

Story #57 (Tape 50)  
1961-1962

Narrator: Darbaz Özel, Kurd, 80  
Location: Çorca  
Date: March 1962

#57 #57 #57  
Nasreddin Hoca in God's Watermelon Patch

One day Hoca planted watermelon seeds in his garden. He said to his wife, "I am going to plant a patch of melons Watermelons for myself and a patch for God." He planted his patch of melons in good soil, but he planted God's in very poor soil. When the watermelons grew, however, it happened that the melons he had planted for God grew large while his own did not thrive. Each melon in God's patch became as large as a barrel.

When the melons were ripe, Hoca decided one night to steal some from God's patch. Taking a bag, he went to the garden and stole several large melons from God's patch and put them in his bag. But as Hoca was carrying the melons home, some villagers sneaked up behind him in the dark and took his bag away from him. Terrified, Nasreddin Hoca rushed home and cried to his wife, "He caught me! He caught me!"