



Tevye Strikes it Rich

(abbreviated)

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the cows; the children carry pitchers and pails, churn the butter. And I myself, as you see, drive to market every morning, go from

my home and my family. And I thought, “Woe unto us all.” The wretched dark little hut that was my home, and the children barefoot and in tatters waiting for their father, the shlimazl. Maybe he would bring them a loaf of bread or a few stale rolls. You can imagine how I felt. We are only human. The stomach is empty and words won’t fill it. If you swallow a piece of herring you want some tea, and for tea you need sugar.

But in spite of everything, we are still Jews. When evening comes, we have to say our prayers. You can imagine what the prayers sounded like if I tell you that just as I was about to begin Shmin-esra