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FOLKLÓR ÉS ETNOGRÁFIA
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VEKERDI JÓZSEF
CIGÁNY NYELVJÁRÁSI NÉPMESÉK
II

Gypsy dialect tales from Hungary

Edited by
J. VEKERDI

Volume II.



DEBRECEN, 1985

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Oktatási és kutatási kiadvány
Kossuth Lajos Tudományegyetem

Szerkeszti:

UJVÁRY ZOLTÁN

Lektorálta:

KOVÁCS ÁGNES

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J E G Y Z É T E K

- Rövidítések / Abbreviations:
- A** : adatközlő / told by; "...": adatközlő ragadványneve, ún. "cigány név" / his nickname, "Gypsy name"
 - B** : bibliográfia / bibliography
 - BN** : Berze-Nagy János: Magyar népmesetípusok. 1957.
 - é** : éves / years old
 - GG** : Grabócz Gábor
 - Gy** : gyűjtötte / collected by
 - KÁ** : Kovács Ágnes
 - MNK** : Magyar Népmesekatalógus / Catalogue of Hungarian Folk Tales /MS. in the Ethnological Institute of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, Budapest/
 - Ny** : nyelvjárás / dialect
 - VJ** : Vekérdi József
 - **AaTh** : A. Aarne - S. Thompson, The types of the folktale. 2nd. rev. 1973.

A mesék tipologizálása a nemzetközi Aarne-Thompson-féle népmesekatalógus 2. kiadása, Berze-Nagy János Magyar népmesetípusok c. munkája, valamint az MTA Néprajzi Kutatócsoportja Folklór Osztályán készülő, eddig csak részben megjelent Magyar Népmesekatalógus alapján történt. A nyomtatásban megjelent kézikönyvekre a szokásos módon utalunk, a Magyar Népmesekatalógus azonban a szokásostól eltérő jelzéseket használ; ezek magyarázatára szorulanak.

A Magyar Népmesekatalógus AaTh rövidítéssel és típuszámmal jelöli mindazokat a meséket, melyeknek nemzetközi párhuzamaira az Aarne-Thompson-féle katalógus is utal /pl. AaTh 300 "Sárkányölő"/. MNK rövidítéssel és csillaggal jelölt számmal tünteti fel egyrészt a nemzetközi típusképtől eltérő, stabil magyar redakciókat /pl. MNK 590^x "A győzhetetlen kard"/, másrészt a nemzetközi katalógusban nem szereplő, a magyar anyagban azonban több változattal képviselt mesetípusokat /pl. MNK 1298^x "A tej-

mérés"/: ezek jelentős része nagy valószínűség szerint nem kizárólag magyarban fordul elő, csak valamilyen okból eddig nem került be a nemzetközi népmesekatalógusba. Végül MNK jelzéssel és két csillaggal jelölt típuszámmal különböztetjük meg azokat a mesekezdő típusokat, epizódokat, melyek állandó jelleggel egy meghatározott mesetípus változatainak vagy alkalmilag különböző más típusok változatainak a kezdetétől szolgálnak /pl. MNK 304^{XX} "Az apjuk sírját őrző fiúk"/.

A magyar meseanyag igen gazdag különböző állandó típusösszetételekben, kompozíciókban. Ezekben az egyes mesetípusok különféle módon kapcsolódhatnak egymáshoz. + jellel jelöljük, ha két mesetípus befejezett formában kapcsolódik egymáshoz /ez az eset legtöbbször a láncmesékben fordul elő/: - jellel jelöljük, ha az összetételben az első mesetípus befejezése, vagy a második kezdete hiányzik /ez a leggyakoribb összekapcsolódási forma/; hullámvonallal: ~ , ha a két típus motívumai keverednek egymással /ez különösen a cigány mesemondók esetében gyakori/; végül kerek zárójellel: () azokat a kompozíciókat, mikor a második típus az elsőbe közbeiktatódik és teljes egészében elhangzik, s befejezése után folytatódik és fejeződik be az első /pl. AaTh 315(300), AaTh 468(302A^X), stb./. A stabil magyar típusösszetételek bemutatásához azért folyamodunk, hogy lássuk, hogy a cigány mesemondók alkalmi vagy állandó összetételei hogyan viszonyulnak ehhez. - KÁ.

- - -

1. A: Németh János, "Mireg"; 28 é. Cy: VJ + Hajdú András, Kispest 1955. Ny: lovári. B: JGLS 39, 1960, 100-115; Vekérdi 1974, 274-276; Vekérdi 1961, 309-312. -- MNK 303^{XX} (AaTh 330C - AaTh 307). Egyes magyar változatokban, mint mesénkben is, a kutya is aranyhajú emberfiat szül. Ez a motívum főleg Északkelet-Magyarországon fordul elő. - KÁ.
A különböző mesetípusoknak ez a kombinációja magyarban ismeretlen.

Németh János kitűnő mesemondó. Sokat olvasott, könyvélményei azonban csak jó értelemben befolyásolták mesemondását: témakörét gazdagították, és művészi megfogalmazását magas szintre emelték, anélkül, hogy jellegzetes cigány meseszerkesztését és egyéni stílusát tompították volna. Meséinek sajátossága a magasrendű erkölcsi szemlélet, az emberséges magatartás kidomborítása a részcelemeknyekben. Mind cigányul, mind magyarul hibátlanul, tagoltan beszél. Meséit rövid /néha csak egy vagy két szavas/ szakaszokban mondta tollba, ebből fakad a szóvégi elizió gyakori kimaradása, és egymás melletti szavak külön-külön hangsúlyozása. - A Németh-család meséit Hajdú András gyűjtötte fel /kiadatlan/.

2. A: Németh János, "Mireg"; 28. é. Gy: VJ + Hajdú András, Kispest 1955. Ny: lovári. B: Vekerdi 1966, 135-148; Vekerdi 1974, 275. -- AaTh 300 ~ MNK 319^x - MNK 302C^{ix} + AaTh 655.

A címszereplő neve magyar átvétel, de magyarban rendkívül ritka ez az alak, és nincs meghatározott szerepköre, míg a magyarországi oláh cigány mesékben önállósult. A típusösszetétel azonban nem szilárd: különböző kombinációkban lép fel az Ólomfejű Barát, Ólomkirály, Ólombarát. Egyébként is, az AaTh 300 típus /Sárkányölő/ tulajdonképpen összeegyeztethetetlen az AaTh 302 típusal /Rejtett erő elpusztítása/, ahogyan mesékben kombinálódik. - Az Árgyelis Miklóska név az Árgyelus királyfi és Királyfia Kis Miklós kombinációjából született, és a magyarországi oláh cigány mesékben ebben az alakban /ill. Árgyelis Kis Miklós változatban/ szilárdult meg.

3. A: Németh József, "Négus", 16. é. Gy: VJ, Kíspest 1955. Ny: lovári. B: Vekerdi 1961, 312-323; Vekerdi 1974, 260. -- AaTh 300 (K912.+ H1421.-AaTh 1061).

Németh János öccse. Meséiben a legkülönbözőbb magyar népmesei elemek töredékei keverednek, meselógika szempontjából gyakran indokolatlanul, mégis /éppen ezért/ jellegzetes cigány kalandos elbeszélés, érdekesítő, eredeti történetre állva össze. Pl. a temetőnek és a táltos lónak semmi szerepe sincs a történetben, vagy a második és harmadik királylány megszabadítása nem kapcsolódik az első rész sárkányölő epizódjához, ennek ellenére nem hat zavarólag a történetben.

4. A: Raffael Mária, 60 é. Gy: VJ + Hajdú András, Rákospalota 1956. Ny: lovári. -- MNK 450A^{ix} - AaTh 450. A feljegyzett 29 magyar változat közül 4 hasonló szerkezetű, amelyeket Vas, Zemplén és Heves megyében, ill. Bukovinában gyűjtöttek. - KÁ.

Az adatközlő elmondása szerint gyermekkorában a falusi /nemcigány/ gyermekek mesemondással szórakoztatták egymást, tőlük tanulta meséit. Magyar nyelven ugyanezt a történetet kidolgozottabban mondta el; pl. a cigány szövegbe magyarul közbeszúrt megjegyzéseket a magyar változatban bedolgozta az elbeszélésbe.

5. A: Raffael Mária, 60 é. Gy: VJ + Hajdú András, Rákospalota 1956. Ny: lovári. -- Két típus keveredik. A bevezetés AaTh 409A változata, amelyet AaTh 510B követ. Ez utóbbi típus feljegyzett 30 magyar változata közül kettőben szerepel tők. - KÁ.

6. A: Raffael Mária, 60 é. Gy: VJ + Hajdú András, Rákospalota 1956. Ny: lovári. -- AaTh 1643. A típus erdélyi magyar változataiban a feszület vagy kiszáradt fa, amelynek a szegény ember eladja a tehenet, olykor

románul szólal meg. A szövegünkben szereplő mărcine 'kedden' szó is román eredetű a lováriiban. Román népmesékben így szerepel a mondat: Cirt, cart, 'st' apte pînă mart 'Kirc, karc, várj keddig!'. V.8. Kovács Á.: Idegen nyelvű sztereotípiák, Népi Kultúra - Népi Társadalom VII, 1973, 164. A történet végén a hallgatóság "Nincs befejezve" megjegyzése jogsult. A magyar változatokhoz az AaTh 1643 típus csupán bevezetésül vagy részletként szolgál egy hosszabb, humoros történethez. - KÁ.

7. A: Raffael Mária, 60 é. Gy: VJ + Hajdu András, Rákospalota 1956. Ny: lovári. -- A mese magyar előképe szintén jólismert magyar kombináció: MNK 319^x - MNK 3020^x. Raffael Mária azonban másként kombinálta a két típus motívumait, mint Németh János: MNK 3020^x (Bl81.8., MNK 319^{xx}). A három hídnál három sárkánnyal vívott küzdelem indokolatlanul iktatódik közbe. - KÁ.

8. A: Németh János, "Mireg", 30 é. Gy: VJ, Kispeszt 1956. Ny: lovári. -- AaTh 1641. Ezt az elterjedt mesetípust Kónyi János felvette 1782-ben megjelent Democritusába /II. 77/, és ez az irodalmi változat került be későbbi népszerű kiadványokba, többek között Benedek Elek gyűjteményébe, erősen befolyásolva a magyar folklór-változatokat. A feljegyzett 21 magyar változat közül egyikben sem szerepel cigány mint főhős. - KÁ.

9. A: "János bácsi" -re hallgató idős férfi. Gy: VJ + Bethlenfalvy Géza, Rákoskeresztúr 1960. Ny: lovári. -- MNK 728^x. A mese a Brunszvig királyról és a cseh Sztilfridről szóló német /illetőleg cseh/ eredetű ponyva-kiadványra megy vissza, amelyet a 18. század végén magyarra fordítottak, és több kiadásban jelentettek meg. Ld. Katona L.: Az Akastyán hegyről, Irodalmi tanulmányok, Bp. 1912, I. 330-344. A magyar szájhagyományban a két részből álló ponyva-történet második fele vált népszerűvé. 8 magyar változatát jegyezték fel, vö. BN 728^x. - KÁ.

Az írástudatlan adatközlő csakis élőszóban ismerkedhetett meg a történettel. Rajta kívül nem találkoztam más cigánnyal, aki ismerte volna. Hozzáfűzte, hogy az oroszlán kővé vált, és most a Lánchíd végén áll. A griffmadár motívumot AaTh 301-ből vette át.

10. A: Rafael János, 62 é. Gy: VJ + GG, Nógrádbercel 1972. Ny: lovári.

A történetnek magyar előképe nem ismeretes. A szereplők csengőcsináló gyanánt történő feltüntetése arra mutat, hogy eredetileg nem lovári /'lő-kupec'/, hanem kolompári /'csengőöntő'/ oláh cigány csoportban keletkezett.

11. A: Rostás Béla, 81 é. Gy: VJ, Debrecen 1972. Ny: lovári. B: Vekerdi 1978. -- AaTh 315, előtte bevezetőül AaTh 709-ből a rabló-tanyára kerülő főszereplő motívuma. Az AaTh 315 típust az I. motívum hiánya különbözteti meg AaTh 590-től. 32 magyar változat ismeretes, egyikben sem fordul elő a Rostásnál található bevezető epizód. Egyébként a magyar változatokat követi, csupán AaTh 300 hiányzik belőle, amely a magyar változatokba rendszerint beiktatódik. - KÁ.

Rostás régies kiejtéssel beszéli a nyelvet: a lágy és kemény ejtésű $\frac{\dot{s}}{\dot{s}}$ ill. $\frac{\dot{z}}{\dot{z}}$ hangot megkülönbözteti, az \dot{e} magánhangzót zártan ejti. A történetet az élemedett korra jellemző tömörséggel adta elő, részletező leírások nélkül. Cipótalp mint tiltott étel motívuma magyar népmesékben nem ismeretes; feltehetőleg az "olvan szegények voltak, hogy még a cipótalpat is megették" magyar népmesei mondásból rögtönözte az adatközlő. Szintén az ő rögtönzése a főszereplő "Tündér Miska" neve /magyarul, de megfelelő magyar előkép nélkül/.

12. A: Rostás Béla, 81 é. Gy: Mohay András, Debrecen 1972. Ny: lovári. -- AaTh 425 - AaTh 706. A történet első része pontosan követi a magyar előképet. A feljegyzett 28 magyar változatban 22 kigyó, 3 disznó, 3 egyéb állat szerepel. A disznót szerepeltető magyar változatok a magyar nyelvterület keleti részéről, Erdélyből, Moldvából és Békés megyéből származnak. A két típus kombinációja magyarban nem fordul elő. - KÁ.

13. A: Németh Jánosné, "Anna". Gy: VJ, Kispest 1956. Ny: lovári. B: Vekerdi 1974, 217, 276. -- AaTh 365 /+AaTh 407B/.

"Mireg" felesége. A mesét gyermekkorában apjától hallotta. Bár nem olyan gyakorlott mesemondó, mint férje, e történetet kitűnően adta elő. 1955-ben Hajdú Andrással közös gyűjtésben felvett másik meséje elmondása előtt erősen szabazkodott, hogy nem tud mesét mondani, s azt a meséjét valóban igen szaggatottan, töredezetten adta elő /Hajdú 1960/1.sz., tévesen férjének tulajdonítva/.

A "Halott vőlegény" /Lenóra/ és az "Ördögszerető" mesetípus a magyarban igen gyakran kombinálódik, ld. BN 365I. Előszóval mesélték a fonóban, ld. Lajos Á., Este a fonóban, 1974, 323-369. Természetesen cigányok sohasem voltak jelen a fonóházban, így a történet eredeti funkciójától függetlenül sajtóztatották el. Változatát ld. kötetünk 57. darabjaként.

14. A: Rostás Lajos, 19 é. Gy: Mohay András, Debrecen 1972. Ny: lovári. B: Études Tsiganes 1980/1, 1-6.

A 11-12. sz. történetet előadó Rostás Béla családjában történt felvétel. Az adatközlő természetesen csupán a történet hitelessége kedvéért tüntette fel magát 97 éves aggastyánnak. Az egykori vándorló, lókupecke-

désre és lopásra alapozott "eredeti" cigány életforma megszépítése és visszasóvárgása egészen a legutóbbi évekig kedvelt elbeszélési téma volt a hagyományörző lovári /ló_kupec/ oláh cigány csoport körében. Éles el-
lentétben áll a cigány multnak ezzel az idealizálásával kötetünk 58. sz.
darabja, amely a munka nélküli, élősdi megélhetés lovári hagyományával
szemben a valósághoz híven tükrözi a cigány_ág multbeli keserves életét.

15. A: két püspökladányi asszony. Gy: VJ 1971. Ny: lovári.

1971 májusában történt püspökladányi látogatásom alkalmával esküvő-
re készültek a cigánysoron. Kérésre a két örömanya rövid párbeszédet
rögzített az előkészületekről. - Az említésre kerülő lányszöktetés a
házasságkötésnek meglehetősen gyakori, de mindig nagy veszekedést kiváltó
formája a hagyományos oláh cigány életben. A harag oka a lakoma elma-
radása. - A dalt dallammal adta elő az adatközlő.

16. A: Kovács Ibolya, "Iboly", kb. 35 é. + Parkas Klára, "Ráji",
50 é. Gy: VJ, Püspökladány 1971. Ny: lovári.

Kovács Ibolya mese gyanánt kezdte a történetet, de hamarosan átcsa-
pott a mindennapi élet problémáinak területére, saját magát téve meg el-
beszélése főszereplőjének. Nénje kezdetben ötletet adó sugóként állt se-
gítségére, s ekkor huga egymagában párbeszédet rögtönzött /mindig hangot
váltva, ha nénje szerepében lépett fel/, majd a szünet után nénje tényle-
gesen átvette a másik személy szerepét. - A szövegben szereplő dal az
egyik legnépszerűbb magyarországi oláh cigány románc, első sorában gyak-
ran az "Iboly" névvel /máskor "Giza" név szerepel a dalban/.

17. A: Kovács József, "Jozsó". Gy: GG, Püspökladány 1973. Ny:
lovári. -- AaTh 923. A legkisebbik királylány megtalálására és fele-
ségül bevására vö. AaTh 450. 5 magyar változata ismeretes; szerkezetileg
egyik sem azonos Kovács József szépen megfogalmazott történetével, és
a két idősebbik királylány költői felelete sem szerepel a magyar válto-
zatokban. - KÁ.

A mese végén a "mint a nép a sót" mondat után a következő, szokatlan
záróformulát alkalmazta az adatközlő: "Éljen a néköztársaság, éljen a
haza! Dövlésa mukap tume. Te na mülás, v' ádjés trajil."

18. A: Horváth Sándor, 37 é. Gy: Ladvenicza Ilona + Valis Éva, Esz-
tergom 1967. Ny: cerhári. -- AaTh 313E^x (AaTh 510 I.b)+AaTh 780. Az
AaTh 313E^x egyetlen magyar változatát a Mezőségről ismerem, láthatólag
román kölcsönzés. Moldvában AaTh 480+AaTh 780 összetételű magyar mesét
gyűjtöttem, román dalbetéttel, amelynek második része némileg hasonlít
a kötetben szereplő meséhez. Ez a mese, valamint a kötet megelőző darab-
ja, valószínűleg nem magyar forrásra megy vissza. - KÁ.

Az Esztergomban lakó cerhári /'sátoros'/ elnevezésű oláh cigány csoport nem azonos a szintén cerhári elnevezésű nyírségi fődozó cigány csoporttal. Nyelvjárásuk alig tér el a lováritól. A čh > s és dž > ž hangváltozás kevésbé általános, mint lováriban. Az uvuláris [r] mássalhangsós mindig így ejtődik a rom és mure szóban, és ejtése hosszabb, mint az [r] hangé.

A történetet - azonos cselekménnyel és azonos nevekkel - ismételten feljegyezték cigány adatközlőktől Magyarországon. Csenki S. gyűjtésében két változata szerepel /Csenki 1974, 179, 183/. Erdélyi magyar népmesék elemeinek kombinációja. A kezdő és záró motívum /királyné cipői, ill. lányát feleségül venni kívánó király/ magyar előképére vonatkozólag v.ö. BN 978^x. Az összetétel magyarban nem fordul elő; tekintve, hogy cigányban szilárdnak látszik, állandósult magyarországi oláh cigány típusnak tekinthető.

A versbetétet dallam nélkül, recitálva adta elő az adatközlő. Csenki gyűjtésében igen hasonló dalbetét szerepel:

Sentiondiko muri rakli,
třin pale tro semělji,
xoxadas tu žofolica,
le krajeske len romnjake.

A következő dalbetét szövege és ritmusképlete romlott. Helyes szövege Csenkinél található:

Lokes phurde, lokes cirde
mure dadesko juhási.

Az adatközlő szabad recitativ dallammal énekelte. A dallam recitativ átalakítása a szótagszám megváltoztatásának következménye /eredetileg nyolcszótagos sorok/; Sárosi Bálint lejegyzésében:



Másodsorra dallam nélkül mondta a szöveget, a ritmikailag nyomatékos szótagok erős hangsúlyozásával, és a sorközépen erős metazettel.

19. A: Lakatos András, 20 é. Gy: Ladvenicza Ilona + Valis Éva, Esztergom 1967. Ny: cserhári. -- AaTh 510B - AaTh 706. Magyarban az AaTh 510B típusnak 30 változata van feljegyezve: ezek közül kettőben szerepel a cipő motívuma és az AaTh 706 típus, mindkettő cigány adatközlőktől származik. Az AaTh 510B-AaTh 706 összetétel magyarban csak Erdélyben és Északkelet-Magyarországon fordul elő. - KÁ.

20. A: Horváth Sándor, 37 é. Gy: Ladvenicza Ilona + Valis Éva, Esztergom 1967. Ny: cserhári.

A 18. sz. történet adatközlője ezzel a mesével folytatta elbeszélését; a "megint elmondok egyet" bevezetés erre vonatkozik. Feltehetőleg magyar ponyva-történetre megy vissza, bár pontos magyar népmesei megfelelője nem ismeretes. Igen közeli cigány nyelvű változatát jegyezte fel Püspökladányban Csenki Sándor /Csenki 1974, 25/.

A bevezető rész /leánykérés/ nem tartozik szorosan a történethez. Leánykérésről és házaságról szóló elbeszélések közkedveltek a különböző cigány csoportok körében. A hallgatóság az első részt humoros történetnek fogta fel, de amikor kísértet-történétté alakult át, hirtelen borzadály telepedett a hallgató közönségre.

Ugyanezen cigány közösség két további meséjét közölte Valis Éva /Valis 1968/.

Az első részben szereplő dalbetét közismert oláh cigány népdal. Az egész történet /a bevezető rész/ valójában ennek a dalnak az értelmezéseként született. Dallama Sárosi Bálint lejegyzésében:





21. A: Rostás Ferdiné, "Múra". Gy: VJ + GG, Ráckeve 1973. Ny: drizári. -- AaTh 327A Hansel and Gretel - AaTh 450 Little Brother and Little Sister - AaTh 408 The Three Oranges + AaTh 710 Our Lady's Child + AaTh 425I-II. The Monster as Husband. A mese ezeknek^{az}összeegyeztethetetlen típusoknak alkalmi összetétele. A főszereplő neve az Árgírus királyfi meséből került át /v.ö. AaTh 400, EN 400 I^x/.

Ráckeveben egymástól elkülönülten két oláh cigány csoport lakik: a falu szélén lovárik, a falutól távol, az erdőben, drizárik. Vegyesházasságok előfordulnak, egyébként a két telep lakói nem tartanak fenn kapcsolatot egymással.

22. A: Sztojka Borbála, "Palat", 28 é. Gy: VJ + GG, Ráckeve 1973. Ny: drizári. -- AaTh 408.

A bevezető rész nem kapcsolódik a történethez; magyar előképe nincs. Két különböző kezdő motívum összekeveréséből jött létre: varázserejű fogantatás és örökbe fogadott állat egymást kizáró motívumából. A királyi pár elválása nemcigány népmesékben teljesen ismeretlen motívum: a cigány mindennapok világának kivetítése a tündérmesék szférájába. Ugyanígy ismeretlen a nemcigány népmesékben az a vízió-szerű, öncélú kalandozás, amely a mese bevezetését képezi. A különböző motívum-töredékeknek ilyen rögtönzött összekapcsolása igen jellemző a cigány mesemondásra.

23. A: Rostás Károly, "Huttyán", 48 é. Gy: Víg Rudolf + VJ, 1974. Ny: másári. -- AaTh 955+955B^x+590. AaTh 590 ill. MNK 590^x típusnak 17 magyar változata ismeretes. Lényegében mindkét típus AaTh 315 változata. Rostás meséjében ezek keverednek. Minden valószínűség szerint nem magyar mesemondói hagyományt követ. Előadásmódja balkáni technikára mutat. A Balkánon a cigányok fontos szerepet játszottak, mint udvari és vásári szórakoztatók. Romániában a cigány lăutar-ok /hegedősök/ hasonló stílusban adnak elő történeteket román nyelven. - KÁ.

Az öv-motívumnak itt szereplő változata magyarban teljesen ismeretlen. - VJ.

Rostás Károly és családja Ücsödben /Békés m./ lakik, ahonnan a család fő Budapestre járt dolgozni. Másfél évtizeden keresztül hűséges adatközlője volt cigány nyelvű népdalokkal a MTA Népszekutató Csoportjában dolgozó Víg Rudolfnak. A kötetben szereplő mesét is itt mondta magnetofonba. Az állandóan visszatérő "hallod, Rudi" megszólítás Víg Rudolfnak szól. A hallgató közönség valamely tagjának néven szólítása oláh cigány mesemondói sajátosság /v.ö. KÁ.megjegyzésével/.

Rostás anyja másári volt, és ő maga is annak vallotta magát. Apja törzsi /-ári/ hovatartozása helyett csak nemzetségét /-estyi/ tudta megadni: apja és nagyapja Dudumestyi, apai nagyanyja Pokulfajta nemzetségbe tartozott /ez utóbbit 'fűrócsináló'-nak fordította/.

24. A: Jakab József, "Jóska", 41 é. Gy: GG, Újkígyós 1975. Ny: lovári, másári beütésekkel.

Anyja másári; apját Ducestyi és Cerinestyi származásúnak mondta /a Ducestyi nemzetség a lovári törzsbe, a Cerinestyi nemzetség a másári törzsbe tartozik; ez utóbbiak főként Erdélyben laktak/.

Vencigány személyekkel folytatott beszélgetés idézésekor a cigány adatközlők előszeretettel térnek át magyarra. Jakab József magyar mondatainak kiejtése furcsán megváltozott az előadás során. Eleinte legszabályosabb magyar kiejtéssel ejtette a magyar mondatokat. Attól kezdve, hogy a hallgatóságból rászóltak: "Mondd cigányul!", jellegzetes cigányos kiejtéssel mondta a magyar mondatokat. Pl. a magyar é hangot először e-nek, majd i-nek ejtette.

Rossz álmok elmondása kedvelt témája a cigányok beszélgetéseinek.

25. A: Kovács Erzsi, "Fedra", 24 é. Gy: GG, Újkígyós 1975. Ny: másári.

A történet két, egymástól független részből áll: a kígyó lerészegítése, és az ártatlanság csodás bizonyítéka. Pontos magyar /vagy egyéb/ megfelelője egyik résznek sem ismeretes. v.ö. AaTh 285, BN 285^x /kígyó a gyermek cuclisüvegéből iszik/ és AaTh 883 /hű feleség kiszabadítja férjét. A feleség ártatlanságának csodás bizonyítéka ballada-téma a délkelet-európai folklóron /más jellegű megoldásokkal/. Valószínűleg valamely román népköltészeti elem szabad átdolgozásával állunk szemben, amit a második rész hangulata is mutat. Egyébként a Békés-megyei oláh cigány csoportoknál erősebb a román hatás, mint Magyarországon más területein élő oláh cigányoknál.

A történet első felét Csenki egy erdélyi származású, másári asszonytól ugyanígy jegyezte fel /Csenki 1974, 160-162, 321/.

26. A: Kovács Erzsé, "Fedra", 26 é. Gy: GG, Újkígyós 1975. Ny: másári. -- AaTh 822, BN 769^x.

Az adatközlő előző alkalommal "félíg másári, félíg Butvestyi"-nek vallotta magát, most "félíg másárestyi, félíg Dudumestyi" származásról beszélt, és életkorát is eltérően adta meg.

A legendamese műfaja rendkívül ritka a magyarországi cigányoknál. Előfordulása másári törzsnél és különösen Békés megyében azzal magyarázható, hogy a konzervatív másárik itt erősebben őrzik a román hatást; és talán a környék cigányai körében elterjedt szektásság is hozzájárul Isten és Szent Péter szerepeltetéséhez /a kettő egyébként szerepet cserélt a mesében: Szent Péter az okosabb/. Magyar legendamesékben nem Istennek, hanem Jézus Krisztusnak kísérető társa Szent Péter, de Jézus alakja és neve teljességgel idegen a /formailag keresztény!/ cigányságtól.

27. A: Horváth István /idős személy/. Gy: GG, Tótkomlós 1975. Ny: kherári. -- AaTh 751B^x+735A. Az összetétel magyarban ismeretlen.

A típus aránylag ritka az európai folklóroan. V.ö. még AaTh 846^x ill. BN 750 I^x. AaTh 751B^x típusban a hónapok nem szerepelnek /a teljesen eltérő 403B típusban szerepelnek/. A kötetünkben szereplő mesét valószínűleg erdélyi magyar változattól kölcsönözték. - VJ.

A tótkomlói cigányok legnagyobb részét a kherári törzshöz tartoznak. Azonban a kherári nyelvjáráson belül bizonyos eltérések tapasztalhatók. Erdős Kamill kherári adatközlői a szóvégi -s mássalhangzót és szóközépi -sk- hangsoportot ebben az alakban ejtették /Erdős 1959, 56, 59/, a kötetben szereplő történetek adatközlői ejtése általában -x, -xk- vagy -h / -ø /, -hk- volt, mint a colári nyelvjárásban. Az e magánhangzó helyetti ä, ö ejtés területi sajátosságnak tekinthető, nem törzsinék /az ebben az esetben az izoglossza éppúgy területi összetartozáson alapul, mint a letelepült népek esetében, míg egyébként a különböző cigány törzsek vándorlásuk során a területi tényezőtől függetlenül megőrzik nyelvjárási sajátosságaikat/. A kiegészítés a szomszédos román nyelvterület közelségének tudható be /az ö ejtés kb. úgy hangzik, mint az erdélyi magyarok ajkán a román ä hang, pl. Bölcseszku 'Bălcescu'/. Hasonlóképpen a román kölcsönszavak aránya is nagyobb, mint távolabb lakó oláh cigány csoportoknál. Sztojka és Sztanykovszky szótárának néhány román kölcsönszava is csak ezen a területen ismeretes, másutt kihaltak.

28. A: Ludoviko Baratiéri /?*/, "Bagi gróf" /?/, 40 é. Gy: GG, Tótkomlós 1975. Ny: kherári.

Az adatközlő először "Bagi, Bagi gróf" alakban adta meg nevét, majd magyar neve gyanánt a fenti sajátos nevet mondta. Mint ebből és az általa elmondott bibliai történetből is látható, pszichiátriai szempontból

nem kifogástalan. A nemzetségre vonatkozó kérdésre ezt a választ adta: Me som Anglo-indiāno, Britiā-indiāno. A Jehova tanúi szekta követője. A Mózes I. könyve és az evangéliumok különböző töredékeiből egyéni képzelőerővel összeállított történet egyrészt azt mutatja, hogy mit fognak fel a cigányok a keresztény vallásból /amennyiben egyáltalán törődnek a vallással/, másrészt ugyanúgy a jellegzetes cigány rögtönző és legkülönbözőbb motívumokat kombináló szerkesztésmódot tükrözi, mint a mesék. Heródes gyermekgyilkossága, Ábrahám vendéglátása, Lót felesége, Krisztusz megfeszítése, Golgota, Nílus, Kánaán, Sodoma éppúgy egybeolvad nála, mint a különböző mesetípusok motívumai a cigány mesemondók kezén.

29. A: Nagy Gusztáv. Gy: Víg Rudolf, Kétegyháza 1961. Ny: kherári. -- AaTh 563. 40 magyar változat ismeretes. Egy mezőszéki változatban a szegény ember románul szólítja meg az asztalt. Vegyes lakosságú területek magyar mesemondói előszeretettel mondanak idegen nyelven bizonyos fordulatokat, pl. trágár kitételeket vagy ráolvasásokat. Így - annak ellenére, hogy a kakól bani fordulat román nyelvű /caică bani/ -nem kell szükségszerűen románból történt kölcsönzésre gondolnunk. Valószínűbb, hogy az a magyar mesemondó, akitől Nagy Gusztáv a mesét tanulta, magyar nyelven mondta el a történetet, közbeszúrt román mondattal. A magyar rotocska-botocska ikerszó egyértelműen magyar eredetre utal. Meséinkből kimaradt az asztal motívuma. - KÁ.

A zárójelbe tett mondatokat a hallgatóság egyik tagja mondta, akinek apaórányneve /"cigány neve"/ Bacsko vagy Bogrács. E kétféle név szerepe nem világos. Az ilyen párbeszédes mesemondás csak kevésszámú, különösen konzervatív /balkáni hatásokat őriző/ cigány közösségnél van /vagy volt/ meg Magyarországon.

30. A: Oláh István, "Káló", 20 é. Gy: Víg Rudolf, Solymár 1961. Ny: másári. -- AaTh 1731 /~AaTh 1545/ + AaTh 1542 vagy 1539. Ehhez néhány kiszakított, töredékes motívum járul: saját kenencéjében megégett boszorkány /AaTh 1121/, királylány /!/ megneveztetése /v.ö. AaTh 571/.

Az adatközlő mesemondás közben lerészegedett, ezért az utolsó rész alig érthető a szalagon.

A történet első részét Csenki Sándor is lejegyezte Püspökladányban /Csenki 1974, 124-127, 320/. Megjegyzendő, hogy az adatközlő családja csak néhány évvel korábban költözött Solymárra Dél-Magyarországról.

31. A: Rostás Péter, 20 é. Gy: VJ + GG, Pesterzsébet 1974. Ny: colári. -- AaTh 1360C, töredékesen előadva. Magyarban is közismert.

32. A: középkori asszony. Gy: VJ, Pesterzsébet 1956. Ny: colári.
-- Román eredetű ballada /Corbea vitéz/.

A ballada egyébként ismeretlen a magyarországi cigányok körében; a colári csoport többi tagja sem ismerte. Az adatközlő egyes sorokra nem emlékezett, s a végét erősen lerövidítette. A tulajdonnevet hol Kaláliska, hol Katáliska alakban ejtette /vsz. román Cătălina átvételeként, a magyar Kalári alakkal keverve/.

A kis lélekszámú colári csoporton belül is nyelvjárási tagoltság figyelhető meg: egyes beszélők lěki, sā, mások lexki /vagy lehki/, sax alakot ejtenek.

33. Varga György barátom hozzám írott levele, Nagyvárad 1974. dec. 19. Lovári nyelvjárás. Idős cigány barátom tudatosan foglalkozik a cigány nyelv ápolásával; szójegyzéket készített, és a cigányság történetét mítikusan feldolgozó eposzt írt /cigányul; kéziratban/. Levelében a hagyományos lovári köszöntő formulákat használja, csiszolt stílusban, bár a formulák eleve pontosan ebben az ünnepélyes, költői alakban élnek és használatosak a mindennapi életben is /pl. búcsúzáskor, felköszöntéskor/.

34. A: Lakatos Miklós, 44 é. Gy: VJ + Valis Éva, Hajdúhadház 1967. Ny: gurvári. B: Vekerdí 1974, 243, 277. -- AaTh 1530+cf.1539+1535V. Közismert magyar népmese átvétele.

35. A: Lakatos Miklós, 44 é. Gy: VJ + Valis Éva, Hajdúhadház-Budapest, 1967. Ny: gurvári. B: Vekerdí 1971. -- AaTh 301/III-VI vagy 301 A.

Hajdúhadházi számos cigány férfi jár dolgozni Budapestre, ahol külön munkásszállót létesítettek maguknak egy felvonulási épületből. Lakatos a mesét hétvégi hazautazása alkalmával kezdte, s néhány nappal később az említett pesti munkásszálláson folytatta. Belefáradt és abbahagyta az érdekesnek ígérkező történetet. Valójában talán nem kifáradásról, hanem rögtönző képzelőereje kimerüléséről volt szó. A királylányszabadító meséjének ilyen változata magyarban ismeretlen; egyéni improvizációnak tekinthetjük.

36. A: Kolompár Kálmán, kb. 50 é. Gy: VJ, Kiskunmajsa 1971. Ny: gurvári, "maskar". -- AaTh 465C, meglehetősen átalakítva /kül. elején és végén/.

37. A: Kolompár Mária, 73 é. Gy: VJ, Kiskunmajsa 1971. Ny: gurvári, "maskar". -- AaTh 327A - 315.

A kiskunsági "fódozó" cigányok a gurvári vagy gyakrabban a maskar ne-

vet használják magukra. - Az idős adatközlő dünyögő beszéde miatt számos szöveghely érthetetlen maradt.

38. A: Lakatos Sándor, "Kontyi", 30 é. Gy: VJ + Valis Éva, Hajdúhadház - Budapest, 1967. Ny: gurvári és lovári keveréke. -- Bevezetése AaTh 327A, folytatva AaTh 304-gyel. Követi AaTh 315, beleágazva /mint általában/ AaTh 300. Magyarban az AaTh 315 /AaTh300/ összetételnek 15 változata van feljegyezve, ezek közül 5 /valamennyi Erdélyoól/ AaTh 327A-val kezdődik. AaTh 304 hozzátoldása magyarban nem fordul elő.

Lakatos Miklós öccse. A hajdúhadházi cigány munkabrigád rátermett vezetője, a hajdúhadházi tanács tagja. A község legjobb mesemondójának hírében áll; virrasztásokra rendszeresen hívják mesélni. Történeteit a katonaságnál, munkásszállásokon és könyvekből tanulta. Ezt a mesét katonasága alatt oláh cigányoktól hallotta, s nyilván emiatt lett a mese nyelve a gurvári és az oláh cigány /lovári/ nyelv egyedülálló keveréke. Ugyanazokat a szavakat és nyelvtani alakokat hol gurváriul, hol lováriul használja. A nyelvkeveredés a nyelvi ösztön elvesztésével járt együtt: a szöveg teli van nyelvtani hibákkal.

39. A: Berki János, 32 é. Gy: VJ + GG, Varsány 1974. Ny: nógrádi romungro. -- AaTh 301B, BN 301 I^x + BN 1961^{xx}, MNK 1923A^x.

Berki János kitűnő mesemondó. Közötte és a szintén kitűnő Németh János oláh cigány mesemondó közötti jelentős különbség a két cigány csoport közötti kulturális eltérést tükrözteti: a magyar cigány /romungro/ csoport régebbi és erősebb magyar befolyás alatt áll, mint az oláh cigány csoport, a társadalmi beilleszkedésben előrehaladottabb fázisban vannak, így meséik szorosabban követik a magyar előképeket, mint az oláh cigány csoport meséi. Mind Németh, mind Berki sokat olvasó ember, azonban Németh az olvasott magyar mesékből eredeti cigány tündérmesei világát rögtönöz, míg Berkitől távol áll a rögtönzés: olvasmányaiból, vagy hallomás útján tanult meséit egyrészt az eredetihez hívebben mondja el, másrészt a nemcigány mesemondókhoz hasonlóan, ugyanazt a mesét minden alkalommal azonos szöveggel adja elő. Így pl. az oláh cigány mesékben /Némethnél éppúgy, mint bármely más oláh cigány adatközlőnél/ a szereplők neve mindig magyar ugyan, de szerepük teljesen függetlenedik az eredeti magyar mesetípusokban játszott szerepüktől, míg Berkinél /és számos más romungro mesélőnél/ nemcsak nevük magyar, hanem szerepük is többé-kevésbé megfelel az eredeti szerepüknek. Ez mind a két nyelvtan /cigányul és magyarul beszélő/, mind az egynyelvtan /csak magyarul tudó/ romungro mesemondókra érvényes. Ebből a szempontból tanulságos összevetni pl. a Fehérlófia mese kötetünkben közölt változatát Kovács Károly félcigány származású, cigányul nem tudó romungro mesemondó változatával /ld. Dobos Ilona: Gyémántkígyó,

Bp. 1981. 263. 1.: Csonkatehén fia/, amellyel kapcsolatban a gyűjtő is megjegyzi: "Kovács Károly meséi nem cigánymesék, hanem magyar parasztesék" /21.1./, s valóban csak igen gondos vizsgálattal lehet kimutatni azokat a jellegzetesen cigány vonásokat, amelyek Kovács Károly szövegét a nemcigány mesemondók változataitól megkülönböztetik. /V.ö. Vekardi J.: A Fehérlőrfa mese cigány változatához, s. a./

40. A: Berki János, 32 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Varsány 1974. Ny: nógrádi romungro. -- MNK 400C^x, amely MNK 314C^x-MNK 317^x /AaTh 556F^x/ állandósult összetétele. Az előzőhöz hasonlóan, ez a mese is a magyar népmese-kincs legrégebbi rétegéhez tartozik. Cigány mesemondók nem ritkán igen régies magyar hagyományt őriznek. - KÁ.

A bevezető rész /tiltott étel motívuma/ magyarban szokatlan. V.ö. 11. sz.

41. A: Berki János, 32 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Varsány 1974. Ny: nógrádi romungro. -- MNK 319^x, 31 feljegyzett magyar változattal. Az égitestek szabadításának kivételével AaTh 300A alatt is megtalálható ez a típus, ahol sok keleteurópai változat van felsorolva. A sárkányok fejének száma magyarban mindig 7, 9, 12 vagy 6, 12, 24, nem 25, 50, 100, mint itt. - KÁ.

A mese magyarban igen népszerű /BN 319^x/, viszont magyaron kívül olyannyira ismeretlen az európai folklórban, hogy az Aarne-Thompson katalógus a magyar mese kedvéért vesz fel önálló típusszámot 328A^x alatt. - VJ.

42. A: Berki János, 32 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Varsány 1974. Ny: nógrádi romungro. -- AaTh 650A. 26 feljegyzett magyar változat. A főszereplő neve a magyar változatokban, főként Észak-Magyarországon, nem ritkán Kilenc /máskor Brós János/. A Kilenc nevet Benedek Elek gyűjteménye népszerűsítette /Magyar mese- és mondavilág II/2, 186-198/. Így Berki akár előszóban, akár nyomtatásban találkozhatott a történettel. - KÁ.

43. A: Berki János, 32 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Varsány 1974. Ny: nógrádi romungro. -- AaTh 675, jellegzetes keleteurópai mese, 12 feljegyzett magyar változattal. A főszereplő neve azonban AaTh 532 típusból került ide. Cigány mesemondók nem ritkán felcserélik a szereplők nevét, ami magyarban ritkább. - KÁ.

44. A: Berki János, 32 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Varsány 1974. Ny: nógrádi romungro. -- AaTh 545D^x. Magyar népmese cigány változata.

45. A: Berki János, 32 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Warsány 1974. Ny: nógrádi romungro. -- MNK 1536B^x.

46. A: Bede István, 67 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Rimóc 1974. Ny: nógrádi romungro. -- AaTh 304.

A szomszédvársányi községben lakó Berki János meséitől eltérően, az idős Bede István meséje különböző motívumok szabad kombinációja, amelyeket akár magyar, akár cigány nyelven hallott mesékből meríthetett. A kötet magyar cigány meséi közül legerősebben ez tér el a magyar előképektől, és ez hasonlít legjobban az oláh cigány mesékhez, azok rögtönző technikájához. Nehézsen dönthető el, hogy esetleg régebbi romungro mesemondói stílust őriz-e Bede István, vagy közvetlenül oláh cigány befolyás érte.

47-53. A: Oláh Béla, 61 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Endrefalva 1974. Ny: nógrádi romungro.

54. A: Oláh Béla, 61 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Endrefalva 1974. Ny: nógrádi romungro.

Oláh Béla ezzel az élethű helyzetrajzzal folytatta a fentiekben közzétett adomák sorát. Peltűnő az ellentét a multat jelentős mértékben idealizáló 14. sz. szöveggel. Az eltérő szemlélet gyakorlati vetületének jellemzésére megjegyzendő, hogy Oláh Béla kicsi, de szépen berendezett, ragyogóan tiszta házban lakik, míg a 14. sz. szöveg adatközlőinek lakásviszonyai és morális beállítottsága a hagyományos cigánytelepi viszonyok továbbélésének példaképe volt.

55. A: Németh János, 46 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Páty 1974. Ny: pilisi romungro.

Feltehetőleg magyar eredetire visszamenő sikamlós történet, magyar nyelvű gyűjtésekben azonban eddig nem került elő. Csenki Sándor gyűjtésében igen hasonló változata szerepel magyar nyelven /cigány adatközlőtől; kéziratban/.

56. A: Kovács Mihályné, 66 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Páty 1974. Ny: pilisi romungro. -- AaTh 720, magyarból átvéve.

57. A: Kovács Mihályné, 66 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Páty 1974. Ny: pilisi romungro. -- AaTh 365 /+AaTh 407B/. V.8. 13. sz.

Az adatközlő fia helyesbítette a történetet, magyar nyelven. Ezután az adatközlő cigányul megismételte, a javasolt változtatásnak megfelelően.

58. A: fiatal cigány asszony. Cy: VJ + GG, Nógrádbercel közelében, 1972. Ny: nógrádi romungro.

59. A: N. Rudolf, "Vak Rudi". Cy: VJ, Budapest 1956 augusztus.

Ny: pillisi romungro.

Az adatközlő ragadványneve félszemű voltára utal. Idősebb férfi. - A történetet erősen különböző elemekből építette fel. Bevezetése a hálás kígyó által megjutalmazott favágó elterjedt motívuma /amelyben a hálás kígyó helyére erdész kerül/, utána AaTh 556P^x következik /befejezetlenül/, ezután saját életéről és politikai kérdésekről elmélkedik, végül a rablók barlangjába kerülő hős töredékes és furcsán végződő motívuma zárja a cselekményeket.

A politikai megjegyzések a személyi kultusz időszakának helyzetére vonatkoznak.

60. A: Németh Rudolf, 60 é. Cy: Erdős Kamill, Páty, 1950-es évek eleje. Ny: pillisi romungro. B: Erdős 1959, 58. -- AaTh 332. Igen érdekes, jellegzetesen cigány változat, aligha magyarból véve át. - K.Á.

A történetet Erdős Kamill gépírásos szövegéből közlöm, amelyet "A ma élő magyar cigány nyelv" c. tanulmányához csatolt szövegmutatványként /kézirat, 1955/. Közismert magyar népmese; vége eltér a szokásos magyar változatoktól.

61. A: Károlyi Gizi, 22 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Nikla 1981. Ny: vend cigány. B: Vekerdi, The Vend Gypsy dialect.

Vend cigányok között egyetlen mesemondóra sem sikerült találnom. "Paranisí române na igen sokinas akâm mã le fatjunge te phênel" /'Ma már nem nagyon szoktunk a gyerekeknek cigányul mesélni'/, mondta adatközlőm. Ezért szakaszonként felolvastam a kötetünkben 39. sz. alatt közölt "Pehérlófia" mesét, magyarul, hogy a romungro szöveg - amelyet nagyjából megértettek volna; én is romungro tájszólásban beszéltem hozzájuk - ne befolyásolja a nyelvi formákat, és cigányra fordítottam az adatközlővel. A fordítást könnyűszerrel és pontosan végezte. A szöveget kihagyásokkal közlöm. Magyar fordítását ld. I. köt. 271-284. old.

61/a alatt ugyanennek a szövegnek Horváth Károlyné /26 é, Öreglak 1981/ vend cigány adatközlő által készített fordításából közlök egy részletet.

62. A: Berger Vince, kb. 65 é. Cy: VJ + GG, Pomáz 1977. Ny: szintó. B: Mészáros 1980, 22. -- AaTh 900.

A szöveget két hónappal a felvétel után újra lejátszottuk az adatközlőnek, aki ekkor kiegészítette az általam nem világosan értett részeket. E kiegészítéseit zárójelben "var." megjegyzéssel közlöm. Általában

nem ugyanazt mondta, mint a megelőző alkalommal, noha saját szavait hallotta vissza: ő maga sem mindig értette, mit mondott. Általában azonban igen tiszta kiejtéssel és szabályosan beszélt.

A mese - mint a főszereplő neve is mutatja - német eredetű. Berger Vince németül /osztrákul/ is jól beszél.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE

TALES

I N T R O D U C T I O N

The tales published in this volume were collected by me or written down by me from tape records of my fellow-collectors. I have included also a few texts of little literary merit in order to illustrate linguistic peculiarities of the individual Gypsy dialects spoken in Hungary and to give some samples of everyday Gypsy conversation.

Story-telling was a favourite pastime of Gypsies in Hungary until the last years. It died out before our very eyes in the 'seventies. Though, of course, extraordinarily gifted story-tellers were not found among them every day, a great number of both men and women were able to tell half a dozen or so fairy tales on an average level even a few decades ago. They did it, indeed, very often. The most important occasion of telling stories was the funeral watch when, in order not to fall asleep, they entertained each other, among others, with tales and stories. At variance with peasant cultures where tales served, first of all, to break the monotony of some collective job like spinning, stripping of feathers, corn-husking, stringing of tobacco-leaves, etc., Gypsy communities have never been concerned with any agricultural activity and, consequently, their tales have never been told during work.

The former productivity of story-telling among Gypsies manifested itself also in the flexibility of the tales. While in European peasant cultures the texts of the individual tales /types/ were firmly fixed by age-old tradition, the Gypsy tales suffered perpetual changes. Lack of tradition is a very characteristic feature of Gypsy culture and this is valid in the field of prose epics, too. The same plot of the same story was retold differently on different occasions and by different story-tellers. The constant elements of the tales /motifs/ were combined at haphazard and new motifs were added to the story. This extraordinary freedom in the combination of different types allowed an amalgamation of very different stories into a complex type. In consequence, the tales of the most talented Gypsy story-tellers often cannot be included into the types of the Aarne-Thompson system of European folk tales.

Sources of the tales

It is a rule without exceptions that the tales of the Gypsies of all countries are based upon the folk tales of their actual non-Gypsy environment in the given host country /or, upon that of their previous dwelling place/. None of the Gypsy tales can be traced back to India, or to the Near East. Only the inexperience of some collectors in the folklore of South-Eastern Europe explains their romantic search for ancient Asian elements in the Gypsy folk tales that are, in fact, of North-Balkan or Hungarian origin. Conspicuous examples of this ignorance are the false mythologization of Hungarian stories and geographical names by P. Chatard in Zanko, chef tribal chez les Chalderash /1959/ where Sinpetru 'Saint Peter' is explained as some Indian deity and Zagreb, capital of Croatia, as the Zagros mountain in Asia, or the theory of pan-Indian/pan-Gypsy/origin of all European folk tales by H. Mode in Zigeunermärchen aus aller Welt /1983/ where the well-known Hungarian etc. motifs of folk tales are traced back to Indian stories.

The non-Gypsy origin and the relatively recent date of borrowing are clearly proved by the names of the heroes. In Hungary, in Romungro tales always Hungarian /never Romani or Southern Slavonian/ names are to be met with, e. g. Fehérlófia, Vasgyúró, etc. /see in this volume/. In the Vlax tales, beside Hungarian names, also a few names of Rumanian origin can be found in earlier collections /never Romani ones/. E. g., in the collection of S. Csenki from Püspökladány /Eastern Hungary/ from 1942, there are names like Pintja < Rumanian Pintea, Čulāno < Rumanian ciolan 'bone'. The Gypsies now living in Püspökladány have immigrated from Rumania via Transylvania probably at the end of the last century, and even in the period between the two wars new Transylvanian families joined them. But in 1971, in the tales of the same settlement in Püspökladány, I could not find these names any more. Neither could I find in this settlement the names Žofolica or Sentjondīko figuring in the collection of Csenki /the former from Rumanian, the latter from Transylvanian Hungarian/. At the same time, these names occur in the tales of some other Vlax settlements even today /see No. 18 in this volume/. Accordingly, about a century is a period long enough for the onomastics borrowed in the previous country to die out. - Heroes bearing Romani names never figure in Gypsy tales in Hungary.

The older - mostly illiterate - generation of Gypsies acquired knowledge of tales from oral sources only. Among younger generation written sources can be taken into consideration as well /see the tales of J. Berki in this volume/. But also the lettered Gypsies often draw from oral sources. E.g. the story of Monk Lead-head /No. 2/ could be drawn by the

well-read J. Németh only from the oral Gypsy folklore, because this Hungarian story got obsolete in Hungarian folklore since long and does not figure in the printed collections in circulation. Printed texts, too, went over to the Gypsies partly through oral transmission /cf. No. 9, a late 18th century Hungarian broadside story narrated by an illiterate Gypsy/. Similarly, I have heard the tale Open Sesame from the Arabian Nights from an illiterate young Gypsy. A Gypsy, who had never attended school, presented the epic poem Toldi by János Arany, 19th century classic of Hungarian literature, as a tale to S. Csenki - obviously after it was related to him by Hungarian school-boys of his age. The same informant combined a Hungarian folk ballad, a broadside story and an epic poem of a Hungarian poet into a Gypsy tale /Csenki 1974, p. 102, 110/.

The usual answer to the question 'Whom have you heard this tale from?' is: 'I've heard it from my grandfather' /šundem katar muro papu/. It means that as a child he was present in a greater gathering, where his grandfather told the tale. Story-telling always had a collective character in Gypsy community. They did not tell tales in privacy to their children or grand-children unlike non-Gypsy mothers or grandparents. The atmosphere of story-telling required the presence of a numerous audience. The Gypsies listen to tales passionately. Always a lot of people gather to listen to the tales also when a collector arrives to them.

Grandmothers are rarely named as the origin of their knowledge, for story-telling was mainly the men's task.

The source of Gypsy men's tales was often the army or the prison /though this latter one is rarely mentioned to the collector/. At both places they heard tales from their non-Gypsy companions.

As for the subject, the Hungarian folk tales are closely related to the Balkan folk tales. Therefore it is not easy to distinguish whether a subject was taken by the Vlachs from the Hungarian, or they have borrowed it already from the Rumanian. /The Romungros draw only from Hungarian sources, of course, for they have been living in Hungarian environment for centuries./ In many cases the possibility of a continuous preservation must also be taken into account. It might happen that Vlachs got acquainted with a tale in Rumania, but after their moving to Transylvania and from there to present-day Hungary, they heard the same story also from their Hungarian environment, that was the reason why they preserved it. Thus, in Gypsy tales from Hungary we often find the Treacherous Mother type /Aarne-Thompson 590/II/. This type occurs also in Hungarian folk tales but it is not so frequent there /cf. Berze-Nagy 315/. This story, however, is very common among Rumanian folk tales, and two Gypsy variants from Rumania were recorded as early as the last century /Constantinescu: Probe de limba si literatura Tiganilor, 1878, No.4; Miklo-

sich: Mundarten IV, No. 11/. Thus, the Vlaxs seem to have become fond of it in Rumanian-speaking territory. The question is, however, not so simple, for a variant form of this type was recorded also from a Romungro story-teller in the 1860's /Müller 1869, No. 5: The Faithless Sister, AaTh 315/. The Romungros were not influenced by the Rumanians. Accordingly, the Romungro informant borrowed his tale from the Hungarian folklore, while the Vlaxs got acquainted with it probably before their arrival in Hungary and retained it in this country as well. The frequency in the folklore of the non-Gypsy environment, too, points to these two different sources, for in the Hungarian folklore, the 'Faithless Sister', in the Rumanian, the 'Treacherous Mother' seem to be more general.

Within the Hungarian-speaking area, especially Transylvanian Hungarian influence must be taken into account in the Vlax folk tales. Thus, e. g., the name Sentjondíko /from Hungarian Szentajándék 'Holy Gift'/ is known only in Transylvanian Hungarian tales, consequently, the Vlax Gypsies have borrowed it there in the nineteenth century.

Categories of the tales

For Gypsies, the word paramíci or paramisi 'tale' means almost exclusively fairy tales. If one wishes to hear other genres /novelettes, jokes, anecdotes etc./, the word történeto 'story' /Hungarian történet/ may indicate the difference.

Among the Gypsies living in Hungary, the most favourite fairy tale is the Dragon-Slayer story with its usual European variant forms /AaTh 300, 301, 302/. E.g., three daughters of a king are abducted by dragons, the hero recovers them. Or: the dragon gives water from the well only when the princess is given to him; the hero kills the dragon. Or: the princess is married to a dragon or an ogre; the woman finds out wherein lies his strength and the hero destroys the ogre's external soul. The reason for the popularity of the Dragon-slayer story is that it gives the most numerous possibilities for an interesting, adventurous treatment and for inserting new episodes. It can be easily combined with other motifs, e.g. with the motif of weeping and laughing eyes, or golden hair. Less talented Gypsy informants possessing a limited knowledge of tales tell mostly a variant form of this type.

Both this and other types of Gypsy fairy tales are borrowings from well-known Hungarian folk tales. The figures of the tales are also the same as in the Hungarian ones. The name of the dragon /šarkánji/ is taken from Hungarian together with its role and number of the heads /seven-headed, twelve-headed, twenty-four headed/. It is the same with the witch, that, however, has an original Gypsy name /čoxanji/, and the magic steed,

too, of which the name in Romungro is borrowed from Hungarian /tātuši/, in Vlax from Rumanian /izdravuno grast/, but its role is completely Hungarian in Vlax tales, too. The word tátos táltos is of Finno-Ugric origin in Hungarian and denotes the magician shaman of Siberian shamanism. The role of the magic steed is rather different in Hungarian tales from that of the magic horse of other European folk tales and the Gypsy tales from Hungary and the neighbouring countries follow closely the Hungarian model while Gypsy tales from other countries correspond to the actual non-Gypsy local variants.

Although the name of the fairy /tindírjánya/ is Hungarian /tündérlány/, her function not rarely differs from the Hungarian. Sometimes she is a malicious temptress. Besides, we can meet often the denomination i Tindírjánya 'the Fairy' as a proper name instead of a personal name /e.g. Fairy Helen/, which is unusual in Hungarian tales. The change of role of Cinderella /Hamupepelka in Vlax, from Hungarian Hamupipóke/ is even more strange. In Hungarian tales, she always plays the main role, in Gypsy tales, always a subordinate role, and here she is sometimes an old witch, sometimes a man-servant /!/ of the prince. - The other popular heroes of Hungarian tales have about the same name and role in the Gypsy tales, too, as Borésem Jankó 'Johnny Peppercorn', Árdjeliš Kis Miklós /combination of Hungarian Árgirus Királyfi and Királyfia Kis Miklós/, etc.

Sometimes we can find Hungarian names in Vlax tales not to be found in original Hungarian tales. So they owe their origin to the phantasy of the Gypsy teller, as Pegvveres Márton 'Martin the Armed', Szánom-bánom ember 'Man Regret-repent' etc. The fact that even these improvised names are Hungarian, never Romani, shows how deeply Gypsy story-telling is dependent on Hungarian patterns. Owing to the absence of independent, ancient Gypsy story-telling traditions, they are unable to find out original Gypsy names and figures.

Besides fairy tales, Gypsies like jokes and anecdotes very much. Partly, these are taken from Hungarian, and not only the subject but often the compositional order of the tales, too, is precisely followed. E.g., the trickster sells the gold-dropping horse, the sheep-propagating wolf and the rejuvenating stick to the priest, the notary and the teacher in the same order as it is in the original Hungarian tale /Vekerci 1964, p. 337/. The Romani text of the tale in which the man named Cricket is able to hunt up the stolen ring is also based on the Hungarian-language pun /No. 8/. In the story of the cow sold to a crucifix /No. 6/, the Gypsy story-teller created a pun based on samples in Rumanian. Similarly, the widespread motif 'Devil duped by Gypsy' in Gypsy tales is no product of their being proud of their "ethnic identity": it was borrowed without any change from Hungarian tales, where Gypsies rather often play a humorous role.

Notwithstanding all this, the humorous stories show a considerable thematical independence. It is the genre, in which the Gypsy imagination is able to afford something new in the subject /in fairy tales, at least in Hungary, never/. E.g. in the tales of one of Csenki's tellers, there is a Gypsy trickster by the name Čulāno. 'This Čulāno was a big scamp. He went to the market to steal. But he couldn't, for the market was scanty. What to do, he bound a rope to his tent, and bound it to the tail of his horse. So did he make the horse pull his tent. Then all the peasants ran up to them and he stole jackets, trousers and money.' /Csenki 1974, p. 128/. This story is unknown in Hungarian.

When not wide-spread international motifs /Wander motive/ are in question but absurd, funny stories improvised from the episodes of everyday life, the Gypsies' vivid phantasy produces a lot of peculiar independent compositions. In the humorous stories, which are put in the frame of everyday life, the narrators and their audience enjoy first of all the lascivious or even obscene episodes that are based on a grotesque, impossible nucleus. These stories are told without any embarrassment also in the presence of women and children. Obscenity does not stand for itself, it leads up to the humorous end. See, e.g., No 30 /a rascal while fleeing makes a woman kneel on all fours, and gets his pursuers to guard her, as she were a barrel of honey/, or No. 10 /woman having no vulva is cured by her lover/.

This latter story leads over to the category of so-called 'true' or 'veritable' stories, i.e. events of everyday life. The informant affirmed in full earnest that it really happened 'a long time ago, in the time of my grandfather's grandfather.' Sometimes Gypsy story-tellers narrate the events of their own life in the form of a tale. E.g., a young Gypsy began to tell about his attempts to get married: 'Once upon a time, there was a poor lad. But this unhappy lad was very-very poor, ay, very-very-very poor. Where should he go, the poor devil, he went to work in a state farm. Well, there were a lot of girls there, ugly ones and pretty ones, there were pretty ones and ugly ones there. Well, he picked one of them when dancing', etc. /Vekerdi 1974, p. 90/. These 'true' stories, the accounts of one's own adventures are called the most typical category of Gypsy tales by many collectors. In these stories the influence of foreign models is least of all, and they are the most coherent Gypsy stories in which one cannot find such structural /logical/ ruptures as often in fairy tales.

Of course the accounts on adventures have no fixed text, even in case of their being not their own experiences but stories /maybe fantastic ones/ heard from others.

The stories about their meeting with the devil or ghosts are of a similar kind. Gypsies believe in both of them with deep conviction. For the most

part, they talk about their personal experiences. E.g.:

'It happened to me, too, when Minuta died that I was driving with Bojno and Nanuš. Bojno drove before, me and Nanuš behind. Well, suddenly the horses stopped, neighed, were hoeing with their hooves, they pulled the cart into the cornfield. Crack and crash on the trees! It was already night. Suddenly the horses broke into a run, so that the boys' faces flushed with, and I thought they would just die, so much got they frightened when I said, and they also heard, what there was. In the meantime we had put the lucerne onto the cart. Well, all of a sudden we could see Minuta [i.e., the dead person] grasp Bojno's forage ladder, sitting on a bicycle! But when we went on, there was nobody there! At the skirts of the town we see two lads gathering lucerne. They have bicycles with. We asked them horror-stricken, who was that person coming towards you? They answered they had seen nobody.' /Vekerdi 1974, p. 93./

Accounts of dreams belong to the same category, cf. No. 24.

It may be questioned, whether these personal accounts about their own experiences without any fixed topic could be called tales or a production of an oral literature at all /R.M. Cotten: Gypsy folktales, Journal of American folklore 1954, p. 261/. The category of folk tales or of the folklore in general involves, strictly speaking, the wide-spreading of a story in a large community and its preservation by oral tradition for generations. Of course these criteria cannot be present in the accounts about personal experiences. Thus, they represent a category different from common folk tales. In this connection, we may refer to the divergence of Gypsy culture from European ones. Here tradition plays a less important role than in European peasant cultures and, accordingly, even the categories are not the same as there. Gypsy culture is constantly in statu nascendi. Only their frame of mind and way of life remained essentially unchanged since immemorial times. Their spiritual goods /viz., their culture in the European sense of the word/ are always recently borrowed and rebuilt in dependence on the actual non-Gypsy environment.

From among the categories of European folk tales, religious tales and animal tales are almost completely missing from Gypsy tales in Hungary /and elsewhere/. The characters of religious tales were transposed into fairy tales. While in European religious tales the story refers to the life story of Christ or to his and his followers' religious functions /e.g. the Blessed Virgin works miracles for the sake of her worshippers being in trouble for she is kind-hearted, or, by his divine wisdom Christ gets the self-willed human being to admit his faults/, in some archaic Gypsy stories God may appear in the scene where normally the lad having to face difficult tasks simply gets advice from an old man endowed with magic powers. Saint Peter is God's /not Christ's!/ companion without having any

independent function. Our Lady's role is limited to a few types of fairy tales /AaTh 710: Our Lady's Child/. Apart from this, we meet her only in the role of a friendly witch /!/. Jesus Christ does not appear in the Gypsy tales of Hungary. Instead of the couple of Christ and Peter of Hungarian tales, God and Peter are wandering in the Vlax tales /Rumanian influence/. The reason for the lack of Christian religious tales and for the transformation of the characters of religious tales into heroes of fairy tales is, with all probability, that the Gypsies have adopted Christian religion only formally without making its traditions constant elements of their faith.

Structure of the tales

A considerable part of Gypsy tales are consistent with Hungarian and in general, with European tales not only in subject, but in structure, too. Ordinarily, the less talented story-tellers, who do not claim independence and originality, follow closely non-Gypsy patterns. The other part of the Gypsy tales is consistent with the European folk tales only regarding its components /the so-called motifs/, while the arrangement of the components and the structure of the tales radically differ from the Hungarian or other European folk tales. Tales with a very strange structure can be heard first of all from the most talented Gypsy story-tellers endowed with the most vivid imagination.

The differences in the structure are caused by the different application of the borrowed motifs: a, transplantation of motifs from their original place to other types, b, mutilation of motifs, c, cumulation of similar motifs.

a. Gypsy story-tellers are not bound by the traditions of the lending folklore in such a measure as their non-Gypsy environment. Therefore they allow a greater freedom in application of the borrowed motifs than it is permitted by the laws of the lending culture. The traditions of the European folklore have firmly fixed the structural order of the tales: given motifs can follow in a tale only in a given order and a motif can figure only in certain types of tales. /This is the so-called "law of affinity" as stated by the Hungarian school of folk tale./ Besides, a motif has always the same function or a very limited number of similar functions, e.g. the motif 'princess rescued from ogre' invariably must be followed by her marriage to the rescuer, never by her further raptures etc.

Gypsy story-tellers very often take the motifs out of their usual context, transfer them to other types of tales and attribute new functions to them. The mixing of motifs gathered from different types may be so strong as to result in alteration of the subject. This is the origin of "original"

Gypsy tales that cannot be classified according to the type system of Aarne and Thompson. Cf. No. 59 in this volume /Livelihood/. It begins like a novelle tale though the opening motif originally is a constant element of fairy tales: a poor man goes to the forest to fell trees, a snake creeps out of a trunk. In the usual versions of this motif, the snake presents the poor man with this or that magic gift. In our tale, the fairy tale motif got uprooted and was transferred to the world of reality, it became a record of everyday experiences: the poor man meets no snake or fairy but a very simple forest-guard and receives from him no magic tool but cash money. After this, the thread of the story suddenly turns from the world of reality to the realm of fairy tales, inserting the well-known episode 'driving the witch's three daughters to pasture' /cf. AaTh 556 F^A, Motif-Index H1 199.12.2/. The episode got mutilated: the man rides only the first daughter, the two others are dropped from the tale. At the same time, the original function of the motif, too, was changed: the boy does not acquire the daughter or the enchanted magic steed of the witch as in the Hungarian variants of this motif /cf., e.g., No. 40/, he obtains a very simple everyday reward: 300 Forints /ca. 20 US \$ in the 'fifties/. After this second ending /final rewarding/, the action begins anew the third time and the narrator relates some episodes from his own life-story and indulges in political reflections. At last, the fourth resumption starts as a robber-story, but the opening motif is not continued by one of the usual sequences of this episode /e.g., boy defeats the robbers, or: the robbers choose him their head and he lures them into a trap, cf. No. 23, 37/; instead of this, the hero is killed unexpectedly and this is the end.

