How the Deacon Was Treated to Honey

Once upon a time there lived a little peasant. The peasant had a bee. In the same village lived a deacon, who was very fond of honey.

Now a son was born to the deacon. He came to the peasant to ask him to be godfather — he wanted to get a taste of the honey.

The child was baptized, and the peasant became godfather.

The next day the deacon comes to the peasant and asks for honey for his godson. The peasant gave him some.

Not a week had passed and the deacon was back for honey again. How could he refuse?..

The deacon began taking all the peasant's honey, as fast as he could pour it. He would come and say:

— Godfather, oh godfather! Your godson is asking for honey. He can't even pronounce it properly yet, but he's already crying "me" and "me"!

The peasant lost his patience and decided to teach the greedy deacon a lesson.

— All right, — he says, — I'll give you honey. But you must go get it yourself; take as much as you want.

The deacon was delighted. "Now," he thinks, "I can eat my fill of honey!"

The peasant leads him to an oak tree. And in that oak tree was a wasps' nest. The peasant set up a ladder and says:

— Climb up, deacon godfather, help yourself. There's my hive up there. Just don't curse my bee, or it gets angry at that.

The deacon climbed the oak, and the peasant took the ladder and put it away. The wasps swarmed, covered the deacon on all sides. They began to sting him. He only waves them away and keeps saying:

— Go to heaven with you, little bees!..

And they sting him all the harder.

The deacon couldn't stand it and calls to his godfather:

— Godfather, hand me that...

In his fright he forgot what a ladder is called.

The peasant hands him a shovel.

The deacon cries even louder:

— Godfather, not that, the other thing!

The peasant brings him a chisel.

And the wasps keep stinging and stinging the deacon.

He cries:

— Godfather! I can't stand it any longer!..

The peasant hands him a pitchfork.

The deacon couldn't hold on, fell from the oak. He tumbled down, catching at the branches.

— Oh, what vicious bees! — he says, — What bad honey!..

From then on he swore never to go after free honey again.