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The Bald Boy and the Most Beautiful Girl in the World

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Lubbock, Texas 2003

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Preface

This work may be read at random, for the pleasure they provide and the humor they contain, since the stories are self contained. Classroom usage may benefit from perusing the Introduction, specifically written for the purpose.

The narratives contained in this volume were tape-recorded by Professors Uysal and Walker in the Turkish Republic between 1960s and 1990s, and translated by Turkish students studying at Texas Tech University. These English drafts were then edited by Warren Walker, who also paid for them out of his own pocket.

The ultimate translation products were typed by Warren Walker, and bound into the original 73 'green volumes' that formed the kernel of the growing ATON collection at Texas Tech.

The details of the Archive of Turkish Oral Narrative, and the biographies of founders, may be read by accessing <http://aton.ttu.edu>

I chose to bring together all the popular 'Bald Boy' Narratives together as this popular archetype is virtually unknown outside the boundaries of the Turkish Republic.

Please enjoy the narratives.

INTRODUCTION

This work is intended to explore *Keloğlan*, an archetype in Turkish Oral Narrative. All archetypes are created by people from the intellectual wealth of their environment. The process may be akin to crystals forming in nature. Upon a seed character, structurally kindred layers may be deposited, over time, to enlarge the entity until it reaches the heights of international renown. Many an archetype is known and loved around the world. In West Texas, where the Archive of Turkish Oral Narrative is located in the bosom of Texas Tech University, some archetypes are more immediately recognizable: Maverick (of San Antonio), Judge Roy Bean (of Pecos), Thomas Lubbock (the Colonel of Texas Rangers during the Civil War, brother of Francis Lubbock, the Governor of Texas), all of the well known Texans pre- and post-Alamo, Will Rogers (a satirist from the neighborhood of South Plains), The Masked Rider (mascot of Texas Tech) immediately come to mind.

All of the South Plains archetypes listed above are all drawn from real flesh-and-bones type of individuals. Moreover, all were men of action. The archetypes of the Turkish Oral Narrative generally have a longer historical background, and, as their tales attest, are compelled to take action against real or perceived injustices. In most cases, the Turkish archetypes primarily function as teachers or teaching tools, continually adapting to changing conditions and periods.

Before we ascend to the thoughts and deeds of *Keloğlan*, it may be desirable to explore the foundations of Turkish oral literature, which enjoys its share of archetypes. One such internationally known character is Nasreddin Hoja (or, Hoca), representing the voice of reason in a witty manner.

On one occasion, Nasreddin borrows a *kazan* (large cauldron) from his neighbor. When Nasreddin returns the *kazan*, the neighbor sees that there is a small cooking pot in the bottom. He asks Nasreddin:

"What is this?"

Nasreddin replies: "Apparently the *kazan* had been pregnant and it has given birth to this small pot."

The neighbor unquestioningly accepts the *kazan* and the pot.

Some weeks later, Nasreddin wishes to borrow the same *kazan*. The neighbor is only too happy to oblige.

This time, a month passes. The neighbor calls on Nasreddin to inquire about his *kazan*. Nasreddin, with a concerned look, announces:

"I am sorry, but your *kazan* died."

The neighbor is puzzled. Then becoming angry, he demands:

"How could it die?"

"You believed that it gave birth, why do you not believe that it died?"

On another celebrated occasion, which took place over some eight centuries ago, Nasreddin again demonstrates the necessity of experimental science and reasoning:

One day Nasreddin brings home three pounds of meat, expecting his wife to cook it for dinner.

At dinner-time, Nasreddin finds no meat on the table. He asks his wife,

"What happened to the meat?"

His wife replies, "The cat ate it."

Nasreddin breezes into the kitchen, puts the cat on the scales, and discovers the cat to be weighing three pounds. Nasreddin quizzically questions the result, "If the meat I brought home weighed three pounds, then, where is the cat? And, if this happens to be the cat, then what happened to the meat?"

Some tales placed Nasreddin in the same time period with Timur (d. 1405), which is likely to be chronologically too late. On the other hand, the environment sustaining the memory of Nasreddin chose to attribute the following events to him as a tribute—as the population obviously needed a person of Nasreddin's caliber to deal with Timur: According to one story, Timur had ordered his battle elephants to be quartered in the vicinity of his field quarters. Accordingly, one elephant was assigned to each nearby village. Since the elephants consume large amounts of food and are fond of tree bark, they began to inflict considerable damage to the crops, orchards and vineyards. The elders of a village, deciding that they could no longer withstand the ruination, sought out Nasreddin and asked him to be their spokesman, to relay their wish to Timur that their elephant be withdrawn. Nasreddin agreed on one condition. The entire delegation was to accompany him to Timur's throne.

