

Till Eulenspiegel

Chronicle of a Fool



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Birth in the dirt – and it already stinks of trouble

It wasn't a morning anyone wanted to remember. The sun rose lazily across a sky as gray and foul as the breath of a hungover barnhand. A rooster crowed somewhere, but it sounded like it had drunk too much. And in the middle of this miserable shack of doom, a barn full of mice, spiders, and piss-soaked straw, he came out. Till. A bastard who ruined everything with his very first cry.

No "Oh, how sweet!" No "God has given us a gift!" – Shit, no. Just a muffled groan from the midwife, who had more booze in her blood than sense, and a curse from the father, who wanted to run right back out the door. Instead of angel wings: an ass full of shit. Instead of hope: a little, red-faced screamer shouting at the world at the top of his lungs: "Fuck you all!"

The midwife held him up as if he were a wet sack of potatoes. She snorted and said, "He's going to cause trouble." Then she coughed so loudly she almost spat on him. And that was precisely the world's first judgment on Till: Aggravation. No talent, no blessing. Just trouble in human form.

The old man stood in the shadows, as broad as an ox, but with eyes that had long since given up. "A son," he muttered, as if he needed to convince himself. "A son." He was probably thinking: Shit. Another mouth that needs to be fed. Another screamer who makes the nights unbearable. He wanted a child who would work the land. One who would dig the earth, milk the cows, fuck the pigs if necessary. But what he saw in his hands was no servant. It was a little fool that God himself had spat into the world just to annoy everyone.

And outside, the village lived. A bunch of peasants with backs bent like boiled beans, praying more than thinking. They prayed because they were too stupid to understand the world and too lazy to change it. And into this sad parade of hunger and prayers, naked, screaming, stinking, Till stumbled.

Even before he could crawl, you could tell he was different. He laughed too early. But not that sweet baby smile that makes mothers go soft. No. A grin, crooked and cheeky, as if he knew full well that the world was one big joke—and he was the only one allowed to tell it. When his mother tried to breastfeed him, he bit her breast. When someone tried to change his diaper, he deliberately shat in all directions. And when his father picked him up, he peed right in his face. Even as an infant, he was a statement: You idiots, you can stick your respect somewhere else.

The first few days passed, and the village whispered. "The little one is possessed." - "A devil's child." - "A fool." And they were all right.

One night, as the wind howled and rats danced in the attic, Till lay in his dirty straw bed. His mother snored, his father drank, and Till—Till gurgled. Not like a baby. But like someone who already knew he was about to hold a mirror up to the whole damned human race. And when humanity looked in, it wouldn't see beauty. No. It would see how it drooled, how it stinked, how it sucked.

It was as if Trouble itself had been born. No hero, no saint, no savior. Just a small, naked bastard lying in his crib, grinning while the world outside slowly rotted away.

Childhood between pig food and beatings

A child needs love, they say. Till was given pig food and a beating. That was his kindergarten: a filthy stable where the pigs smelled smarter than the villagers. He crawled through the straw, eating the scraps that had fallen into the food, and laughed while the old man hit him with his belt whenever he was "disrespectful." Disrespectful meant: he opened his mouth.

Even as a little kid, Till had the look of someone who knew more than the other children. While they dutifully parroted the Psalms like brain-dead parrots, he asked questions no one liked. "Why should God love me if he put me in this shit?" he asked the village priest. The answer: a blow with a stick. Till grinned, spat between his sandals, and ran away.

His mother, poor as a dog and tired as ten, sometimes pushed a piece of stale bread toward him as if it were a royal gift. "Eat, Till," she whispered. But Till preferred to take a bite, throw the rest into the puddle, and watch the pigs fight over it. "They need it more," he said, and his mother didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

The village brats hated him. He was different, he was loud, he was cheeky. And he could defend himself. If they pushed him into the dirt, he bit. If they threw stones at him, he hurled manure back. He didn't become a friend, he became an enemy. A dirty little bastard who punched anyone who tried.

And yet – it wasn't just anger. It was also laughter. Till laughed when the pigs farted. He laughed when the priest burped during the service. He laughed

when the old man fell drunk into the dung heap. And people hated him for precisely that: because he reminded them how ridiculous they were.

Once, his father caught him "playing." Till had put the neighbor's dog in a sack, dressed it in a habit, and set it outside the church. People thought it was a holy mendicant monk—until the dog started shitting loudly. His father beat Till almost to a pulp, but Till grinned with a bloody lip. "Wasn't it funny?" he asked. And damn it, yes, it was funny. Nobody wanted to admit it.

That's how he grew up: between pig food and beatings, between hunger and scorn, between laughter and pain. No one expected anything from him—except that he died early. But Till was tough. Till was hard. And Till learned as a child: If the world only gives you shit, make a joke out of it and throw it back in your face.

First pranks: The world is a playground for idiots

Most children played hide-and-seek or climbed trees. Till played "How to Teach People Their Own Stupidity." And his tools were simple: a bit of straw, a few stones, a bucket full of shit—and a grin that promised trouble.

The first big prank happened at the bakery. The fat bastard was too proud to work himself, so he made apprentices toil while he sat in front of the oven, sweating like a pig in midsummer. Till watched him for days as he shoved the loaves of bread into the oven and fed the people hard crusts. One evening, Till sneaked in, grabbed a shovel, and shoved not loaves of bread, but cow patties onto the hot embers. The next morning, the whole street smelled of burnt shit. People stood in front of the shop with money in their hands, and the baker swore it was the freshest goods. Till laughed so loudly that you could hear him halfway across the village.

That was the beginning. Then it was the priest's turn. Till knew: this man of God feared nothing more than the devil. So, at night, Till drew a few horns on his door with chalk and shoved pig's feet under the gate. The next morning, the priest stood there, saw the "sign of Satan," and screamed as if God himself had kicked him in the ass. The people made the sign of the cross, the bells rang, and Till lay behind the wall, rolling in the dirt, laughing almost to death.

The farmers, of course, were the easiest prey. One of them, a stupid dog named Hannes, always proudly showed off his new plow. One night, Till

harnessed two drunken farmhands to it instead of oxen. In the morning, the farmer pulled on the rope, the farmhands yelled, the people ran together—and Till almost fell over laughing.

He quickly discovered: people were greedy, stupid, superstitious. You only had to hold a mirror up to their faces, and they exposed themselves. Some cried, others prayed, some hit him when they caught him—but he always grinned, no matter how bruised his bottom was.

Because Till knew something none of them knew: Life is a giant playground for idiots. People build swings out of faith, carousels out of lies, and slides out of fear. And he? He was the brat who set fire to everything so the whole place would finally burn down.

Eulenspiegel shits on authorities

There are children who kowtow to teachers. And there's Till, who would rather vomit in the teacher's bag than recite the ABCs again. Respect for authority? Screw it. Till only had respect for his own laughter—and even that wasn't always friendly.

The first to suffer was the village teacher. A skinny miser who dished out more blows than letters. Till didn't write numbers on his wax tablet, but rather little dicks and asses. "That's not writing, that's blasphemy!" yelled the teacher. Till grinned, held up the tablet, and said, "But you can read it." The stick cracked across his fingers, but the whole class laughed. And from that day on, it was clear: Till would never be a student, always a teacher—just in the dirty way.

The pastor came next. He preached every Sunday from the pulpit: Sin here, devil there, obedience everywhere. Till listened and asked loudly, "If God is all-powerful, why does he do so much shit?" The church fell silent, as if someone had smashed the heavens with a hammer. The pastor turned red, stammered, and before he could come up with an answer, Till farted so loudly that the people couldn't decide whether to laugh or beat the devil out of him. "That's the devil in you, boy!" shouted the pastor. "Then at least the devil is funnier than you," said Till, and ran out laughing.

