The Dietmarsian Lying Tale

I want to tell you something. I saw two roasted chickens flying—they flew fast and had their bellies turned toward heaven, their backs toward hell—and an anvil and a millstone floating across the Rhine, very slowly and quietly, and a frog sitting and eating a plowshare at Pentecost on the ice. There were three fellows who wanted to catch a hare; they went on crutches and stilts—one was deaf, the second blind, the third mute, and the fourth couldn't stir a foot. Do you want to know how that happened? The blind one saw the hare trotting across the field first, the mute one called out to the lame one, and the lame one grabbed him by the collar. Some wanted to sail on land and set their sails in the wind and sailed across great fields: there they sailed over a high mountain, where they had to drown miserably. A crab chased a hare into flight, and high up on the roof lay a cow that had climbed up there. In that land the flies are as big as the goats here. Open the window so the lies can fly out.