Members of the delegation agree. Nasreddin takes the lead, with the elders in tow, and they begin their trek to the encampment. As the delegation approaches the multitudes of guards, some of which are mounted, others on foot, in full battle gear and colorful attires, the members of the delegation begin to have second thoughts. One by one they begin deserting the procession. As Nasreddin approaches Timur's resplendent throne, he realizes that he is alone. Feeling betrayed and becoming furious, he proceeds nonetheless. The Chamberlain announces Nasreddin. Timur queries majestically:

"State your business."

After due and proper salutation, Nasreddin begins:

"Your Highness, the residents of this village asked me to relay their highest respects to you. They are quartering one of your battle elephants, but they have a small worry."

"May they be blessed. What is their worry?"

"Your Highness, they have noticed that the elephant in their charge appears to be unhappy with his lot. He may be suffering from loneliness. They desire a companion for him."

"Let it be."

Timur seems pleased and orders a pouch of gold coins be given to Nasreddin, along with a new suit of clothes. Nasreddin leaves the Presence of Timur and on the way back, the delegation reassembles the way it dispersed. They are very curious of the outcome and wish to share in the good fortune of their Chief-Emissary. Nasreddin observes wryly:

"You harvest what you sow." (Turkish Proverb)

As Nasreddin becomes more known to Timur, he is invited to the Presence more often. At one point, Timur wishes to examine the tax records of the nearest town. The official in charge of the collection is brought before the throne and is asked to reconcile the revenues with the written record. The official is unable to please the sovereign. Timur orders:

"Let him eat the tax books."

The Chamberlains tear the books and present it to the (now ex-official) for his culinary

consumption. Timur gives another order:

"Nasreddin, I hereby appoint you the new Tax Collector." Timur's word is law, permits no choice.

Time passes. Timur is desirous of investigating the performance of the newly appointed tax-officer. Nasreddin is sent for and enters the Presence with a stack of *pide* (flat bread) in his arms, with slender lines of accounts scribbled on them. Timur, recognizing the local staple food, thunders:

"What insolence! You were ordered to appear with the tax books!"

Nasreddin Responds:

"Your Highness, these are the tax books. Might I not have to eat them?"¹

Another Nasreddin story, and motif that later found its way into the literatures of neighboring peoples, involves Nasreddin entering into a bet with another person.

Nasreddin accepts a challenge to spend a cold winter night outdoors with minimal clothing on. If he can stand the harsh conditions until daybreak without a fire, he will win. The loser will have to treat the winner to a feast. Nasreddin manages to survive, and he so informs the other betting party. But his protagonist is not willing to accede.

"Nasreddin, were the stars out during the night?"

"Yes, the stars were out during the night."

"In that case, you were warmed by the lights of the stars. That was against the conditions we agreed. Therefore you forfeit, and must provide the feast."

Nasreddin invites the other man to dinner. They begin making small talk. Nasreddin excuses himself several times to supervise the kitchen preparations. Hours pass, but no food arrives. Finally, the protagonist cannot stand it any longer, and wishes to inspect the dinner that is taking so long to cook. To his amazement, he finds a large kettle with a sheep in it and a solitary candle flickering underneath where a hot fire is usually found. In exasperation, the man shouts: "A candle to boil this kettle?" Nasreddin responds with, "If I can be warmed by the light of stars, then why could not a candle provide the heat to boil the kettle?"

Another story has even more interesting twists.

"Nasreddin and his son were traveling towards a market town, with an ass which they had to sell. The road was bad, and the old man therefore rode, but the son went afoot. The first passenger they met asked Nasreddin if he was not ashamed to ride by himself and suffer the poor lad to wade along through the mire; this induced him to take up his son behind him. He had not traveled far when he met others, who said they were two unmerciful lubbers to get both on the back of that poor ass, in such a deep road. Upon this the old man gets off and let his son ride alone. The next they met called the lad a graceless, rascally young jacka-naphs to ride in that manner through the dirt while his aged father trudged along on foot. And they said, the old man was a fool for suffering it. He then bid his son come down and walk with him, and they traveled on leading the ass by the halter; till they met another company, who called them a couple of senseless blockheads for going both on foot in such a dirty way when they had an empty ass with

¹ H. B. Paksoy, "Elements of Humor in Central Asia: The Example of Journal *Molla Nasreddin*" *Turkestan als historischer Faktor und politische Idee. Baymirza Hayit Festschrift*, Prof. Dr. Erling von Mende, ed. (Köln: Studienverlag, 1988) [In H.B. Paksoy, *Essays on Central Asia* (Lawrence, KS: Carrie, 1999)] <http://www.ukans.edu/~ibetext/texts/paksoy-6/cae09.html>

them, which they might ride upon. The old man could bear no longer. My son, it grieves me such that we cannot please all these people. Let us throw the ass over the next bridge, and be no further troubled with him."