The order of the events and the structure of the tale becomes quite bizarre due to the unusual mixture of the motifs in a tale in Csenki's collection where not only the sequence of the individual motifs is irregular but the motifs themselves are composed of incompatible elements /Csenki 1980, p. 96/. The only son of a poor man dies. He spends all his fortune on the burial and takes to drinking in his grief. The devil appears to him and offers him an inexhaustible purse on the condition that the man crushes a magnetic mountain. Aided by the dead, he performs his task, gets the purse, but the devil steals it back from him. After performing a second task /wine from fresh wine-plantation in the course of one night/ he regains the purse but the devil steals it back again. As a third task, he has to abduct the princess for the devil. His dead son performs also this task for him. The man tries to keep the girl in his possession but the devil deprives him of her and the girl is transformed into a devil in hell. The man lives in affluence by the help of the purse.

In this strange story almost every motif has lost its original role.

It is, properly, The Grateful Dead type /AaTh 505-508/ but such a variation of this type is totally unknown elsewhere. Difficult tasks, as a rule, are not imposed by the devil but on him. The unexhaustible purse, usually, is not the reward for having performed difficult tasks /prize of performing difficult tasks is, generally, the hand of the princess/. The purse should be given to a poor man by a magic helper. Magic objects are never stolen back by the giver, the wicked innkeeper steals them during the poor man's overnight stay in the inn /AaTh 563-564. Nb. the theft takes place also in the inn here; thus, the story-teller borrowed the place of the action from the original motif without borrowing the original figures of the episode/. Dead son as helper is quite unfamiliar in the ancient motif of the grateful dead; in this case, there is no reason for being grateful. /Otherwise the grateful dead must be a person unknown by the hero, never one of his relatives or acquaintances./ The princess is never stolen by the hero for the devil; there is a quite different type in which the hero promises his son to the devil /AaTh 810-814/. The relation of princess and devil goes back to another motif with a grotesque change of the order of events: Enchanted Princess Visiting Devils /AaTh 306/. In this motif, originally, the princess is rescued from the devil by a youth. The stolen princess usually is married by the hero. A glimpse of the original motif is to be seen in this tale in that the man tries to retain the princess for himself /cf. AaTh 531 III: the hero is to fetch a beautiful princess for the king/, but he fails in this. Besides, our hero is already married. The transformation of the innocent princess into a devil is a grotesque and inhuman idea strangely contrasting to the closing part of the tale where the man enjoys the benefit of the magic purse.

An extreme case of strange combination of uprooted motifs is to be seen in No. 28 in this volume. Here the plot of the story is completely dissolved in a whirling kaleidoscope of disconnected fragments of motifs.

The adventures form no coherent unit in many Gypsy tales, they are simply enumerated one after the other. The particular episodes give no logical motivation to the subsequent events. The structure of Gypsy tales is not concentric like that of European ones, it is linear - a very characteristic Gypsy peculiarity. The general pattern of European fairy tales is that the hero starts with a certain purpose, his rightfulness helps him to meet friends and helpers, aided by them he performs difficult tasks and defeats monsters, at last he obtains a beautiful wife, returns home and lives on in happiness. /This very clear structure of folk tales was formulated in a rather sophisticated manner by V. Propp and others./ The composition of Gypsy tales is not characterized by a similar concentration of the adventures around a central nucleus from the first episode to the last one. Here the details are not subordinated to the general plot: they are coordinated

as independent elements. In European tales the episodes serve for furthering or retarding the main line of the story. The episodes of Gypsy tales not rarely are merely created for the sake of adventurousness without being necessary for the developing of the main plot of the story. Such manner of composition has its place, properly, in biographic stories where the narrator reports on the events of his life in the order of happening. This latter category is a genuine Gypsy one and the Gypsies transferred their genuine Gypsy manner of narration also to the different category of fairy tales borrowed by them from alien cultures. European aesthetics does not permit such a realistic technique in fairy tales where condensed, abstract, symbolic treatment of events is needed. The laws of Gypsy aesthetics, however, differ from the European ones in many respects.

b. Some cases of the transplantation of motifs /cf. under a/ have pointed to the simultaneous shortening of the transferred motifs /e.g., only one of the witch's three horses appeared in the tale/. This mutilation of motifs is a very common feature in Gypsy tales even when the motifs remain in their original place. In No. 11, the magic healing is missing from the original motif of recovery in magic pond after having lost the hands. Notwithstanding this, the hero with a hand cut starts his journey with both his hands. The next part of this tale contains the motif of the son inquiring about his origin /magic conception, posthumous birth, etc./ but here no reference is made to his unknown origin. The youth arrives at the robbers' den and becomes their chief without defeating them which is a constant element of this motif. The subsequent motif of the ogre /here: robber/ hidden in the forbidden chamber lacks the explanation about his captivity and the interdiction of entering the room. When the killed youth is resurrected the first time, his animals as helpers are not present as otherwise in this motif.

A Slovak Gypsy tale accounts of a man-eating dragon devastating the town. A wanderer comes to hear of the calamity. At midnight, he goes to the dragon's den and rebukes the dragon: 'You dragon! Don't eat men any more! For now I have to match my strength against you to see whether you are a man indeed!' The dragon invites him into his den. The youth reprimands him once more that he will cut his neck if he comes to know of his eating men any more. The dragon swears never to do it. /R. Sowa: Die Mundart der slovakischen Zigeuner, 1887, No. 7./ The story belongs to the Dragon-slayer type /AaTh 300/ but the rescue of the princess and the fight with the dragon are omitted and due to the missing of this link the supernatural story takes the form of a peaceful agreement.

Motifs are mutilated, first of all, at the end of the tales. If the traditional continuation of the story has slipped from the teller's memory, he lets the motif unfinished and suddenly concludes the tale with a quite

incompatible turn. E.g., the youngest brother starts wandering to try his luck. He enters service at a witch where three days make a year. He has to watch the witch's stud during this time. The horses disappear three times successively. Well, the youth - 'had enough of this life and returned to his relatives'. /J. Knobloch: Romāni-Texte aus dem Burgenland, 1953, p. 56./

g. The linear structure of Gypsy tales is favourable to enlarging the tale with a number of kindred motifs. The Gypsy tales concentrate on adventurousness, on being interesting, and in order to bring up as many adventures as possible, they show a preference for combining similar motifs taken from different tales in one tale. In consequence, the cumulated motifs are mere repetitions of the same common pattern through different variant forms. Thus, No. 3 in this volume /Plucky Johnny/ consists of a three-fold repetition of the same primary motif /rescue of the princess/. The only difference is that three princesses are rescued in three different situations: one of them was offered to the dragon as food, the second one was captured by robbers, the third one was imprisoned in devils' enchanted castle. These three situations never occur together /in one tale/ in European folklore. If the hero rescues three princesses in Hungarian etc. tales, the rescue of the three girls is imbedded in three parallel constructions, e.g. the youth has to defeat a three-headed, a seven-headed and a twelve-headed dragon for rescuing the three victims. The rescue of the second princess from robbers, a partial motive in our tale, is nothing other than incorporation of an originally independent type into a complex tale /Robbers' Heads Cut off One by One as they Enter House, AaTh 304, 956/. The story with the devils /third princess/ was also transferred from quite different, independent types: enchanted castle or bewitched princess /not rescue of princess/, cf. AaTh 400-424.

Morality of the tales

There is a fundamental functional difference between European and Gypsy folk tales regarding their ethics. The substantial element in European tales is the justification of eternal laws of the moral world against the injustice of the real world. In Gypsy tales this intention of symbolic justification is relegated into the background and the stress is laid upon adventurousness. The adventurousness is not subordinated to the ethical requirements of the story. Neither good heart and justice, nor the opposite, viz. cruelty and injustice take up a central place in Gypsy tales. This is the reason for the surprising cruelty offending non-Gypsy moral sense that is sometimes to be met with in the tales of Gypsy story-tellers. The mother cuts off her son's hand and drives him away for the hungry boy has eaten a sole prepared as food for dinner. The father wants to do away with his

children, leads them into the dragon's den, the dragon eats them up, the father takes their skin home to the mother. The Gypsy youth secretly sits on the box of a prince's coach and when arriving home, he kills the unsuspecting and innocent prince. The girl persuades her former lover to kill her rescuer. The highwayman shoes an old woman gathering brushwood in the forest in a bestial manner. The father gets angry with his naughty children, cuts their necks and throws them into the stove. He does the same with the mother returning home and asking for the children. After all these ghastly things, the story goes on as if nothing had happened.

Some collectors are surprised by the fact that the Gypsy audience laughs heartily at the most inhuman acts, e.g. when the boy returning home cuts his father's head off. This, however, does not mean that Gypsies lack moral sense. Thus, after singing the ballad of the fratricide sister, Gypsy women express their sincere moral indignation about the deed /'she was imprisoned for ten years - yes, she deserved it, indeed, the shameless one! How could she poison her own blood brother for her lover's sake!'/. It is not the absence of human feeling that makes them laugh at inhuman actions but the interesting, surprising solution apart from its ethical aspect.

Moreover, many Gypsy story-tellers give evidence of their highly developed moral sense by stressing humanity, social equality, moral support to poor and oppressed people. They do it with an emphasis that is rare in non-Gypsy tales. The moral world of Gypsy tales comes nearer in such details to the practical problems of human life than the abstract, symbolic morality of European folklore. In European fairy tales, it is the symbolism of the whole story that expresses an abstract ethic principle. Abstract thinking is rather alien to Gypsy tales and, generally speaking, to Gypsy mentality. They give expression of a rationalistic common-sense morality in the details, in little scenes of everyday life. The moralizing reflections by J. Németh, one of the best story-tellers in this collection, serve as proofs for Gypsy humanism expressed in tales. 'My dear mother,' asks the prince the queen, 'why did you drive away our dear, kind, old cook? After all, she is very old and she has grown old just in your house. Why do you drive her away?' /No. 1./ 'My dear father-in-law,' asks the Gypsy son-in-law the king, 'how do you think it? Is it the wealth that makes a man a man?' Even the ogre's destroying is given the grounds for: 'Look at these people, at these handsome, valiant heroes! You did not feel a pity for them, why should I feel a pity for you now? You must die!' /No. 2./

Tragic ending in Gypsy tales goes back to the same grounds as their peculiar morality. Types with tragic ending are practically unknown in European folk tales /apart from AaTh 470, Return from the Land of Immortality, which illustrates the eternal law of mortality/. In Gypsy tales

there are many instances of an unhappy ending. The dragon-slayer succumbs in the fight with the dragon's mother. Lovers resurrected from death fell dead on the spot when wedded by the priest before the altar. The hero kills his brother out of jealousy and commits suicide. The dead bridegroom kills his living bride and the girl does not rise from the dead any more /at variance with the Hungarian redactions of AaTh 365, Lenore/. The innocent princess becomes the devils' servant-girl in hell. A Vlach tale from Rumania ends with the death of three persons: a son is born to a childless king; for joy, he gets so drunk that he dies; at this, the baby strikes dead the innkeeper; he gets bewitched with evil eye and dies. /Constantinescu, No. 15./

There are also tales with a less tragic ending but with a bitter philosophy taken from the sad experiences of human life. The Gypsy brings the king's mother back from the hell, is generously rewarded by the king, but the Gypsy gets bored by living in plenty in the palace, he takes smithery up, and remains a poor fellow as before.

The peculiar ethic views of Gypsy tales result also in showing up the frailty in the characters of the heroes. The characters are polarized in European tales, the main hero and his helpers are idealized. Gypsy tales not rarely bring the heroes down to the ground of reality, they may also be weak or cowardly. The hero may get terrified of the dragon and hide from him. He may also succumb in the fight. Sometimes he robs or kills his helpers, beats his kinsmen, abandons his sweetheart. This is caused by the fusion of different categories: peculiar features of 'true stories' are transferred to the category of fairy tales.

It is to be noted, however, that the percentage of cruel deeds and tragic endings is not high, in collections from Hungary it is below 10 % of the tales.

Realistic elements in the tales

The action of the fairy tales is developed from the very first word to the last one in the supernatural 'timeless - placeless' world of wonders in European folklore. There is no place here for events of real life. Although some recent theories try to deny the law of timeless-placeless /i.e., symbolic/ character of European fairy tales, a comparison with Gypsy tales proves the validity of this traditional thesis. Gypsy tales, indeed, not rarely are time- and place-bound, i.e., elements of terrestrial life intrude into the world of wonders. The prince arriving from 'behind the beyond' meets the fairy born from an apple in Eastern Hungary, in the puszta Hortobágy. The poor man does not meet an enchanted fairy in snake-skin in a placeless forest, he is payed off by a very real forest-guard on behalf of a very real timber exploitation company in contemporary Hungarian cash

money. Our Lady finds employment for her disobedient goddaughter on a peasant farm. The Gypsy woman encounters a dragon just when she is going to attend the execution of her husband sentenced to death, and she intoxicates the dragon with brandy she used to drink, in the dragon's cavern she finds no fabulous wealth but a silken conterpane, her reward is a cartful of wheat given by the attorney general.

Petty elements of everyday life are dealt with in details. Two casks of wine, ten loaves of bread, cakes baked in one oven, twelve musicians and two bridesmaids are ordered for the king's wedding. The master of a dog having eaten the pork is sentenced to prison for eight months by the tribunal, then five years in house of correction and loss of civil rights for three years. The dragon will come to devour the princess at 12 o'clock sharply, so the dragon-slayer has time to sleep at 8 o'clock p.m. The old woman guarding the youth's powerful animals looks at the correct time at a watch. The princess has a disgust to cabbage with hedgehog's meat and orders carrot.

Peasant story-tellers refer to equipments of modern technique extremely rarely. In Gypsy tales, they occur on every step. The king generally gets call-up papers by the post. He is informed by telephone or telegram about the birth of his golden sons. The princess rescued from the ogre is entrusted to the carekeeping of policemen at the police-station. The hero makes use of an aeroplane instead of magic shoes.

Language and style of the tales

Since the source of Gypsy tales is always the folklore of the actual host country, in Hungary, as a matter of fact, the language of Hungarian folk tales exerts a strong influence on the language of tales in Romani. In this country, every Gypsy finds it easier to tell the tales in Hungarian than in Romani. /In Transylvania, among Hungarian Gypsies, I have met the opposite./

Every Gypsy story-teller has a recourse to a number of standing phrases in Hungarian: hetedhét országon is túl sas 'it was behind the beyond'; phendas lake: hej, szívemnek szép szerelme 'he told her: my sweetheart, my beloved one', etc. There are half a dozen or so Hungarian standing phrases which never are substituted by Romani words.

Apart from these, the standing phrases of Hungarian folk tales are translated into Romani and are used as fixed formulas with a uniform wording in the individual dialects. E.g. in Vlax dialect: gelas, mendege-lijas 'he went along, he wandered'; indulisārdas dromeske 'he took the road'; o Del andas tut muro šāvo 'welcome, my son'. In other cases original phrases in Romani are created on Hungarian patterns but with different wording, e.g.: kraja tjo bāripe 'Your Majesty', so kerla, so na

'what to do', naj kothe tjo šero kajso si 'thy head won't remain in its place'.

A number of standing phrases in Vlax tales have no equivalents in Hungarian. Their originality proves the ability of Gypsies to produce elements of an independent epic style. They are restricted to the Vlax dialect spoken in Hungary and do not occur in Vlax tales in other countries: šaj luma te zumavel 'he goes to try his fortune', efta themengo kraj 'king of seven countries', maladas efta themengi doba 'it was announced by drums in seven countries', malade šippa-dobba 'it was announced by music'.

Dialogues can be rendered in Romani style both in direct speech and indirect speech in subordinate clauses just like in European tales. Both direct and indirect speech is joined by the verb phenel 'says', past phendas/phendja 'said'. It can precede the text referred to in direct speech /it follows the text rarely/, but it is interpolated more often: Phenel e gādži: So džano Dēvla te kerav? 'the woman says, 'What can I do, my God?'; Kana desa mure löve? - phenel e trušuleske 'When will you pay off my money?' he says to the crucifix'; Hāt - phenel e phuri gāži - fiačkām - phenel - bezex anda tu 'Well,' the old woman says, 'my little son,' she says, 'it is a pity for you.' When the verb phenel is interpolated in the sentence /see the last example/, it is usually preceded by introductory words or phrases /interjections, vocatives/. The use of the verb phenel is not necessary: Mārel o vudār. - Kon san tu? - Dēvlesa arakhav tu muri phuri dej 'He knocks at the door. 'Who are you?' 'Good day, mummy.' Trained story-tellers avoid a too frequent use of the verb phenel /cf. in this volume the tales of J. Németh/.

No other verbs are used for joining direct speech /as 'asks', 'answers'/. Also this sense is expressed by phenel, e.g.: Če jārātba san - phenel leske 'She asks /lit.: says/: 'What are you about?'

A Vlax peculiarity is the use of the verb lel /past las/, approximately: 'now, he went on' /lit.: 'takes'/. It introduces the hero's resolution to do something or his undertaking a new action. Either it stands at the beginning of the sentence, or is preceded by the conjunction thaj, haj 'and'. It cannot be preceded by the subject though the usual word order is: subject - predicate. Syntactically, it can be regarded as an introductory word with the difference, however, that it forms a phonetic unit with the subject and the boundary of the clause is placed between the subject and the main predicate of the sentence. E.g.: Lél o raklo, l džal pálpāl' ando vēš 'now the boy returns into the forest.' O kirāji či džanel andel xāreski brīga te mērel. Haj lel, haj phenel le kočīšeske 'The king cannot die for his sorrow for the sword. And /he decides, and/ he says to his coachman.'

Some Vlax story-tellers prefer the use of the word atunči 'then' /borrowed from Rumanian/ as a joining particle: Atunči njomisārdas o čengevo la sōgālōkinjake. Avilas i sōgālōkinja āndre. Phendas i krajāskinja hodj te džal pala rom azonnal. Atunči gēlas i sōgālōkinja pala rom. Akhārdas les. Atunči gēlas angla krajāskinja. Atunči i krajāskinja phen-das leske 'Then she rang the bell for the servant-girl. The servant-girl entered. The queen said that she immediately should go after the Gypsy. Then the servant-girl went after the Gypsy. She summoned him. Then he went to the queen. Then the queen told him.'

In Romungro and Curvāri, the Hungarian adverb akkor 'then' corresponds to Vlax atunči but here it is less often used. Sometimes the genuine Romani word akanak/akana 'then' /lit.: 'now'/ occurs in this sense.

The introductory word kodolesa/odoleha 'then', 'after having said this' /lit.: 'with that'/ is very often used in the same sense in all Romani dialects in Hungary, especially in Romungro /calque on Hungarian azzal, though the use of this word is less frequent in Hungarian/. Also kadale-sa/adaleha /lit.: 'with this'/ is to be met with /Hungarian ezzel/: Odo-leha āri ligidja l' ekhe bare vēšeste 'Then /:Having said this/, he led him into a huge forest'.

The conjunctions hāt, haj, no, na 'well', 'well then', majd 'then', 'after it', thaj 'and' are used very often in the same function. The choice and the frequency of occurrences depend on the individual tastes.

Gypsy narratory style prefers short sentences. This is, to some extent, necessary because of syntactic peculiarities of Romani: in everyday conversation, too, complex sentences occur less often than in other languages, and subordination is avoided. The short sentences of Gypsy tales, however, are not due primarily to syntactic laws of Romani. Within Romani, too, the style of tales differs from everyday conversation. The language of conversation likes long coordinate sentences of enumerative type, the language of the tales relegates also this type of sentences into the background, it replaces them by independent short sentences. These short sentences are joined mostly by the introductory particles lel, hāt, atunči, no, etc. This grammatical structure results in a merely temporal lining up of the events one after the other, without indicating local or modal circumstances, sensual or logical details of the coherence of the actions. E.g.: Q čoro rom bešlas po vurdon thaj gēlas khēre fele. Resie ka 'k pōdo 'The poor Gypsy sat on his cart and started homewards. They arrived at a bridge.' Hungarian folk tales would join the two events: 'After a while, they arrived', or 'On the road they have found', or 'While they were wandering about', etc. A salient example of this dismembered, lapidary Gypsy narratory style can be found in No. 11: Reslas jek bāro rededencija, krajjeski vāra. Ko sas kothe? Le rablōva. Živanja rablōva sas kothe. Gēlas,

puterdas šel vudara. Ando šelt' andre gelas. Bokhālo sas. 'He arrived at a big castle, a royal palace. Who was there? The robbers. Robbers, outlaws were there. He went, opened hundred doors. Entered the hundredth one. He was hungry.' Of course, there are sharp differences in style in the tales of the individual Gypsy narrators. Some Gypsy story-tellers are intended to follow Hungarian originals more closely also in style.

Among standing stylistic phrases, the opening and closing formulas are firmly fixed. The opening and closing formulas of Romani tales as used in Hungary are not to be found in Gypsy tales from other countries. Thus, they were born during the Gypsies' stay in this country. All Gypsy dialects in Hungary follow the Hungarian opening formula hol volt, hol nem volt 'there was or there wasn't' /lit.: 'where it was, where it was not'/. Romungro and Gurvāri made a literal translation: kāj sinja kāj na sinja /or kāj sja kāj nāne/ and kā has kā na has. Vlax omits the first kāj: sas, kaj nas. A variant form of this latter used in Colāri is: sā pe kacar nā pe, in Kherāri and Kelderāri: sah pe kaj nah pe. /The Vlax forms partly bear the traces of Rumanian a fost cînd n' a fost./ In Hungarian, the latter form without the first hol 'where' is very rare, its use is restricted to certain areas of Transylvanian Hungarian. Thus, this Vlax formula seems to be born in Transylvania.

Hungarian folk tales use a lot of other opening formulas, Romani tales only those mentioned above. In this respect, they do not follow Hungarian. The opening formula is, as a rule, followed by the standing phrase hétéd-hét országón is túl 'behind the beyond' /lit.: 'behind seven times seven countries'/, always in Hungarian. There is no Romani translation of this phrase. In Vlax, less often, some standing phrases in Romani occur: čačipe te n' avilō čī paramiča č' avilō 'were it not true, there would be no tale'; čačipe te n' avilō, čī na čī phenōs la 'were it not true, I would not say it'; vi phenelas vi niči 'it was said and it was not said'; ande kadi suntō rātji 'in this holy night' /the latter from Rumanian, the former ones perhaps influenced by Transylvanian Hungarian/.

The closing formula is firmly fixed as well: Romungro te na mūja t' akānak džīvel, Vlax te na mūlas v' adjes /or, ž' adjes/ traji 'if he did not die, he is still alive' /calque on Hungarian máig is él, ha meg nem halt/. The use of this formula is obligatory even in cases when it is senseless, e.g. when the heroes have died at the end of the tale. This closing formula eventually can be substituted by a humorous additional episode, first of all, if the tale ends in kerde ek baro ebev 'they made a grand wedding'; e.g.: 'I, too, took part in the wedding', etc. /cf. in this volume the tales of J. Berki/. This additional scene was borrowed from Hungarian. A favourite closing episode in Gypsy tales is a naturalistic scene with a dog: a dog takes a marrow-bone away, the narrator runs

after the dog, the dog shits on his hand /sometimes the narrator names somebody from the audience instead of himself/.

The word order of tales is characterized by inversion. The usual word order of conversational style is subject - predicate, or adverb - predicate. Narratory style prefers the placing of the predicate at the beginning of the sentence: Ingerde ame 'l n̄ilasa 'Deported we were by the nazis'. T̄l' avilas Aranjos̄ Kristinka 'Golden Crissie climbed off the tree'. B̄arilas anda late ek somnakuno b̄aro mačo 'Transformed she was into a big goldfish'.

Stylistic peculiarities of Romani tales give a proof of a foregoing independence in shaping the raw material borrowed from the non-Gypsy folklore. The subjects borrowed from Hungarian receive their Romani form in a style the sentence structure and formulas of which are different from Hungarian. The independence is greater in Vlax than in the other dialects. The style of Gurb̄ari and especially Romungro tales follows Hungarian patterns more closely /Vekerdi 1975/.

Gypsy tales told in Hungarian

Collecting Hungarian folk tales /both in present-day Hungary and in Transylvania/ in the last years led to the discovery of a surprising fact. The best Hungarian story-tellers were found among Romungro Gypsies speaking only Hungarian /in Transylvania, some of them speak also Romani/. The Gypsy story-tellers rival their best Hungarian colleagues both in quantity and in quality of the tales. World record was reached by Hungarian folk tale research when S. Erdész published 262 tales of the Gypsy story-teller L. Ámi /Ámi 1968/. Such a high number of tales told by one informant has never been published. Erdész recorded by tape 160 splendid tales from another Hungarian-speaking Gypsy in North-East of Hungary. To make a comparison, it may be mentioned that non-Gypsy story-tellers seldom reach a number of 100 tales.

The Romungro /Hungarian/ Gypsy tales from North-Eastern Hungary show a rather strong thematic congruence with Romani /Vlax/ collections from other parts of the country, first of all with the Vlax collection by S. Csenki from Püspökladány /Eastern Hungary/. It is an open question whether North-Eastern Hungary was the starting point of the diffusion of Gypsy tales in Hungary /this is not impossible for a considerable part of Vlax immigrants passed through this area/, or the Romungro tales in this territory were influenced by Vlax tales originating from different parts of the country. Linguistic criteria point to the latter possibility /see below/.

Tales told by Gypsies in Hungarian /be them bilingual Vlax or Hungarian-speaking Romungros/ are longer and more colourful than those told in Romani. In Hungary, all adult bilingual Gypsies speak better Hungarian

than Romani. Besides, when a narrator tells his story in Romani and the audience corrects him, the dispute invariably turns over to Hungarian. The opposite never occurs, i.e. when telling the story in Hungarian, they never turn over to Romani. -

Gypsy tales told in Hungarian contain all the essential features typical of the tales in Romani, also in case of their being told by Romungros who speak only Hungarian. As to the structure, displacement and mutilation of motifs, as to morality, comparative frequency of tragic ending, as to the means of expression, preference for realistic elements and modernization are not less peculiar to them than to the tales in Romani. E.g., as to modernization: the Dragon-slayer establishes a republic, gets its President, boils soap of the dragons' fat and sells it at a ceiling price, builds room-and-kitchen flats around his castle turning round on a magpie's foot, and distributes the flats on a socialistic principle /L. Ámi/. The number of realistic elements is greater, the contrast between reality and supernatural world is sharper, grotesque traits are stronger in tales told in Hungarian than in those told in Romani. In consequence of all this, the fairy tale sometimes becomes a tale of horror.

A rather strange phenomenon in Gypsy tales told in Hungarian is the loan translation of stereotyped Romani phrases. Gypsy story-tellers use a number of standing phrases in Hungarian that are unknown in original Hungarian folk tales but have an exact equivalent in Vlach: volt egy hét ország királya 'there was a king of seven countries' < sas ek epta lumako kraj; megütték hét ország dobját 'they have beaten the drum of seven countries' < malavenas epta lumaki doba; megindult menni 'he started wandering' < gelas te mendegelij; rögtön leveszi a fejemet 'he will take down my head immediately' < röktön lela tele muro šero. This impact from the side of Romani would be reasonable if these phrases were to be met with only in tales told by bilingual Vlach story-tellers in Hungarian. However, tales of Hungarian-speaking Romungro story-tellers, too, abound in similar phrases. This proves the presence of a rather vivid cultural contact between the members of these two groups despite the strong segregation and mutual contempt between them.

Dialects

It is generally accepted to call the tongue of the individual Gypsy groups as Vlach, Sinto, Romungro, etc. dialects of the Gypsy language. Properly, this is incorrect. Vlach, Sinto, Romungro etc. are not dialects of a common language but independent cognate languages just like Russian, Polish, Czech etc. are not dialects of a common Slavonic language but independent Slavonic languages. The speakers of the individual Gypsy groups do not understand each other's tongue. To be more exact, Kelderāri, Lovāri, Colāri

are dialects of the Vlax Gypsy language.

In Hungary, about two thirds of the Gypsy population speak Hungarian only, no Romani. They are called by the other Gypsies and also by themselves Romungro 'Hungarian Gypsy'. The ancestors of the Hungarian Gypsy group gave up their Romani at the end of the 19th century. Only a few thousand souls of this group continue to speak Romani /see below/.

Another group of ca. 30,000 souls speak Hungarian and Rumanian /no Romani/. They are called Beaş /from Rumanian băiaş 'miner', for their ancestors were gold-washers in the 18th century/. The other Gypsies call them balaşari 'trough-maker' or /seldom/ lingurari 'spoon-maker'. They are aware of their Gypsy origin from the opinion of the non-Gypsy population only who, on the ground of their anthropologic features and their way of life, identify them with the other Gypsies.

The group of bilingual Gypsies speaking Hungarian and Romani is divided into four languages /'dialects', according to the accepted terminology/: Vlax, Gurvāri, Romungro, Sinto.

1. Vlax dialects:

The Vlax Gypsy language is split up into a number of dialects: Lovāri, Māşari, Drizāri, Colāri, Kherāri, Cerhāri. Formerly, these were occupational groups. The overwhelming majority belongs to the Lovāri 'horse-dealer' group /from Hungarian ló 'horse'/. The difference between these dialects is quite insignificant; only Colāri is somewhat differentiated by a few grammatical peculiarities. - The well-known Kelderāri dialect is no more spoken in Hungary.

Vlax differs from the other Gypsy languages by a high number of loan words from Rumanian. At present, about 160 Rumanian primary words are generally used /out of a stock of ca. 800 primary words/. The intensity of Rumanian lexical influence shows slight differences on a chronological and a territorial ground /quite apart from dialects or sub-dialects/: the subsequent generations successively drop a number of Rumanian words, and those individuals who live near the Rumanian frontier use more Rumanian words than the others. The number 160 is the minimum: all Vlax speakers use this common stock of words and besides, some speakers know a few dozen of Rumanian words more. However, this surplus stock is not homogeneous: one individual knows this, the other another Rumanian word.

The loan words from Rumanian have replaced genuine Romani words in a few instances. E.g., dživēl 'live' was replaced in Vlax by trajij < Rum. traī, yakerel 'speak' by vorbij < Rum. vorbi. More numerous are instances when the same idea is expressed by a Rumanian word in Vlax and by a Hungarian one in Romungro and Gurvāri, eventually by a German one in Sinto, e.g. V. feri 'only' < Rum. fără ⇔ R. G. čak < Hung. csak, S. nur < Germ. id.

Apart from Rumanian loans, the most important lexical peculiarity of

the Vlax dialects is the use of the negative particle či 'not' instead of common Gypsy na with verbs, and the prohibitive use of na instead of common Gypsy ma: či žav 'I don't go' /common Gypsy na džav/, na ža 'don't go' /common Gypsy ma džā/.

Other conspicuous lexical differences are: Vlax vi 'also' /for te/, kade 'thus', kado 'this', kodo 'that', kathe 'here' /otherwise adā, odo, adaĵ, athe etc./, trobuj 'must' /for kampel/.

In phonetics, Vlax is differentiated from common Gypsy by the sound changes čh > č, dž > ž: čhavo 'son' > V. šavo, džanel 'know' > V. šanel. The change is at a transitory phase, some elderly Vlax speakers and archaic sub-dialects pronounce /facultatively/ čh and dž.

Vlax, Gurvāri and Romungro are characterized by a sharp and consistent distinction of long and short vowels: kāmel 'love' and kālo 'black', tēlal 'from beneath' and tēle 'down'. The three dialects, however, do not completely coincide in the use of short and long vowels. Not rarely in Vlax there is a long vowel where in Romungro stands a short one: V. akāna akānik 'now', G. akana, R. akanik; V. bāro 'great', R. baro, G. bāro or baro. G. usually runs together with V.: V. G. zurālo 'strong', R. zoralo.

In declension, the instrumental case of singular ends in -esa -asa in V., in -aha /G. -ehē/, -aha in the other languages: Devlesa / Devleha /G. Devlehe/ 'with God'. The ending of the genitive is -esko -ako in V., similarly in G., -eskero -akero in R., -eskro -akro in S.: V. G. romesko 'of the man', R. romeskero, S. romeskro. In conjugation, the past tense differs where in V. the stem ends in a hard consonant, in G. R. /and partly in S./ in a soft one, and partly also the endings are different: V. phendem 'I told', R. G. phendjom, S. phendom; V. mūlas 'he died', G. mūja mūjas, R. mūlja mūja, S. mujas.

The Colāri dialect slightly differs from the other Vlax dialects. The stem of the past tense has a soft dj, lj, ĵ /plur. 3. is hard/: phendjom. Final -g changes to -x, or is dropped: sas 'he was' > sax sā /facultatively/, but an individual speaker uses one or the other form consistently/. Similarly, -sk- > -xk- -hk- -k- : leske 'to him' > lexke le^xke lehke leke. This latter change takes place also in the Kherāri dialect. Acoustically, very characteristic of this dialect is the velar pronunciation of e in many instances: bešel 'sit' > bžšel, manušen 'the men' > manušⁿ. This sound has a timbre like ö.

The accent of the Vlax dialects is oxytone. Verbs stress the ending: phenáv, phendém. Nouns stress the last syllable of the stem: manušéske.

2. Gurvāri dialects:

I use the name Gurvāri as a generalizing denomination of the language the speakers of which designate themselves by different names in different parts of the country. Beside the name Gurvāri, also Cerhāri, Romāno rom,

Patrinári, Bodoc, Maškar are used by them. Their common Hungarian name used by other Gypsies /and by Hungarians/ is fódozó 'tinman'. Their number may be a few thousands.

The vocabulary shows but very few traces of direct Rumanian impact /as against Vlax/, e.g. beāto 'child' from Rum. băiat. At the same time, many Rumanian words penetrated into Gurvári indirectly, through Vlax. Most of the Gurváris live in trilinguism: they speak, beside Hungarian, Gurvári, Lovári /or rather they understand Lovári/. In consequence, when there is no ancient Romani word, they borrow either from Hungarian or /less often/ from Lovári which has a corresponding Rumanian loan word. E.g. for 'window' they say either ablaka < Hung. ablak, or fejāstra felāsra < Lovári fejās-tra feljāsra < Rum. ferestra. In such cases, old people prefer borrowings from Hungarian while the younger generation uses Vlax words as well.

In phonetics, the aspirate čh has lost the aspiration: čhāvo > čāvo 'son', čhaj > čeј 'daughter'. For dž, many speakers occasionally pronounce dj: džal > djal 'go'. There are also slight dialectal differences in pronunciation. In Middle Hungary, the 3rd person sing. of past tense drops final -s: dikhjas > dikhja 'he saw'. Also final -s of adverbs may be dropped in this dialect: lōkes > lōke 'slowly'.

The grammar of the Gurvári language is identical with that of Transylvanian Hungarian Gypsy described by Wlislöckl /Die Sprache der transsilvanischen Zigeuner, 1884/. The vocabulary differs widely. The earlier stock is the same, the Rumanian loans are quite different. Thus, this branch of Transylvanian Gypsy became an independent language.

3. Romungro dialects:

Formerly these dialects were spoken on the whole territory of present-day Hungary. At present, Romani-speaking Romungros /Hungarian Gypsies par excellence/ live only in some parts of Northern Hungary.

Vocabulary and pronunciation bear witness of a centuries-old Hungarian influence. There is a plenty of loan words and loan translations in these dialects. The original oxytonese was given up, the first syllable is stressed. The consonant x changed into h.

Characteristic is the ending of the imperfect -ahi: kerlahi 'he made'. The infinitive ends in all persons and numbers in -en: kamaw te phenen 'I want to say' /common Gypsy kamaw te phenav/.

Romungro has somewhat more Slavonic loan words than Vlax and Gurvári. They came from Serbo-Croatian while in Vlax, from Bulgarian.

The Romungro language can be divided into three territorial /not tribal or occupational as in Vlax!/ dialects: county Nógrád, Western district and South-West Hungary. The differences between the two former ones are minimal /gēje and gēle 'they went', phenel and phēnel; lengthening of short

vowels in verbal roots is rather general in Western Romungro. The accent is sometimes penultimate in Western Romungro instead of the usual first syllable stress: akanik 'now'.

Lengthening of short vowels affects also nouns and morphemes in the South-West district: těrnö 'young', barēder 'greater', mrō mri 'my'.

Other idiomatisms are individual or facultative in the Romungro dialects as loss of aspiration: lačho > lačo 'good', palatalization of n l before i: romni > romnji 'wife', ending -el of the infinitive besides -en in all persons: kamaw te phenel 'I want to say' /generally, kamaw te phenen/.

Closely affiliated with the Romungro dialects /especially with the South-Western dialect/ is the Vend Gypsy dialect spoken by a limited number of families in South-Western Hungary. Practically, the Romungro dialects and the Vend dialect can be regarded as dialects of a same language while Romungro, Vlax etc. are different languages. The vocabulary is essentially the same apart from a number of loan words: Vend Gypsy has a number of German /Austrian/ loans while Romungro has none, and a few Croatian borrowings. E.g. cuĵ 'to it' < Germ. zu /R. kia/, dokle 'till then' < Croat. dokle 'until' /R. addig, Hung./, Also the Hungarian loans are partly different, e.g. fatjū 'child' < Hung. fattyú /R. raklo, čhavo/.

In phonetics, the change dž > ǰ differentiates Vend Gypsy from the Romungro dialects: ǰal 'go' < dǰal. Dropping of final vowels of adverbs occurs very often: pal < pala 'behind', ār < āri 'out'. Vowels are lengthened more often than in Romungro: mānuš 'man'. The clusters -ave-, -ive-, -ije- are contracted: ǰil < dǰivel 'live'. The accent is penultimate /not first syllable as in Romungro/: astārel 'takes' /R. ástarel/, anguštéha 'with the finger' /R. ángušteha/. In case of contraction of final -avel, -avo etc. and of dropping of final vowels the word becomes oxytone: gilāl < gilavel 'sing', patáj < patavo 'foot clout', eketan < ekhetāne 'together'.

Characteristic is the first person sing. of the past tense in -um: kerdjum 'I made' /R. kerdjom/.

4. Sinto dialect:

The German Gypsy or Sinto language is spoken by a few families in Western and Northern Hungary. They have immigrated from Austria after the first World War. They sharply differentiate their language from Romani: 'We speak only sintetikes, no romenes', they say. The difference between Sinto and the three Romani Gypsy languages spoken in Hungary is, indeed, far greater than that between the Vlax, Gurvāri and Romungro languages. The vocabulary is full of German loans, the pronunciation comes near to German /with 'Murmelvokal' before r l/. The ending -a of the verbs denotes both present and future tense while it is only future in the other

three languages: kerela 'he makes' or 'he will make' /in V.G.R. only 'he will make'/. The past tense is hard from verbs with -d-, soft from verbs with -l/jj-: phendas 'he told', mujas 'he died' /this dicotomy is unknown in the other dialects/. The enclitic personal pronoun lo/li 'he/she' is used very often: buti kere li 'she is working'. Word formation is somewhat more active than it is in the other Gypsy languages: there are a few substantival derivatives in -skero -skro /unknown in other languages/ like bašapaskero bašabaskro 'musician' from bašavel 'to play' /otherwise mužikāši from Hungarian and lavutāri from Rumanian/.

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The present tense of the verb 'to be' is in the individual languages:

Vlax: sim/som, san, si; sam, san, si

Gurvāri: hom, hal/han, hi; ham, han, hi

Romungro: som/sliom/sinjom /Vend sum/, sal/sljaj/sinjal/san/sljan /V sal/, hi /si/; sam/sljam/sinjam /V sam/, san/slian/sinjan /V san/, hi/si /V hi/

Sinto: hom, hal, hi; ham, han, hi.

'Is not': V naj, G naj, R nāne, Ve nān, S hi nit.

Some different words in the individual languages:

V kado, G ado, R adā, S kau : ez/this

V kathe, G athe, R adaj, Ve edej, S kati: itt/here

V kade, G avka, R awka, Ve afka, S gjaki: így/thus

V feri, G numa, R čak, S nur: csak/only

V aba, G R mār, S šun: már/already

V dolmut, G R čilla, S rāhal: régen/since long

V arātji, G R ič, S tajsa: tegnap/yesterday

V detehāra, G tehāra, R ratjaha, S tajsāla: reggel/morning

V ode, G kattji, R kitji, S kici: mennyi/how many

V kasavo, G asso, R aso. Ve esej, S sau: ilyen/such

V khanči, G R ništa, S gwarči: semmi/nothing

V khonjik, G R niko, S kek menčo: senki/nobody

V mesalji, G astala, R kafidi, Ve stolo, S tiša: asztal/table

V fejāstra, G ablaka, R bloka, Ve bloko, S fenstra: ablak/window

V skamin, R skami, Ve pado, S banko: szék/seat
 V pāto, G than, R vodro, S pečtata: ágy/bed
 V mōrči, G R cipa, S hauta: bőr/skin, leather
 V šavo, R S čhavo, G beāto, Ve fatjū: gyermek, fiú/child, son
 V G lungo, R dugo, S lang: hosszú/long
 V G cerra, R buka, salog, Ve čulo, S pisra: kevés/few
 V tordjol, G āčel, R ačhel, Ve terdjol, S šterel: áll/stand
 V trajij, G džuvel, R S dšivel, Ve šil: él/live
 V vorbij, G R vakerel, S rakrel: beszél/speak
 V cipil, G R vičinel, Ve vrištjanel, S del gōli: kiált/shout
 V kirāvel, G R tāvel, Ve tāi, S kiervel: főz/cook
 V trobu, G kapel, R kampel, Ve pekāl, S hun: kell/must
 V nais tuke, R palikerav tuke, S parkrau man: köszönöm/thank you

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BIBLIOGRAPHY see: vol. I. p. 25-27.

TRANSCRIPTION see: vol. I. p. 28.

T r a n s l a t i o n

1.

Greyhound's son Johnny

There was and wasn't, beyond the seven seas, beyond the potatoe-mountains, an old king and an old queen. Both of them were seventy-nine years old but had no children. Well then, it seemed that they will die soon. Says the queen: 'It will not be long and we shall die but we have nobody to whom we can leave our fortune. But wait only old man, let me have a dream!' They went to bed. Next morning they got up. 'Dearest love of mine, go to the golden fish-pond, there is a golden fish, catch it. If I eat it up, I shall bear a golden child this day next year.'

The old king went off, he hobbled to the golden fish-pond. He took his fishing net, threw it into the water. It was not yet plunged when the golden fish already jumped in the fishing net. The old king caught the fish and took it along to the woman cook. He told her: 'Don't dare to give anybody but to the queen from this fish. And it should be ready in ten minutes!'

The cook took the fish, cleaned and gutted it. Well, the big greyhound looked through the window. The cook grasped the guts of the fish and threw it before the dog. The dog swallowed it. Then the cook took the fish in and gave it to the queen. When the queen finished it, the old king came and told her: 'Well, dearest love of mine, 'sdeath, I stared at this golden fish thirty-four years. I had a look at it every morning. But then, let us see what will happen.'

As week and month wore on, a year went by and a golden baby was born to the queen. Well, what shall he be called? Let him be called Ladislas.

Suddenly the cook run into the room and said to the king: 'Your Majesty, the greyhound whelped a golden boy! At the same time when the queen gave birth to a son, the dog whelped too.' 'If this will not prove true, you good-for-nothing, it will cost you your head!' 'Come and see for yourself, old king, if you don't believe me!' The old king was running as a mad man. Well, there was nothing to do. When he saw the golden child in the kennel, he fall flat. There was nothing else to do but to carry the boy into the house. The queen caught sight of the golden infant and asked: 'How is this possible? What the dickens? A dog whelped a golden child? As God ordered it. It has the same blood [as my child] as it also sprang from the fish.' For the old queen realized that the cook certainly threw the guts before the dog. She called for the cook. The cook entered. The old queen said: 'You stinking whore, what did you do with the fish the old king

gave you a year ago to cook it for me?' 'Your Majesty, I gave the guts to the dog.' 'Well, then listen', said the queen, 'it may cost you your head if you give away that the other boy was whelped by a dog.'

So months and years passed by. The old king came. 'Well, old man, dearest love of mine, what shall we call this one?' 'Dearest love of mine, he was whelped by a greyhound, let us call him Greyhound's son Johnny.'

The children grew up steadily. The old king was already dead. They were five years old when he died. Now they are already seventeen years old. Both of them are gallant and fearless warriors but Ladislas is a hundred times more famous. But Greyhound's son Johnny pretends only that he is not so gallant. They turned twenty one, then the queen threw out the cook. Greyhound's son Johnny approaches the queen: 'Dear mother! why did you dismiss this dear, kind, old cook? She told, she wants only to have so much food she can eat and she will work for it. And she is so old! And then, she turned grey in your service, why do you dismiss her now?' 'Son, mind your sword; this is my concern and not yours.'

Greyhound's son Johnny was up and left. He had hundred golden coins savings. He called on the old cook: 'Good day, granny.' 'I knew you would come to see me. What has brought you here, Johnny?' 'Granny, my heart is heavy because of you. I don't know why but I feel as if I were as poor as you. Though I am the king of seven countries' kings. But look granny, may I ask you something?' 'Have confidence in me, tell me, what do you want?' 'Tell me only one single thing, why am I called Greyhound's son Johnny?' 'Not so fast', she said. 'Don't ask me this. If you would know it, if I should disclose this secret, my head would not stay there where it is now.' 'And why do you speak so, granny? Tell it me, for God's heaven! Don't be afraid, I shall not blab it out, on the contrary, I shall help you to the best of my power.' 'Well then, look, Greyhound's son Johnny, I'm going to tell you. You are not the queen's son.' Greyhound's son Johnny turned pale. 'Whose son am I then, from whom did I get? Who is my mother?' 'Remember your name.' Greyhound's son Johnny reflected: 'Well, my name is Greyhound's son Johnny. Where it comes from? Certainly I do not know.' 'Then I shall relate your story from the very beginning. Your foster-father brought a golden fish and told me to cook it for the queen. But I oughtn't to give anybody of it. But I gave the guts to the greyhound. The queen ate it and so did the dog. That day next year, both of you were born. You from the dog and Ladislas from the queen. You are not their real child.' 'Do you think, mother, that I did not suspect so? Wherever I went, the greyhound was always next to me, till I did not turn twelve. Since she was a greyhound and I was called Greyhound's son Johnny, I also thought about it. This is enough for me. Thank you, mother. Take this money bag; it will last to the end of your life.' 'Oh no! I don't take it!' 'But sure, you must take it!'



He threw it down on the table: 'Granny, I have a horse and a sword, I shall take them and go to see the world. I don't stay here not a minute, not a second longer.'

'Listen to me, Greyhound's son Johnny! The sword you have is not good. The horse you have is not good. But go into the eleventh room; there you will find a rusty sword, take it with you. A mangy, lousy horse pastures on the dunghill, take it with you. In the stable there is a rusty, worn, shabby saddle, take it with you. When you reach the border of the village, there is a boiling lake. Squeeze the horse into it. Duck his head three times into the lake. But keep the reins tight in your hand! When the horse hops out of the lake, jump into the saddle. But take care of yourself!'

Well, it's all right. He went to his mother: 'Dear mother, I have to go to see the world. Don't detain me. You know, mother, I am grown up, I want to marry. So I go away.' 'Well, my son; as you like it. What with are you going?' 'I have it already.' 'So, God bless you!'

Greyhound's son Johnny was up and went his way. He reached the border of the village. He arrived at the boiling lake. Large, large flames dart up from the lake. Greyhound's son Johnny speculated: 'Damn it, my God, if I throw this tottering horse into the lake, not any of his bones will remain!' 'Not so fast', said the horse, he started to speak. 'Don't rack your brains, master, I have felt you on my back already twenty-one years ago.' When Greyhound's son Johnny heard that the horse was speaking in a human voice, he was seized by fear and thrust the horse into the lake. He ducked its head three times. He kept the reins tightly. The horse then said: 'But now, take care Johnny!' As soon as he told this, he already fled in the clouds. But Greyhound's son Johnny did not sit with his hands folded either. The horse was not quite out of the lake when he was already on his back. One of his boot soles got scorched. Up in the clouds the horse asked: 'And now, master, in which direction?' 'Where there are a lot of poor but only a few of rich people.'

That's right. They go and go, behind the beyond, beyond the seven seas and they arrive at a haunted castle. 'Now, master', said the horse, 'the first test is expecting you here. To-night at twelve o'clock go inside this castle. I can't tell you more, only so much, take care of yourself! Twenty-four devils are there. They are guarding a golden coffin. Therein you will find whom you are seeking.' 'Whom do I want to find?' 'Go and rescue him, and you will find it out. I have told you, I can't tell you more.'

Time was not yet ripe, so the lad, Greyhound's son Johnny went to sleep because he was tired. When he woke up, the clock struck twelve. He looked at the castle: it was illuminated, one couple comes, the other goes. 'Ugh! How beautiful these girls are! To hell with my horse if he only lied that twenty-four devils are here!' He watches them, how betwitching young

persons they are! He stares at them. Suddenly one couple passed by quite near to him and laughed at him. He runs his eyes over their legs but they were not visible under their dresses. He looks down at the earth and he sees the prints of a horsehoe. 'Oho', he says, 'my horse was right after all!' Well, whatever will happen, he sets out. He entered the castle. As he entered, the lamps went out, all the harbingers of death circled around his head. All of a sudden he heard a bang, the ceilings split, the plafond came crushing down. Greyhound's son Johnny did not get frightened. He entered the chapel. As he entered the chapel, he saw there a golden coffin. Twenty-four devils were sitting round the coffin and played cards. When Johnny visited the old woman, the cook, he got from her a pack of winning cards. He could only win with these cards and nobody else.

He approaches the devils: 'Good day.' 'What are you looking for? Not even a bird can fly in this place.' 'You are fools! How can you play with such trashy cards?' 'Well, do you have better ones?' 'Certainly, I have. With these cards only I can win and not one of you.' 'We don't believe this! Well, you will see. Let us play!' He looks at his watch, he has still half an hour time. He takes the cards and deals. 'I'm going to play with you but one by one.' 'For what stakes shall we play?' 'For our two hands.' That's right. Greyhound's son Johnny won, he cut off two hands. It was the same with all of them, except the king. He told: 'I don't play for our hands but for something else.' 'For what?' 'For this, f... your mother!' Hereupon he took out one eye of the lad. Thereupon the lad cut off both his legs with his living sword. When he did so, he grasped him by his tail and threw him on the coffin. When he threw him there, just then the coffin was flung open. Nice Fairy Helen jumped out of it. The devil fell into the coffin. The lid of the coffin sprang to and it sank down into the earth. As all these happened, the haunted castle began to turn around on a magpie's foot. The girl got free.

But the boy's one eye was lost. When the boy caught sight of the girl, he nearly fainted away. The girl approached him: 'Dearest love of my heart, I have been damned three hundred years. You still have been in your mother's dog-womb when I had already known that you will be my husband.' 'But, dearest love of my heart', said the boy, 'this ugly devil took out one of my eyes.' 'Ah, Greyhound's son Johnny! Where did you come from? A fish was caught and so you have become. The fish will return you your eye. Let us get on horseback and go to the golden fish-pond.' The girl drew water from it and washed the boy's eye. He became a hundred times more handsome.

'And now, to whom shall we go? To the cook or to your foster mother?' 'We shall go neither to one nor to the other but one we shall bring to us.' 'And which one?' 'The one who will cook for us, the old cook.' They took home the cook, made a great wedding, ate and drank, so did I. If they haven't died, they are still alive.

Monk Lead-Head

There was and wasn't, behind the beyond, a lead-headed monk ...

There was a young brave man. He was seventeen years old when he went to see the world. He strolled behind the beyond, arrived in a vast big forest. Well, there was a small house. But then he didn't eat and drink already two days. He knocked at the door. 'Who are you?' 'Good day, granny. I am going to die without food and drink. Be so kind, give me to eat and drink.' 'I can give you to eat but hardly to drink.' 'And why, granny?' 'But didn't you see anything?' 'No, mother, I didn't see anything.' 'Our village is thrown into mourning.' 'What for is it thrown?' 'Because the twenty-four headed dragon watches the well. He gives water only then when we give him a girl to eat. Just now the king's nicest youngest daughter is fastened by the well. At midnight he comes up and when he ate her up, then he gives water.' 'What time is it, mother?' 'It is eight o'clock.' 'Well, I am going to lie down. At midnight, - - Now I am going there, I don't lie down. But if you see that the blue light comes up, then let loose my three animals at once.' /He had a wolf, a dog and a big cat./ 'When you see the blue light, don't forget to let them out. For now I am going there, I want to save the princess and your water. But don't forget to let them loose.'

Then the lad went out to the well. The princess sights him. 'Young man, what are you looking for? Go away from here at once, because the dragon will come immediately and gobble you up together with me.' 'That's the least of my cares. Look here, my sweetheart, my beloved, I am going to stretch out, I am sleepy, I lie down on your lap, but if you catch sight of the blue flame, wake me up at once!'

Then the lad lay down and when he slept the best, midnight arrived. The dragon was half-way up. 'Oho', says the dragon, 'today I shall eat a young princess' liver.' The girl did not dare to stir. The scarlet flame was already up. While the girl weeps, the dragon is already waist-deep out of the well. And the girl's tears drop on the lad's face. The boy suddenly jumps up. 'Dash it, damn you! Didn't I tell you to wake me up at once when you catch sight of the flame?' 'Oho', says the dragon, 'thanks your Majesty! Did you give me your son, too?' The lad says: 'Unless your blind mother but not me.' The dragon says: 'With arms or to grips?' The boy says: 'To grips.' He takes the lad, pushes him knee-deep [into the

earth]. The lad, too, takes the dragon, pushes him up to his ankles. The lad says: 'Well, now I overthrew you!' 'Oho', he says, 'I would only like to see what kind of mother's milk did you suck? - Well, you fine brave man, I shall still meet one of your wishes. Tell me, what is it?' The lad then says: 'Well, only that one: My boot pinches, let me take it off.' 'You may take it off.' Then the lad took off his boot, turned it over and over and threw it into the house. As the old woman slept, it hit her on her navel. The old woman eyes it, looks at the watch: 'Oh, my God, what did I do?' She at once let out his animals. The dragon speaks to the lad: 'Well, fuck your blind mother, draw out your sword! What do you want, brave man?' 'What I do want? To eat up your twenty-four heads.' 'Not so fast, brave man, you can't do this.' 'Why not?' 'As you cut them off, one by one, they jump back in the same way.' 'I have three animals, they will bury them at once.' Well, in that moment the three animals arrive. When the lad sighted them, he all at once cut off three heads. He speaks to his animals: 'Bury them on the spot!' Then the lad fought with him three nights, three days until he could kill him. When he had killed him, the princess looked at him: 'My sweetheart, my beloved, you are mine, I am yours. As you fear God: my father is the king of seventeen countries, he is a very rich man. He will give his fortune to the man, he announced, who saves me.' 'Thank you, princess.'

Then a large cloud arose, took hold of the girl and took her along. Well, what is the lad to do? The king just then arrived there. 'Thank you, brave man!' 'What do you thank me for, Your Majesty?' 'That you saved my daughter from the twenty-four headed dragon. Where is my daughter?' says the king. 'Your Majesty, a big cloud came and took her away from me.' 'Not only from you but from me, too. Well, what should we do now, brave man?' 'Your Majesty, I fought three nights and three days until I could lay down the dragon. I am tired, I am hungry, I am worn out. Later on when I had a good rest then I shall see what I can do.'

The lad climbed into the king's coach, went to the palace. He ate, drank, went to bed. In the morning he gets up. 'Your Majesty, I already know who can tell me where your daughter is.' 'How do you know?' 'Oho, that I can't tell you. But there is a very long way before me and I have a wretched horse, it is tired, worn out. I have also three animals, take care of them, keep them well.' 'Oho, my brave man, you should not worry because of this. Go into the stable, choose one of them, such a horse as you like it.' 'I don't need any of them. On the dung-hill there is a wretched grey horse full of maggots, give me that one.' 'What will you do with that one? It is worm-eaten, nothing but bone. You can't even go with it out of the village, far from such a long way. We keep him only because he was the horse of my grandfather's grandfather's grandchild; this is why we keep it here.' 'Never

mind. In the twelfth room there is a sword covered with rust, give it to me.' 'If that is what you want, there it is, take it.'

The lad entered the twelfth room. As he reached out for the sword, it flew onto his waist. He approached the dung-hill. The horse speaks to him: 'Argus Mickey, when you have been in your mother's womb, I already knew that you would be my master. But then, lead me out into the large forest. Fell there hundred big trees. Lay fire with them, take me to the fire, leave everything else to me.' Argus Mickey carried it out into the forest. He laid a big fire, led the horse there. The horse waits till the whole fire flew down. When the whole fire flew down, it gobbled up the fire. When it gobbled up the smallest bit of flake, then it shook itself and became a magic steed of twenty-four wings. When the lad Argus Mickey caught sight of it, he completely turned blue. It speaks to Argus Mickey: 'Well, master, get on my back. I know where you go. But then, everything depends on it whether the Monk Lead-Head will fall for us. For when we arrive to his boundary, we shall turn to stone. Everything depends on it whether he will fall for us.'

They go and go, they walked along in the black clouds. When they came near to his boundary, they came down on the highway and flew there. When they arrived to the boundary, when they crossed it, they suddenly turned to stone.

Once the Monk Lead-Head rode out to the boundary. He looks at the statue. 'Eh, my God', he says, 'I am ruling here for five hundred years but I never saw such a beautiful statue.' For all around, there were all kinds of statues but he didn't want to see alive any of them. But he longed very much for it to see the lad. He drew forth a stick of his boot. He stroke the lad three times and he became a real man. The Monk spoke to the lad: 'Who are you? What are you doing here when even a bird cannot fly over my boundary?' 'Your Majesty, I am a young man, I started to see the world. You may not have any objections against it.' 'You really don't know who am I?' 'Not me, Your Majesty.' 'Do you see the statues? Look here how strong I am.' He stroke three statues, all three of them became real. But he at once stroke them again. They again turned back into statues. He speaks to the lad: 'You see, brave man, such is my strength. But as you are young and handsome, I shall leave you for me as a court fool. Maybe some day you will be of use to me.' The lad says: 'Thank you, Your Majesty.' He speaks to the lad: 'But come on, have a look at my palace!' When they arrived in the palace, the palace turned round on a magpie's foot. Apple trees of copper were in it. Apple trees of silver were in it. Apple trees of gold were in it. On each tree twenty-four such birds made music. The lad says: 'Your Majesty, I have been in different places but I never saw such a thing.' That pleased the king very much.

One month passes, the lad goes in: 'Your Majesty, one of your eyes is

weeping, the other one is laughing. Tell me, what is the matter with you?' 'Oh, my son', he says, 'I am stricken by grief. Whom I have loved, the forty-eight-headed dragon abducted her.' 'Who was it?' 'Listen to me, I am going to tell you. Sit down, Argus Mickey. When you have been in your mother's womb I already knew that you would come here. One of my eyes weeps for that girl whom you have saved. The other of my eyes laughs for her for whom your heart aches and also my heart aches, whom you have saved from the twenty-four headed dragon. I know that much of you. Well, what do you think? How could we rescue her? If you can bring her to me, I will give you three coaches full of gold coins. But I don't give her to you. And you may go home to your family.' 'Listen to me, Your Majesty! Have a ship made. But such a ship that if one presses a button on it, it should fly into the clouds. When it is finished, then have made golden slippers studded with diamonds, rubies. But have also made some of leather, ornamented. Maybe then I can bring her to you.'

One month passed, everything was ready. When everything was finished, the lad put on a merchant's suit. He got on the ship and flew away. He goes and goes, strolls along. When he approached the dragon, his palace was on the sea. But a golden bridge led out to the mainland. The lad took the ship and directed it before the house. The girl just then looked out of the window. She speaks to the dragon: 'Look at that ship! I am being here already two years but I didn't see any ship in this part of the world. What is this?' The dragon looks out. 'Oh, a man with fancy goods. He sells something.' The girl says: 'My sweetheart, my beloved, you are my husband. Allow me to buy something from him. Well, you old snot-nosed, what are you selling?' 'Some kind of shuffling shoes, slippers.' 'Bring them in, show them.' 'I won't come in.' But the lad's hand is always on the button that if something happens, he may push it and fly away. He says: 'Come here, choose what you want.' The girl says: 'My sweetheart, my beloved', because she recognized Argus Mickey, 'my sweetheart, my beloved, you are my husband, you are very strong, you are very mighty. You will not be jealous of me because of that old snot-nosed? Where does he come to you? You are beautiful, great, strong!' 'Be off with you, plague on you, what do you think? That I am jealous of you?' Then the girl shouted down: 'Wait a moment, old man, I am coming at once!'

Then she went down. When she approached the ship and entered, the lad pushed the button till it went a thousand times faster than when the girl got into the ship. So quickly they flew. The girl says: 'My sweetheart, my beloved, as soon as I set eyes on you I recognized you at once. But God damn you if you don't tell me to whom you are carrying me.' 'My sweetheart, my beloved, listen to me: to Monk Lead-Head. But even if I will be sure I have to die, even then I will abduct you from him. But you have to help me in this.' 'How could I help you, my sweetheart?' 'There is only one thing,

you get out of him where he keeps his strength.' 'I will do it if I can.'

When they arrived home and the Monk saw it, he didn't know [for joy] where to put with the lad. He said: 'Argus Mickey, you sucked a good mother's milk. I should not dare to do what you did. I have also brains but you already surpass me.' The girl says: 'My sweetheart, I prefer a hundred times more to be your wife than of that filthy monster.'

Well, two weeks, one month pass, the lad speaks to the girl: 'My sweetheart, time is here to inquire where his strength is.' 'Well, if I can, even if I am going to die, even then I shall get it out of him.' 'If he speaks something, come at once and tell me!' The next day: 'My sweetheart', the girl tells him, 'do you love me?' 'I love you.' 'Do you love me very much?' 'I live for you, I die for you.' 'Well, if you love me so much then you should have nothing to keep back of me. He who loves his wife doesn't lie to her.' 'What do you want, my sweetheart?' 'I would like to ask you, you are very mighty, you are very strong, where do you keep your strength, my sweetheart?' 'Ahem', he says, 'where I keep my strength? In the bed-head.'

In the morning the girl goes to Mickey. 'My sweetheart, he said that his strength is in the bed-head.' 'Don't believe him. Stud the bed-head with silver. In the morning ask him again; what will he tell then!'

The Monk arrives home, he was hunting. In the evening they went to bed. He looks at the bed. 'Oho, my sweetheart! I see you do love me.' 'But you don't deserve it.' 'Why do you speak so, my sweetheart?' 'Because you didn't tell me the truth. Oho! Tell me, where do you keep your strength? For you tell me that you love me and you still lie to me. Tell me, my sweetheart, where do you keep your strength?' 'Well, plague on you, in the middle of the floor.'

Morning comes, she tells it to the lad. 'Don't believe him. Go in, stud the middle of the floor [= the crack between the floorboards] with brilliants, diamonds.' The Monk comes home, he looks at the floor. 'Oho, damn your mother! I see, you do love me.' 'And I see that you cheat me. How is it, my sweetheart, that you are given to lying? If you don't tell me the truth, by the time you come home I am going to kill myself.' 'Plague on your mother! Well, I tell you, because that can't be caught.'

In my palace there is a golden fish-pond. In that fish-pond there is a white duck. Three eggs are in the duck. He who kills it and cracks the eggs, - then I shall not have strength any more. But he who eats up its feather too, will be as strong as I am. Well, my sweetheart, are you satisfied?' 'I am, my sweetheart.'

Morning comes, the lad just feeds the horses. The girl runs to him: 'My sweetheart, I have it! I know where his strength is.' 'Where is it? Tell me quickly!' 'In his palace there is a small golden fish-pond. There

is a duck. But don't kill it, eat even its smallest feather. You will be so mighty, so strong as he is now.' Now, the lad runs to the fish-pond as a lunatic. But he waited for the duck from morning to night. But the duck doesn't want to come. The lad already starts walking homewards. Suddenly the water bubbles. The duck comes to the surface. As the duck came to the surface, the lad at once jumped after it. He grabbed the duck. On the spot he snapped off its head. So as it was, he didn't come out of the water, there he ate it up. When he ate up the three eggs, all of the statues, every single statue came to life again.

The Monk already roars. The Monk says: 'Argus Mickey, if you fear God, I give you my fortune, I give you the princess. Give me only that one feather which you are holding in your hand. Then I shall not die. But if you don't give it to me, if you eat it up, too, then I am going to die right away.' 'Look at that lot of people, these handsome, famous brave men, these lot of lads, young people, you did not feel pity for them and now I should feel pity for you? You have to die, whether you like it or not!' Then the lad took that feather, too, and ate it up. As he swallowed it down, the Monk became ashes. Then the lad mounted his horse, took the girl, they flew up. As they flew up, that big palace and that field turned into a sea.

They arrived home to the king, the girl's father. When the king sighted his daughter and the lad, he said him: 'I give you my fortune. I am the king of seventeen countries but now I renounce my kingship. You are a young, strong, famous brave man, the kingship is due to you. I am anyway sick and old. Your crowning will be celebrated tomorrow and together with it also your wedding.'

They went to bed. The boy had a dream. In the morning they got up: 'Father, do invite also the Prussian king!' 'Oh, no!' 'Why?' 'We are on bad terms.' 'Why are you angry with him?' 'Because he, too, is the king of seventeen countries. And he mocked me.' 'Doesn't matter; I want to be even with him just therefor!' 'If it is so, then I will invite him.'

Well, the wedding is going on, they eat and drink, they enjoy themselves. Suddenly the Prussian king stands up. He says: 'Well, who can crack larger jokes to the other?' The new king says: 'You begin, Prussian king!' 'All right, new king!' The Prussian king is up and says: 'Your Majesty, you have here three animals. You have a wolf, you have a dog, you have a cat. Why does such a famous brave king go in for an animal-tamer?' The young king says: 'Oho, Prussian king! That's nothing!' The young king says: 'You Prussian king, I'll bet, you are a bastard!' The Prussian king says, he hits the table: 'How do you dare to tell me such a thing?' 'I shall prove it to you.' 'Well, if you don't tell me how,'... 'Then I let you know: ask your mother.' He at once let his mother come.

'Dear mother! Is it true that I am a bastard?' 'Why, certainly son, it is not a shame, it was so with me.' Hereupon the Prussian king got angry, picked up hastily the wine and drank of it. The lad says: 'Prussian king, I'll bet, you drank human blood in that wine.' He again hits the table: 'How can you speak like this?' 'Ask the potman!' They let come the potman. The Prussian king asks: 'If you don't tell me, you potman, that there is really human blood in this wine, I let chop your head off!' 'Your Majesty, while I was in a hurry with the tapping, my finger squeezed in and the flesh got chapped, it dropped into the wine.' He took the wine, dashed it to earth. He suffered agonies and he drank milk. The king, the lad says him: 'Prussian king, I'll bet, woman-milk is in that milk.' They let come the milk woman. 'If you don't tell me whether there is woman's milk in this milk, I let chop off your head!' 'Indeed, Your Majesty, I was in a great hurry when I nursed the child; from its mouth it dropped into the bucket.' Thereupon the Prussian king stand up and left them behind. 'Hurrah, hurrah, long live the new king!'

They ate and drank, if they didn't die, they are still alive.

3.

Plucky Johnny

There was and was not, a poor lad. His father died, his mother died. So what shall he do, he set off a-wandering. Now the lad goes, walks until he arrives at a big forest and goes walking through it. He finds a village. The boy sees this village all in mourning. He goes in, to an old woman. 'Mummy, as you fear God, give me a glass of water.' 'Alas, my son', she says, 'there is a well here but the forty-headed dragon has taken hold of it. And the dragon said, it would give three barrels of water if it is given the king's fairest daughter.' The lad bethinks himself. Now night is approaching, what can the boy do, where will he sleep? He says to the old woman: 'As you fear God, if you expect a good turn for another, give me shelter for a night.' 'Oh my son', says she, 'you are welcome not for just one day, but you can stay here forever, for you see, I am all alone.' 'Well', the lad says, 'thank you, mummy.' And so the boy lies down to sleep.

