cock has had enough, and the people fly all over the place: one in the rafters, another in the chimney. The man finally calmed down. The wedding reception ended, and he lay down with the bride. They kept going and going at it, but the bride didn't get enough. It's too small for her!

"Well now," she said, "why did you come and get married when you weren't ready for it?"

"I was ready, it's your father who wasn't ready."

"How's that?" she said.

"I told him to bring fourteen carts, and he brought only thirteen. I loaded it up, the rest of it dragged along the road and got worn away."

And that's how he defended himself. The others stayed on. I took off this way.