This is the story I collected a few years before sitting down to compose this Introduction. Except the narration above belongs to Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), and he does not use Nasreddin's name (he calls the primary character, 'Old Man'). The story appears here as Franklin published it in his *Pennsylvania Gazette* (c. 1731), in his own defense that a man cannot possibly appease everyone.² Now, how did Franklin know about this Nasreddin story? Or, is it not a Nasreddin story at all, created by Franklin, translated from English, crossed the Atlantic, arrived in Asia Minor and shouldered Nasreddin's mantle? Or, can there be other possibilities?

In June 1731, Franklin published the well-known "Apology for Printers" in his *Pennsylvania Gazette*:

"...Hence arises the peculiar unhappiness of that business, which other callings are no way liable to; they who follow printing very scarce able to do only thing in their way of getting a living which shall not probably give offence to some, and perhaps to many, whereas the smith, the shoemaker, the carpenter, or the man of any other trade may work indifferently for people of all persuasions without offending them, any of them; and the merchant may buy and sell with Jews, Turks, heretics and infidels of all sorts, and get money by every one of them, without giving offence to the most orthodox...."³

Apparently, Franklin knew more than he disclosed. For example, on another occasion, when Franklin was working to establish the "New House" in Philadelphia for the purpose of taking care of disenfranchised, itinerant or newly arrived preachers, he is said to have stated:

"If the mufti of Constantinople were to send a missionary to preach Mahometanism to us he would find a pulpit at his service..."⁴ (After recording this quotation, Brands adds: 'for all the uproar the Great Awakening caused among Protestants, they retained sufficient composure to band together against such irretrievably lost souls as Moslems, Catholics and Jews')

So, Franklin was acquainted with the lay of the land in Asia Minor. Did his stay in London, a city in close commercial and diplomatic relations with the Ottoman port cities, especially Istanbul and Izmir, help him acquire his information? Franklin must have either had amassed quite a bit of information, or had easy access to it, both from the books he personally owned, and through the Library Company he pioneered in Philadelphia. Franklin began drawing on all that accumulated information when he began the *Poor Richard's Almanack*. Brands again observes:

"Every Almanack offered pearls of wisdom on personal conduct and related matters of daily life, that the pearls had been retrieved from other oysters bothered no one except perhaps the owners of those other oysters, who in any event had no recourse in the absence of applicable copyright laws. The trick for writers like Franklin was to polish the

² H.W. Brands, *The First American: The Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin* (Doubleday, 2000) P. 117.

³ Brands, Pp.115-116

⁴ Brands, P.149

pearls and set them distinctively."⁵ The reader may decide. Nasreddin's didactic messages, in the disguise of tales, moved far and wide over time and space. In fact, his name and teachings are familiar bright spots in many geographic and cultural terrains, stretching from the Mediterranean into the Eastern reaches of the Asian Continent. Even Mark Twain was moved to include an episode from Nasreddin in one of his volumes, which he encountered on one of his own peregrinations.⁶

Until rather recently, Nasreddin has been treated solely as an oral literature archetype, a creation of the collective minds of the Turkish heritage. Recently a debate has been raging on his 'real' identity, based on information harvested (or not) from the 13th century literary sources.

Cultural, Societal and Historical Background

In order to appreciate the discovery, a briefest glance at the historical events and the shortest possible overview, as far as the latest scholarship allows, may provide requisite and suitable signposts.

Due to historical economic and political reasons, Turk polities live in a sizable area that covers most of Eurasia. Not all corners of the Asian continent is lush with tropical forests, nor is all land arable or suitable for agriculture. Large areas, especially in the center of Asia, are designated *bozkır*, arid regions supporting limited vegetation. Rainfall is limited, and benefits mostly small irrigated patches where cities are located. All are separated with sizeable deserts such as Karakum, Kızılkuş, Gobi, Taklamakan. In these conditions, family units must depend on each other for survival. This historically they did largely by engaging in animal husbandry, primarily horses and sheep. These species provided the basic necessities of life in the *bozkır*, including the fibers to produce clothing and shelter (not to mention food and drink). Anyone attempting to live alone could hardly see the next spring in the harsh continental climate. Similarly, a single family, regardless of how large it might be, could not survive without other kinsmen. The Central Asians, as one consequence, have a highly developed vocabulary to define social relations and familial ties. Thus, we observe that a pyramidal structure constitutes the bases of the broad community under these circumstances. It has a defined set of steps. An *uruk* is comprised of *oymak*, which are made up of *aris*, a composition of *soy*, itself a subdivided into *tire*, constituted by *ara*. Therefore schematically *uruk* is the highest level—short of a confederation:

uruk > *oymak* > *aris* > *soy* > *tire* > *ara*

There are hardly any English language or 'western' cultural equivalents for these terms. The closest we can come is at the lowest levels, progressively, are 'family' and 'village.' At the higher levels, the organizations and their definitions are heavily culture-bound. For example, a certain level of grouping (such as *soy*) and its definition exists in