And the boy has a dream, that he should go to the churchyard: 'Betake

yourself to the churchyard and sleep there for one night. And when the clock strikes twelve, go and enter that tomb upon which it is written: 'Whoever comes here, his head will not remain where it is.' And the boy reads the crypt. And he thinks: 'Already it is half past midnight', and he does not go in. Suddenly he catches sight of a grey horse which says to him: 'Johnny when you were as big as a poppy-seed in your mother's womb, even then I knew that I would come to lots of trouble and great harm on your account.' Well, the boy takes a leap into the crypt. And what does he see there? a sword made of gold, and ragged, blood-stained clothes. Well then, he grabs the sword and sinks into the ground knee-deep, so strong has he become. And he put on the clothes as well, and immediately he became golden. So then he leaps out of the crypt.

Dawn is already approaching, and he starts returning home, to the old woman. He enters: 'Well, mummy, I am going to enter the king's service as a farm labourer.' Off he goes, and enters before the king: 'I greet you with God's name, King Your Majesty!' 'God has brought you. On what business have you come?' 'O King Your Majesty, as you fear God, take me into your house for some job; maybe as a farm labourer.' 'Well', says the king, 'all right, I'll hire you as a labourer.' Next morning he goes out to work. And he addresses the king: 'Your Majesty the King! I would like a word with you. Maybe I might be able to help you in something.' 'What do you want, you poor waggoner?' 'I have heard that the dragon has seized the well and will give three casks of water only in case you give away your fairest daughter.' Well, and the boy said him nothing more. He told him: 'There's nothing you can do about this.'

The next day arrives. The boy hears that the king has bartered his fairest daughter for three casks of water. As soon as the boy gets word of this, he goes to the king and asks him for six dogs. The king says: 'You poor waggoner! What do you want those six dogs for?' 'I'll go, maybe I can still save your daughter.' And so he let him have six dogs.

About one o'clock at night the boy set about to find the dragon. He arrives there, and the dragon says him: 'Johnny! When you were still a small lump in your mother's womb, even then I knew that I should have to fight you.' The dragon then says: 'Shall we be hugging, boxing or throwing each other?' Says the boy: 'Throwing.' So they wrestle and the dragon throws the boy down to his knees. The boy jumps up and throws him down onto his shoulders. The dragon springs up and says: 'Johnny! Come and let us fight with swords!' 'Fuck your blind mother!' and the lad whips out his sword, and so does the dragon. Now the boy and the dragon fight a duel. They hack away at each other for three days, three nights, three seconds and three minutes. Neither could get the upper hand of the other. The lad now gathers himself up and the dragon falls down. He pressed hard on it, it stepped into a ditch and tumbled over. He seized it and cut off four of its heads at

a stroke. No sooner had the boy cut off the four heads, than the heads immediately leapt back to their former place. Then the boy bethinks himself, it comes into his mind, and he says to himself: 'Why, I have still got six dogs.' He whistles them up and they come running to him. As soon as he now strikes off its heads, the dragon's, the dogs eat them. So now he makes an end of it.

As soon as he has finished off the dragon, the king's eldest daughter was set free. The water was likewise set free, and also the village. And he sends the girl home. He takes her handkerchief and cuts it in two. He also took her ring and broke it in two. He put them into his pocket and continued on his way, in order to try his luck /var.: to experience adventures/.

Now the lad goes a-roaming again, behind the beyond, and comes to another village, to the eldest /corr.: middle/ daughter of the king. Forty-six giants held her captive. Well, the boy comes into that village. He enters a house, again that of an old woman. And the boy asks where those forty-six giants are to be found? The old woman says: 'My dear son', she says, 'it would be a pity if you were lost, for you are handsome and young. For whoever approaches them, they at once cut him into forty-six pieces.' And the old woman goes on explaining: 'In such and such a vast forest there is a castle, and there, behind the beyond, there is the king's beautiful daughter.' Thus the boy spends a night at the old woman's. At five o'clock next morning he gathers himself up and starts off for the big forest where those forty-six giants are living. And he goes rambling on his grey horse. At last he approaches the giants. He enters and goes up to them: 'May God give you a lucky morning!' 'God has brought you, Johnny! What do you want, Johnny? Do you wish to stay among us?' The lad replies: 'Of course I wish to stay with you.' And he says: 'Where is the king's daughter?' 'Here she is, in the third room.' So what shall the boy do? Night comes upon them, and they set off to rob the priest. The lad says to them: 'Listen to me! Everywhere let me be the first!' They all shout: 'That's right, that's right, that's right!' And they set off, to the priest's house. And the lad enters first. He goes into the larder and locks the door and makes a hole beside the door. He made the hole such a size that a man could enter through it. He whistles for them and tells them: 'Come in one by one!' And he, their leader, comes in and thrusts his head in at the hole. The boy whips out his sword and slashes off his head. And then he whistles for the next one. Suffice it to say, he killed all those forty-six-headed giants.

And he returns to the wood, for the maiden. He takes her and helps her onto his horse and they go to the police station. And he told the policemen that if any harm comes to this girl, you'll have to answer for her.

Then the boy betakes himself back to the wood and locks it up /i.e.,

the house/. There were some four or five cartloads of gold in it. He leaps upon his horse and sets off for the third part. Again he wanders behind the beyond, beyond the mountains where neither bread nor salt will be found. Now he goes at a full gallop. He enters an inn. He orders a litre of wine. But it was no wine but poison. The boy takes it and inspects it. He says to the Devil: 'It is already night-time, twelve o'clock.' The clock struck. The Devil goes up to him and says: 'Johnny! I never yet played 'vingt-et-un' with you.' The lad says: 'Steady, steady! Sit down to the table!' He says: 'Bring some food!' The boy enters a separate room with him. 'Well', says the boy, 'stay here. Presently I will return and fetch a little food and some wine and also brandy.' The boy left him and gathered a sack full of stones. He enters the shop and buys a bagful of walnuts for himself. He goes to the tavern and demands a cask of wine and one of brandy. He then goes to the chandler's and buys a cask of caustic soda. And the boy returns to the Devil. He asks him: 'Well, have you come, Johnny?' 'I'm come all right, fuck your blind mother.' They sit down at the table and take to playing vingt-et-un. Now the boy is winning from him. The boy eats walnuts. Now again the Devil is winning from him, from the boy and he gives him a stone. Now the Devil is crunching. He says: 'Johnny, what a fine supper you have given me, I'm crunching it the same as when I chewed human bones.' The Devil was getting thirsty. The boy asks him: 'Do you want to drink as well?' And he gives him the cask with the caustic soda. The Devil drinks of it. 'Dear me, Johnny, what a fine strong liquor you drink!' So he won all sorts of things from him; he fed him with stones and made him drink a cask of caustic soda. And now the clock strikes three. And the lad goes on to find the king's daughter. He goes hurrying and arrives at the village. Well, he sets about it so that he saved that girl as well. He took the third girl, too, back with him.

So then the boy went back, behind the beyond, beyond the ocean, where the oldest girl's younger sister was. They come into the village. Well, the boy goes in to the policemen. He asks them: 'Where's the king's daughter?' 'Johnny', says the policeman, 'here she is, the king's daughter.' As soon as the two sisters caught sight of each other, they embraced on the spot. They wept and rejoiced at each other. And the lad took them and went away with them.

And what does he now see on the wall? It is written there: 'Such and such a knight, of such and such appearance, whoever finds him, should urge him.' The lad burst out laughing. He returned to where the great amount of gold was. He opened the door and brought out the lot of gold, and set off to the king with the two girls, taking his way once more across seven times seven countries, over the mountains and the sea. They went by ship to where the king, the girls' father was. Now they are sailing across the sea.

And they arrive to the king's court. And the boy enters before the king: 'King Your Majesty, I have arrived and brought along your two daughters.'

Now the banquet is in full swing. They are revelling, drinking. And meanwhile the maiden, the youngest one, is weeping. The lad enters and says to the girl: 'What can show the young man who has rescued you as a proof?' 'Ah', says the girl, 'he cannot show anything at all.' 'Well then', he says, 'let it be proclaimed that a vote shall be taken, in the king's largest hall, there we are going to see who it is that rescued the three girls.' So the girl has it announced that every manner of business should be left off and a million people should go into the great hall, and things have gone so far that whoever, in whatever manner has rescued them - it is up to each of them to prove it. Well, now the bridegroom cannot prove anything. The young man now enters the hall with the two girls and steps up to the king and says: 'Your Majesty, do you remember when I came to you asking that you should engage me as waggoner?' Says he: 'I remember. Your name is Plucky Johnny. Well now, by what can you prove your claim?' 'By what I can prove it?' And he does thus [the story-teller claps his hands] three times and the two maidens come in. When the king saw this, he took hold of that lad and kissed even his feet. And the boy went in to the bride. 'Well', says he, 'where is half your handkerchief? And one half of your ring?' The king's youngest daughter took them out, the halves were welded together at once. The bridegroom, on seeing this, made a mess in his pants right there. And now people shout: 'Hooray, hooray, hooray! The bridegroom is found, Plucky Johnny has been found, he who has saved the king's three daughters!'

Now they prepare a big feast, they eat, drink, they do cooking and baking. And the king gave half his possessions to the young man, and his fairest young daughter, too. This tale is about Plucky Johnny, the Golden King and the two maidens.

Well, dinner has begun. /He was the same strong Plucky Johnny who had rescued the king's three daughters./ As Johnny was eating a big bone, there came Talpaš [the dog], snatched it out of his hand, and he began running after the dog, shouting: 'Talpaš!'

Well, this tale has been about the behind the beyond, the first part, the second part, and the third part. If he is not dead, he is still alive.

Little brother transformed into deer

There was and wasn't a woman. Her husband was a hunter. They were very poor and had nothing to eat unless the husband went to hunt and caught a sparrow or a partridge. They had three children, one was Steve, the other Johnny and there was one daughter, called little Eve.

Their father went to hunt. He caught a rabbit. She skinned it and put it in a dish. Then she went for water. The cat picked it out from the dish and took it away. When the woman got home with the water, the rabbit was missing; the cat took it away. 'My God', says the woman, 'what shall I do now? My husband will kill me when he comes home. What could I cook now?' What to do, she cut off her breast and cooked it. Her husband came home and she put the food before him. This meat is even better than the rabbit.

But the next day there is nothing to eat. The woman says to the husband: 'What if we kill Steve?' So they settled it among themselves and then went into the pantry. And called him ... the boy went into the pantry after his mother and she cut his neck. They lived on that. When it was finished, they wanted to kill Johnny. Then little Eve was not asleep and listened to her father and mother that they want to kill Johnny. So little Eve told Johnny: 'Johnny dear, go, run away, because they want to kill you. I'll pretend that I catch you but don't stop.' Little Eve said to her mother not to run, because she, Eve, will catch him. Little Eve always cried: 'Go on, go on, don't stop!' Their mother shouted after them: 'Be damned! Great thirst come on you and drink from deerprint or wolfprint!'

Little Eve picked him crab-apple and wild pear. When Johnny said that he was thirsty, she always gave him an apple or a pear. So then the pear and the apple quenched his thirst. They walked along in the woods and at last finished off all the pears. She couldn't give him any more. And they found a deerprint and he drank from it, from the print. At the spot he got transformed into a deer. And Johnny ran after her now in this shape. Later on night overtook them. They found a stack. She took out some hay and little Eve and Johnny slipped in that. There they stayed till the morning. The kid went out from the stack to graze. The king came hunting and wanted to shoot the deer. But the girl, little Eve, waved her hand not to shoot him for it is her brother. The king went to her: 'What are you doing here?' 'I am just doing my wandering with my brother. Our mother wanted to do away with us and she cursed my brother because he did not stop to get

caught. She told him to suffer from a great thirst, so that he would drink from a wolfprint or a deerprint. And he drank from the deerprint and he was transformed into a deer.' /This she complained already to the king./ The king said: 'Well then, come to me, I'll take you with me.' Little Eve said: 'But don't you cut my brother, because that is my brother, not a deer.'

By and by she became a beautiful girl. The king said to her ... and married her. So she had a son born. The king was away when their son was born. There was an old witch there. She had a daughter. Now this little Eve was very beautiful with gleaming golden hair. And the old witch had a daughter and wanted that the king married her. Little Eve asked for water when she was in childbed and the old witch told her that there is no water here to drink. But go to the brook and drink water there. The old witch went there and pushed her into the brook. And she became a golden duck. The old witch put her own daughter into the bed /she laid her in place of little Eve/. Then the king came home. 'Ah, Your Majesty', says she, 'look what became of your wife! She turned black in the childbed.' Now the king started meditating, how is it possible that his wife turned black in the childbed.

When the little baby cried, the kid went there, put him on his back and carried to his sister, to the golden duck in the brook. Then the duck shook herself and suckled the baby. And the kid carried him back. Once the king was away again and was just on his way home from somewhere. The kid was just carrying the baby to suckle, for he cried. Now the king watched where the deer took the baby. The king followed the deer. And he saw that the duck shook herself and saw that it was his wife. He went there and caught her. 'So', he says, 'you are my wife and not that black one.' The king took his wife home. Then he got to know that she was the old witch's daughter. When he got home, he had a barrel made and put the old witch into it together with her daughter. What more, the barrel was made with nails through it. Then he launched it on the Danube. And the kid regained his form and became Johany again when his sister changed.

If they did not die, they are still alive.

Pumpkin castle

There was and wasn't a poor woman. She never had children. And fine big pumpkins sprang up in her garden. She went into the courtyard and heaved a sigh upon one pumpkin. She said: 'My dear God, if only you would give me such a little girl as is this pumpkin!' Well then, God gave her a beautiful daughter. But she rolled after her being within a pumpkin. /The pumpkin rolled after her when she spoke it out./ The woman has left home, then she /i.e., the pumpkin/ washed out the clothing and set things nicely right in the house. The mother came home and said: 'Ah, bless me, who did wash out the lots of clothing? I have nobody who would wash it out.'

The pumpkin rolled after her, but she put it back to the rest of them.

The girl never came out of the pumpkin, nobody could see her. Another time she again went off. And she gathered the clothing in just the same way and went to the brook, to the water. There she again washed out the clothing. Well, it was getting on this way everywhere. When she returned home then she slipped back into the pumpkin.

And the prince passed there and spied her out. As she went homewards, he followed her all the way to the gate. But the girl did not know that anybody is following her. And she slipped into the pumpkin. The boy saw it. And he saw where that pumpkin rolled. Well, the prince went to her mother and told her to sell him the pumpkin. At this the woman said: 'I don't need money, you see, God gives me enough pumpkins, you choose that one which you want.' He said: 'I don't need any of them only this one', in which the girl was. And the king carried it home.

And the girl was very beautiful; he saw her. She had golden hair. The mother /the king's mother/ told him: 'Son, why did you bring home this pumpkin?' 'You will see, mother', he says, 'what a beautiful girl is in it.' 'Oh son, I don't believe you, what kind of girl could be there in it?' He put it under the bed where he /the king/ slept. And watched on that the girl would creep forth, out of the pumpkin. But the girl did not come forth from the pumpkin. The mother tells him: 'There now, my son, I have told you that there is no girl in it.' 'Well', he says, 'that's it.' He threw it out before the horses. And the horses bit into it but couldn't crack it. Suddenly the pumpkin rolled back to his bed.

It became known to the kings that large balls will be given. The king got dressed and went to the ball. But he left his stick behind. Then the

girl rolled after him with the stick. When the king left, the girl crept forth out of the pumpkin and followed him. In a dress of pure gold. She danced with him the whole night and they enjoyed themselves, the two of them. The girl was so beautiful that when she spoke, two flowers sprang always out of her mouth. The king asks her: 'Where are you coming from?'

She says: 'Me? I am from the Stick's Castle.' When she observed that people became fewer, she sooner went home than did the king. And she slipped back into the pumpkin. When the king arrived home, he took out the pumpkin from under the bed. 'Well', he says, 'don't you come out from the pumpkin?' and he kicks the pumpkin. He says: 'I have danced with such a beautiful girl and I have enjoyed myself with her the whole night.'

Well then, they again gave a ball; that they should go to the ball. The boy prepared and dressed himself. And now he left behind his handkerchief. The girl again rolled after him and carried the handkerchief and gave it to the king. The king said to the pumpkin: 'Why do you roll after me if you don't creep forth?' Then the girl again got ready, came out of the pumpkin /when the king left/. She was in a pure silver dress. There they met as before, they again enjoyed themselves together. They danced with each other the whole night. The king did not let her out of his hands. He asks her: 'Where did you come from?' 'I am from Handkerchief's Castle', she says. Well, the king was eager to know that Handkerchief's Castle; earlier she said that she was from Stick's Castle. When the king went home, the girl arrived home in less time. She again slipped into the pumpkin. The king goes home and gets out the pumpkin from under the bed, speaks to it: 'You don't come out of the pumpkin but still I enjoyed myself this night with a very beautiful woman.'

/The third setting just follows./

Again a ball comes on, the kings gathered together as before. The king again makes preparations to go to the ball. The king went to the ball, the girl follows him as before. The girl was seven times more beautiful than she had been. They again enjoyed themselves, the two of them. But the boy, the prince said, if he meets the girl once again, he will not let her out of his hands. The prince now followed her everywhere and watched on where does she go. He followed her secretly everywhere. Which way did the girl go? she went towards their house. He got hold of her in the gate. Now she could not slip into the pumpkin for he grasped her hands and she couldn't slip into the pumpkin anymore. Then the king and the girl entered the house together. Now the king didn't let her anymore to slip into the pumpkin. She was beautiful, the girl was, but she became even more beautiful. The whole house glared from her. The king told her: 'Let us crack this pumpkin, because if you slip into it you will never come out again.' But she told him: 'Don't crack the pumpkin, for I want to go home in this pump-

kin to my mother; otherwise my mother will not recognize me.'

And she went home to her mother; but the king was with her, too. She told him, the king, to let her slip into the pumpkin because otherwise her mother will not recognize her. The king told her: 'But, dearest love of my heart, don't remain in the pumpkin for ever!'

Well, when they entered the gate, the pumpkin rolled next to the prince. When they went in front of her mother, she came out of the pumpkin. The King said: 'Do you know this pumpkin?' He says: 'When I came and asked you for a pumpkin, this is why I asked you for that pumpkin. Well now, I am going to present your daughter to you, that is she.'

She led a life of great poverty, she was a poor woman. The king saw about that they should get rich. And he made a grand wedding, all the kings were gathered there. The wedding was over. The girl said that she would not marry him until her mother recognizes her. Their wedding was over.

If they did not die, they are still alive.

6.

Cow sold to a crucifix

There was and wasn't a poor peasant. He had a rawboned cow. He says that he goes to the butcher to sell the cow. And who was the butcher? the crucifix. Well, the poor peasant took the cow and tied it to the crucifix. Then said: 'Well, butcher, I give you this cow. When will you give me my due money?' says he to the crucifix. But the wind was blowing that time and the crucifix did like this: 'kirts-marts.' He said then: 'So you will give it to me Martsine? /'on Tuesday'/ Then I come on Tuesday.' So on Tuesday he went again. He says: 'Butcher, I came on Tuesday.' Then it again sounded: 'kirts-marts.' 'What', he says, 'shall I come on Tuesday again? At that time it did not give him money again. It said to him once more: 'kirts-marts.' Now this was the third time.

'I came again, butcher', says he. 'Will you give my due money now?' 'Kirts-marts.' But now he already had the big axe on his back. 'Well, butcher, here I am. Will you give me my money now?' 'Kirts-marts.' 'Well', he says, 'I won't come again on Tuesday.' And it says to him: 'Kirts-marts.' 'Are you always making me a fool that I come to you every next Tuesday?' 'Kirts-marts.' 'Well, you won't fool me any longer like this, because I don't come to you any more, I knock you down', says he. And he struck his axe into the crucifix. 'Well', he says, 'now you must give me

my money, butcher!' The crucifix fell, because he knocked it down. And he sees that a great amount of golden coins was there, under the crucifix. 'You see', he says, 'you did not rest till I beat you to death butcher, and then gave me my money. This is how far you have got. Well, now you gave me my money.'

Then the poor peasant picked up the gold and took it home. It was so much money that he could weigh it by bushels. He was poor and he had many children. And he became rich. By that time he was already the first man. All the other peasants wondered how he became rich and where he got all that much money from. He was crazy. And God gave him all that money. And he had many children.

/From the audience: 'It is unfinished!' /

If he didn't die, he is still alive.

7.

Lead King

There was a king and a queen. That king saw that queen and took a liking for her. This was the Lead King. But he didn't know how to get near her. And there was another, called Johnny. Johnny says him, he says: 'You see, if you want it, I bring her to you if you do what I say. If you have a shop made, and in that shop be very strange goods, such which rarely exist.' Well, the Lead King followed Johnny's advice. He had such a big shop made on a galley. Well, now he had the shop made, it was ready. Johnny bought every kind of goods; he was the chief.

They arrived to the country where the queen stayed; they went to that country. And the radio broadcast that there are such goods in that shop which are not expensive and are fine. Well now, when the radio broadcast this, there went the people in flocks; the people went to buy the goods. And went the queen as well, whom they awaited. They kept the queen from leaving: it is nice here, it is nice there, till the galley departed. The queen noticed that the galley starts, goes with her. She said to him, to Johnny she said: 'Johnny dear! to whom do you take me now? I don't want the Lead King anyway, to whom you take me.' Johnny told her, to the queen: 'Dearest love of mine, I don't take you for him, I take you for myself rather.' The queen said to him: 'Well', she says, 'dearest love of mine, that Lead King is a very strong man.' Johnny says: 'Dearest love of mine, be very careful; if you will listen to me, too, we shall be the happiest ones.' She says: 'Dearest love of mine , says the queen, I will do that.'

Johnny says to the queen: 'His strength is in three wasps. Ask him about where his strength is.' Well, the queen now says to the Lead King, says to him: 'I can see that you are a fine man; but I want to see your strength too, what power your strength has got.' The Lead King says to her: 'Dearest love of mine, why do you angle for my strength, that what I am strong from?' He says: 'Dearest love of mine, be satisfied with that I am strong.' Then Johnny says: 'Don't leave him alone until he tells you where his strength is; say that you dreamt that he has his strength somewhere.'

Well, the Lead King asks Johnny: 'What shall I give you now? You did what I desired.' Then Johnny says to the Lead King, he says: 'I don't want anything for bringing the queen for you. Just give me that raw-boned horse which rolls about on the dunghill.' He says: 'What will you do with it, Johnny?' But previously the queen told him, she told Johnny to ask for that. The Lead King told him: 'Shall I give it to you?' 'Yes, do.' 'Well, here it is, Johnny, I give it to you.' Now the queen says to him, to Johnny: 'Johnny dear, now keep your wits about you. As you brought me here, I want to be yours.' /Here comes that Johnny says to the queen that he will be hers./

Then Johnny says to the queen: 'Now I have got the horse. From now on don't leave him alone, ask him where his strength is. But ask him many times, ask him always.' She says: 'Dearest love of mine, I will not rest until you tell me where your strength is.' She says: 'Now fling the halter on the neck of that horse!' The horse said to Johnny: 'Johnny, since the Lead King happened to give me to you, listen to me carefully now for I will tell you where his strength is. Only tell the queen that she should question the Lead King about where his strength is.' The queen says to the Lead King: 'Why don't you tell me where your strength lies?' He says: 'Well, I tell you, dearest love of mine, where my strength lies.' He says: 'Here and here there is a bridge, there is my strength.' The queen goes and tells Johnny, she says: 'Dearest love of mine, here and here there is a bridge, there is his strength.' Then the magic steed says: 'Johnny, fling the halter on my neck and sit on my back and hold the sword in your hand. When we will arrive at a bridge, a twelve-headed dragon will jump out. Take care, lest he should pull you down from my back. I will fly with you. And hold the sword and bang him on the head.' Johnny cut his head off.

Then Johnny goes on, now comes the third, - the second bridge. Now the horse says to Johnny: 'Johnny, take care again!' When Johnny reached the bridge, a dragon crept forth from there and it had thirteen heads. The dragon says to him: 'Are you that famous Johnny?' 'Well', says the horse, 'chop him off now, don't be afraid!' This turned out right, too. He chopped off his head. The horse says to him: 'Now, Johnny, turn back, there is one

bridge left before us. And let's go to the queen: you have one more test before you. After that', says it, 'you will have everything whatever the Lead King has.' /The horse says to him this./

Then the horse, - I mean Johnny, went back and spoke to the queen. She says: 'Dearest love of mine, this was very well done.' 'Now inquire him, where his strength is.' The queen said to Johnny that the Lead King told her, he has his strength in a box, it is three wasps, 'since you angle for my strength so much, and you want to know it.' The queen says: 'As you have me brought here, I am curious to know about your strength where it is.' The Lead King told her: 'Dearest love of mine, do you want to know where my strength is? There it is, my strength; raise that brick.' The queen told Johnny that at last he confessed her that he has his strength under the brick. The horse said to him, to Johnny: 'Don't believe him, because his strength is not there. But tell the queen, to ask him to confess it frankly. That will be the real thing if he gives her his stick. Then he will say the truth.' The queen says to him: 'Dearest love of mine, don't you really want to tell me where your strength lies?' Well, then the Lead King says to the queen: 'Dearest love of mine, now I tell you at last where my strength is. Now I can see', says he, 'that you love me truly, because you so devotedly ask me where my strength lies.' He says: 'Here is a stick, go there and swish with it thrice. You will see soon that there are three wasps.'

Then the queen told Johnny that the Lead King at last confessed her where his strength lies. 'Dearest love of mine', says she, 'when the three wasps leap out, slap on them at once, so that they perish.' Then he swished with the stick; it was a magic stick. He killed two of the wasps, one escaped. One wasp flew away. By now the Lead King was half-dead. The queen says to him, to Johnny: 'Now we will have one another. Now he has only one life left.' The horse says to him: 'Johnny, fling that halter on my head now, for now I have to fly with you. Because we've got to kill that last wasp, too.' Now comes the third bridge. 'Now', says /the horse/, the fifteen-headed dragon, that was the wasp, ... Now, Johnny, grow round as if you were a bean and I will take you in my ear. I will fly with you now. Well', says it, 'here is the bridge, don't fear anything. If we can go through this bridge in this way, we shall knock down the fifteen-headed dragon.' So he did, he kicked it down, because it flew after them, too. Well, now Johnny is everything.

Then the horse said to Johnny: 'Now, Johnny, the Lead King is already dead. Now you can have the queen. Johnny, you are past the most difficult task, now yours is the queen.' Then Johnny returned. He went back to the queen's castle. Then the queen said to him: 'Dearest love of mine, we have everything now, we are together, we have one another at last. Well, dearest

love of mine', says the queen to him, 'now do me a favour: take me back once more with the shop which you brought me by here, take me back once more. Let me go to my mother and father to see them. After that I will return with you.' Now they sell out everything in the shop. He says: 'Dearest love of mine, I would like to see my father, too. After that we shall return.'

The kings gathered. When the queen went home, they celebrated their wedding. If they did not die, they are still alive. Johnny became everything. And they got rich.

8.

Cricket

There was and wasn't, behind the beyond, beyond the Seven Seas, there was a Gypsy. He was quite a poor man. He had a lot of children. They had nothing to eat, they nearly died of hunger. What to do? He went to a great king and stole his most beautiful cow. He took it into a big forest. Next day he announced, he was a great fortune-teller. When the king heard this, he summoned the Gypsy and told him: 'Poor Gypsy! My most beautiful cow has been lost. I'll give you a bag of gold if you can find it.' 'Ah, King Your Majesty, that's the least of my cares!'

The poor Gypsy had a bible. He began to thumb it. But even this was inversely in his hands. 'Well, Majesty! Have the horses put to carriage and come with me!' They got on the coach. The poor Gypsy shammed as if he had been a king, too. They reached the forest and entered that hovel. The king enters the hovel and what does he see? his cow is right there. 'Bravo, bravo, long live the Gypsy!' The Gypsy was given a bag of gold, he went home.

Next day he was summoned by the king. 'Children, good-bye forever! The king will put me to death. He surely realized I swindled him.' Well, he went to the king. 'What do you want, Majesty?' 'The most favourite silver ring of my daughter has got lost. If you can't find it, your head won't be in its right place any more. But if you can, you'll be given three bags of gold.' 'Your Majesty, give me three days to think it over.'

Well, the first day comes. The maid enters and brings him to eat. 'Here you are, uncle, eat it!' 'Goddam, Cricket, fuck your mother, this was the first [i.e., day].' She ran out. She went to the servants: 'You know what he's told me? He said: Goddam, Cricket, fuck your mother, she was the first.'

Next day again he was given to eat but it was another maid then.

'Here you are, uncle, eat it!' The poor Gypsy said: 'Goddam, Cricket, fuck your mother, this was the second one.' The maid ran to the others: 'He said he had already got two then.'

The third day comes. The third maid brings him the food. The poor Gypsy crosses himself: 'Goddam, Cricket, fuck your mother, this was the third one.' 'Here you are, here you are, uncle, but don't tell anything. Here you are the ring, but don't tell a word! Devil suck your blood!' He got a piece of bread, put the ring in, made a ball, went up to the window and threw it to the most beautiful turkey. The turkey picked it up and swallowed it.

Well, the king comes. 'Poor Gypsy, can you do anything?' 'Keep on waiting a little, Majesty!' Now he speaks superciliously. He takes a book and keeps on thumbing it, but it's inversely in his hands. The king became nervous: 'You poor Gypsy, it is inversely in your hands!' 'Well, but what do you think! If it were not, how could I read between the lines? Your Majesty, let's bring in your most beautiful turkey.' 'What do you want, you poor Gypsy? That's my daughter's most beautiful turkey!' 'Well, but what do you want, Majesty? Shall the turkey be alive, or shall the ring be found?' 'Well, you know, poor Gypsy, a hundred times rather the ring than the turkey.' The turkey was carried in and he split it open. 'That's it, Majesty, here you are your daughter's ring!'

Well, the king called the coach, put three bags of gold upon it for the Gypsy. 'Well, poor Gypsy, that's your reward.' The poor Gypsy got on the coach and left. They arrived at a bridge. At the middle of the bridge one of the coachmen caught a cricket. He stopped: 'Poor Gypsy! If you can't tell me what I have caught, I'll throw you into the water.' The poor Gypsy said: 'Goddam, Cricket, fuck your mother!' 'That's it, that's it, uncle!'

If he hasn't died, he is still alive.

9.

King Brunswick

There was and wasn't a king. He got married. When they were bride and bridegroom with his wife, another king declared war on him. He let him know that if he does not make war, his palace will be turned upside down. The king was suddenly up, he raised an army and started on his way. When they arrived near to the magnet mountain, then the magnet mountain attracted them. Now they could not move from there. As long as they had provisions, they ate but afterwards they almost starved to death. There was nothing else to do, they slaughtered their horses and ate them. There was nothing to do. Only King Brunswick and his general remained alive. Then he

spoke to his general: 'This is the last horse. Slaughter it and eat it too. Then skin its hide for a hose and sew me in.' But the general said: 'But king, why do you sew yourself into the hose?' 'There is a bird; the bird will come and take me away together with the hose.'

There comes the bird. That bird was a raven. He grasped him with his claw and took him along into the huge forest. And he put him down in his nest for his youngs. They pulled him but could not cut through the hide. Well then, the hail destroyed the gryphon's youngs every seven years. When it began to hail, King Brunswig was there in the nest, inside the hide. While it was hailing, the little gryphons crawled around him, round the hide. King Brunswig then took the hide, tore it open with his sword and folded the youngs in the hide. But there, the gryphon the bird-mother came moaning that her youngs are destroyed by the hail. But when she saw that he hid the little ones, her youngs so that the hail should not destroy them, the little gryphons implored her: 'Don't harm this man who saved our lives. Take him down and let him go wherever he wants to go.'

Now King Brunswig almost died of hunger. He eats now wild prunes, hazelnuts and pears. But now he is glad that he got safely out of the magnet mountain. King Brunswig walks in the forest. But he can't even sleep because he is so full of joy. But suddenly early in the morning he sees a large smoke. King Brunswig says: 'Oh my God, I shall perhaps meet people!' When he arrived there, what was this smoke? A dragon struggles with a lion. 'Ugh, bless me', King Brunswig says, 'what have I to see? The dragon struggles with the lion. Ugh, heavens, whose part should I take? That ugly animal is a dragon but this other looks like our dog. Be God's will, I am going to take the side of this one, of our dog.' Then the lion jumped behind him. And twice he said: 'Ha!' and flied at the dragon and cut it in two.

Now the lion kept King Brunswig. It went to hunt hares for him. King Brunswig made the fire, they roasted the hare and ate it. Well, King Brunswig managed to get out of the forest but the boiling sea was there before him. But beyond the water he caught sight of a small house. Then he: 'My God, how could I get to that small house?' But before him there is the boiling water. 'What did God cast in my teeth? But I will build a float. On it I can cross the water. Heavens, whatever God did cast in my teeth I have to build the float so that to cross the water.' Well, now he fells tender trees with his sword, puts them on the water to have a float and to cross the water. When the lion sees this, he tears up trees and puts them on the water, too. King Brunswig sets them together. The lion went to bring him a hare. Now that the lion is not there, he pushes the float into the water.

And so he is already more or less on the water. But the

lion came back and gave a roar. It stepped back and jumped on the float so that its fore-quarter was on the float while its hind quarters were in the boiling water. But then King Brunswig realized that the lion is well-disposed to him. But its hind quarters were singed off.

But now they have already left the boiling sea. Now he heads for the small house. But snakes are everywhere in front of him. He can't find a path to reach the small house. So he took his sword and cut up the snakes. When the lion saw this, he swept them in his paw and threw them into the sea. Thus, they reached the small house. When they arrived there, who did live there? the iron-nosed witch. She tells king Brunswig: 'Welcome, king Brunswig! You should be damned in your mother's womb! When your mother carried you in her womb, you were already mine to marry me. You should be damned in your mother's womb! You have killed so many soldiers of mine!' Says king Brunswig that they were not soldiers but snakes. Then she says him: 'Well, you are in vain a king, you are still a fool. They have been my soldiers. Well then', she says, 'you have killed so many of my soldiers, but it doesn't matter. You have to marry me. Well, my husband, come and go to bed with me! Kiss me!' says the iron-nosed witch to the king. But he, the poor man is afraid. He can't sleep. 'Why', she says after a while, 'king Brunswick, be damned in your mother's womb, what is the matter with you? You don't love me?' 'But of course I do love you, but I don't know who is coming and cracking the sneath of the sword.' Then she explained to king Brunswick that she had a living sword which arrived at twelve in its sheath for a fight. Well, the sheath hung there beside the bed. And king Brunswig put his sword also beside the bed. Then king Brunswig got up and took the living sword with him. Then she told him: 'You should be damned in your mother's womb king Brunswig, why are you so restless?' 'Surely I am restless, I don't know what is clicking.' Thereupon the iron-nosed witch jumped down and took the sword out. Then she returned. But it was already king Brunswig's sword that she carried over in the twelfth room. She returned and said: 'You are in vain a king, you are after all a fool. If you would have taken that sword, you could massacre the whole world with it. For if you would have ordered the sword "stab my sword!" it would have killed the world.' He stood up from the iron-nosed witch's side and said: "Stab my sword!" He let the sword stab until finally she told him: 'I shall give you water of youth but stop torturing me with the sword. Get up and go!'

King Brunswig went away. He went away together with the lion. And he found an empty house. 'Stab my sword him who is in the empty house!' The devil came forward: 'What do you want to do, king Brunswig?' 'Take me home.' 'I shall take you home within five hours.' 'Stab my sword!' He said: 'What is your order, king Brunswig?' 'Take me and my dog home.'

'I shall take you home within five hours.' 'Stab my sword!' Then came another: 'What is your order, king Brunswig?' 'Take me home within two hours!' 'I shall take you home together with your dog in three hours.' 'Well then.' 'But king Brunswig, God bless you, will you recognize your borderland?' And then he went home. He says to his wife that she is already too old for him as he drunk from the water of youth and became young but his wife is already old. Then he says: 'Here, my wife, you should also drink from this small flask!' Then his wife raised it to her lips and drank it. What became of her? A girl of fourteen. And now king Brunswig was too old for her.

Well, once the hour has come and king Bruswig had to die. 'I am going to die, well, what of it?' But the sorrow for his sword did not let him die. He says to his coachman: 'You coachman, go and throw this sword into the boiling sea.' Then the coachman shoved the sword in the stack and went in. 'Did you throw it in?' The coachman replied: 'Yes, I did.' 'And what happened?' 'The water got muddy.' Then he told him: 'It isn't true, you did not throw it in. But go now and throw it in!' Then he hides it in the dung-hill. He goes back. 'Did you throw it in?' 'Yes, I did.' 'Well, and what happened?' 'It bubbled.' 'That isn't true. Go and throw it into the water, into the boiling sea!' Then, for the third time, he threw the sword, the living sword into the boiling sea. Then the living sword jumped up, out of the boiling sea, up to the high heavens and fell down with blood into the boiling sea. Then the coachman returned to the king, then he already came back in tears. Then the king told him that now I believe you that you have thrown the sword into the boiling sea. And then the king died. And then he cast a spell on the sword that reckoning from this time it should go of itself to his seventh descendant.

10.

Woman cured

... an old Gypsy, all of them were bell-makers. The two, they were brothers. Well then, the two of them, the brothers, they were bell-makers, so they together were making the bells, the two together. Two brothers were those. One of them says: 'Brother! Are your bells ready?' 'They are ready.' 'Well, let us set off and go to the village; let us sell the bells!' 'All right, brother; let's go, you are right.' Since they were brothers. 'Let's go!'

As they went to the village, they sold all the bells. When they had sold them, they have got a lot of money. They return home from the village. Says he then: 'Brother! Look at this pub! Look at this pub how nice it is from outside!' But the other brother to him: 'Brother! Why are you looking

at it from outside, that what this pub is like. If you get into the pub, you'll see, it is much nicer.' 'God be with you, brother, you are right.'

They enter. 'Give me a glass of rum-and-liqueur! Give me two!' They drank it. 'Brother, I'm already drunk.' But the first brother: 'Come now, brother, how have you got drunk yet? You haven't been even drinking and you've got got drunk? I'd have a word with you, brother!' 'What a word could I have with you?' 'Well, my son is in love with your daughter.' 'Well, if he is love with her, brother, God be with you!' 'God be with you! Well, let's buy a bottle of rum-and-liqueur!' 'Buy the liqueur, let it made strong! When we go home, we shall propose to her.' 'God be with you, brother, you were right. Let's go home. We've bought the brandy, let's go home. When we'll have got home to our family: "Good day! Be healthy and lucky all of you!" We are brothers, you have a daughter and I have a son. Well then, brother, let's make the wedding!' 'The wedding? Shall we make it? Will your wife agree to our making the wedding?' 'Of course she will.' 'God be with you, brother!'

Well, all right. They go and make the wedding. They have bought some meat, had musicians called, they are making the wedding. When they have made the wedding, the wedding is going its way, nicely. Says then /when the wedding is in full swing/ says his mother to him, to the boy: 'My son! Take out your -- harness the two horses to the cart! Bring a bit of grass for the horses for the horses will die [of hunger].' The mother keeps winking at the boy. The boy realizes why his mother is winking at him: so that he would go and have a look, how it is, is she a wife or not.

They are going out. The boy is cutting a swath. He says to his wife: 'Bride! Cut half a swath, you too!' And she is cutting half a swath, too. Her groom is watching her from behind: 'O, let me kiss you, your waist and the small of your back! It is moving like that of a hare! I've got to love the small of your back!' 'God be with you!' she says then. Laughter, the narrator is laughing with them. 'God be with you! the small of your back is moving like that of a hare! O,' with this he catches her and lays her low. 'You are already mine. Your wedding has already been done, you are already mine. Wait a bit, I'll do something to you!' And the bride is lying down and the groom is jumping upon her. He is taking out his tool /lit.: carrot/ but there is nowhere to put it. 'O, should God beat you, you have no vulva. O, what is the matter with you? Let's go home, the wedding is to stop. Let's go back!'

And they are going back. But he says when they have got home /there is music there, they are dancing, music is playing at its height, everything/. He goes to his mother: 'Mother, take the horses out of the shafts', says the boy to his mother. The mother asks the boy: 'What have you done, my son?' 'O, dear mother! Should He beat her, do away with her! I declare it in front of you: she has no vulva.' 'Has she no vulva?' 'She has none.'

'All right, God be with you! Hi, band! Stop! You can't go on any more, please. There is no wedding.' 'No wedding?' All right. And they stop. And the musicians are leaving far and wide, there is no wedding. 'Cause the woman had no vulva. There is nowhere for the boy to put his penis to. But he then: 'Brother! Let's do it in another way.' 'And how to do it?' 'So that you should try her once more.' 'O, dear uncle! I've already tried her, she has no vulva.' 'Has she none?' 'None. I am going to divorce her.' 'God be with you!' The wedding stops, there is no wedding. And they are leaving. 'What is your wish? How much money shall I pay to you?' 'To me, nothing; since you are my brother.' 'God be with you, let's go away.' All right. Policemen are coming, they are all leaving.

The poor woman who has no vulva is [in the meantime] in the village. She did not know what -- what had happened, what not, the woman [did not know] that the policemen had driven them away. And she is leaving. She is going home, she is bound for home. The woman is now [coming] from the village. She meets a man on the road: 'Good day, uncle!' 'Good day!' 'Haven't you seen the Gypsies here?' 'O, they have left, the policemen have driven them away.' Putuo meam matrem! So, they have driven away my father. Well, let me go! All right. I am searching [sic! for: She is searching, etc.], I am searching, my father is nowhere, nor is my mother. Then I am going to the village. Well, I see a shepherd. He is sitting in the shade. His sheep are in the shade. His two shepherd boys are beside him. He is whistling [the narrator whistles]: 'Ho, turn the sheep, damn you! Drive 'em here! Come, my shepherds! Come, my shepherd boy and you too, my dogs!' The woman, the poor woman who has no vulva is going there: 'Hey, uncle! Would you give me a match-stick, please!' The poor Gypsy woman is going there, she is asking the shepherd for a match. The shepherd is giving it, he is giving the match to her. And she is lighting up. When the shepherd has seen her, he is telling the woman, because the woman was so beautiful: 'O, my sister, God bless you, I do wish to fall in love with you.' 'Well, if you are an honest man, you may fall in love with me; you may fall in love with me if you have much money.' 'I have so much money that ... My money is put away.' They sit down. They light a cigarette, then they are chatting. He says to the shepherd boys, - the two or three shepherd boys are beside them, he says to them: 'Ho, turn here those sheep, my lad, damn you!' And he is driving them beside him to the shade. 'You sit here beside me until I come back!' Then the shepherd and the woman are leaving; they are going home. 'Come home, I'll tell you something!' The shepherd boys are in the shade with the sheep.

And they are going home. 'Well, I've fallen in love with you very much. Tell me if you are hungry or full?' 'Listen, brother, why are you asking me such questions whether I am hungry or full. Of course I am hungry.'

'Tell me then, what should we prepare so that it is ready as quickly as possible?' 'What really? Well, take off sausages and take off ten eggs and fry them, it is the quickest.' 'God be with you! I am bringing,' says the shepherd, 'I am bringing them.' He is bringing them. Our shepherd is frying them, she however [behaves] like a lady: she is lying in the bed and watching the shepherd cook for her. She is going to eat when it is ready. When it is ready and he is putting it on the table, onto a plate, the shepherd, and he is putting it down, he is saying to the woman: 'Come now, my wife!' 'Oh, why are you telling me "my wife"? Why, you have never been my husband, how dare you tell me "my wife" so that I may eat, so that I may go to eat?' 'O, forgive me,' the shepherd says then.

When he has served the food, she is going to eat. They have eaten, they have eaten their fill. 'Thank you,' the woman tells the shepherd. 'Now, I am very thirsty, forgive me, I'm thirsty.' But he then: 'If you are thirsty, I'll bring you something to drink, wine.' But where are you bringing it from?' 'From my cellar.' And the shepherd sets to it, he picks up a demijohn and is going to the cellar and he is bringing up two litres of wine. And he pours it [into glasses] on the table both to himself and to this wife of his; he pours it and they are drinking. 'Thank you. You have some very good wine.'

[New tape./ ... 'my wife! I declare it in front of you, I wouldn't have thought that you were such a woman. God be with everybody, who has heard such a thing that on the vulva there is no hole? How is this then? Hair is there, but on the vulva there is no hole. I declare in front of you, my brothers, forgive me! Well, how do you think that a vulva should have no hole? Wherever should I put my penis?' 'I tell you, brother, wherever you want to. You are the bridegroom, I am the bride.' 'My wife, God be with you, I would not have thought this.' 'My son, go out once more!' 'Where shall I go, my dear mother? Why, my wife has already got married.' 'Whom has she married?' 'A shepherd.' 'A shepherd?' 'A shepherd, God be with you.'

When she has married the shepherd, then, when he had fried the eggs and the sausage and was pouring the wine: 'Well, now you can do with me whatever you want,' said the bride, you can do whatever you want.' The shepherd is going there, he is looking at her vulva, there is hair, everything, there is no hole. He is telling her: 'Well, where shall I put my penis?' 'Damn it, where will you put it? Wherever you want it. Either you will put it into your mother or you'll put it into me.' Well, the shepherd is getting up; the bride is still lying on the bed. The shepherd is getting up, he is thinking to himself: 'My God, what shall I do? What shall I do?' The shepherd is thinking to himself: 'My God, there is real trouble here.' He is [sitting and] thinking, at the table. He drinks another half a litre of wine. He has drunk half a litre there, the shepherd, at the table, he is

thinking there what has happened here that on her vulva there is no hole. But hair and everything is there only a hole, that is not, where to put his penis. Then he to himself: 'My God! What have I done? The woman is really beautiful, I've got to like her and she is smart. Only she has not got what is needed.'

'And what is that?' asks the woman. 'What haven't you got? a vulva!' the shepherd is telling her. And he keeps thinking. 'Well, wait a bit, I won't do it in this way,' he says to himself. He is taking his razor, stropping his razor, sharp, and is going to the woman: 'Woman, you are cursed to that I should cut open your vulva with a razor.' 'I don't know, try it! Won't it hurt?' 'It won't.' 'Cut it!' And he is taking his razor and cutting her vulva. Then the shepherd sets to it and is lying upon her. Well, crack, bang and he f...ed her. All right. When he has done it with her, that's all right, it has been done. He sits down to the table. 'Well, did you come off?' /lit.: have you done your work?/ 'I did indeed, it was first class work, God be with you!' He sits down to the table, asks for a litre of water. He asks for water, not for wine, for water. And they are both drinking water, he has got tired and she has got tired as well, because the shepherd has opened her vulva.

Well then, it is Sunday. The woman is already doing everything. She is telling him: 'Listen to me! What shall I cook for you?' 'Well, cook me some sour soup.' 'All right.' 'But I am accustomed to pay a visit to the church every Sunday. I am going to the church.' 'Well, if you are going to the church, I'll go away.' 'Will you go?' 'I will.' 'All right, go, I don't need you now.'

And she is going, the woman is going. She is going, wandering to visit her family; because her family were not that place when she became the shepherd's bride. And she is leaving. She is wandering, wandering there. The shepherd says: 'When you leave, I'll go to the church. Tie a tart into a piece of linen and a pork-cheese - a ewe-cheese and go away. And visit, visit your relatives.' She tied a tart and a ewe-cheese for herself and went away. She wandered far away, she went away. She is going, looking for her relatives, to her mother, to her father, and to her relatives.

Well, she went far away, she was already a hundred kilometres away. In the village she sees there three men on the field. They are pasturing the horses there. There were three of them. She is wandering along the highway. She says then: 'Young man! Please, give me a match!' One of them is going there, the bridegroom who has already been her husband, who would have been her husband. He is going to her: 'I'll give you.' And he is taking the matches and is giving her light. But the other one, his friend then: 'Brother! This one or not this one has been your wife?' Let God beat you and curse you, how could she have been my wife? My wife has been

much prettier than this one!' 'Oh, let Mary beat me if this has not been her! So shall I live! So help me!' 'God be with you! Was it her?' 'It was!' 'Well, light it!' He is giving the matches and lighting [her cigarette] and she is leaving: 'Stay with God!' 'And she knows Romani too, you see! This was your wife!' 'Hey, young woman, do you know Romani?' 'Leave me alone, ... you Gypsy, I've nothing to do with you, go to hell!' She is leaving. But she has already recognized him that he would have been her future husband with whom the wedding was. And she is leaving, the bride is leaving, she is leaving.

She is meeting a peasant woman on the road, at the corner. 'Good day to you, young woman!' 'Good day!' 'Tell me, please, don't the Gypsies live here?' 'They live here at next corner.' 'Are they bell-makers?' 'They are bell-makers, may I please you.' And she is going there. 'Good day!' And what has been with her, a tart and two cheeses, in the bundle what she has brought from the shepherd. 'Who will tell me fortune by cards, will get a cheese from me!' 'Oh, I am also one!' And who was that, her mother is telling her future. 'Well, I'll tell her future!' 'Cause the old woman did not recognize her that her daughter was. And she is telling her fortunes. When she has told her fortunes: 'Well, I've shuffled the cards, then cut one!' And she is giving the cheese then, everything, well, all right, and she is leaving. But she then: 'But my sons! Mary shall beat you! Take a piece of ... and drive her away to hell! Beat her so that she should leave!' But the old man: 'Don't do that! Don't chase her away! Leave her alone!'

She is coming back: 'Really, my mother! Let God beat you! So much, so much, you did not look at me? You did not see that I am your poor child? Well, I am your daughter.' 'Holy Mary! Look, this is my daughter!' 'This one?' 'This. Let us do the wedding again!' 'The wedding again?' 'Let us do it again!' And they are doing the wedding. As it has been before, they are doing the wedding again. 'Hey, my son, go to the field and cut a swath now! Harness the horses and go together with the bride.' And they are leaving. When they have come back, his mother asks him: 'What's news, my son?' 'Oh, mother! Let Mary beat you! She has got such a vulva like yours!' 'God be with you, my son! And will you marry her?' 'I'll marry her, mother. She has got such a vulva like yours!'

If they haven't died, they are still alive.
God be with you, brother!

Mike the Fairy I.

Once upon a time, behind the beyond, behind the oceans, there was a poor peasant woman. That woman had a son. She was so poor that she ate the soles of shoes, so poor she was. Well, his mother went into the village and he stayed at home. She was just cooking twelve soles, soles of shoes. And the boy ate one of them. His mother returned, beat him, cut down his hand and drove him away: 'Go out into the world,' because he had eaten that sole.

Well, now the boy left for seven times seven countries, into a great forest. But he did not know his name. He returned to his mother: 'Tell me, mother, how am I called?' 'You are called, my son, Mike the Fairy.' 'Well, good-bye, adieu.'

He went behind the beyond, behind the oceans, in the evening he arrived at a great castle, a king's palace. Who was there? The robbers. Thieves, robbers were there. He went, opened a hundred doors. He entered the hundredth [room]. He was hungry. There it [food] was dished up for a hundred people. He ate of this, of that, of this, he ate his fill. And he settled under the bed.

Now those people come, those robbers, thieves come. They look at the food: 'Ah, somebody has entered here, some stranger!' Their chief, however, already knew that Mike the Fairy was there, that he came and ate. For he possessed the strength of the world. Well then. And the chief came, how to tell you, he went and called him out from beneath the bed: 'Hi, Martin of Arms - no, Mike the Fairy, you are stronger than I am, indeed, though I have a hundred companions with me but you are stronger. Why are you hiding from me?' 'Ah,' he says, 'I fear you.'

Well, then he went and won that castle. It was his. He went for his mother and brought her.

Then she became the mistress of the robber chief, his mistress she became. And that dragon, that ogre spoke: 'Get out of him, in what is his strength hidden and I will kill him.'

Then Mike the Fairy, after having brought his mother, went to see the fields. He left his mother at home. And she opened the doors in order to see, what's the case. Mike the Fairy had cut the chief into pieces like tobacco in cigarettes, and had put him into a barrel. But his mother opened that - that chest, and the dragon came out, he came out. Now, when he was to return home, he spoke: 'Sham illness, and he should bring you

the - what was it? [From the audience: 'The wolf, wasn't?'] The wolf's cub.'

'What's wrong, my mother?' 'I am ill. Go and fetch me, fetch me the wolf's cub.'

The boy went and wanted to shoot it. But he did not shoot it. 'Here you have my cub, take it to your mother. If she won't eat it, set it free.' It happened like that. He set it free.

After a time she became even more ill: 'Ah, my son! Go,' she said, 'bring me the white bear, the white bear's cub. When I will eat of its liver, I will recover.' Then Mike the Fairy was up and went. When he came and brought that thing, the bear's cub, his mother already recovered. 'Set it free, I've no need of it, I'm already well.'

Then she told her son: 'Once when I was young, I danced with your father and I pulled a curl out of my hair and tied his thumbs up, thus we danced.' Well then, he is dancing with his mother, she pulls a hair out and ties his thumbs. 'Now,' she says, 'dragon, you may come! Do to him what you want!' And he cut him into pieces, like the cabbage he cut him into pieces. And he put him into a haversack, into a haversack he did put him. And put him on his horse's back.

And it carried him behind the beyond, behind the oceans it did carry him. And it threw him down from the back into a small water, water of life, strewed him into it. And he became a man again, such a man that he got seven times more handsome than once he was.

Then he returned. But the dragon already knew, he knew that the boy is coming, Mike the Fairy is coming. When he arrived at home, 'Mother,' he said, 'what did you do? Where is your fiancé?' 'My son,' she says, 'I don't deny it, there he is under the bed.' He pulled him out and cut him into small pieces. He cut also his mother. But she did not die. He put them into a cellar and went away. He went behind the beyond.

And he married, took the king's daughter to wife. He lived [with her] two or three months, he used to go hunting, rabbiting, he used to go. He went and returned and went for his mother and brought her. He healed her.

But she had a small bone with her, sharp like an awl. She made him the bed and put that awl into it. Mike the Fairy lay down and it pierced his heart. And he died.

Now, he had three beasts: a rabbit, a snake and a cat. Then the cat pulled it out. And he set up on his behind. 'Well,' he says, 'my beasts, you've done it well that you've waked me.' 'Indeed,' they say, 'see what I've taken out of your breast, out of your heart!'

Then he made up his mind and cut his mother into pieces like when tobacco is cut. And he took her into that cellar from where he brought her out. He left her there forever.

And he is still alive if he did not die.

Mike the Fairy II./The first part is missing/

... I will go rabbiting.' He went off into the wide world. He wandered for seven years, he didn't catch, he didn't shoot a single wild animal. All of a sudden, he saw a pig's footmark in front of him. Well, he followed the footmark and found it: it was a three months old piglet. Its hide was pure gold. He took it up, carried it home and placed it on the pillow. Then, at midnight, it began to speak: 'Father! Look here, have no fear. It's I who am speaking,' it says. 'In the morning there will be a silver coin in the basket. You take it to the king and ask his daughter's hand in marriage for me!'

Well, the old peasant carried the coin to the king: 'Your Majesty, I have come here. I have a pig, allow your daughter to marry it!' 'Oh, damn you, how did you think this? Go, drive him away, let him tear to pieces by the dogs!' Well, he went home. 'Now father, what did he say?' 'The king said, - he let me kill by his dogs and his men.' 'Doesn't matter. You will go to-morrow again and carry him a basket full of gold coins.' In the morning he went off. 'Good morning, Majesty!' 'Welcome, old man!' 'But I came to ask your daughter's hand for my pig.' Again he was driven away by the dogs. The gold coins ran over round the court. The king picked them up. 'Well, listen to me, old man. Should you not be here to-morrow at eight o'clock together with your pig, be sure, you will be impaled.'

Well, day begins to break. In the morning the poor hovel changed to a golden house, such that it was turning round on a cock's foot. Golden lake, golden water were all the way up to the royal court and golden birds were singing in the water. Well, he went. The king's daughter was leaning out of the window. She caught sight of the pig. 'King Your Majesty, my father! If you don't give it to me, if you don't let me marry it, I shall hang myself, I shall kill myself.' Now they called the musicians, they had songs played, they danced and the princess married the pig. She put it on a pillow in front of her.

At midnight, it took off the pigskin and became Mike the Fairy, the kings' first man. He kissed his wife and they went to bed. The iron-nosed witch threw his skin into the oven; it burnt up. In the morning he got up and looked for the pigskin to get into it, but he could not do it. 'Now, Your Majesty and my dear wife, I have to go away beyond the glass-castle, glass-mountain, between two clouds, to the big mountains, in the sky, there is my house, there you may find me if you want me to be your husband.'

Well, after one day, after two days, she grew stout because she was with child. 'Well, father, I'm going away. Here and here, in the mountains, in the sky, there is my husband. I can't give birth to my children until he puts his arms three times round my waist.' Well, little Amelia off she went into the wide world. She wandered for whole seven years till she reached a hovel. She went inside. That was the queen of the stars. Well, she asked the stars, her children: 'Have you ever heard of Mike the Fairy?' 'No, we haven't.'

In the morning she got up and wandered for whole seven years till she reached another hovel. That was her sister, six hundred years old, the mother of the Sun. 'Well,' she said, 'come home Suns, my children! Have you ever heard of Mike the Fairy?' 'No, we haven't.' Well, in the morning she left. She wandered for whole seven years till she reached another hovel. 'Good evening, granny!' 'Welcome, little Amelia! Whom are you looking for?' 'Mike the Fairy. Because I cannot give birth to my child until he puts his arms three times round my waist.'

'Well,' she says, 'birds, ravens are my children, they move about the wide world, maybe they know it.' Well, but soonly many of them returned and couldn't tell anything about Mike the Fairy. Then came a limping one. Mike the Fairy shot off the bird's foot when it skipped on the fence. 'Do come here, dogs should drink your blood, haven't you seen Mike the Fairy?' 'Dash it, he shot off my foot.' 'Well, you won't eat or drink until you carry up this woman to him beyond the glass-castle, glass-mountain, between two clouds, among the stars.' It carried her up and put her down in the court.

Then she asked the queen to let her husband sleep with her in the same room for three nights. Two nights he slept. He was given wine with sleeping-powder in it, he slept. 'Get up, Mike the Fairy, put your arms round my waist so that I can give birth to your two sons!' Then in the third night the coachman overheard the conversation. 'Well, listen to me, king! When you will be going to the dining room, food will be put before you and wine will be also put before you. But don't drink the wine because it makes you fall asleep. Because here is ...' Tape defect

Well then. He didn't drink it, he poured it into his boots. He pretended to be asleep. But when he went to sleep, when he pretended to be asleep: 'Get up, Mike the Fairy, put your arms round my waist so that I can give birth to your sons!' Well, he did so, he embraced her. Two golden children were born to her.

Well then, he locked up the room, went off, let strike the world's drum to announce that princes, kings, barons should come. But his mother-in-law was an iron-nosed witch. She crept in through the key-hole and cut the throat of the children. Blood reached to the knees. They floated on the blood. She covered the knife with blood and put it under her head.

Then the king, Mike the Fairy returned home with a number of kings. The blood came up to his knees. And he sees his two sons floating in the middle, in the blood. 'Ah, what happened here? Who killed them?' The iron-nosed witch rushed to him at once: 'Look under her head! Well,' she said, 'the big knife is there. Certainly she cut off the heads with it.' And he lifted up the pillow. He found the blood-stained knife under her head. 'Damn it, little Amelia, my wife! Why did you have to do this and kill your children?' Well, they took her and cut off both of her arms from the shoulders. And they took the two boys, fastened them to her back and let her go out into the world. She went behind the beyond in the wide world and reached a large forest.

Well, when she reached a large forest and walked in the forest, whom did she meet? God the Almighty. But she hides from him because she was ashamed being all naked. Trees and thorns ate off her skirt. 'Ah,' he said, 'don't be afraid of me, don't feel ashamed! What have you on your back?' 'Well,' she says, 'both of my sons were killed, I bear them.' 'Well,' he says, 'open the bundle and put them down!' Then, at that very moment her hands grew out again. She unpacked the two children. God the Almighty placed their necks together and raised them from the dead. Both were called Mike the Fairy. At once a residence arose there in the great forest, such a castle that cinder flew day and night like water flows. 'Well,' he said, 'that is yours. Everything that is here is yours. There are schools, everything, your sons may learn.'

Well, she lived there five or six years. The children have grown up, they write. Then once Mike the Fairy says to the coachman: 'Coachman, harness the horses and drive towards the north in the great forest because this year I haven't been yet there.' Off he went. Well, he went rabbiting, hunting all day long but didn't shoot any single hare. At last, where did they get? there where that golden palace was. 'Oh, God, what is this? I didn't build here a house, how is it possible? Certainly a great king is living here.' Well, they drove there and rang for admission. The gate opened at once, little Amelia came to meet him: 'Well, my king, you just come in!' His horses were already unharnessed and haltered in the stable. She ushered him into a large room to eat and drink there and to have a word with him. She recognized him, but he didn't.

Well, they went to sleep, the king in one bed and she in the other. The coachman at the same place in another bed. Then towards midnight one of his hands slipped off and hung from the bed. 'Go my son, Mike the Fairy,' she says, 'both of you go and put up your father's hand that it should not hang!' They went there, took his hand and put it up. Well, the coachman saw and heard all that. In the morning they harnessed the horses and started hunting. But after all they had little success and again the night overtook them by the golden palace. Well, they went in. But the lad, his

coachman told him: 'At midnight let your leg hang down from the bed but don't sleep, because the woman is your wife whose arms you have got cut. And the two boys are those whose necks were cut off.' Well then. He let his leg hang down from the bed. 'Mike the Fairy, my sons! Go and put up your father's leg. Though he has abandoned us, we should not abandon him.' Well, they took his leg. Then he embraced his sons, kissed them. And he kissed also his wife at once. 'Coachman, go, harness the horses, we are going home!' He seats them on the coach. But the house already disappeared, nothing has been left there.

He went home. But when the gate opened, the old iron-nosed witch who cut off their throats turned into a turkey, leaped on the coach to pick out their eyes. 'Ah father,' they say, 'this is she who cut off our necks, she killed us!' In that moment he had an iron case made, let her cut into small pieces like tobacco and threw her in the boiling sea. The he summoned the kings, princes, barons together, to come to the great wedding and to the great baptizing. He celebrated them at the same time. The party lasted seventeen years.

If they did not die, they are still alive.

13.

Dead bridegroom I.

There was and wasn't a rich peasant. He had but one daughter. Nobody in the entire village was as beautiful as she. And she didn't have any lover yet. All the girls had lovers, even the poorest one. In vain the rich girl visited balls and festivities, nobody did her deign to speak so that the girl felt ashamed to go to the ball. Well then, there was a spinning room in the outskirts of the village, and the girl, too, went to this spinning room. She went to this spinning room in the hope of meeting somebody there. And three days passed since she has been there in the spinning room. All of the girls had lovers in that spinning room, only she had none. For shame the girl went out on the street. She raised her hands to heaven, it would be the same for her whomever God Almighty might give her, be him a beggar, only God should bestow somebody on her so that she should have somebody with whom to spend the time. For she was very ashamed before the other girls. As she entered the spinning room and started to work, a soldier, an admirably handsome soldier entered. He entered and approached direct that rich girl. He was so handsome that there was no similarly handsome man in the whole factory so that all

the workers gazed at him. Well, he began to chat with the girl, his mistress. The girl asked him, where he is living. The soldier did not answer. He told only that he lives not far away. The girl said: 'It is impossible that you should live here in our our village. For I know all boys in this village, you are the only person whom I don't know.' And the rich girl goes on questioning the boy. She says: 'Wait only, I'll find it out where do you live.' And she fastened the end of a thread at his spur: 'I'll make it out where do you live.'

Well, they went on spending the time together. Now the girl did not question the boy any more, where he is living. She was very much enamoured with him for he was very handsome. When time was up and they had to leave the factory, they bid farewell to one another and started. But the girl became anxious, who might be that soldier. Early in the morning she got up and went to the spinning room, took up the roll of thread and rolled it until she arrived at the churchyard. The girl realized that he is no well-disposed man because the thread led her just to the churchyard. She spoke: 'Now, it's all the same to me already, wherever this thread leads me, I must follow its track.' And it led her into the churchyard, to the third grave from the gate. There the end of the thread was broken. The girl was terrified and returned home. She did not work any more in the spinning room for she got frightened.

The boy went to the spinning room and did not find the girl in the whole house. Then he went away, then the soldier returned home to his place. Next evening the soldier went again to the spinning room. And again he could not find the girl in the whole house. The third evening the soldier went again to the spinning room. Where to go for him, for the soldier, since he did not find the girl in the spinning room? He continued his road to her house. He knocked at the girl's window. The girl asks: 'Who are you?' /She did ask him through the window/ The soldier announced that it is him. And he asked the girl: 'Why did you not come into the spinning room? Your father will die!' The girl said only: 'After my death I will tell it, but I don't tell it to a living person.' Well, next evening he went again to the girl's window. Again he asked the girl: 'Tell me, why did you not come into the spinning room? Your mother will die!' The girl said only: 'After my death I will tell it but I don't tell it to a living person.'

But now the girl bid all her relatives not to bury her in the churchyard if she should die. And they should not carry her out over the doorstep of the room, neither over the threshold of the gate. They should dig [a hole] under the threshold of the room and of the kitchen, there they should carry her out under the threshold.

The third evening, again to the window of the girl. He says to the girl:

'Why did you not come into the spinning room? [Tell it, otherwise] you shall also die!' The girl said only: 'After my death I will tell it but I don't tell it to a living person.' And she died. When she died, she was buried as she had ordered, so she was buried. She was buried in the ditch of the churchyard.

After her burial the soldier went to her house. He asked the threshold of the room, where the girl was carried out. The threshold of the room answered him that 'I have no knowledge of the girl.' He went to the door of the kitchen, asked: 'Tell me, threshold, where was the girl carried out?' The threshold said, 'I did not get any knowledge of the girl.' He went also to the threshold of the gate and asked there the same. It answered him the same, 'I did not get any knowledge of where the girl is.' Now the boy goes to the churchyard gate: 'Tell me, gate, when was the girl carried through you?' There the gate said the same, 'I did not get any knowledge of the girl.' The soldier ceased going after the girl.

But where the girl was buried, a beautiful flower sprouted. The young count took a drive near the churchyard. When they were driving by the churchyard, they got a whiff of the flower. The count says to the coachman, 'What's that sweet smell on you?' The coachman says, 'I have no smell on me.' They drove on. But the smell assailed the count so much that he was unable to continue on his way out of the fragrance. At last, they stopped and he searched the coachman. Even his shawl and handkerchief were smelt by the count. They drove on. Suddenly the count catches sight of a beautiful flower blooming by the churchyard. When they arrived there, he said to the coachman: 'Coachman, go, pluck this flower.' The coachman says, 'I cannot pluck it.' The coachman tried to pick it even with the handkerchief but he couldn't do it. He says, 'Your Majesty, I am unable to pick this flower.' What to do, the king got off the coach and took his handkerchief. As soon as he touched the flower with the handkerchief, it was drawn out of itself. The coachman was stricken with wonder. Well, they drove back and put it into a glass, into water so that it should not wither.

But after they had eaten their dinner and went to bed after dinner, suddenly the flower stepped out of the glass. The girl was hungry and searched for food. But in the meantime, there was in the corner the Cinderella [i. e., the stoker]. He had three eyes. Now the stoker sees that a beautiful girl rises from the glass and searches for food. When the girl did not find anything to eat, she said: 'Though a king, he has not a single bread-crust on his table.' And she returned to her place in the glass.