And his father? Oh, the old man got his comeuppance like no other. Every time he beat Till, Till planned the next humiliation. Once he stuffed frogs into his boots, once he nailed the beer mug to the table so that the old man would tip

it over himself while he was drinking. The beatings got worse, of course. But Till learned: Pain passes, ridicule remains.

But the worst thing he did was to hit the authorities. As the village mayor strutted through the village, wearing his red coat and carrying his stick like a king, Till shouted, "Your coat is red because it's full of lice!" The mayor swung his arms and tried to grab him by the ear, but Till dodged and stretched a rope between two fences. The fat man fell into the middle of the pile of dirt. Till shouted, "Now you're as brown as your soul!" and disappeared.

For Till, authorities were nothing but inflated sacks waiting to be burst. Anyone who believed they had power was met with a mirror from Till. And this mirror showed no dignity, no holiness, no strength—only greed, stupidity, and ridiculousness.

The beatings that followed were severe. But Till knew: A blow heals. A joke remains. And he would always rather laugh with a bloody lip than keep quiet and keep a straight face.

Priestly feasts and communion wine drinking

The church was the only place in the village where there was actually something to be had: bread, wine, and silly faces. And that's precisely why it was the perfect playground for Till.

The priest, a fat bastard with a double chin and greedy eyes, always acted as if he were God's mouthpiece. But in reality, he was just a glutton who secretly pocketed the best pieces of the offering bread. Till watched this, day after day. And he swore to himself: If the priest eats like a pig, then he should be treated like one.

One Sunday, while mass was in progress, Till sneaked into the sacristy. He found the communion wine—red, heavy, sweet. A drink otherwise known only to the rich in the village. Till poured half the jug into his stomach, the rest landed in the pig trough. Then he sat in the corner and waited. The pigs pounced on the stuff, smacking, grunting, and drinking. And when the church bell rang, they staggered through the courtyard, slurring their words, as if they were the apostles at the Last Supper.

People ran together, crossed paths, and shouted: "A miracle! A miracle! The animals have the Holy Spirit!" Till lay in the grass, his belly full of wine, laughing so hard he could hardly breathe. But the priest only saw his half-empty barrel. He knew immediately who was behind it.

The following Sunday, Till came up with something new. While the priest preached that excess was a mortal sin, Till secretly slipped a few dead mice into the bowl of sacrificial bread. When the priest bit into them, he choked, grimaced, and half the village thought it was divine punishment. Till grinned broadly while the priest almost vomited. "Perhaps God wants you to eat less," Till cried, and received a blow to the back of the neck for his indignation.

But the wine business wasn't over yet. Once, Till drank so much communion wine that he stumbled through the churchyard like a staggering prophet. He held up the mirror and shouted: "I am the true Lord! Follow me, you idiots!" The children laughed, the women shrieked, the men tried to grab him – but Till staggered away, laughing and vomiting behind the wall.

The priest later preached that Till was possessed by the devil. But everyone secretly knew: The devil is at least entertaining.

When farmers are dumber than their cows

The farmers in the village had backs like oxen and heads like turnips. You could beat them, feed them, or get them drunk – they never became any the wiser. Their cows, on the other hand, were quiet, peaceful, sometimes with a look that said, "I know my owner is a complete idiot." Till loved the cows, but he despised the farmers. And he knew: Here he could practice his tricks like a butcher with his knife.

One day, farmer Hannes, a hulk of a man with a brain the size of a hazelnut, stood at the market and boasted: "My cow gives the best milk in the whole country!" Till grinned, waited, and went to work that night. He milked the cow not into the bucket, but into his own empty bladder—a pig's stomach he had stolen from the butcher. In the morning, Hannes proudly sold the milk. But when the blacksmith's wife opened the can, it stank of piss and fermenting acid. The whole village laughed, and Hannes wanted to catch Till. But Till was already sitting in the tree, calling down: "Perhaps you should try your milk yourself, Hannes! It tastes like your mind: thin and lazy!"

Another time, Till secretly fed the cows fermented apples. The next morning, the animals staggered around the stable like drunken farmhands, bumping into the farmers and refusing to be milked. "The devil is in the cows!" the people shouted. Till sat on the wall, stuffed his cheeks with apples, and laughed until he almost choked.

His prank with the grain sacks was especially popular. The farmers proudly stacked their grain in the granary. But Till swapped the sacks for stones from the river. When they weighed the harvest, their fingers almost broke off from the weight of the "grain." "What a bountiful harvest!" they cheered until they opened the sacks. Then their jaws just dropped open. But Till stood by and clapped. "Well, does it taste like soup made of stones?"

But his best prank against the farmers was the simplest. He painted a cross on an ox's forehead with tar. The next day, the farmers drove the animal through the market, and the people crossed themselves: "A holy sign!" Some threw coins, others bread. Till grinned and shouted, "Look, the ox is more blessed than all of you put together!" And while the farmers pocketed the money, Till laughed to himself—they didn't even realize they were being fooled by a child.

The farmers were angry, of course. But Till learned: the dumber the person, the more fun he had. At least you could milk cows. Farmers were the only ones you could laugh at.

Market cries, beer stench and cheap scams

The market was the heart of the village—a heart that stank of old fish, rotten cabbage, and stale beer. It was here that farmers, traders, charlatans, and whores gathered. Everyone wanted to sell something, everyone wanted to steal something, and no one wanted to admit they were being cheated. Till didn't see the market as a place of trade, but as a stage. And he was the damned leading man.

He started small. A merchant yelled, "Fresh apples, sweet as virgin's lips!" Till took one, bit into it, and immediately spat it out. "Sweet? Tastes like your donkey's ass!" Half the village laughed, the merchant blushed and tried to chase Till away, but suddenly the people didn't want apples anymore. Business ruined—Till happy.

Then came the beer. The innkeepers mixed it with water, diluted it, cheated, and sold piss for a thaler. Till sat down in the tavern, drank, belched, and said loudly: "This doesn't taste like beer, it tastes like your wife's footbath!" The innkeeper wanted to throw him out, but the customers sniffed their mugs, grumbled, and in the end, Till stood outside with a bloody lip—and the innkeeper with an empty bar.

But Till couldn't just destroy. He could also create—out of shit. Once, he took a sack full of stones, placed a few shiny apples on top, and shouted across the market: "Golden fruit from paradise!" People pounced, paying like mad, only to realize at home that they had bought stones. Till had long since disappeared, drinking the proceeds in the tavern.

His favorite game, however, was the one with rumors. At the market, one word was enough and it became the truth. Till would stand up and shout: "The miller is mixing rats into his flour!" The next day, the miller could no longer sell his bread to anyone. Or: "The blacksmith's wife is sleeping with the priest!" – and suddenly the church pews would be empty. Till needed no weapons. His tongue was sharper than any knife. And when the market fell silent, when the traders cursed and the people whispered, Till would stand on a barrel, hold up the mirror, and shout: "Look at yourselves, you fools! You're not here to buy. You're here to be fooled!" Then he would laugh, a dirty, cutting laugh that filled the entire square.

The market was a theater of greed and stench – and Till was the director.

[Eulenspiegel sells air and gets bread in return](#)

People will buy anything if you advertise it loudly enough. Bread, wine, holy images—even their own minds, if you package them nicely. Till knew this. And he knew: The cheapest thing you could sell was what everyone had in abundance and no one paid attention to: Air.

It all began one market day, when Till stood there with an empty stomach and an empty purse. He had nothing—except his mouth. So he stood in the middle of the square, raised his arms, and called out: "Come here, come here! I'm selling fresh air! The purest air, straight from heaven, blessed by angels, filtered through God's beard!"

