

Story 1491 (1976 Tape 19)

Narrator: Müslim Öğretmen  
/actual last name;  
not a teacher/

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Halfeti kaza,  
Urfa Province

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The Fox, the Crow, and the Wolf

Once there were and once there were not a fox and a crow who became friends. Of course they were very different from each other. The crow had wings, and he could fly over mountains, rivers, and forests. The fox could not fly in this and so his travels were much more limited.

One day the fox invited the crow to his home for dinner. The crow accepted this invitation. In preparation for the meal, the fox cooked a flour soup and he served it on very flat plates. He then said to the crow, "Dinner is ready! Please go ahead and start eating." But the crow was unable to pick up the soup with his beak from the flat dish. The fox, on the other hand, was able to eat all of his dish of soup by licking it up with his tongue.

After the dinner was finished, the crow thought, "He has played a mean trick on me. How can I get even with him?" After thinking about this for a few days, the crow invited the to dinner at his home. The fox accepted his invitation. crow cooked a quantity of small millet, and when it was

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ready to eat, he sprinkled it among some bushes before his house. Then he said to his guest, "Dinner is ready! Come eat." Of course the fox could not get at the millet grains among the bushes, but the crow was able to pick them out with beak and eat plentifully.

After the dinner was ended and his guest had left, the crow thought, "This fox is really not a good friend. If he gets a chance, he will someday kill me and eat me. I had better think of a way to kill him first." After thinking about this for a while, the crow said, "Ah, I know what I shall do. I shall carry him high into the sky on my wings and then I shall let him fall that great distance to the ground." One day he went to the fox and said, "Oh, brother fox, this countryside of yours is not a very good place to live. It does not have any trees, any flowers, or any gardens. It a very unpleasant climate. You should see my country. It has a good climate, and it is all green. If you saw my country, you would like it very much

The curious fox asked, "Where is your country?"

The crow raised his head toward the sky and asked, "Don't know that it is up in the sky?"

The fox answered, "But, brother crow, you have wings, but about me? I have no wings. How am I going to get there?"

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The crow said, "Don't worry, brother fox. You will simply sit on top of my wings and I shall carry you into the sky. We shall go there together." The fox climbed on his back, and the crow flew and flew, up and up toward the sky. Then the crow shouted, "Hey, brother fox, change your sitting position. Sit a little farther over on my right wing." While the fox was changing his position, the crow pulled his wing from beneath him, and the fox began falling toward the earth with great speed.

"O Allah!" cried the fox, "let me fall into a lake or on a threshing floor<sup>1</sup> stacked high with straw!" As it happened, just below him there was an old man performing his prayer service upon a fur coat.<sup>2</sup> By chance the fox fell upon that coat, striking the chest of the old man as he did so. The shock knocked the old man unconscious, but the fox did not suffer any injuries. He jumped up, took the old man's fur coat, and departed.

After he had been walking for a while, the fox met a which asked him, "Oh, brother fox, where are you going with that fur coat? Are you in a hurry?"

<sup>1</sup>Until recent mechanization of Turkish farms, grain was threshed on a community threshing floor, a clay-covered circle of some twenty or thirty metres in diameter.

<sup>2</sup>A substitute for the traditional prayer rug.

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"Oh, yes," answered the fox. "There is something that I have to do."

But the wolf continued to ask him questions. "Why is that? What are you going to do with that fur coat?"

The fox answered, "It is a product of my trade. My father worked in the same trade. I am a furrier

When the wolf heard this, he said, "Oh, brother fox, the winter is coming, and I shall soon need a very thick fur coat. Can you make one for me?"

"Of course I can do that, but I shall make it for you only if you will bring me twelve yearling sheep, one a day for the next twelve days. They will provide enough wool."

Very pleased, the wolf asked, "How much money will you charge me for doing this?"

The fox answered, "I shall not take any money at all from you. You are my friend."

Every day for the next twelve days the wolf caught the best yearling sheep he could find in the flock of a nearby farmer and delivered it to the fox. The clever fox ate very well for twelve days. As he slaughtered each sheep, he threw its pelt on the ground and placed a stone on it to keep it from blowing away

After twelve days had passed, the wolf said to his son

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"Go to your uncle fox. Give him my greetings and ask him if he has finished my new fur coat."

The young wolf went to the fox's house and said, "Uncle fox! Uncle fox! My father sends you his greetings and wants to know about his new fur coat. Have you finished it yet?"

The fox said, "Oh, son, I am almost through with that coat, but I shall need two more lambs to complete the large collar of the coat. Go and tell your father that I need those two extra lambs."

