

What You've Done, That's What You Got!

There was a man and his wife. Since he loved his wife so much, he called her Crookedcunt! When he would come from the forest with the donkey, the neighbors heard him calling out to her: "Come on out, come on, Crookedcunt, and let's unload the donkey!"

She was embarrassed. But he called her that because he loved her so much. He didn't think she was embarrassed. Day after day, day after day, she became angry. One day a seller of trinkets came to the village with rings, jewelry, knickknacks. The women gathered. One picked out a ring, another selected a necklace, a third this, a fourth that. This one sat silently at the side and was the last one there. All the other women left, and she said to the salesman:

"Are you a craftsman?"

"I am."

"And you make these things?"

"Yes, I make them," he said.

"Listen, then, it's like this: my husband swears at me and calls me Crookedcunt! So, if you're a craftsman, come, and if possible, straighten me out. I live in that house. I'll wait for you, my husband's not there."

"Okay," he said, "I'll come."

So, he got himself ready, she went home, slaughtered a rooster, prepared him a good meal. He showed up at the woman's place. She said to him:

"Come on up, come on in!"

He went on up.

"So," she said, "If you're really a craftsman, here's my problem. Can you do it?"

"I can. We'll straighten it out. It's an easy job."

So, he spread her out nicely on the bed and began. He jammed it in, rammed it in until he had had enough. He pulled out, he looked:

"Hm, still a little more, a little more and it will be straight!"

Finally, when he was satisfied:

"Now, woman, it's as straight as a rifle!" he said.

And she was happy that it had been straightened. She had really thought that it was crooked. Her husband came home. He said:

"Come down, wife, come on Crookedcunt, let's unload the donkey!"

"Okay, that's enough, you can forget about that damned name now. A craftsman came and straightened me out. It is like a rifle, he said, a rifle!"

"Where was this craftsman from?" her husband asked her. "From what place? Do you know?"

"I know. He was from a village around Struga. He's a good craftsman!"

The husband saw that it was his fault, he decided to do something about it. He didn't tell his wife anything. He simply said to her:

"Wife, bake me a loaf of bread tomorrow. I'm going on a long trip. I'll be back."

In order to get back at the craftsman, he dressed himself as a beggar. He tears his clothes to pieces, all threadbare, then he sets out for Struga, he goes from store to store asking where the goldsmith is to be found. He finds the goldsmith. He goes into his shop.

"Hey master, you see what I look like, see what I'm reduced to. I'm starving to death. I'll work for you for nothing more than a crust of bread. I don't want anything else: no money, nothing! Just food. Whatever you say, I will do for you," he says.

And he, the goldsmith, thought and thought.

"Okay, just let me go ask my wife."

He went and asked her

"It's okay, if it's only for bread, take him on, let him work," she says to him.

He returns to the store. He says:

"Fine, I'll take you. We'll go home, I'll take you there."

He takes him home. He gives him work: this, and that. He does everything they tell him to do. The goldsmith also had a vineyard. The time came to pick the grapes. It was market day. The craftsman says to the young man:

"Listen here, lad: go with my wife into the vineyard! Today is market day, and I can't go. Gather whatever you can. And watch out for her."

The craftsman was a Turk, and he guarded his wife, so no one would come upon her.

"Fine, master, I'll do everything you say."

They went into the vineyard and gathered grapes. At just about ten o'clock, when it grew hot, the wife became sleepy. She says:

"Hey, young man, I'm going to lie down awhile, keep an eye out in case someone passes by."

"Okay, I'll watch out."

She was wearing a gold necklace around her neck. As soon as she fell asleep, he slowly crept up to her, unfastened the necklace, and put it in his pocket. When she woke up, she looks: she doesn't have it!

"Hey, servant, come here!"

"What is it?"

"Well it's like this. . . I don't have my necklace," she said

"Don't worry, Madam, don't worry. It's an easy matter."

"What do you mean, easy? I don't have it. My husband will kill me."

"But no one came by. Your damned thing swallowed it up!"

"Oh, Good Lord, is that it?"

"That's it, I saw it."

"What can I do?"

"There's a remedy. I have an extractor. It's an easy matter, we'll get it out."

He spread her out nicely, cleaned her off, and banged and banged her until he had had enough. Then, the rogue, put the necklace on the extractor. Pretended that he was taking the necklace out."

"Here you are, Madam, you're all set. So, don't worry."

She was as happy as possible. They went home. And she said to him:

"We've lost a kettle, too, a silver one."

"Well, let's try and see if we can get it out."

Wham, wham, wham. He says:

"Madam, it's turned badly: the bottom is turned outwards, and the handle inwards!

There's no way to get it out. I've tried with all my strength, but I can't do it."

The husband came home. The wife tells him what happened during the day. How her damned thing had swallowed up the necklace. And she said:

"Thanks to this young man, God bless him, he had an extractor. He pulled it out of me!"

"How is that?"

"Just like that! And the kettle we lost, the silver one, he would have gotten it out, too but it had the bottom turned out, and the handle turned in. He just couldn't get it out."

"So," he said, "and he did that to you?"

"He did."

When the youth came, he said to him:

"Listen here, you, what have you done?"

"I did it. You are the craftsman for straightening out cunts, and I for extracting necklaces.

What you've done, that's what you got!"

And that's how it ended.