At first, the people laughed. "The boy is crazy!" they cried. But Till was serious. He took a few clay jugs, lined them up, pretended to fill them with both hands,

closed them with a cloth, and tied them carefully. "Look," he said, "in here is the air from this morning, as fresh as the maiden's first time."

The first skeptics wrinkled their noses. Till lifted the jug, opened it briefly, and let them sniff. "Do you smell it? Wonderfully clean, not as rotten as your stinking huts!" And damn it—the people nodded. Of course, they didn't smell anything. But that was precisely the trick: They smelled the illusion, and it tasted better to them than the truth.

Soon, someone handed over a piece of bread to get a jug. Another laid down an egg. Yet another gave a few coins. Till smiled. He had sold nothing but air—and filled his stomach in return.

But he wouldn't be Till if he'd left it at that. He started selling "special" air: Air from the cemetery – protects against ghosts. Air from the church – brings blessings. Air from the dung heap – good for stomach problems. The more brazenly he lied, the more they believed him.

One day the priest himself came to examine him. "Boy, what are you selling?" "The air from your confessional, Father," said Till, holding out a jug. The priest blushed. "Blasphemy!" he cried. Till grinned. "If it's blasphemy, then why does it smell so holy?" The people laughed, the priest ran away, and Till sold even more jugs.

That evening, he sat there with a full stomach and grinned. He had proven once again: people are so greedy for something that they won't even buy it. As long as someone tells them it's valuable.

And while the farmers carried their jugs of air home, Till knew: He was the only one who was really breathing.

The big fart concert in the town hall

The town hall was a place where the fat bellies of the authorities gathered to discuss how to make the poor even poorer and the rich even fatter. Long tables, dull faces, beer mugs emptied faster than brain cells. Till knew: once he stepped onto the stage there, they would never forget him.

It all began when he was called to "entertain the venerable gentlemen." A street kid, who was supposed to provide a bit of entertainment with jokes and antics. They expected juggling or a funny story. But Till had other plans.

He stepped inside, grinned broadly, and said, "Gentlemen, I have an instrument that is older than David's harp, more powerful than any trumpet, and more honest than any of your words." The councilors looked confused. "Well then, boy, show us your instrument."

Till stood in the middle of the hall, lifted his backside slightly, and let out a farting, thunderous crash that made the pews vibrate. A few seconds of silence—then he laughed so loudly that the windows shook.

"That's not art!" the mayor scolded. Till grinned: "But it sounds more honest than your talk."

And he continued. He launched into an entire concerto: short, crackling trumpets, long, drawn-out trombones, a soft flute for the ladies, a thunderous timpani finale for the gentlemen. The councilors sat there, red-faced, somewhere between laughter and outrage. Some tried to remain serious, others couldn't take it anymore and held their stomachs.

The fat town clerk shouted, "That's blasphemy!" "Blasphemy?" Till shouted back. "Then your beer keg is the Holy Grail and your council table is the Lord's table."

When he was finished, he bowed deeply. "Gentlemen, that was the only honest concert these halls have ever heard." And with a final crackling sound, he departed, while the authorities raged – and the people outside laughed until they cried as Till played the "program" for them.

Since then, no one spoke of City Hall without a grin. Because Till had shown them that behind all the fine talk were just men with asses that stink just as much as everyone else.

Noble sacks and their empty heads

The nobles – fat asses in brocade, wigs on heads emptier than a wine barrel after the church festival. They rode horses while the peasants crawled in the

dirt. They talked of "honor" and "bloodline" while soup dripped from their mouths. Till saw them and knew: This is paradise for a fool.

One day, a count—a pompous rooster with a nose like a carrot—invited Till to his castle. "Make us laugh, fool," he commanded. Till grinned. "No problem, I just need a mirror." They brought him one. Till placed it before the count and said, "There, look, the biggest fool is already sitting here." The hall fell silent. For a moment, it was as if the entire room had been deprived of its breath. Then Till laughed—loudly, piercingly, filthily. The servants giggled, the ladies held their fans to their faces, and the count turned as red as a boiled crab.

The next time, Till played a trick on the courtiers. They wore peacock feathers in their hats, as proud as if they were the masters of the world. Till secretly smeared lard on their feathers. As they danced in the ballroom, the castle dog crawled up their heads, licking and biting. The ladies shrieked, the gentlemen lashed out, and Till shouted, "Well, finally, you're dancing in time!"

And then there was the banquet. A table laden with meat, cheese, and wine—a land of plenty for the rich. Till waited until the glasses were filled, stood on the bench, and called out, "Gentlemen and ladies, I'm serving you a new dish today: diarrhea with dignity!"—and tipped a jug of spoiled milk porridge into the middle of the dish of roast venison. The laughter of the servants drowned out the choking of the upper class.

Till knew: nobility was just another word for arrogance. Their heads were empty, their titles meant nothing. He had no crown, no coat of arms—only his mirror and his mouth. But that was enough to leave them all naked.

"You're nothing but bags of shit," he shouted as he left, "and I'm the only one here who tells you so to your face!"

The courtiers roared, the servants grinned – and Till moved on, his mirror under his arm, a song on his lips and a new plan in his head.

Fool's wedding with whores and dogs

A village wedding was usually a boring affair. Two people who barely knew each other swore to tolerate each other forever, while the priest sweated while preaching, the farmers drank gruntingly, and the children played in the dirt. But when Till showed up, it wasn't a wedding—it was a massacre of mockery.

It was the miller's son who was getting married. A goofy fellow, with eyes as empty as a mill without grain. His bride? A skinny maiden who acted so innocent that just watching her gave you a stomach ache. Till stood at the side, grinning, and knew: Something's going to happen here today.

When the priest asked, "Do you want to take this woman..." a dog suddenly barked from the middle of the crowd. Not just any dog—no, Till had previously dressed it in an old wedding dress. It leaped forward, danced on two legs, and barked louder than the groom could ever speak. The crowd roared with laughter, the bride screamed, the miller cursed, and Till cried, "Looks like he chose the wrong woman!"

And that's not all. At the feast, Till had swapped all the plates. Where the fine guests expected roasts, they found fish heads. Where they wanted soup, there was sour milk. Only the dogs under the table got the best bits. "You should share, as the Bible says," Till announced with an innocent grin.

The crowning moment came during the dance. Till had invited the whores from the neighboring village. They stormed into the hall, danced with the guests, ripped up their skirts, and stuck their tongues down the priest's throat. The farmers roared, the children laughed, the old people crossed themselves. It was no longer a wedding—it was a fool's festival.

And Till himself? He put on a crown of dog excrement, picked up a mirror, and declared: "Today I marry stupidity with greed, and the children will be called misery and mockery." Then he raised his wine jug, drank deeply, and laughed, while around him the world completely fell apart.

In the morning, as everyone lay hungover in the straw, everyone knew: This hadn't been a wedding. This was Till Eulenspiegel's triumph—a wedding of whores and dogs, where truth and lies shared the same bed.

The art of shitting in the wrong place

Taking a shit is a simple thing. Everyone does it, no one talks about it. You do it in the dark, in silence, preferably unobserved. But Till knew: That's precisely where the power lies. Nothing is more honest than a full bowel. And nothing shatters people's "dignity" faster than confronting them with the truth of their own stench.

His first big appearance was at the pub. While everyone sat around the table, drinking and making noise, Till climbed onto the bench, pulled down his trousers, and dropped a steaming pile in the middle of the table. Silence. The people stared as if someone had just laid down the body of Christ. Till grinned, tapped it, and said: "There—more honest than your beer and more substantial than your bread!" Then he ran out laughing, while the crowd fluctuated between rage and gagging.