In the morning the king gets up. The Cinderella said to him: 'Your Majesty, the flower you did bring is no flower. It is such a beautiful

girl that your eyes hardly have seen similar one. Let bake tasty cakes and let fry meat and put them on the table for the girl. Then you will see her. For she said that though a king, you have nothing on your table to eat.' Then the king said to the Cinderella: 'If this will prove untrue, decapitation will be your lot.' The Cinderella said, 'If this will prove untrue, you may do with me what you want.'

When they have eaten their dinner, the king went to bed and pretended to be asleep. The girl thought that they sleep and went out of the glass. When the king saw her, shivers overtook him so beautiful she was. When she sat down to the table and finished eating and drinking, she rose from the table so that to return to her proper place. Then he took the tablecloth and caught hold of the girl. When he caught hold of the girl, he immediately kissed her. The girl says to the count, 'Let me go, King Your Majesty!' The king says, 'By no means I will let you drop of my hands. You must be mine!' Thus, the girl did not return into her glass. And two sons were born to them.

Formerly the count steadily went out for amusement. The girl married him on condition that he would not force her to go into society. The king agreed and did not take her to parties and companies. But the king was always mocked by his friends that he never invites his wife to parties or companies. The king was very ashamed. He constantly suggested her wife to be wedded. But the woman did not dare to do it. The king pressed her wife for wedding. Then the girl said to her husband that she would go to wedding in case he would build a bridge from the house to the church, on which there would be room only for one. And they would make made such garments for her that if somebody would touch them, they should stick at his hands.

The king made built the bridge and made the garments. When they entered the church for wedding, the soldier was standing there behind the door. When the girl entered the church, the soldier did not recognize her. Neither was the girl aware of him. It happened that the soldier did not recognize her because she stood with her back to him. While the girl was leaving the church and found herself face to face with the soldier, he recognized her. When the soldier intended to grasp the girl, her garments stuck at his hands. The girl shrieked in a shrill voice at the sight of the soldier and took to flight. She did not stop till she arrived at home. And she shut the door behind her. The soldier followed her. When he arrived there, he said to the girl: 'Let me go in.' The girl said, 'I won't let you come in.' The soldier asked: 'Why did you not come into the spinning room? Come, otherwise your children will die.' She said, 'After my death I will tell it but I don't tell it to a living person.' The soldier took his stand near the window. The two babies died. The girl burst into

laments before her dead children, that she was the richest girl in that village and she felt ashamed for even the poorest girls have had lovers only she had none. What to do, she went to the spinning room hoping to meet somebody. And she met a soldier. She asked him, 'Where do you live?' He said only that not far from you. Then she fastened a thread at his spur. In the morning she got up, went to the spinning room and picked up the roll of thread. She rolled it, she rolled it and the thread led her into the churchyard, to the third grave. There the thread was broken. The girl never more dared to go to the spinning room. Maybe, the end of that thread is still on his spur.' The soldier says: 'You girl, did this matter take place in the way you have narrated now?' The girl says: 'In this way, as I have told now. Therefor I didn't go to the spinning room.' Then the soldier said: 'If it was like that, your father and your mother and your two children should rise again.'

Then they continued to live their life.

14.

How did the Gypsies live in olden times?

Well, brother, you came over to me that I should speak you of the old-time Gypsies, how they have lived. Well, listen to me, brother, you see, I am already ninety-seven years old. Thus, I was not born yesterday. Because, how do I tell you, sixty years ago I have been a young little chap when old Gypsies have lived a happy life, and how! Who among them were such that they didn't have either a cart or a horse, those carried across their necks everything they had in a bundle and so they went on foot from village to village. So they lived. But there were those true-born Gypsies who went by carts, horses. They put the horses to carriage, the children and the wife got on it, three-four men, one after the other, three-four carts and they went, brother, from village to village. They reached the skirts of a village, they stopped in front of the inn or in front of the shop, or on the roadside or they halted on the meadow, the women set out, they made bundles of their blankets and went into the village to stroll. They brought this and that, how God did favour them, some of them brought dried meat, sausage, money, this and that. One of them took along three-four potatoes, once also two hens, flour, this and that, they arrived, cooked. They cooked, ate, the men watered the horses, drove on. They went, one of the men spoke to the other: 'You see, pal, here and here in this town, in this village there will be a market on Monday, a horse-market. Let us go that way, pal, maybe we shall have luck, God will

help us.' Then the other also said: 'Let us go, pal, let us go, let us see, maybe God will send us some luck.' They climbed into the cart, drove on, it happened that night overtook them by the roadside. Then the poor Gypsies walked on so long, they drove on slowly till they reached such a place where they could spend the night. They unharnessed, tied up the horses, the women made the beds besides the carts. Some of them slept in the carts. Who had more children, got down together with the children beside the cart, next to their horses, made the beds for themselves, turned in. In the morning the men got up at three-four o'clock, the old men. They made big fires, waited till the children awake, washed, made preparations, harnessed, drove on. They reached the village, stopped in front of the inn. 'Well, come here!' they drank two or three glasses of brandy, the women went to the village to have a look around, this and that, then they drove out at the other end of the village, they loaded themselves up from here and there, provender also for the horses, they stopped, the women went, cooked, cooked, the horses ate, too, they harnessed and slowly drove on. They arrived, went to the market, to the horse-market, stopped, unharnessed. Then the men spoke to the women, to their wives that 'Go away from here with the children so that the peasants should not see that we are Gypsies. Maybe that peasant will sooner speak to the man if he does not see the lot of children and the [Gypsy] women. Because where there is a Gypsy woman with a full skirt, then nothing goes well. Then the peasant says that these here are Gypsies, let us go away for no bargain can be made with Gypsies and they have bad horses. Then some of the men succeeded in selling for three-four thousand, for six, seven, it depends, what horses they had. Then one of the men spoke to the other: 'Let us go, I succeeded in selling it, Mary help us, your money should be blessed!' They went, drank, did this and that as needed. They harnessed, drove round through the villages homewards, slowly. When they reached home, each of them had three-four sackful of potatoes, two or three sackful of corns for the horses, beans, eggs which their wives brought from the village, bacon, dried meat, whatever they [could steal], a lot of feathers, this and that. Well, so did Gypsies live in olden times. Yes, some fifty years ago, I also know it as I also went along with my father and it happened that my mother got three, four, six eggs, she told fortune or filched them. She came and recounted it to my father. Then my father approached the men, they went inside the inn. 'Come along, boys, what do you drink?' My father ordered them three-four glasses of brandy or beer, whatever they wanted to drink, wine. Then my father gently told them: 'Boys, Mary help you, forgive me, my wife took away two or three pennies. I ask you, who will not drive on, will not come with us and will meet some distress, should not blame us for I have forewarned you.' Then the Gypsies said:

'God bless you uncle, you are right indeed.' They climbed into the cart and drove on three-four villages farther so that nobody should find traces of them. So did old-time Gypsies live.

Alas, since this world turned over, Gypsies cannot live so. Could Gypsies live like this, well, in this regime, too, Gypsies would be the happiest in the world. They would have no worries, in the morning they would harness, from one village to the other, they would have every day what to eat, what to drink. Because women would saunter along, steal, read fortune. go begging. They always had so much that they could eat and drink every day. Brother, old-time Gypsies lived like kings.

But nowadays if somebody wants to do this, he gets in prison. For nowadays such is the way of the world that the Gypsy has to sustain his wife and children as does the gajo. He has to earn his living and everything which is needed by his family by the sweat of his brow. This is why I tell you, brother, that old-time Gypsies were lords as compared with present-day Gypsies, because they lived like princes. At that time, old-time Gypsies stopped at the skirt of the forest or at the foot of the vineyards or at a farm. One of them spoke to the other: 'Pal, while the women traverse two-three houses, let us go into the forest to look for two-three hedgehogs.' Off went the men, brought three or four hedgehogs, it depends. They gave one to this woman and to that one, too, who had no husbands there. Because widows were also going with them; old women to find something in the villages, this and that, a little amount of feathers, a bit of food, this and that, what they gathered in for themselves for winter. Because in winter Gypsies were staying home because from spring to cold autumn their wives gathered in everything what they needed for winter. Food too, money too, they had also this and that, feathers that was also what Gypsies needed for the winter. They had all kinds of things both for their horses and for themselves. So did Gypsies live in olden times.

Brother, if Gypsies could live like this in present world, they would not change their lives, not even with the kings. For they would harness the horse, their children and their wives would climb into the carts and they would drive on. Three or four potatoes would fall into their hands in this village and in the other village. Gypsies would live on it even today. But the authorities do not allow it, the law does not allow it that Gypsies should live like the old-time Gypsies did in that other world. Then, if they did work, they did work, the authorities did not bother about it; if they did not work, the authorities did not mind it. But now, brother, times are different. Now the Gypsy must earn his living by the sweat of his brow for his children and his wife just like the peasant, whether he likes it or not. For nowadays, if he refuses to earn livelihood for

himself and for his children [by work] as the gajo does, then sooner or later he will be imprisoned. And when a father of three or four children gets in prison, that is hard enough for the mother and also for the father. For his mind in prison is bent on his children that, 'you see my God, did my children eat today or not?' The woman also meditates: 'You see, my God, where from should I take two or three forints because my husband is in prison, there is nobody here to work, nobody to earn money for the children. Where from shall I get the money for one kilogram of bread, two kilograms of potatoes, to cook them something so that my children should not starve to death. For I cannot go stealing and bagging because then I shall be also put in prison, my husband is in there, so my family will perish.' Therefore, brother, I tell you that old-time Gypsies in comparison with Gypsies of today, in this world and in that world -- then the Gypsies lived as lords. Nowadays the authorities say that Gypsies should live in this world the same as gaje do because they must earn their living by the sweat of their brow, the Gypsies have to keep their family [by work] just like the gaje.

[A woman continues:] Listen brother what I will tell you. Nowadays it is not so that everybody works because nowadays there are such ones who follow up the drunken gaje. This morning we set off, dear brother, I did not steal anything, not a single penny, my children should die if it was not for one kilogram of bread and for two kilograms of potatoes that I have taken away that money. Today, the whole blessed day women quarreled with each other, today women brawled with each other. The policemen came, we ran away from here and ran away from there. Nowadays times are different, my brother. Fortune-telling is not always possible. Now, if one does not steal, one does not eat. But certainly, if my husband would work, then he may think /? I may think?/ of this, too. Well, I don't go after the drunken gaje, I make my living of what my husband works for.

15.

Preparations for wedding

'Well, listen to me, woman! It is you to whom I do speak!' 'Well, what are you speaking?' 'My son is going to marry your daughter.' 'Yes.' 'What shall we do now?' 'While there is no money, what can I do?' 'Damn it, sister, you have savings.' 'Oh, this is not for the wedding.' 'But what are we going to do then? What shall we let to do?' 'They should work and earn money.' 'But we cannot put off the wedding so long.' 'Till the next month.' 'Till the tenth?' 'But of course!' 'Or shall we wait till the

fifteenth?' 'Till the twentieth.' 'We shall wait till the twentieth. But why do you try to hide the money that is put aside?' 'O, I did not save that money for the wedding, it is the price of my calf.' 'Yes, but your son said, that's for the wedding.' 'Ah, that is not for him.' 'Then, sister, don't make a fool of my son.' 'I don't lead him astray, fasten him to your skirt!' 'But he is in love with your daughter.' 'If he is in love with her, he should bear the costs.' 'But if he elopes with her, what can you do then?' 'She will not elope.' 'Do you think he will look with folded arms till somebody carries...' '... she is not such a girl!' 'If you will forbid her to see my son, then ...' 'I don't forbid it; if he wants to marry, he has to cover the expenses. Should I give him a wife and should also arrange the wedding?' 'But I am poor, I have not so much money.' 'He has to deposit as much money as I do if he wants to marry.' 'Then I shall also deposit four thousands, you should also deposit four.' 'They will make their four thousands, you should make the same.' 'I have already deposited.' 'A snit you have!' 'I certainly have. I didn't show it because you want that he abducts your daughter.' 'He will not abduct her.' 'Then lay down the money, so we may hold the wedding.' '... she will not be abducted.' 'Tell me, what shall we buy for the wedding?' 'We shall buy something so much we can get out of the money.' 'Do you buy a pig or shall we buy sheep?' 'I shall buy the same as you will.' 'I shall buy two sheep.' 'For me, one is enough for I have no guests.' 'I've a lot of them, many brothers, many relatives.' '... not many ...' 'I've many of them, very many brothers.' 'I have not so many guests.' 'I shall buy two sheep.' 'I shall buy fifteen hens and one sheep, and enough.' 'I'll buy thirty hens, a pig.' 'You have many relatives.' 'I'm a rich woman, indeed. You have to make the wedding as I tell you. If not, then it will not do!' 'But you will get a daughter-in-law, you have to cover the expenses; when I will get one, I shall also do it.' 'I give your daughter a brave young man.' 'I give a fine girl and not a saucy wife.' 'I give a brave lad who works and makes your daughter rich.' 'He doesn't earn for me!' '... and begets children.' 'He will earn for you, not for me.' 'No, for his wife.' 'For you, not for me.' '...and will beget children.' 'He will earn for you, he will not make money for me.' 'Certainly he will make money. He will get children to her and will earn money for her.' 'Her children will starve to death by him.' 'I'm going to sing that song, sister, when the junketing will be...' 'Which one?' 'Which one? Do you want to know it?' 'Of course.' 'I'll sing this song:

Just wait, brothers, let me drink my beer,
I shall drink my beer and tell my word.
Excuse me, brothers, let me drink my beer.
Pay for it that they should not be angry with us,
For I will amuse myself with my true brothers.

Pay the money, Jožo, for Pontjo will pay it back.
For Jožo will order and Pontjo will pay
And we will amuse ourselves in this company.

Well then, woman, Mačej will be the first bridesman.' 'But we then...'
'I make the wedding on condition that Mačej will be the first bridesman.'
'Well, so be it!' 'Buy him nice ribbons, a bouquet, white shirt should be
on him.' 'A curved stick.' 'My son has already a festive flask, too.'
'That, that...' '... I'll buy for my bridesman.' The boy interrupts:
That's me!]' 'Will you be the girl's bridesman?' 'No.' 'The lad's?' 'The
lad's.' 'Well then.' 'I am not entitled to it, you are for it.' 'But I
have already one, my son has a festive flask, I will decorate it. Be hap-
py and healthy, boys!' 'But if you will be wicked, I shall ...' 'We shall
be the same as you will be.' 'But I tell you, should you be bad ...' 'Or
I am going to beat the boy.' 'And if you will not give my son to eat and
to drink...' '... or I shall beat my son-in-law if he will beat my daugh-
ter.' 'Well, your daughter should not be a whore! But if she will be a
whore, I'll give her hell for that!' 'Then my daughter will come home, I
can marry her...' 'What will you do with her?' 'I shall marry her to some-
body else.' 'She will be married, my son will beget children with her.'
'... I shall marry her to somebody else.' 'She will be already a married
woman.' '... I shall marry her to somebody else.' 'But my son will also
find another girl.' 'She will also find a lad easily.' 'You will see how
decent my son will be.' 'Maybe he is decent to you.' 'No; he will be de-
cent also to...' '... and will not be decent to...' 'When your daughter
will be decent, he will be decent, too.' 'Well, it will all come out.'

16.

Women's heart-to-heart talk

There was and wasn't, behind the beyond, beyond the sea, a poor man
and a poor woman. But that poor woman and that poor man had so many child-
ren that they were at a loss, what to do with them. The miserable man
would go to work to earn his and his children's living, that they should
have what to eat, that he could buy clothes for them, but the poor man
couldn't get on. His poor wife went into the village to make a tour but
hardly she has brought a basketful of bread, they immediately run out of
it because a lot of children were there, she did not know what to do with
the children. Her husband says to her: 'It doesn't matter, my old silly
wife. I will go to the gaje to plaster. Maybe he will give me a hundred
forint and I shall buy bread for the children to eat.' 'Well, my dear

fool. But bring the money home and don't take it to the inn and drink it away. Because I am going to perish without a penny with so many children and there is nothing for them to eat. You may see, we are unclothed, barefooted, winter is coming on them, there is no money, all of them will perish without food or drink.' 'Ah, I shall by no means waste it [the money], my dear beautiful wife, how do you think it, when we have so many children round our neck, that I shall waste the money? I don't go to the inn. Maybe Pontjo, this only Gypsy will order me half a decilitre of brandy and I shall drink it. Some day when I shall have money, I shall order him.' 'Don't go, my husband, to [accept] the drink of other! Go, do some miserable work for yourself! Take your scythe and cut lucern for the peasant and you will earn so much that we shall have what to eat.' 'But my wife, if the Gypsies will catch sight of me thereabouts, they will but call me to the inn, that I should drink half a decilitre of brandy.' 'Oh, pox on you, bump your head, you are always speaking like this! Do you earn only to stuff yourself and not for my my children? But that's it, they are naked, we are barefooted, we have nothing to eat! How can you go to the inn? To make the Gypsies drink there! And they laugh at you! You hardly earn two-three pennies and at once you leave it in the inn that Rosie should have money! She should be hanged, God damn you! If he earns much, he does the same as Pontjo. As soon as he earns it, he takes everything to the inn. His children are again unclothed, barefooted.' -

'Oh dear! Yes, you always say that I am rich and I am such and such. But you have a horse, a cart, two houses, cattle too! I have even more children than you and I still have all kinds of things, hundred geese, ten pigs, cows, sheep. What do you think? We can manage with my income.' 'Oh Violet, your husband does not beat you for you are a young woman but my husband, you see, is old and my old, sick husband believes that I spend his money.' 'Well, he may beat me even more than he beats you, Raji, because I am a young woman and he thinks that the old peasant knocks me up for it [for the money] if I don't give him an account of it. Because he by no means does believe me that I bought food for the geese.' 'Not at all, sister Violet, your husband is good...'

[New tape.] '... let me get drunk and I go home.' 'And if he beats you afterwards, sister?' 'Well, it's all right, he beats me, well, and Charles does not beat you? Charles will beat you, too. You also take away a hundred forint in secret, he will not notice it. Then it's all right, I shall tell that... and we shall steal a hundred forint and drink it away. Raji, snatch my pin.' 'Well done, Violet, you always do it so cleverly, shiftily, it is a perfect scream.' [Pause.] '... we shall hide the money.' 'He didn't tell me that I should hide it but to buy a horse and a cart.' 'We may steal a hundred forint from him and go to the inn, drink it away for

ourselves.' 'It's all but what if he finds out?' 'He will not find out, don't be afraid of him.' 'And if my husband returns and beats us?' 'He will not beat you. I have stolen a hundred forint from Sandy, let us drink, Raji! Well, all the women do so, they eat and drink bravely and their husbands do not beat them. We may do it too, we shall go and have a drink here next to us in the inn. Afterwards we shall start out, we go to the market, take our baskets and go to buy food tomato, red pepper, bread, beans, peas, we shall cook, sit down, eat, drink.' 'And our husbands will return and will beat us madly! They return drunken and it will be chut-chut for us. They will thrash us soundly, and then, what will we do?' 'Since we married, since we gave our ... /?/, the we have to stand it. If he got you children, Raji, then he has to keep them, Charles has to give them to eat. Rosie worked there in the inn for three years, Rāji; he ate and drank with her, so you should eat and drink, too. Let's go, let's eat, let's drink! All right you don't lie him, because you are afraid of him. Because I am young and you are old. Well, but you may also live with him, you may also sleep with him just the same as I do it, because you are young, too. You are forty-... years old and I am thirty-five. And he believes that I make love with the peasants. But he does not keep an eye on you. But I am young and he thinks that they love me, then he returns home and thrashes me soundly; I for myself spoil my life. Where can I go then with my children? My mother won't give me lodging with such a lot of children. What shall I do with them? To go out into the world, to gad about in the wide world? I can't go ...' 'Well then, in vain he keeps me. And if he has another woman... if he is in love with her and says that she is better than I am, he suddenly is up and leaves me behind. But isn't it...' 'Don't be afraid, he doesn't leave you...' 'But no; and should I trick out a hundred forint of something /?/, he sees that I didn't buy fodder. Then he says: "Where did you put the money?" 'You have bought fodder for the geese.' 'Oh, then he looks in the hen-house and doesn't see the fodder...' 'You are rich.' 'Yes, I am, that's all right.' 'You have much money.' 'Who has much money? I have a hundred geese and ten pigs, is this richness?' '... to hide the money.' 'You may also hide a hundred forint and we are going to the inn.' 'Things are easy for you, Raji, for you have adult children, they earn a lot of hundred forints for you, much money. But all my children are young, who will earn for me? My old husband earns for me. I am glad that I am living at all with so many children. Where from shall I take the money? And I am sick; where should I go with my sore feet? If I go begging, which of the peasants will give me to eat? The peasant women will drive me away. They tell me, you are strong, you can work, earn for yourself. Well, it is easy for you to talk like this.' 'Well, but we can't do it that we steal the money from our husbands,

because if he comes back, he will beat us for it, because he says that the old peasant made love with me.' 'He will not be such a fool to beat you for it.' 'But you may hide it from Sandy.' 'I can't hide it from Sandy because he watches on ... he arrives home at about seven o'clock, eight o'clock, ten o'clock.' 'Don't be afraid, he will fail to notice it. Let's go, let's drink, let's get drunk, we shall turn his head, we shall make a fool of him, we shall sing a song for him.' 'Which song will you sing him?' 'We are going to sing him: "Now, now, now, in the middle of the inn /the audience, in unison: I do revel in the village inn." Then he gets confused and asks us ...' 'But his favourite song is not this but:

Violet disappeared two days ago,
I search her, I search her - my God, we shall not pop off! -
and the shades of night were falling.
Come home, Violet, don't leave your children behind,
Don't leave your children to the hearth of strangers.
I don't go back, no, no, for I have a bad life,
My life is bad, I have no happiness.
My life is bad with the foolish Gypsies,
But I shall have a gajo for husband, I shall not be bad any more.
He searches already for my...
Who brought me up, my God.
Mother, you brought me up but you didn't give me brains,
What for did you bring me up...
I am going away, mother, to a remote country, my God,
Where, mother, nobody knows me.
Violet, Violet, my wife, I shall be killed by ...
For your sake, Violet, my black wife.
Don't be afraid, my husband, I shall never leave you,
I shall never leave you because I love you.'

17.

Love like salt

I shall tell you a tale. There was and wasn't a king. That king had three sons. Or rather, three daughters. But the old king was so old that he was an extremely old man. He had a desire. That was his desire, he said it to his daughters, he summoned them into his room and told the eldest daughter: 'Well, my daughter! I'll tell you, I'll bestow my entire kingdom on her who loves me most of all.' He called in his eldest daughter: 'Daughter, how do you love me?' The eldest daughter entered her father's

room and said: 'Well, Dad, I love you so like people do love each other.'

The king agreed with his daughter. He called in his second daughter. He let her come: 'Well, daughter, and you? How do you love me?' 'Well, Dad, I love you so like doves do love each other when they eat from each other's bill.' 'All right, daughter; call in my youngest daughter.'

The youngest girl entered the room. 'Well, sonny, how do you love me? I will give you my whole kingdom. My whole fortune I have, I'll give you everything.' 'Well father, I love you so like people do love salt.' 'Oh daughter, you are joking and ridiculing me: like people the salt! Get out from here, I don't want to see you again in my castle and even in my cave !/, within the boundaries of my country.' His youngest daughter said: 'Dad! I love you so like people do love salt.' 'You still tell it again?' he says. 'Get out from here, daughter, I don't want to see you any more in my country, in my cave!'

Off she went. She dressed, set out, went to several countries, to several forests; what is she to do? Once night overtook her. She sights a great, immense forest. 'God Almighty, have mercy on me! I'm going there.' She sees a lamplight. She approaches it, sees: a lamp flickers. The girl went there but she did not enter, she only slept beside the ... Well, there was a foreign king who went hunting, rabbiting in his great, immense forest every night, every day. Well, what happens, he catches sight of a shadow. But the girl was naked, she already became so tattered that she covered her up with her hair. The lad set eyes on her body. He says: 'Are you an old woman, be my mother. Are you a young woman, be my sister. But if you are suitable for me, be my wife for my lifetime.' But the woman was very much ashamed for she was completely naked. [From the audience: Her p... was seen.] She covered with her hair [from the audience: She covered her p...; laughter] herself. 'I say you once again, my sweetheart, my beloved, if you are an old woman, be my mother; if you are of middle age, be my sister; if you are a match for me, be my wife for my lifetime. Don't move: if you make a move, I shall kill you to death !/ with my gun.' But the tree was very old, unspeakably old. It was three metres wide, a hundred metres wide !/!. Arms could not be put around it. The woman has a look from behind the tree on one side and when the king caught sight of the woman, he became seventy seven times mad for her. He took her by the hand, he didn't say a word, took her home in his castle.

One week, two weeks, three weeks. One day, two days. One year, two years, three years. One year was like one day; two days were like two years; three days were like three years. They already had two lovely children. He didn't ask his wife where is she from, where did she come from, whose daughter she is or where did she spring of. Already three years, three days [elapsed]. 'My sweetheart, my wife, at last I have to

tell you my opinion and you should tell me your opinion !/!, where did you come from, where did you spring of and after all, which country did you come from.' 'Ah, my sweetheart! Should I tell it to you, it would be hard put /?/ for you or for me.' 'Tell me, my wife, my sweetheart! We, after all, have two lovely children, a boy and a girl, they play with [golden] apples, you are my wife. Tell me, how life treated you, I shall also tell you my life.'

'Well, my sweetheart, I shall tell you what befell me /? how did you come me across?/. We were three girls. All the three of us were sisters, full sisters. Our father was very old. It was his desire [to know], who loves him most of all in the world, either we or other. And he let us come into his castle. Well, the eldest girl, our eldest sister, went to my father and said to her father: "Dad, I love you so like people love each other." He let come my second sister. My second sister said: "Dad, I love you so like doves love each other, they eat from each other's bill." 'Well, and you, my wife, what did you say?' 'My sweetheart, I told my father, I love him so like people love salt.' 'Did you?' 'Yes.' 'That does not matter, my wife. I am going to invite your father to supper and we shall see, who was right.' 'That's right, my sweetheart, my husband.'

The young king announced with song and chime abroad in other countries that foreigners should come to the king for supper or for dinner, that they should eat with him, everybody, the poor and the rich, lords, counts, princes, it makes no difference there with him, they should eat with him. The young king sent a message also to his father-in-law that he should also come for a supper, that he should eat at one table with his son-in-law or rather- er- [laughter; with emphasis:] with the king.

Well, one day, two days, a long time. 'Such a young king has never invited me; on the contrary, I had better invite him. I pardon him, I'll go to him for a supper. If it is so, I'm going to him for supper, I shall see, what kind of a man he is, what kind of a king.'

The old king goes to the young king. 'Good day, youngster!' 'Welcome, uncle!' 'Young man, I have heard ~~that~~ you invited me, you sent for me that I should eat a supper or a dinner with you at your table. Well, I didn't live to see such a thing, young man, that I should visit such a young king for dinner or for ~~supper~~. Oho, uncle, that doesn't matter. You will eat now with me, you will have dinner with me. Pastry, chicken, pork, everything what exists in the world, every kind of food is here on the table. Princes, barons, poor, lame, blind, everybody is here.'

Well then, the king tastes the soup, he takes a spoonful, tastes it, it is unsalted. He helps himself to the meat, to the chicken, he begins with it, it is unsalted. He takes a piece of meat, it is unsalted. The old king breaks out: 'Young man! What is this custom with you that you

don't put salt into the food or in the cake or in the meat?' 'Uncle!' so the young king said to the old king, 'I was told that you do not eat salted food or that you don't like it.' 'By no means, young man! On the contrary, I like it very much,' he says. 'It is quite out of question that I eat unsalted. If the food is unsalted, I don't eat it.' 'Hey uncle! You are not right. I repeat it once more that I heard, you don't eat salted food. I heard that you eat directly unsalted. That's why I prepared things so that salt should not be put in any food; because I invited you to a dinner, to a supper.' 'Oho young man! On the contrary, I do like it, I repeat; I do like it very much. I don't eat any food in which there is no salt.' 'Well, uncle. I shall prove it that I certainly heard it, it is so and I know that you don't eat salted food, neither salted meat. If you don't believe me, I shall call in somebody who told me that you don't eat salted food.' 'By no means, my dear son, I do like it very much. If you can tell me, who it was who told it to you, than I shall believe it for ever, young man.' 'Uncle, I shall present him to Your Majesty.'

The young king goes into his castle for the old man's daughter. She was already his wife, the woman had two lovely children from the young king. 'Good day, uncle! Here, this is the woman,' he says. When he sighted his daughter, he was seventy-seven times mad for fear, he suddenly collapsed. He lost his senses right away. 'Hey young man! I certainly like salted food very much.' He bestowed the great kingdom, all his fortunes on his daughter. She has gained the first: she loved him the most. His first daughter only said so much: "I love you, Dad, like people do." The second daughter: "I love you like doves love each other." But she: "Dad, I love you so like people love salt." 'Well, Dad, I'm going to show you that I certainly love you like people [the salt]. Do you see? Now you didn't eat this food because there is no salt in it. You didn't eat this meat because there is no salt in it. Well, I love you so like people the salt. So I love you, you see, very much. If there were no salt in it, you don't eat it, if there is in it, you eat it. So, think it over, Dad, that I love you so like people the salt.'

The Queen's shoes I.

There was and wasn't, he said it and didn't, in this sacred night, where the docked-tail pigs are living, once there was a king. The king had a daughter and a sister. His sister was called Žofollica. The queen suddenly died. When the queen died, when the king's wife died, when she was at the point of death, his wife said: 'Well my husband! I curse you that no woman should marry you in the whole world until my shoes which I had made of flea hide will fit her. She should be your wife whom my shoes will fit.' Then the queen rolls over and dies.

Time passes by and the king is up to take a wife. They carry the hide, the shoes to try it on but it doesn't fit anybody on the earth. And he receives news that here and here is a witch called "God's Gift", the shoes will fit her. She will be his wife. But who will bring her? [Except her] they did not fit anybody in the entire world only his sister. Well, the king prepares to marry his sister. But then the sister: 'Well, listen to me, brother. I would rather go and bring her than to marry you even if I am sure that my bones will remain there. But let me make six pairs of iron sandals and let me make an iron stick. Should I bring back its hilt only, even then I shall bring her, God's Gift, to you.'

And the girl, his sister, gets up and starts. When she went off and arrived there: 'Good day, granny!' 'The dear God brought you here, my daughter. The blessed God [suggested you] that you addressed me like this otherwise I should have killed you.' Her eyelashes were so long that they reached to the ground. Her nose was so big like a large carrot. The girl picks up the pitchfork and runs it into her eyes. And so she catches sight of her. 'Well, daughter, what did you come for?' 'That you should give me some job.' 'There is a job for you because I go out hunting. You will help my daughter make tidy with her, the God's Gift.' Well, God's Gift looks at her, she is pleased with her and they, in a second, became friends and she is there. They tidy up one day, two days.

Once God Gift [or rather: Žofollica] sits down on the threshold of the witch's daughter: 'I would tell you what if you listen to my advice. Try these shoes; they will fit you. Ah, you see how they fit me! You, too, should try them.' And the witch's daughter puts on, tries on the shoes. Her feet were exactly like his wife's. As if they had been made for her. 'Well, listen to me, Žofollica [or rather: God's Gift]. My brother's wife died and cursed him that he should marry that woman whom these shoes

would fit. And my brother is a great king, he has many countries. Let's go away from here that you should be my brother's wife.' 'Oh, I'd go with you but I'm afraid of my mother. For my mother will take hold of us before we could reach her borders; she gets hold and kills both of us. Then, how shall we go away?' God's Gift continues: 'But listen to me! I'll go to the other side of the house to be on the look-out till you do what I tell you. Slip into the oven and take out the fire-hook. We shall sit on her fire-hook and go away on it.' Then God's Gift says: 'I am going to lie down. If somebody knocks at the door, wake me up. And if I spit, the spittle will speak to my mother. We shall be far away by the time she will return home.'

That's right. God's Gift spits in the middle of the room: 'You spit-
le! If my mother comes home and says: "Open my daughter," then tell her: "I sleep." When she again knocks and says: "Open my daughter," then tell her: "Ah, I'm dozing so nicely!" When she again knocks, tell her: "Ah, I'm washing." When she knocks, tell her again: "Now I comb my hair."

On this the witch smashes the door with a wooden hatchet [? for: woodcutting axe?]. And she enters and searches and she isn't there. She at once guessed where they were. She pulls the peel on which she used to bake bread out of the oven and sits on it. Then: 'Get on, peel, iron peel! I shall catch the whore!' And she goes. Soon she had almost overtaken them. Then God's Gift to Žofolice: 'Look back, Žofolice! My back is burning, my mother comes!' She looks back, ah, she is already there! 'Quickly, throw down the towel!' She quickly throws off the towel and a large water arises in front of her. Well, the witch can't cross it. She moves farther on and sets her chin against the water and drinks it out. And she drank such a lot of water that the water came out of her behind. They again move along. God's Gift speaks again: 'Žofolice! Look back, my back is burning, my mother comes.' Žofolice looks back, ah, she is no more far off. 'Throw down the yellow kerchief!' She throws off the yellow kerchief and a big pot full of porridge became of it. It bubbles there. From the steam and because of the porridge she could go nowhere. Well, the witch was hungry, she pitched into it, ate it up. When she ate up the porridge, she again got on the peel and went. Again God's Gift says: 'Žofolice, look back, for my back is burning, my mother is coming.' She looks back. 'Ah, she is here, she will take hold of us in an instant!' 'Quickly, throw down the small-tooth comb!' She throws it down and a big forest arose of it. When she threw down the comb, the witch cleared the forest and passed through it. When she reached across it, they were already far away. Again God's Gift says: 'Look back, Žofolice, because my mother is coming. My back is burning.' She looks back, it's again the same. Then they threw down a brush. And a thorny brushwood arises in front

of her. Then Žofolica's /! / mother, the witch, descended from the peel because she couldn't go longer. She sets out:

Žofolica, my daughter!
Come back to me,
for I'm going to die, to split.

She sings that song. Well, but the girl, God's Gift, didn't go back. So the witch: 'Well, I curse you, my daughter! As soon as you will reach the king's frontier, you should become so thirsty that when you drink water, both of you should fall into his well.'

And they move on. When they arrived, they went to the well at the king's frontier. 'Give me a bit of water, Žofolica,' says God's Gift. 'Oh, don't drink! For your mother cursed us that if we drink water, at once we should get drowned in the water, we should fall in.' 'Oh no,' says God's Gift, 'that's how we drink! Don't be afraid, let us bend in and drink.' When they bent in, both of them tumbled into it. Two reeds became of them. Beautiful, very beautiful reeds became of them. The king's shepherd passes by and says: 'Oh, how these reeds would fit to make a flute of them. Let me make a pipe of them for myself.' He cuts them. 'Since I ... I have never seen here anything in the water as I do now.' And he makes a pipe of them. Well, he takes God's Gift and blows into it. But then God's Gift [or rather Žofolica] begins:

Welcome, my king's shepherd.
I came from afar, I am tired /?/.
The witch's curse fell on me.

The shepherd at once flings it away. He takes the other, blows into it. But then God's Gift begins:

Welcome, unknown shepherd.
I came from afar, God's Gift /! / lured me.
I left my mother alone,
I left my land alone,
I came here.

Well, the shepherd at once takes along both flutes and runs with them to the king. The king calls him in, blows into them, they speak the same. 'Well, what to do next to give them back their original shape? Tell me!' The wise men speak, one this, the other that. Well, then an old woman enters: 'Well, listen to me, king! Put both flutes in water on the table. And put in front of them something to eat and to drink. They will come there every night. But you should hide under the table and when they sit down to eat, get hold of them. Then they will get back their original shape.' Well, so does the king. It happened exactly like that. He caught sight of the girl. Well, the king almost died! He made a great wedding for them. If they didn't die, they are still alive. God bless you!

The Queen's shoes II.

Good morning, boys! Be healthy and happy! Pardon me!

There was and wasn't, he said and he didn't, there was a king and he had a wife and a daughter. Well then, the queen was old and she spoke to her husband: 'Well, my husband! I am sorry to say that I am going to die. Here are my shoes, but don't marry till you find somebody whom my shoes will fit. But whom my shoes will fit, you should marry only her.' 'That's all right, my wife.' And she dies and is buried. Three years elapsed, then the king sent for the princesses, the very first baronesses. They keep trying the shoes which do not fit any of them. So much, so much that he tried all women of the world, the shoes did not fit them. Nobody else but his daughter was next in turn. 'Ah, come my daughter, try these shoes for they do not fit any woman, maybe they will fit you. I can't stay unmarried, my daughter.' His daughter goes to try on the shoes, they exactly fit her. 'Well, daughter, from this day on you should be my wife.' 'Ah, father, I shall only marry you if you have made me three suits of clothes but the three suits of clothes should be in three nuts, together with the shoes. One of them should be a golden dress, the other a diamond dress, the third a silver one.' 'All right, daughter, I shall try it.' Then he goes to the goldsmiths, the king calls together the goldsmiths of the world. Well, at last the best master of the world is there, too. He then: 'Well, I can make three dresses which you told me, Your Majesty.' Well then, he really makes them, the three suits of clothes. The king calls together the greatest kings of the world. Then the girl takes the three nuts and runs off.

And she runs in the darkness, she always runs and searches day and night. And she arrives in a large, vast forest. Well, there is also a king. The king then: 'Ah, my sister, what are you doing in this out-of-the-way place? And you are just coming here taking the chance when even the birds don't come here.' And she: 'Ah, I'm a poor girl, I'm looking for work. I heard that you are living here.' But the king: 'Well, I am going to engage you,' he says, 'you will be good to tend my geese and my turkeys. You may live in the hen-house.' That's all right. The king was not married. But the king announces that a gathering should take place and for whom he will take a liking, he will marry her. Women should come together. Well, the king goes there. Well, the girl, too, creeps out of the hen-house and takes a bath in milk. And she puts on her silver dress. As they dance in the ball, none of them pleases the king. The girl pops in

unexpectedly in the ball. The king sets eyes on her and is stricken by seventy-seven heart-aches for her and at once approaches her and takes her and dances with her. 'Where do you live, sister? What a beautiful woman you are! I would like to marry you for your beauty.' 'Ah, I am staying in Fowl-house-castle. You may visit me or correspond with me. Well, the best to you. God bless you!' And the girl goes away.

When the girl left, the king goes, too. The king had no peace. The girl already crept back in the hen-house. He has no peace, the king can't sleep because of the girl. Then he again announces a great ball for the next Sunday so that to see her at least. Well, the girl is again up, lets the king go away, then she creeps out of the hen-house. Now she dresses in her golden dress. When she was dressed, she is up to set out. The king is sitting, the girl does not come. The girl pops in unexpectedly. He looks at her and his heart is sventy-seven times mad for her when he sights the girl. He at once takes her and dances with her. 'Oh sister, can't you at least give me your address?' 'I have already told you, I am staying in Fowl-house-castle, you may correspond with me or you may do as you want to.' That's right; they go on dancing. 'Good-bye!' thus the girl breaks away and runs home. She quickly undresses and creeps into the hen-house. That's right; the king also returns home. Well, he sings songs, keeps greeting everybody in his joy. He goes to bed but he can't sleep or eat, has not a moment's rest because of the girl. And the girl walks after the geese. The king sees the girl, he approaches the girl and says, 'What are you doing, you ugly girl, why don't you tend my gees? Ugh! how ugly you are! You look like a monkey. I m going to chase you away, to drive you out of my environs and you can't come near me!' 'Oh, Your Majesty, that's right; don't drive me away,' says the girl, 'all right, I shall never come here dirty if you give me something that I wash myself or you give me water at least.' 'Well, I'll give it you.'

The next Sunday comes and he, the king again announces a great ball so that he might see the girl. Because the king, - dies, - the beauty, - the madness, - for her sake, - his heart. The girl is up, she lets the king go and dresses in her diamond dress and goes to the ball. The king sets eyes on her and he is seventy-seven times mad for her so that he almost dies. Now he gives her a ring and a kerchief. When he has given it: 'Well, take it, it should be ... Where do you live, sister?' 'In Fowl-house-castle. If you ask it once more, you will see that I shall pick a quarrel with you.' 'That's right, all right. Excuse me for having asked you once more. I can neither sleep nor eat because of you.' 'That's right, brother.' Then the king goes home. While he is going home, the girl lets her hand hang. The king notices the ring and his handkerchief. He attacks her: 'Where did you take my ring and this handkerchief from?' 'Why do you

ask it?' The king makes up his mind: 'Well, unless you turn into the same as you have been, I will at once strike off your head.' 'Ah, what shall I do, Majesty? I'm like this.' 'I told you, if you don't change back, I will at once strike off your head.' Then the girl steps into a tub of milk and takes a bath. And she puts on the diamond dress. The king sees it, kisses her: 'Be happy! From this day on, be my wife!' Then the girl: 'And you should be my husband. And we should live-, to have a nice family. From tomorrow our wedding should go on.'

The king gathers the greatest kings of the world, all the kings. And even her father. But when the kings were called together to come for the wedding, the girl already had two twin boys from the king. The girl's father also went to the wedding. As they slept, it was already night, the girl's father the king who wanted to marry his daughter, caught sight of her twin sons. He takes them, cuts their throat. Then off he goes. Well, the king gets up, the boys' father: 'Ah, my wife, my sons are dead, you cut them their throat only for the reason that you should not stay with me. You'll pay for this, I'll do the same to you.' Having said this, he cuts off her hands and gouges out her eyes and drives her out into the large, vast forest. And he: 'Well, woman, you may go for yourself, I don't stay with you. Now I also put you to shame because you have killed my sons.'

While the girl walks, she cries and she hits against the trees with the two babies. Suddenly two doves are on their wings in that direction: 'Ah woman, if you had brains: from the left there is a bridge. If you went down and sank into the water, into the spring, you would have at once two eyes and two hands.' The girl listens to them and takes the way to the left. She washes herself and both her eyes at once come up. And she washes the two little boys and they jump up. Now they are not dead any more. The girl is up and sets out. And the blessed God produces them a big palace in the next forest, that was the third or fourth forest from her husband's.

And the husband and his Cinderell // went hunting, just in that forest. And night overtook them. 'Sire,' he says, 'where should we ask for a night's shelter till day will break?' 'Ah, come on! Good day, sister!' 'Thank you.' 'Give us a night's shelter, we are from here and here, I am a king, this is my forester. We came to hunt some game.' 'All right,' she says, 'sleep here.' Well, but the girl, the queen gets an idea and says: 'Come, here you are, I'll give you also some tea.' Well then, she puts sleeping pills in the king's tea. The king goes to bed and falls asleep from the pills. Cinderell is under the stove, he sleeps there by the stove. Suddenly the king's leg slips down from the bed. Well, on this the girl: 'Go my sons, both of you, place your father's leg on the bed. See,

how he sleeps! He is your father.' The boys go there and put his leg on the bed. Cinderell sees it, he doesn't sleep. Well then, hold on! Well, Cinderell then... in the morning they move on: 'Thank you,' he says, and they start. 'Let us continue hunting.' But Cinderell: 'Your Majesty, Mary bless you, stop just a moment, what I have seen!' 'Ah, Cinderell! Till now, you have never stopped me. But if it is no important thing, I shall shoot you dead on the spot.' 'Ah, all right, Your Majesty. When we enter the house and she gives you tea, don't drink it but pour it out there in your shirt or somewhere. And you will hear what your wife will be talking about. You know, they are your wife and your two sons.' 'Is this up on your life?' 'So help me God!'

Well, that's right. They go there and he, the king does not drink the tea but takes it, pours it out. He only pretended to sleep. And he is up, and he lets fall his leg, out of trickery. Then the girl again: 'Go, my sons, place your father's leg on the bed.' Well, they place his leg. Then the king lets fall his hand. 'Go, my sons, place your father's hand also on the bed, just look at it, how he sleeps!' And they go there. But the king strains his hand. The two boys cannot lift it. 'Wait a moment, I shall go there.' This she does, she goes there to place his hand on the bed. And he seizes the girl and covers her with kisses. 'Ah, you are my little wife! Thank heaven, both your eyes and my two sons are back. I know who did this to them, your father.' They at once go, return home. They make once more a wedding. They again make a great wedding; and what a wedding!

Well, the king and his wife go to the old king, to his father-in-law. Well, also there they make a great wedding. But the king, the young king puts five knives and five spoons in his father-in-law's pocket. While the kings are eating there, the knives and spoons fall on the table one after the other. 'What is this, what is this?' so the lot of kings. 'Ah, certainly somebody stole from the spoons, the knives,' thereupon he says. The kings dive into their pockets: 'I didn't steal, I didn't steal!' 'Wait only, let me see!' And he approaches his father-in-law and takes out the spoons out of his pocket. And he brings shame and disgrace on him. Well, the old king goes out. What is he to do? He presently stabs himself through his heart with a dagger and dies. And the lad and the girl go home. Well, if they did not die, they are still alive.

Let be healthy and happy, he who told it and also he who will listen to it.

Marriage after death

I'm going to tell you one more. I'll tell you a very long, fine story.

Once there were Gypsies who wandered about by carts, by horses in this and that way, to villages, to towns. Many of them belonged to the same company, they met. Two young people met, they fell in love with each other. When the two young people fell in love with each other, the old people agreed at once that a proposal for marriage ought to be made and the young ones should be married with each other. That's right. One of the Gypsies goes to the other, to the girl's father: 'Brother Gus! Let us meet at such and such a place, at this and this market and let us ask your daughter in marriage, your daughter Rosie.' He says, 'Oh, God willing, we shall meet there.'

That's all right. Months go by and months come, the appointed time fixed by the young people for the proposal for marriage approaches. When they went for the proposal, the girl's father arrived there in less time, to that market. Early in the morning the Gypsies arrive by yellow carts, on grey horses, they gather. They come to ask the daughter in marriage. But Rosie, as she notices them, runs to her father. She shouts: 'Ah, father! A lot of Gypsies are coming to ask me in marriage.' And suddenly Rosie goes home, in their house. The other Gypsies see this, the Gypsies that are coming by yellow carts. One of them begins:

Get up, Rosie, comb your hair,
Gypsies come to propose you.
They are coming on green carts,
They are coming on red colts.

But the girl hereupon:

I don't marry, father dear,
I am not a fine red girl,
I am not a fine red girl,
As flowers in the garden are.

Nay,

I don't marry, father dear,
Take your hatchet and kill me,
Take your hatchet and kill me,
I don't marry, father dear.

Well, so the girl. But her father speaks to her: 'Marry him, daughter,

he drives four colts.' 'I don't marry, father dear. Take your hatchet and kill me!' That's right. The Gypsies get busy, they make the proposal. Well, the girl didn't marry him. Then the lad went home: 'Be damned lads, listen to me!' [The audience laughs.] And he begins:

Make me the bed, mother dear,
to his mother,
for I feel pain in my back,
for I feel pain in my back,
I have been with my sweetheart.

Well, lads, the young Gypsy dies. When the lad, the young Gypsy died, the Gypsies up! to hatchet, to fork, to sothe, they strike and hit, they do. Then they take the lad and bury him. When the lad was buried, the girl died, too. When the girl died, the girl's father went and with him the lad's father and they let them bury together. They were put into one grave. And the Gypsies drive off, everyone went hither and thither. They stayed there. And from this time on, every night after seven o' clock, the girl and the lad walk inside the church and they yell with laughter and arm in arm they laugh. [Silence; somebody from the audience: 'Oh!'] Everybody sees them, but they don't know who they properly are, that they are dead, they only see them and recognize them. Then the girl goes with her lover into one of the outside houses. There then: 'Take my kerchief! Give us half litre of brandy!' Because formerly Gypsies used to drink there, when they were driving in their carts, in the outskirts of the village. And she pawns her shawl, her kerchief. And she drinks the brandy. 'When my father will come here, he will redeem it.' 'Well then, I'll give you.' And he [= the innkeeper] gives her.

Well then, the girl's father goes after many years, he passes there. Then the peasant: 'Uncle Bango! Redeem the kerchief of your daughter. I gave her half litre of brandy. She was here with your son-in-law.' And he takes it out and they look at the kerchief. When they looked at it, they recognized it. 'Well, how did you get it?' 'Well, your daughter was here,' says the peasant.

Well, it's all right. They go to the town, the others hear further details and tell them what is on. And the Gypsy enters the church for the night as he was told by the peasants, and he goes behind the altar. And the woman, too, the girl's mother. And when at midnight the two young people come in, they nab them. The Gypsy flies at them from behind the altar and nabs them and seizes hold of them. And his wife, too. She was a couraeous woman, that she was, a brave woman, indeed. And the Gypsy takes them along to the clerkman and lets them consecrate, and they are living for seven years. And they have two little children, daughters. And they have a son. Well then, God Almighty told us that we should live
/as v.l.p.154/

as long as they are given in marriage, the three children. Till then, he said, we should always live. And they lived, they lived for a long time, so that they married them, gave them in marriage. Grandchildren were brought up. And then, both of them died.

God be with you, good night. I have to go home.

21.

Fairy Helen

There was and wasn't, I put it in a sack, I carry it on my back and I go on talking.

There were two little girls. Their mother died. When their mother died, the man re-married. [It happened so that] the man sent his two daughters to bring a hutch, a boulder and a dish from the woman [their neighbour] to bake bread for themselves, to eat. Because they lived on sawdust. They never had bread, they lived only on sawdust. When he went to work, he put only sawdust and a brick in his sack. When the others worked, he only put a brick in it. People said: 'Well, well, poor fellow, what can be the matter that he does never eat? There is only a brick in it that we should think that he also brings bread with him.' Once he went to drink water. A man went there where his sack was and noticed that there was a brick in it. 'Well, listen to me what I have to tell you. God-fearing men, be so kind, when we go home, give him a basketful of flour that he should bake bread for himself and for his orphans because their mother died.'

When they went home, he asked from her the boulder and the dish. Then the old woman said: 'Listen to me, children! I give you a boulder and a dish on condition that your father should marry me.' The children ran home. They told it: 'Father! She said that she will give us boulder and dish only on the condition that we shall get get boulder and dish when your father marries me.' The children returned home and told it to their father. 'That s right, my son. Don't you tell a lie?' 'No!' They went, proposed to her. He married her.

One day as a year; two days as two years. Speaks the woman: 'Hey! Damn your mother! I don't go living on with you because of your children. If you don't kill them, I'll leave you behind. Take them in a vast trackless forest and kill them there.' 'All right.' 'Do you agree that you will kill them?' 'I do.' He took them out in a vast trackless forest, in such a forest where even birds were never seen. Well, the little girl /for one of them was a little girl/ carried millet seeds in her apron. The peasant

went [farther] into the forest and tied up a flask [on a tree]. /Do you understand the flask? A flask in which the wine is put in./ He tied it on a tree. The wind was blowing and pattered at the tree. The children thought that their father cuts the wood. However, 'round midnight they noticed that their father is not there, only the wind is blowing, their father is not there. 'Let us go home slowly.' Where they came from, there they all a-long strewed millet seeds from their house to the forest, to the cavern. They went and found their way home, they returned home following the track of the millet. When they arrived at home, their mother said: 'Damn it!' 'Good evening, father!' 'Thank you, my children.' 'Eh, damn your mother! I have told you to kill your children and you still did not kill them. If you don't kill them, I shall not live with you.' 'All right, I shall kill them.' /But it is long; doesn't matter? - No, it doesn't./ 'If you don't kill them, I shall leave you behind.' He led them to another place. Then the little girl binds the sawdust in her apron. Well, when she strewed the sawdust of her apron, - the little girl couldn't find her way home.

One day as a year; two days as two years. The little boy almost starved to death, he dies without food or drink. Then she gathers cow-dung, kneads bread of it so that the boy should not die of hunger. She gathers it and bakes him cake in the fire. One day an old man approaches them: 'What are you baking, little girl?' 'Eh, God-fearing man, I would tell it and wouldn't: I bake him a cake in the fire.' 'Hey daughter, turn it over in the fire.' Well, the girl was ashamed because it was cow-dung. She wanted to turn it over. But it was the Blessed God, it was no beggar, it was the Blessed God. Well, the cow-dung turned into a loaf of bread of ten kilograms. They eat it, the two orphans.

When the two orphans finished eating, the little boy became thirsty. 'Sis, give me water because I shall die in an instant.' 'Eh, brother,' she says, 'I can't give you water because a wild cow's footmark is here.' They move on. 'Dear sister, give me water because I shall break right away.' 'I can't give you,' she says, 'because a wild wolf's footmark is here. Should you drink out of it, then you will change over to a wild wolf in an instant, and eat me up.' They move on. 'Dear sister, give me water because I shall die immediately if you don't give me water.' 'You will change over to a wild boar, kill me and eat me up.' She doesn't give him water. They move on. There is a deer-footmark. 'Give me water, sister, because I shall break immediately.' 'Listen to me, brother! Don't drink water because you will change over to a golden deer, on a golden chain. As long as you live you will be fastened to my hand. I shall cook for you.' All right, he drinks of the water. At once he became a golden deer, on a golden chain on her hand.

The pure gold girl lived in a cavern. Things had gone so far that the

girl's hair grew so long that she covered herself with her hair. The girl lived with the little golden boy in a forest in a cavern. The king's shepherd drove the sheep that way, he pastured the sheep. As he pastured the sheep, - the shepherd runs home to the king: 'Your Majesty, have mercy on me. You have executed three hundred ninety persons, you have impaled their heads. You may fasten on it my head, too, if it is not true what I am speaking of. Our forest burns!' 'Damn it, shepherd, damn your mother, if it is not true, three hundred sixty persons' heads are impaled; you should also pay for it if it is not true as you tell it. Well, I am already here, - my grandfather has been living here for ninety years, but we didn't hear it yet only from you that our forest burns.'

He has his horses put to a coach-and-four. The horses had golden horseshoes. They get on and go. As they arrive there, the king sees: 'Damn it,' he says, he sees it is a human being. 'If you are an old woman, be my mother, if you are an old man, be my father, if you are a young man, be my brother, if you are a young woman, be my wife.' That was it. He takes off his overcoat, puts it on the girl. He takes her home. When he led her home, he married her.

He lives with her, one day as one year, two days as two years. The queen became pregnant. Once the king goes hunting. What does a Gypsy girl do, she says her: 'Nice Fairy Helen, let's go, let's look at us in the well, which of us is more beautiful.' Suddenly the ugly Negress thrusts in the beautiful Fairy Helen. She became a gold [fish]. - [Once] she said to her husband: 'I marry you on the condition that you throw your sword up to the sky. Two golden, - three golden drops of blood should fall on your sword and go, swear upon it that you will never kill this little deer.' He said: 'No, I shall not kill him.' Thereupon he went, swore upon his sword, threw it up, three small drops of blood fell on it that he will not let him kill.

Well, when she thrust her in, Fairy Helen changed to a nice fish, a pike. The Gypsy girl went to the queen's bed. The king came home: 'Dash it my wife, what's the matter, why did you get so ugly? What did you become black of?' 'Well yes, my husband! I was burning, aching very much on your account. Let us call here twelve cooks, twelve housemaids, one hectolitre of milk and they should scrub me with scrubbers.' They get busy, scrub her but she became even uglier.

One of the housemaids goes to draw water. 'Damn it,' she says, 'Your Majesty! Our well burns on the inside!' 'What's that?' 'Come and look at it!' He goes and sees it. All his forty-nine coachmen had to go there and draw out the water to see, what did happen to our well? They catch the fish, the pike. When the king sets eyes on it, the Gypsy girl shouts: 'Let it kill, let it out, it must not stay in our house.' 'No, wife! Tiny golden fishes are in it /?/, were among them /?/. You see, we don't need light

in our house as it lights nicely inside the house.' One day as one year, but the queen keeps repeating: 'Have it out, have it out!' She sets about to cut it. She says, 'If you don't cut it, I shall break and die.' Then he let kill it. But it is quite out of question that when a fish is cleaned that such a what-d'ye-call-it would not crack off. She says, 'When you clean this pike, not a single fish-bone should remain but throw them into the stove so that they should burn.' By chance one bone remained, they swept it out on the rubbish heap. When they swept it out into the rubbish, a beautiful big rose arose of it.

The cook takes it - no, a poor woman takes it and carries it into the house. She sticks it behind the mirror. When she sticked it behind the mirror, it was Sunday, the old woman went to church. The rose flings out from behind the mirror and changes back from a flower to a human being, butchers a hen, slaughters everything, does great cooking and baking. 'Who ever may that God-fearing person be who cooks for us?' Then her husband says, 'Wife,' he says, 'watch it from behind the door, who is that God-fearing person who does this for us?' The old woman watches it. She flings out from behind the mirror, inside the whole house glares golden of her. She lays hand on her: 'Dash it, daughter!' 'Let me go, mother, let me go, let me go!' she says. 'No, daughter, no!' Well, on and on, - 'Well, listen to me, mother. I shall stay with you so, that as many days are in a year, as many pieces of rags you will sew on my face so that the king should not recognize me.' 'All right, daughter.' Then she sewed such a lot of rags on her that her face wasn't visible.

Once the king let announce by beat of drum in his twelve countries that everybody, even the blind and cripples should appear in his court. Well, when they appeared, the king says, the elder king, the king's father who was two hundred years old, so that his grandchildren propped up his eyelashes with a pitchfork: 'Here is,' he says, 'a mad girl, she should be brought in.' They bring her in. 'Well, let's hear, all sorts, what you have got, what you have found. Everybody who tells his troubles will receive one golden florin.' Thereupon she says: 'Well, I'm also going to tell my destiny but if I tell it, it will be very dangerous. Fire to one, smoke to the other.' 'You have nothing to fear!' So much, so much, so much that she starts to tell it:

'There was a man,' she says, 'who married a girl. She was transformed into,- because she was poor and was beaten by God, she was cursed since her mother died. And she called her, - the Gypsy girl thrust Saint Helen into the well. She has changed to a pike. Then she said that he should have it brought out of the well, slaughter her, let her kill, eat her up. He slaughtered it, let it killed. One fish-bone bursted out, a flower grew out of it. An old woman sticked it behind the mirror. And she got hold of her. And if you don't believe it, my husband, I am the one.'

'God bless you, my wife!'

One day as one year, two days as two years. What's going on, two sons were born to them. The Blessed Mary took them away from her. The Blessed Mary descended to Saint Helen; she was her goddaughter. She took her up with her. 'Listen to me, daughter,' she says. 'From now on you are my daughter. I shall give you three hundred ninety keys but I don't give you one key because the wolf is there and it devours you.' 'What, mother, why do you give it not to me? Three hundred ninety keys; what, I don't hide it, I don't steal it.' 'Well, listen to me, Saint Helen, I give them to you but if you enter there, wolves will devour you and kill you.'

Once the Blessed Mary goes away. She gives her the keys. She goes to try each of the keys. As she tries them, all of them become golden girls. Who was inside? the golden God whom the Jews had killed. He lies in a trough because his father /?/ sheltered him that the Jews should not kill him. His blood runs in a trough. He speaks to her: 'Oh, oh, Saint Helen,' when he noticed that she opened the door to him. 'Oh, Saint Helen, come in, sister, don't be afraid because I am here. All my blood flows off because the Jews stabbed me. Come and see!' The girl approaches him. 'When a drop of blood falls down, rub it up, put it into the trough!' The girl does it.

While the girl did this, the Blessed Mary is coming home just then. She says, 'Well, Saint Helen, have you been in so many and so many rooms?' 'No, I haven't.' 'Confess it, Saint Helen, because I will take away your voice, you will be unable to speak. I shall take away both your sons from your husband and throw you down to the greedy earth. I shall take away your voice, your strength, you will be unable to speak, you will be dumb.' 'Do as you please.' Then the Blessed Mary approaches her and makes her dumb. And she takes away both sons of her. She has no children any longer. She is dumb. She throws her down into a large forest. The Blessed Mary says, 'Confess, Saint Helen, who has been in the room? Whom did you see?' 'I didn't see anybody.' 'Is it better for you that you are dumb?' 'I don't care that I am dumb.' 'I took away both your sons of you.' 'It doesn't matter, mother.' 'But listen, Saint Helen, what I am going to do to you. I shall throw you among the razors [i.e. in the scythe-tower]; confess, whom did you see?' 'I didn't see anybody.' She takes her, throws her among the razors. Having thrown her among the razors, she made it in the presence of the Blessed Mary that she walked down into the well like on stairs. The Blessed Mary goes down to her on the stairs. She says, 'Saint Helen, tell me the truth, did you see your brother?' 'I did not see anybody.' 'Well, listen to me, Saint Helen! You have suffered much, I give you back both your sons but you are not allowed to go to your husband, this will be your punishment.' 'That's all right, mother.'

She took out, took in her sons /?/. 'Whoever will come to you, should he only lay hands on you, should turn to dust.' That's right.

Once her husband passes by. She /He?/ gives him /her?/ the two children. When she /he?/ gave him the two children, she /Mary/ says to her: 'Listen, my dear daughter. Your husband, has he been with you? One of the children should become a dragon for forty years. You may see him as a human being only by night. By day, he has to be always a dragon. After this time his dragon-skin should burst into pieces, when it is thrown into the oven.' But her soul, she has to die /?/.

One day as one year. Once his father approaches and sights him. And he takes them out.

One day as one year. My lad was already seventeen. He married. He put on hundred kinds of figures as he was a dragon. When he married, he took the woman with him and made a wedding. Well, once she notices that at night the dragon is a golden lad. Pure gold, he had a royal crown on his head. The moon was on his back. The lad had the star on his forehead. He was of pure gold... he was in bed with his wife. When the woman gets up, she sees that he is a dragon. His mother knew it, too, the dragon's mother. His mother enters the room and sees it. She says to her daughter-in-law, 'Daughter, aren't you afraid of this dragon?' 'I am not. If God gave me to him, I should be his. If he kills me, let him kill me. It doesn't matter.' By night he was a human being, by day a dragon. His wife already knew who he is but he did not appear to his mother; he appeared to his wife. Well, one day as one year. Once by night his mother enters and sees him. His skin, the dragon-skin was under the bed. His mother takes it and throws it into the oven. Her soul, at once, bursts into pieces; the queen's soul bursted in ninety nine pieces.

Well, who was a human being, should be a human being. Who is a human being, should change into a rock, should become a statue. Who enters there should become a statue, too.

If they did not die, they are still alive.

Be lucky and happy all of you! Live long and well all of you!

Bamboo-cane princess

There was and wasn't, if this night hadn't been, this tale wouldn't have been either. There was a king and a queen. They set out to wander. But they had no children so that they could have produced a child from their wretched womb. Once they found a little grain of poppy-seed, they found a little, what-d you-call-it, a wasp. They say to it: 'Where are going, you little animal?' 'I just keep on,' he says, 'walking along to see the world, but I have neither a father nor a mother.' 'And we have no children,' they say, 'we have neither a son nor a daughter, it would be very good to have you for a child.' 'God will bless you,' he says, 'if you take me with you. I'll have a rest on the way and I'll eat.' Now, the queen takes it with her for a child.

Now, the queen went away, she went to her father for she was rather pregnant. Her husband divorced her. When she left, her husband set out to wander, for he remained alone, he had nobody. He went out into a silver forest to hunt. He went hunting to catch himself some game for he was about to die of hunger. He wants to shoot at the little fawn. Now, when he wants to aim his gun at it, the silver bamboo-cane bends after him. 'Whatever God will give for it, I'll cut down this bamboo-cane. Let me see,' he says, 'whether it will fit for an angle rod.' Well then, a silver girl jumps out of the bamboo-cane. She says: 'Dearest love of my heart, give me quickly-quickly a drop of water because if you don't, I'll drop dead.' Now, the boy had no water with him and he could not give her any. The boy was sorry, but now he could not take the girl home. She was a very beautiful girl though. So he went home.

The following day he took his flask and filled it with water and went hunting again. But when he went hunting, he lost the silver forest. While walking, he strayed into the golden forest. A wild boar jumps up before him. He wants to shoot at it, but a golden bamboo-cane bends after him. Then the boy realizes that such a bamboo-cane bends after him as the one the day before; but this is even more beautiful. He takes it and cuts it down. A golden girl jumps out of it and says, 'Dearest love of my heart, give me quickly-quickly a drop of water because if you don't,' He gives her some and embraces her and takes her into the golden forest. He /She?/ is ashamed, but he can't take her home naked, since she was naked, covering herself with her hair. He says to her, 'Dearest love of my heart, sit down here till I come, I'll bring you a gold dress and I'll come for you on a gold coach.'

The boy went home. But from the dense bush Cinderella, the ugly girl comes forward, she can hardly be seen from her hair, and she says to her: 'Queen, you are a very beautiful woman, come, let us have a look at ourselves in that well, who is more beautiful?' Now, when the golden girl went there to look at herself in the well, she seized her and pushed her down into the well. Then my Cinderella hides in the bush. The boy returns. The boy says, 'Oh, dearest love of my heart, how ugly you have become! Why, you weren't so ugly, you were a golden girl!' 'Oh, dearest love of my heart, till you came, I blackened, fried here in the bush. Well, I had waited till you came, but can't you see that But if you take me home, if I was beautiful, I shall be even more beautiful.' Now, he takes Cinderella home. Well, all right.

What has become of the girl she threw down into the well? A little goldfish. It swam away into the pond. Well, all right. But Cinderella knew that the golden girl had changed into a goldfish. She says to him: 'Dearest love of my heart, my beauty will not return, and I have become very ugly, beautiful as I was; for you know how beautiful I was. In front of our house, there is a little goldfish in our pond. If you catch it, I'll become so beautiful that my beauty will surpass even that of the diamond girl.' Now, the lad sits and sets about fishing for seven years and seven days to catch the goldfish. At last he catches it. When he caught it, he has it fried. When he has fried it for her, she would not eat it. She says: 'Alas, my darling, throw it out from before me so that I should not see it,' she says, 'for I shall die immediately if I see it.'

Now, what has become of the fish? A nice, big water-melon has become of it. But Cinderella does not even get out of bed, so she asks him, what has grown in his garden under the window. She says to him: 'Your Majesty, my king, dearest love of my heart, there is a big water-melon in front of our house. If you cut me a slice of it, I'll be so beautiful that if anybody is more beautiful, you may have her executed.' The lad obeys her, goes up to it, takes his knife to cut a slice for her. But he sees that blood is dripping from the water-melon.' 'Oh, dearest love of my heart, I can't cut a slice for you. It will do well as an ornament in our window.' He puts it in his window.

Now, when he put it in his window, at midnight the girl suddenly comes out of the water-melon and goes up to the table to eat. She looks for some food for herself. The maid spies upon her. She says: 'This poor king is so poor that he hasn't even got bread-crumbs on his table.' All right. The maid has spied upon her. The maid says: 'Your Majesty, my king! From our water-melon which you put in our window seven years and seven days ago, such a beautiful girl came out that there is no such

beautiful girl all over the world.'

All right. He said he would go hunting, but he spied upon her. He hid under the table. The next night comes and he watches when the water-melon opens. He puts so many food on his table that she won't be able to eat it in ten years. All right, the water-melon opens. 'Oh, my God,' the king says this, 'you have fulfilled my wish.'

There was everything there, even floating islands.

If he has not died, he is still living.

May you all be happy and healthy!

23.

The belt

Well fellows, I greet you with God's name. God Almighty has allowed us to meet. I would tell you a story if it doesn't bore you. I've learnt a fine story from my father-in-law. If you listen to me, I'll tell it you.

It was and wasn't, behind the beyond there was a priest. That priest was such a rich man that nobody in the whole world was so rich only him in that village. Butchers, horse-dealers, sausage-makers, they all went to him to buy swines and cows. Once, twelve bandits heard how rich a priest was in a village. The old pasha said, 'Fellows! Let's go to that village! I've heard that somebody who is very rich lives there.'

