

The Field Guard and the Hodzha

Once there was a field guard who looked after the vineyards of a certain hodzha. The hodzha was a good man, and every day he would bring the field guard his lunch, and then would pick himself some grapes. Well, one day he came upon the guard when he was asleep in the vineyard. The hodzha looked at him in amazement. From eating too many grapes, the field worker's thing had gotten as long a snake. The hodzha took a straw, measured him, and he stuck the straw in his turban, and there he forgot about it.

The hodzha went home, his damned wife saw him and asked him about the straw:

"What is this, you've never carried a straw?"

The hodzha, poor guy, tried this and that, but he couldn't get around it, and finally he told her.

When the hodzha left, the lady asked the maid to go call the field guard to the house. The field guard came to the house, and they made our real well. But just then, here comes the damned hodzha home. Where can the lady hide the field guard? She tried here and there, when finally it occurs to her to hide him in the attic. The field guard goes up there and falls asleep. But the guard got into the habit of yelling "Ho, bre, a ha, ha, ha" when he would woke up.

And so, as soon as he awoke, he calls out from the attic.

"Who is yelling out like that?" asked the hodzha.

"How should I know?" said his wife.

"Who is up there?" the hodzha shouted.

The field guard answered and said that the lady had called for him, and that's why he was in the attic.

"Go get lost," said the hodzha, "it's not your fault. I caused the problem with the damned straw."