But he was more subtle. Once, during a service with the pastor, he sneaked behind the pulpit. The pastor was preaching about purity and virtue when suddenly a noise rattled through the church. Till was sitting behind the altar, pants down, and shat into the holy water bowl. When the first worshipper made the sign of the cross, he pulled his hand back, sniffed it, and screamed. The chaos was complete. Till jumped out, grinned, and shouted, "The water is now truly blessed—straight from the bottom!"

He didn't stop at the nobility either. At a castle banquet, where the tables were filled with geese, game, and golden goblets, Till saw the fine guests talking and boasting. He climbed unnoticed under the table, chose the count's corner, and relieved himself there, while the toasts continued upstairs. Only when the stench wafted up did they realize what had happened. Till crawled out, wiped his ass on the tablecloth, and said: "That's what the truth smells like, gentlemen. Everything else is just perfume."

The peasants called him dirty, the priests called him devilish, the nobles called him shameful. But the people laughed. Because they knew: everyone shits. Only Till turned it into a work of art.

And he learned a great truth: If you shit in the wrong place, you always hit the mark.

[Eulenspiegel becomes executioner – but only for flies](#)

In the village, the executioner was a feared figure. A man with a black cap, a thick axe, and an aura of cold sweat. When he came, the people fell silent. He brought blood, he brought fear, he brought the feeling that life was a thin thread that could snap at any moment.

But Till saw the executioner and thought: "What a pathetic wretch. He has nothing but an axe and the people's fear. Nothing more." Till knew: power is only power if others believe in it. And that was his next stage.

One day, he sat down in the village square, tied a black cloth over his head, grabbed an old cleaver from the blacksmith's shop, and shouted, "I'm the new executioner!" The children shrieked, the women laughed nervously, the men tried to chase him away. But Till had something in his hand: a fly he'd caught in the stable. He placed it on the block, swung it, and—whoosh—hit the target. The fly flew away, Till slammed the knife into the beam and shouted, "The verdict has been postponed. The condemned man has escaped!"

The crowd laughed, but the old executioner was furious. "Don't make fun of my office, brat!" he shouted. Till grinned. "Your office? You're just a butcher with no taste. I kill too, but I kill those who deserve it." And he struck again—this time splitting a mosquito in half. "You see, I'm more precise than you."

The next day, he stood in front of the town hall, again wearing a mask and again wielding a knife. He caught flies, wasps, beetles, and carried out "judgments." People gathered, watched, and threw coins into his hat. Each time, he shouted, "In the name of the law—you are guilty because you exist!" and brought down the knife. This wasn't a blood trial—it was a performance. But the people cheered, for they were afraid of the real executioner and laughed at the fake one.

The authorities didn't find this funny. "You dishonor the office of executioner!" said the mayor. Till laughed: "The office dishonors itself every time you hang a poor dog for a piece of bread. I only kill flies—and that's enough to make you all look ridiculous."

And once again, Till held up the mirror. The executioner, symbol of power and fear, was now merely a caricature. Because in the end, the wrong people died – while the flies survived.

The Oracle from the Dung Heap

In the village, people loved oracles, signs, and prophecies. They were too stupid to understand their own lives, so they looked for voices from above—or from below. The priest had the Bible, the witches had their cards, and Till? Till had the dung heap.

One morning, as the sun hung over the field like a rotten egg yolk, Till climbed onto the largest pile of manure behind the stable. He sat down in the middle of the steaming slops, pulled a ragged cloth over his head, and called out: "Come here, come here! The oracle speaks! Wisdom lies in the dirt, and I am its prophet!"

People flocked together. Children giggled, the elderly grumbled, the farmers stared like cows at fresh grass. Till took a handful of manure, let it drip through his fingers, and said, "Look, this is the future—warm, smelly, and inevitable."

A woman asked, "Will my husband soon return home from the war?" Till smelled his hand, grimaced, and said, "He'll come home, but not alive. You'll see more worms than kisses." The woman screamed, and the crowd gasped.

A farmer asked, "Will the harvest be good?" Till rummaged through the pile, pulled out an old bone, and exclaimed, "Your grain will grow as crooked as your back! But don't worry—the rats will have their fill!"

And every time he spoke, people nodded as if they had heard the pure truth. They gave him eggs, bread, even a few coins—all for words he pulled directly from the stench.

The pastor raged. "That's blasphemy!" Till laughed. "No, that's more honest than your sermon. You're reading from a book – I'm reading from what you eat and shit every day."

At the end of the day, Till was dripping with dirt but rich in gifts. He stood atop the pile and shouted: "See, you don't need heaven! You don't need a devil! Everything you are, everything you will become—lies here, in the dung!"

People stared at him, somewhere between disgust and awe. And that was exactly what Till wanted. Because he knew: whoever fears the dung heap fears life itself.

The painter who mistook shit for paint

One day, a painter appeared in the village. Not a great master, more like a pathetic brush-wielding artist who painted portraits of peasant women to make them feel like queens for a day. He sat in the market, stirring his paint pots and

boasting: "I capture the truth of life! There's a soul in every face, and I capture it on wood!"

Till watched him and grinned. "If you want to paint the truth, why do you paint in a way that makes no one laugh or puke?" he asked. The painter blinked contemptuously. "Art is beauty, you little fool. You don't understand anything about that." "Beauty?" Till laughed filthily. "Then I want to show you how to capture true beauty."

At night, Till crept into his workshop. Instead of paint, he filled the pots with cow dung, chicken droppings, and mud. In the morning, the painter came, picked up his brush, dipped it in the "paint," and painted—first the blacksmith's head, then the miller's wife. People crowded around, marveling at the portraits taking shape. Until the stench spread. One sniffed it, grimaced, and yelled, "That's shit!"

The crowd erupted in laughter, and the painter was horrified. Till jumped forward, mirror under his arm, and shouted: "Well, you see? Finally, a picture that shows the truth: It stinks just like the original!"

The peasants laughed so hard they held their stomachs. The painter turned red and shouted about honor and art, but no one listened. They pointed at his paintings, held their noses, and giggled.

The next day, the painter was about to leave. Till met him on the street. "So? Did you capture the truth?" he asked. The painter snarled: "You destroyed my art!" Till grinned. "No. I completed it. You said you paint the soul. And what is the soul of the people here? Exactly: shit."

The painter left, and Till stayed behind – with a new saying that echoed through the village: *If you want to paint the truth, you don't need paint. Just enough dirt.*

Drinking parties, fights and broken teeth

The inn was the people's university. Here, one learned nothing about books, but everything about real life: how much beer a body can endure, how much beating a head can take, and how loudly one can laugh when a tooth flies out. Till loved this place. Because everyone was equal there: farmer, farmhand, whore, beggar—in the end, they all lay in the same filth.

Even as a teenage rascal, he would sneak in, steal sips from forgotten mugs, until the barman grabbed him by the ear. "Get out, you little bastard!" Till grinned, belched, and shouted, "The beer's been adulterated anyway. I'll pee in it and it'll taste better!" A few guests laughed, and Till knew: This is where he had his audience.

He grew older, louder, bolder. When he was given a mug, he didn't drink it—he tipped it over his head and yelled, "That's how you quench your thirst from the inside and out!" The pub was in a frenzy, and soon people were more interested in his antics than in the beer itself.

Of course, it didn't just stop at laughter. Fights were inevitable. A farmer insulted Till: "Fool! You have no place here." Till took the bench, slammed it against his legs, and the first tooth flew out. Within minutes, half the village was fighting, beer mugs shattered, blood spurted, and in the middle of it all stood Till – laughing, covered in blood, with an extra tooth in his pocket.