Two bandits dress up as rich men. And they go to that village. But they say, they have come from a great distance to buy pigs. And then they say, 'I need two hundred,' and the other, 'I need four hundred.' But when they arrived there, the priest had been dead for two weeks. His wife was left, and his son, twelve years old. Now the butchers /because they said, they were butchers and no bandits/: 'Hey, Gypsies, fellows! Don't you know where could we buy pigs, cows and calves?' 'We do.' 'Where?' 'At such and such a place, it was just one or two weeks ago that the priest, her husband died. She has a lot of porkers, you can buy even a thousand.' 'We must go there, fellow, to that priest. Let's go! In which street does he live?' 'Here you are his address, take it down. At such and such a place, in that street, under such and such a number.'

The two bandits arrive there, ring at the door, the woman comes out. 'Good morning, woman, don't be angry, I don't know whether we are on a right way here, but I've come to ask such and such a name whether it is you or not.' 'That's with us, it's me, it's me. Come in, and sit down inside for a moment.' She gets the glasses and the bottle, as she used to, and gives brandy or wine, brandy to him, wine to the other. 'Where have

you come from, where are you going?' 'I've heard, sister, that you have pigs for sale; I'd buy two hundred, have you so much?' 'I want also to buy ten cows and about five hundred pigs.' 'All right.' 'How much have I to ask?' says the bandit who introduced himself as a butcher. 'You don't have to pay today at all, you can pay tomorrow when you get them.'

Well, they eat and drink there. One of the bandits pretends that he likes the woman. /Listen, listen!/ Then she realized, they didn't want to buy pigs, they came to see what she could have, and then they would come back to steal or rob something. But she keeps on making love with him, kisses him, caresses him. Now let's go home, it's getting dark. He takes down her address /?/. 'We'll be back in three or four days, by that time have the pigs singed and smoked.' 'All right, brother.' And they left.

But the wife of the priest, Rudy, she got in her right senses for she wasn't silly. She sold everything at a minimal price. Next day she hung up on herself as much gold as she could manage, the money, her valuable things which she could make use of, she made a bundle, took her son by the hand and left.

They are wandering and wandering. They are benighted here and there. By that time she got already tired. 'My son! Let's sit down for a moment!' 'Why, mother?' 'I'm tired.' 'Oh, but what is tiredness?' But the lad understood it well [corr.] watched on a tree and on another how birds were singing, and he was just going, just walking about. 'My son! Are you tired? Don't go after birds because you can't catch them. Sit down a little because we go far.' 'Let me alone /? Take a rest?/, mother!' He kept on walking about.

The princess /keep on listening now!/, the princess was enchanted. Her father cursed her for she didn't marry the one whom she was told to. She wanted to make love with another one, with another prince. /Now look here!/ The father cursed her, and her mother, too. 'My daughter! By the wish of God, turn into a belt in this hour, on this day and get wound on a tree. And don't unscrew until the son of a priest goes there near that tree, then unscrew and jump onto his waist.' So it happened, she turned into a belt. 'Now let's go, mother.' 'All right, my son.' When the boy steps, the earth bends. 'My son! Do I see it well or do I not? Or am I sleepy?' 'What's the matter?' 'Well, the earth bends when you step.' 'Oh mother, it is because you are sleepy and tired, and you don't see well.' 'All right,' the mother says.

They kept on going. After a time they got benighted. 'My son! Come what may, let's go into that ramshackle hovel. Let's take a rest and lay our heads and sleep, we'll go on tomorrow.' 'All right, mother.' When she opens the door /listen to this, old boy!/, whom does she see, whom she does not, she sees the twelve bandits. 'Good evening, young men!'

'Welcome, dear sister, you and your son, too.' She is sly /how sly a woman she was, a clever one, listen!/. 'How do you do, my lover.' The old one, their chief, opens his eyes wide for surprise. 'What is it? Well, well! Why do you come here?' 'Don't be angry, dear brother, he came to buy pigs, and I didn't wait for him to come again, I sold everything. The gold, the wealth is now together. Now I have everything with me.' 'Well then, my son, marry her, at least we'll have somebody to wash and cook for us until we get home from here and there when we go to rob and steal.' 'Just look at that old fool! This woman outwits you.' 'But why do you speak like that, brother?' 'Because if I fetch you a blow, all the parts of your body /?/ will fall out.' 'Brother! You can beat me, you are twelve.' She counts out all the twelve. 'Let me alone!'

All right. They go to bed, they sleep. It dawns, they have a wash, dress up, one eats, the other drinks. 'But what to do now?' asks the old one, their chief. 'What could we do? He, who wanted to marry her, who pretended to marry her, now he's got to marry her.' 'Ah, plague on her! Let's kill her, to the hell with her!' 'Do what you want.' 'Well, take the big kettle, fetch water, let's boil it, then put her in and cook and throw her out to the dogs.' 'All right, it's good like that, right, let's do it!' They take the kettle, the eleven bandits, the kettle had eleven handles. They go to the well and fill it with water. The boy, the son of the priest, follows them. One of them says, 'Get along with you!' The other says, 'Just look at the fool! Let him come, at least this day, this hour, let him delight. For when it is noon, his flesh will be cooked. Let him come.' /Listen now, just listen! What will come after, ... your hair will stand on end!/. They draw water into the kettle, it is full. They twelve cannot move it. They carry it, get their breath, put it down for a moment to rest a little. One of them says for fun, 'Hey, you kid!' They laugh. 'If you move it with two hands, your life remains.' And they laugh. They didn't imagin, such a little boy were able to carry it alone. /I've forgotten to tell you that the princess who was changed into a belt has wound on his waist. Now listen!/. 'Well, now, shall I carry it?' he answers. He gets it onto his back and carries it. 'Dear Christ, good heavens! Look, how the little boy carries it alone, and we couldn't manage it eleven of us!' /Do you understand, Rudy?/. And he puts it down before the old bandit. He looks at the boy, 'Well, what's that? You couldn't manage it? You see, the little boy can carry it!' 'Well, you old scoundrel, it's not so!' 'What?' 'I told him for fun, if he moves it or pulls it away a little, his life will be spared. But he, what did he do? He picked it up, threw it onto his back and carried it home.' 'Hey, fellows! Let him live, because he is a hero, a brave man.' 'Do you hear what the old fool says? To keep or to bear a man among us who is stronger

than us, have you ever heard a case like that?' 'Why?' 'We are twelve here and we can't carry what he can alone.' 'Do what you want,' the old man says. They twelve cannot put it on the fireplace to warm, to boil the water.

The the old robber says, 'Little boy! Let's go to play cards while they are cooking for us.' 'All right, let's go,' he answers. But the old robber says, 'I play cards for human life.' Now listen, how sly and how smart the boy was. 'All right, uncle,' he says, 'I can do it, but I must win twelve times and you must win only twice. Not in this way!' 'But how?' 'Regard me as if I were twelve, too. Or if you do not, then when you win, cut one of my fingers. Do you understand it well? I have ten fingers, and myself, and my mother, it is twelve.' 'Well, that's a clever boy!' He kisses the boy. What happened to my boy? Now listen, hear luck! He deals the cards and then, hurrah, he wins. But they swore that he who won the first game, would take the sword and cut the other's neck. He swore on this with the old pasha. /I've forgotten to mention, but before ... you about it./ So, my boy won the first game. Then he takes the sword and cuts the robber's neck. He had so much fortune, had such a good head, that he won eleven times. And he cut the neck of eleven robbers. He deals for the twelfth time, he deals the cards. He wins. 'Well, what shall I do with you?' 'Do what you want.' 'Oh, I won't kill you.' The boy takes the sword and sticks it into his head, into his nape, ties a long chain on his hands and ties him up with it. Where did the boy put him down? To the cellar where the bones of the dead were, he locked the door and let him alone there.

But the boy also looked what was in the other room, what was in the porch and in the kitchen. Gold, silk, silver. A lot of stolen things, a lot of treasure. When they went to steal, they didn't share it, but let it together. Whom did they go to? To the kings; the robbers always went to the rich kings to rob. And all that wealth, all those riches were together. 'Mother, we won't leave this place, let's live here.' 'All right, my son.'

Well, my little boy, though young, was clear-headed. He went for a walk in the great forest where they were living. While he was walking about and looking around, a girl, a princess: 'Help me! Help me! The Holy Virgin bless you! Help me! Help me! The Holy Virgin bless you!' Where to look, where to listen? 'Help me, help me! Save me! Mary bless you!' Because, when the princess went somewhere, to a ball, or just to walk about, or to her lover, the bandits caught her in the forest. Well, excuse me, to tell it frankly, be happy, be your luck all silver and gold, they undressed her completely, bound her and threw wood upon her to burn her. But since the wife and the son of the priest went to them, they for-

got about her. In the meantime the boy killed them. So the princess remained alive.

So the boy, when hearing "help me", trots there. 'Who are you, girl?' 'Mary be with you, be in good health, if you are an old man, be my dear father, if you are an old woman, be my dear mother, if you are a man, a young man, Mary be with you then, be so kind, Mary give you strength, to let me out, because the twelve bandits, - and I've been lying here for the second day, and they want to burn me. Let me out, let me go!' Well, the boy threw the wood off her. Well, he felt ashamed when catching sight of her. /I say again, excuse me, be your luck all silver and gold! Well, he caught sight of her pubes, her pussy, too, and everything, also her bust. 'My boy! If you are a man, don't be ashamed. Do consider, it is my life's matter! You see!' Well, he went there and let her out. You've let me out, now whenever you /I've forgotten to tell you that her eyes were blindfolded./ 'Whenever you come in our parts, here you are my address to call me on at such and such a place.' He took her along, dressed her up, gave her to eat and to drink, then she went home. Home she went.

When he got home, in the meantime his mother, Rudy, took the key and opened the door to see what was inside, what a treasure, what a wealth was there. She took a look at it. And she chanced upon the poor devil, upon the unlucky robber who had been killed by the boy, the sword had been plunged into his head. 'What happened to you? Are you still alive?' 'Well, I'm not alive, I'm not dead, I'm just in existence in this world.' 'Hey, I see you are a brave man. Do you want to be my husband?' 'Don't do that, dear sister!' 'If you don't want to, or if you don't marry me, my son comes home, I'll make him kill you at once.' 'What do you mean?' 'What do I mean? I want you to be my husband and to kill my son.' 'Woe is me! I would rather die than kill your son.' 'Why?' 'Why? I'll tell you. You see, where he put me, and that I'm suffering here bearing the sorrow, and he also killed my men, but I don't want to kill him after all.' 'Do you marry me or do you not?' 'It's the same to me whether you just want to test me or not, be it as you wish. But what more do you want?' 'How could we kill my son?' /Hey, that's a sly woman! / 'Tell it me!' 'Do you see the window here?' 'Yes, I do.' 'A path is starting there. It leads to a living sow. That wild-hog has twelve piglets. Tell him to take one of them, because you will die at once unless you eat of its liver.' /Just listen to it, brother! / 'Sham illness. When he comes, "Oh, I'll die, oh, I'll die!" He will say, "What's the matter, mother?" "Oh, my son, I had a dream." "What was it, mother?" "I dreamt that I must eat of the liver of a piglet, otherwise I will die, I will die at once." "Mother, where shall I get it from?" "Oh, my son, it was in my dream too. A path is

starting under our window, it leads to a wild-hog. But don't be afraid of it. Go there, it won't hurt you. Tell her to give you one of her piglets because you want to save my life.'

Ah, he takes to flight, opens the door, keeps on running. But the wild-hog, neither was it a silly woman. 'Don't run so quickly, I give you one of my piglets. Don't kill us!' 'How do you know I came to kill you?' 'All right, son, take this piglet and settle your mother's matter. But I ask you to do one thing, my son. When your mother says, "When I had a look at it, I became well at once" /Oh, the artful bitch, to fuck her well, Rudy, if she could do away with her son!/, when your mother says, "Oh my son, when I caught sight of it, I became well at once, dash it to earth, son!" - No, mother! Let him go back!'

All right. He takes the piglet, the wild-hog gives him one to take. He runs back. He gets home, opens the door. 'Hey, mummy, I've got it!' 'Oh my son, when I caught sight of it, oh, I became well at once. Dash it to earth!' 'Not at all, mother. Let him go back!'

All right. It is dawning, he goes to look around again. He feels dull. Little boy, what to do? It's about eight or nine o'clock, she opens the door to her lover. 'How could you manage it?' 'Fuck up, that's what I tell you to do! He brought a piglet, be your father and your fortune dead!' 'Ah, the brave child, I kiss his shit! That's nothing for him. Don't kill your son, Mary bless you!' 'He must die, he must. Tell me something else!'

'There is a mountain at such and such a place. That mountain opens once in twelve years, only once. When it opens, it closes soon. Tell him to fetch a can of water from there. But from there, except perhaps the Holy Virgin, I kiss her shit /don't be angry with me!/, perhaps She but nobody else can bring it, neither him. Lie down now again and sham illness.' Her son comes home. 'Oh my son! I'll die at once!' 'Why?' 'I had a dream. If I could drink good water once in my lifetime!' 'Here you are, mother, drink it!' 'Hey, son! Not a water like this.' 'Well?' 'If you open the door, left you find a path. You go along the path until you reach a big mountain. At twelve o'clock it opens, fetch me a can of water from there. If you do it, son, I'll be much more younger.'

He takes the can and leaves. /Now listen, what will happen, how it will happen and how it will not./ But the belt on his waist heard what he was told. /Do you hear it?/ When he goes farther from the hovel, twenty or thirty steps about, the belt jumps down from his waist. /Now look here! And listen to it well!/ 'Where are you going, John?' He looks back. 'Where am I going? I'm going to fetch water for my mother.' 'John! Don't go anywhere! Turn back! You will lose your life and mine, too.' 'But who are you, girl? For if I kick you /excuse me, God be with you, be

your luck all silver and gold/, if I kick you in the pants, you'll perish at once.' 'Well, you serve only to beat me, John! You pass yourself off as a strong man.' 'That I am, indeed.' 'John! Break the thinnest twig off this tree. If you do it, then you may slay me.' 'It can be easily arranged. Oh, my God! To break it off!' He could neither break it off, nor bend it a little. /You understand me, Rudy?/ 'Now look here, John! You see, I'm a woman. Now I jump on your waist. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, as many trees there are one by one, you tear them up with one hand.' 'Let's see it!' He could not see her any longer. 'My God, with thy blessing and thy peace, I will go on.' I was on the way to tell you, he went to fetch water for his mother. The girl jumps down from his waist again. 'John! Who was right?' 'You were right.' 'Was I?' 'You were.' 'John! I am cursed by God and Mary, too. Had you not come, I may have stayed on that tree. But since you happened to come there and the blessed God gave both of us such a fortune, maybe we won't die after an hour, because you have saved my life. Now, because you saved my life, I will try to save yours, too, with the help of God or Mary.' 'What's that, girl?' 'Listen to me! I'll turn into a mare. You jump on me, and tie the two cans onto your legs. When you see that the little hill is going to open, urge me on my side, I just put down my two legs. But when it's opened, then make me jump, make me jump the mound. Because unless you do this, John, both of us shall perish.' 'Be it so!' 'Be fortunate, John!'

They get there, the belt jumps off his waist, turns into an apple-grey horse. He jumps on it, ties the two cans onto his legs, takes his watch and looks the time at it. The earth was already falling down from the hill, for it was going to open. When it seemed to open, she let her legs down, and started out when the hill wanted to [close]. What remained there and what did not, the tail of the horse. What was it? The tail was her hair. Because she had a long hair. They go further, then the girl turns a somersault and becomes a girl again. 'John, whose word proved true?'/ 'Yours.' 'Look, John, what's burning there?' 'I see, that's your hair.' 'Did I keep my promise?' 'You did.' Then they look at each other and begin to weep. 'Hey you, John! Take these two cans with the water to your mother. But I bet, she won't drink of it, not a bit.' 'But why?' 'Do you understand my words? One day it will happen that your mother will kill you, and me, too. If it won't happen so, do with me what you want.' 'Leave me!' 'Well, I leave. But John, just a word. If your mother won't drink of the water and will tell you to pour it into the kettle so that she can boil it and wash with it, do not do that, my Johnny! When she says she won't drink of it, take it outside and pour it out. It will go back of itself. Will you take my advice, John?' 'I will.'

They arrive home. Henceforward the girl stayed on his waist as a belt. 'I've brought it, mother.' 'Oh my son, when I caught sight of it, I got well at once. Pour it into the kettle, tomorrow we shall boil it and I will wash your clothes.' 'Not so, mother. If you didn't drink of it and nevertheless you got well, thank God.' And he opens the door and pours it out. The water ran back crying and laughing where it was taken from. It goes back itself. All right. It dawns, the boy goes into the forest again. He watches the birds, the monkeys, here and there, he watches everything. But the little boy did not shoot them, he was just walking in the forest and watched everything without food and drink.

The old bitch goes to her lover again, my prick to her pussy! 'How could you manage it?' 'He has brought it.' 'Dear Christ, has he brought it?' 'But what to do with him?' 'If you beat me to death, [you do,] if you spare my life, you do, but I can't tell you anything more.' All right. The boy returns. 'My son! You are walking all the time. Bring your shirt here, I'll wash it.' The boy, 'Do you wash it on me?' 'Take it off.' He takes it off. She washes it. 'My son!' /You see, quite a trickish bitch./ 'Your father was such a strong man that when I cut my tress and tied up his two fingers with it, and I danced with him, he tore it, such a strong man was your father. Could you do it, too, my son?' 'Me, mother? There, mummy! What's that? That's nothing.' 'Let's see.' Then she cuts both of her tresses. 'Put your two thumbs together, son.' He puts them together, and she compresses them. 'Pull it, son! What happened, fellows? He set about and tore the hair. All right. 'My son! Your father took down also his drawers so that I could wash them.' Somebody gave the damned bitch the idea. /Don't take the hint! / 'Your father tried his strength naked.' 'Not at all, mother, shall I be naked in front of you?' 'Look at the fool, do you feel ashamed before me, before your mother? You are but a little boy. If you do it naked, son, with ten hairs only, or even with a single one, you'll be the strongest man all over the world, to the world's end.' 'Well, if it is so, mother, let it be so. I take off my clothes.' And he strips to the skin. 'Now go on, son!' She had long hair. 'Put your fingers together!' She pulls out [one hair] and ties up his fingers. 'Pull it, son!' He pulls. It made a cut to the marrow of his bone. 'Oh, mother, I'll die, oh, mother, I'll die! Oh, mummy, undo it quickly! It breaks my heart!' 'Now come, pasha!' 'What have you done?' 'I was brainier than you, wasn't I?' 'Why?' 'Look here! Now do what you want as well.' 'Woman! He gave me a life, so I must ask him, too, what he wants to ask for. I ask him what his wish is. What do you ask me for?' 'Well, I don't ask for anything.' 'What shall I do with you?' 'Do what you want.' He keeps on thinking. 'Well, I won't do anything.' And puts out the boy's eyes. Puts him into a bag and carries it to the top of a tree. And hangs him up there.

He hangs there. The boy is there for a day, for two days, for three days, for a week.

Once, the boy, -there was nothing else to do for him but suffer of thirst and hunger. 'Whatever God may inflict upon me - help, help, help! /Just listen, brother, Mary bless all of you! / Who goes there, who not, just remember, the one whose life was saved a year earlier when the twelve bandits wanted to burn her. /Do you understand me? / She happens to go there with her father on a coach. 'Father!' 'What is?' 'Don't you hear anything?' 'No, I don't, my daughter.' 'Stop, coachman!' He stops. 'Help me, help me, I'll die here, I'll die here!' 'Let's go there, father, should it mean the death of us. Just remember, father, somebody saved my life in the same way when the twelve bandits wanted to burn me.' Her father hears it, and tears flow from his eyes. 'Then let's go, my daughter.' 'Help me, help me, I'll die here!' The girl and her father go there to the tree. The king says, 'Wo are you up there, tell me!' 'I'm a poor boy.' 'What kind of?' 'Who once saved the life of the daughter of the king of twelve countries.' 'Oh father,' she shrieks and screams, 'go at once, take him down for me, because it was him who saved my life. But, daddy, take him down so, that I could see him alive and kiss him once.' The king climbs the tree. With one hand he embraces him, with the other unties the rope from the tree. He arrives at the ground fortunately. He undoes the bag and the girl catches sight of the boy. She fell on his neck, and they are crying there in each other's arms. But his eyes, as I have told it before, are missing. The girl sees it. 'Oh father! Whatever God has ordered, he must be my husband. He was to be killed, I was also meant to be killed; he was about to die, poor devil, I was also prepared for death. Daddy, let us have one another. Don't break my heart, my dear father!' 'Well, be happy with him, my dear daughter.' They take each other by the hand, go to the coach and get into it.

But my king, next day he reported to seven countries, 'Fellows, Gypsies, everyone who wants to, come to my daughter's wedding!' He set a time, at this and that time will the wedding be held. And they come. The whole word comes without delay /?/, all the great kings come to the king for her daughter is getting married. Nevertheless the king felt ashamed because who was found to be her husband, a blind boy. All right. People arrive, they eat and drink. Then he, 'Fellows, Gypsies, you who are sillier and who are more clever, I'd like to tell you something if you heard it: the life-story of my daughter and my son-in-law, how it happened to them, how they were meant to be killed, and how they met.' He tells his story as I told it you, how the girl was meant to be killed and how he was, too, and how his eyes were put out. 'Let them be happy, perhaps it will change for the better some day.'

When he heard that his father-in-law made mention of him, for shame he went out somehow fumbling about to kill himself for shame. He goes out, sets off and walks and walks. Two ravens just happened to meet. "Where are you going chum?" "Oh, chum, perdition should sweep them off" /don't take it amiss, don't take the hint, but I must tell you this word, too, because one must tell everything that is in it/, 'perdition should those hunters sweep off! They always go hunting and, chum, they shot my youg's eyes off. And he can't see.' 'But where are you going now, chum?' 'The water of life is nerby, not so far, about twenty or thirty steps off. And you know, chum, who thrusts two fingers in it and touches his eyes with it, his eyes will reappear, more beautiful and healthier eyes they will be.' John is all ears. 'But hurry then, chum, good luck, be your son lucky and healthy.' 'Thank you, chum.' My boy starts and goes, goes, goes. He hears the roaring of the water, shshshsh, how the waves, the billows are lashing. 'Oh, my God! Surely that bird said an important thing. Whatever God grants, I will try it.'

The water is no more far from him, two or three steps about. But his wife /that is to say, the princess who was to be his wife/ asked, 'Where is my husband, where is my husband?' She looks around, doesn't see anybody. She leaves, runs: 'John, you hear? John, you hear? Where are you, where are you?' He doesn't come forward, no, he doesn't. Suddenly his wife, his intended catches sight of him. 'Oh, Johnny! Don't go further, the water is just right there, you'll fall into it, but then I'll kill myself, too. Don't move!' 'Be calm, keep still, fuck up!' 'What happened to you, Johnny?' 'Don't speak! Take my hand and lead me to the water.' 'Oh no, my husband, Mary bless you! You'll fall in! If you jump in, if you kill yourself, whom do I remain to? My dear husband, Mary bless you!' 'Come here, fuck your mother! Take my hand! Do you see what I mean? I won't jump in. I want to lie prone. If you don't believe me, let me plunge my two fingers in it at least.' 'What's that?' 'You'll see what happens.' 'Oh, my husband, what do you want to do?' 'Be quiet, my dear wife! Kiss me!' She kisses him. 'Hold me fast and let me plunge two fingers into it. Otherwise I'll kill myself at once.' 'Well, I'll comply with your request rather than you kill yourself.' He touches the water with two fingers and smears his eyes two or three times. And he becomes a handsome, lovely lad. 'Look at me, wife!' She looks at him: 'My dear!' You can imagine what a pleasure and happiness there was for them. /Now listen, what will be next! What I've told that's nothing, the best of it comes now!/'

'My wife! Go back to your father's castle.' 'What do you want?' 'Fuck her up and her mother's breast in my village! As my mother and stepfather took my life, I want to do the same. The wedding must go on until I return. Do you hear it?' 'I do.' 'Good bye - good bye!' Off he set. But the man

/pay attention now, brother!/ and his wife cannot cross the threshold. I tell you why. Because the belt which was on the boy's waist changed into a lion. When they wanted to come out, she shot flame at them, phoooo! They could not step out through the door. She says, 'Until my master who died, or rather who was my intended husband, until he visits you here in this house, or rather in this hovel, I won't let you out.' The boy arrives home. He opens the door, the belt jumps onto his waist. 'Good morning, dear mother and my dear, lovely, sweet father!' And they, 'Welcome, my dear, nice son!' 'Tell me, father, what is your wish?' 'I don't wish anything, no, I don't.' He takes his sword and cuts him to scraps, to pieces, and puts him into a bag and hangs it on a tree. 'Be damned by God, silly woman, for you weren't a good mother of your son, you were a bloody whore.' /But listen now, what he did./ 'I don't want to scold you.' Then he puts her in the deep cellar and locks the door. He takes the key and throws it away. Then off he went. Where he goes, where not, back to his wife.

'Good morning, fellows!' 'Dear Christ! How great a hero he is, and how good head and great knowledge he could have! Welcome, my dear son-in-law. Sit down!' He sits down. 'Where have you been travelling, where have you been, my son?' Anyhow, his father-in-law must ask him this and that. 'You see, dear father, excuse me, God knows what happened, how it happened, don't ask me anything, only be glad that we can see each other.' 'That's right.' Everybody applauds. They ate and drank, the wedding continued again for two or three days. Then they went home. When the others went home, all those who had come from seven countries, 'Now you have a handsome, stalwart husband, my daughter, please!' One year, two years, a child is born to them, a little boy.

And he began to think it over. 'My God! But I had a mother. My wife!' 'What is?' 'I'll go for my mother.' 'Oh, my husband! Don't do it!' 'I'll go, yes, I will.' Off he went. When he wants to look for the key, where does he find it, he finds the key just He opens the door. 'Are you still alive, mother?' he shouts down into the cellar. 'Oh my son, I'm neither dead nor alive, I just exist in this world.' 'Mother, I hand you down a rope and pull you up. Come out!' 'Very well, son, for I'm to die here.' He pulls her out and takes her home to himself. One day, two days, one week, two weeks, they eat and drink. They don't remember anything that they did to each other, or they did not.

I have forgotten to tell you that the woman sucked a dead man's bone for one or two years, and she put it in her pocket when the boy pulled her up. -- Then a month passes, and also three. The mother-in-law says to her daughter-in-law: 'My daughter! Don't be it always you who makes the bed for my son, because he cannot sleep. Let me do it once, too, perhaps he will sleep better then.' 'Let it be so, mother.' And she makes the bed

for him. The bone, as I have told you, was in her pocket. She puts it into the bed, its point being upwards. She lays a sheet over it. He arrives from a great hunting, because they held a great competition, he is tired and worn out, he couldn't eat even his supper. 'My wife, don't be angry, I can't eat much, give me a coffee and I go to bed.' 'All right, my husband.' He goes to bed. He was so sleepy that he jumped on the sofa. Where he jumped, where not, just onto the bone, onto its end, into its point. It pierced into his back. He died of it, the boy died. If he died, well, he died. In the morning they get up. 'My husband, get up a little!' But her husband just lies there. All right, he died. But she didn't want to make^{him} carried to the cemetery and bury him, she had a big grave made, a crypt, he was buried there.

She had twelve brothers. They were enchanted. They were doves. All the twelve were enchanted, they were cursed to be doves. The eldest one says, 'Let's go to our brother-in-law once, let's visit him.' 'Let's go!' They went. While they were flying high, near the sky, the youngest one says, 'Mike, Steve, don't you see yet what is in our castle?' 'In which castle?' 'Look at the fool what he says!' 'Look, just look! Don't you see what's there? Can't you see the floral tributes?' 'Yes, indeed, fuck your bread!' But the other says, 'Perhaps they have had a baby who died and they did not want to bury him in the cemetery. They had a crypt made and buried him there.' But the oldest one says, 'Be your father and mother dead, let us be dead, too, we won't go to my brother-in-law and to my sister until we see who is in the crypt, in the coffin.' All right. They open the door, they descend. 'Oh, fuck up, see, who is it!' 'Who is it?' 'Here is your brother-in-law, fuck up, it's him who's in the coffin.' 'My God, how great your power is!' But the other says, 'Let us see, what did he die of? What was his illness? You are very learned, we must see him.' 'Well, let's see him then.' They look at his hand, his mouth, neck, head, ears, everything. One of them says, 'Turn him over!' They turn him over. 'Here is the bone! It was in his back. Fuck up your damned mother!' /Don't take it amiss and don't be angry, brother./ 'This caused his death.' 'Then pull it out of his back.' They pull it out, he opens his eyes. 'Well, brother-in-law, what a good-for-nothing you are!' 'Why, brother? Because I saved your life?' 'Why did you not let me lie and rest longer, and sleep?' 'Don't sleep so long, it was enough. Come out!' He leaves [the crypt]. 'Now, what is, brother? What have you found that you could save me from?' 'What I have found? This bone.' He looks at it. 'Oh, fuck up, she did it again. Let's go, I will do the same to her.'

'Good morning, my dear mother!' 'Oh my son, did you arrive?' 'I did.' 'Where were you, my son?' 'Oh, dear mother, I have been always dreaming and thinking about, where could I get a handsome, stalwart husband for you?

I walked and walked until I found one to my taste whom you could take pleasure in.' 'Oh, go to the devil, son! I don't need him. I have troubles enough, I am an old woman already.' 'Not at all, mother! He's of good kind, brave, strong, muscled.' 'Are you kidding, son?' 'Not me, mum, not at all.' 'Then show him me, son!' Then what did four doves turn into? They turned into four stallions, male horses. 'Now let's go, mother!' He took her out. One of her hands to one stallion, the other hand to the other stallion, one leg to another stallion and he said, 'Gee!' They tore her in- to four pieces.

Who listened to it, be healthy and happy.

If they did not die, they are still alive.

24.

A dream

I was some seventeen-eighteen years old. I made for Végegyháza on a bicycle, at four or five o'clock in the afternoon. When I set off, night overtook me in Kunágota. I was young, I was seized with fear. I was hungry, too. I enter the inn. In there was a waitress. I greet her: 'Good evening!' 'Good evening. What will you have?' 'Is there anything to eat?' 'Well, there is fried meat, sausages, eggs, pickled cucumber.' 'Give me a portion!' And she brings me to eat. I eat. 'Give me two decilitres of wine!' She brings the wine, I drink it. While I was eating and drinking the wine, I speculated: 'My God! Kovácsháza is far away from here, how far away is Végegyháza from there.' I was young, I had a horror of the night. It was dark. 'Tell me, please, would it be possible to find a lodging somewhere?' 'Sir, as you want.' 'Thank you very much. What have I to pay?' 'We shall count it afterwards.' But I didn't foot the bill for my dinner, she did not let me pay for it, not even the wine. Listen only to me! She shouts, 'Coachman, harness the horses!' He puts the horses to a coach. 'Drive up!' She comes forward before the inn-door: 'Get in, Sir!' I climbed into the car beside the coachman. [From the audience: 'Tell it in Gypsy!' 'It sounds better partly in Gypsy, partly in Hungarian.'] I climbed into the car beside the coachman, she rode back. 'Go on!' He moved on. Suddenly she grabbed the coat on my shoulder. She says, 'Come here backwards, just look how do you look beside the coachman, he is so tall and you are so short!' 'Oh, how nice of you,' I say, 'thank you!' I went back. Well, I was a bit smarten up /? drunken?/, then she stretched out her skirt under me that I should sit on it. 'Excuse me, I am not in such a /dress?/, I don't know in which a -,' I say, 'you would better take it away.' 'Sit down and -' She pulled me off violently beside her. Then we arrived in front of her house. The coach stopped. 'Hey!' I jump down to open the gate, she pulls

me back: 'Up, let the coachman do it!' The coachman gets off, opens the gate, drives in. We enter /mind what I say! / by the first door. We open the door, go inside, open the second door. We still go. We open the third door. We still go. We open the fourth, fifth, sixth door and still go. Finally, we reach the last door, you see. But the door there did not open so easily as the others did. She begins to insist. She insists, can't manage it. She says, 'Young man, be so kind and try it; perhaps a man's hand is stronger.' 'With pleasure.' As I put my hand on the door-handle, the door opens at once. And she knocked me, you see, from behind! I tumbled down into a cellar. I tumbled down some ten stairs rolling down till I arrived in the cellar. At once I lost consciousness for a second, out of fear and because of the knock. I look around, I don't see anything. There was neither electric light nor a lamp, nothing. But while I rolled downstairs, more and more things came to my way, presented themselves before me.

'My God, I'm out of my mind! Where am I? Now I'm going to die, I can't get out of here alive.' But all the same I tried so hard that I stood up of myself, I fumble about, I fumble about. I find a table. I finger along the table, it was some five metres long. Then I found a small candle. I go on fumbling, I find a match. But in the box there were not more than three match-sticks. I say, 'That's it, I shall look around where I am.' I strike the match, but it is out. I strike the second one, that is out too. 'Damn it!' I take the third, but that I would and wouldn't strike out of anxiety. 'Well now,' I say, 'it's all the same, whatever God will give.' I strike the third one. And that one does not go out. I light the candle. What did I see, a long table is there, a hatchet is on it. Full of blood. (Groans of horror from the audience.) I look around, in a corner there are so many human heads, a great many bones, hands, horrible to see! I look around once again, what do I see, a big wooden tub as it has been in use earlier. It is full of blood, of clotted blood. When I saw this, I shrieked, 'Help! Help!' And I cried. Well, I hear that somebody calls from above, 'Who is down there?' 'Oh uncle, I swear by God, help me! I tumbled down here in the cellar and I can't get out of it.' 'Oh son, I can't go down to you. But if you carry out what I tell you, then I can help you. If you can tell me what you have seen while you were tumbling down, if you remember it, then you are set free.' I think and think. 'I know, uncle,' I say. 'Then listen to me. Pull out nine hairs of your head. But exactly nine hairs. Wind them on your little finger. And tell me at once what you have seen when you went down, before you would pull out the hairs of your head.' 'Well, while I was tumbling down,' I say, 'it seemed that a fire comes towards me and also a big dog, its mouth was aflame, and a big bull ran against me, it wanted to devour me, such things I've seen.' 'That's right, son. Pull out nine hairs of your head.' I pull them out. I touch and

pull them out. And I wind them on my little finger. 'If you can get up where you got in, stick your little finger into the keyhole, the door will open at once. And when it opens, jump out at once and run that way where you have come from. Thus you may get free.' I ascend the steps, I see, there is a keyhole, I stick my little finger into it. When I stick it, a crack. the door flies open. I ran along the corridor. Somebody flings a hatchet after me. I reached the courtyard, I jumped over the fence, a wire fencing. But my trousers stuck fast; and I hung upside down. But the woman, the waitress runs after me with such a chopper! Well, so much, so much that before she reached me I struggled, kicked about until my trousers wore out and I sprang to my feet and ran along.

As I run, run, run, run, suddenly I hear that somebody screams in my ears: 'Joe, you'll die, Joe, you'll die, Joe, you'll die! What is the matter with you, Joe? Are you going to die, Joe?' And they cry in my ears. Somehow I open my eyes, what do I see, my mother is there in front of me. 'What's the matter with you, son, what happened to you, what did you see, who hit you?' I drew a breath but they gathered the sweat of me by the handfuls. Even the eiderdown quilt got soaked of me, John! It was a dream. I dreamt. This is what I dreamt.

25.

The Gypsy woman and the snake

I tell you a story that happened to a poor Gypsy woman and a poor Gypsy man who had a lot of children. That poor Gypsy was a misetable /?/ man. He took away what he could steal so that he could keep them, because he had six small children. Things went on, went on, went on till he, the poor fellow, was sent to prison. Formerly there were internment camps. The Gypsy was sentenced to five years. When he got the five years, there remained his five orphans and his poor wife had a five-six months old baby. When her husband got into prison, she went to see him. She led a life of great poverty. Formerly there were no trains, there was not such a traffic and the poor woman started off on foot. She fastened her baby to her neck as was the habit once. She went on the road, she went /?/. The woman had --, she carried a bit of food to her husband, a bit of tobacco in a pouch. The woman was a dunkard and put a bottle of brandy in her pocket, in a big one-litre flask. Then when it was getting dark, where should she go, where to, she noticed from afar that there was a bridge and she went there, sat down there for herself with her little baby. She had a shawl on him, round her neck, on the baby.

Then while she was sitting there with the baby, under the bridge there was a big marble. As she sits there with him, she is overcome with sleep, she nurses the baby holding him in her hand. /But this was certainly true, Joe!/ She nurses the baby, well, suddenly what did she see, dear brother, that a large snake of five metres creeps towards her. The woman became terror-stricken a bit and did not dare to move an eyelid. It approached her because of the milky smell. The snake climbs on her, over the baby to her breast. She draws the baby a little aside of her breast and boom! she squeezes her breast into the mouth of the snake. Meanwhile the poor woman laments: 'Ah, my God, I kiss your shit /?/. Be with me only just now, look at my orphans!' And while it sucks, sucks, sucks, she slowly drags out the brandy of her pocket and sprinkles it from above over her breast. While the snake sucks her breast, it drinks the brandy. The woman sprinkles it, the woman sprinkles it and suddenly the snake leaves her, goes off, lies down, falls asleep. It got drunk. When the snake fell asleep, well, the woman had such plaits of hair that they reached up to her knees. She pulls out a knife, snips them off, of her head, you see. She takes the plaits and fastens the snake with them. But what did the woman do when she fastened the snake? She didn't go anywhere but asked where the nearest council-house, town-hall is, as it was called earlier. The woman at once goes there.

The woman enters, she speaks to the magistrates, 'Good day, gentlemen. So and so, such and such a thing befell me. My husband is here and here in prison. I intended to go there. I have six small children and I couldn't afford it to go by some kind of vehicle but started across the fields. And here and here I sat down, because night overtook me. I thought it would be better to spend the night there with my baby.' 'Eh, your mother's bread be damned, if you tell a lie, I shall immediately deprive you of your life.' 'But this is true, I fastened it so and so. If you don't believe me, look at my hair. I cut off such a long plait of it and tied it up with it.' The gaje, the gentlemen in the council house believed it. They went there. All of them went, Joe, the whole county went out there. That place was already known for that snake; that snake had already done for lots of people, it stung them and there they were found dead where it constricted them and stung them. They went to see whether really it was she who overcame the snake. 'Should it be untrue, you woman, if you tell a lie and mislead us, no quarter will be given for your life. But should it be true, your husband will be set at liberty, we will release him.' 'If it is untrue, here is my baby, here am I too, deprive me of my life.'

Well, they go. But now they go already by coaches, Joe, the entire body of magistrates, the soldiers. Well, the go. As they go, they see, there is

the snake. The snake still sleeps from the brandy, it is drunk. They see that it is tied up, there are the Gypsy woman's yellow locks on the snake. 'Well, your mother's bread be damned, it was true what you did tell us.' And they put bullets through its head three times, one after the other. When they shot it dead, its tail crackled as a long whip crackles, while the snake wriggled; as the long whip crackles. They left the snake there and seated the woman, the poor Gypsy woman, on the coach. They put her on the coach together with her baby. They took her along [= into the town], there she was seated on another coach, so they led her to her husband. When she was carried to her husband, they told the Gypsy, that is to say, the other gentleman who went with them, 'This and this man who is sentenced to five years imprisonment must be released.' Because so and so, his wife came to visit him and this and this happened to her, she fastened the snake which already killed a lot of people with her hair. Her husband should be released. And thus her husband was put free.

When the Gypsy got free, he did not believe his wife, you see. What did the foolish Gypsy think, God-forsaken, that he has been released because she made love with the warder, with the commander of the prison. For the woman was beautiful, God-forsaken. She glittered so that the sun could be looked at sooner than she, despite she already had six children. Her husband tells her, 'Your mother's bread be damned! You spoke of a serious matter, upon my six children! I would rather did my five years and did it quietly than to see you to become a whore, damn your mother, and this you did to me and so they released my.' 'That is not true,' says the woman. 'My husband, if it is not so as I tell you, I give you my life, take it of me, let my six children become orphans.'

The woman's sister tells her /because he slapped the woman, he did not believe her, he beat her/, her sister tells her: 'Sister! You see, you set him free from the heavy walls, from the hard imprisonment and he still beats and strikes you. Abandon him! Abandon your six children, too!' The woman says her, 'Hey, dear sister, should I abandon him, God would punish me. Because I have six children.'

When it was dawning, the Gypsy went off, he made for a forest. He went off to a forest to cut a pole for his cart. When he cut a pole for himself in the forest, he had to cross a water. The Gypsy stepped into the water, you see. Deeper and deeper, first the water reached his knee, then he was waist-deep in the water. Then the water reached already the Gypsy's neck. The Gypsy was kept there. He shouts, 'Help, help!' but nobody passed there. After a while his wife got impatient: 'Where that man could be, why is he not coming?' She goes out into the forest, seeks him, calls him, nobody nowhere. Then she looks at the sand: 'That is my husband's footprint!' And she sets off, following his footprint. Suddenly she hears

that he calls the woman's name /the woman was called Prima/: 'God bless you Prima, save me, for God's sake! The dear God Almighty did not let me cut off one hand of yours. Should I cut off your hand, God would have punished me.' When the woman heard her husband's voice and stepped into the water, such a drought broke out in front of the woman like this ground is here [she patters at the ground]. When she approached her husband, she wanted to pull him out of the swamp by all means for the Gypsy was already sinking down up to his neck. The woman wanted to pull him out of the swamp but she was unable to do it. He says to his wife, 'Have you not strength enough? Pull me out because I'm going to die.' Then the woman says, 'Ay husband! I would like to pull you out but I can't.' 'And with the snake, you were able to put up?' His wife tells him, 'My husband! Here I can't do anything, I kiss your God, because I can't pull you out. That again was another thing, because I made the snake drunk when it crept over my breast while I nursed the baby.' The woman says, 'There is no question of it, there is already something amiss. The dear blessed God who is above us doesn't allow it you, for I brought you out from among the heavy walls. But take a vow before the blessed God and the Holy Mary that you will let me to live in peace with my six children. And that you will never hurt me again because I am as innocent in this matter as the Holy Virgin has been. Take a vow that you will not hurt me, you will not beat me and will leave me in peace.' On this the Gypsy says, 'Listen to me, I shall take a vow if you will go to the altar, dressed in black, and swear an oath.' Then the man spoke, 'My wife, I shall never in my life hurt you again if you will behave so and till you will be so true as you say that you have always been true at my side and at the side of my six children, as you have been till now.' 'That's what will be, my husband.' And then she seized one hand of him only and pulled him out of the big swamp.

They go home. The pole remained in the mud, you see, they are going home. When they arrived home, the Gypsy told only a part of the matter to the others. Next day he goes with her to the church, with his wife. The woman went there to swear an oath on the matter that it was not so as her husband supposed. But it was so and so as she said it.

Later on, in the course of time, you see, one week, two, one month, two passed by, well, once they go out into the forest. When they reached the forest /but their children were with them on the cart/, what do they see, Joe! In the mud, in the swamp where he left the pole, what did grow there? As they say and as old people said it, because I also tell it so as I heard it, a high willow-tree. Such a high tree that there was no end to it, its top could not be seen. On that place where her husband left the pole. His wife tells him, 'Man! When we were here, this high tree was not here. Did you see, did you notice this high tree?' 'You are right, Prima,'

he says to his wife, 'this high tree was certainly not here.' 'Do you see, my husband, the dear blessed God released you from the jail, he also pulled you out of the swamp and left a memory after you to the six poor children so that they should know that I was righteous not only in my oath but also in my words. Look, this is what he left for your children so that they should know your story and your event, how this matter happened, when we got into this.'

It is told that it was true. And I also said it so that it was true. Because in olden times, they say, the dear blessed God came frequently down to the earth. I did not see him, I only heard of it. I also adore him, I also pray to him, I also believe in the blessed God.

He who knows it, who knows it better than I do, he should tell it because this was only a tale. It is said that it really happened. I take it and I tell it to my children so as if it would be a tale.

26.

Saint Peter and the lazy man

Gypsies, lads! I should like to tell you something. This event took place hundred years ago. I tell it you, be quiet.

There was and wasn't, a Gypsy woman and a Gypsy man. They lay down on a meadow. In those days Saint Peter and the Holy God still walked on the earth. Well, God and Peter walk. They see that Gypsy lying on a ... The Holy God asks him, 'Old Gypsy! Tell me, where can we find hereabouts a nice green tree next to which there is a large cross?' The old Gypsy showed with his leg, he did not speak any more, he lay down.

Then he went along, some two or three metres. He finds a Gypsy woman. The woman was already afoot. The Holy God asks her: 'Tell me, dear sister, weher can we find hereabouts a green tree, where there is a stone, a stone cross?' 'Come, Holy God, I'll show you.' And she goes with him, takes him by his hand and shows it. When she left, Saint Peter and the God spoke, they had a talk: 'What will come out of this? This man is very lazy, what will happen to him?' 'I am going to tell you,' says Saint Peter. 'The lazy one will keep the sedulous one, that will happen to them.'

Well, this is why it is like this in this world, ever since the world has been created, that there is a sedulous one and a lazy one. Either the woman is lazy or the man. The sedulous ones may not live together in the world.

Twelve months

[First sentence is missing on the tape.] ... was a Gypsy. And he had a lot of children. He was poor. His wife took job in the village. She went to the farmers, to and fro, so they gathered the food for themselves, for their children. On New Year's night, before New Year's night in the afternoon she brought food, cabbage, meat from the village. They had no matches to light a fire so that the woman might cook. 'Go round to your brother.' His brother was rich, he ate and drank with the peasants. His brother did not give him. 'Go and look about for yourself,' he says. 'All right, brother.' And he climbed a tree to see where is a night-light burning in the village. Suddenly he sets eyes on a fire, a large fire, some twelve persons make a fire, they warm themselves. He climbs down to see, to find out, which direction must he make for. He takes his sack and sets off.

This happened in January. February says /they were the months, the twelve -/: 'Flood cold on him,' he says, 'I wonder what will he say.' Well, January flooded such a cold on him that ugh! even dogs shivered with cold. 'God bless him,' he says, he let him bless by God, 'it is his time, we are in his month.' 'But listen,' he says, 'how does he bless you by God!' Well, he let bless all the twelve of them by God. When he got there, he greets them: 'Well, sit down, warm yourself.' He sat down and warmed himself. 'Well, what is January like?' 'Ah, God bless him, this is his time, we are in his month,' he says, 'well then it is cold.' And February? He again blessed all of them by God. Well, it is right so. 'Well,' they say, 'what do you want?' 'I have no fire,' he says, 'so my wife can't cook for the children.' 'Well, hold your sack out to us!' And each of them threw him a shovelful live coal. But he didn't understand that ... They told him, when he gets home, 'Sprinkle it in the four corners of the yard. Sprinkle into the stove, sprinkle into the cooking range out of this sack.' He went, sprinkled in the four corners, four into the stove, four into the cooking range.

After having strewn it, next day he got up. 'Go, my wife,' he says, 'you see, the live coal is still burning in the stove. Make fire, cook for the children.' Goes the woman, she takes off the fire-door and what does she see in the stove? milk-loaf, strudel, turkey, roasted hen! 'Oh, my God, I kiss you,' she says. Stuffed cabbage and paprika soup are boiling on the cooking range. 'Look here, my husband, what happened!' He looks at it: 'Oh my God, I kiss you! The God's months were there.' He goes out in the yard, there were horses, there were cows, there were pigs with their

farrows. He is rich!

Well, his brother got wind of his fortune; that means the rich brother. He goes over to him: 'Where did you take it from, poor you?' he asks. 'God gave it,' he says. 'Here and here, twelve men gave me live coal.' 'But certainly,' he says, 'I shall go, too.' 'Go!' He went off. But January flooded on him such a cold that even his soul froze in him. He cursed on him, said ... he cursed on the months. 'But listen,' they speak, 'this is not like the other, this one curses on you.' He arrived there. 'Well,' speaks January to him, 'what are you looking for?' Well, and so and so forth, he curses on the month. 'But what do you want?' 'Give me also live coal so I can get rich too.' 'Well, hold out your sack to me.' They threw him. Both his behinds became burnt. Because he cursed on the months. When he reached his yard, all his stacks of corn got full of fire; his pigs were burnt in the fire, too, all, all of them perished. God deprived him of everything because he cursed on the months. And so he became poor, he went to his brother, he gave him: 'But I shall give you, my brother,' he says, 'God should give you too.'

What does he see, that a man gleans the spikes beside the stacks of corn and stacks up those heads of corn. 'Who are you?' 'I am your luck,' he says, 'but now I belong to your brother, I came to him, to your brother.' 'Hey, my luck, but me ...' '... sleeps under the table,' he says. He goes there, what does he see, he is there, sleeps. He falls on his neck: 'Hey master!' he says. Poverty he was.

It was so far.

28.

A Gypsy evangelist

The blessed God, when evil people hunted for him, the Herodes, one year and a half the men of Herodes massacred, well, they made such cases and put pitch in them and when the baby was born, well, they put pitch in it, in the case and threw it into the Nile. Men and women together with the children took refuge in the mountains, in the caves. Then Herodes killed the honest men.

Well, once the blessed God sees on the Golgotha, in the Land of Canaan /but don't shout!/
that two wanderers are coming. When they arrived, they spoke, 'Good day!' 'Good day also to you, men,' he says. 'Well, come here and sit down.' He received them with honour. 'Did you eat anything, brother?' They said, 'No, we didn't eat.' Well, he put before them, they ate, he received them, they drank, as it has to be. So speaks Abraham, because they were two of them who came, he speaks, /but he knew that one of

them is God Almighty and he says, / 'God gracious! Do you go to count how many honest people and how many evil people are there?' He says, 'We are going. Because honest people are massacred and the world must be destroyed because the brothers assault their brother, the servant is the father and the mother, people are gossips, liars, they are envious of each other. Therefore we shall count how many honest people are there and how many evil people, we shall count them in each village.' Abraham speaks, 'God gracious! And if there will not be fifty men, will you even then destroy the villages by rain of brimstone, by burning rain?' He says, 'I will destroy them.' 'And if there will be forty?' 'I will not destroy them.' 'Well, and if thirty?' 'Neither then will I destroy the villages,' he says. 'If there will be ten honest men in every village, I will not destroy them by fire. Then I will not destroy the villages. But if there will be only five men, I will destroy everybody by fire. I will burn down all the houses,' said the blessed God. 'Well,' the blessed God says, 'go and count them in every village, on the Gomorra mountain, in Sodom town, how many honest people and how many evil people are there.' Well, when they went and counted them, they found only five honest men who lived in fraternal affection and were not envious of each other, who were not gossips, liars, who did not hurt anybody and their lives were clean. He says, 'Go out of this village because the blessed God will destroy the villages, Gomorra and Sodom, he will burn down all of them by rain of brimstone and burning rain.'

Well, Herodes the evil man let massacre the babies of one year and a half, the honest men, they run away to the caves. 'Go to Nazareth where people are not envious, or to South India. There are such villages without envious people in it because India is the Holy Land.' Well, Loth's wife was very eager to see that -, although the blessed God told them not to look back because he who looks back will perish. The guardian angel also told the honest men, 'Do not look back for he who looks back, at once will be converted into a pillar of salt.' But Loth's wife looked back and at once changed to a pillar of salt. The houses smoked, everything was full of fire, everything was burnt down. There were no honest people, all were bad, brother. There was killing, massacre. So the blessed God burnt them all to ashes.

Well, they went to Jerusalem. And once they laid hold of God in a garden during the Lord's Supper. They caught him, bound him. When they had bound his hands, they said, 'Let us take him to our king, before king Herodes.' Well, his soldiers led him with bayonets. When they took him and arrived to Herodes, well, Herodes let beat him so that blood was pouring from his flesh. Herodes gave order that everybody should spit at the blessed God. And they slapped him in the face. And they put a thorny crown

on his head. When they put it on him, they did not know that he is the blessed God, or whoever he is. Well, blood was pouring from his mouth, from the God's side. He was not recognizable whether he is the blessed God or whoever he is. Then they whipped him one hour and a half, so that he could not be recognized because of the great torture, he was beaten so, the evil men beat him, the blessed God. 'Take him,' he said, 'up to the Golgotha and put him to death alive, the blessed God. And he should carry that big cross up to the Golgotha hill. And there nail him up alive, behold!' While they led him to the Golgotha, he fell, stood up, they tilted him with a pike in his side, in his back. Then they threw a rope on his neck. He was pulled about, beaten, hit, the poor one. Jewish women met him full of pity. 'Don't beat the poor man, don't hurt him,' they said, 'the God is innocent.' They wept for him. Then Veronica met the God. 'Dry him from the blood,' she said, 'the blessed God.' For he was full of blood. She gave her kerchief and they dried him from the blood. Then he could not walk. He fell down, stood up, they tilted him in the back, in his side, they thrust his back with a lance, they beat him. Simeon met him, he was seized with pity. They said, 'Take this cross up to the Golgotha!' Thus, he took it instead of the poor one up to the Golgotha. When they arrived on the Golgotha hill, there they put down the cross, nailed him up alive. But he was alive one hour and a half on the cross, he was still alive. Men do not die at once. But the blessed God crucified him. Then he said, 'Give me a little water.' But they gave him vinegar. He was choking, was tormented. Then he cried out to the old God, to his father, 'My God, my God, why did you abandon me?' He cried out twice, 'My God, my God, why did you abandon me?' Then Christ's head drooped, he died. When he died, those pagans, the men of Herodes took him away in a crypt and 'Well,' they said, 'let us put the largest stone on him so that they could not steal him out of the crypt.' Then the earth opened, the blessed God destroyed them. Well, those men split, run away, the earth ... because they killed the God.

His mother, the blessed God's mother, looked for his son on Saturday and taught the people that they should not be wicked, they should not hurt anybody, they should not steal, they should not be liars, they should not hurt anybody, your life should be pure. But the blessed God always preaches that all men should live a pure life, they should be righteous, they should not be envious, men should not steal and should honour older people, both poor and rich men. The blessed God honours both the poor and the rich men if they are righteous and keep his commandments, God's commandments, when people are counted /?/, who are the righteous ones, who live a pure life, who are not envious and gossipy, who do not hurt anybody. And he always helps those people who react if somebody is put to death innocently. And who are well-disposed towards the blessed God. He always protects

those men who suffer for the truth, so that people should live by the blessed God's will as he prescribed the law. To those men, I tell you, God always gives an ear and then he blesses you. Who reacts if they want to kill somebody who is a righteous man, and his side should be taken and be protected, who are living by God's law.

I shall not continue it, my brother. Wherever you arrive, take this law with you, God's law. Wherever you arrive, play it [= by the tape recorder], preach it from village to village and go among the gaje and teach them, how they should live their lives by the blessed God's will. I don't tell you any more, my brother. When you leave, play it. And go always there where people are envious, ignorant, stupid and there play it; or where they steal. Well, go among them. And play it, how they should live, how they should behave.

Now I am going to rest a bit. I stop.

29.

Drop money!

Good evening, lads! /Thank you. Be happy, my brother./

It was and wasn't, there was an old tale a very long time ago. /Well, if there was, tell it, brother! There was an old peasant and an old peasant woman. /What then, brother? That old man and that old woman had twelve children. /Were they all alive, brother? All! That old man was so poor that the dirt on his feet was four days, four weeks, nine months and two years old. /It got dried on his feet - - / My dear God! / -- and on his hands. / He was so poor that he ate mush every day, now maize porridge, then millet pap. /Hadh't they anything else? No. And his wife was old, the unhappy one, about sixty-five years old. /Was there no help for it? Not. And she had a son, twelve years old. /That was the youngest one among them. / Once the poor man decided to go out to the woods and bring home some wood - - /What did he need it for? -- to sell it in the village and to bring maize flour for his children to cook it. /Listen, lads! / And he went out to the forest. He brings today, he brings tomorrow, he brings the next day, too, in this way he carried the wood and could keep his children. /Well, and what did happen to the poor fellow? /

Once he went out to the forest again, for the last time, and our dear Lord appeared before him. /My dear God, lads, God is almighty! / 'I greet you in God's name, Gypsy!' 'Welcome, good fellow!' /Listen, lads! / 'Who are you, man?' 'Well, shall I say it or not? I am a man who takes care of the poor.' /Listen, lads! / 'Man, I give you this white horse because

I've heard that you are poor. If you tell it: "Drop money!" /Listen, lads!/ it will drop you money. /Do you hear, lads, couldn't we buy such a thing somewhere?/ Well, listen to me! The poor Gypsy says at this, 'Man, let's tell it "Drop money!"' 'Don't tell it for it drops with a bushel /Listen, lads!/ and then you can't take it home, you have nothing to take it home in.' 'Well, then I won't say it.' The poor man arrives home. When he arrived in the courtyard, he said, 'Drop money!' Well, there is a bushel of droppings /My dear God, lads!/, all golden thalers. /Could we go there near to it, to take from it?/ No. Well, he goes, buys, gets rich. He bought land./Now his children live like counts!/ Well, now, yes. They go to the town, to balls, go everywhere.

Once he thinks: 'Eh! I'll go to the inn. I haven't drunk for a long time.' /But now he already had from where to spend!/ He sets out, goes to the inn. Do you hear, brother? /Of course I hear it, brother. Continue your tale!/ He enters the inn: 'Good morning!' 'Good morning!' /The Gypsy says./ 'Give me half a gill of brandy!' /Now, now!/ He gives him. He says to the innkeeper, because he has to go out, to do his need, and sits in the closet for half an hour. /The brandy upset him./ It upset him. He sat in the closet for half an hour. God damn it, maybe he is out of his mind. /Isn't he?/ He goes to the closet and says to the innkeeper, 'Innkeeper! Don't tell my horse: "Drop money!" because if you say it, great misfortune will befall me.' 'I won't say it, man.' So the Gypsy goes out. The innkeeper stands to the back of the horse with a huge box and tells it, 'Drop money!' /Listen, lads! The Gypsy has not the slightest idea./ And the box was filled with money, let me eat your mother's bread, Bačko! The innkeeper puts the box on his back and runs away to another gajo and brings back another white horse. /How did this happen, Gus?/ He brought another white horse and tied it in the other's place. /Where the other white horse had been./ Where the other white horse had been. After this the Gypsy comes back from the closet, he sees his horse, here is my horse. He enters, drinks his brandy. Then he return home to his children, to see what happened to them, for he had many of them. He arrives home, one day, two days, three days, he runs out of money, he had many children, they ate and drank, they had a nice time. He goes and says to his horse, 'Drop money!' Nothing, let me eat your mother's bread, nothing. He says to his wife, 'Ah, woman, he who gave it took it away as well.' /Listen, lads!/ 'It doesn't drop money any longer.' What can the poor Gypsy do, he can't do anything, his mouth gets dry of hunger again. He takes it, kills it and throws it into the river. /And the river carries it away./

One day, two days, three days, one month, two months, he is starving of hunger, he has nothing. Things come to such a pass that he has to go out again to the forest. /The Gypsy./ The poor Gypsy. He goes back to

the forest again, comes back, again he goes to the village to sell wood, he gets along somehow. That poor man appears before him again who appeared before. 'Well, Gypsy, what happened to you?' 'Why?' /He asks him./ 'Because you became poor again, though I've given you so much that you might have enough throughout your life.' 'Oh, I don't know, man. I told it: "Drop money!" but it didn't. So I killed it and threw it into the water.' 'Well, here you are, poor man, I give you these two sticks. If you tell them: "Ricky, sticky, from one end to the other", they crash and kill whomever they find.' /Good Lord, lads, great is God's power!/ The poor man takes the two sticks, gathers a bundle of wood. He arrives home, says to his wife, 'Woman, I arrived with them. I'll put these two sticks in the corner. /Now, now!/ Don't ever say to these sticks "Ricky, sticky, from one end to the other" for if you tell them "Ricky, sticky, from one end to the other", they will beat you to death on the spot and they will cause trouble also to the children.' /Listen, lads!/ 'I won't say it.' - Do you hear, Bačku? /Of course, Gus!/ The Gypsy sets out, damn it, sets out and goes off. He goes to the village to sell the wood. He will bring back corn flour and cook it. Now the woman goes to the sticks, damn it, and says to the sticks, "Ricky, sticky, from one end to the other", because what did the woman think, that these will ... money. /And they almost beat her to death./ They jump at the woman, beat her, hit her, so that they would beat her to death. /My dear God, lads!/ By the time the Gypsy returned, three of his children were dead. /Oh!/ When the three children were dead, the Gypsy entered and cried to the sticks, 'Stop!' The sticks stopped at once, the sticks stopped at this. 'I've told you, woman, not to tell these sticks "Ricky, sticky" because they would kill you.' Well, the Gypsy takes the children and buries them into the dung-hill. But there still remained for him eight. /Oh!/ There cries his wife, there cry the children, he also mourns for his three children. /Of course the poor fellow mourned for them, didn't he?/ Well, he buried them, damn it!

Well, he starts off, goes back to the inn. /Aha!/ He gets back to the inn, he had a penny. For that penny: 'Give me a drink!' /The Gypsy./ He gives him a drink. When he gives him a glass of brandy, the Gypsy goes out to do his need. /Now, now!/ He goes out to the closet. He says to the innkeeper, 'Innkeeper! /Aha!/ Don't say to my sticks "Ricky, sticky, from one end to the other" /Do you hear, lads?/ because if you tell them, you will fall into great trouble.' 'I won't say it, Gypsy.' So the Gypsy goes out. The innkeeper goes there, calls them - - there were many people in the inn, I kiss your God, listen, Bačko /I hear it, brother!/ and the innkeeper begins: "Ricky, sticky, from one end to the other!" /Listen, lads!/ My friend, the sticks jump at the innkeeper, beat him, hit him.

The peasants run out, they don't know what to do, the blood pours, the blood flows, just as it does when we, you and me, Bograč, go to drink, to enjoy ourselves. The Gypsy enters and shouts to the sticks. The inn-keeper cries from afar, 'Oh, poor Gypsy! Tell the sticks to stop, I'll give you back your white horse for it was I who hid it.' 'Ah, devil fuck your mother! You made me poor, you took away my white horse, didn't you? Where is it? Unless you tell me, where it is, I will send the sticks on you from one end to the other.' /Oh, oh!/ 'Your horse is on the loft, poor Gypsy. Tell your sticks to stop, let me go and fetch it for you! Now the poor Gypsy shouts, 'Stop!' /The sticks stop./ He goes, brings down the horse, he takes it home and says, 'Drop money!' /Now it drops money again./ And he says again, 'Drop money!' Then the poor Gypsy - - do you hear, Bačko, my Bograč? Listen well, my friend! Don't sleep as yet! It will come to you in your dream! Well, the poor Gypsy became rich, now he is rich.

If they didn't die, they are still alive. Be healthy and lucky!
Live long and happily! /You too, brother!/

30.

The cobbler

'God give you good evening.' 'Thank you.' Were not this tale, there wouldn't have been that man in the world either, our poor man.

Beyond the seven seas and even further away where swallows kneel down to drink water, there was, my dear brother, a miserable poor man, a cobbler. He had nothing even for covering his body with. Once off he set and started wandering for he got so poor at last that he had no scrap to eat. Hungry he was, the poor fellow, very hungry. Well, he arrives at a village, he catches sight of a lamp burning in a house. 'I'll go there where the lamp is for I am hungry.' And he was also tired. He goes there. Who lived there? A poor old gajo, a cobbler as well. He entered, 'Good day, man.' 'Thank you. Be happy! Sit down!' He offers him a seat, gives him to eat, gives him to drink, he takes place. Then he asks him what his profession is. 'Your Honour, as to my profession, unfortunately I'm only a cobbler though I am a young man.' 'Never mind, everybody is bound to have a profession. I have the same job though I am an old man. I'm a cobbler. But tell me a few words about your kinsmen!' 'Ah, I have nobody on the world, my father has died, my mother has died, my wife has died, neither do I have children, not a soul, I'm quite alone. Therefor I started wandering to search for a job for myself.' 'Man, take up job with me! You can work

here in my workshop. You will have also your clothes and everything. My wife will supply you with everything you wish, with everything your soul longs for. You'll work in the same workshop together with me.' 'Ah, Your Honour, what a luck for me!'

Well, he establishes himself with him and he shows him where the workshop is. My poor man sets about, he makes a pair of shoes, low shoes. The old man casts a glance on them, he gets stupefied: 'What the hell, you have done a fine work.' He looks at them, 'My wife, look at these shoes, how a fine one he can make!' 'Hey, my husband, he does a finer work than you do, much finer.' Then he makes a boot. He asks him, 'Have you some leather to make a boot of?' He gives him red leather, and he makes a boot. This time the gajo cannot pass by without a word: 'My wife, we have to expell this gajo from our house, we must drive him away, because he works better than me and I m afraid he'll bereave me of my livelihood. Then I cannot manage to sustain myself. Tell me now, man, how much do you want for the time you have spent with me, such and such a time you were working here? How much do you ask for it?' 'You see, you are a poor man and I am a poor man, how much shall I ask? Let's say, give me this trashy boot I have made. I cannot ask for anything but something good [sic!]' 'Man, if things are like that, take it and go.'

He gave him clothes, too. He put the boot on his back. He goes along the street. Now a woman opens the window, she cleans it, looks out of it, asks him, 'Wait a bit, young man, how much do you want for this boot?' 'Woman, I do not sell it, I did much work for it.' 'Anyway, how much do you want to have for it?' 'Woman, I bought it for pussy, I sell it for pussy.' 'Man, if this is your proposal, come in.' She invites him. 'Sit down! She brings him wine, she brings him food and drink. What did the old woman do, what she did not, 'Come along, man, do everything you wish to do with me.' The old woman gets ready, he fucks her soundly four times, you understand. He comes off. But when he rises from the old woman, what then? He wants to sew up her pussy with thread. It is too outsize, he says. He goes on to sew it up. 'Ah, ah, by no means, man! Better you take your boot and get away! Get away, ah, ah, what do you want to do to me!'

My poor man goes on. Where does he arrive, at the king's palace. Where is the king's daughter, where she isn't, she beats the carpets in the window. She picks him out happily as he is passing by before the door, near to the doorkeeper. She calls to him, 'Man, call the man in with the boots on his back.' 'Hallo, young man,' he says, 'stop! The princess wants to buy the boots.' 'Maybe, I'll sell them.' 'How much do you want for these boots, man?' 'Oho, princess, I don't sell them for money. I did such and such a job for them. Please don't be angry [if I tell] what I want for them.' 'Well,' she says, 'I'm ready to give you as much as you wish only sell it

to me.' 'Oho, woman, I must utter such a word in your presence, I bought it for pussy, I sell it for pussy. For pussy I sell it to you, princess.' 'Come in, come in!' But the doorkeeper does not let him in anyway. 'I cannot let him in.' 'Well then, don't let me in.' Where did he go, in a confectionary. What did he make for himself, a chest on his neck, he put on white clothes, white coat, then he pulled the boots on his feet, thus he entered. The doorkeeper asks him, 'Where are you going, man?' 'The princess ordered me to bring her chocolate and sweets.' But the doorkeeper continued inquiring, 'What is your name?' 'My name is very indecent.' 'At any rate, tell me your name!' 'Brandy.' 'Is this your name, Brandy? Step in!' He enters. 'Is this the boot?' 'Yes woman, it is.' 'Anyway, how much do you want for it?' 'I have told it to you.' 'Servant-girl, go with him!' He intends making love with her, you know, he ... to her, too. He fucked her. After having been fucked she returned, 'Ah, woe is me, what he did want to do to me! He wanted to cut me up. He wanted to sew it higher with thread and needle. Nothing of the sort,' she says, 'I don't allow him to attempt it.'

