A farmer from the Black Sea coast had had crop failures for several years in a row. At the beginning of the new season, he said, "O Allah, if you can help me to have a successful crop this year, I shall share the harvest with You."

The farmer planted his seeds and waited for the wheat to grow. As the season went on, it was evident that the wheat crop was going to be exceptionally good. When the farmer began to reap the wheat, he realized what a great harvest he had that year. As the grain was threshed, the farmer divided it into two parts, saying, "One sack for me and one for Allah; a second sack for me and a second sack for Allah."

After the grain had all been divided into two great piles, the farmer began to think about it. Then he raised his hands toward the sky and said, "O Allah, they say that You do not have any family. You do not, therefore, need as much grain as I do. I shall take two sacks of wheat for each one that I give to You." The farmer thought further about this matter, and again he spoke to the Deity. He said, "O Allah, they say that You neither eat nor drink, and so you would have very little use for grain. I shall, therefore, take four sacks of wheat..."
for each one that I give to You."

The farmer had no sooner said that when a very heavy thunderstorm began. Water poured down in great torrents, and before long the whole crop had been washed away by the flood. The flowing water was so deep and so strong that the farmer barely escaped from the field with his life. As the poor Laz ran toward his house, there were repeated flashes of lightning. When he saw this, the Laz said, "O Allah, I understand that You were angry at not receiving Your fair share of the crop and I understand that You sent the flood to punish me. But why do You keep turning on Your lights to search for me?"