Once, he sat down at a table with the prostitutes. "Your laughter is more honest than any sermon," he said, toasting them, and while the men looked askance, he pulled the coins from their pockets. At the end, the prostitutes were dancing on the tables, the men were roaring, and Till stood on the barrel, holding up the mirror and shouting: "Look at yourselves! You're more beautiful when you vomit than when you pray!"

The next morning, he would often be lying in a ditch, his ribs bruised, his head pounding, his mouth full of the taste of blood. But he always grinned. Because what was life but an endless feast, where you choose between swallowing and beating, whether to laugh or cry?

And Till laughed. Always. Even with broken teeth.

[Eulenspiegel and the stupid maiden](#)

The maidens in the village all dreamed the same dream: a good husband, a small house, lots of children, and eventually, a grave next to the church. The mere thought of it made Till vomit. For him, love was nothing but a business, a trick of nature to bring more loudmouths into the world. And the maidens were the simple-minded buyers of this damned business.

One of them was Grete. She was no uglier than the others, but no smarter either. She wore her braids like a flag of innocence, spoke with an angelic voice, and swore she was "pure." Till grinned when he saw her. Purity—what a joke.

One evening she came to him as he sat on the wall farting at the moon. "Till," she said shyly, "they say you're clever. Tell me, how do I find true love?" Till nodded seriously, as if he had the answer straight from heaven. "True love?" he said. "It's very simple. If a man wants to bring you the stars from the sky, first see if he can at least bring you a sack of flour. And if he tells you about paradise, see if he can build you a bed. That's love." Grete blinked. "And you? Do you believe in love?" Till laughed. "Yes. Love of wine. Love of sleep. Love of holding a mirror up to people until they can no longer bear their own mouths."

But he wanted more. He wanted to show her how ridiculous it was. So he gave her a box, carefully wrapped, with a red ribbon. "Here, Grete. This is a man's heart. Keep it safe." She took it, full of joy, ran home, opened it – and found nothing. Only air. The next day, she cried out in tears: "Till, you fool, the box is empty!" Till grinned: "Exactly. This is what a man's heart looks like when he promises to love you forever. Air, nothing else."

The village laughed, Grete cried, the priest raged. But Till knew: He had given her the truth. No flowers, no verses—just an empty box that was more honest than any "I love you."

And when he later fell drunk into the ditch, he muttered: "Love is the greatest foolishness. And I'm just the mirror that shows it."

The baker who kneaded his own ass

The baker was a fat dog, with arms like flour sacks and a belly that looked like a loaf of bread that had been in the oven too long. He considered himself an artist, talking about "crust" and "dough handling" as if he were a half-god. Every morning he roared through the village: "My bread gives strength! My bread is the best!" Till heard the chatter and thought: *Time for the idiot to really taste his own bread.*

One night, Till sneaked into the bakery. The baker was snoring in the next room, the embers in the oven were still glowing, and the dough lay on the table, raw, glistening, waiting. Till pulled down his pants, placed his bare ass in them, and rubbed them back and forth with relish until the layer of flour stuck

to his skin. Then he kneaded a bit, whistled a tune, pulled up his pants, and disappeared.

In the morning, the whole village smelled of fresh bread. People were buying it, biting into it – and Till stood at the edge, grinning broadly. "Well, do you like it?" he called out. "Does it taste strong? Does it taste... personal?" No one understood until he delivered the punchline: "Then you've all eaten a piece of the baker's ass today!"

There was loud laughter, people spat, and the baker turned red. He screamed that he was innocent, but Till held up the mirror and shouted: "Innocent? You boast every day that your bread is baked with love. Now you've put your whole heart and soul into it!"

From then on, the baker could bake whatever he wanted—all people saw was his ass when he shouted "Kraftbrot" (power bread). He lost customers, became a laughingstock, and Till moved on, laughing.

Because that was his trade: not to feed people, but to expose them. And the baker's bread was no longer food—it was truth with a crust.

Popes, prophets and other chatterboxes

Religion was the greatest stage of all. And the greatest actors weren't called Jack or Hannes, but Pope, Prophet, and Saint So-and-so. Men who pretended to have the voice of God in their ears—but who only heard the coins clinking in their cash registers.

Till understood early on: the longer the robe, the emptier the head. Some prayed to crosses, others to stars, others to the smoke of a pipe. But in the end, they all wanted the same thing: power. And bread. And wine.

One day, a prophet wandered through the village. He had wild eyes and shouted about the end of the world, thunder, and punishment. People threw coins at him as if they could buy their freedom. Till listened for a while, then stood beside him, lifted the mirror, and shouted: "Look, he, too, only talks to himself! But with me, the truth is free!" "And what is the truth?" asked a farmer. Till grinned: "That he's just hungry. Give him a sausage, and the end of the world is postponed." The people laughed, the prophet raged, and Till moved on with a piece of sausage in his mouth.

Later, Till came to a town where the Pope himself was worshipped, even if he sat a thousand miles away. People carried pictures of him, kissed them, and bowed. Till grabbed one of these pictures, stood in the middle of the square, placed it on the dung heap, and shouted: "Now the Pope finally smells like the way he preaches—like heaven and shit!" The people screamed, some reached for stones, others laughed secretly. Till knew: for every one who wanted to stone him, there were ten who would have loved to join in the laughter.

Even the village priests continued to get their comeuppance. When they preached about chastity, Till went to the prostitutes and brought them to mass. When they shouted about humility, he stood in front of the altar, pulled down his pants, and farted: "That's what true humility sounds like."

At the end of his sermon, Till once shouted through the village: "All prophets lie, all popes babble, all priests eat. If you want to hear the truth, go to the nearest dung heap—it smells more honest than their words!"

And the people? They laughed. And they were afraid. Because deep down they knew: The fool was right.

[The Bottomless Pit – Eulenspiegel in the Inn](#)

The pub wasn't just a place to drink. It was hell with a tap, paradise with a beer mug, the confessional for lost souls. Friendships were born here, teeth were lost here, more hopes died here than pigs in winter. And Till? Till was the king of this arena.

He came in whenever he had swindled a thaler or stolen a mug. "Bring me your strongest beer!" he called to the innkeeper, "I want to drown the truth in foam!" The innkeeper sighed, but knew that Till was more entertaining than ten minstrels, and placed the keg in front of him.

Till didn't drink like the others—he drank as if he were drinking against the world. He drank until his head pounded, his mouth laughed, and his legs grew softer than a prostitute's skirt. "One more!" he yelled, while the peasants had long since fallen under the table.

Once he sat down in the empty barrel, stuck his head out, and shouted: "Look! I am the prophet of beer! I preach: Drink until you see the sky vomit!" The whole

inn roared, the men raised their mugs, the women shook their heads, and Till toasted until the world shook.

But it didn't stop at drinking. Fights were as certain as foam on beer. One farmer called him "ridiculous." Till threw the mug in his face, and the bench crashed. Teeth flew, blood spurted, and Till laughed as he lay in the straw with bloody fists. "Another one?" he shouted, and three pounced on him. He fell to the ground, got up again, fell again—and ended up grinning with a broken nose.

But Till wasn't just a fool—he was a mirror. Between fights, he stood on the tables and shouted: "Look at you! You drink to forget that you have nothing! You fight because you hate yourselves! And me? I drink and fight because I love you—because without you, I wouldn't exist!"

Then he downed the next jug, vomited in the corner and slept in the straw.

For Till, the pub was a bottomless pit. The more he drank, the more the world laughed. And as long as the beer flowed, so did the truth—stank, slurred, and unstoppable.

