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Narrator: Neriman Hızır
(Ays'abla), owner and
director of Ays'abla
ilkokulu

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The Fisherman and the Little Fish

There was once a fisherman who had worked hard all day without any success. He had cast his nets and cast his nets, but he had caught nothing. Finally, when he was almost ready to go home, he caught one small fish.

"Please let me go," the fish begged. "I am so small now that I am not even enough to fill a hole in one of your teeth.¹ If you let me go now, I shall grow larger in the sea, and then the next time you catch me, I shall be of some real use to you."

"Oh, no, Little Fish," said the fisherman, holding it tightly. "If I let you go now, I may never see you again."

The moral of the story is this: A little fish in one's hands is better than a large fish in one's imagination.

¹This is a common expression in Turkish to indicate a small or insignificant amount of food.