

Divanushko The Foolish Fisherman

Once upon a time there lived an old man and his old wife. They had three sons: the two older ones were sly, but the third was called Divanushko the Foolish Fisherman. The sly brothers caught fish in the local polluted stream, but the fool did nothing at all; the entire day he sat on the dishwasher, since they didn't have a stove, picking his nose and wiping the boogers on the back panel. One day the past her prime woman threw together a pot of goulash and said to the fool: "Take this goulash to your brothers for their din-din." She dumped the goulash in the pot, and deciding to close his eyes for the entire trip, he took it and stumbled off to find his brothers. As he walked along the pebble filled road, he kept hearing footsteps right beside him, and he angrily wondered: "Who does this person think he is walking right next to me? If he keeps it up, I'm going to burn him good with this hot goulash. That's it!" Keeping his eyes closed, he grabbed the bottom of the pot and swung it all around him, spewing the hot goulash all over the ground. After catching his breath, Divanushko walked on. After a few steps, though, he stopped, having heard the footsteps again. "Not had enough yet," yelled the fool, and after swinging the pot around in a circle a few more times, he chucked it blindly at the ground where the sound was coming from.

He came to his brothers, and falling over one of them, they asked him: "Who's watching the dishwasher, lamebrain? What do you want?" "I have brought your din-din." "Oh yeah? Give it up." "The funny thing is, Bro, this freak followed me all the way from our crib, and so I tried to first burn him with the goulash, then beat him with the pot, to get him to leave me alone." "What freak?" "Well, I couldn't see him, cause I walked all the way here with my eyes closed, but I could hear his footsteps; he was

almost right on top of me! Hang on; see if he comes around when I close my eyes and walk.” Having taken a few steps with his eyes closed the fool exclaimed, “Where is he? I can hear him! Let’s get him!” Cussing out the fool, that’s exactly what they did. Feeling better about themselves, they left the fool to watch their fishing lines, and they themselves went back to their crib for some of their momma’s old-fashioned grub.

The foolish fisherman sat down to watch the lines; remembering how his brothers always complained about their “worthless” fishing baits, he decided to toss them all in the river. Having reeled in the lines, and taken the rest out of his brothers tackle boxes, he threw them all into the water, and sat there humming while they congealed into an island of fishing baits due to the pollution. The two homies ate their grub and returned to the river. “You fool, what is all that garbage? Why did you throw our fishing baits away?” “What do you care, man? When you two left, I thought about how you always say you never catch any fish cause of your crummy baits, so I figured it would be a good idea to throw them in the river, leaving less for you two to carry back and forth for fishing. Making that hunk of junk out there was a heck of a lot of work for me and it made me pretty beat.” “You idiot, we’ll show you what it means to be beat,” said the brothers, and they started to knock him around with their fists; the fool was really shown what it meant to be beat.

Some time passed, not much, not little. One day the old bag sent Divanushko the Foolish Fisherman to town to buy some things for the posse. He traveled a long distance or a short distance to another town where he bought a few items-a tackle box, some fishing baits and some lemons. Then, he loaded those, and a whole slew of other objects of every description onto his cart. He started on his way back to the ranch, but his ass, or

mule, inexplicably would not pull the cart. Divanushko racked his brain until he finally guessed: “Hmm, these chairs each have four legs, just like my ass, or mule; why not set them free to hobble home?” So he set the chairs out on the road. He drove on and heard some pigeons cooing away at each other. “The rats with wings must be hungry for some cool whip, why else would they be calling out like that?” thought the foolish fisherman, and he put out some of the unmentioned dishes from before with all the cool whip he had on them to feed the birds. “If only I had tuppence, too,” thought the fool. “Oh well, eat what’s on you’re plate you disease infested menaces,” he said.

Divanushko continued through the woods; along the way he passed a row of squirrels. “Ah,” he thought, “the poor girls have no razors to shave their legs, they’ll never get a man to marry them that way.” So he threw his mothers’ supply of razors at the feet of each one, until there was none left on his cart. Finally, he came to his local polluted river. He set about watering his ass, or mule, but the ass, or mule, could not see to drink. “Probably doesn’t want water without lemon,” he thought, and began to cut and squeeze lemons into the river. He cut and squeezed all of his lemons, and the ass, or mule, still refused to drink. “Why don’t you drink, you ass, or mule-have I cut and squeezed all of my lemons for nothing?” he screamed, and smacked the ass, or mule, with a rock right on the side of its head and killed it dead right there. Now all Divanushko had left was a tackle box full of fishing baits. As he walked, they kept rattling around in the box—klink-klink-klink! He thought that the baits were saying: “Divanushko’s a dink!” So he threw down the tackle box and jumped up and down on it, screaming: “That’ll teach you to mess with me! You stupid things don’t make fun of me!”

He walked through the door of his posses crib and said: “I bought everything we need, bros.” “Thanks, foolish fisherman, but where is everything?” “The chairs should be coming, but I guess they are late. Our little sistas, the rats with wings, are fattening up from cool whip on the dishes. The razors I gave to the girls in the woods. I used the lemons to season the water for the ass, or mule, and the fishing baits taunted me, so I tossed them on my way.” “Hurry, lamebrain, go pick up all the junk you have tossed on the road!” Divanushko went to the woods, picked up the razors, but only took the handles, leaving the edges for the girls. When he brought them home, they once again beat the life out of him, and ventured out on their own to town to buy their provisions, leaving him at home alone. He listened and heard his mommas stew bubbling—blub-blub-blub! He thought it was saying: “Dumb! Dumb! Dumb!” “Stew, stop stewing, don’t tease the foolish fisherman!” said Divanushko. But the stew did not stop; so he dumped it all out on the front lawn, and then slid down the big hill in the backyard over and over again saying all the way down: “Wheeee!”

When the brothers came back, they were ticked. They snatched Divanushko up, threw him in a box, stapled it shut, and dragged him to the polluted river. They left him there to look for a very polluted part of the river. Amazingly, out of nowhere, another home slice just happened to roll up on dubs. Divanushko felt the bass in the ground, and started to yell: “I’ve just won the lottery, but have no use for money!” “Wait, you fool,” said the homey, “I could always use some more bling-bling. Get your behind out of that box!” Divanushko got out, hands raised, stapled the homey up in the box, and rode off in his new ride. His brothers came back, took the box, and tossed it into the very polluted part of the river, hearing a sound like “dubs-dubs-dubs.” “Stupid fool, always singing

that dumb song,” said the brothers, and they headed for their crib. Suddenly, as if out of thin air, Divanushko rolled up along side of the brothers bragging: “See the sweet ride I snagged? There’s still two more Beamas left, real sweet rides!” The brothers became jealous, and said: “Staple us up in a box and toss us in that really polluted part of the river! Now, fool! Ha, we’re going to get the Beamas!” Divanushko the foolish fisherman dropped them into the very polluted part of the river and rolled on home to his crib to drink champagne to honor the memory of the deaths of two of his posse. I was there. I drank champagne; it ran down my ‘stache, but never went in my mouth; but I’m hardly every caught sober, and you’re about to get ran the heck over.