The Gentleman's Forelock

"Help! Help! Save me, comrade!" cried a voice that belonged to a drowning man who was known to be very rich and cruel.

A young lad, noticing him from the shore, thought for a moment and then said, "How can I rescue you, sir, when I'd have to grab you by the head, and you are our master?"

"Pull me any way you like as long as I don't perish," answered the man.

The boy thought and thought while more people came running who said, "How dare we grab the master by the forelock? No matter what kind of master he was, a peasant wouldn't tug at his forelock."

"Certainly," another answered. "It doesn't do. It is evident that a gentleman's forelock was never meant to be pulled. Only a peasant was meant to be yanked at by our masters anytime they feel like it!"

So the peasants argued and argued while watching from the shore. The master kept yelling, "In the name of God, help!" He yelled and yelled and finally drowned.