The Testament

Once there was a peasant. His father was dying and said:
— My son, live so that you bow to no one, while everyone bows to you, and eat kalachi with honey!
The father died. And this peasant lived one year — spent a hundred rubles: he bowed to no one and ate all kalachi with honey. He lived another year — spent another hundred. In the third year he spent the third hundred. And he thinks: "What is this? My hundreds are not increasing but all decreasing!" He comes and tells his uncle. The uncle said to him:
— Eh, you! Ride out to the field earlier than everyone, and you will not have to bow to anyone, while everyone will bow to you. And come home late, then the kalach will seem to you to be with honey.