

The Young Man, the Lady and the Servant

A poor man had a son, who one day said to him:

"Father, what are waiting around for, let's go buy thirty or forty rams, then we'll drive them and sell them. That ought to bring us some money!"

And the father listened to his son. So they bought forty rams. And they led them to graze on a mountain. The son said:

"Father, go on, I'll graze the rams here, you bring me a bag of salt. I'll feed the rams here. Let them graze. I'll fatten them, and then we will sell them."

So the father brought him a bag of salt and left. That evening the son slaughtered a ram, ate all the meat and wrapped the guts around his prick. After forty days he had finished the rams, ate them all up. He rode home on his donkey singing and whistling. His father asked him:

"Well, my son, where are the rams?"

"Father, I've sold them."

"If that's the case, my son, where is the money?"

"I'll get the money for them, don't worry!" he said. "Come on, let's go get a load of wheat and we'll go into Djumaja to sell it. And from there I'll get the money for the rams."

They set off, taking with them five or six loads of wheat. They loaded up five or six horses. And they got to the river Struma. His father wanted to ride one of the horses, but his son said to him:

"Father, don't ride the horses, the horses are loaded down! Hop on, I'll carry you across."

"Can you, son?"

"Of course I can."

So his father jumped up onto him. Just as they came to the middle of the water the son

grabbed his father by the belt and stopped.

"Father!"

"What is it, son?"

"I'm going to ask you something and I want you to. Answer truthfully. If you won't, I'll dump you into the water. I'll drown you.

"Well, son, I'll tell you whatever I know. "

"Father, tell me the truth. In your youth, how many times could you do it?"

"Hush, son, that is shameful!"

"No, you will tell me!"

"Sometimes twice, three times, at most four times!"

"Well, father, I can do it forty times."

"You can, son, you are strong."

On the other side of the river, down the river, a servant girl was pouring water and she heard them. Her lady was a hodja's daughter, and the lady's husband was a tax collector and was never at home. And she said to the lady:

"My lady, these people have said thus and so, they argued with one another..."

"Quick," she said, "go greet them and tell them to come to our place. We have good hay, oats. Let them come to our place."

She went to them and said:

"Uncle, the lady begs you to come to our place. We have good food, oats, we have everything."

Fine, so they went there, made themselves comfortable. Just as they sat down, what should they hear but a knock on the door: tap, tap, tap! The servant opened the door.

"What is it?"

"My lady calls for you."

The son went.

"What do you want?"

"I would like to make a bet. Let's set a wager."

"What sort of bet?"

"If you can do it forty times, I'll give you forty sacks of money. If you can't, I'll take the horse, the wheat and the money from you."

"Let's try it," he said.

They lay down. Humpety-bumpety! Humpety-bumpety! The fortieth time he spurted blood.

"Aha, that one doesn't count!"

"It does, too!"

"It doesn't!"

"Let's get it judged."

"Fine, we'll get it judged."

So they went to get it judged.

"Your Honor, I have come to reach a settlement with this man. "

"Well, what's the case?"

"He was to shake my walnut tree and crack forty walnuts for me. But one that he cracked was empty."

"Did you indeed crack forty walnuts?"

"I did."

"Well then, so what if one of the forty was empty. Give him the money!"

Plink,plank, plunk - she gave him forty sacks of money. He went home.

"Father, look! Here is the money from the rams!"

"Oh, my son. Ahh!"

As soon as he sat down the lady came again.

"What is it this time?"

"I want to make another bet."

"Now what is the bet to be?"

"I'll sit forty paces away, and you'll try to do it with me from forty paces away."

"All right!"

They counted out forty paces. When he got there, bang - right up her ass!"

"That doesn't count!"

"It does!"

"It doesn't!"

"It does!"

"We'll get it judged."

"Fine we'll get it judged, we'll get it judged."

So they went to the judge for a decision.

"Your Honor, I told him to bring the horse straight to my front gate, but he brought it to the back door."

"Your Honor, my horse went correctly, but she had shut the front gate, so he went in the back door. After all, it's only an animal!"

"Had you shut the front gate?"

"Yes I had."

"Give him the money!"

So the youth took this money, too. Forty plus forty, eighty sacks of money. He went home. After a short time the servant again knocked at the door.

"Now what, again?"

"My lady asks for you."

He went there.

"I wish to make one more bet with you."

"I will undress down to a thin dress, and the servant will undress, and you will lie in the middle, between us. If you can hold out and not fuck us the whole evening, I'll give you forty sacks of money. If you can't, I'll take everything the money and the horses."

"Fine!"

So he took some twine and tied up his prick. However, the lady lay down, but the servant, ah-ah, turned this way and moaned, that way and moaned.

"Oh, fuck, what am I going to do?"

The maid, quietly, found a pair of her master's scissors and - snip! She cut the twine. Now he took the servant, twine and all. Whomp! From her he turned to the lady. Whomp!

"You couldn't wait!"

"I could!"

"You couldn't!"

"I could!"

"Let's go, let's go get it judged."

Again they went to the judge for a decision.

"Your Honor, we have come again for a judgment."

"What is it?"

"I told him to tie up the horse so that it couldn't get into the meadow or the field. But his horse jumped into both field and meadow."

"But, Your Honor, I did tie up the horse, but they took it and cut the tether. After all, it's only an animal! So it will graze anywhere."

"But did you really cut the tether?"

"We did cut it."

"Give him the money!"

Plunk. There's the money. They gave him the money. And now she was stripped of everything, she had no more money. She did have a rooster.

"Here, I'll give you the rooster, let's do it once more, shake hands, and say goodbye." So he went at it once more with the lady, and once more with the servant. What did the servant give as a tip? She gave him one hundred lira. And the lady? She gave him the rooster.