The wolf delivered the two additional lambs to the home of the fox. The fox realized, however, what would happen when the wolf discovered that there was no fur coat at all. Thinking about this, the fox decided to leave that area and live elsewhere. He started walking toward the mountains. Near the foot of those mountains he found some open land along shore of a small lake, and there he decided to build a house for himself. He soon began to lay up bricks for one of the walls of that house.

While this was going on, the wolf again sent his son to the fox's former house to ask about his fur coat. When the young wolf arrived at the fox's former home, he found an empty building with several sheep pelts scattered around the yard. When this situation was reported to the older wolf, he became

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very angry. He decided to search for the fox, and he said to himself, "When I find that fox, I shall teach him a lesson that he will not forget for the rest of his life.

Following the tracks of the fox, the wolf walked and walked until he came to the same lake that the fox had reached. When he saw the fox, he shouted at him, "You liar! You thief! Where is my fur coat? I brought you what you requested of me. Where is my coat? Where is it?"

The sneaky fox pretended that he had never known the wolf. He said, "Brother, brother Calm down! I am a poor person who has never even seen a fur coat or anything like that. I am a bricklayer who builds houses. I have been doing this kind of work for years and years.

The simple wolf believed these words of the fox. He said naively, "Sorry, brother fox! But tell me how you became a bricklayer. I should like to become one, too

The fox answered, "Oh, brother, it is very easy. Of course I shall teach you how to do it. Lie down here and rest where you can watch me as I am laying up these bricks. In that way you will learn the trade very easily." The wolf lay down and watched the fox as he worked, but suddenly the fox tipped over the whole wall on top of the wolf.

When the poor wolf was completely buried under the heavy

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heap of bricks, the fox took the opportunity to run away. The wolf painfully worked his way out from beneath the pile of bricks, saving his life only with the greatest difficulty. He had many cuts, many bruises, and he was very angry. He said, "Ah, ah, brother fox, if I ever find you again, I shall definitely kill you and eat your flesh!" He then set out on the trail of the fox

By then the fox had proceeded along the road until he had come to a community gristmill. Since there was nobody using the mill at the time, the fox set himself up there as a miller. Before very long the wolf also reached that mill, and when he saw the fox, he began shouting at him in great anger "You liar! You thief You murderer!" he shouted. "You lied to me about the fur coat, and then when you were supposedly teaching me to become a bricklayer, you tried to kill me I will kill you!"

The fox replied, "Brother wolf, slow down, slow down! First of all, I do not know what you are talking about. I am a miller and I do not know anything about the trade of the furrier or the trade of the bricklayer. I am just a poor, innocent miller."

The wolf was quite easily deceived by the words of the fox. His anger disappeared, and he said, "In that case, will

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you please teach me how you became a miller? I should like to become a miller, too."

The fox said, "I can teach you. If you wish to become a miller, you can do so quite easily. The first thing that you must be able to do is judge how fine or coarse the flour has been ground. Stick your tongue between those two stones and test the flour. You will learn quickly."

The stupid wolf stuck his tongue between the two mill wheels. His tongue was smashed, and his mouth filled with blood. He had a very painful time getting his tongue out from between the two millstones. He was very, very angry. He said to himself, "Next time there will be no escape for brother fox! I shall certainly take revenge against him before he can run away!" He started at once to follow the footprints of the fox.

Meanwhile, the fox decided to run as great a distance as he could in order to get beyond the reach of the wolf. He finally reached a forest, where he found some canes growing in a wet place. He picked some of these canes and began making baskets out of them. He was busy weaving baskets when the wolf finally overtook him.

As soon as the wolf saw the fox, he shouted, "Oh, this time you cannot escape from me! I will kill you at once!"

"What are you talking about, brother wolf? I do not

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even know you, but you look very tired. Sit down and rest a while. I am a poor basket maker. I make the kind of baskets that you see here beside me, and then I sell them, when I can, at the marketplace."

Once again the foolish wolf believed the fox's words. He said, "Brother fox, teach me to make such baskets. I should like to learn the trade of basket making.

The fox answered, "All right. I shall show you how it is done. You must sit right in front of me, and you should not move." The clever fox made the wolf sit before him as he started weaving a basket. The fox wove a large basket all around the wolf. When the basket was completed, the fox closed the lid very tightly. By the time the wolf realized that he had again fallen into one of the fox's traps, it was too late to save himself.

The fox took the basket containing the wolf to the edge of a very high cliff. When he pushed the basket off the cliff, it fell onto the rocks below, killing the wolf immediately.