Braying with the Support of Tamerlane

One day when Tamerlane was visiting the villages, he met a donkey. This was an old and weak donkey. He had been used a lot and then neglected when he was good for nothing. Tamerlane was sorry when he saw the donkey in this shape. He gathered the people in that village—a crowd just like this one around us now.

"To whom does this animal belong?" he asked.

"To such and such a man," they said.

"Call him," Tamerlane said. The man came. Tamerlane asked, "Is this animal yours?"

"Yes."

"Next time I come, I shall see this animal curry-combed and tended very well. If I do not see it so, I hope you have some idea what my punishment will be." Tamerlane went away.

The man asked the others, "What is the best food for a donkey?"

"Barley," they said.

The man, fearing death, took such good care of the donkey that when the donkey brayed, it could be heard all the way to the other end of the village. His neighbors said, "Esat Dayı [maternal uncle], how loudly your donkey brays. We can hardly sleep, he makes so much noise."

"Of course he does," the man answered. "If he has a supporter like Tamerlane, why shouldn't he?"