The King of Nothing and his golden crown of piss

One day, Till was tired of always being called a fool. "If any idiot can crown himself ruler," he said, "why not me? I have as much brains as a count—and that means none. But I have more of a sense of humor. So I'm the better one."

He took an old bucket, placed it in the middle of the market square, and shouted: "Today is coronation day! Today the King of Nothing is crowned!" The people stopped, laughed, whispered, and thought: *Now he's completely crazy.*

Till pulled down his pants, peed in the bucket, then took a piece of wire and braided himself a crown. He dipped it in the warm brew, put it on his head, and shouted: "Look! It doesn't get any more golden than this! I am king, and this is my crown—the crown of truth!"

The children laughed, the women shrieked, the men held their noses. "You're crazy, Till!" one cried. "No," he replied, "I'm honest. Your kings put on crowns of gold while secretly pissing in bed. I'll do it the other way around. I'll show you right away what it really looks like."

Then he climbed onto a dung heap, held up his mirror, and shouted: "I rule over nothing, over dirt, over air, and over your stupidity. And that's enough! For nothing belongs to me—and that's still more than you ever will."

The crowd roared with laughter. One shouted, "Long live the king!" and everyone joined in, half in mockery, half in joy. Till bowed deeply, and in doing so, the wet crown almost fell into his face. He caught it, hurled it into the audience, and roared, "Whoever catches it can be my chancellor tomorrow!"

Of course, no one wanted to touch the stinking crown. But that was precisely the joke. Till stood there, his pants half-open, the mirror in his hand, and laughed. "You throw gold after it, but you don't want piss. But both are the same: a brilliant scam."

Thus, Till was crowned—not as ruler of lands and people, but as King of Nothing. And the people knew: Better a fool with a crown of piss than a ruler with a crown of blood.

Death and the devil also get their fair share

People had two enemies they feared more than hunger or beatings: death and the devil. Death took everything, and the devil promised to give it all back—only worse. That was the business that kept the priests going: fear in exchange for alms.

But Till wasn't afraid. He respected a full mug of beer, yes. He respected a big ass in a pub. But death and the devil? To him, they were just two clowns making themselves important.

One night, as the village sat around the fire and the priest once again preached images of hell, Till appeared with a skeleton. He had grabbed the skull of an ox, gathered bones, and bound them all together with wire and hemp. He hobbled onto the square, rattling, groaning, and calling out in a deep voice: "I am Death! Your time is up!"

The children screamed, the women shrieked, the men crossed themselves. But then Till stumbled, half the frame broke, and he landed with his skull in the dirt. He straightened up, grinned through his bone mask, and said, "Look, death can't even walk over a dung heap. He's that powerful." Laughter erupted, and the fear vanished.

He was even more colorful with the devil. He put on horns, rubbed his body with soot, and appeared at the priest's house at night. "I'll take your soul!" he roared. The priest fell to his knees, prayed, and sweated – until Till lifted his shirt and let out a fart that sounded like a trumpet. "Well, do you like the wind from hell?" he cried and disappeared, laughing. The next day, the whole village told how the priest had worshipped the devil – and Till grinned almost to death.

So, death and the devil were only mentioned with a grin in the village. "When they come, at least they bring entertainment," people said. And that was Till's work: He had stripped humanity's greatest terrors of their dignity.

"In the end," he said, drunk in the churchyard, "Death and the Devil are just two pathetic officials. One puts out the candle, the other tells you you lit it wrong. And me? I shit on both of their shoes."

Street dust, hunger and a smiling bastard

The street is no place for the faint-hearted. It's dust, stones, and the constant hunger that gnaws at your stomach like a rat. For most, it's misery. For Till, it was the stage where he was free. No priests, no fathers, no stupid peasants who wanted to beat him. Just him, the sky, the dirt—and his grinning mouth.

He set out with nothing but a bag full of air, a mirror, and hunger as his constant companion. He slept in ditches, under bridges, in the straw of strangers' barns. His stomach growled, his bones ached, but his grin remained. "What is hunger?" he once asked. "Nothing but an asshole complaining because he's empty. I've known worse assholes."

He could beg, yes—but not silently. When he held out his hand, he would say, "Give the fool something to eat, or he'll mirror your face back at you!" And amazingly, people gave. Not because they felt pity, but because they were afraid of finding themselves in the laughter of others.

Once he lay down in the middle of the street, not moving. A merchant's cart came along, stopped, and the people shouted: "He's dead!" Till jumped up, grinned with a bleeding lip, and shouted: "If I were dead, things would be quieter. But as long as I'm laughing, you're still alive!"

Sometimes he wandered through cities where the walls were high and the lords proud. He spat in the dust and said, "There's more gold in the dirt here than in your palaces." The guards chased him, but Till was faster, slipping through cracks, climbing over roofs, and when he escaped, he roared back through the gate: "Your walls only keep stupidity in—and it still runs down your foreheads!"

And when he was alone in the evening, with an empty stomach and aching feet, he lay in the dust and grinned. He knew: the hunger goes, the dust remains, but the smile—the smile is his weapon.

So Till wandered through the land, a bastard with dirty shoes, an empty stomach, and a full mouth. A wandering fool who showed everyone: Even if you have nothing, you can still laugh—and that makes you richer than all kings.

The truth smells like feces – lies smell like incense

The people in the village—and everywhere, for that matter—always wanted to hear the same thing: "Everything will be fine. God loves you. The winter will be mild. The harvest will be bountiful. Your wives will be faithful." In short: lies. And they wanted these lies to smell good. So they burned incense, waving it around the church until the whole place smelled of sweet deception.

Till knew better. "The truth," he said, "doesn't smell of roses. The truth stinks. Like excrement. It comes warm, steamy, and indecent. But it's real. And that's more than you get from your priests, princes, and merchants."

One Sunday, while the pastor was preaching and the church was filled with incense, Till entered the church with a bucket full of manure. He placed it in the middle of the altar, sat on it, and shouted: "Here I sit on the truth. Can you smell it?" The people coughed, the women held cloths over their noses, and the pastor shouted: "This is blasphemy!"

"No," said Till, "that's God's truth. If the Lord created man, then he also made the ass. And what comes out of it is more honest than any of your words."

The crowd erupted, some laughed, some were outraged. But Till stayed seated, scooped some feces out of the bucket, and held it up: "Look! This is what life smells like! And anyone who tells you otherwise is just trying to deceive you."

Later, at the market, he repeated the game. A merchant praised his expensive perfume: "Smells like paradise!" Till took a handful of dung, held it up next to him, and shouted: "And this smells like hell—but at least you know right away where you stand!" The crowd cheered, the merchant turned pale, and Till grinned: "Your lies are just perfumed shit. At least my shit is honest."

So he moved on, always with the same credo: Lies smell sweet, but rot. The truth stinks, but remains real.

And when he sat by the fire at night, he said: "Better to live in the stench of truth than to suffocate in the perfume of lies." Then he drank, farted into the embers, and fell asleep laughing.

Eulenspiegel as a poet of filth

People raved about poets. About minstrels who lifted their rhymes to the heavens like dead birds with colorful feathers. About pulpit orators who juggled psalms as if they were gold pieces. Till saw them and laughed. *Poets? All chatterers.* If rhymes were worth anything, they shouldn't smell of roses, but of what life really is: dirt, beer, sweat, excrement.

So Till began to "sing" his own verses. But he wasn't singing in the palace, not in the church—he was singing in the tavern, with beer stains in his mouth and blood on his lips. He climbed onto the table, swirled the jug, and began:

"A priest eats, a peasant farts, a nobleman stinks even though he cleans. The truth lies in the dung heap—and I laugh because I'm the fool in it."

