

The Bachelors' Confession

Once there were four young bachelors, smart-alecks, who knew that the priest was filled with passions, so they went to him to "confess" themselves. They entered like sinners with bowed heads

"What is it, you bastards?"

"Don't ask, father priest."

"Well, what do you want?"

"We've come to confess!"

"Come in, praise the Lord! Spit it out, come on."

"Like this, together?"

"However you wish."

"Hm, OK. It would be best together since our sins are the same. Well then: you know there was a fair in Vinica."

"Yes, of course. I ate my heart out that I couldn't go!"

"Well, we stretched our legs and set off."

"And?"

"What, and? We hung around the stalls as if we were buying something, and we were making passes at the village girls."

"And?"

"And, you know... there are a lot of girls at the stalls with bracelets and rings. We talked and talked, and we scored three. We bought each one a bracelet, treated them to cold *boza*, and, they took us."

"The girls took you?!"

"Uh-huh, they just smiled and walked towards the meadows. As for us, what could we do, we went after them. It got dark and. . .we sinned!"

"And... were they young?"

"Not just young, grandpa priest, but dew drops! Such pink cheeks, such pointed tits..."

"Aah, you bastards, you mother-fuckers! Where do you find them all like that, young, dew drops, aah!"