

Story 859 (1964 Tape erased on field trip after contents transcribed) Narrator: Mehmet Özsoy, farmer

Location: Aşağ Emerce village, Taşköprü kaza, Kastamonu Province

Date: July 1964

Urban and Rural Hospitality

A peasant living in a village had a friend in a nearby city. Whenever the peasant went to town, however, this city friend of his would show him only the minimum hospitality and would not treat him at all well. But when this city man went to the village, his peasant friend would extend full hospitality to him. The villager would keep him there three or five¹-even eight days. Let me make this story brief by saying simply that the city man visited the village so often and stayed so long each time that his peasant friend was sick of the sight of him.

One day the city man appeared in the village and said to his friend, "I felt like coming to the country for a little hunting." Actually, he planned to stay for three or five or eight days and use the peasant's donkey to ride around on as he hunted.

"You are welcome," said the peasant.

¹ When Turkish people say three or five, they usually do not mean either of those numbers to be taken literally. Three or five means simply a few, not any specific number.

Story 859

After dinner, the city man said, "I think I'll go down to your cornfield and see if I can shoot any boars there this evening." Taking his gun, he went to the cornfield and took a position where he could see most of the field. After a short while he saw a dark animal moving on the opposite side of the field. Thinking it was a wild boar, the city man approached it until he was within firing range. He then shot at the animal and saw it fall to the ground. He then shouted to his peasant friend, "Come! Come! I have shot a boar, but I don't dare go near it alone because it may still be alive."

The peasant went to the cornfield, and together they cautiously approached the place where the animal had fallen. When they found it, they saw that the animal that had been killed was not a boar but a donkey. "This is terrible," said the city man. "Here I have killed some peasant's donkey."

His village friend struck a match and examined the donkey. After doing so, he said, "It is my donkey. You are the kind of man who doesn't recognize his friend in the city or his friend's donkey in the country!"