She says, 'Go you, my daughter!' The girl goes. And what did he do with her, he wanted to cut it up saying that it's too tight. 'Ah, ah, mother,' she says, 'imagine what did he want, he wanted to cut up my pussy. Nothing of the sort, better my father never shall have boots.'

What to do, now the mother's turn comes. 'Man, lie down with me. I see, the others don't dare to do it with you, come now with me, too.' And hers was too wide. He made her stand on all fours in the bed, and made love with her. And what did he attempt with her, hers was too wide and he wanted to sew it up, too. 'Nothing of the sort, man, don't try to sew up my pussy, you had better leave with your boots wherever you want to.' He pulls them on, leaves, undresses himself and leaves the confectioner's garment. The poor man goes on, he keeps on walking on the roadway.

There comes now the king on a coach, you say, and his driver is with him. 'Stop man, where are you going?' 'Oh, I'm going far away.' 'Man, please don't be angry for the inquiry, how much do you want for these boots?' speaks the king sitting on the coach. 'How much do I ask for them? I don't ask money for them for I, too, have got them by doing work. If you can endure without a cry that I tear a hair out of your arse, I'll give it to you.' 'Driver, go on, get you off!' He for himself did not get off, he was sly. 'Get you off!' He gets off, puts his backside on the bank of the ditch by the coach. And the cobbler had an awl, just like this, look! Well, he squeezes his nails into him. 'Oh, oh, oh!' Then he says, 'Shame on you, driver, you are a coward, to the hell with you. Get on and look, how it is to be made, I will show it to you!' He put down his royal hat so that the royal hat should not fall down. He pulls

down his trousers. He squeezes his nails into his arse. 'Oh, oh, oh, I won't stand it, you had better go with your boots wherever you want to.' Well, he goes.

He arrives in his palace and asks immediately what the matter is at home, what the news are. 'Hm, daddy, a soldier was here. Imagine, what did he do! This and that, everything.' 'A cavalry troop, a squadron, after him!' But he outwitted also them. Hear it, how did he outmanoeuvre the whole squadron by his great wit. By chance, a gammer was picking up brushwood on the skirts of the forest. His luck! Listen, what did he do. There was a bridge there, just where the old woman was gathering the twigs. 'Woman, do you see that mass of soldiers approaching there?' 'I do, man.' 'Well then, all the soldiers are coming to kill you and shoot you dead. But do you see this ditch? This bridge?' 'I do.' 'Now, hide your head into it and put your bottom outwards.' Then the poor man threw the boots beneath the bridge, he concealed them there. The woman drops her skirt, her bottom outwards. My poor cobbler, he stands there bare-headed, he is dressed now in other garment. Just then, the woman is shitting and pissing. Their head, the captain steps forward, 'Good day, man.' 'Thank you.' 'Didn't you see hereabout a man, he had a boot on his back.' 'Not so fast, man! He's already gone far away, you cannot catch him, God bless you!' 'What are you doing here?' 'Me? I am fanning this beehive that the flies shouldn't blow it. I say, you cannot ride him down. But if you will lend me your horse, this grey one, I shall bring him back in two minutes, I shall fetter his hands to the saddle-bow.' And in the meantime, it was him who spoke to him. He said, 'Well, catch him!' 'But you must give an order to your men, what to do, to take care of my beehive.' 'Man, of course, I will set up the whole squadron to fan it for you.' Now the soldiers take their shakoes off and fan the shit, I kiss your God!

And the woman is pissing. Then one of the soldiers, 'The honey is flowing out of it, the juice is flowing out of it. Didn't you push it a bit and therefor honey gushes out of it?' 'Not at all,' he says. 'Hi! Take a little on your finger, try it, how does it taste?' 'Are you mad? Impossible! He'll notice at the spot that you have taken of it, and so on.' But where is he now with the horse, my cobbler, far away! Good bye forever. Then the old woman, you know, moved a little after a while. Before it, what happened, first one of them, then the whole squadron tasted it. Each of them takes on his finger and of course, it was consumed, all of it. Of course, if each of them takes of it on his finger. 'Hi, you have a wrong taste in the mouth that you don't feel its flavour?' He answers, 'Very tasty!' 'I don't believe you, I will try it myself! How sweet it is, how tasty it is!' They ate it up, all. It was then that the woman moved a little. Then they realized the matter. They surrounded the woman with bayonets and marched her off to the king.

In the meantime my poor man concealed himself. Where did he arrive, where not, at a village. In the outskirts of the village there was a small forest and he, following Gypsy custom, took refuge there. He fabricated a small hut for himself and took shelter in it. Next Sunday a peasant came there, 'Do you sell this horse?' 'I do, man.' 'How much do you want for it?' 'Give me four thousand.' 'I give you six.' 'Give seven.' 'All right.' 'Take it.' He takes the horse and returns with the money. Look, what has he done after having become rich. He built a castle. Young people, lads go to see it. And he, my cobbler, what did he do? He made a what-d-ye-call-it, a stick, and carved it. For the money he bought wine, goulash, everything, God knows it, even chocolate. He disposed it separately to single bushes, here and there, everywhere, but not far away, just around.

'Look there, man! Read it, what is written on this stick!' 'This is a ricky-sticky.' 'What does it mean, cobbler?' 'If you throw it away, you will find there what your heart desires, what you wish.' 'Then throw it in this direction!' 'You may throw it wherever you want to.' The lad throws it. He sends him there, where the stick fell down. What does he find there, a demijohn of wine is there and there is a cake and God knows what kind of things are there. There were four young men, two of them fetched it, - three of them stayed at the spot and the fourth went to fetch it. They eat and drink. They kick // each other, how much may he want for the stick. One of them asks, 'How much do you want for this stick, man?' 'How much do I want? Ten thousand.' 'Ten thousand? This is an enormous sum of money, we don't have so much money. We can give you, we will give you five thousand.' 'Five thousand? That's not too much, indeed, If I go somewhere on Sundays to eat my fill and to drink something, those ten thousand, - I say two thousand is all gone.' Thus the cobbler speaks to them, look what clever idea he's got. What to do, they go and fetch money. They give him ten thousand and take the stick.

On Sunday they go to make a trip. One of them throws the stick. He sends the other one [to fetch it], he who threw it does not go, he sends another. He goes and looks, nothing is there, nothing at all. 'Ah, you are too feeble, you are unable to throw it properly. Damn your mother!' he says to the first one. 'Behold, how I do it! You must throw it farther than you will find something, not so near!' He threw the stick. The other one goes, nothing is there. He tells him, 'You are mad, indeed.' They go back to him with the stick to get back the money for that is a false matter. 'Who did throw the stick the farthest when you threw it?' 'Me.' 'How did you do it? Did you throw it simply?' 'Yes, I did.' 'And did you pray or you didn't when throwing it?' 'No,' he says. 'Then why do you wonder you had no luck?' 'He is right, indeed,' they tell him. 'Do you realize that I am right?'

Next day the young man returns home. Just then the mayor's daughter

has died. He was in need of a stick that can resurrect the dead. How to get such a stick? Now his old wife was gathering wood in the forest and watched from there. The cobbler pretended to be dead. 'My wife! Do you see those lads? Tell them that I am dead, you understand, I have died. That it has been known for a long time that I am dead. And they should seize the stick on my side and strike me three times, then I shall arise, tell it to them.' Well, the lads see that he is dead. They try to wake him up, but all in vain. One of them says, 'Alas, both my beloved one and my benefactor died.' The other one says, 'A great misfortune, indeed.' Well, they go to the woman. 'Ah, young men! What do you think, since when he has been dead? ... But men, I don't dare to do, take the stick and strike him three times, you will see that he arises.' One of the lads takes it and strikes him three times. He slowly sits up. He gets on his legs, rubs his eyes, looks around. 'Men, why didn't you let me sleep more?' But the lad says, 'You would have slept your eyes forever, had I not waked you up.' 'Thank you and thank your Maria that you have resurrected me with my stick.' 'Man, is this stick yours?' 'Yes, it is. If I am in danger anywhere, it saves me.' 'Man, don't be angry, my mistress died. The mayor's daughter was my mistress but she died. What can one do to her to make her arise?' 'Well, man. Do you see this stick? If you strike her three times with it, she will arise.' /What kind of stick was it? A simple cudgel./ 'How much do you want for it?' 'From you, since I know you, three thousand.' He sells it for the second time. Of course it is not the same, now it is another one. The former one was shorter, this one is longer, a big cudgel. A death's head was carved on it. Well, they take it and go. They wrap it in a paper and go.

Well, he takes it and wraps it in a paper. They go to the mayor's daughter, they enter the chamber. The lad unwraps the stick. The young men take their hats off as it is to be done in the presence of a dead. One of them takes it, gives her a blow, twice, three times, four times. Of course she did not arise. The whole body of the girl turned blue. The mayor perceived what they are doing with his daughter. He seizes a pitchfork and runs to kill the lad in whose hands the stick is.

Now they became aware that ... and they went to the gajo. 'Man, what did you do to us? She did not arise, though I stroke her three times, and she did not arise.' 'Who didn't allow to do it?' 'Why, her father.' 'Well then, you must not wonder that she didn't arise if you were driven away from there. Go there at night.' He strikes her, he beats her at all parts where he can reach her, also at the head. She does not arise. They go back, they want to beat the gajo. But my gajo, where can he be found? My poor cobbler has hidden from them.

Well, he took to his heels. Where did he arrive, where not, at the witch.

The witch was not inside, she went somewhere. He entered exactly her room. My poor man was dozing, he was drunk, he entered her room. As he ... his shirt ... 'Well, I'll have a tasty roast to eat!' They would roast him if they could afford it. Hear, what he did with the witch. The witch set about to bake bread, she made preparations to bake bread. What did she wish, how did she wish, my witch wished to drink water. Bump! He pushed the witch into the oven. The witch burnt to ashes on the spot.

Well then, he goes to the king. Well, how did he mask himself in the court of the princess, as a tinker. The Gypsy masked himself a tinker. The princess caught sight of him and as soon as she caught sight of him, - during her lifetime she has never seen a man, a male person. He climbed a tree and looked down to her, and she became pregnant from him. /?/ Every month, every day, every second day her belly went on to grow. Her father, the king, searched for it, what the reason was, or who the person was. My poor man lived in the house of the witch. The king made announce in twenty-four counties that his daughter is with child and she does not know from whom, and therefor everybody whom they see, be him blind or lame, should be present at his daughter's wedding. She had two babies, a boy and a girl. The girl had an apple and the boy had a pear. At whom they will have thrown it, that will be their father. They catch sight of my poor man as he is repairing a pot, and they both laugh at him. 'Look at him, he is a tinker, or what devil is he,' say the children. Boom! They throw [the apples] at him and laugh at him. He was their father. He was grasped together with his wires as he was repairing the pot and was thrown up, 'Hurrah! Live long!' He made a golden bridge from the bridge /!/ of his father-in-law to his own one and on both sides of it golden birds twittered.

If they did not die, they are still alive.

31.

Priest and husband

There was and wasn't. There was a poor man and a poor woman. The two were husband and wife; young husband and wife. The man loved his wife very much. But his wife did not love him for she loved a priest. Once the wife pretended to be ill, dangerously ill. She says to her husband, 'My dear husband! Set out, I dreamt that if you bring me from the golden apple, I shall recover.' 'My wife, if that is your wish, I go and bring some for you.'

Away goes the poor man, he goes, goes into the world but he cannot find golden apples anywhere. Then once he meets an old man. That old man was God Almighty. He appeared in the shape of an old man. God asks him, 'Where are you going, poor man?' 'Me? My wife sent me off, because she is very ill, to fetch her golden apple, for she will recover from that.' 'Poor man, your wife is not ill, she wants you to perish while you are after the apple; so that you get killed. But look here, take this sack. Go home and pretend to be a beggar.' By this time God Almighty already transformed him into a beggar. The poor man goes home and says to his wife /and the priest was there with his wife already/, says to her, 'Could I get shelter?' His wife says to him, 'Of course you can get, you can sit down by the fireplace and you will have something to eat and drink.' And they give him food and drink. So they are eating and drinking and later on start telling stories. The poor man says suddenly, 'May I also tell a story?' 'You may.' The poor man says at this, 'Hey there, you sack under the table! Catch your stick and whop the priest and whop the woman even harder!' The stick jumps out, beats and blows the priest but even harder his wife. Then the poor man told them, who he is, the beggar. That he is her husband. 'And you,' says he, 'you wanted to expel me, to do away with me. Now stay with the priest and get out of my house!'

32.

A ballad

Kalāliška the rich lady,
 Kalāliška the rich lady,
 A son was born to her,
 A golden son.
 When he was three days old,
 He was like three years old.
 When he was three years old,
 aj naj naj na na na naj na
 woe is me, is me.
 When the boy grew up,
 Her golden son,
 He fell in prison.
 died
 Her golden husband.
 Kalāliška was left widow,

Kalāliška was left widow.
Kalāliška goes into the village
To search for her son.
She does not find her son.
A messenger comes:
Kalāliška, you rich lady,
Your son is imprisoned
In the depth of the earth.
When Kalāliška heard it,
She /harnessed/ the horses,
She loaded the cart with silver and gold,
She /ransomed/ her son,
She handed over the money.

Where are you my son? Speak to me, I am your mother,
Kalāliška the rich lady.
I am here, my mother,
In the depth of the earth.
Kalāliška payed for him,
She brought her son home.

33.

Christmas greetings

Live to see the holy feast of Christmas and the New Year together with your wife, children, father, mother, sisters and brothers, friends and kindred. Let wickedness stay apart from you, let the home of your hearth be happy, clean and honoured, let the Holy God stay among you. God give you to see the Christmas holydays and the New Year with your wife and children. Live long, turn grey in respect, be blessed through the lands, in the entire world. Live to see the holy Christmas feast and the New Year in health, happiness, strength, in great joy, with your daughters-in-law, sons-in-law, with grey horses and green carts. Step on gold and silver wherever you go. Let pearls and gems rise in your footmarks. Let wickedness, sorrow and poverty stay apart from you and the people of your hearth. Let your lot be luck, health, strength and great joy whilst you live on this earth. Whoever is away, let God bring him back, whoever died, let God forgive his sins, whoever is in prison, let God release him. Let God give good food, good drink, good mood to all of you who are together. This is what I ask for from the Holy God for you,

Your true brother.

Cheating Peter

Once upon a time there was a poor Gypsy. He had as many children as are holes in the riddle. They had nothing to eat. The poor Gypsy went to the forest. He plucked crab-apples and kept his children by them. After many days he again went to the forest. He plucked a sack of apples. Then he saw that two soldiers came on horseback. The Gypsy leaned against a tree. When the soldiers arrived there, they asked him, 'Poor Gypsy, what are you doing here?' 'I support this tree so that it should not fall.' 'Why do you support this tree?' 'Vinegar will be made of this tree.' 'Tell us, Gypsy, what is your name?' 'My name is Cheating Peter.' 'Well then, cheat us!' 'Look here, I live nearby. My cheating tool with which I could cheat you is not here. Give me a horse so I may go home to fetch my tools.' When they gave him a horse, he mounted it but the horse did not move. 'Give me one horse more!' Now the Gypsy took hold of both of the horses and went home. He sold the horses at a high price. He went to the Jew and bought two dry horse-hides. The Gypsy covered the horse-hides with earth, only their tails stuck out of the ground. After this, off he went in the pub. The Gypsy paid in advance in the pub for three persons to eat and drink. The soldiers were expecting him on and on and waited when the Gypsy would return to the forest and cheat them. They couldn't wait until the Gypsy returns. One soldier told the other, 'Look here, I can't support the tree any more, I'll make a mess in my pants on the spot. I won't support it, I'll jump off to ease my bowels. Let this tree overturn, to hell with it!' When the soldier jumped off, 'See, old fellow,' he says, 'the tree stands perfectly still. He bluffed us by that. Now we can go after the Gypsy. He spoke the truth that he is Cheating Peter: he already cheated us.'

The two soldiers walked along the long road to find the Gypsy. When the soldiers arrived there, the Gypsy was waiting in front of his hut. He told them, 'Where are you going, soldiers?' 'We are going to find Cheating Peter.' 'And why, soldiers?' 'Because in the forest he took away two horses from us saying that he would cheat us but now we see that there is neither horse nor Peter.' 'Ah, but you are on the right way. I am Cheating Peter. Fuck your horses when you gave them to me. While I was coming home with them, they sank down into the ground. If you want to see them, come

and ~~not~~ look at them, where they sank down.' The soldiers went there, they saw that the horses really sank down. Then the soldiers said, 'To hell with them, don't worry uncle Peter, they were not yours but ours. We are not grieving for them. But give us to eat because we are very hungry.' 'Follow me, soldiers! We'll go to the pub. There we'll eat.' When they arrived at the pub, Peter drew forth a red skin-cap of his pocket and put it on his head. The Gypsy said to the innkeeper, 'Well, bring meat and drinks for three persons, give them whatever they wish to eat.' When they ate, drank and had enough, the Gypsy told to the two soldiers, 'Now we may go.' Then the innkeeper said, 'Why then, don't leave uncle Peter, first you have to pay.' 'My cap will settle it.' Thus, the innkeeper relied upon the the cap that it could be worth much. The two soldiers lagged behind the Gypsy and one soldier told to the other, 'How could this cap be bought from the Gypsy?' Things had gone so far that the soldiers bought the cap for hundred forints. Then the soldiers went to the pub and ordered meat and drinks. They ordered, ate and drank till their bill for meat and drinks amounted to five hundred forints. Then one soldier said to the other, 'Now let's go!' But the innkeeper said, 'But certainly soldiers, you have not only to go but also to pay!' 'Well, my cap shall pay for us.' 'Your cap is worthless to me. Here only money is wanted.' 'But we have no money to pay for.' The innkeeper beats the soldiers till they befouled their pants. Then they somehow got out from the inn. They took to their heels and ran as far as to the Gypsy's hut. When they arrived there, they said him, 'Oh, uncle Peter, you once again have cheated us. Now we can't do anything else with you, step into this sack, we shall carry you to the Danube, - we shall throw you into the river Tisza.'

While they carried the Gypsy to throw him into the Tisza, there was a pub by the river. They put the sack with the Gypsy down in front of the pub. The two soldiers entered the pub to drink something. Then a poor drover came along and drove horses and oxen that way. The drover gave a kick to the sack, 'Who are you there in the sack?' 'Listen to me, poor man! I am to be brought to such and such a place to become the Charcoal-burner king. Wouldn't be better if you were in the sack and you would be carried to be a king instead of mine?' The man untied the sack and crept into it. Then the soldiers left the inn, took the sack, carried it and threw the man into the Tisza. Then Peter turned up in front of the inn with the lot of oxen. Peter to the soldiers, 'Do you see, it was right that you threw me into the Tisza. You see how many oxen I have brought forth out of the Tisza. Look, how many oxen are still there. You should also jump into the river and drive out oxen, thus you, too, not only I should have them.' The soldiers jumped into the Tisza, they got drowned and died. Peter remained with the lot of cattles. He lives a happy life with his children.

That's all, it was a tale. -- Then they eat and drink. -- This was all, because it was a tale. Who knows, should tell more about this tale.

35.

King's three daughters

There was and wasn't, it happened very nappily, there was a great king. He had three nice daughters who were like pure gold, at the sun one can look but at them one could not look for their beauty bereft the eyes of sight. For his great fine joy, the king let beat seven countries' drum. He gathered together princes, barons, many kings, happy and unhappy people that everybody should take part in his fine party. Then, when seven countries' people gathered together, then the banquet began. This great banquet lasted three whole days, three whole nights; thus, everybody drank and ate and danced. On the fourth night, all three daughters disappeared. The great banquet came to end and each guest went whither he wished to go. Then the Green King remained there with his nice wife and they went to bed to repose and sleep.

When it was dawn, the king got up, rubbed his eyes with his fists and called the cook, 'Tell me, cook, is there anything to eat and drink?' 'Everything in this poor world is there, my king, may you eat and drink.' 'Go, call my three daughters and my lovely wife and let us, too, eat for my three daughters' joy.' 'Listen, o king! I have roamed about the seven countries, I can't find thy three daughters anywhere, neither Barbara, nor Helen nor Mary. Perhaps some princes have eloped with them.' 'Go then, Mary, tell Johnny - my messenger, - he should beat the seven countries' drum: everybody whosoever took part in the party with me should appear in half an hour.' Then the big crowd appeared, the king questioned them, 'The person who knows something about my three daughters shall tell me who has taken them away. I shall crown him in seven countries in my place, I shall appoint him the First Prince of seven countries. Who again shall not answer anything, he can go home in his poor country.' Then everybody went away, the king remained with his wife.

Then they lay down for a little and slept a minute. And the king had a dream that everybody was there in his palace but the three poor lame Gypsy boys from the rotted hut were not there. 'Go then, Johnny, mount your horse, go to the bank of the river Tisza, to the rotted hut where the three poor blood brothers live. And tell them, they should come here to me immediately. For I want to ask them a great, important question.' Then Johnny, the king's adjutant, went down to the poor Gypsies. He saluted

them, 'Good day, Gypsies, poor boys. Come, for my king summons you.'
 'Hear, you are the king's adjutant. Go, tell your great king that if he wishes to speak with us, we readily go to him. But only if he brings us three suits of royal garment and equipment fitting for knights. And he must come here for us with a coach with four white horses and bells. When we shall be with him, we shall be able to tell him more; when we will have got there, in the fair palace of the king, and he will have put three upholstered arm-chairs under us. Then we, three poor Gypsy boys, will feel ourselves like the great princes.'

When the Green King began to question them, first he asked the eldest boy of the three, 'Hear, boys, do you know now why I have brought you here to me?' Hear, my father the King! If you tell it us now, then we shall answer to your word.' 'Hear, you oldest one, now you can go out and send in to me your youngest brother, the Gypsy Johnny.' Johnny, the Gypsy boy, went in. 'Good day to you, Royal Majesty. I know why you have summoned us here to you. For you had three nice daughters. The eldest of them was taken away by the forty-seven-headed dragon; the middle one, by the twenty-five headed dragon; the youngest one, by the one-headed dragon.' 'Hear then, Gypsy, how can you recover those three daughters from the dragon?' 'Hear then, my father the King, we will try to recover your three nice daughters. But only if we make a contract that we three shall call [i.e., have] the three girls our own. We three boys are blood brothers. When we shall win them, the eldest one shall be the wife of my eldest brother; the middle one, of the middle boy; the youngest one, she only shall be mine. Well, have we made a contract? But it does not suffice for me: for I need also a little equipment, my father the King.' 'What will be that equipment, Johnny?' 'It will be no big matter, my father the King. Let there be made for me such a chain that there should be no end to it. Each link of the chain must be one quintal. And slaughter me three oxen, and [give] three casks of wine, bread from three ovens, with this I shall set out into the great world, up there to the holy dear God ...'

36.

The forester

There was and there was not, my blessed dear God, a forester. The forester went out to the forest, to range the forest. Whom does he find, a peasant. He was attacked by the wolf and the fox. He took pity on him, he drove away the beasts from him without any harm. 'Well, forester,' says he, 'what is your wish, you poor fellow?' 'Well,' he says, 'what is my wish? I have saved your life.' 'All right,' says he, 'come with me

to my mother. And ask from her only that, what I tell you. Don't accept anything else but what is under her bed.'

When they arrive, 'Good morning, mother.' 'Welcome, my son.' 'My mother, this person, the forester saved me from those beasts; he drove them off from me without getting hurt.' 'Well, what does he wish?' 'That, what is under our bed.' 'My son,' says she, 'he does not deserve that.' Well, the forester is going to leave. He does not accept money. 'Call him back!' says she. They call him back. 'Forester, I give you as much riches, as much money, as you wish. You saved my son.' 'Give me, granny,' says he, 'what is there under your bed.' 'Well, son,' says she, 'if things are like that, I give it you, but when you will go with it, don't boast anyway, by no means.' Because if he will boast, says she, it will come to no good. 'All right, granny,' says he. Then she gave it to him and he went away. And what was it, it was a crawler, a snake. He goes with it. But when my forester arrived to his own castle, he boasted with what he had. What sprang up from it, a girl, because she was enchanted. The girl was so [beautiful] that one could look at the lamp, at the light but not at her. All the world sparkled from her.

But now the prince says, 'Father, how long hasn't our forester come to present himself!' 'Well, son, go and call him here!' Now the prince catches sight of what lies by the forester's side, a heavenly [beauty]. Off he went, ran back to his father, 'Father, unless you do away with this forester so that this girl becomes my wife, I'll do away with you.' 'All right.' He goes to summon the forester, calls him out. 'Forester,' says he, here you are a gill of brandy, go on! You clear this forest, a hundred miles long, fifty miles wide, by eight o'clock in the morning. The twigs be in bundles, the thick logs in cords, and you present a report at eight.'

All right. The forester returns home crying. His wife asks him, 'Why are you crying, my husband?' 'Oh, I've got a task,' says he, 'that I cannot fulfil.' 'Oh,' says she, 'my husband, go to my mother.' He goes to the old woman. Where did she live, in a tree-trunk. 'Oh, my son, I've told you not to boast with it because it may destroy you. Well, go home,' says she, 'eat and drink, I will settle it.' Well, he went home and slept. At eight o'clock in the morning the forest was ready, everything in cords, the twigs in bundles. He enters, 'Great King,' says he, 'your wood is ready. It moulders already.' Well, it is done.

'My father,' says the son to the king, 'if you don't kill him so that she can become my wife, woe is you! Give him difficult tasks!' 'All right.' 'Go,' says he, 'we have a meadow and some reeds. Cut it down, bind it into sheaves, plough up the soil, sow it with millet and the crop be in sacks by tomorrow.' He returns home crying. 'Oh, my wife,' says he, 'he gave me a task that I am unable to fulfil.' 'Oh, my husband, go to my mother.' He met her at the same place where she dwelt last time.

'I've told you, son, not to boast with her, not to do that. Later on, after nine days, you could have done it. Now go home, sleep, eat and drink, I will settle it.' Well, he went home and the devils mowed the meadow. They bound the reed into sheaves, ploughed the soil, sowed it, next day they thrashed it out, by eight they gathered it in sacks by the porch. 'Well, my father the King,' says he, 'your wish is done.'

Thus, they could not destroy him. All right. Then he says to him, 'Listen, man! Forester! Go to the dear God. Call him down to me by twelve o'clock for lunch and a glass of wine.' 'Oh,' says he, 'that's a big task now!' He goes to his wife crying and says, 'My wife, the king gave me the task to go to the dear God and ask him to come down to the king for lunch and a glass of wine.' 'Go to my mother, try it!' Then he goes to her mother and tells her. 'Oh, my son,' says she, 'I can't settle this.' He met a man in rags and with a long beard, like me now he points at himself. 'Listen to me, man,' says he. 'Tell the king, I will come to him at twelve o'clock for lunch and a glass of wine, but his cow will calve at twelve o'clock as well.'

All right. When he arrives, it is exactly twelve o'clock, they are eating. Then the dear God says, 'Listen to me, man! Don't call me for lunch or a glass of wine. Give me from the milk of the cow which has calved!' All right. When he gave him, he damned the king and the queen and transformed them into stone, into rocks.

If they did not die, they are still alive. The poor forester became a king, and the servant maid was his wife.

Be healthy and happy!

37.

Faithless sister I.

There was a peasant and a peasant woman. He said, 'Go, my children, ask a baker's peel and a hutch. And you'll get also a caretaker.' The two little children returned to the father, 'Daddy, she will give you the peel and the hutch only if you will marry her.' The father said, 'My children, it won't be good for you. She will beat you.' She said, 'I won't beat them, let them go.' /?/ 'Well, go then, my children.' She caressed them, she baked them small cakes, she baked them everything and ... She said, 'Old ... /?/, drive them away otherwise I will kill you.' Then he drove them away. They went away. They returned, they posted themselves in front of the window because she had put sand in her apron and strewed it along the way, on its track they came back. While they were eating their dinner, she said, 'Old man, this dish-water could be given

to your children if ...'

Then he took them away anew. The girl put willet in her apron, the beasts ate it up, they could not return home. Then he said to his sister, 'Take a clip out of your hair, let me make an arrow.' She lost /?/ a clip from her hair, took it and he made an arrow of it. He went into the forest. He pointed an arrow at a wolf. 'Oh, Frankie, don't shoot me, I will be a friend of you for ever.' He took it to his sister, he kept it in a cage, in a cage. Then he again went hunting, hunting ~~in~~ a fox. 'Don't shoot me, I will be a friend of you.' Again he returned, ... Now they are five, - they are six.

Then his sister spoke, 'Oh,' she says, 'my brother, you are a climber, climb upon the highest branch of this tree, go, climb upon it and have a look around, where is a lamp burning, we will go there.' And there dwelled twelve robbers. Nobody approached them, nobody except them. He climbed upon the tree. 'What's there, brother?' 'Come along, a lamp is burning there.' While going there, he found a horse, a white horse on the dunzhill... Well, he left them outdoors, all the four of them and he entered. One of them said, 'Let us throw him into ...', the other said, 'Let us eat him.' And he, Jack, said, 'You may kill me, you may eat me but first fetch me a glass of wine.' Then the boy put much hot paprika in it, made it full of paprika. They brought it him. He toasted with it the twelve robbers, one after the other, their eyes burnt out. He carried all of them into the twelfth room. Only the old captain he could not ... because his sister ... She then began to ... and she opened the twelfth room. And ... took the stick ... struck on him ... he became a more handsome and younger man than ever. Later on he spoke, 'Betray my brother-in-law to me so that he should not kill me.' 'I don't betray him, I don't betray him.' At last ... '... that he should go there and bring you one of its piglets. Pretend to be ill, bind two pastes on your flanks and when he returns home, tell him that it flows out of you.' 'Oh sister, what's happened to you?' 'Oh brother, God better had killed me when I came into this hut. You see,' she says, 'I am ill.' 'What's the matter with you?' 'I had a dream that you have to go to fetch me one of the piglets of such and such a wild-hog, the twelve robbers ...'

He went. He pointed an arrow at them. The wild-hog asked him, 'Don't be afraid, Jack, I will give you one. For your sister, the whore, tends to murder you.' 'Ah, little hog!' ... 'Here it is, I've brought it you, sister.' 'Oh, I am already well, I don't eat it any more.' Well, then she went out to her husband, 'He has brought it, he has brought it.' 'Oh, betray him to me so that he may not hurt me. Let him go on one trial more. Here and here, there is a water, twelve persons guard that water. Let him fetch you a flask of water, there he will be cut into pieces,' he said.

He went, ... 'No fear, Jack, I'll give you a flask of water,' they said, 'for your sister tends to murder you.'

'Did you bring it, did you?' 'I did, here it is.' 'But now, it's already all right with me.' 'Did he bring you, indeed?' 'He did.' 'Oh,' he says, 'betray my brother-in-law to me so that he should not hurt me.' 'By no means I shall betray him, not at all.' But he sent him on a trial more: 'Go, here and here, twelve men guard a vineyard. He should fetch me a dish of grapes.' Well, he went there. He pointed his arrow at them. 'No fear, Jack, don't harm us, we will give you a dish of grapes for your sister tends to murder you.' He returned home, he brought her a dish of grapes, she did not eat it all the same, she left it untouched. Now nothing was left, the captain told her, 'Pick out of your ears the wax, twist it, twist it, twist it and bind his thumbs with it.' 'Now, brother, gather all your strength!' He did it but: 'It beats me!' Then she called her husband, 'Come along!' He came, ... 'Well, brother-in-law,' he said, 'cut me into pieces, then throw me in a sack and put me on my horse's back.' All right.

Well, the fox and the hare went there. They went crying, weeping, crying, weeping. The horse knelt down, he fell out of the sack. They took him out of it. Then the fox /no, the hare/ said, 'Put him together.' 'I can't do it,' he said, 'because my nails will leave traces on him. You put him, fox.' 'Ah, not ...' Well then, the hare put him together and slapped him in the face and did everything with him. Then their master revived. 'Oh, oh, my sons,' he said, 'I would still sleep if you did not awaken me.' 'Oh,' they said, 'master, ...'

Well, they returned there. 'My brother-in-law,' he said, 'tell me now, what shall I do with you?' 'Cut me into pieces and put me on my white horse's back in a sack.' Then he threw him before the dogs to eat him; before the dogs. And he told the tree animals to dig a deep hole. Well, they dug a deep hole. He put a cauldron into it, a large tun. Then he dragged out his sister. He pushed her there, put stones round her. 'Well, sister,' he said, 'do you wish to see the captain?' 'With pleasure.' 'Then look at him!' ... he ran it into her eyes. Her eyes flowed out. He said, 'You shall regain your eyesight when this tun will fill up with your tears.'

This is the end. I've finished it.

Faithless sister II.

There was and there was not a greybeard and a gammer. The greybeard's wife had died, so the gammer's husband. The man had two orphans, a daughter and a son. When their mother died, they had no bread. Then the girl told her father to bake bread. The father said, 'We have no hutch, we have no leaven. Go to the gammer, ask her for a hutch and for leaven so that I bake you bread.' So did the little girl. She returned and told her father to marry the gammer, then he would have a hutch and leaven, too. 'Right you are, my daughter, I will marry her.'

When it was done, two days after the gammer got angry with the two orphans. The third night she said, 'Old chap, you will not have the same meal and drink with me until you kill your two orphans.' The two orphans heard in the bed what their stepmother said. At two or three o'clock in the morning the girl got up and gathered sand in her apron. When they set out and left the village, the little girl let fall the sand so as to be able to find her way back to their house. They arrived in the forest where there were a lot of beasts: snake, boar and others. Their father fled, the orphans could not find him. The man went home and told his wife, 'I have done what you had told me. I have killed my two orphans.' Thereupon both of them laughed that the orphans were dead. She said to her husband, 'You did it properly that you killed your orphans.' The two orphans arrived just then below the window, and said back, 'Here we are, mother. We were not eaten by the snakes.' The gammer fretted and fumed. 'But I won't let you in until the snow is up to your necks.' 'No matter, let them in for they will freeze to death, it mustn't become known.' In the morning they went to the forest again. But they did not come back because they have lost their way.

The boy found a hollow tree and told his sister, 'Come here, I have found a tree.' The girl went there and sat inside. She asks her brother what they will eat, what they will drink. 'Don't worry! I will look after meal and drink.' He walked in the big ditch, he found a wire and a stick. He made an arrow and he could shoot down everything he found. He found birds, he shot them. He took one and was happy that they had something to eat and drink. He told his sister, 'We can eat and drink, you can be glad.' When the boy returned, one hair of the girl's became gold. Such a castle appeared there that the king himself hadn't a castle like that. The boy said, 'I don't know what is in front of me. I see such a light as the stars have. I'll go and go, as long as I happen to find the twelve

robbers.' They stand by the fire. Among them the commander-in-chief says, 'Who is this little boy?' The chief answers, 'Whom could he be? Tom Thumb.' The robbers invented this name for the boy only then. 'We knew you would visit us in the forest. But don't shoot, come nearer!'

The boy arrived there, he told them !/, 'Look here, Tom Thumb! You sucked a good mother's milk. You are a fine figure of a man as I see. Here you are a plane cake of hundred kilograms, smash it into twelve pieces by a single blow. It must be split precisely for each of us otherwise I kill you.' Tom set about and he smashed the cake precisely with his little finger. Then the commander-in-chief said, 'There is a cock there, and it always blabs us out. If you kill the cock, you will be our commander-in-chief.' /Who was the cock? It was the boy's sister. In the castle where the golden hair was she turned into a cock, and it was her who revealed the robbers' business./ 'All right, I'll kill the cock. Stand beside me, around, so that when the cock will blab me out, it could not be able to escape.' Then the girl shouts, 'Knife, jump off my brother's waist and cut them into pieces, all the eleven! Have mercy on one of them. Ask him, what he's got his strength in.' 'He has ninety-nine houses, and a hundred years old bird-lard in that. Who greases himself with it, will be restored to youth.' 'Well,' the boy says, 'all right, sister. I do what you wish and we shall see what happens.' The girl fell for the commander-in-chief, that's why she told her brother this. 'Well, all right, but I put this chief in irons.' 'Don't do, don't do that!' says the girl. 'Let him be free!' 'I can't do it, sister, for he will kill you when I am not at home.' 'He won't kill me. He's a good man.' 'All right. I go to the kings to attend the diet.' Onto this word she asks, 'Brother, what is your sign when you return or when you leave?' 'When I come, pears are growing, when I leave, plums are growing. But don't give him water. You can give him once, but don't give him twice, otherwise he will kill me.'

She gave him two glasses of water. For the third time the boy shouted, 'Don't, don't give him the third for he will kill me!' She dropped the glass, the third glass. The boy arrived there. 'Why do you give him water when I have told you not to do?' 'I felt sorry for him.' 'This leads to nothing good. Your mutual love is very great.' 'No, no,' she said. 'I see, this glass doesn't do good for me. If you do it once again, I will punish you as I did him.' 'All right, brother. But now listen to me! I am so ill that I will recover only if I eat game.' 'What kind of game?' 'The meat of a wild-boar. I won't eat, I won't drink until you shoot a wild-boar.' The boy goes and goes, among flowers, and he catches sight of the wild-boar. 'Good morning, wild-boar.' The wild-boar returns Tom's greeting, 'The same to you, Tom Thumb. Your sister is not

ill on account of mine, she is eager of the robber's love. Do well and have well. I give you an iron whistle. When you will be in trouble, blow it and I'll help you.' 'All right, all right. wild-boar.' 'When you will get here to the forest for the third time, the same will happen to you as it does now. For your sister loves the robber very much. She wants to kill you so that she can live her own life with him.' 'All right, wild-boar. In the evening I will see whether there are pears or not. When there are, they love each other. Good bye, wild-boar.'

He returns home, he is worried. She asks him, 'What's the trouble, brother?' 'I've heard at such and such a place that the king loves a girl. I thought, you also love the robber.' 'Oh no, not at all, brother! I would not change the friendship with you for a hundred robbers. Now listen to me. We have been living in the vast forest for ten years and I have never washed either your shirt or your hair.' 'All right, sister. As for your love to your brother, you may kill him.' 'Oh no, just bend over the trough, the water is still warm.' 'All right. What do you want to do?' 'Tell me, brother, what do you have your strength in?' 'In my hair.' 'All right. Just lie down beside the trough, because I am in a hurry.' 'Why do you hurry, sister?' 'Because the king makes his sister execute just now.' 'You want to do the same, sister. But no matter, come what may! But you know, our father had a table. There were three iron whistles in it. If I lose my strength, let me blow it once.' 'All right, brother. I'll do what you want. But now I wash your hair.' 'You may do whatever you want. But when you do it, call in the robber, too, I want to look into his eyes once.' 'Well, all right, I rub your head because it is very dirty.' 'I know that you want to pull out my golden hair.' 'Onto this word, she pulled out her brother's golden hair. 'Woe is me, sister! You killed me, for you took off my strength.' 'Listen to me, brother! I know you are strong, but clasp your hands now so that I can tie them up with your hair. If you tear it asunder, I'll know you are strong.' 'I knew, sister, that you would destroy me. For only God is stronger than my hair. But I'm going to try it. But I know, although I try it, that it contains iron. And I can't tear that.' 'All right, brother. Now spring forward, bandit, and chop him up as you mince the meat in the stuffed cabbage!'

The bandit springs forward in great terror. 'Good morning, Tom Thumb!' 'Good morning, bandit!' answers the boy. 'Listen to me, Tom! I must kill you because your sister doesn't want to remain you alive. But I feel pity for you and I won't kill you.' 'Kill me, kill me! I have already lost my strength. But listen to me, let me enjoy my life a bit. I had three iron whistles. Give them me, I'd like to blow my father's funeral song.' 'All right, blow it, you won't blow it again anyway.' When he blew it, then came the boar, the rabbit, the magpie. 'What happened, what do you wish,

master?' 'I don't wish anything but tearing him into pieces.' The boar springs, grabs his bag and pulls him down to the ground. The rabbit scratches his eyes out. The magpie takes the air off from him to make him die sooner. 'And now, take this iron off my hands.' 'Wait, wait! Where is your sister who wanted to kill you?' 'Go and pull her out from beneath the bed, then take her to me.' The three animals go, and take the girl to him. 'Well, sister, you loved the bandit alive, but now, love him dead, too!' 'No, no, brother. Let the iron fall off your hands.' 'I believe it, sister. There is no need of proof. It falls down without that, because there are who help me: my beasts.' And the handcuffs fall down. Then he takes his curved knife, goes up to the bandit and cuts his thigh Thereupon he takes a plate, a cock and a glass made of iron which was of two hundred litres. 'I won't let you out until you fill it up with your tears, and suck his thigh as thin as a nail is.' 'Do, brother, I did the same to you, give it back to me.' 'But listen to me, sister, I've got to leave now.'

He goes out and trumbles over a trunk from which a white horse jumps out. 'What do you want, what do you want, brother?' 'I don't want anything, smoke for you, fire for me. Neither hear, nor see! Go as thought goes, and put me down where I will pull the rein.' 'All right, brother, I'll stop where you will pull my rein.' And a strong wind arises before him. 'Put me down, my horse.' He enters a miserable village where the twenty-four-headed dragon drank up all the water. The boy knocks for entrance at a gammer. 'Good morning, mother.' 'Fortunately, poor boy, you called me your mother otherwise I had cut your head off.' 'I have learnt it so, mother.' 'What are you doing in this out-of-the-way place?' 'Listen to me, mother! I have heard rumour /?/ going about this village.' 'Well, you have heard it, but what is that?' 'I have heard that the nicest daughter of the king is given to the dragon for a glass of water. Because the king hasn't been drinking water for ten years.' 'But neither have we!' 'Oh mother, I'm thirsty, too.' 'All right, son. I'm going to see about water outside for you. Give me that glass from the table!' She goes out and pisses into the glass. Then she returns and gives him the glass. 'Drink it, son!' 'I'm drinking it.' Having drunk it, he says, 'Oh mother, it was so salty!' 'Salty, salty, I confess, I have pissed into it.' 'Don't worry, mother. One day you will have water. When is the princess taken to the dragon?' 'Tomorrow at nine o'clock.' 'All right. I'll go to see her, too.' 'You may, but pay attention, for there are a lot of kings.'

Then he goes to the village and sees that the princess is being taken. But when the princess caught sight of him, she shivered nineteen times of his beauty. 'Stop, kings! I would have a talk with you on the princess' behalf.' 'Stop, lords!' the king cried, 'let this poor man speak. Now

speak, son!' 'Where is your daughter taken to?' 'To the twenty-four-headed dragon, for a glass of water.' 'May I go, too?' 'You may, you may.' The boy is going by her side, and falls for her. By and by, they struck up a conversation, and finally he sent back the kings saying that he would go to the dragon with the girl. And they two are going on the white horse. When they reached the well, they got tired of the great love. 'Listen to me, sister. I'm a little bit sleepy, let me lie down beside you, or let me put my head into your apron.' 'All right, my sweetheart, do what you want.' 'Listen, sister! When a green flame comes up from this well, don't speak to me. When a red one comes, tell it me quickly.' All right. The green flame comes, the girl doesn't speak. Tears are dropping from her eyes onto his forehead. He leaps up, 'Why do you weep, sister?' 'Because the red flame will come soon.' 'I see from your weeping that you love me. Don't be afraid. You'll see that I'll kill the dragon. You will have water in the village when I will put his tongues into my bag.' 'All right, brother.' When the red flame comes, the boy gets to work. He cuts and cuts quite a few times, until he finishes up with the twenty-four heads. The girl is glad for the water is spouting of the well. The king is also happy in the village that the water has come back. Even the ducks are happy. 'Oh, my God, who is that person who could do this?' asks the king his eldest daughter. 'It can be nobody else but the Vile Red Knight.' 'All right, daughter. We shall see who that person was. For I must make a grand wedding.'

The poor boy gets sleepy after his great work. He lies down beside the girl again. The Vile Red Knight catches sight of this from the top of a tree of fifteen metres. He jumps down of the tree and cuts the neck of the poor boy, takes the princess and goes home to the king's village cheerfully. 'Good morning, kings.' The king is happy that his daughter is alive. 'Now listen you great man, for your great deed I'll call here the people from all over the world and make a great wedding.' All right. But the girl does not put up with it, because she was not saved by some sort of a king, the man who saved her seemed to be poorer. 'Put me into prison so that I should not see the wedding being made.' 'All right, daughter,' the king said, 'I do what you want.' Then the girl goes to the window of the prison to watch Tom Thumb. What she sees, what she does not, after a while the boar turns up there. The soldiers catch sight of him, and don't let him in to the king. The girl shouts out, 'Let him in, he was called by me.' Then he was let in. The boar goes to the window, to the girl. The girl asks him, 'Is your master alive?' 'Yes, Madam, he is.' 'Now listen, wild-boar, tell him to come here immediately because I have to die for him.' Then the boar turns back to the boy. 'Oh hear it, poor boy. The princess told you to go to the great wedding, too.' 'I don't

go; if she loves me, I will be called for.' Upon this word two soldiers entered. By this time the poor boy was already dressed up. He was more handsome and greater than the king. When one of the soldiers wanted to report to the poor man through the window, he fell backwards seeing his beauty. He asks the other soldier, 'What shall I say? He isn't a poor man, he is greater than the king. Let's run away and tell our king who this man is. He must send a coach for him.' Till the coach arrived with a soldier and with two steeds, Tom Thumb was waiting for the time they would come. When they arrived to the boy, it wasn't him who got on the coach but it was his three wild-boars. The soldier ran to the king's castle. 'What's happened?' the king asks. 'Mercy, mercy, Your Majesty!' 'I'll have mercy on you, soldier, if you tell me the truth.' 'It wasn't the poor man who got on the coach but his beasts.'

In this moment the poor boy entered. The princess was happy to see him. But the soldiers wanted to shoot him. The girl shouted at them, 'Stop! He is my true lover.' They fell flat with their revolvers /?/. She sprang out and pulled him into the gaol. 'You are handsome enough for being a lover but also for being a husband. The wedding is just being made, but it is no wedding for me. I'll have a new one with you. Now come before the lords and tell them, who are you and who are you not.' 'No, no, I must not. Because now the diet is being held.' 'Come, come,' she says, 'they will interrupt their meeting when they catch sight of us.' So he enters, dressed up, and cries, 'Stop, lords! I'd have something to talk about with the king. Do you allow me that, or do you not?' 'Tell it, brother, tell it. What is so important?' 'What can he show us who killed the twenty-four-headed dragon?' Six cushions drop out from beneath the Vile Red Knight. He runs out and brings back fourteen hog-tongues. He puts them on the table as the stings of the dragon. Thereupon the poor boy says, 'Hey, cook, get them out and cook them for me to eat!' The Vile Red Knight collapsed with fear. The poor boy calls him, 'Now listen, Vile Red Knight! Let's carry here an iron table to put the tongue on it.' When he threw a tongue on the table, it crashed to pieces of the weight of the dragon-tongue. The king uttered a loud exclamation, 'That is right, he is the real champion. My daughter is his. A new wedding must be held.' 'Wait a bit, lords,' the poor boy says, 'let's have also a judgement between us. He must face me with a knife.' The girl takes a knife out of her pocket and stabs the Vile Red Knight. And she lives with Tom Thumb.

They keep on living for two days, for two years. One day his sister came to his mind whom he had left in the forest. He says to his wife, 'Listen, I have a sister. It would be so nice if she helped you to cook, to bake, to wash.' 'Oh, my husband,' she said, 'it would be nice, at

least I wouldn't be bored.' He goes for his sister. Fifteen bandits block his way. 'Stop, Tom Thumb!' 'Yes, I do, but what do you want?' 'Give us your horse, otherwise we kill you.' Then he takes his sword and cuts them into pieces, all the fifteen. He arrives to his sister and takes her out of the iron glass. But he did not notice that she had hidden the bone in her bosom. 'Well, sister, I allow you once again to live with me.' They go home to their village and he goes to bed after his great work. The girl says to the queen, 'I'll help you to make the bed.' 'All right.' Then she takes the bone out and puts it into the pillow that when he turns over, it would run into his heart. When he turns over, it goes into his heart indeed. He died. The queen goes to wake him. 'Wake up, wake up, my husband!' But he does not utter a word, for he is dead. 'Oh mother,' says the queen, 'what has happened to my husband? Did he fall asleep deeply? Or did he get drunk? Well, if he's dead, I don't carry him to the cemetery, I let him here in the chamber // consecrated.' The wild-boar leaps in. 'Queen, where is my king?' 'He's already dead for a long time.' 'We shall see it! Let me turn him over. Maybe, a bone is in his heart.' The poor girl collapses hearing that. When the boar turns him over, the bone is in his heart. He pulls it out and shouts to the rabbit, 'Fetch the whistle to resurrect him!' When they gave him water of life, he sat up. The rabbit slaps him in the face, the bone falls out of his heart. 'How you fell asleep!' said the magpie. 'Never mind!' the boy said, 'one will sleep, too, who killed me three times. I will cut her as the meat is cut in the stuffed cabbage.'

He is still living if he has not died.

White Mare's son

Once upon a time, there was a blessed dear God. There was a white horse. That white horse had a son. The mother suckled the boy seven years, seven months, seven weeks, seven days, seven hours, seven minutes. Then she led him into a great, great forest. In the forest there was a big, big tree. It was very thick and high. The father went there, pulled it out with his middle-finger and threw it up as high as to the sky. Three days and three nights had to be waited for till the tree fell back. ~~When the tree~~ When the tree fell down on the same spot, she said to her son, 'Now, my son, try it!' The boy went there to try his skill but he was unable to do it. 'Well,' she says, 'you have to suck seven years, seven months, seven weeks, seven days, seven hours, seven minutes more.' She took the boy home, nursed him in the same way. Again she took him out; the boy tried it again but he was again unable to do it. 'You have to suck even now,' she said. She nursed him in the same way as she did the first time. The boy went on with the sucking. She again took him out. Even then the boy could not pull out the big tree. 'Well,' she said, 'I am going to nurse you once more but if you cannot pull it out, I shall swallow you as my son.' She nursed him and went again to the forest with him. Then the boy at once sprang at the tree because he became aware of his great-great strength. He seized the tree by his little finger, not by his middle finger as did his father. In the moment he touched it he threw it up. Six nights, six days had to be waited till the tree fell back on the same spot. 'My son,' she says, 'now I see that you became a big, strong man. Now you may go wherever you want to. For all of me, you may go. Go till you meet a faithful companion.'

Off went the boy. She put him food in his bag, he took the road. He goes, he walks, he already went far, he grew hungry. He sat down by a brook to drink water. He wanted to drink. The brook was very muddy. He goes downwards to drink there, it was muddy there, too. He goes upwards, it is muddy there, too. Wherever he went, it was muddy everywhere. Once he looks up, a big-big giant of a man crumbles the big rocks into the water. He at once calls out to him, 'Hi, what are you doing? Why don't you let me to drink water? Why do you trouble me the water?' 'Uhm,' he says, 'you, you order me about, you tiny little man? I shall swallow you up at once,

crumble you in just the same way as I crumble this rock! And he jumps towards White Mare's Son to knock him down. But White Mare's Son did not fear him. He grasped him and knocked him down, he nearly died. 'Don't hurt me,' he said, 'I shall be your faithful companion during my lifetime, I shall stay at your side.' Thus, White Mare's Son did not hurt him. So they passed on together.

They go, they walk, they are far and far away. Once they begin to go uphill all the time. Mountains, mountains and again and always mountains. They go and suddenly they set eyes on a man who kept placing mountains in front of them; always and always mountains. They speak to him, 'Hey, what are you doing? Why are you putting mountains in front of us?' They were nearly up in the blue, so high were the mountains they had climbed up. 'And you are keeping on giving orders to me?' he says. 'Let us measure our strength!' They are going to wrestle with each other. Well, White Mare's Son knocked him also down. So he also resorted to entreaties not to hurt him. So they passed on, the three of them.

They go and go, they arrive in a great, great forest. There a man pulled up the trees as women do the hemp. 'What are you doing with those young trees?' he asks him, 'why do you harm them?' 'I shall crumble you in the same way if you don't listen to me.' But White Mare's Son sprang there and said, 'Come, let us measure our strength, then we will see, who is stronger.' They wrestled but White Mare's Son knocked him down, too. So he also resorted to entreaties. He said, he would be his faithful companion during his lifetime. So they go along, the four of them.

As they go, they set eyes on a big man. He kneaded iron as our wives do it at home with the cake; he kneaded iron. 'What are you doing?' he asks. 'I am kneading the iron, but I shall knead you in the same manner.' 'I don't think so,' says White Mare's Son. 'Let us measure our strength!' They wrestled. But White Mare's Son did away with him. So he also asked him not to hurt him, he will be his faithful companion during his lifetime. And so they were already five of them.

They arrived in a great, huge forest. They went right and left in the forest and finally camped together, exactly in the middle of the forest. They pitched a camp. 'Well,' says White Mare's Son, because he was their chief, 'who will stay at home to cook the mush? Meanwhile we shall go hunting in the forest.' 'Well,' says Cliff-Breaker, 'I am the youngest of you, I shall stay home.' And so he stayed at home to cook the mush. But White Mare's Son told him, 'By the time we are home the mush shud be ready!' Well, all of them went off. Cliff-Breaker is bustling about at home, he prepares the mush, boils and bakes it. It was almost ready-made. A little man shouts down from the tree. He had a very long beard, his beard was twelve metres long. 'Hey,' he says, 'will you give me of that mush?'

'No, I won't,' he says. 'My four comrades will come home, they need it.' 'You don't give me?' he says. 'I shall eat it from your belly.' Then the little man climbed off the tree, grasped Cliff-Breaker, knocked him down, put the kettle on his belly, ate up the mush from his belly. When the little man finished with the mush, he went away for himself. In vain Cliff-Breaker put ~~new~~ fresh mush to boil it, the mush remained unboiled. The hunters returned home, they were exhausted, hungry, thirsty, they wanted to eat. But, oh yes, the mush was unboiled. 'What did you do, so and so, did you sleep or what, that the mush is not ready?' He did not dare to say, who ate up the mush, a little man. Well, all the same, the mush finally got boiled.

Next day Mountain-Pusher stayed at home. The same happened to Mountain-Pusher as to Cliff-Breaker. The little man ate up the mush also from his belly. Again the men returned from the forest and told him the same, 'What did you do? Did you sleep that the mush is still unboiled?' Next day Pine-Twister stayed at home. The same happened to him as to the two other men. The little man ate it up before him. Iron-Kneader stayed at home, the little man ate up the mush from his belly, too. 'I see, you can't boil mush,' this was said by White Mare's Son, 'well, I shall cook you mush, damn your mother! I will show you that you can eat boiled mush at home.'

White Mare's Son stayed at home. He boils the mush, boils it, it is almost ready. At once the little man shouts from the tree, 'Hey,' he says, 'White Mare's Son! Will you give me of the mush?' 'I'll give you,' he says, 'if you come down.' He climbs down, you see, he tries to knock down White Mare's Son but White Mare's Son was a brave, strong man, he seized him, lifted him up by his beard and carried him to a big-big, large tree. He split off a branch to the middle and squeezed his beard into it. The little man hung there. The mush got ready, the others return home, they see that the mush is actually ready, the mush is boiled. Thereupon they exchanged glances because they already knew about each other's business that the little man ate up the mush before them. 'From him,' they say, 'the man did not eat up the mush; certainly he killed him.' When the hunters ate, 'Well,' he says, 'did this tiny man eat up the mush from you? You ought to be ashamed. Come, I'll show you, where he is, where I have put him.' He goes there, well, neither the tree nor the little man were there. He pulled it out, that tree, that big tree. And the little man went off.

Well, they could follow him on the track of blood. Where did the blood lead them, to a big-big deep hole. Next to the deep hole there was a big-big vast rock. Even five of them were unable to push it -- [new tape] Well, Cliff-Breaker goes to work to crumble off some of the rock but, of

course, he couldn't crumble off too much of it. However, he crumbled off a bit. Thus, the four of them could push away the rock. They looked down, a big-big depth was there. Well, they begin to talk things over, who will descend first. The weakest of them was Cliff-Breaker. 'Well,' he said, 'I shall go down.' That's very well, but where from should they take something by which they can let him descend? Well, presently Pine-Twister says, 'I shall make a basket and a rope of wood.' He in a second made a basket and twisted a rope of wood. He then declared, 'If you let me down and I tug at the rope, then you will withdraw me; for then I will be afraid down there.' Cliff-Breaker got in but he was just a bit down when he already shouted, 'Withdraw me, withdraw me because the snakes will swallow me up; so many snakes are here.' Thus they withdrew him. Mountain Pusher goes down. His heart also sank and he, too, cried, 'Withdraw me, withdraw me because frogs will eat me up.' Then Iron-Kneader went down. He was despairing, too. They withdrew him, too. At last, White Mare's Son's turn came. 'Should I tug at the rope even by chance, don't withdraw me. Lower me down! And wait for me seven years, seven months, seven weeks, seven days, seven hours, seven minutes. If I am not back by that time, if I don't tug at the rope, then you may think that I am dead. But till then you should wait here!' Thereupon he shook hands with them, he did everything he had to, then they lowered him down. Well, he also tugged at the rope for he also was afraid, nevertheless they let him down.

They let him down. Well, down there was a nether world; it was light, everything. He at once caught sight of a small house. He goes there, enters, the little bearded man was just there, he kept on smearing his beard with herbs by the fire. White Mare's Son at once jumped at him, seized his beard, pushed him into the stove. He burnt to ashes. 'Well,' he says, 'since I am down here, I'll go to have a look round, to see what is down here.'

He goes and goes, then he sets eyes on a copper palace. In the copper palace a beautiful girl leans out over the window-sill. She was leaning out. The boy at once set eyes on her, she was very nice, he fell for her in an instant. 'Well,' he says, 'I'll marry this girl.' He approaches the girl, kisses her immediately. But the castle turned round and round. The boy sprang against it, got hold of its corner, it stopped right off. The girl says, 'Where did you come from, here where even birds do not dare to come for their wings would burn down? Go away, because my husband is a seven-headed dragon.' 'I don't care,' he says, 'if he has twelve heads, even then I shall free you from here. Whose daughter are you?' 'I am,' she says, 'the Western King's daughter.' 'Well then,' he says, 'when will your husband return?' 'He just now went off hunting but he will be soon at home. Hide somewhere because if he returns home, he tears you up.' 'I don't want

to hide,' he says. No sooner he has uttered these words than his mace flew home from seven miles. The boy sprang up from the seat, took the mace and flung it back to him, fourteen miles away. The mace flies back exactly over the dragon's head. 'Hey,' he says, 'some strange person is in my house. I shall eat him, roast him at once,' he says. The dragon arrives home. 'Come, girl,' he says, 'hand me over the stranger, let me roast him, let me boil him, let me eat him!' 'I ought not to be roasted,' he says, 'here I am, in front of you.' The dragon gazed at him, he saw that a little man was in front of him. Thereupon they shake hands but White Mare's Son pressed the dragon's hand so powerfully that blood oozed from his hand. 'I see,' says the dragon, 'you are a strong man. First let me eat, drink, then we will go to the copper meadow, there we shall measure the strength of each other.' The dragon ate, had enough, then they went to the copper meadow, wrestled with each other but of course White Mare's Son knocked him down so that all his six heads broke in. Only his seventh head he could not master. Then he took out his pocket-knife and cut off that head of his, too. So that the dragon perished. He approached the girl. 'Now you are free,' he says, 'you may return to your father.' 'I would return,' she says, 'but I have three sisters more here down. They should be also set free.'

Well, the boy went off, he went, he saw a silver palace. A fourteen headed dragon possessed the silver palace. He wrestled also with him. He wrestles with him, too, cuts off his necks, too, sets free the silver girl, too, from the silver palace. 'Well,' he says, 'you are free.' 'I have two sisters more, they should also be set free.' The boy moves on, he finds the golden palace. He goes up to the girl, she was very nice, even more nice than the others. He went up to her, they started a conversation. 'Go away,' she says to the boy, 'for if my husband comes home, he eats you.' 'He won't eat me,' he says, 'I shall eat him, let him only return home.' The dragon just then arrives home and at once goes against the boy. The boy shakes hands with him, he shook hands so powerfully that blood at once gushed forth from the dragon's hand. 'I see,' he says, 'you are a strong man. First let me eat and drink, then we will go out to the golden meadow to wrestle.' They started to wrestle. White Mare's Son seized him, dashed him to earth so that he began to implore him for mercy. But the boy cut all his necks. So the golden girl also got free. 'I have one sister more,' she says, 'but I don't think you could set her free because that dragon is the strongest one, he has twenty-four heads.' 'Well, I shall see also him,' he says, 'how strong he is.'

They reached the diamond palace. There, too, a very nice girl leaned out of the window. She was so beautiful that the sun could be looked at sooner than the girl, so beautiful she was. The boy went up to her, kissed her

on the spot, they immediately swore fidelity to each other, that they will have each other. 'I would be yours,' she says, 'but I have such a husband that there is no stronger one in the whole world than he is. I have already heard that you have set free my three sisters but you can't free me because my husband is the strongest of all.' 'Never fear,' he says, 'I'll free you.' The girl gave the boy such a wine, - he had two sorts of wine. Who drank of one sort, he got weakened. Who drank of the other sort, he became stronger; he got more muscles. And she put such a ring on his finger that if he turned it, hundred men's strength got into him. The dragon comes home, he throws his mace home from twenty-four miles. Thy boy could throw it back quite as far. He arrives, speaks, 'My wife, hand me over that stranger, who is he? Let me roast him, let me boil him, let me eat him!' 'No,' he says, 'I need not to be roasted or boiled or eaten, it's me who will eat you,' he says to the dragon. Immediately the shake hands. They shook hands so that blood trickled from both of their hands; from the boy's and from the dragon's hand. 'I see,' he says, 'you are strong. First let me eat and drink.' 'Well, eat, for this is the last time you will have eaten,' says the boy. 'Come and eat with me,' he says. Yes, but the dragon's wife brought such a wine from the cellar for the dragon which weakened him. She gave such a wine to the boy which made him stronger. They ate, had enough, went to the diamond meadow to wrestle. When they wrestled there, both of them grew very-very tired. The dragon said, 'Let me take a rest, my friend, let me drink a cask of wine!' There was a cask of wine, the dragon put it at his mouth, drank the cask of wine at one draught. Then they again started to wrestle. He again was no match for the boy; neither was the boy a match for the dragon. At last the boy nearly lies on the ground. Then he says, 'My friend, let me also take a rest!' Then the boy, while he rested a bit, turned the ring and instantly hundred men's strength got into him. At last, the boy gathered up all his strength, he dashed him to earth so that the dragon at once perished. Thus, that girl became also free. The girl gave a blow with a stick at each castle, each of them became an apple. The boy put them all into his bag.

First they pull out the copper girl; they were there at the hole. They pull her out. Outside, the big men at once began, 'She is mine, she is mine!' To whom would she belong? Cliff-Breaker would win the copper girl. They pull out the silver girl. 'She is mine, she is mine!' And Mountain-Pusher won her. They pull out the golden girl. 'She is mine, she is mine!' Pine-Twister won her. Well, only the diamond girl was left. He says her, 'Look here, maybe now they will not pull me out because I have already handed over the girls. Wait for me seven years, seven months, seven weeks, seven days, seven hours, seven minutes. Should I not get up from here,

then you may marry.' So it happened. They pulled out the golden girl, - no, the diamond girl. Iron-Kneader won her. 'She is mine, she is mine!' Well, she became his. 'Well,' says now White Mare's Son, 'if I get into the basket they will pull me up half-way, then from half-way they will throw me back, I shall perish here. I'll try my pals, I wonder what my pals are like?' Then he put a stone in the basket and he stood a bit farther away. They pull it up, but half-way they let the basket back. 'Well,' he says, 'should I sit in, I would have died now.' Well then, he went away from the hole. Up there they supposed that he was sitting in the basket and died.

He goes, he walks, he arrives at a mountain. Up there on that mountain there was a big-big nest, a bird's nest. In the bird's nest there were a number of young gryphons. A large-large shower of rain came down, the hail-stones were the size of my fist. What could the boy do, he took off his coat, covered the birds' nest so that the hard hail should not strike them dead. It has stopped raining just the minute when a big-big bird returned home. The boy hides under a big tree. 'Tell me, sons,' he speaks to the birds, 'who did save you?' 'He is hidden here,' they said, 'a handsome young man, he is afraid of you, he saved us.' Then the boy comes out from under the tree. 'I have saved them,' he says, 'because the heavy hail-stones would have killed them.' 'Since you did well to my sons,' he says, 'what do you want in return?' 'I don't want anything else,' he says, 'only carry me up to the upper world.' 'Hey,' says the bird, 'that is where I just now came from, I can't take you back. I am exhausted. However, I can carry you up if you supply me with seven cows, seven breads, seven casks of wine. You put them on my back and when I bow my head to the right, then you throw a cask of wine into my beak. When I bow my head to the left, then you push a bread into my beak. When I bow my head upwards, then you throw an ox into my beak.'

Well, the boy managed to supply that food. He loaded it on the bird. The bird flies with him upwards. The bird bows his head in this direction, one cask of wine, he bows his head in that direction, one loaf of bread, upwards, one ox. They were almost outside when the bird held its beak upwards, oh yes, there was no meat any longer. What could the boy do, he took his knife out of his pocket, cut out a piece of flesh of his thigh. He threw it in the bird's beak. So they could fly out. When the boy alighted from the bird, he hobbled. 'What's the matter with you, master?' the bird says to him. 'Nothing,' he says, 'my leg hurts me, it has gone to sleep.' 'Oh no, it is not stiff, it is bleeding! Pull down your pants, let me see, what is the matter with you.' 'Willy-nilly the boy has to pull down his pants. Then he sees that a large piece of flesh is missing of it. The bird at once spits it out to the very same spot. 'If I knew,' he says, 'how good your flesh tastes, I should have eaten you down there.

But now that we are already up here, go wherever you want.'

Well, I have forgotten to tell you that the girl down there gave him also three nuts; to the boy. And she gave him a last and a needle. As the boy moves on, it may be said, he had a royal garment on, that's the way the boy goes. He meets a swineherd. He says to the swineherd, 'My friend, give me your clothes, I'll give you mine.' But the swineherd was ashamed. 'How could you give me your fine clothes?' But the boy went on to entreat him, 'You only take off your clothes, I give you my clothes.' He undressed, the boy put on the swineherd's very shabby, ugly clothes. Then the boy arrived in a large-large town. The girls were just there in that town; all of them were in that town. Kings became of those men because each of the girls had a king for her father. The boy entered service at a tailor. Well, the boy is there, he was engaged, - he became a tailor; but the boy was engaged only as an apprentice.

Iron-Kneader's wife stuck firmly to her resolution that she would not marry until they make her such and such a dress as is the sky by day, even fleecy clouds should sail on it. But scissors should not cut it, needle should not sew it, such a dress should be made. Iron-Kneader, the king, does his best that this and this should be done, no matter how much it costs, such and such a dress should be made. They would sew such a dress but not everybody is skilled enough to sew such a dress. The boy asked his master to allow him to sew it. Well, he permitted him to sew it. He took out a nut, cracked it, the stuff was in it. The boy summoned the needle, the scissors, the dress was ready in an instant; exactly the same dress as the girl longed for. They at once take the dress to the girl, to the queen. Then the girl, 'Well,' she says, 'my dear husband is alive but I don't know where he is.' Then Iron-Kneader said her, 'Well, now you have your dress, marry me now!' 'I don't marry you until I shall have another dress, a dress of dawn, all stars should be on it, and even the Great Bear should not be missed. Let me sew such a dress!' Iron-Kneader immediately announced that such and such a dress should be made. However, nobody but the boy could sew it. He took out another nut, cracked it, the stuff was in it, he summoned the needle, he summoned the scissors, it got ready right away. They carried off the dress. 'Well,' she says, 'my darling is alive, my life-saver is alive. But I don't know where he is.' Iron-Kneader was again at it, 'Well, the dress is ready, marry me now!' 'I don't marry you until you make me made a dress, the Sun should be on it, pointing exactly to mid-day.' Again Iron-Kneader announced that such and such a dress should be made for his wife. But nobody was able to make it, only White Mare's Son. He took out the other nut, took out of it the stuff, summoned the needle, the scissors, they made the dress up, the dress was carried off. 'Well,' says the girl, 'my darling is alive. But I don't know where he is.'

