

The Three Brothers and the Golden Apples

The time came for three brothers to wed. However, it word spread around that none of them had a prick. No woman wanted to marry them. The oldest brother said:

"I'm going to set off in search of a remedy so I can get married"

He walked and walked for a long time. He spent many days on the road. And at a certain place he met a certain old woman. This woman saw even from a distance that this young man was ill and unhappy. She said to him:

"So, my son, why are you so unhappy?"

"Ah, granny, how could I not be unhappy? Here I am over thirty years old and I still can't get married!"

"Why can't you?"

"I'm somewhat ashamed, but I will tell you."

"So tell me!"

"I have no prick!"

"Well, son, don't be upset. Granny will tell you what to do. Listen well to what I say. Walk on a little farther and you'll come upon a heavenly garden. In the garden grows an apple tree. This tree grows golden apples. Pick an apple, and you'll grow a prick."

So the youth went along the road just as the old woman had said, and found the garden. And he saw the golden apples. He plucked only one and ate it. As soon as he ate it, he sprouted a little meat. So he set off for home.

At home, when they learned that the eldest brother had returned home a man, they called out the drums and made a feast. And after a while this brother got married.

Now the second brother was upset because his brother had got married but he couldn't.

The married brother told him what the deal was, and the second brother said:

"I, too, will set off to seek a remedy."

He went, just as the older one had, and the old woman came up to him:

"Hey, my son, how come you're so sad?"

"Oh, granny, this is the situation: I have no cock!"

"Don't be upset. You go on and there is a heavenly garden. There you will pick an apple and your prick will grow."

Fine. Because he was so happy, this young man didn't obey the old woman. He was somewhat greedy, too. Instead of one apple, he picked two. And so, two grew! And he set off for home. Just as with the older brother, they had a celebration for him. That was fine, but he was sad and said:

"I'm going off to seek the old woman again. I can't do it with two. One will get in the way of the other."

He came to the woman and she said to him:

"Oh, my child, don't be upset. There's an easy solution! You have one for holidays, another for weekdays!"

He returned home, and after a short time he was wed. Then the youngest brother's turn came. His two brothers told him what to do. So he went off to the same place. He found the same woman. He also was rather sad. When she saw him the woman said:

"What is it, son, why do you come here?"

"Well, granny, we are three brothers. We were all born without pricks. What you did for those two worked, and their pricks grew and they married.

"That's nothing, child, granny will do the same for you. You will go over there. There is a

heavenly garden over there. A certain tree grows apples. When you pick one apple, and one will grow on you, too."

This one was the stupidest. He didn't pick one apple, as the woman had advised him, this one picked three apples. One wasn't enough for him, two weren't enough; he had to pick three and ate them all. So three grew. He went home. His parents and brothers began to rejoice. Fine, but he was unhappy. What could he do with three? He said:

"I'm going to the old woman. I can't do it with three."

He came to the old woman.

"Hey, my son, don't worry! Granny will fix it: one is for holidays, one is for everyday...*

*Here the narrator stops so that a listener would ask about the third one. He would get the following answer, which is also the punch line: "...the third is for your ass!"