

The Migrant Worker and His Wife

A certain man in the Mariovo region had a daughter. He married her off in a different village. The father went off to America three times. The third time he took his son-in-law with him. He had wealth at home, but it was just to earn a little money. They stayed in America three years. In the third year, they left. But the father, from the time they left to the time they returned, kept an account of what his son-in-law wore, ate, drank, and how much money he had left. They had worked at the same job; they had received the same pay. That is to say, he was testing him to learn whether he had gone about other things, whether he had taken the money for whoring. He hadn't gone out, he had controlled himself. When they were on their way home in the third year, he says to him:

"How much money do you have, son?"

"I have about three hundred napoleons."

"And I have three hundred. Now I know that you haven't gone about with other women, that you kept the money and that you're taking it home. Now you're a good man, and now I'll tell you something."

"What?"

"When you get home, you'll test my daughter to learn whether she fucked around during these three years."

"How will I test her?"

"For three evenings you'll sleep and you won't touch her at all. If she's fucked around she'll certainly try to test you."

"How do you know?"

"She won't leave you alone, but if she hasn't fucked around, then she'll sleep, too."

And so he arrived home. Just as his father-in-law told him, the first evening they ate dinner, drank wine, brandy. And they lay down. For a while the wife slept, later she woke him up.

"Come on!"

"I can't now. I nearly puked my guts out on the ship. I can't now, I'll rest, tomorrow, the day after, or the day after that I'll do it, but now I can't."

They stayed up all night talking like this. The next evening was the same. She woke him even sooner. Hey, not this way, not that way, they quarreled and quarreled and swore at each other and finally, he said to her:

"Right is right, if you want to stay, stay for the property, if not, get lost! I don't have that thing any more. I ran around with women there, in America. They cut my prick off."

She sent this news to her mother: it's thus and so. The mother went and told the old man: our son-in-law is thus and so.

"Oh, c'mon how can that be? We were together!"

"It's so. Tomorrow we will go and take back my daughter. This evening will make it three evenings in a row. She said to come and get her, they cut his thing off. Tomorrow I'll go and get her."

"Fine!"

And he had to hold out still one more evening. That evening she again squeezed him, hugged him.

"There isn't one?" she said. "Now let me see!"

"No, what's there to see? It's only a wound there, don't touch!"

They went back and forth, and again it grew light. And she went wild, breaking things.

His parents didn't know what was going on. She poured out the bowl, dropped it, it broke; she smashed all the pots, swore, cursed. She can't bear it without a cock! And then up come her parents.

"Good morning!"

"Good morning!"

"How are things?"

"Fine."

"How are you doing, in-law?"

"Fine!"

"How are things with my son-in-law? Did he bring back any money?"

"Well, I don't know, it's been hell ever since he got back. The bride," said his father, "moans and groans, smashes, swears, she's not good for anything."

"It's okay, things will be fixed up, don't worry!"

And he didn't want to take her. Her mother said:

"Don't just sit there, come on, get up, let's get her clothes out and load them up, and let's take her."

"Quiet, woman, if it's a matter of a husband, I'll go and find her another one, but as for property I can't find her any. But let's eat."

"What do you mean eat? Get up, man, let's go; let's take the stuff and take my daughter, and scram."

"I'm not going away before I eat with my in-laws. If you don't want to eat, damn it, do whatever you want, I'm eating."

Fine. They slaughtered chickens, geese, brought in wine, brandy. The husband said to his

young wife:

"Go and pour out some of the good wine for your mother and father to drink."

She went and poured out some sour wine. When they tasted it: sour!

"Ah, damn you, you don't want me and you don't love me, but you love your father and mother. So go pour them sweet wine."

She went and poured out sour wine again. And her father said to him:

"Hey, son, get up! She'll leave your kegs open, your wine will pour out, she's gone mad, she doesn't know what she's doing. Go and see!"

When he went, she was bent over, again pouring from the sour one.

"Hey, pour it from this one!" he said to her.

So she pulled out the stopper from that one and let it flow out. And then he took out his own "stopper" and screwed it into her as she was bent over. He got it in and tightened it beautifully. And she grabbed both stoppers and tightened them so nothing would flow out onto the ground. When she'd had her fill, she was very pleased... Then they go into the house. Her mother says to her:

"Don't sit there, daughter, c'mon, get your stuff together and let's go."

"Oh, you stupid ass? What stuff? Go get lost if that's what you came here for."

They drank, made conversation. The old man took out his wallet, said to his son-in-law: "Here's three hundred napoleons, because you controlled yourself. You are a real man! And here's three for you to buy yourself some poison and poison yourself since you couldn't save yourself for your husband."