Once there were a husband and a wife. They had some plowing to do. The husband said, "I shall plow that field and come back."

"All right. Go and do it, but let me make some baklava for you."

The man went to the field, plowed a little—five or six furrows—and then his plow caught in something. He found that it was a large pot. He looked inside and found it filled with red gold coins.*

In those days, judges used to be called (kadi). It happened that at that moment a kadi was passing the field.

"Kadi efendi, should I plow this field lengthwise or crosswise?"

The kadi said, "I know nothing about plowing. Plow it any way you like."

As the police station was close, the farmer feared he might be taken there and beaten, and so before the kadi went very far down the road, he called again, "Kadi efendi, kadi efendi. Stop a moment." When the kadi stopped,

*It is impossible to take red literally here, for only in some of its oxides is gold reddish. Peasant narrators often distinguish between gold and the most valuable form of gold, red gold. Accounts of countless treasure hunters in Turkey are filled with references to red gold. It may well be a transference of everyday imagery to the imaginary world. Since most of the coins peasants see are copper, they may unconsciously think in terms of shiny copper, which is reddish.
the peasant asked, "Kadi efendi, should I sow wheat or barley here?"

The kadi said, "I told you that I know nothing about farming. Sow what you will.

The farmer was still worried that he might be beaten on account of the possession of the gold he had found, and so he called again, "Kadi efendi kadi efendi. Stop a while." [Each time he stops the kadi he plans to tell the kadi of the treasure, but he cannot bring himself to do so. When the kadi stopped, the farmer said, "Kadi efendi, should I sell the white ox and buy a black one?"

The kadi answered crossly, "I told you I understand nothing about farming. Buy whatever ox you wish.

He loaded the pot of gold on his donkey, went home, and hid the pot in the chicken house. When he entered the house, where his wife was sitting, he asked, "Where is the baklava you were to bake for me?"

She said, "You went plowing only a short while ago. How could I make baklava in such a short time?"

"Well, I finished the field

"Poor man, I shall go and get two eggs from the chicken house and fry them for him," she said to herself. When she went for the eggs, she saw something huge in a black sack there. She opened it and saw it was a pot filled to the top with gold. She dug up the floor of the stable, hid the pot there, returned with the eggs, and fried them. She had put a black stone in the sack in place of the pot.

The man was still thinking about the kadi. He said to himself, "He is sure to call me now. I might as well go before he requires me to see him."

He shouldered the sack and went to the kadi's office and knocked tik, tik,
"tik [a cautious, polite knock, not tak, tak, tak].

"Come in!"

He entered and said, "I have brought it, kadi efendi."

"What did you bring?"

"Here it is."

The kadi looked and saw nothing but a large black stone in the sack.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Well, my wife said it was 9 kilos and I said it was 10, so I brought it to you."

"All right," the kadi said, "but you ridiculed me yesterday, too," and he ordered his men, "Throw him into the retention house [not a regular jail]."

But the kadi forgot that he had had a man in jail for more than 24 hours, and he said to the clerk, "We had a man in jail." The clerk looked through the window of the jail and heard the farmer talking to himself in this manner.

"It was this tall, this high, and full of red gold coins--filled to the brim. It was not a stone. Where could it have gone?"

The clerk went back to the kadi and reported what the farmer was saying. He had the man called to his presence and asked, "What did you do with the gold?"

"Kadi efendi, I was not talking about gold but about you. I was saying, 'The kadi is this high, his belly this wide [with gestures], his head is this big and his mother's vagina this wide. What I wondered was how he managed to get out of such a narrow place"

"Throw him into jail," the kadi ordered.

The man was thrown into jail, and his wife had all the gold for herself to spend