The Prophetic Oak

A kind old man got himself a young wife — a cunning woman. He says a word to her, and she answers back:
— You get nothing, old loafer — no drink, no food, not even a white shirt to wear!
And if you can't bear it and speak a word, she'll start scolding! So he thought up a way to teach his wife a lesson. He went to the forest, brought a bundle of firewood, and says:
— A marvelous thing is happening in the world: an old oak in the forest told me everything that was and foretold everything that will be!
— Oh, I'll run too! You know, old man: our chickens are dying, our livestock won't thrive... I'll go, maybe it will say something.
— Well, go quickly while the oak is still speaking; once it falls silent, you won't get a word out of it.
While the wife was getting ready, the old man went ahead, climbed into the oak hollow, and waited for her.
The woman came, fell down before the oak, prayed, and wailed:
— Oak of oaks, grandfather of speech, what should I do? I don't want to love the old man, I want to blind my husband; teach me what to cure him with?
And the oak answered:
— No need to cure him, no need to waste potions, just start feeding him richer. Fry a chicken in sour cream, don't be stingy: let him eat — don't sit at the table yourself. Boil milk porridge and pour plenty of butter on it: let him eat — don't spare it! Bake pancakes; ask him, bow to him, so that he dips them in butter and eats more — and your old man will become blinder than blind hens.
The wife came home; the husband is groaning on the stove.
— Eh, you my little old man, is something hurting again, are you fading again? Do you want me to kill a chicken, or bake pancakes, or pour butter on porridge? Do you want?
— I'd eat, but where would I get it?
— Not your concern! Though you scold me, I still pity you!.. Here, old man, eat, eat up, drink — don't spare it!
— Sit down with me too.
— Eh, no, why? I just want to feed you! I'll snack here and there myself — and be full. Eat, dear, eat richer!
— Oh, wait, wife! Give me some water to drink.
— The water is on the table.
— Where on the table? I don't see it.

— It's right in front of you!
— But where? Something has gone dark before my eyes.
— Well, climb onto the stove.
— Show me where the stove is? I can't even find the stove.
— Here it is, climb up quickly.
The old man is about to climb headfirst into the stove.
— What's wrong with you? Are you blind?
— Oh, I have sinned, wife! I ate too sweetly, and now God's day has darkened for me. Oh-oh!
— What a sorrow! Well, lie down for now; I'll go and fetch something.
She ran off, gathered guests, and the feast went full swing. The old man drove all the guests out by the scruff of the neck, and it all fell to the wife.