



## 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!"