

Story 690 1979, Tape 1

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The Saddler Recovers His Money

there was and once there was not a saddler. He used to hide his money inside the leather covering of one of his saddles. When he needed money, he would rip open this leather flap, take what money he wished, and then sew it back shut again.

One day a customer entered the saddlemaker's shop and examined the different saddles for sale. Finally, he made his selection, picked up the saddle he had chosen, and paid for it. He paid a fair price for those times. Some time after the customer had departed with his saddle, the saddler realized that it was the saddle which contained his store of money.

After being used for several years, this saddle was quite badly worn. The owner returned to the saddle shop where he had bought it. "selâminaleyküm," he said.

"Aleykümselâm,"<sup>1</sup> returned the saddler.

"Will you recover this saddle with leather for me?"

"I will." Even though it was badly worn at several places, the saddler recognized it at once as the saddle in

<sup>1</sup>Traditional exchange between Moslems when they meet: "May peace be unto you," and "May peace be unto you also."

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which he had formerly hidden his gold. Unstitching the flap of leather behind which he used to hide his money, the saddler discovered to his delight that every lira of the money was still there.