

~~50~~ 60 Rubles



“Fifty rubles to the first peasant, er, *person* who finds my contact lens!” said Ivan Ivanovich Shuysky as he peered nearsightedly at the crowd of people from atop his horse. Although the reward was the equivalent of \$1.58, a fortune in the village of Smootsk, there were no takers. “Hmm,” reconsidered the boyar, searching his pants pocket for another coin. “All righty then, make that *sixty* rubles!” That did the trick. At once, the villagers were on their knees, vigorously sifting through soil and gravel. Hours of hard labor passed but no one ever found it, no doubt because it was on the kitchen counter where Ivan Ivanovich had dropped it that morning while making oatmeal. If it’s any consolation to the villagers, Ivan Ivanovich never found it either, and he remained awkwardly myopic for the rest of his life.