

my workshop,  
marriage permit,

old man, when

, I was in the  
h is as real to  
the mountain.  
ing you to your  
time to take my  
ed in my shop  
to the Yellow  
is worth a ton  
has now found  
n please."

. The father  
rin overspread

nd, believe me,  
zen of them for

s been so easily  
ns will assume  
p's robes I will  
me I have em-  
e'll be able to  
long before the

# The Gods Give My Donkey Wings 129

gloaming. I have a little ceremony of my own  
to be performed before the sun sets tonight.  
On with your breeches."

Such a scurrying I never before had seen.  
The patriarchs were into their breeches before  
we of the crowd had ceased to gaze at one an-  
other, and I saw, as in a dream, the pompous,  
glorious prince ride in, and heard him, when he  
had got his hands on the gold, mouth a hollow,  
little address, which the people took for what it  
was worth; and later I attended with every soul  
in the Thorp who could leap or crawl—for the  
great drum called the people—the wedding of  
the maker of gods and the little lady of the  
wheel. The late termagant was there, a new  
woman, and her daughter fulvous and respect-  
able as ever; my good hostess victorious; the  
blacksmith with a new sledge over his shoulder  
—everyone, in fact. And all seemed happy.  
The two were married under the triumphal  
arch, the name of the prince having been  
hastily removed the moment his fat back was  
turned—it is the way people have with their  
princes—and emblems of real joy and love  
hung in its place; and the people—I and my  
donkey at the head of them—escorted the  
happy pair to their house, and cheered them as