

Story #366 (Tape #2, 1972)

Narrator: Unidentified

Location: Dođla, Karacabey, Bursa

Date: Spring 1972

A Hunting Tale

TEK
Once upon a time when the camel was the town crier, the flea the storekeeper, the goat the barber, and when I was rocking my grandmother's cradle, the shepherd began chasing a goat. And I started chasing them. They ran, and I ran. Finally I saw two stores. One of the stores was dilapidated, and the other did not have an awning. I entered the one without the awning. In the store I found two rifles. One of them was broken, and the other did not have bullets in the barrel. I took the one without the bullets and went hunting.

I walked for some time and then saw two rabbits. One of them was dead, and the other lacked life. I shot the dead rabbit. I cut up that rabbit. Then I started walking again until I reached two streams. One of the streams was dry, and the other lacked water. I chose the river without any water. I washed the body of the rabbit in it. While I was walking, I found two pots. One of them had a hole in the bottom, and the other did not have a bottom. I took the pot without the bottom, and put the rabbit in it. I boiled and cooked the rabbit. It cooked and cooked. Then I ate it, but my mouth did not taste anything. There was nothing to eat.