Then Iron-Kneader said, 'Well, now all three of your wishes are fulfilled, you have nice dresses that neither princesses do wear. Now marry me!' 'I don't marry you until you send for that man who sewed these dresses.' Well, all of them were ashamed that such a filthy man cannot go there as the one was who made the dresses. All the same, the man who sewed the dresses must be found. They brought him in. He is full of dirt, begrimed. They take him along. The girl at once recognized him. No matter he was filthy, she recognized him. She at once falls on his neck, covers him with kisses. 'You are my husband,' she says, 'you saved me from the dragon. You are my dear husband!' Well then, he undressed, put on king-like garment. Then Iron-Kneader also recognized him, who he was, their companion. So did Cliff-Breaker, Pine-Twister, Mountain-Pusher, all of them. They were terror-stricken, their hearts sank. Well, since they treated him so that they let him there in the big hole, he punished all four of them. One had to be a goose-herd for a year. The other had to be a swine-herd for a year. The other a cowherd. So each of them were punished for a year. But Iron-Kneader was left without a wife because it was him who was going to marry the diamond girl.

They made a great wedding. I went down, too, you see. I was told that there was a great wedding-feast. Poverty was at home, I had twelve children. I took with me a big-big nettle sack. I went to the wedding. Well, the girl was an acquaintance of mine and so was the lad. 'Did you arrive safely?' they asked. 'Yes, I did.' 'Hold out your sack,' says the girl. I open wide the big sack, you know. They pour a large basin of soup into the sack. When the soup was poured in, another basin of meat made with cream. On the top came goulash. Then such a big bone was thrust in my hand, lo! I bind up the sack, I take it on both shoulders. I'm going home for myself. Hereabouts the mud is high. I'm on my way home. Poverty then was great, peasants were also poor. A peasant is returning home, he says, 'Jack, give me of it!' 'I don't give you,' I say. 'I've two children at home, they are very hungry.' 'Give me of it!' 'I don't give you.' 'Give!' 'I don't.' 'Give!' 'I don't.' Well, what did the peasant do, he took the knife out of his pocket, he cut open my sack. The lot of costly goods, the lot of soup ran over. All dogs gathered there, swallowed up the food. What shall I do, the big bone was in my hand, I grasped it, bang! I flung it to the peasant's leg. The peasant's leg broke. He went away with a broken leg.

Beautiful Nicholas

Once upon a time, there was the blessed dear God. There was a very poor woman. That poor woman had a poor son. That boy was already sixteen years old, he was an adult boy. The boy has always been at home with his mother. The mother made her living by going to the village on Sundays, she gathered potatoe skins for there was a great penury. They lived of it. She gathered potatoe skins, boiled them and they ate them; they ate only potatoe skins. On a Sunday the mother gathered the skins but they filled only half a pot. They began to eat; they ate them even unboiled. The mother said, 'I'm going to the church, meanwhile you boil the skins. But don't eat before I am home again.' The mother went to the church and the boy stayed at home alone. Poor boy was very-very hungry. While the mother was in the church, the boy take the spoon and kept on stirring the potatoe skins so that they should not get burnt. But the boy was very hungry. He constantly picked out a skin and swallowed it, took it, swallowed it. Thus, when the skins would have been boiled, the boy has eaten up everything, all skins. The mother comes home, says, 'My son, bring the skins, let me eat too.' 'Oh mother,' he says, 'I would give you the skins but while you have been in the church, I was very hungry and ate up everything.' The mother got enraged, took the knife from the table, bump! she ran it into the boy's arm. The boy took the knife, drew it out, put it into his pocket, tore his shirt, bandaged his arm, kissed his mother and said, 'Well mother, you did this to me, so good-bye, you will see me never more.' Thus the boy went off.

Thus, the boy left, went to and fro, went far away, behind the beyond the boy went. The boy, our nice boy, our little Paul goes /Paul was his name/, he goes and meets a man. The man says him, 'Where are you going, you poor boy?' 'I'm going,' he says, 'to see the world.' 'And where to?' 'Into the wide world, to try my luck.' 'Come to me,' he says, 'I shall give you day-wages and food, as much as you can eat.' 'I should willingly go,' says the Gypsy boy, 'but you can't pay as much as I ask for.' 'How much do you ask for?' 'Well,' he says, 'so and so much.' 'No,' says the mayor, 'I won't give you so much. But I see, you are a poor boy, I give you five pengós for the journey. Good bye and good luck to you!' Our poor boy moves on, he was very poor, he had nothing except a shirt and drawers on his body. The poor boy continues his road. He was very poor. He goes, he walks, he went very far away, he went through seven

times seven countries. He meets another man. 'Listen to me,' he says him, 'come to me, I shall give you so and so much money.' 'I don't go,' he says. 'I am poor and I am going this and this way. Some time there will be another place where I shall get more.' 'Take these five pengós,' he says, 'I see, you are a poor man, I want to help you.' The poor boy moves on and goes again, he reached nearly the world's end, he meets another man. Why should I speak so much, it was the same with that man, too. He moves on again, he goes and speculates, 'Ugh,' he says, 'why did I not accept the first man's proposal. Now, I have been walking for such a long time and ...' [new tape].

Well, he sits down. He sits down to eat, a bird approaches him. In the bird's bill there is a piece of paper. The bird lays the paper before him. The boy at once takes the paper in his hand and reads, 'Look here, follow me here and here.' That is to say, that he should follow him, the bird. What could the boy do, he at once finished eating, and so on, he packed everything and followed the bird. Where the bird went, there he went, too. Where did he arrive? he arrived in Fairy Land. The boy arrived in Fairy Land and the Fairy Princess immediately set eyes on him. 'That's you?' she asks. 'Well, I don't know, who am I. I am only a poor man.' 'Well,' she says, 'you look a decent man. Go to the stable, there I have three horses, brush them down. You won't have anything else to do.' Well, the boy enters the stable. Ugh, he caught sight of the horses; pooh, they were up to here in muck. Pooh, up to here! All three horses. The boy takes the dung-fork, pitches it outwards. The more he pitched it outwards, the more it piled up from there. 'Ah,' says the boy, 'this is a queer matter.' He sits down on the threshold. The boy heaved such a deep sigh that the whole palace fell almost into ruins; he gave such a sigh. Well, you see, one of the old horses speaks to him, 'What's the matter with you, my dear master?' 'Why, of course I am in great trouble, you can see what work they gave me to do.' 'Don't be in a blue funk,' he says, 'why are you so distressed? Listen only to me.' 'What am I to do?' 'Well, this Sunday your wife will go here and here to the church. You'll come to me, get on me and we'll be also there.' Well, the boy obeyed. He cleaned up the stable, it was clean, it looked like gold.

Next Sundy the princess went to the church. The boy went to the horse. 'Get on me,' the horse says. He mounted the horse. The horse blew at him, he got a copper suit, copper sword, copper helm, everything made of pure copper. 'Take care,' the horse says. 'You will enter the church, say only "amen", sit down, don't look at anybody. Many of them will look at you but you have not to look at anybody. Say only "amen" and come out quickly, get on me, off you go, nobody should see you.' He listened to the horse. He mounted it, off he went, nobody saw him. The horse returned home. But the

girl was three times shivered with cold. She got very ill for the boy's sake for she fell in love with the boy, you see. The copper boy was very handsome. Comes the next Sunday. The boy got dressed in a silver suit. For he had three horses, you see. He got dressed so, and it was the same with him. Then the girl shivered six times with cold. Well, the next night follows, the golden one. Next night the boy got dressed in a golden suit with a golden plate /!/. The horse jumped on the golden plate, it sounded, the plate sounded in seven times seven countries. 'Come to me, my dear wife,' he said. 'You are my wife!' But the boy was not chicken-hearted. He made the horse jump up, up to the floor. Then the horse again jumped down. The horse says him, 'Now, my dear master, I shall fly up with you and you may kiss your wife, you may do with her whatever you want. I shall fly to her, do with her what you want to, I shall return to the stable.' Hereupon the horse jumped up with him, the boy jumped off his horse, he entered, they joined in an embrace, you are mine, I am yours, only death can part us.

Well, so they are living very-very long. Once the Fairy Princess says him, 'Look here, my young husband! Ninety-nine rooms are left to you, you may enter and be inside, you may do what you want to. The hundredth is not left to you. I brought you ninety-nine keys but I don't give you the hundredth key for if I give it to you then ...'/?/ Well, but the boy was still young, he was ignorant of life. 'My dear wife,' he says, 'if it is like this, even these rooms are too much for me, I don't need another one.' So they were living on. The boy has been through all the rooms. 'Damn it,' he says, 'since I have got a wife, since I got her with a child, and she has a baby from me, why can't I see the hundredth room? After all, I am the commander; why can't I have a look at the hundredth room?' So he set out, went through the ninety-nine rooms, went to the door to open it, why yes, he could not open it, it was closed with an iron door and he couldn't find the key. He ran into the room, lifted the pillow, the key was there. Immediately he goes there and opens it. Well, there is a big dragon nailed to the wall. The dragon at once speaks to him, 'My dear master, if you give me a bucketful of water, I shall grant you a way.' 'It is not water I'm going to give you,' he says, 'but a bucketful of wine because it is a wonder how much wine is here.' 'Well, I don't mind,' says the dragon, 'what you give me, wine or water, give me what you want.' He gave him a bucketful and at once one hoop cracked off. But the boy did not notice this. The dragon speaks again, 'My dear master, give me one bucketful of wine more, I shall grant you a way again.' He gave him again a bucketful of wine. He speaks again, 'My dear master, give me again wine, I grant you a way.' He gave it. He speaks again, 'My dear master, give me wine again, I shall grant you a way. But this will be the last one.' He gave him again. Then the hoops cracked off from the big

dragon and he flew off. His wife just then returned from the church, he snatched up the woman and took her along to the large Dragon Land. Now Beautiful Nicholas realized what had happened. Then he already cried, he went everywhere and asked people to do something for him because he was very much in love with his wife. Fairy Helen was very beautiful. He begs people to give her back to him but nobody could help him.

He goes home, goes to the horses, sits down on the threshold, begins to weep. The youngest one starts at once, 'Why do you cry, dear master?' /The youngest horse speaks to him./ 'I have every reason to cry,' says Beautiful Nicholas, 'my beautiful wife was stolen.' 'If she was stolen, maybe you can get her back, though it is not sure. Listen to me! Get on me and let's go!' So the boy mounted the horse, the youngest one and, hurry up! To Dragon Land. They went there. The woman just washed the blood-stained rags of the dragon. She was washing the old rags. He at once called her wife, 'Get on, let's go, I take you home.' The woman mounted the horse immediately, he did not kiss her, nothing, he is already off, gallops with her, rode at full speed. However, the dragon also had a horse, and what a horse! It began in the stable: [He patters with the feet on the ground]. Well, but where was the dragon? He amused himself next door, there he passed his time. Baptism was celebrated next door. He comes home, hears that his horse patters with the feet on the ground. 'What's the matter with you?' he says. 'Have you no hay? Have you no oats? Have you no golden marble? Can't you drink out of it?' 'I have everything, I have all I want but I have no nice mistress more. Beautiful Nicholas has stolen her.' Then the dragon was taken aback. 'Listen to me,' he says. 'May I eat two sacks of nut?' 'You may.' 'May I smoke two sacks of tobacco?' 'You may.' 'May I sleep two hours?' 'You may.' 'May I drink out two barrels of wine?' 'You may.' 'Well,' he says, 'I'm going to lie down for even then I shall ride down Beautiful Nicholas.' The dragon lay down, cracked the nuts, smoked the tobacco, drank out two barrels of wine, even then he rode him down. What to do, he spoke to Beautiful Michael, 'Look here, I granted you a way when you gave me a barrel of wine. I gave you !/ a barrel, - a bucket of wine when the first hoop cracked off from me.' The boy could not say a word. 'Look, you may come back two times more.'

What could the boy do? He went home in great sorrow. Indeed, he cried, Beautiful Nicholas cried. Then the middle aged horse speaks, 'Come now with me, maybe we shall go through.' Well, it is no use talking so much, everything happened in the same manner. The dragon took away his wife anew. He said, 'Now I have granted you two ways already, you may come once more but not more than once. If ^{you} come one time more, I will kill you.'

What could he do, he went with the oldest horse. He goes with the

oldest horse, enters, seats his wife on the horse. By this time, the dragon's horse pattered with the feet on the ground. The dragon returns, 'What is the matter with you, damn you? Have you no fine hay? Have you no golden crib? Can't you do this and that?' 'I have everything, damn you,' says the horse, 'but I have no beautiful mistress more for Beautiful Nicholas has abducted her.' 'May I smoke two sacks of tobacco?' 'No, you can smoke only the half of it.' 'May I eat two sacks of nuts?' 'No, you can eat only the half of it.' Well, he then had a good rest, he ate well, he drank well, he rode them down. What did he do, he cut up Beautiful Nicholas into pieces with his sword. But Beautiful Nicholas asked him, if he cuts him into pieces, he should put him in a sack and put it on his horse. The dragon did so, he put him in the sack. Beautiful Nicholas had a blacksmith for his master who forged him together. He became seven times more handsome than he was. However, his wife is always much in his thoughts. How would it be possible to free her? The dragon's horse was very quick. The poor boy was at his wit's end.

The oldest horse speaks to him, 'Listen to me! Go to your wife. But nobody should notice that you have arrived there. Neither the dragon nor the dead, because even the dead may notice you. Go to her like that.' Well, the poor boy went off. The woman was washing the blood-stained cloths by the trough. He at once says her, 'See, my wife, I did not die. In vain he cut me up.' They kissed each other right away, all right. 'Ask your husband, where does he take his strength from? Where from has he got that quick horse? Ask him!' His wife listened to him. The man took cover behind the bush. The dragon returns home. The woman goes and brings him food, puts it in front of him. 'My dear husband,' she says, 'tell me, for you know me, I have been living with you for a long time, for seven years, tell me, where do you take your strength from?' The dragon is up and bang! he slaps her in the face. 'How do you dare to question me, you snot-nosed!' He slapped her so strong in the face that she flew out into the kitchen. Then the woman rose and returned to her husband, 'But my dear husband, look here, it is you I am living with and nobody else, so tell me, where do you take your strength from?' The dragon bang! She flew out into the court. Then she got up, went back to her husband, 'My dear husband, tell me, where from does your strength come?' The husband takes the whip, bang! She flew out to the well. Exactly to the well. The woman got up. He goes to her. 'Well,' he says, 'I believe you that you put trust in me. I'll tell you where my strength is. Look here, my strength is here. I have a deer. If somebody shoots down that deer, there is a wild-boar in it. In the wild-boar there is a fawn. In the fawn there is a crawfish /?/, in the crawfish there are three eggs, in the three eggs there are three bees, if somebody eats those three bees, my

strength is dead.' The wife listened to him, then recounted it to her husband. He at once starts, let's go!

He starts, goes, walks, arrives to a big farm. Who was there? A mighty witch. The mighty witch says to him, 'With me, three days are three years. If you can stand it, you may ask from me whatever you want. The first day you have to tend three colts.' [Correction:] The boy went to the woman and told her at once, what it is all about, what he wants to do. The woman said, 'Look here, with me, three days are three years. In my service you may acquire a great gift if you want to. You have only to tend three horses and if you can tend them for three days, then I'll give you whatever you want, whatever you wish.' The boy sat down. They ate, had enough, went to sleep. Next day he took the three horses. The boy took the three horses, went out to the large meadow. There was a very-very high grass. While he turned out the horses to grass, he became quite heavy with sleep and fell asleep. I have forgotten to say that he had three animals: he had three ravens. Their feathers were in his bag. Then the horses disappeared, the three horses. What to do, he took three feathers, shook them, blew at them, the ravens appeared there in an instant. 'My dear master, what's the matter?' 'My three horses disappeared, try to find them!' 'If they are on the earth or under the water, then we can't find them but if they are in the air, we'll find them sure enough.' The three big ravens roamed all over the world and at last they drive three strange ravens. 'Hit the bridle in their necks,' cries a raven. He takes the bridle, hits it in their necks, they changed back into three horses. He led them home. 'Well,' said the witch, 'I see, you have finished well your first day. Let the horses, I shall give them to eat inside. You only go in, eat, go to bed, take a rest.'

The boy did as he was told by the witch. He went in, ate, went to bed, and in the meantime the witch entered the stable where the horses were, the three horses, beat them black and blue with a red-hot stick with all her strength. They jumped up to the ceiling, they rolled about on the ground, jumped to the side-wall suffering terrible pain. Who were the horses? Three enchanted girls; three girls were enchanted. Next night, next day, the boy again goes out with the horses, gets on the best horse, gallops out with them. The boy was not chicken-hearted, he galloped out with them, well, the horses began to grass. There was a high, a very high grass. Well, he got quite heavy with sleep. One of the horses approached him, blew at him, phew! he fell asleep. When he fell asleep, three wolves came to him. /This also went out of my mind./ Three wolves came to him, they wagged their tails, 'What is the matter with you, dear master?' 'Look here,' he says, 'my three horses ran away. Maybe you can get hold of them.' 'Unless they are in the air or in the water, we can find them

sure enough.' The three wolves roamed all over the world, they hunted down three strange wolves. 'Hit the bridle in their necks,' says one of them. He threw it at them, at that very moment all of them changed back into horses. Then he led them home. The witch told him, 'You just go in, there you have your meal, there you have everything, you eat and I shall attend them and give them to eat.' The boy went in, ate, the witch led off the horses, pop, pop! she beat them black and blue with a red-hot whip. 'Did you take a liking for this boy? Well, I'll give it to you if only you will show yourself to him once more!'

Next morning the boy again mounts the horse, goes out. Midday is here, the horse blows at him. the boy falls asleep right away. When he wakes up, he looks for the horses, it is getting late, the horses are nowhere. He remembers the bristles of the wolves. He at once takes out the bristles and shakes them. /They were not wolves, they were foxes./ 'Well,' they say, 'unless they are in the water or in the air, they are here on the earth. We shall try to find them.' They did find them in a second. 'Look,' they said, 'now we can't catch them because one of them is just sitting on an egg, on a hen's egg and no matter how we screw its neck, it does not take a flight. But we shall try it again. It is sitting exactly on the witch's egg. The key is under the pillow where the witch sleeps.' Well, they drove those three strange animals. The fox, - the wolf goes there. He bites into the neck of the hen /for they were transformed into hens/, it does not move on. He bites, it does not move. The hen screams. The wolf bit it a good while till the hen jumped up. The boy went there, hit it with the bridle, the horses were there.

'Well,' she says, 'my son, I see, you are a honest man for a servant. What do you want of me?' 'Mother,' he says, 'I want only that horse which is fully covered with dung so that only its head is out of it. I wish that one.' 'Off with you, man! Look, here is a lot of gold, here are many diamonds, gold, silver, swords. Take as much as you are able to carry. What do you want this horse for? It will be of no use to you. What do you want this good-for-nothing for? You will have to bear it and not the horse will carry you!' 'Mother, I only want that horse. Give it me!' 'Well, if you stick so much to the horse, take it.' What to do, the witch was forced to give the horse, the baby colt. Well then, what else could the lad do, he lifted it out of the dung, put it in his neck and slowly went away with it.

Well, she wrapped up nine cakes and put them in the bag of the boy. As the boy went along with the horse, he got tired, he threw it down. 'Enough of that, I shall not carry it longer, I'll get exhausted by this.' But, after all, the boy thought it over and lifted it up. He again walks a good

way: he again throws it down. 'Nonsense,' he says, 'I won't carry it any longer, I'll take my knife and strip off its skin. Perhaps I shall get some money for it.' Then the boy takes his knife. The baby colt begins to weep. Great tears trickle from his eyes. His master sets about to eat of the cakes. 'Shall I be damned by God,' he says, 'if I hurt it. I see, how it weeps. Maybe, it is hungry, too.' He gave the horse the cakes that were packed in his bag, nine cakes. He gave them the colt. The colt at once snuffled them up. It became such a horse that it had three wings and six legs. 'My dear master,' it says, 'mount me, I know where you want to go: to bring back Fairy Helen. Get on me, I'll go with you. Don't be afraid. That one is my younger brother. But I have three wings and he has only two. Get on me, let's go!' The horse flies with him up to the stars. There the horse threw him down. He was near to the earth when the horse got under him. 'Were you afraid, my dear brother?' 'Of course I was.' 'I was also afraid when you threw me off your back the first time.' For the boy, too, threw the horse off his back.

The horse went with him up to Fairy Helen. She again mounted the horse and they went off. 'Now,' he says, 'my dear wife, mount this horse, don't be afraid any more, don't make a mess, you are mine. Now I have such a horse which is the elder brother of your horse. This one has three wings and yours has two wings.' Fairy Helen mounted the horse, then they are off and away. But the dragon's horse begins to beat the side-wall, the ceiling, the stable floor. He comes, 'What is the matter with you, you wretched one? Don't you have what to eat, don't you have what to drink?' 'I have everything,' he says, 'but I have no nice mistress more. Beautiful Nicholas has stolen her.' 'May I eat? May I drink? May I sleep?' 'You cannot eat, cannot drink, cannot sleep but even then you will not catch them.' 'Why not, dammit!' he says to the horse. 'I shall punch your flanks with my spurs, you must catch them.' But he went against them in vain. When Beautiful Nicholas went up, the dragon was down. When Beautiful Nicholas flew down, the dragon with his horse was up. The dragon's horse shouted across to the other horse, 'Throw them down!' 'But why should I throw down such beautiful young people while you are bearing a big monster on your back? You should throw him down!' The dragon's horse thinks it over. It makes a great leap towards the stars and throws the dragon down. He became a bulk of pitch. Thus Beautiful Nicholas saved his wife's life.

Well, I went to the wedding, I also ... Etc., as in the previous tale.

Sun and stars recovered

Once upon a time, there was the dear God Almighty. There was a great world. In that world once during the night a big twenty-five headed dragon appeared. He took down all the stars. At the other early dawn another fifty-headed dragon appeared and took down the Moon. At another midday another dragon appeared and took down the Sun. Thus, the miserable people were always in darkness. They did not know when it is night, when it is day. It has been dark always. That's how they had it for a long time. People gathered and said, 'This won't be good for us; we should do something, we should recover the Sun, the stars and the Moon.' But well, who can recover them? They went this way and that but, oh yes, none of them could do anything.

Once a poor boy spoke to her mother, 'Mum, I'll go and bring back that is needed for I see that all the others are but hither and thither folk. I'll bring it back.' 'Don't go anywhere, my son,' she said, 'you may even die on the way.' But it was impossible to dissuade the boy. The mother baked him cake in the oven, put it into his bag, added three bulbs of onion and, having all these, the boy went his way. He went out into the stable. In the stable there was a horse but only his ears stuck out of the stable-dung. The horse looked pitifully at the boy. 'I should be damned,' he said, 'if I am not going to take along this horse with me.' The boy got hold of a pitchfork, removed the dung from the horse. When he took the horse with himself, the horse shook himself and spoke to him, 'Well master, make a big fire for me and bring me very much water.' The boy at once made a big big fire for the horse. The horse went there, snuffed it in one of his nares. Then he approached the water, snuffed it in his other nare. He became such a six-footed horse that there was not one like him in the world.

Thus, my lad goes, goes, moves on, he was already far away. Suddenly the horse stopped. 'My dear master,' he says, 'we are going to rest here.' Then he tethered the horse to a tree and sat down in the green field, took out a piece of cake and an onion. The boy scarcely finished with the cake when he heard that over there was a great noise. He at once runs for there was a bridge, he crept under the bridge. That there was a copper bridge. When the boy crept under the bridge, there came the twenty-five headed dragon. 'I knew,' he says, 'you poorest of the boys, that I shall have troubles with you.' 'You might think it,' he says, 'that you would have troubles with me.' 'Come forward,' he says, 'let me boil you, let me roast

you, let me eat you.' Then the boy came forward from under the bridge. 'How do you want it to do?' he said. 'Should we wrestle with each other or fence with the swords?' 'It is the same to me,' says the boy. They begin to struggle. The dragon grasped him, cracked him into the ground to the waist. The boy also seized him and he also cracked him as much as the dragon did into the ground. They struggled so long that the boy got bored with this play. He got hold of the dragon and cracked him into the ground up to his neck. Then he, the boy takes out his pocket-knife, chops off his necks. He chopped off his necks, went to his horse, lifted up the harness, the stars took to the air. Then he returned to his horse. 'Well,' he says, 'now we have stars again. We have still to find the Sun and the Moon.'

He moves on, mounts again his horse, starts again, he goes and goes. He was already very far away. Suddenly the horse stopped. 'Master, we are going to rest here again.' Thus, he sat down to rest. He took out another onion and another smaller piece of cake. While he stays there, he hears that over there is a great noise. The lad at once springs to his feet, runs under the bridge. 'Come forward,' he says, 'since you killed my younger brother, I shall eat you, roast you.' 'I shouldn't say so,' he says. Then the boy came forward from under the bridge. He at once attacks him. He was fifty-headed. The lad did not play so long with him, he seized him, cracked him up to his neck. He took out his pocket-knife, chopped off his heads. He approached his horse, lifted up the harness, he flied the Moon. 'Well,' he says to his horse, 'now we have stars and Moon, now only the Sun is left.' The horse says to him, 'This will be rather difficult. This one is hundred-headed.' 'Doesn't matter.'

He mounted the horse, went, went far away. Suddenly the horse stopped and stood still. 'Master,' he says, 'here we might rest.' The boy sits down, he hardly began to eat the onion and the cake when the hundred-headed dragon arrived. 'Don't hide under the bridge,' he says, 'I am going anyway to eat you, to roast you. You have killed my brothers, both of them, but you will not kill me.' They instantly bang into each other, they hold on to each other, they wrestle but none of them is able to vanquish the other, neither the boy nor the dragon. 'Do you know what?' says the dragon. 'Do you see that big mountain?' The mountain was so high that it reached the sky. 'We shall climb it.' 'Let's go,' says the boy. They climbed that big mountain. 'Now,' says the dragon, 'I shall throw down myself.' The dragon threw himself to earth and became a big-big iron wheel. It had a hundred spokes. The boy also threw himself to earth and became a small wooden wheel, it had one spoke and even this was curved. 'Now,' says the dragon, 'we'll roll down and he who can more spokes -, who can do away with the other till we get down from the hill, he will hold

the field.' And so they roll downhill. The iron wheel constantly tried to thrust the wooden wheel. But the wooden wheel was so alert, for it was curved, whenever it knocked against it, each time it knocked one spoke out of it. By the time they were down the wooden wheel knocked out fifty spokes of it. But even then he was no match for it. 'There is nothing left,' says the dragon, 'but to throw ourselves again to the earth.' The dragon threw himself, he became a big-big fire, a lurid fire. The boy threw himself, too, he became a tiny small blue fire. Then the big fire falls on the blue fire, the small fire falls on the red one but none of them could gain the upperhand. Then two ravens pass that way. The dragon cries out, 'Spit into this blue fire, I'll give you a carrion.' The blue fire shouts out, 'Bring water from my father in my cap, I'll give you three carrions.' 'Did you hear this?' they said. 'This one will give us three carrions. We shall bring water, pour it on the lurid fire.' The three ravens took a cap, went for water. They at once brought water, poured it on the lurid fire. Thus the lurid fire went out, the dragon perished and so the boy triumphed. He went to the horse, to the dragon's horse, lifted the harness, the Sun rose. Now there was already day and night, everything.

Well, the boy says, 'I didn't clear up yet the whole matter, relatives still remained after him.' Goes the boy, goes, he strays into a house. As he listens, he doesn't enter directly, he only halts at the door, he hears that they confer inside with each other. 'Well,' he says, 'it will be better if I throw myself down.' He threw himself, he became a fly. He flies in through the keyhole, hides in a timber-chink. Inside, three witches work charms. 'Our three brothers are killed,' they say. 'But this lad ought to be destroyed.' 'I shall throw myself on the ground,' says the youngest witch, 'I shall change into a beautiful apple-tree. If he plucks an apple of it and eats it, he dies at once.' 'That's nothing!' said the elder sister. 'I shall turn into a fine well. When he arrives there, he will be so thirsty that he will be forced to drink out of it. If he will not drink and will stick the sword into me, I shall also die.' 'That's nothing,' said the eldest one. 'I shall also throw myself on the ground,' said their mother, 'I shall become a nice castle. In that castle Gypsies will fiddle, Gypsy women will dance, and so on. Food will be on the tables. He then enters and eats a bite and he does die right away. But if he cuts the food into pieces, I have to perish.'

The bee did hear everything and flew away. He went on the way, under-way he found a friend. 'Where are you going?' he asked. 'Well, I'm only wandering this way on the road.' 'May I come with you?' 'Come along,' says the lad. They are going on the road together. From a great distance they catch sight of the apple-tree. They were terribly hungry. The lad, the

other lad said, 'I shall pluck an apple of it.' 'You must not do this, friend; I shall do it first.' The boy takes his sword, cuts the tree to pieces. Blood was shed from the tree. 'Did you see this?' he says. 'If you had eaten of it, you would be dead in an instant.' They arrived at the well. They were so thirsty that there even the boy could hardly restrain himself, he nearly wanted to drink from the water. But he took his sword, stuck it in. Blood splashed out of it. 'Did you see this?' he said. 'Should you drink of it, you would be dead in an instant.' They moved on, in a little while there was a very nice castle. Gypsies fiddled, beautiful women danced, a lot of food was served up. They wanted to eat. But the boy took his sword and cut everything to pieces. Blood was gushing forth. They walked in blood to their waists, so much blood was there. Well, the lad said, 'I've had enough of it. You may go wherever you want,' he speaks to the other boy, 'but I am going home now.'

While the boy was going home, he turned in to a poor Gypsy. The Gypsy was very-very poor. 'I shall take a rest here with this Gypsy,' he says. 'Would you give me shelter for a night?' 'Why not,' he says. 'You are as poor as we are.' The boy goes to bed, in the morning he gets up, they gave him a piece of cake and a bit of onion to eat. For they had nothing to eat themselves. But he had a nice daughter. When the boy saw the girl, he fell for her. 'Uncle,' he says, 'if you are willing, give your daughter in marriage to me. I will marry her.' The father gave him the hand of his daughter. 'Take her,' he said, 'anyhow we have nothing to eat, at least we shall not have to keep her.' The boy took her home. But at home everybody knew it already that it was him who set free the Sun, the Moon and the stars. Such a lot of gifts expected him in his house that he became richer than the king. Gold, diamond, silver. He built a great palace. So the lad became a king. He became the king of the world. He married the girl and if they did not die, they are still alive.

42.

Nine

Once upon a time, there was the blessed dear God. There was a poor woman. That poor woman had a son. But he was such a little rascal that he didn't want to do anything for his mother. He didn't do anything, but anything, he only played in the dust and he would eat a lot in case there had been something. The boy had no father, only a mother. The boy ate very much; he ate very-very much. At last, his mother couldn't afford to earn enough for his food. One day the mother went to the village mayor. She told him how things are with her: the son eats much, the mayor should

take him as his servant. The mayor said that he would take him. Next day she took him along to the mayor. 'My dear mayor,' she said, 'here is the boy, let him work, you have not to give him anything only so much as he eats and just a suit to get dressed. I don't want money, you only keep him.' Having said this, the woman went home.

He speaks to the boy, 'Well son,' he says, 'do you want anything of me when your three years will be up?' /He engaged himself for three years./ 'I don't want anything,' he says, 'only this: let me slap you in your face with my little finger when the three years will be up.' 'All right,' says the mayor, 'you may then slap me in the face with your little finger.' Well, it was just dinner-time, they sit down to eat. They give him soup in a plate to eat. The boy says, 'To whom did you give this soup? Whose soup is this?' 'Of course,' they say, 'to you.' 'I don't want it. I am not used to eat from a plate.' 'But then, from what?' 'From a boiler.' 'But then, how much soup do you need?' 'I need nine boilers of soup.' Then the mayor also gets alarmed, how much the lad will eat. He ate nine boilers of soup and nine boilers full of dumplings with meat. After this, Nine swallowed nine casks of wine. 'Well,' he spoke to Nine, 'Go and chop wood.' Nine sets out, takes the hatchet, chops the wood, but so it was a slow process. He took the big logs, phew, phew, he broke them in two on his knee. He broke very-very much of them. The mayor approached him, 'Don't do it, Nine,' he says, 'put something off because you chop everything and so it will sooner come to an end.' Nine went into the garden, there were nine cherry trees. He ate all fruit from the nine trees. He ate up all cherries. And this has gone on with Nine day in, day out, ever since.

One day the mayor says that he will buy a pretty red suit, red boots and a pretty sword on the waist to the man who arrives home in less time from the forest with a cartful of wood. Nine did not hear that, he was just sleeping. All other servants got up early, harnessed the best horses to the carts, went out into the forest to fetch wood. Nine got up in the morning, he was told by the women who milked the cows, 'Well, Nine, you didn't go to the forest?' 'Why should I? The master didn't tell me about it.' They told him that the master announced that he who will return the soonest from the forest with a cartful of wood will get a nice red suit. Ugh! His blood rushed to Nine's head. 'Then I am going too,' he said. 'Go, hurry up,' they say, 'perhaps you will still find horses in the stable, maybe you still can go.' Nine goes to the stable but he didn't find horses any more, only cows. He harnessed four cows to a cart. And he, too, took the road to the forest. He goes in the forest but the other servants have gathered already the wood. They just wanted to start. What shall Nine do that the servants should not arrive home earlier? There was a big-big thick tree, it was a very big one. He uprooted it and threw it

in their way. 'Well,' he said, while you will toil and moil at it, I shall gather wood.' Nine unharnessed the cows and said, 'Till I gather wood, they may graze, then they will go home better.' Nine drives them out, takes the axe, fells trees, but it was a slow process in this way. Pooh, he grasps the trees together with the roots, loads his cart with them, straight with boughs, the whole kit such as it was. He loads it up in a second. Then he goes in search of the cows to harness them to the cart. Oh yes, not a single cow was there, only their bones. The animals ate them up, many wild animals gobbled them up. What is he to do? He has no animals, no cows more. He caught three bears and three wolves, harnessed them to the cart. But they did not go in the direction where he wanted to; they were over hedge and ditch, everywhere. But neither was Nine chicken-hearted. One of the bears went in this direction, bang! he boxed him on the ear. The other, too, bang! another slap. Thus, he could tame them somehow to go in the right direction. They go, but after a while the animals had difficulty with the carrying. He looked back and there now, an imp clings to the wheel. He says, 'You devil! Don't play with the wheel! If the wheel breaks, I'll put you in its place.' Well, the imp was still young, he was but a young devil, he played, he took pleasure in making the wheel slide and kept it back again and again. Nine repeats over and over again, 'You devil! Don't play with the wheel because if the wheel breaks, I'll put you in its place.' The devil did not obey him, he continued keeping the wheel back. Nine tells him again, 'You devil! Don't grip the wheel because if the wheel breaks I'll put you in its place.' Scarcely had he spoken these words, crack! the wheel broke into pieces. There is no wheel now. What is he to do? He jumped down, caught the devil, crooked him and put him in the place of the wheel. The devil turned round and round just like the wheel. They started for home. The king, - the caravan, - the mayor watch them from the porch, who will be the first to arrive home. Everyone else still struggled with the big tree; the other servants cut off the branches one by one but he was already at home. The mayor shouted, 'Nine,' he says, 'you can't come in!' The mayor let shut even the gate that Nine should not come in for he saw that not horses but wild animals are harnessed to the cart. 'Nine,' he says, 'you can't come in; what the devil brought you here?' 'Not the devil brought me here but I brought him. Look here, I put him in the place of the wheel. Don't you let me in, mayor?' 'No,' he says. 'Well then,' he says, 'even then I shall go in.' Nine alone grasped the cart, the animals, threw them over the fence, everything, together with the devil. 'Well,' he says, 'here I am, mayor! Buy me the suit!' 'I'm going to buy it, Nine, he says, but first of all, drive your animals back because I am afraid of them, they may tear me to pieces. Let them loose, let them go.' Thereupon Nine chased the animals away and sent the devil to his

business too. Hereupon, his three years were up. He bought him a new suit, a sword, boots, he put on the clothes, became a tough fellow, a very-very tough fellow.

Well, his three years were up. The mayor called him in. 'Well, mayor,' he says, 'my three years are up, now let me slap you in the face with my little finger.' But the mayor was already afraid of him; he already saw how sturdy the lad is. He cried. The mayor had a beautiful daughter. The girl approached him, 'Look here, Nine,' she says, 'I let you slap me in my face.' Nine looks at the girl, 'I don't slap you in the face,' he says, 'I shall rather kiss you.' He kissed her, he married her.

They made a grand wedding. I am going, too, you know. I carry a big-big nettle sack. I enter the wedding. Well then, the girl already knew me, and the boy as well. 'What do you want?' 'Everything that exists,' I say. He poured into it a large basin of soup, meat-dumplings, stewed meat with paprika. I fasten it on my back, on two shoulders, you know. I am coming home for myself; here everything was overlaid with mud. Well, I grab a big bone in my hand and pick it all the way. A peasant meets me. 'Give me of it, Gypsy,' he says. 'I don't give you!' 'Give me of it!' 'I don't give you!' 'Give me of it!' 'I don't give you!' 'You don't give me?' He takes a knife out of his pocket. He took it, slashed open the sack. The lot of food, the dumplings, the soup, the cabbage, everything poured out. A number of dogs rushed there, everything was swallowed by them. It broke my heart. What else could I do? The bone was in my hand, I took it, oops! to his knee! The peasant went away with a broken leg.

43.

I Don't Know

Once upon a time, my blessed dear God, there was a very poor woman. That poor woman had three sons. Two of them were strenuous workers, the third one did not work. This one only played in the dust always at home. Two do work, they bring food home, he doesn't do anything, sits at home. They say him, 'Go, brother, do some work you, too.' 'I won't do anything,' he says, 'I spend my time very well at home.' 'Well,' they say, 'if you don't work, you won't eat.' But they spoke to him all in vain. He continued playing at home in the dust. Once the two brothers went away from home. His sister says him, 'Go, you I-don't know! Fetch me some water from the Ipoly river! Go!' she says. 'I won't go,' he says, 'why should I go? I am tired.' He was sitting by the big stove, by the kitchen-

rang. 'I won't go.' 'If you won't go,' she says, 'we will have no water.' 'Even then I won't go,' he says. And he goes on sitting at the warm place, by the stove. Again she speaks, 'Go, brother,' she says. 'I won't go,' he says, 'why should I go?' Well, he didn't go. Again she speaks, 'Go, after all,' she says, 'I will buy you a nice garment, red garment.' 'Well,' he says, 'then I'll go.' He took up two buckets and went to the Ipoly, plunged one into the water, washed it, plunged the other, washed it, and see, a little fish is in it. The little fish speaks to him, 'You see, don't eat me, for it will be of little use for you, there is not much meat in me. But if you will release me, I will fulfil all your wishes.' 'Well, damn you,' says I-don't know, 'if you will fulfil all my wishes, I will release you. Then let these buckets return home, these two empty buckets, let them return home full of water!' The two buckets, get a move on! go home full of water. They returned home, right upstairs, at their place, with the water.

But he again goes on playing at his warm place. He scratches the plaster of the stove off and covers himself with it, sleeps in it. His sister speaks to him again, 'You I-don't know! Go, cut some wood!' 'I won't cut,' he says, 'why should I cut! It is cold outdoors.' 'Go, cut wood!' 'I won't cut!' The sister had to go out, she cut wood. Wood came to an end. 'You I-don't know! Go, fetch wood, bring wood from the forest!' 'Why should I go into the large forest in such a deep snow, why!' 'Then I won't buy you the garment, the red garment!' 'Then I will go,' he said. He took his axe and sledge and, 'By the word of salmon,' he says, 'let the sledge start!' The sledge started with him at the spot. It carried him into the wood. He takes his axe, fells trees, but he slowly manages it. 'By the word of salmon,' he says, 'let the sledge be full of wood!' The sledge was filled with wood, it was chopped. He starts homewards, returns home, on the road the sledge knocks people down by its sweep. 'Carry it into the house, you madman,' she says. 'I won't carry it, carry it yourself, you ought to be happy that I've brought it for you.' 'Won't you carry it in? Then I won't buy you a red garment.' 'Well then,' he says, 'by the word of salmon, let the wood be carried in! Carry it under the kitchen-rang!'

Now, in his village, he is walking to and fro, he is now a big fellow, walks up and down. He catches sight of a nice golden girl, a princess. The girl is a beautiful blonde, with long hair, he himself is ugly, black, looks like a Negro. He sees the girl and falls for her. When he saw her, 'By the word of salmon, be with a child by me!' The girl became pregnant by him. Her belly was swollen. A child was born to her. The doctors inspected her and said, the girl is a virgin, nobody ... A baby was born to her. At once they made a photo of him; by whom was the baby begotten?

They walk to and fro, they see the young man, the Gypsy. Because the baby was like him, a Gypsy. 'Maybe, he is your son?' they said. 'You've made gravid the princess, the child is yours.' 'He is not mine, I didn't made gravid anybody, I didn't fuck anybody. How could I fuck anybody? I am an ugly man, I have no need of anybody.' 'The girl is yours,' they say, 'you have made gravid the princess.' 'Not at all,' he says, 'I didn't touch her anyway, I didn't speak to her.' The lad argued in vain, the photo is the same, the baby fell to him.

But the king felt ashamed. What to do, he put them into a barrel and nailed it up. He put them in a very-very big barrel, both the boy and the mother and the father. He threw them into the Danube. Now they are going in the Danube, in the water, in darkness, in the barrel; going they are in the Danube. The princess did not recognize him, there was nothing. The princess always turned the back to him: 'Get you from here!' But the Gypsy lad constantly came nearer to her. He seized her knee, her belly, her bosom, that he did, the Gypsy lad. The princess withdrew from him in the barrel. 'Go away, go away,' the girl said to him. 'You are my wife,' he said. 'You aren't my husband,' she said. 'You aren't my husband, I will see it who ...' /?/

Later on the princess became hungry. 'By the word of salmon,' he said, 'let ribbon vermicelli with milk get before me.' Presently the vermicelli were there. The lad begins to eat with a big spoon. The girl swallows the air. 'Do you want to eat of it, my wife?' he asks. 'I don't eat,' she says. 'I don't used to eat such a hogwash like you do.' 'Well,' the lad says, and eats up all the vermicelli alone. They go on wandering. The waves throw them hither-thither. The lad orders anew, 'Noodles with meat!' he says. And again: 'Do you want to eat, my dear wife?' 'Yes,' she says, 'if you will give me, I'll eat a bit.' 'Well then, take the spoon and eat!' The princess, too, starts eating at once, she eats, too. She at last began to endure the Gypsy boy. Ugly he was, looked like a Negro, very ugly was he. Well, they travel along the river. At last, the Gypsy lad decides, 'What shall I do with her? The finest food that is in the world be here before me, by the word of salmon!' My friend, kings all their lifetime do not taste like that which was there in the barrel. They ate and drank their fill. Already the woman liked him, she kissed him. And he, what did he do, Trump, - no, I-don't-know, he lay upon her, pushed his cock into her. So that she became pregnant at the spot there in the barrel.

But their journey did not last for long. A wave drifted them out to the seashore. It drifted them out to an island. 'Goddamn,' said I-don't-know, 'I won't muck about, my father-in-law, ... I know, I am not far from him, he is not far from me, I will build a great golden bridge,' he said. His wife did not hear it. He makes built a great, big palace. Such a palace as

kings have it. Birds sang on each tree. Parrots sang on every second tree. A bridge was there from his house to that of his father-in-law, a golden bridge. On one side there were diamond trees, on the other side golden trees. The bridge was of diamond, up to his father-in-law's house. But by this time there were a lot of servants, an army, everything. Food was there, everything. Yes, but he was ugly, very ugly, like a Negro, while his wife was beautiful, dressed in fine garment, like gold was his wife. And the little baby, he was just like him: a little Negro child. Well, he sends a message to his father-in-law, 'Come here, to me, my dear father, to see your grandson, what a grandson you have!' His father [-in-law] got the message and answered, 'What, such a vagabond, - may he make a bridge, golden or diamond bridge up to my house, even then I won't visit him!' The boy, the Gypsy boy was offended by this. 'If he will not come to me, I will go to him. Goddamn!' /lit.: by his mother's seven Fridays! / He prepared himself and went to him, together with his wife. He goes. Look, an army follows him and so he starts to him. He enters, 'Good day!' 'Good day! Shake hands!' he says. They shake hands. 'Who are you?' he asks. 'I am your son-in-law. Do you not recognize me? I was the person who knocked your daughter up.' 'I don't believe it,' he says. 'Where do you live?' 'Just here,' he says, 'in yonder diamond palace I live.' Then he says, 'Don't make a fool of me,' to the Gypsy lad. 'You say, be not angry with me for what I have done to you, that I have closed you up in a barrel, and this and that.' They celebrated a great wedding. The king also went to him over, you see. But when the king entered his house, the Negro boy changed to a very handsome white boy; to a very handsome boy. And his son as well. So that he hardly could recognize them.

And they celebrated a great wedding. There was such a wedding that it was a marvel. I also noticed it, you see. [Etc., as in the previous tales.]

44.

Trump

Once upon a time, there was the blessed dear God, there was a woman. That woman had a son. That boy didn't do anything at home, he did nothing, but nothing at all. He was just playing at home, in the dust, was running about on the road, he went here and there, his mother had no use of him. Then he grew up, he became a lad, he was about seventeen-eighteen. His mother told him, 'My son, you had better get married!' 'I would rather

do it,' he answers, 'if somebody married me. But nobody wants to. I'm a poor boy.' Indeed, he was very poor, he hadn't got enough to eat. Well, he was just lingering about. Once he changed his mind, 'Ah, mummy, you know whom I'm going to marry? The princess, she will be my wife.' 'Go to the hell,' she says, 'you rotter, you cad, so she will be your wife, the princess? You'll better marry a poor girl. How would the king's daughter marry you? You will be hung up! You will be impaled! Mind you! How would she marry you?' 'Mummy, I'll marry the princess.' The mother thought her son went out of his mind. She put some cakes into his bag and the boy set off. You see, he went to a great king.

The king received him at once. 'Welcome, my dear son!' he says. 'Good day, my father,' he says. 'Where are you coming from?' 'Well, father,' he says, 'don't be offended if I call you like that, I am the son of a great king. I am the son of the King of West, that's me,' he says. The king was glad to hear that because he has heard that he had a very handsome son. 'All right,' he said, 'but what happened to you while on travel that you arrived so tattered?' 'On the way I was attacked by bandits. They stripped me of my clothes, they took off my jewels and everything. I left for making offer of marriage to your daughter.' 'Well,' says the king, 'look, I cannot tell you anything, speak with her.' You see, the boy went to her. He was a handsome young man, he went to the girl. 'Well,' he said, 'will you marry me or will you not?' He asked only that: 'Will you or will you not?' 'I will,' she answered, 'I will.' Well, they got married. They celebrated a great wedding, a very-very great wedding, in seven times seven countries.

The wedding was finished, next evening they went to bed as a newly wedded couple. They are in bed, and as he lies besides his wife in the big bed, he says, 'How better the bed was I slept on at home, and it did not prick me so much as this one does.' The girl heard that. In the morning she gets up, goes to her father and tells him, 'Just look! The prince told me that his bed pricked him very much, he needs another one.' 'My daughter, you have to make another bed, an all-silk-bed, everything must be of silk.' Next day they go to bed, Trump and his wife /the boy was called Trump/. they go to bed, the boy is fidgeting all the time. 'Oh,' he says, 'I slept in a better bed at home. My bed was better.' The girl heard it. At home, she told it to her father. 'Father,' she said, 'this boy, my husband sleeps in pure gold at home, he sleeps in silk.' 'Well, daughter,' he says, 'no matter, everything must be made of pure gold for him.' The Gypsy boy goes to bed. 'Oh,' he says, 'at home I had much better bed than here. There are lice in it. I will go home.' The girl heard it. She told it to her father. 'Father,' she says, he

intends to leave me. Now listen, he says we are lousy.' 'My daughter,' he says, 'all the jewels I have, all the diamonds I have, everything must be made of diamond for him. Let him sleep in diamond since he is such a great king.' Well, the boy goes to bed. 'Well,' he says, 'it can be considered a rather good bed now, but still my bed is much better at home.' His wife heard it and told it to her father at home. 'My daughter, I can't do anything more,' he says, 'live as you can.'

Well, they kept on living so for a time, and for another time. The boy begins to meditate, 'My God,' he says, 'how is my mother at home? How poorly she can live! Perhaps she has nothing to eat,' he says to himself. /His name was Trump./ 'Ah,' he says, 'how they can live at home?' He says to his wife, 'My wife, listen to me! I'll go home alone. I'll visit my royal father and royal mother, how they live at home, whether they have any trouble.' She said, 'Your father is a king, don't go anywhere, no harm can befall him.' 'Look, it is me who gives orders, and I'll go home. When I call you from home, come after me by coach.' What could she do, she had to be quiet, she was the woman. You see, he dressed up, got on the coach, let's go home! He went home. He sold the coach and also the horses. So the poor boy, poor Trump went home with nothing but a suit on him. At home his mother began at once, 'Oh, my dear son, at last we can see you again! Ah, my son!' She covered him with kisses. 'Where were you till now?' 'Oh, mother! I've married the daughter of a great king, I've married the daughter of the King of West,' he said. 'Are you kidding, you silly boy?' she asks. 'You are fool, you are not in your right senses.' 'Mother! Am I out of my senses? You will see.'

Well, he is at home. And his wife is waiting for him, where might her sweet husband be. The princess loved him very much. Where can he be? She could not wait any longer. She dressed as a priest. She dressed as a priest and started off. She went, she wandered behind the beyond. She reached the same village where her husband, Trump was. She entered, and it was just Trump's house where she asked for lodging. It was a small, wretched house with a thatched roof. She went in. 'Good evening,' she says. 'Welcome, priest. Do you want to sleep here?' 'Yes, I would like to sleep in your house,' she says, 'but I don't know whether you have enough place for me.' 'If it's you, we have, for you are a priest,' he says, 'you are the son of God, you will have room among the other boys.' He had twelve children. So the priest lies down. She sat down just beside Trump. So, while she was lying there, couldn't Trump recognize his wife? Of course he could! The princess recognized her husband, Trump, too. They recognized each other that once they were kings. Trump climbed upon her at once. At 'em, come on! The children were awake, all the twelve were awake. Trump did everything, in and out. One of them uttered a loud

exclamation, 'Daddy! The priest is fucking Trump!' 'Be quiet,' he says, 'lie down. Silence!' Then the other said, 'Daddy! It's going all up with Trump for the priest fucks him!' 'Don't shout,' he says, 'but sleep! Why are you shouting? Can't you sleep?' You see, it went on like that. Then the woman got up and caught sight of them. 'Hey you! The priest fucks Trump indeed, look at 'em, what they are doing!' They got up, took the lamp and lighted it. 'Oh, she is a pretty girl! The princess is she!' They made a great wedding again, a Gypsy wedding. Only of wine there was forty liters, and two liters of brandy. Not so much. I was there, too. There was little profit for me.

45.

Three priests

Once there was a beautiful young woman. She got acquainted and married with her husband not long ago. The man had a laundry. They had no well, so she had to go for water near the house of the priest. She goes there for water. One of the priests is leaning out of the window; he shouts at her, 'When shall I go?' She got frightened and ran home. Well, she had to go there again. She goes there again to fetch water, the priest shouts at her, 'When shall I go?' She got frightened and ran home. However, she had to go there for water to wash the clothes. When she's going there, the priest shouts out of the window again, 'When shall I go?' She again got frightened and ran home. She denounced them to her husband, 'My dear husband,' she said, 'a priest always leans out of the window when I go for water and shouts at me, "When shall I go?", he asks me, when he can visit me.' 'Oh, how silly you are,' he said. 'Tell him to come at this and this time. We shall tap him for the money and then we can do something with it.'

The woman goes, that time she goes safely, without fear. She goes for water, she draws water, the priest shouts at her, 'When shall I go?' 'Well,' she says, 'at a quarter to seven.' Having carried the water home, the woman goes for water again. When she goes for water, the other priest, the second one shouts out of the window, 'When shall I go?' 'Come,' she says, 'at seven.' She goes for water again, a priest, the oldest one, shouts again, 'When shall I go?' 'At a quarter past seven.' Well, that's well done! The man says, 'My wife, I've made a big hole in the pantry. The young priest will visit you. He will want to start with you at once, he would fuck you at once. But you, don't let him to fuck you. [Tell him that] you will let him fuck you after having received money from him, hundred forint; ask hundred forint. /Hundred forint was a great sum of

So it happened. The man went out, but she, the nice woman, was waiting for them. The priest comes. He wanted to fall upon her to fuck her, you know. His prick was erected very well. He was near to push it in. Then the husband shouted through the window, 'Open the door, my dear wife, I missed the train, so I had to return home.' 'Woe is me,' said the priest, 'has your husband come home? Where to go now? He'll slay me!' 'Go to the pantry,' she said. Then he opened the door, he fell into the deep hole. He fell into the hole. The priest did not dare to say a word in the hole. 'Well,' the husband asked, 'have you got the money from him?' 'Yes, I have,' she said. 'How many?' 'A hundred. Here you are!' 'Well,' he says, 'I'll leave now, the other one will come.'

He left, soon the other priest comes. He also falls upon her to fuck her at once. 'First give me the money,' she says, 'after it you may fuck me.' The priest gives her the money, a hundred forint. Then the husband is rapping at the window. 'Open it, wife,' he says, 'I missed the train.' 'Oh,' says he, 'where to hide?' 'Go in the pantry,' she says. He enters the pantry and falls upon the other priest. 'Well,' the priest asks, 'how did you get here?' 'And you, how did you get here?' asks the other. Thus, there are two of them.

Well, here comes the other priest, the oldest one. And he was an old rogue. He prepared his prick in the morning to push it in in the evening. He enters. She sees his big prick and gets frightened. He seized the woman without telling a word, thrust her down to the bed, his prick was already half in her, he pushed it into her to the half. But then the husband is rapping at the window. 'Open it,' he says, 'I missed the train.' 'Woe is me,' the priest says, 'where to hide?' 'Go in the pantry,' she says. He entered and fell into the hole as well. 'How did you get here?' 'On the same way as you did,' he answered. 'I wanted to fuck, but I failed.'

'Well now,' says the husband, 'what to do with them, my wife? But, why,' he continues, 'no trouble.' He boiled a big kettle of water. The water was boiled, he poured it onto the three priests. They died. Then he pulled them out, pulled the priests out and thrust pitchforks into them, a pitchfork in each one's chest.

It was already night, twelve o'clock. Then a soldier approaches. He greets them from outside, 'Would you accommodate me?' he asks. 'My village is still afar, let me have a rest here.' 'Of course we do. But look, I've just come from the town and this priest wanted to fall upon my wife. And I took the pitchfork and thrust it into him.' 'You were all right,' said the soldier. 'How could you allow him to fuck your wife!' 'Take him,' he says, 'I'll give you a hundred forint, take him away, cast him into the

Danube.' /Hundred forint was quite a sum at that time./ The soldier seized the opportunity, took the corpse and carried it away. He did not went to bed before doing it. He carries him to the Danube. He returns, well, by that time the other priest was set ready at the threshold. 'Hey, damn you, suck out my prick, did you get home before me?' Then he takes the priest again and runs to the Danube with him. But the bishop, the oldest bishop was already looking for the three priests. And he sees that the soldier carries the priest on his shoulder. 'Ah,' he says, 'does the devil take the priest?' 'No,' he says, 'it's the soldier who takes the priests and not the devil.'

As the soldier goes back again, he looks back. 'Hey, shall I put my prick into your mouth,' he says, 'did you arrive at home before me again? Have I been running the whole way in vain? Well, just wait for a moment!' He takes the other priest on his shoulder and runs with him. He runs, and well, the bishop is out there on a team of donkey. 'Oh, suck out my prick together with your mother, you got home before me because you went on a team of donkey while I went on foot.' Then he took the team of donkey, also the bishop, and threw them into the Danube. He got back, by that time there was nobody there. 'Well, suck out my prick, I've played the dirty on you, that's true,' he says, 'though you go on a team of donkey and I go on foot.' He received a hundred forint. 'Well, now I leave. Thank you very much for the money you gave me.' 'I also thank you for your help,' he says, 'that you took the dead to the Danube.'

If they did not die, they are still alive.

46.

Tom Thumb

Once upon a time, my blessed dear God, there was a poor man. That poor man, you see, had a son. But he did not do any work. 'Son, go and fetch wood!' 'I don't go,' he answers him. 'But do go and fetch wood!' Then they went out to fetch wood, the three of them; for he had three sons. As all three of them gathered the wood, they brought together so much that they could not stand up. 'Well, get up!' 'I can't! And you?' 'Neither I can get up.' 'Well then, let's run away!' All three of them ran away. My blessed dear God, they went far away. Well then, they reached a great forest. They reached a great forest, there was no path whatever. 'Well, let us start in three different directions. You go downward, I go in the middle and you go this way. And if one of us finds a path, we shall call out to each other.' Well, so it happened. My dear God, one of them, the

middle one caught sight of a what-d ye-call-it, a hare's footmark. 'Come here,' he said. All of them went there. That footmark led them to a large, what was it, a well. There was a path in it, they went down. Where did they get, to a palace. Nobody was there in the palace. They entered. They ate, drank. Twelve thieves were there; they lived there. They were out to steal. 'Here is somebody,' said one of them. 'I don't go in.' 'Neither do I,' the thieves said when they came home. 'I don't go in, I don't go in. Somebody is here.' Thus, they did not go in. The three of them [stayed there]. 'Well, I have something to say,' speaks one of them. 'Let's go in the forest and carve a woman of wood. And let us pray to God that soul should descend to it. And she will do our laundry and will do everything.' They went out into the forest. They found there a willow. They carved it, they did everything, at last a female figure turned out of it. Then all three of them got down on their knees and prayed to God to inspire a soul into the figure. The woman came to life, all three of them kissed her. 'Well, we are brothers and we shall by no means touch you.' They took her home, she did the cooking, their laundry and everything.

Well, they went into the forest to hunt, all three together. She stayed home. She found a closet. There was a skull. While she was sweeping, it has always gone there. 'Plague on you,' she said, you always come here where I am sweeping. Away with you!' And she took the skull and threw it into the fire. It gave such a yell that the woman became pregnant. As time wore on, a son was born to her. Time passed, and suddenly the twelve-headed dragon appeared. 'Come out,' he says, 'you oldest man!' He goes out and the dragon strikes off his neck. He calls the middle one. He strikes off his neck. So he calls the youngest one. The day breaks and they see them there, they are dead. Their sister placed them into a separate room. Well, the bodies are there.

The thirty-two-headed dragon comes the fourth night. 'Come out master,' he says. 'Wait a moment, I'm coming in a minute,' he says. He took along with him his sword weighing twelve centners and his pistol, so he went out. Then he, at once, cut off --, 'Well,' he says, 'where are you? Come out at once!' 'But I am here!' 'Where are you?' Here in front of you! 'Well, how will you face me? How do you want to wrestle with me?' 'I don't mind.' Then in an instant he cut off its thirty-two heads, he stroke them off. Well, next night the forty-two-headed dragon arrived. He also called him to come out. Just the same happened to him as the night before to the thirty-two-headed dragon. Then he lighted the candle. 'Well, dear mother, I am going out into the country, into the world, to start wandering.' And off he went.

Well, he walks, he wanders. And what does he see, a mill, there it was always on the move. There was a notice written on it that he who reads it

may enter but if somebody would not read it, the mill would place his bones separately and his flesh separately. He did not read it, playing a hero. He went to break it open. Then the mill placed his bones separately and his flesh separately. The father, - I mean the master of that mill weighed forty centners. Thus, when his three sons gave him to eat, they lifted him with a pole, turned him over and so they gave him to eat. The three sons arrived home. Their father cursed them, he enchanted them to become ravens. They return home towards evening. When they arrived home, they see, 'Ah, this is Tom Thumb! Let us revive him!' They revived him. Then he went there, read the number of the mill and after it entered. The master set eyes on him. 'Tom Thumb, is it you?' 'Yes, I am.' Then he blew at him, he became a flea. He stuffed him into the hem of his drawers. Towards evening the three sons returned home. He calls in the eldest one. Then he takes out the flea and changes it again to a man. 'My son, is this Tom Thumb?' 'Tom Thumb? But what do you think! He is three times stronger than you and even more stronger. He could break up the whole world.' 'Damn you! Send me in the middle one. You don't know anything. Listen! Is this Tom Thumb?' 'I would not say so. He is stronger than you are. He could break the whole world into pieces. I say you, ...' He enters. 'My son! I do believe you. Who is this man?' 'This one? He is not Tom Thumb. He is two times, three times so much as you are. He defeats the whole world.' 'God damn you, get out of here! Send in the other, the youngest one!' They told the youngest one to go in. 'Well, son! Is this here Tom Thumb?' 'Ahem! What do you think? Tom Thumb is four or five times more than you are and even stronger. He could destroy the whole world.' 'Well, go out,' he says, ... /?/ Tom Thumb tells the ravens when they return home in the evening, 'How I could do away with your father?' 'Well,' they say, 'the sword is there in the room, it leaps from one corner to the other. And there is a stick and when it quivers, it means that if you flap a man with it, he will rise from the dead.' Tom Thumb enters and takes them. Then: 'My dear sword,' he says, 'cut this man to pieces, as tiny as poppy-seeds!' And he put him into a kettle where he was boiled.

Then he starts for home. He arrives home. 'Well, mother!' Then, - or rather, he jumped back into the cradle, 'Oh, ah, oh, ah!' 'Ah, my dear son! How long I have slept!' /It was his mother who said this./ She leaps up, feeds him at her breast. He sucked. But by that time Tom Thumb accomplished heroic exploits. He stands up, takes the sword of forty-four centners weight and plays with it and with the pistol. 'Ah, my little son,' she says, 'you will gash yourself! Don't do it!' Well, he entered the room and flapped the three brothers, they revived. 'Dear mother, now you will manage with them, I'll go out into the world,' he said.

He goes, he wanders, arrives in a great forest. He arrived in a vaste great forest. It was dark. He climbed a tall tree. There he sees that twenty-four miles off forty thieves are roasting something, they baked a cake and roasted meat, an ox. Just then their leader gives them a snack of it. Then Tom Thumb took his pistol, shot it out of his mouth. He did not hurt any of them. They sprang to their feet, 'God damn it,' they said, 'who can that be? Why does he not come here?' Then the thief, the leader said, 'He will come here, come forward, he who shot the meat out of our mouths.' Then he put live coal in his pipe. That he shot out, too. He again jumped up, 'Dash it, why does he not come here? He will come and present himself.' Thereupon the leader gives them a glass of wine. He shot it out as well. The glass didn't break to pieces. Then he came forward. 'Good evening to you,' he said. 'The same to you,' they say. Then the leader got up, sat down. 'From now on, he will be the leader who will share out this meat and cake equally among us.' Tom Thumb took the ox, dashed it to the earth. It fell to forty-five pieces, and similarly the cake. The youngest one sprang up, 'Dash it God, how is this? Formerly it fell to forty-four pieces and now it falls to forty-five.' Then the leader, the former leader sprang to him and slapped him in the face. 'Well, has he not to eat, only you?' Then they ate properly, you see. 'My dear hosts,' he says, 'why are you standing here on guard?' 'Here is,' they say, 'a castle. A fourteen years old girl is there in it. She is so beautiful that there are two golden stars on both her shoulders, the Sun is on her forehead, the Moon on her breast. And we can't even go near to her. When we approach her twenty-four miles, the cock crows and we can't go any further.' 'Well, follow me!' They went, all the forty-five of them. When they arrived in a distance of twenty-four miles, and the cock wanted to crow, he shot it down. They went there. Then he made a hole [in the wall] so that there was room for one man. Who will go in? Who will go in? 'I won't go, I won't go.' 'Well, listen to me. All forty of you shall swear that you will not do anything to me.' They swore, they kneeled down, they swore that they will not do anything to him. He enters, lights a candle. Everybody slept, they slept so as though their necks were cut off. The little girl was in the cradle. He took her, cut the pillow to pieces, drew forth his cock and fucked her. She got pregnant. Then he went out, ... /?/ and wrote with his finger that it was Tom Thumb who knocked up the little girl. He goes out to the wall. 'Well, come in,' he says, 'a lot of gold is here.' They went in, he cut their necks one by one, of each of them, all forty-four of them. Then he placed them in front of the king's door and in front of the queen's door, ... that this and this Tom Thumb has killed the forty robbers. Well,

Tom Thumb left for home.

But the king let build an inn. 'He who is skilled in story-telling may eat and drink for nothing.' Then he speaks to his mother, 'Come mother, let us go!' And to his brothers, 'Come, follow me!' And so they went off. 'Well,' he said, 'go into the inn and sit down.' He played outside, -- or rather he sat down, -- the baby was born. And he played there in the dust. He also played with the baby, that is to say, with his own son. 'Well, he who can tell a nice story, will get food here.' They say that Tom Thumb is a skilled story-teller. 'There's no need of anything more!' Then he received a glass more, they set one table with food more. The girl went up to her father, 'I have it, he is my father who made me /!/' Well, all three were taken to the king, he had three sons, - three daughters, the three men married them. The king had a son, he married the mother. Thus they made together a great wedding. Dogs, cats, Gypsies made music there.

And if they did not die, they are still alive.

A n e c d o t e s .

47.

Our eldest brother joined the army. What shall we do now? We were eleven, who would go to him? 'Who would go?' we said. 'He who knows the world the best, nobody but him can go.' Well then, Jaspy shall go. For among the many brothers it was Pete who joined the army. /Do you understand? -- Yes, I do./ So, only Jaspy can go because he is the most experienced man, he has already been as far as in Tarján [= the next town]. When Jaspy set off 'cause his brother had joined the army, he went up to the booking-office to buy a ticket. And says he there, 'Good morning! Give me a ticket!' 'Where?' 'To Pete.' The officer waited, he was surprised, where was it? There is no town like that, there is no village like that, what can it be? So he ran at the station-master three or four times. The station-master examines the great book to make out where that Pete is, is it a village or a town, but he could not find it out at all. Then the station-master, 'What's that? What's that Pete? Where is Pete?' 'Pete is soldier now. A soldier, you know.' Then the station-master gave him a ticket to Losonc at a guess, of his own accord. When the train drew in and he got on it, he said /of course in Hungarian/, 'Mister conductor, I ask you not to stop sooner than at Pete!'