The people roared, laughed, clapped, and the innkeeper shouted: "Get off my table, Till!" But then he started the next song:

"The maiden dreams of happiness in love, but only has children and backswallows. The man promises to remain faithful to her, but he's already gone to bed with the next sow."

The whores hooted, the women screamed, the men laughed red-faced. And Till grinned: "See? This is poetry. Honest, dirty, without a mask. This is life."

Sometimes he also wrote poetry in the village, by the wall, in the dust. When children asked, "Till, tell us a song!" he would roar:

"A rooster that crows is smarter than you; he only wants to fuck, not paper. You plow, you pray, you eat like cattle—and you think that's life? I laugh! Never."

The old people grumbled: "That's not art!" Till replied: "Yes, it is. Art is when people laugh even though it hurts. Everything else is just perfume for shit."

Thus, Till became a poet—not of beauty, not of the sublime, but of filth. His verses were like himself: cheeky, foul, unforgettable.

And when he lay hungover in the straw at night, he murmured: "The best poems are written by the stomach when it's empty, and by the ass when it's full." Then he fell asleep – and dreamed new verses.

The world as a sow, and he as its farmer

If Till were to describe the world, he didn't need a book, a sermon, or a painting. He simply pointed his finger at the stable. "There," he said, "that's it. The world is a pig."

The sow ate everything: grain, garbage, kitchen scraps, even its own turds. Just like humans. They stuffed themselves with greed, with lies, with faith, with wine—and grunted contentedly as if they were kings. Till stood beside it, grinning and thinking: *I know you. You're pigs. But I'm the farmer who drives you.*

He told the people openly. "You're sows. Your masters are just fat sows with gold rings in their noses. Your priests are sows who think they sing better. But in the end, you all wallow in the same filth." "And you?" someone asked. "What are you, Till?" Till laughed. "I'm the farmer. I feed you, I drive you, I hold up a mirror to you until you realize you're standing in your own dung. And if you don't realize it—so much the better, then I'll laugh even louder."

He also played the game literally. Once, he harnessed real pigs to a plow and drove them through the field. "Look, that sow works more honestly than you!" he shouted, as the farmers watched, half outraged, half ashamed. Another time, he placed a crown on a fat sow, led her through the village, and shouted, "Here comes the queen! She eats more than all of you put together—so you must love her!"

People laughed, some threw stones, others nodded silently. Because they knew: Till was right.

That evening, drunk in the pub, he declared: "The world is a pig. It eats you, it cheats you, it tramples you into the dirt. But I—I am the farmer who drives it. And as long as I laugh, it can't eat me."

Then he raised his mug, toasted the invisible sow, and roared, "To you, you old sow! Without you, there would be nothing to laugh about." And he drank until the ground shook.

About haggling, eating and being eaten

For Till, life wasn't a fairy tale, a test, or a gift. It was a market. A dirty, smelly bazaar where everyone was trying to sell everyone else something. One sold faith, another honor, a third his own sister. And in the end, the one with the stupidest grin always paid.

Till often stood in the marketplaces, observing the endless haggling. Farmers shouted that their potatoes were the best. Merchants touted fabrics that would crumble at the first rain. Priests sold salvation for souls—more expensive than any piece of bread. And people bought, again and again, with greedy fingers and empty minds.

"That's the game," said Till. "You haggle, you eat—or you get eaten."

He played the game himself. Once, he sold a farmer some "magic seeds." In reality, they were just pebbles from the river. The farmer planted them, waited for weeks, and nothing grew except weeds. Till laughed and exclaimed, "See, that's magic—it turns your hope into shit!"

Another time, he sat in the tavern and ate like a king while everyone watched. At the end, the innkeeper said, "Till, pay!" Till grinned: "I paid with my laughter. The people drank more because I was there. You won. And I ate." The innkeeper wanted to have him beaten, but in the end, he agreed with him—Till had always been part of the game.

And if he himself became a victim? Then he grinned even wider. Once, muggers stole everything he had. Till lay in a ditch, bleeding, empty. He spat and

muttered: "Now I have it in black and white – today I was eaten. Tomorrow I'll bite back."

For Till, life was nothing but food. But unlike the others, he knew it. They acted as if everything was honor and dignity. But he called it what it was: a mouth full of filth, always snatching more.

And in the evening, when he held up the mirror, he didn't just see his face. He saw all the hype, the greed, the teeth, the mouths. And he laughed. Because he knew: whoever recognizes the game will still lose—but at least he'll laugh while he does it.

The doctor who killed more people than he cured

The doctor came to the village like a prince. A thick hat, a bag full of jars and flasks, and a face that looked as if he'd already been to too many funerals. "I cure everything," he said. "From corns to the plague. God has called me."

Till laughed when he heard that. "God called you? Probably because he needs someone to send him customers."

The doctor treated people with everything he could find: fermented herbs, leeches, pork fat, bloodletting with rusty blades. And the result was always the same: the patients died faster than if they had simply stayed in bed. But people believed him because he used long words and had a grim expression.

Till couldn't resist. One day, he sat down in front of the doctor's hut with a bucket of water and a shovel of dirt. "I, too, am a healer," he cried. "This is the holy water that cleanses you from within—and this is the earth that heals you from without!" "Fool!" cried the doctor. "This is fraud!" Till grinned: "Fraud? You call it the art of healing; at least I'll call it by its name."

People laughed, some even came to Till, let themselves be rubbed with dirt and felt better – simply because they weren't being sucked dry by leeches.

But Till took it further. Once, he smuggled a few dead mice into the doctor's pocket. The next day, when the doctor was mixing his "medicine," they fell right into the broth. "This is for fever!" he exclaimed proudly, while Till almost died laughing in the background.

In the end, people saw the truth: the doctor wasn't healing anyone. He was only lining their pockets—his own and then the graves in the cemeteries.

"You want healing?" cried Till. "Then laugh! Laughter heals more than all its poisons. Or drink wine—at least that's fun while you die."

And while the doctor foamed with rage, Till toasted the sick and grinned: "Death is your doctor, and he is more thorough than any of you."

Beggars, bandits and other decent people

In the village, people spat on the beggars. They kicked them if they came too close, they chased them from the market, and they despised them because they had nothing. But Till often sat down with them by the fire when they were lying on the country road, with bones in their stomachs and fleas in their shirts. "You stink," he said, "but at least you stink honestly."

The beggars had no facades. They said, "Give me bread or I'll pass out." No talk of honor, no oaths to God, no babble about purity. Just the naked truth. And Till liked that. He sat with them, drank from their clay jugs, and laughed at their stories—stories that sounded truer than any sermon.

He also preferred the bandits to the authorities. They took what they wanted with knives and clubs. "An honest deal," said Till. "They show you the blade, and you immediately know where you stand. Much more honest than the tax collector who eats your last bread and still smiles."

Once, robbers stripped him naked, took his coat, mirror, and his last penny. Till lay in the dirt, laughing and calling after them: "You're more honest than the count – he takes everything too, but acts as if it's his right. At least you say: Shut up or die." The robbers grinned back and left him the mirror – "It suits you better, fool."

And the whores? Till loved them the most. They took money and gave meat, making no secret of it. "There are no lies with us," said one as she lay with him in the straw. "You pay, I do it, that's it." Till laughed: "More truth than in ten marriages and a hundred confessions."

Thus he learned: Those who were called filth were cleaner than the saints. The dishonorable were more honest than the honorable.

At the end, Till, drunk around the campfire, said: "If I had to choose between the count with a crown, the priest with a Bible, or the beggar with his stomach open—I'd rather sit with the beggar. Because the only difference is: the beggar doesn't lie when he asks you for bread."

