

Story #314 Not on tape

Narrator: Filiz Kıygi

Location: Ankara, but narrator
was from Istanbul

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*Tell tale
" modified*

The Long, Narrow Farm

One night a father was going to his friend's house to break the fast with him during the month of Ramazan, and he wanted his son to come along with him.

"Well, Father, I'd like to come," said the son, "but every time you tell a story you exaggerate so much that embarrassing to me."

"My son, I may stretch the truth a little, just to make it more interesting. But this time I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll watch you while I'm talking, and if I exaggerate any, you just wink your eye at me, and I'll cut the story down to the proper size."

"All right, then, Father. I'll be glad to come along," answered the son. So they went together to break their fast.

While they were talking, the host said, "My friend, you have a very large farm. Exactly how big is your farm?"

"Well," said the father carefully, "if you walk steadily for three or four days, you can walk the length of it."

"My!" said his host. "And what is the width of your farm?"

The father looked at his son, who was still winking about

first lie. "Well," he answered, "it's about fifteen yards

The host said, "Hmph! That sounds more like a road than a farm."

The father answered, "Well, I was going to give you a width in keeping with the length, but my son over there wouldn't let me!"