

A Ditmarshen Tale-Fable

Shall I tell you a little true tale? I saw two roasted chickens flying, and everyone looked at them because they were flying belly-up and back-down, knowing nothing.

And I also saw an anvil with two millstones floating down the river, very quietly and lightly; I saw a frog sitting on ice in the middle of summer and gnawing off an iron tooth from a harrow.

I saw how three brothers set off in pursuit of a hare, mounting themselves on crutches and stilts; one was mute, another blind, the third had no use of either hand.

And they caught it: and do you know how?

The blind man spotted the hare first, the mute one scared it away with a shout, and the armless one pulled it by the scruff of its neck.

And then I heard that some lads wanted to sail their ship over land and hoisted the sail, but when the winds blew, they sank right there on the hill.

A crab, backing up rear-first, outran a trotting horse, while an ox, having climbed onto the roof of a cottage, ate all the peasant's straw.

And here in our village we have bees—each one the size of a fist.

Don't believe me?

Just wait—I'll open the pipe: I'll release lies through the pipe.