And the people who heard him knew that the fool spoke the truth.

Eulenspiegel moves on – with flatulence and beer

Till was never one to stay in one place for long. He was like a gust of wind: first you laughed at him, then you cursed him, and before you could catch him, he'd moved on—leaving behind only the smell of his jokes and the sound of his laughter.

His bundle was never large. A few rags, his mirror, sometimes a loaf of bread, but mostly just an empty stomach. What he always had with him was his mouth—and, if necessary, his ass. Because Till knew: You don't need weapons when you can laugh and fart.

The country roads were dusty, endless, and often only the thought of the next beer carried him through his misery. He moved into a village, begged a mug, caused trouble, laughed – and when the threat of a beating threatened, he was gone again. "A wanderer," he once said, "is only one who knows that he is hated the same everywhere."

He made a spectacle of his wanderings. Once, he stood in the middle of the country road, held his belly, and shouted to the farmers: "Stop, I have a curse in my body!" Then he let out a fart that scared the horses. "The curse is broken!" he shouted, while the people laughed and cursed. And Till moved on.

His body was a barrel that never filled up. Beer in, flatulence out, and in between, mockery that sparked like sparks. In the evenings, he often lay in the ditch with aching bones, but he grinned at the sky and muttered, "As long as I can laugh, the streets won't eat me."

Some said, "Till is a curse." Others said, "He's a gift." But no matter what they thought, one thing was certain: wherever he went, there was stench and laughter. And when he moved on, stories were left behind that resonated louder than any church prayer.

So Till moved on – with flatulence and beer, a wanderer without a destination, a fool without a home, but with more freedom than all those who withered away behind walls.

When the people laugh, the powerful howl

The powerful feared uprisings, hunger riots, fire, and blood. But what they hated most was laughter. A people that laughs is a people that no longer obeys. And Till knew: every fart, every mockery, every punchline is a dagger in the belly of the authorities.

Once, the count preached to his peasants: "You owe me obedience, I will protect you with my sword!" Till stood at the sidelines, grinned, and shouted: "Which sword? The one you need to unbutton your trousers?" The peasants laughed, the count blushed—and there was more rebellion in that laughter than in a thousand scythes.

In the city, too, a councilman tried to appease the people: "Taxes are necessary, for the good of all!" Till jumped onto a barrel, raised his mug, and yelled: "Then tax the shit too! Everyone farts, everyone shits—that would be the most honest tax!" The crowd roared, the councilmen grimaced, and Till knew: He had disarmed them, not with blades, but with laughter.

Because laughter made everyone equal. Whether farmer or beggar, whore or craftsman – when Till delivered the punchline, everyone lay curled up in the dirt. And the powerful? They stood alone, naked in their dignity, while the people laughed in their faces.

Once, at a royal feast, Till even sneaked into the palace. The king himself boasted of his glory and valor. Till stepped forward, bowed deeply—and farted so long that the trumpeters fell silent. Then he raised the mirror and shouted: "That's the true royal sound! And you all blew along." Laughter echoed through the hall, the king foamed at the mouth, but there was nothing he could do: A king who hangs a fool admits he's afraid of ridicule.

And Till knew: mockery is the sharpest blade. A sword rusts, an axe becomes blunt, but laughter eats into the soul and stays.

"When the people laugh," he said one evening, "the powerful howl. And that is the only consolation the poor have: that when they laugh, their teeth are sharper than all crowns."

A life on knives, dung and mead

Till didn't live in safety. Safety was for others—for the peasants in their huts, for the priests behind their walls, for the lords in their castles. Safety meant boredom, and boredom was worse than death. Till always lived on the edge: on the brink of being caught, beaten, or hanged. But that was precisely what made his heart beat and his mouth laugh.

He traveled through the land, and everywhere blades were waiting. Knives from robbers, clubs from peasants, rods from priests, swords from lords. But he dodged, danced, mocked. "Hit me," he cried, "but if you miss, I'll laugh louder than you can scream." And most of the time he really did laugh, even if his back was bruised and his blood was red.

The dung was his carpet, his sofa, his throne. He slept in piles that stank of pigs, he played the prophet in them, he made them his oracle. For others, dung was shame – for Till, it was truth. "Better to sit in the dirt and laugh," he said, "than crouch in velvet and howl."

And the mead? It was his solace, his motivation, his religion. If he got a flagon, he drank until the world shook, and if he didn't, he stole, swindled, or made it up. "Mead is the only sermon I need," he often cried. "It tells me: Today you live, tomorrow you're dead—so drink, fool!"

That's what Till's life was like: a dance on knives, a bath in dung, a drunken stupor on mead. No fame, no security, no future. But every minute burned, every hour was a mockery of the world.

And when he lay drunk in the ditch at night, his face in the dirt, the mirror clutched to his chest, he muttered: "I'm no hero, no saint, no king. I'm just Till—a bastard who sleeps on knives, lives in dung, and drowns in mead. And damn it—I won't have anything else."

The final trick: Death with a fart in the throat

No one escapes death—not even a fool. But Till swore to himself: If the Grim Reaper came for him, it wouldn't be in whispers, not in prayer, not in silence. No, he wanted to die as he had lived—with laughter, stench, and a final scorn.

It was a day like any other: too much mead in his stomach, too little bread in his belly. Till staggered through the village, telling his jokes, showing off his mirror, and the people laughed once again as if he were immortal. But his body was tired, his heart like an old horse that no longer wanted to trot.

He sat down on the dunghill, his throne since childhood, and raised the jug. "To you, fools," he cried, "who laugh when you should be crying. And to me, the king of all fools." He drank, tipped the rest over himself, and grinned.

Then came the cough. First quiet, then louder, a spasm that shot through him. The people gathered, saw the fool staggering on his pile. He gasped for air, wheezing, his face red, his eyes shining. And in that moment, as he almost toppled over, his body gave one last heave—a fart so long and loud that even the heavens reverberated with it.

The village fell silent, then the laughter erupted. Till slumped over, his chest still, his mouth open, but a grin still on his lips. He was dead—but he had fooled death by announcing it with a fart.

"The fool laughs last," said one. "No," cried another, "he laughs even in his death."

And so Till lay there, the mirror beside him, the laughter in the village, the stench in the air. No bells, no psalms, no dignity. Only one final prank that showed everyone: Life is ridiculous, and death even more so.

Aftermath: The world is still a pile of shit

Till was dead, but the filth remained. The farmers continued to plow, the priests continued to preach, the lords continued to devour. One fool less, and the world continued just as before—dull, greedy, ridiculous.

Some said they missed him. Others said they were glad he'd finally shut up. But that was the biggest lie of all: Because Till didn't stay silent. He lived in every

laugh that rippled through the village when a farmer stretched out in the gutter. He grinned in every mirror if anyone dared to look. He hovered in every fart let loose in the pub, reminding people that dignity was just another word for an imaginary stench.

"The world is a pile of shit," Till had often said, "and I'm just the fool who sits on it and laughs." Now the fool was gone—but the pile was still there. Even bigger, even stinkier, even more pathetic.

And sometimes, as the wind blew over the dung heap, people swore they heard a chuckle. A quiet, dirty laughter coming from deep within. As if Till were saying, "I've shown you the mirror. Now keep staring into it until you can't stand yourself anymore."

Thus ended the Fool's Chronicle—not with redemption, not with transfiguration, but with the realization he had always held before them: Life is filth. People are fools. And the world remains a stinking dung heap, no matter how many candles you light.

Only one could endure this: Till, the Fool. And his legacy was simple —**Laugh while you can.**

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