



SHAKE, MY SATCHEL!

A long time ago, when times were tough, people had to work very hard on their fields to grow some rye and mill some flour at the miller's.

One day, the farmer was sowing rye on his field, but suddenly a strong wind blew and took all his rye away. The farmer chased the wind as fast as he could, but he could not catch it, it was just too fast for him. He came home all upset, worrying about what to do now. If he doesn't sow, there will be no harvest. And without a good harvest, there will be no flour to mill.

He was sad, sitting at his table with his head in his palms, and his wife said:

"Pack some snacks in your satchel, go look for the wind, and ask it to give you back the rye it took away."

The farmer didn't dawdle, he packed his bags and walked over the hills and hollows to search for the wind. Finally, he found it dancing on a meadow by the forest.

When it saw a living person far away, it came to the farmer and asked: "What are you looking for?"

And so, the farmer told him the whole story about the wind taking away the last of his rye to sow and that he didn't know what to do in the winter without

SHAKE, MY SACHEL!

his harvest. The wind listened carefully to the poor man and said: "I don't have the rye anymore, but I can give you this satchel. When you come home, you just say shake, my satchel and your table will be full of tasty food."

The farmer bowed down, thanked the wind and ran home to his family. Back home, he sat by the table, he called his wife and all his children and said firmly: "Shake, my satchel." The satchel shook right away and the table was suddenly full of various kinds of food. The whole family rejoiced. They feasted together until everything on the table was gone. The next day, the satchel again gave them food on command, so much that they couldn't even eat it all.

And so, the wife tells the farmer: "Why don't you invite the pastor to feast with us, so he can enjoy this tasty food, too?" And so, the farmer invited the pastor. He ate until he was full and he asked this nice family to lend him the satchel, and that he would bring it back soon.

The farmer obliged and lent the pastor his satchel. The pastor invited a lot of guests from all over and they feasted for three days and three nights without stopping. When the pastor didn't bother returning the satchel over the next few days, the farmer went to find him at the parish. He knocked on the door politely. The pastor opened the door, but turned the farmer away saying that he wouldn't give the satchel back because it was in better hands with him. The farmer sadly went home, head bowed, thinking about what to do.

At home, they all grieved and racked their brains, when the wife said: "Go and find the wind again, to give you another satchel."

And so the man packed his bag and went to find the wind again. Once again, he found it very quickly and told him how he lost the satchel. The wind couldn't believe that something like that could happen to the farmer.

"Please, wind, give me another satchel, lest we all starve to death," begged the farmer. The wind took pity on the farmer and gave him another satchel.

The farmer ran home very happy, where several hungry mouths were waiting impatiently. When he came back, he put the satchel on the table and called: "Shake, my satchel!"

The new satchel shook and to everyone's surprise, nine wooden clubs came out

SHAKE, MY SACHEL!

and started beating everyone left and right if they were standing in their way. When they all ran out to the courtyard, the clubs hid back in the satchel.

There was much crying and bawling when they saw that this satchel gives out punches rather than food.

But the farmer used his clever head. He hid the new satchel in his cloak and went to the parish. He banged on the pastor's door and asked him for at least a bit of bread because everyone was starving back at home. So, unwillingly, the pastor went to find some bread. When he went into the kitchen and out of the farmer's sight, he quickly switched the pastor's satchel lying in the room for the one that beat everyone. When the pastor came out of the kitchen, his eyes immediately went to check whether the satchel was still in its place. He saw that everything was fine and handed the farmer a piece of bread.

"Here you go. That's in exchange for the satchel - so never come back here!" and he banished him from the parish.

The farmer just bowed silently and went home with a smile. He put the satchel on the table, spoke the magic words and in a moment, the satchel was shaking. In an eyeblink, the table was hardly visible under all the food. Oh, how happy they all were, seeing that they would survive the winter without hunger.

The days went by. In a week, the pastor invited guests to his parish from all around the world. He welcomed everyone, sat them in his dining room with nothing but a satchel on the table.

"And now, I would like to present a treat I have for you all," the pastor boasted. Then he called to the satchel: "Shake, my satchel!"

The satchel shook and nine wooden clubs came hurtling out and began to beat all the guests. Terrified, the guests started jumping out of the windows, as they couldn't all fit through the main door. Since then, nobody would accept an invitation to the parish, even though the pastor promised feasts and dinner parties to everyone.

The pastor avoided the farmer like the plague ever since and never asked him for anything again. And the farmer and his family lived happily ever after. The end.