As for the other and his wife, there was nothing between them. It was because she wanted him to go to confession. He was already sixty-five and has never made a confession. And she stuck to her opinion that he fraternizes with the devil. 'I won't live with you,' she said, 'until you go to confess. I'll live with you only after your confession, otherwise I won't for you are impure.' The Gypsy meditated, 'What to do?' 'You must go, otherwise I won't live with you.' He went to another Gypsy. 'Géza,' he said, 'come with me to the church.' 'All right,' said Géza. When they arrived to the portal of the church, Géza told him, 'Fill up your pipe, man!' He filled it. 'Light it!' He lit it and entered the church smoking. The priest sees him, uncle Rudy. 'I will come in a minute!' He said, 'I have no time to chat with you. That's not why I've come for!' The priest went up to him. 'Uncle Rudy, come here, I will confess you here.' When the priest went forward, the Gypsy got afraid because he had to go behind the altar. 'Where are you, bailiff?' he asked. Then again, 'Where are you, Your Lordship?' The priest notices him, motioned him to go there. The Gypsy went there. He was told to kneel down. 'No,' he says. 'I haven't stolen anything. But my neighbour, the Jew, took away some of your fire-wood. He cut it with an axe. But not me. You speak in vain, you tell it to me for nothing that it was me who took away your wood. You charge me with it in vain,' he says. The Gypsy returned home. 'I denounced you,' he says, 'I had to do it because I was innocent, excuse me. For it was you who stole the wood, I have seen you carrying it with your axe and the priest also saw you. Therefor, don't tell me that! Being innocent, I did not assume the responsibility. You were the scoundrel,' he said, 'you took it away.'

Another time we were returning home; we have been in the villages to gather skins. We met a Gypsy driving a piglet. We reached and greeted him. 'Good morning, uncle Rudy! How much does this piglet come to?' Or rather, 'How much is this pig come to?' 'It's not a pig,' he says, 'only a piglet.' But the Gypsy says, 'It's not a piglet but it has piglets inside.' Although it was a three months old piglet. The Gypsy took the piglet home. 'Damn it, Desider,' he said, 'it cannot be true that there are piglets in it,

however it's true that it has a paunch,' - 'Of course there are,' he says, 'there are piglets in it, I know, not a few but nine.' In fact, it was a barrow! The Gypsy took it home. The Gypsies go to see it. 'Uncle Rudy, how do you sell this piglet?' 'What, a piglet? How could it be a piglet,' he says, 'if it has piglets in it? Can't you see what a paunch it has? It appears that you are [ignorant of things?]. It is Desider only who has a pig, only he is good at it, and he said that it has piglets in it, not a few but nine.' Well, a great wrangling began because they did not believe him that it has piglets inside. Then the Gypsy began to sing:

'The Gypsies from Megyer, at me they have anger,
'cause the pig is mounting a ladder.'

50.

There were two Gypsies. They were fellow sponsors and good friends. They never swindled each other. But the trouble was that both of them were gourmands. Once they slaughtered a swine, got it together and finished up everything. The one said to the other, 'Hey, chum! But why don't we eat anything?' For they didn't dare to give anything to eat to each other for they both ate a lot. 'No, chum,' he answered, 'you know, in such a case we used not to.' 'Hm,' he said, 'all right, chum.' He left for home. It was about twenty kilometers. At that time they liked each other very much, they visited each other. He said, 'After two weeks I'll slaughter it, too, for I can't give him anything to eat.' His swine ceased eating. 'Come, chum, I'll slaughter it for it doesn't eat.' Of course, they didn't dare to [give] each other to eat for each of them could eat four or five kilogram of meat. So they didn't dare to. He took off and went for his sponsor because his swine didn't eat. 'Hey, chum,' he said, 'come to me, I would slaughter that swine for there is nothing to eat.' The Gypsy slaughtered the swine. They cut it up and got ready everything. The sponsor thought it was already cooked. The meal was cooked, it was ready. The Gypsy secretly blew up the bladder. When his chum sat down to eat, his wife brought him the meal and she sat upon the bladder. When he put the meal into his mouth, she put the bladder under her bottom and always blew it off: psss! 'Dash it, chum,' he says, 'your wife is quite impudent to fart when I'm eating!'

51.

The Gypsy had a son-in-law. And a daughter. His son-in-law has being in debt to him for a long time. The old man was already ill. His daughter was going to visit him. 'My husband,' she said, 'my father is very ill.' Her husband asked, 'Is your father very ill?' 'Yes,' said the daughter of the Gypsy. 'I don't put great confidence in him, he won't be better.' The daughter said this to her husband because he owed him a little money. 'So listen, we'll visit him, I'll have a look at him how he is. For everybody says, he is unwell.' 'We will visit him on Sunday,' he says. 'I'll also have a talk with him.' The Gypsy, his son-in-law, visited him and said, 'I've come to visit you, father. I was told that you are very ill.' 'That's right, son. I'm very ill.' He added, 'And what about the money? You know, son, you owe me.' 'Of course I know,' he says. 'So listen now, father! You know when I pay back the money? When you will be already dead. I'll have the bells rung for you, for the money I owe you. I'll pay it back then.' And the Gypsy, his father-in-law, told him, 'I will watch it!'

52.

An old woman died. She had a number of relatives. She had six sisters. A message was sent to her sisters, 'Your sister died.' Having received the telegram, her sisters began to cry that she had died. They dressed up and went there where their mother /! / was laid out. They had a look at their mother, how she was dressed, whether she was dressed well or not. They looked at their mother, - that's to say their sister and said, 'Uncle! But what did you do with her? You didn't cut even her fingers alike!'

53.

I went to Balassagyarmat. I was very poor, the Jew was in my debt. I delivered him a lot of clothes but the Jew couldn't pay me. That was the sixth time I went to him to Balassagyarmat from Endrefalva. 'What do you want to do with my money? Pay off my money for I have nothing to live on! I haven't got anything to eat!' But the Jew always said when I went to him, 'Later on, on Wednesday, on Thursday, on Friday.' I went there every day. The Jew did not give me my money. I came home from the Jew worrying and sorrowing, without money. On the train a peasant woman was sitting next to me. I asked her, I said, 'Where are you from?' 'From

Hugyag,' she said. 'From Hugyag?' I said. 'Then it's all right.' I asked her, 'Do you live far off from the Gypsies?' 'No,' said the woman. 'Then tell Anthony that his uncle Kunya died.' But here, in Endrefalva, the Gypsies had not a bit of food to eat, and the Gypsy of whom I said he had died had a lot of relatives. I'm coming home pretending to know nothing. Great poverty was at home, the Jew, the rascal did not give me my money. People came night and day for the burial. And the fact was that this Gypsy was alive. The Gypsies got very angry with me because there was nothing to eat and I imposed a lot of strangers upon us to Endrefalva. They were about to beat me. I said, 'You did well to come here for I have never seen you in clothes like that.' For they were all dressed in black. 'I've supposed, you had no clothes at all.'

54.

How do Gypsies live today

'My wife, I'm very anxious. Here are the little ones, and I can't get work. And you are unable to bring so much from the village that eight children would have enough to eat.' My wife kept on twisting clothes line and rope, she had not a moment's rest. And the man had to take care of the children at home. He rocked them in a trough. He also became gloomy. He went to the peasants to work, they gave him some potatoes. He had to do work all the day for that. He left from home at six and they made him, the Gypsy, work till nine in the evening. The peasants - the rich peasants - gave him half a basket of potatoes. But he was forced to do it for he was poor. He couldn't give anything to eat to the little ones. Poor him, he went, he worked, carried home the potatoes. Very often there was no need to peel potatoes for they simply put them into the fire like for the pigs; the eight children ate them so. This child and that child cried that they were hungry and hungry. You know, there was such a life then. One had to work for those peasants, rich peasants, who gave [work]. If one raised his voice or put in claims, a few beans were thrown to him beside the potatoes. And then, when the Gypsy was satisfied, then he was satisfied, was he not, he might go home worrying and sorrowfully. For at home, eight children needed a lot of food. And when the poor ones ate, they ate the the potatoes unpeeled, there was no need to peel them; they ate them unpeeled. The children ate them in the form they received them from the peasants. Whatever they have got. The rags were hanging loosely on the poor Gypsy, he had no clothes on. And then it was said that he was poor because he didn't want to work. But he wasn't poor for that. He would have worked if he had been well paid. He did not receive child bounty for his children, in vain he had eight children, or they could be

even ten. But for that he wasn't given anything. The children were naked. That's why there was such a poverty among the Gypsies, because they served and worked without having been paid, and they were not respected.

But now, since the Gypsies became more astute, they make a use of the family allowance after their children and owing to this, they make their way up, the poor ones. They can work better than the peasants since they got a taste of comfort. There is no difference between us and the gaje, no difference. At present, we also know what a furniture of nineteen thousand forints means, we know what a house with a cellar is, and what kind of houses we have nowadays! We are able to emulate them, because we are men as well, that's why we can work. But formerly we could not work for there was nobody for whom we could work, we were expected to work for nothing. We were not esteemed, we could not turn to anybody. If, for example, in our village, here in Endrefalva, [the bailiff] made us pull straw and in vain had I five or six children, if I pulled the shorter one, I was not accepted to work. But now there are possibilities of employment. And we Gypsies give proof of our being able to work and to clothe and school our children. This is possible in this political system. And we can put them through school. And now there are even teachers among us, you can find every kind of professions among us, that is, among Gypsies. Work managers also are among us, and everything, because we are schooled. Now there is a possibility for Gypsies to get cultured. But in that foolish world, they were unable to have their share in anything.

55.

Go on, old cock!

Once upon a time, there was a peasant. He had three daughters. He was so poor that they hadn't anything to eat. So one day he went to serve. Just in the first year he earned five or six gold coins by service. He bought land for it. He sowed it with seed, it yielded crops every year, but very poorly. Well, one day the dear God passed there and asked him, 'What are you doing here, my dear friend?' He answers, 'I'm sowing big pricks.' The dear God got angry by this word, he went home. 'Just wait, peasant, I'll give you for that!' Next day the peasant goes out and sees that big pricks stand erect, they were of forty or fifty centimetres. He got afraid. What to do? He could not do anything else but take the scythe and cut them down. He put them on his cart. He carried them to the town, he thought his money having been spent on it will be

recovered in a way or another. In the town he shouted, 'Suitable for women, for young women!' The women all run out to see, what can it be that is suitable for women, and they see that one is brawnier than the other, they are fine. They were choosing suitable ones for themselves. Well, a gammer goes there, she also has a look at them and chooses just the biggest one for herself. 'Well,' she says, 'that will do for me.' She pays for it at once, she paid three gold-pieces for it. She went home and immediately said, 'I'll try how it works.' She went into the lavatory. She sits down, it slips in right away. It was about to run up to her heart. She liked it. 'It's worth more than anything else.' She caressed it gently, put it into a fine towel right away and put it into a box. She put the box into a commode. Next day she got a message that she had to go to a wedding because her uncle had got married. All right, she got on a coach, she left at once. Well, she danced, and this and that, the young men pawed her, she got excited. What to do, there was nobody with whom she could do it. She speaks to her servant, 'Go home, I've left my packet at home, it's in the commode, bring it here, but do not touch it, do not open it, because it is of great value, it's a wedding-present.'

Well, he puts the horses to carriage, gets on, he arrives back. The horses don't want to go. He takes the lash and raps them. He says, 'Go on, old cock!' to the horse. Then all at once, the big prick, the one of forty centimetres, jumps out of the box. Right away into his arse. He jumped to and fro, everything all in vain. That big thingamy was being pressed in more and more. He didn't know what to do. A swineherd passed there. He banged his lash and shouted, 'Get out, old cock!' Thereupon it jumped out of him. Well, he took the lash and thrashed it so that it passed away. Then he put it back into the box. When he put it back, 'Have you brought it, John?' 'Yes, I have,' said John. 'Have you brought it?' She kissed it, she caressed it. She goes to the lavatory. 'Go on, old cock!' She watches it, it is lying without telling a word. 'Come here, John! What have you done? This "Go on, old cock" is dead, it doesn't work.' [The story-teller laughs.] 'I don't know what has happened to it.' Bring it to the neighbours, there is a gammer there, she will smear it, it will be better.' He brought it. 'Dear aunty,' he says, 'I've brought you something, it needs some smearing to be better.' 'Thank you, my son,' she says, 'all right.' She thought it was food. She cut it into pieces, roasted it, she made a fine dinner, she ate it. Well, perhaps she is gnawing at its pieces even now.

Little bird

There was, my blessed dear God, once there was a poor man and a poor woman. The woman's husband died, and so did the man's wife. One daughter was left to the woman and one to the man. Well, he used to go to the fields to hoe. But the mother and her daughter could not bear his daughter. They were forever quarreling. 'Well,' she said, 'I will give her what for!' She took her down to the cellar and cut her to pieces. She took her to the cellar and put her into a big vat. She sent a lunch to her husband from the flesh, from the girl cut to pieces, from her /!/ daughter's flesh. Then she said to her daughter, 'My daughter, don't eat of it if your stepfather gives you, for it is made of the girl, but tell him that I cooked him meat that was bought.'

The girl goes to the fields and carries the lunch. But what has become of the girl? A bird. And it began to chirp, 'Father, father,' when he was already eating, 'Father, I'll come! I was hidden under the wood-chopping block.' [The son of the story-teller interrupts:] 'It's not right! It didn't happen so. And then she brought him the lunch and the father ate it, and they put the bones that had remained under the block. And there started up, a bird sprang from ... But where have you taken it from, that bird! It could not become a bird at once!' [She continues:] And then the bones, - She said, 'Tell your father to bury immediately the bones under the block.' This was told by the woman to her daughter. And the father did so as he was told by her. And from the bones a bird arose and it began to chirp, 'My father, my father has eaten me and has put my bones under the block.' And the bird followed him everywhere, anywhere he went to hoe. He threatened it, cast his hoe at it, but the poor little bird was chirping everywhere.

Well, the man returned home. He tells her, 'Hey Mum, why hasn't come your daughter to me as well?'/!/ The man was surprised by that. 'Well,' she said, 'I've sent her to do shopping, therefor she didn't go.' But the man continued to press her for his daughter, where she was. Later on they went to bed, and the bird flew onto the window and shouted there that she was eaten by her father and her bones were buried under the block. The bird has hung on to them all the time. 'Where did you put her,' he said, 'I hear the voice of my daughter,' he said, that was the voice of the bird. 'Oh,' she said, 'she went to her friends to play, surely she slept there at her friend's.' But that time he had a feeling, for the bird followed him all the time. 'Go out, wife!' he said to her. She went out, and the bird threw upon her head such a big marble stone that she was

crushed to death at once. Well now, the other girl has no mother more. What to do? 'Well,' he said, 'you whore, your mother made away with my daughter, but now you must leave my house, too.' The bird said, 'Father, you'll find a rod under the rafter. Wipe at me three times with it and you will have a daughter just you've had before.' She told him everything what his wife had done. Then the other girl was cast off and she, the poor girl, kept on living with her father.

If they did not die, they are still alive.

57.

Dead bridegroom II.

How was it, my blessed dear God? Once there were a girl and a boy. One day the boy had to join the army. So then, there was a big spinnery. Twelve girls used to go to spin there. Then her lover returned from his military service. 'Well,' he said, 'my sweetheart, I also will go with you where you work.' 'All right,' she said, 'come.' Well, they went there then. Then what did he have? a hoof! He had a hoof like horses have. So then, the other cunning girls watched when throwing the spool down, that he had a hoof. They told her, 'Hi you, Sophy! Your sweetheart has a hoof.' 'No, it's out of the question, it can't be true, no!' 'Now wait!' they say. 'You will come in the evening, then throw your spool down, look under the table and you'll see that he has a hoof.' Well then, she threw her spool down and saw that he had a hoof indeed. Then she got afraid, she could not imagine what it could be that he had a hoof, she had never seen it before. Well, the girls had already left. 'Well,' he said, 'let's go home, too, my sweetheart.' Off they went. While going home he said, 'Take your dresses, too, because we'll never fall in with, your mother is opposed to me.' She went in, gathered her dresses, made her pack and got on the horse. And the horse, what was it, what-d ye-call-it, the death or what the hell.

Well, she mounted the horse. The pack is in her hand. He said to her,

Oh, how bright the moonlight is,
death is slowly wandering.
Aren't you afraid, my dear?

She said, 'I'm not if I am with you.' Well, they kept on going. He said to her again, 'Aren't you afraid?' 'No.' When they reached the cemetery, his grave opened. And he said then, 'Well, my sweetheart, go ahead now!' the boy told to the girl. She answers, 'Oh, my dear sweetheart, I don't know the way about here. If you have invited a guest, you must go first.' Having said this, the coffin, - the cemetery ope'- -, closed.

Well, after that, they went home. Now, so and so, at last the boy did not dare to go /?/. The girl was terribly frightened. While she was running home, there was a death-watch in a house, they were sitting up there. Well, the girl [entered] the house. In her great alarm, where should she hide, in the chimney-corner. But the death, the dead began to speak from outside. 'Death is related to death,' he told the dead, the other one lying inside. Formerly the dead were laid out in the house, they were not taken out. He said, 'Death is related to death, life is related to life. Dead brother, give out that living one from the chimney-corner!' Then the corpse lying in the house put down one leg. The other said again, 'Death is related to death, give out that living one from the chimney-corner!' Then the corpse sat up. Then he repeated it. Then the corpse stepped down. The girl remained alone there for everybody had gone home. When she heard this, she at once collapsed and died there.

If she did not die, she is still alive. [She laughs.]

[Last part, corrected:] Well, when he said, 'Give out that living one from the chimney-corner,' the corpse answered, 'I'll give her to you if we'll wrestle for her.' Then the first one said, 'Well, let us wrestle! Who will win, that will win.' Then they went out to the courtyard. When they started to wrestle, the cock crew four hours in the night and the corpse turned to dust and they had one another.

If she did not die, she is still alive.

58.

Life story

Now I tell you a story that has happened to me.

I just want to say that when my mother got married, well, her husband deserted her when she became pregnant with me. I was born to her and was brought up. It was my grandmother who brought us up, me and my sister, Zella. Indeed, my mother, being left alone, had to strive hard so that our grandmother could bring us up. She twisted rope, sold it in the village, plastered, so she received something in the village for it, she came home, so she educated us as far as she got married for the second time. When she did it, I was about four years old, my sister about nine. It was such a time then that there was no work, no employment. My unhappy father, my foster-father went out for wood, he brought us wood. And what

could my mother have done? She begged. She helped the peasants in working, now and then. The peasants knew her. In winter when Christmas time was coming, she fell Christmas-trees, she sold them, and got money, meat, grease, beans, everything. She made a Christmas for us.

Well, we might have been, - I was twelve, my sister was fifteen, when we turned swineherds, with pigs. We were swineherds. We did it for eight years. But my poor father could not sound the horn, I did it. My father was but a swineherd boy with me, he only gathered the money. We were swineherds there until my father at Christmas time, - because it was a habit among swineherds to collect what the peasants gave them. On Childermas Day they visited the houses. They made the peasants run, one of them jumps. It was the custom to drink wine, to eat Christmas cake, and so on. My father drank much cool wine. Poor him, at Christmas he caught cold, fell ill, was taken into sanatorium, and in spring, at Easter, he died. My father died exactly on Easter Day. And then, of course, my mother sold everything; yes, everything. She got married. Our stepfather, however, ... What could we do, we also married. ... /Him, who married my sister,/ he already had a wife. To be sure, they didn't lead a very good life for nine years. At last, when his [first] wife got married, well, since then my sister and her husband hold their peace. But they have six little children, six they have.

Well, I married, too. I lived in marriage with him for about nine years. I had four children from him. One of them died, he was one year old. My other child, a daughter, also died, she was three years old. It happened, how to say it, in sixty-three, that my daughter died. At that time, my mother-in-law was taken to hospital, she underwent an operation. Then my father-in-law was taken to hospital. Then my husband took part in a brawl, there were many people brawling, he was imprisoned, he spent there eight years. I was left alone with my two little children. My mother-in-law was ill, my father-in-law was ill, my husband was imprisoned, my children ... I went to pluck hips, to enter into engagement. I sold it in the town to ladies, to peasants, I was given some money, so I vegetated for about four years. Then my mother-in-law got worse, she contacted my husband, and he simply wrote me not to wait for him, and to marry, because he didn't need me any more. Though he was a whoremonger, I was waiting for him. I was just waiting for my children to be three or four years old. Well, when he wrote me that, nevertheless I answered his letter and asked, why he had written me that. I didn't deserve it. Although he was a wicked man, I was waiting for him. Well, all right. He did not write me a letter. So I wrote him, I would marry. ...

Our life, too, is not easy, I would not say it. It is full of troubles even now. For he had also a wife and while he was serving his sentence,

she married and left three children to him. I have only this daughter from him. Those two little boys are with my mother-in-law, she is keeping them, they are not given to me. ... /We also got on well/ for a time until I also made a mistake. I went to the fields to glean. Then comes the ranger and asks me, 'What are you doing here?' 'I'm just gleaning as the other Gypsies and other peasants do.' He took his gun and wanted to shoot me. This was too much for me, I pushed his gun aside and slapped him soundly in the face. I thrashed him. He reported me to the police, I was in prison for six months. I got into the gaol on the first of June. I spent there four months, two months were let off because I behaved well, I was working there. I've just come home from the prison on the first of October. I live a poor and difficult life since then, too. I can't call it a happy life, only poor and difficult. However, we can manage somehow. We live in a meagre way as poor Gypsies do. For the time being, I cannot tell you more. I could tell you a lot of things that had happened to me in my life. I can simply tell you that I'm going on to live in this way, poorly and with difficulties; I'm bringing up my poor children.

59.

Livelihood

Once upon a time, my blessed dear God, there was a poor boy. He was so poor that he hadn't even bread to eat. His mother told him, 'My dear son, go to work for we cannot live on like this. Your father is old, our family has no other supporter. We put trust in you that you will earn our living. I have here seven small children and we are so poor that we don't have even bread enough to eat.' So the boy set off to try his luck. He could find some work in the forest. Whilst the poor boy worked, fell the trees, the forester approached him. 'How much did you exploit so far?' 'Forester, till now I have exploited seven hundred kilograms. But I am so poor and hungry, I don't have enough bread to eat. The work is too much for me. Dear brother, I'll throw up the work.' The forester told him, 'Don't go away, dear brother, I shall give you money so that you can make your living.' So the boy undertook the work.

Thereafter when he had money, he set off to the wide world, to the seven seas. One day he happened to find a small hut. A seventy years old woman lived in it. The poor boy entered and greeted the old woman, 'Good evening, dear mother.' The woman answered, 'The same to you, my dear son. My dear son, where did you come from?' 'I came from the wide world, through the seven seas.' 'My dear son, what is your desire? What do you want, what are you doing here?' 'I came to earn living for my dear mother. We are so poor, my mother has seven small children, we can't earn our living. My dear mother has sent me to earn bread for the tree children.'

The old witch - as she was one - said, 'My son, I shall give you work. In my house three days mean three years' service. But you have to carry out my orders. I have three colts. One is five, the second six and the third seven years old. Every day you must ride one of them. They are fiery colts, you must walk them.' But the boy did not know that they were witches. So the boy - Johnny - took first the five years old colt. He went to the stable to saddle it. The old witch was already there with the pitchfork. She said to the colt, 'This lad will ride you. Don't bring him back, do away with him!' The girl answered, 'No fear, mother, I won't bring him back. I'll destroy him. I'll throw him into the burning-hot sea.' Johnny mounted the horse. But Johnny knew that it was no real horse. He got on the horse and digged his spurs into its flanks. It darted with him into the black clouds and from there let itself down backwards. Its legs were towards the air. She wanted to throw the lad into the burning-hot sea. But the lad squeezed it with his spurs. The horse immediately turned over and flew back to the earth. She said to the boy, 'I take you home, yet I know my mother will break my ribs with a six-pronged fork for that I didn't kill you. I am not a horse but the witch's daughter. And my mother told me to take you far away and throw you into the burning-hot sea. But I didn't throw you for you are a handsome lad and now I'll take you home. My mother is expecting me in the stable.' When she saw that the horse brought him back, she said, 'Johnny, go and have your dinner, for I shall unharness the horse.' Then the witch took up the pitchfork and started to beat her daughter. She said, 'You bloody whore, why did you bring him back? Maybe you fell for him? He is handsome, good for love, that's why you didn't destroy him. Now you will not get food for three days. Anyway, I know you are a whore, you fell in love with him and therefore you didn't kill him.'

When Johnny had his dinner, his service came to end. Then Johnny said, 'Well, my dear mother, my time of service is up. Now I shall go home to my mother.' Then she gave him three hundred forints. And Johnny returned home to his mother. 'Well mother, I came home again for the time of my service expired. I've received three hundred forints. Are my dear sisters alive together with you? But now, my dear mother, I will go away to take my chance. For I cannot live in such a world. It is more wicked than [the highwayman] Sándor Rózsa was. For Sándor Rózsa stole the fortunes of the counts, barons, princes, kings and distributed it among the poor. These rascals [of our days] leave both rich and poor without any means of living. They exploit the poor working people because we have not even bread enough to eat. Here in Budapest lives Rudy N., S. street 6, ground floor 8, he has seven children. However much he works, he can't bring up

his children because living is hard. Those Red do not let people live. They always speak that future belongs to children. But they don't give anything, they only rob the poor workers of their money. For when the poor father returns home, the children approach him, 'Father, I'm hungry!' But certainly, earnings are not enough to sustain them. Thus, I am in such a condition that I go to work every day. I must do it, they are hungry. There are days when I don't eat anything and so I work. I hammer the iron in the blacksmith shop.' Well, then I went for myself to Pilisvörösvár. I had there a good friend. He told me, 'Well, friend, I'll take you along to find employment so that you could make living for your children.' But there was such a life that work was hard but there was no livelihood. Then I went away, I left the work.

Johnny went to try his fortune, ... into a great forest. There he met twelve robbers. They were such robbers that their lives were one penny worth. I went into the forest, into the hut. But it was such a hut, from outside it was a hut but inside there were large rooms in it and the twelve robbers lived in it. I entered. The captain approaches me, 'Well, my dear son, what are you doing here in this out-of-the-way place? Do you know where you are? You are among the twelve robbers, your life came to an end.' Then they carried Johnny down into the cellar and killed him. Then Johnny disappeared, he has not been heard of since.

If he did not die, he is still alive.

God give him eternal repose in the earth. May he rest in peace in the earth.

60.

Godfather Death

Once upon a time, my blessed dear God, there was a poor Gypsy. He was so poor that he hadn't enough to eat even of bread. He had twelve sons and just then his wife was with child. A very-very nice baby was born to her. The husband set out to search for a sponsor. He didn't find a sponsor anywhere. While passing by a hedgerow, he said, 'I wouldn't mind it, be the Death himself the godfather, only I could get baptized the baby.' All suddenly the Death said that the Death will be your sponsor that I am here. 'But don't take my children away!' 'No fear!' said the Death. The Gypsy invited the Death to himself into his hut. His wife beholds the Death, she nearly dies with fear. 'Oh, my dear husband, whom did you bring as godfather? The Death? He will cut our necks!' 'Have no fear, my dear wife, I shall outwit him.'

Well, he baptized the baby. While they were eating their dinner there,

by chance the Gypsy had a match-box. 'I was told that you are a man of great power 'cause you can slip in through the keyhole. I have a match-box. If you can get in, then I will believe it that you really possess great power.' 'Hi,' he said, 'you want to dupe me.' 'Nothing of the sort, my sponsor. Why, you are a sponsor of mine!' Now, he fetched the match-box. The Death slipped inside. Then the Gypsy tied up the box with a thread. He hung it on a nail. 'Well, now you must starve here forever.' Then the Gypsy went on his way, to fetch wood from the forest.

The Gypsy returns home. He puts down the wood in the courtyard, enters the room, looks at the nail: no box is there. 'Oh, my children, what have you done?' 'Daddy, Johnny and Steve were fighting with broom and lime brush and knocked down the Death. The box split and Death jumped out of it.' And the children began to cry, 'Death told us, have no fear my sons, I won't hurt you, but tell your father, he must not go anywhere because eight o'clock I will be here.' The children told it to the father and their mother began to cry. 'I won't go anywhere for he can find me, be it in the Devil's horn.'

Soon it is eight o'clock. Suddenly he knocks at the door. The woman says, 'Come in!' Death enters, 'Good evening. Where is my godchild's father?' 'He isn't at home,' said the wife, 'for he is afraid that you may take him with you. Here are twelve sons of mine, choose for yourself whomever you want to.' 'All right, sister. I will choose for me.' The children were covered with a blanket and their father was there behind them. Death said, 'I have no need of any of them only of that big-headed one behind them.' Then he shouted, 'Oh, my wife! He is taking me away!'

Then Death grasped him, carried him into the churchyard, seized him by the hair and shook the bones out of him onto the earth. Then he took his skin and spread it out on the door of the churchyard. The old woman went to search for it. She found the skin and carried it home.

If she hasn't died, she is still alive.

King Breadcrumb

Once upon a time, there was a king. That king had a daughter, and another king had a son. And the king's son was in love with the daughter of the other king. He would have married her but she wouldn't do it because his name was: King Breadcrumb. She was greatly taken with him /lit.: He was greatly taken with her/, only his name displeased her for he was called King Breadcrumb. Thus, they could not agree anyhow, they did not marry. Kings and counts and princes and barons and dukes came and gathered from everywhere but she disliked the name of this, the beauty of that, she disliked everybody. She liked that one only his name did she dislike for he was called King Breadcrumb.

Well, that King Breadcrumb got an idea, he dressed up in the rags of a poor beggar and so he went out into the world for begging. And he arrived to the father of that princess. The father said, 'My daughter, your time has come, you must marry whether you like it or not; you have to marry. No matter, be him a beggar, or any kind of men, only you should be married. There is a great shame for me already.' Well then, that beggar went in for bagging. And he began to scratch himself as if he were full of lice. And they take a louse of him and put it in a box. And it was that louse in that box there. Then he departed from there and dressed again as he formerly was. And they proclaimed to all those counts, princes, barons and dukes that whoever can find out what in that box is, he will be her husband. Well, now King Breadcrumb dressed up again in other rags so that nobody in the world could recognize him and went there. He told, 'Dear Sirs, counts and princes and barons and dukes, I implore you humbly, may I also guess what is in that box?' 'Why not,' they said. 'And if you can find out what in that box is, behold, yonder beautiful maid will be yours.' And then, when everybody tried to guess but nobody could make it out, he began to scratch himself. 'Good Heavens,

he said, 'she has not a single louse, indeed./?/' 'Bravo, bravo,' they said, 'live long, for it is a louse.' Now she, the king's daughter, the princess, fell from one faint into another. However, she could not do anything else, she had to go with him. He went away with her and she was married by him.

Then he went with her into a forest and there they built a small hut for themselves and lived in that small hut. He said to his wife, 'Well, you know, today the king will go out hunting and you should go there to sell these jugs and bowls, you have to sell these there. You shall make a few pennies by selling and we can live on them.' She set off, went there, made a stand. The king, the real king passed by and smashed everything to her and destroyed everything to her. And he did not pay her a single penny.

She burst into tears and returned home to her old husband. 'Ah, my husband,' she said, 'I've told you what he would do to me. King Breadcrumb went there with his huntsmen and smashed everything to me and destroyed everything to me and gave me not a single penny.' 'Well,' he said, 'since he did it to you, you cry in vain. Tomorrow,' he said, 'he will go again to a great hunt. Tomorrow you will take there wine and brandy and will it sell them.' Willy-nilly, she had to go there and had to bring there wine and brandy. Well, King Breadcrumb went there again with his troops, they ate and drank there, they smashed there everything and gave her not a fivepence.

Again she returned home weeping that they did not pay her. Then he told her, 'Don't cry! Since it happened like that, let it be! Tomorrow you will go to them to do work.' 'Ah,' she said, 'I won't go for they will do the same to me.' 'Never mind! You must go, otherwise I'll beat you.'

Next day King Breadcrumb arranged a party at home. He sent her to do the dishes. Willy-nilly, she had to go. She went there. When they have finished eating and everything, they proclaimed that all scullery-maids must go to dance. She wanted to run away but she could not do it, she had to go there, too. Then they danced with her so long, so long, so long, that at last she could hardly lift her feet. Then they let her go and she returned home. 'Well,' she said, 'I've told you that King Breadcrumb would play the dirty on me.'

But she was already pregnant, she was in labour, the birth-throes

set in. Then he took her into his palace and called in a doctor and so the little baby came into the world. When the little baby was brought into the world, King Breadcrumb approached her. 'Well,' he said, 'Princess Gisela, was this better to you? Anyway, now you fell back upon my help. Is a beggar better than I would have been? I have taken you to me till you would give birth to your childe.' She answered, 'Thank you very much, a thousand times and a hundred times, thank you for the grace you have given proof of.' 'Well,' he says, 'what would you say if I were your husband?' 'Oh,' she says, 'you aren't my husband, my husband is a poor old beggar.' 'Well,' he says, 'wait a bit, I'll come back in a moment.' And he went and dressed up in those rags that were on him and returned to her so that she could see him. 'Well,' he said, 'do you believe now that I am your husband?'

He undressed in front of her and now she said, 'Dear God,' she said, 'however,' she said, 'you did not punish me with a beggar, however, you are him.' 'Well,' he said, 'after all, you became my wife. Nobody did win you, I did it.'

They made a wedding, a grand wedding. I was present at their wedding, too. They gave me to eat and to drink. They got angry with me for I wanted that the queen, too, should sleep with me. She did not allow it, they gave me a kick in the pants, I flew home.

NOTES

The data about the provenance of the individual texts /N^o 1-62/ are to be found in the Hungarian notes to the tales /see vol. II. p. 4-20/. Abbreviations used in the Notes see vol. II. p. 3. The first paragraph of each entry is constructed according to the following pattern: 1/ Informant's name, nickname, age. 2/ Collector's name, place and date of recording. 3/ Dialect. 4/ Bibliography. 5/ Type analysis. E.g., N^o 1 /see p. 4/:

A: Németh János, "Mireg", 28 é. Gy: VJ + Hajdú András, Kispeszt 1955. Ny: Iovári. B: JGLS 39, 1960, 100-115; Vekerdi 1974, 274-276; Vekerdi 1961, 309-312. -- MNK 303^{xx} (AaTh 330C-AaTh 307).

I.e.: The tale was told by J. Németh, by his nickname Mireg, 28 years old. Collected by J. Vekerdi together with A. Hajdú in Kispeszt in 1955. Dialect: Iovári. Bibliography: Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society 39, 1960, p. 100-115; Vekerdi: A cigány népmese, p. 274-276; Vekerdi: Gypsy texts, Acta Orientalia XIII, 1961, p. 309-312. Type according to the Aarne-Thompson system: Magyar Népmesekatalógus 303^{xx} where embedded are types AaTh 330c and AaTh 307 in fragmentary form.

The references and the abbreviations of the periodicals see vol. I. p. 24.

Nicknames /given here in quotation marks " " after the name/ are in general used in the Vlax /Wallachian/ group. They are called by them "Gypsy names". The Vlax group follows the common Wallachian /Rumanian/ peasant custom of calling by pet names. The "Gypsy name" is, in most of the cases, the usual Hungarian familiar form of their Christian names, e.g. Jóska 'Joe' for József 'Joseph' but not rarely quite senseless nicknames are applied /just like by Rumanian peasants/, e.g. Mireg < Hung. méreg 'wrath' or 'poison'. The use of these "Gypsy names" is restricted to the Vlax group; the other Gypsy groups do not use special Gypsy nicknames.

The type analysis of the tales was made by Mrs. Ágnes Kovács being the best specialist of Hungarian folk tale research. The Catalogue of Hungarian folk tales /MNK/ prepared by her for the press applies some

special signs. An asterisk ^x after the abbreviation MNK refers to fixed Hungarian variant forms different from the corresponding international Aarne-Thompson type or to peculiar Hungarian types unknown in the international catalogue. Two asterisks ^{xx} after the abbreviation MNK refer to introductory episodes that are firmly attached to given variant forms of certain types. Addition sign + is used if two complete types are put together in a tale. A minus sign - joining two type numbers means that the end of the first type or the beginning of the second type is lacking; this is a rather common form of joining two types. A wave line ~ is used if the motifs of two different types are mixed up; this is very characteristic of Gypsy tales. A type number followed by another type number in round brackets () means that the second one /in brackets/ is embedded in the first one.

1. J. Németh who told this and the following tales was my best Vlach Gypsy informant. He is a well-read man. Happily enough, his lectures have influenced his technics of story-telling only in a good sense: the Hungarian folk tales read by him have enriched his store of stories and contributed to an artistic composition of the plot and to an exquisite style without diminishing his inherited instinctive Gypsy freedom in combining the borrowed motifs of Hungarian folk tales in an original Gypsy manner.

The language is the purest Lovari dialect. He speaks perfectly both Gypsy and Hungarian. His articulation is clear. Long and short vowels are sharply differentiated, no sounds or syllables are omitted. He dictated the texts in short phrases consisting sometimes of one or two words; this is why each of several juxtaposed words bears a strong accent more often than it is usual in fluent speech. The same is the reason for the absence of elision of final vowels before an initial vowel of the following word. His articulation of the vowels is near to Hungarian.

The first story is an original combination of different Hungarian folk tale motifs. The starting point is Magic Conception of Twins but further on, the brother is forgotten and the story is continued by The Winning Cards and, at last, it ends with The Princess in the Shroud. This combination of motifs is unknown in Hungarian. Similarly, the moral symbolism of the tale which thoroughly changed the original character of the story is entirely Németh's innovation. In his narration, the dog's son becomes the representative of a hero of humble origin and his gratitude towards the poor old cook transforms the cook's person /originally quite subordinate/ into a prominent figure of the story.

One of the most conspicuous peculiarities of the tales of Németh which sharply differentiates him even from other Gypsy story-tellers is his heroes' deeply human feeling together with the high moral level of his tales. At variance with common European folk tales giving moral solutions in general terms /final triumph of poor and righteous heroes/, Németh likes to introduce moral reflexions also in details.

The tales of J. Németh and his family were collected by A. Hajdú in 1955-1956. He noted down some 20 stories.

2. The hero in the name part was borrowed from Hungarian as it is attested also by his Hungarian name in the Gypsy text. However, this figure occurs extremely seldom in Hungarian folk tales and has no clear-cut role while in Gypsy tales he belongs to the popular figures with the clearly shaped role of the diabolic king with an external soul. His name is never translated into Romani. The combination of the individual motifs is not constant in Gypsy variants of this tale. Here, into the main type Rescuing of the Princess by destroying the ogre's heart in an egg /AaTh 302/ the type Dragon-Slayer /AaTh 300, quite incompatible with 302!/ and some other motifs are incorporated.

3. József Németh is the brother of János Németh. He is a less skilled story-teller than his brother. Notwithstanding this, in certain respect his stories represent the average Gypsy fairy tales better than his brother's carefully elaborated compositions. The illogical leaps, unfinished motifs, functionless elements which occur with a great frequency in his tales are very characteristic of Gypsy story-telling. Thus, e.g., the churchyard and the magic steed play no part in the story, the rescuing of the second and third princess is in no way connected with the dragon-killing in the first part, etc. At the same time, all these independent elements never occurring together in European folk tales are amalgamated in a coherent, interesting story.

4. The informant was a trained story-teller. To our question whom did she learn her tales from, she answered that in her native village the children /i.e., gaje included!/ gathered and amused themselves with stories. She continued to entertain her grandchildren by story-telling. She tells tales both in Romani and in Hungarian. In Hungarian, her style is more elaborate and she adds more details. E.g., to the tale Dudumvari /N^o 5/ she added explanatory remarks about the girl's birth in Hungarian /she was created by God, therefor she was exceptionally beautiful, the horses revered her, etc., all this being reminiscences to another heroine's name SzentaJándék 'Holy Gift' from a quite different type,

see N^o 18/. After having finished the story in Gypsy, she was asked by a non-Gypsy neighbour to repeat the same /Dudumvari/ in Hungarian and this time she involved all these remarks in the main plot.

5. The story belongs to the Cinderella type and is very popular both in Hungarian and in Gypsy. The incognito names of the heroine's birth place are always in Hungarian in Romani tales as well. Curiously enough, Pumpkin appears only in two Hungarian variants /perhaps under Gypsy influence! and this single word was translated into Romani /du-dum/.

6. In the Hungarian variants of this type from Transylvania the cross or the dead tree to which the poor man sells his cow not rarely speak Rumanian. The word mărcine 'on Tuesday' is of Rumanian origin: mart. Thus, e.g., in Rumanian folk tales: Cirt, cart, 'st' apte pına mart! 'Kirts, karts, wait till Tuesday!' Cf. Á. Kovács: Idegen nyelvű sztereotipiák, in: Népi kultúra - népi társadalom VII, 1973, 164. - At the end of the tale, the remark from the audience "It is unfinished" is justified. In the Hungarian variants, the type AaTh 1643 is only the starting point or a part of a longer humorous tale. - XÁ.

7. Essentially the same story as N^o 2. but while Németh augmented the tale by an independent introductory part borrowed elsewhere, Mrs. Raffael begins it without a real introduction. As I have pointed out above, this tale became indistinct in the Hungarian folklore and just the absence of fixed Hungarian patterns has led to a vagueness in its Gypsy shaping.

8. The Romani text ends with a pun in Hungarian. This shows not only that the tale was borrowed from Hungarian but also that the Gypsy culture lacks independence.

9. The story goes back to a German chap-book on King Brunswig and the Czech hero Stilfrid. The book was translated into Hungarian in the late 18th century and became popular for a time. It got folklorized though it has never become really popular in the oral tradition. Anyhow, the illiterate old Gypsy must have learnt it orally. Other Gypsies in Hungary do not know this story. He added that the lion turned into stone and it is the lion to be seen at the abutment of Budapest's oldest bridge, the so-called Chain Bridge.

10. This splendid - though obscene - story is no tale in the proper sense of the word. It belongs to the category of anecdotes or so-called "true" or "veritable" stories. This genre is a peculiar product of Gypsy wit. It is no easy task to record it. When asked to tell tales or stories, the average Gypsy story-teller will invariably think of fairy tales. It does not occur to them to tell anecdotes. Moreover, only the most gifted story-tellers are able to relate similar humorous adventures on an artistic level: the others abridge them to the simple nucleus.

This is an original Gypsy story; no Hungarian model of it is known. In all probability, it originates from the kolompári 'bell-maker' tribe which formerly was wide-spread but at present, almost completely died out in Hungary. It was absorbed by Lovári and other tribes. Perhaps the story-teller himself is a descendant of this tribe. - At present, the meaning 'bell-maker' of the word kolompári is quite unknown to the Gypsies. They use this word simply as a tribal denomination. This is the reason for the use ^{of the} corresponding Hungarian word /csöngőcsináló/ in our Romani text.

11. The pronunciation of the old Rostás is rather conservative. He differentiates soft [ʒ] / < dʒ / from hard [z̄] and speaks a close [e] while most Lovari speakers tend to pronounce these sounds like the corresponding Hungarian hard [z̄] and open [e].

The introductory episode /cooking of soles/ is somewhat puzzling. It is no organic element of the story. A similar motif /driving away of the son for an insignificant fault as eating up prohibited food etc., cf. N° 40/ serves as opening motivation in different tales but in Hungarian, I have never come it across in type AaTh 590 or 315 and have never met soles as prohibited food. Thus, this episode seems to be the fruit of the usual Gypsy transplantation of motifs while the soles as food can go back to the very common Hungarian phrase in the introduction of folk tales: olyan szegények voltak, hogy még a cipőtalpat is megették 'they were so poor that they ate even the soles of their shoes.' In a similar way, the aged story-teller mixed up other independent motifs as well: royal residence and robbers' den, robber and ogre.

Stylistically, it is a fine piece of Gypsy narrative technique. The frequent use of embellishing or explanatory repetition makes his style especially high-flown: "Who was there? The robbers. Thieves, robbers were there."

12. The hero of this tale bears the same name as that of the previous one but has nothing to do with him. Moreover, neither the first nor the second Mike the Fairy has anything to do with his own name. As stated above, the heroes of Romani tales bear Hungarian names but these names are only lexically Hungarian. These names are partially unknown in genuine Hungarian folk tales. Their figure and role is shaped by the Gypsy story-tellers. While in Hungarian, the name of the hero corresponds to his role, this is not the case in Gypsy tales. Here the borrowed names lose their functions. Loss of function of borrowed matters is very characteristic of Gypsy culture and not only of culture: sociologists could make fargoing conclusions of the fact that the Gypsies do not make a proper use of the borrowed material or spiritual goods.

13. Told by the wife of J. Németh. She has learnt this tale from her father. Another tale of Anna Németh was published by A. Hajdú, 1960/1 /erroneously attributed there to her husband/. Cf. also Note to N^o 57 of this volume.

14. Recorded in the same family where the texts N^o 11-12 were taken down. The informant was a young man of nineteen years and it was, naturally, only a fiction for the storie's sake that he asserted to be a ninety-seven years old man /the audience laughed at these words/. The theme of the wandering life of earlier times takes up a prominent place in contemporary Vlach Gypsy narrative in Hungary. Even those generations who grew up after the final settling in the 'thirties speak with a nostalgia of the old golden time of Gypsy nomadism. A sharp contrast to this false idealization of the past is given in the Romungro texts N^o 54 and 58.

15. When I visited the Gypsies in Püspökladány /24.5.1971/, a young couple was to be wedded. On my request, their mothers improvised a dialogue on this event. Thus, this text reflects, both thematically and stylistically, a real everyday Gypsy conversation, a genre perhaps never recorded in Romani.

Elopement frequently occurs, for two reasons: when the parents are against the wedding or when the bridegroom's family /tacitly/ wishes to avoid the rather high expenses of the wedding festivity /in 1971, it costed about 10,000 - 15,000 Forints/. After a few days the newly-wed return, a short feigned quarrel takes place and they let bygones be bygones.

16. Mrs. Kovács began the story as a tale but after an introductory fairy tale formula she turned over to a realistic account on Gypsy life while she made a heroine of the story of herself. Her sister Mrs. Parkas came to her aid as a prompter. Following her prompting, Mrs. Kovács first improvised a dialogue between her sister and herself, each time changing the tone when playing her sister's role, then /after the pause in the text/ the sister took over her own role and the monologue changed to a real dialogue. The men mentioned by them are their husbands.

Besides their Gypsy names "Iboly" and "Ráji", they have also epithets. When asked about this, Ráji answered: "Ó, kadi žungāli vorba i ām; naj bajo?" "Na!" said I. "Me sem i Rāji, i lōla mižaki!" "Haj me sem i Iboj, i bara buljaki!" cried her sister.

17. The Hungarian variants of this tale are somewhat different. - At the end of the story, he added /partly in Hungarian/: "Éljen a nép-köztársaság, éljen a haza! Dēvlesa mukap tume." 'The People's Republic and our native land for ever! Good bye!' This strange closing formula owes its origin to a popular Hungarian folk song: "Éljen a magyar szabadság, éljen a haza!" 'Hungary's freedom and our native land for ever!' He meant this nonsense quite seriously /in English, imagine, a tale finished by the words: "God save the Labour Party!"/.

18. Both this tale and the previous one seem to go back to non-Hungarian sources. - KÁ. /Maybe, a second-hand Rumanian influence through Transylvanian Hungarian left its traces on these tales. - VJ./

This story /with the same plot and the same names of the heroines/ was repeatedly recorded from Vlach Gypsies in Hungary, see Csenki 1974, 179 and 183. The name Isten ajándéka is Hungarian but it occurs only in this folktale /also in the variant form Szentaajándék/ and goes back, probably, to Balkanian Theo-doros, Boži-dar. The narrator constantly confounded the names of the heroines.

The little verse /of the witch/ was recited in a declamatory tone, without melody. In Csenki's variant there is a very similar song:

Sentjondiko muri rakli,
tirin pale tro semelji,
roxadas tu žofolica,
le krajeske len romnjake.

The text of the next verse is defective and so is the rhythm. The correct text was recorded by Csenki:

Lōkes phurde, lōkes cirde,
mure dadesko juhāsi.

It was sung with a free recitative melody /see p. 9/.

19. The type combination AaTh 510B-AaTh 706 occurs only in Transylvanian Hungarian folk tales. Thus, this Vlax Gypsy group has preserved the impact of its previous dwelling place. Similarly, preservation of Transylvanian Rumanian impact is manifest in the introductory formula elnizisi mangav 'excuse me'. This is in Hungarian but it is the Rumanian story-tellers who begin the performance with this excusatory formula never used in Hungarian folk tales.

20. Told by the same story-teller as N^o 18. The opening words "I will tell you another tale" refer to his first story.

This tale seems to go back to some Hungarian broadside story though an exact parallel to it is not known. A closely anected variant form was written down by Csánki /1974, 25/. The theme of separated and dying lovers is attested in Hungarian literature from the XVith century on but without the ghostly revival /cf. F.J.Child, The English and Scottish popular ballads, N^o 7, 17, 92/.

The first part /the proposal of marriage/ is no organic element of the story. Proposal and wedding stories are favourite topics in Gypsy narration and the affinity of the theme gave the narrator the idea to attach it to his "tale of horror". In accordance with this, the audience listened to the first part as to a humorous story but when the text turned into a ghost story they were suddenly frightened.

The song is a well-known Gypsy folk song. Melody see on p. 10.

21. In Ráckeve where this tale was recorded there are two Gypsy settlements. In the outskirts of the village live Lovāris, in the forest far away from the village, Drizāris. Intermarriages occur but otherwise the two Vlax groups are not friendly related to each other. The cultural niveau of the Drizāris is more primitive than that of the Lovāris.

Our tale is an occasional combination of different incompatible types. The name of the heroine was borrowed from another Hungarian tale /BN 400 I^x/.

22. The rather strange introductory part has nothing to do with the story and cannot be traced back to Hungarian models. It owes its origin to mixing up two opening motifs: magic conception /cf. phāri pēlas 'became gravid'/ and animal as foster-child /biromi, for birulji 'bee'/. These two motifs mutually exclude each other. The divorce of the royal couple is a motif completely unknown in non-Gypsy tales. It is a projection of Gypsy everyday life into the sphere of fairy tales. Similarly, in non-Gypsy tales never occurs such a causeless rambling as

at the beginning of this tale. Once again, it is a reflection of nomad Gypsy wandering to and fro. All this makes the impression of a nightmarish dream rather than of a fairy tale. In many respects, Gypsy way of thinking recalls the psychology of dreams.

23. K. Rostás and his family live in Ücsöd /South-East of Hungary/ but he is employed in Budapest. For fifteen years he has been an informant of songs to my late friend Rudolf Víg. This tale, too, was recorded by tape in the presence of R. Víg in the Ethnomusicologic Institution of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. The allocutions "Hear, Rudi!" were addressed to him. Gypsy story-tellers /both men and women/ not rarely apostrophize a member of the audience either by his nickname or by generalizing phrases like mo, more 'friend!' muro phral 'brother', žanes, hatjāres 'do you understand me?' šavale 'boys' etc. The use of the words žanes and hatjāres is calque on Hungarian /tudod, éreted, widespread vulgarism/; addressing by name is a Gypsy peculiarity. On the whole, this technique of performance points to Balkan manners. Here the Gypsies played an important role as entertainers in courts and on fairs. In Rumania, Gypsy lăutars /violinists/ tell stories in a similar style in Rumanian. - KÁ.

Rostás speaks the Māšāri sub-dialect of Vlax Gypsy. His mother was Māšārkinja and he identified himself as Māšāri. As to his father, he could tell only his clan /-eštji/ instead of his tribe /-āri/: his father and his grandfather on the father's side belonged to the Dudumeštji clan, his grandmother to the Pokulfajta /this latter clan he defined in Hungarian as drill makers/. On our question, how Gypsies recognize the tribe or clan of other Gypsies, he improvised a dialogue: 'Lāsó tjo djes.' 'Naís.' 'Kathár valō san?' 'Ānda Ečeda. Háj tu?' 'Ānda Sárvaš.' 'Háj tu cé fálo san muro pral?' 'Hat m' ānda Dudumeštji: háj tu?' 'Ānda Māšāri.' 'Jáj muro prál san! Háj tu kásko šāvo san?' 'Me kukolésko. Háj tu?' 'Good day.' 'Thank you.' 'Where do you come from?' 'From Ücsöd. And you?' 'From Szarvas.' 'And to which clan do you belong my brother?' 'To the Dudumeštji. And you?' 'To the Māšāri.' 'Oh, you are my brother! And whose son are you?' 'I'm the son of this and this.' As it is proved by this case, the categories of tribe and clan are confused among Vlax Gypsies /the other Gypsy groups do not identify tribes or clans at all/.

24. The informant identified himself in the following way: Muro dad sas andal Duceštji h' andal Cerineštji, muri dej Māšārica sas. Me švėri sim, dopaš kako, dopaš kuko. 'My father was of Duceštji and of Cerineštji origin, my mother was a Māšāri. I am a mule, half this and

half that.' The Cerinestji is a clan of the Mășări tribe living mostly in Transylvania, the Duceștje are Lovăris. The definition of tribe and clan given by Jakab shows the same indistinctness as that by Rostás. Irrespective of his prevailing Mășări origin, he speaks a Lovări dialect with a few Mășări elements /pe j and ande j for Lovări pi, andi/.

As we have seen in other texts, Gypsy story-tellers, when relating of dialogues with gaje, prefer to turn over to Hungarian. The Hungarian sentences of Jakab underwent a curious change during the narration. At first he spoke the Hungarian sentences with a correct Hungarian pronunciation without the slightest trace of Romani articulation or even of Hungarian idiomatism. Beginning with the part where he was interrupted by the audience: "Tell it in Romani!", he changed to Gypsoide pronunciation of the Hungarian texts and to vulgar /dialectal/ Hungarian morphologic forms. E.g., first he pronounced [ē] than [I] for Hungarian [é] .

As a matter of fact, this "tale of horror" cannot be included in the Aarne-Thompson system. Accounts on terrifying dreams and ghost stories are favourite topics of Gypsy narration.

25. The informant stated to be "andal Mășăra, dopăș andal But-veștji".

The story is composed of two independent parts: intoxication of the serpent and innocence proved by miracle. Neither of these parts has exactly corresponding parallels in Hungarian folk tales. As to the snake motif, cf. AaTh 285, BN 285^x /The snake drinks from the child's milk-bottle, rather different from our intoxication motif/. Here the episode with the snake serves merely as motivation to the motif Enslaved Husband Rescued by Faithful Wife /cf. AaTh 888, also rather different from this/. Innocence proved by miracle is often to be met with in South-East European folk tales and folk ballads but our tale differs from other stories structurally by that /a/ two independent motifs are combined as proofs and that /b/ these motifs /viz., supernatural strength and tree growing out of a stick/ otherwise do not occur as signs of chastity. Probably, this Gypsy story owes its origin - at least partly - to free combination of Rumanian sources as also the atmosphere of the second part suggests it. NB., county Békés where the story was recorded lies on the Rumanian frontier and the language of the Gypsies living in this county, too, contains more Rumanian elements than other Vlach sub-dialects in Hungary.

The first part of the tale was recorded by S. Csenki exactly in this form in Püspökladány from a Mășări woman whose parents were born in

Transylvania /Csenki 1974, 160-162, 321/. This fact pleads for the presence of a common stock of stories among certain Gypsy groups.

At the end of the story, the scene of swearing an oath to prove chastity points to a ballad as the source of the tale: the line cola-xār ma muri gāži ke či sanas bāri kurva 'swear me, my wife, that you were no great whore' is a commonplace in Vlax Gypsy songs.

26. This time Mrs. Kovács told that she is 26 and "dopaš sim andaĵ māšāreštji, dopaš andaĵ Dudumestji."

Religious tales /legends/ are extremely rare in Gypsy folklore in Hungary. The occurrence of such tales among the Māšāra and especially in county Békés is perhaps due to better preservation of Rumanian inheritance by the rather conservative Māšāra and, maybe, to religious sectarianism in this county /see Note to N^o 28/. However, the exchange of roles of God and Saint Peter is a proof of the Gypsies' incomprehension of Christian legends: originally, God is wiser than his mortal companion. In Hungarian, Peter is the companion of Christ, not of God, but the name of Christ is practically unknown to the /Christian!/ Gypsies in Hungary and probably elsewhere, too.

27. This type is comparatively rare in European folklore. Cf. also AaTh 846^x and BN 75oI^x. In AaTh 751B^x the months do not figure /they occur in a quite different type, 403B/. Our tale was borrowed from Transylvanian Hungarian /where the months do figure/ or from Rumanian.

The pronunciation of the vowel e as ə, ě is due to Rumanian impact.

28. When the informant was asked about his name, he told his nickname: "Me bušau Bagi, Bagi grōf" 'My name is Bagi, count Bagi'. As to his Hungarian name, he affirmed to be called Ludoviko Baratiéri which is in no way Hungarian. Even more senseless was his answer to the question če fajosko san? 'to which clan do you belong?' "Me som Anglo-Indiāno, British-Indiāno", he said.

Formerly, in this part of Hungary, social discontent led to different movements of the agrarian proletariat. Among others, religious sectarianism was rather strong and some traces of it survived. Thus, the sect of "Jehovah's witnesses" attracts a gradually diminishing number of souls. There are a few non-Gypsy missionaries concerned with the spiritual care of Gypsies but only one or two Gypsies take an active part on propagation of the faith. As to their frame of mind, the text published here gives a true image of the Gypsies' perception of Christian doctrine. This sermon combines different parts of the Pentateuch and the Gospels. The reader will recognize them even in their distorted form.

Apart from the dogmatic side of the question, this text is of interest because of its structural peculiarities. Quite independent fragments borrowed from the Bible are put together just in the same way as Gypsy story-tellers combine the motifs of quite different tales. Moreover, this haphazard, instabil use of borrowed cultural goods can be taken as symbol of the Gypsies' attitude towards the host societies in every respect.

29. As the distorted Rumanian words kak>l banj < Rum. cacă bani show, the story goes back to Rumanian sources.

40 Hungarian variants of this type were recorded. Among them, there is an occurrence from Middle Transylvania where the poor man addresses the table in Rumanian. Hungarian story-tellers living in territories with mixed ethnics are fond of using some formulae in foreign languages, e.g. obscene sayings or magic incantations. Thus, it is not necessary to suppose a Rumanian origin. More probably, the Hungarian story-teller G. Nagy learnt this tale from, has told such a tale in Hungarian with the inserted Rumanian phrase. The Hungarian gemination rotocska-botocska clearly points to a Hungarian origin. - KÁ.

The sentences in brackets were told by a member of the audience called by his nickname Bačko or Bogrăc / < Hung. bogrács 'kettle'/. The reason for the use of this twofold name is not clear. - Only in a few conservative Gypsy communities where story-telling was in a flourishing state this curious dialogic form of story-telling /going back to Balkan folklore/ was to be met with, and only if both narrator and commentator were men /never women/.

The rhyme-word rotocska is senseless and so is the whole sentence. This formula does not occur in Hungarian folk tales, it is a Gypsy invention in Hungarian /in Romani, they are incapable of any similar invention owing to the rather limited expressivity of Romani/. The occurrence of Rumanian and Hungarian formulas side by side in a Romani text is very characteristic of the amalgamation of sources in the Gypsy culture.

30. Two independent stories were combined: The Youth and the Pretty Shoes and Fooling-sticks or The Wand that Revives the Dead. To this combination, some quite incoherent fragments were added: Witch burned in her own oven /AaTh 1121/, Making the princess /!/ laugh /cf. AaTh 571 etc./, The Boy with many names /AaTh 1545/. The story-teller's voice on the tape suggest that he got drunk in the course of narration.

The first part was recorded also by S. Csenki in Püspökladány /Csenki 1974, 124-127, 320/. The small Mășări community in Solymár has

arrived there a few years earlier from Southern Hungary; thus, direct contact is possible.

31. This type told here in a fragmentary form is well known in Hungarian and elsewhere. The variants are somewhat different from AaTh 1360C.

32. The ballad is of Rumanian origin /Corbea/. It is quite unfamiliar to Gypsies /even Colăris/ in Hungary. The singer spelled the name sometimes Katáliška / < Rum. Cătălină/; the form Kalāliška points to Hungarian /familiar/ Kalári.

33. This letter was written to me by my elderly friend on 19th December, 1974, from Oradea. The dialect of this letter is a very pure and carefully shaped Lovări. Mr. Varga himself /despite his lack of higher education/ is concerned with Gypsy studies. He composed a Romani dictionary based on his thorough knowledge of his mother tongue /in manuscript/ and a legendary epic poem on the prehistory of the Gypsy nation. His letter contains the traditional Vlax Gypsy blessing formulas. These phrases - almost invariably with the same wording - are pronounced by Gypsies, both men and women, at leave-taking or on other ceremonial occasions /among others, as a toast/.

34. The tale was borrowed from Hungarian together with the hero's name.

35. The story-teller got tired and left the story unfinished. The continuation would have been the rescuing of the princesses. This type is extremely popular in Hungarian. Nearly all details, however, differ from all known Hungarian variants. It is an individual shaping of the nucleus of this type. In all probability, it was the story-teller's occasional improvisation and the ground for his getting tired was the expiration of his extemporizing phantasy.

36. The tale borrowed from Hungarian got radically transformed at the beginning and at the end.

37. The old informant spoke very indistinctly and many parts of the text remained unintelligible.

38. The informant is the brother of W. Lakatos /N^o 34-35/. He is a reputed story-teller in his village. At Gypsy funeral wakes, he is invited to entertain the vigil-keepers by tales. He learnt his stories in the army, in workers' homes and from books. He heard this tale from

Vlax Gypsies during his military service. In consequence of this, the language became a unique mixture of Gurvāri and Lovāri. He used the same words and same grammatical forms now in this, now in the other language. This mixing up of two kindred languages has led to the loss of the sense of correct use of the language: the text is full of grammatical errors.

The story is an individual shaping of AaTh 315 with a lot of really surprising elements put together sometimes in an almost surrealist manner. Thus, the turning of the girl's hair into gold, the appearing of a castle in the forest, the boy's departure in order to find the robbers, the girl's transformation into cock, etc. etc. are unknown motifs in European folk tales: they are displaced fragments of different episodes possessing well-founded functions at their original places. Similarly, the composition is alien to the logic of European folk tale structure.

39. Among Romungro informants, J. Berki was the most gifted storyteller. The difference between him and the splendid Vlax storyteller J. Németh reflects the difference between Romungro and Vlax Gypsy culture. The Romungros were more deeply influenced by Hungarian cultural impact than the Vlaxs, they are in a more advanced phase of social integration and therefore their tales follow more closely the Hungarian models than the tales of the Vlax group. Both Németh and Berki are well-read men but Németh has created a real Gypsy world of fairy tales from his written sources while Berki retells the stories read or heard by him in a conservative manner like non-Gypsies. Among others, in Vlax tales ^{the names} of the heroes are Hungarian but their deeds very often radically differ from the Hungarian prototypes, in the tales of Berki /and other Romungro storytellers/ both names and roles of the heroes correspond to the Hungarian models. This refers both to bilingual Romungro storytellers /speaking Hungarian and Romani/ and to monolingual ones /speaking only Hungarian; most of them are monolingual/.

The percentage of Hungarian loan words is very high in Romungro, see Vekerdi 1980.

This tale, like the following one, belongs to the most archaic layer of Hungarian folk tales. Not rarely Gypsy storytellers preserve very old Hungarian traditions. - KÁ. /Cf. Nagy 1978, and Vekerdi: The Gypsies' role in the preservation of non-Gypsy folklore, JGLS I/2, 1976, 79-86./

46. Rímóc is the next village to Varsány and the dialect is the same. However, at variance with the tales of the lettered Berki, the tale of the old Bede is a free combination of different elements heard

by him either in Hungarian or in Romani. This tale shows the greatest divergence from Hungarian patterns and closest resemblance to Vlax tales of all Romungro stories of this volume. Conception from a skull is unknown in Hungarian. The introductory sentences have nothing to do with the subsequent events. The episode in the mill is rather strange as has no function in the tale. It is difficult to say whether all this is due to Vlax impact or perhaps Bede's tale preserves an older Romungro style of story-telling that became obsolete with other Romungros in this century.

47-53. While fairy tales have lost their importance as pastimes in Gypsy cultural life, anecdotes are in full bloom. They are always told by men. Both humorous accidents of their life and made-up stories or jokes are welcomed by the audience. As early as some decades ago, when we asked for a good story-teller, as a rule we were advised to a renowned humorist of the community. Not rarely also gaje from the neighbourhood listened to these fruits of Gypsy wit. On the whole, there is hardly any difference between the Romungro Gypsies' anecdotes and the Hungarian peasants' ones. I publish the entire sequel in order to give a picture of everyday Gypsy amusement before television has abolished the last remnants of Gypsy folk culture in the 'seventies.

54. B. Oláh continued the series of his anecdotes with this confession about past and present. It is a very instructive counterpart to N^o 14. The former one has regarded the "old golden days" of Gypsy nomadism through the eyes of work-shy conservative Gypsies who were /and partly are/ unable and unwilling to accept a way of life based on labour. On the whole, this is the attitude of the Vlax group which was settled by force as late as in the 'thirties. The Romungros /and similarly the Gurväri and Beáš Gypsies/ are not in the least inclined to emooellish their former bitter lot. Unemployment is unknown in Hungary since 1945 but the Vlaxs' approach to work is rather different from that of the Romungros. Many Vlaxs prefer living in misery to taking up any regular job while practically all members of the bilingual Romungro group live by work. The solemn declaration of the Gypsies' human rights and human values is grounded on a solid basis in our text. Mr. Oláh and his wife live in a small but very clean and well-furnished room-and-kitchen flat attached to which their son has built a new house which in no respect can be differentiated^{from} other well-to-do collective farm labourers' houses.

55. Probably this story, too, goes back to Hungarian though there is no Hungarian printed record. Similar obscene stories are rarely recorded by collectors. In Hungarian folklore research, Mrs. Olga Nagy was the first to publish a volume of these erotic anecdotes /Ujabb paraszt dekameron. A szerelemről és a házasságról. Budapest 1983./ Their presence in Gypsy folklore is attested also by Cslenki's collection who noted down a very close variant form of our N^o 55 /in Hungarian; unpublished/.

57. The types "Lenore" /AaTh 365/ and "Devil's mistress" /AaTh 407B/ are often combined in Hungarian, cf. BN 365 I. This was a favourite tale in Hungarian spinning rooms. Gypsy women /even the more industrious Romungros/ have never taken part in spinning.

The story-teller's son corrected the last part in Hungarian. After this, she retold it in the suggested form.

58. This autobiography shows how mistaken many sociologists are when idealizing the traditional Gypsy family life: it is all but harmonious.

59. The story-teller constructed the plot of this improvised story of very different motifs. It begins with the well-known fairy tale motif of a woodcutter rewarded by a grateful serpent but here this motif got naturalized by substituting the grateful animal by a forest-guard. The realistic scene is followed by the fairy tale episode AaTh 556F^x /Driving the witch's horses to pasture/. After this, a third thread is taken up /episodes of his own life and political reflections/. The last /fourth/ part again is unrelated to the previous ones /a fragment of some robbers' story/. This mixture gives a true picture of structural peculiarities of Gypsy story-telling.

The text was written down by me in August 1956, i.e., in the agitated political atmosphere of that period. The critical remarks refer to the economic difficulties in Hungary in the early 'fifties.

60. This tale was written down by my friend K. Erdős in the early 'fifties. I publish the text from his manuscript.

61. Among Vend Gypsies, I did not succeed in finding any story-teller. "Paramisi române na igen sokinas akâm mã le fatjunge te phênel" 'Nowadays, we do not use to tell tales to the children in Gypsy any more', said my informant. Thus, in order to come into possession of a Vend Gypsy text, I have dictated them the tale N^o 39. of this volume

in Hungarian and have asked them to make an oral translation. My informant did it with a great ease and very accurately. I publish the text with abbreviations. English translation see vol. II. p. 170-178.

Under 61/a I publish another translation of the same text by another Vend Gypsy woman.

62. A German /viz., Austrian/ folk tale as it is clear also from the hero's name /König Brotbrösel/. The informant speaks well German.

Two months after recording we played it back to him and he repeated /or rather replaced by some other phrases/ those passages which were not clear on the tape. I bring these remarks in brackets with the note "var."

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