

Story #622 (1977, Tape #21)

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# 622  
Tall tale

A Tall Hunting Tale

One day I was told that my grandfather had just returned from Istanbul. He had been sick and had gone to Istanbul for <sup>medical treatment</sup> treatment.

I immediately went to see my grandfather. He was as solid as a doorknob.<sup>1</sup> I kissed his hand; I kissed his feet; I was very happy to see my grandfather. I asked him how he was, and what news he had. He told me he was feeling just fine but that he had a great craving for wild meat. <sup>doorknob -- solid as -- as proverbial expression</sup>

I happened to have two friends, each of whom, like me, owned a rifle. One of my friends was <sup>cripple</sup> crippled and the other was <sup>blind man</sup> blind. My blind friend had a rifle that had everything but a barrel <sup>- of rifle</sup> on it. My crippled friend had a rifle that had everything but a trigger. And I had a rifle that had nothing but a trigger.

Since my grandfather had a strong desire for hunted (wild) meat, why, of course we would go hunting. We went on and on and on; in fact, we went quite far. We came to a huge, huge lake. The water in the lake would become as cold as stone. By the lake-side there was a very big lentil tree that was not yet fully grown. The tree was indeed very big. A rabbit ran under the

<sup>1</sup>A proverbial expression in Turkish.

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tree. My blind friend must have sensed how much I loved rabbit; he shot at him about ten hand lengths from the ground. My crippled friend went and got the rabbit. We intended to cook the rabbit and save the broth for my grandfather.

We went into a village. There were three big houses in the village. One of the houses had no wall; the second had no floor; and the third had no roof. We went into the one with no wall. It was a huge house. There were three women in the house. They were like lionesses. One had expired; the second was dead; and the third had passed out. We told the one that had passed out that we needed a pot in order to cook our rabbit. God bless her soul, she was a very generous woman. She brought three pots. One had no bottom; the other no sides; and third was in several pieces. We threw the rabbit into the bottomless pot, cooked it, and ate enough to satisfy our souls. Then we strained the broth into a handkerchief and took it to my grandfather. He ate some and got fat; he ate some more and got fatter; the more he ate, the fatter he got.