⁵ Brands, P.130

⁶ Samuel Langhorne Clemens, William Dean Howells, Charles Hopkins Clark, *Mark Twain's Library of Humor* (New York, 1887).

commemoration of a past leader reared by that specific sub-section. Even the *oymak* and *aris* levels may compete for the same honor. In the end, the biological competition determines the outcome: whichever grows fast (and increases its base sub-divisions) becomes the higher level. In any event, the structure has the shape of a pyramid, with the baseline comprised of *ara*. Except, it must be constantly borne in mind that the ultimate monolithic structure only solidifies under conditions that give birth to a confederation. Rest of the time, the lines are quite fluid.

In times of political strain, when war clouds are visible, various *uruk* enter into coalitions and establish the ultimate political and economic union: the confederation. The Central Asians termed this process "*tuğ bağlamak*," tying the horse-tail standard. The leader of a polity or unit had the traditional right to tie a *tuğ* to his lance. As the *tuğ* would be more visible than a naked lance, this *tuğ* was used to identify the polity and, when needed, to signal various messages over considerable distances. When the leader in question attracted more of his kinsmen to his *tuğ* standard, he would be in a position to add additional *tuğ* to his own lance. This was necessary because he now had more divisions to command, each with a designated lieutenant, called *tuğbay*. For example, in the very late 15th and very early 16th centuries, the Özbeks and the Kazaks formed their confederations in this time-honored fashion, neither of which existed earlier.

In the 14th century, after the Mongol irruption subsided, Timur's domains provides another example. The population of the Timur empire, which was not an example of the traditional confederation format, comprised primarily of *uruğ*, *oymak*, *aris* and so on, that arrived from the Nogay confederation (situated to the north of Timurid domains) which was beginning to dissolve. Even though the Nogay confederation finally ceased to be, the population and the structure comprising it did not. They simply moved over to another domain, to start anew. This process has been repeated many times over, due to climactic change, political winds, or economic necessity. This was the mechanics by which the Central Asians established their polities, which we might now call states, complete with their geographic domains and governance structures.

The name adopted as the appellation of the confederation is chosen carefully, as it determines the character of the polity. For example, the Özbek confederation (established at the beginning of the 16th c.) named itself after Özbek Han who had lived a couple of centuries earlier. This took place after an earlier confederation was dissolved, and the components of that earlier confederation chose to join others to form a new confederation. Togan, in his "Origins of the Özbeks and the Kazaks" summarizes the process:

The nomadic populace of the entire Desht-i Kipchak [Kipchak steppe], from the Tarbagatay mountains to the Syr Darya River, and from Khorezm to the Idil [Volga] basin and Crimea, were termed "Toğmak" during the era of the Mongols, prior to the spread of Islam. Among the Khiva Özbeks, the term (in Ebülğazi) known as "Toğma"; Başkurts "Tuvma;" Nogay (according to the Cevdet Pasha history), "Tokma" designated individuals without a known lineage, or fugitives to be sold as

slaves, being offenders of the law. The negative connotation ascribed to this term, generally referencing the Kipchaks and Altın Orda (Golden Horde) Tatars, must have occurred after the spread of Islam. It is not known that the Jochi Ulus utilized that appellation. It appears that this tribe, known as "Toğmak," had been designated as "Özbek" after "Özbek Khan" (1312-1340). According to Bartold, the terms "Özbek" and "Özbek Ulus" have been utilized in Central Asia to distinguish this tribe and its entire military population from the "Chaghatay"; until the dissolution of the Altın Orda during the fifteenth century, and the dissemination of its uruk as Özbek, Kazak, and Nogay Ulus. Their identifying uran (battle cry) was the word *alach*.

Each polity would choose an *uran* as a part of their membership kit. The *uran* is the word shouted in the heat of the battle, to allow combatants to identify and gauge the whereabouts of their fellows without taking their eyes off the common adversary. The *uran* serves as the general password of the members of a polity, as seen for example, with the Nogay. The utterance of the *uran* (during the act of the strike, of the motion of the sword, to release the pressure on the diaphragm) marked the membership in a given polity as well as access to other members not personally acquainted in non-combat times. Thus, *uran* is an integral part of identity in Central Asia, forming a triad, along with *tamga* and *dastan*.

The term *tamga*, originally referring to the "seal" of a given group, was later borrowed by Russians to designate customs levies (as *tamozhnia*). The *tamga* was embroidered on Central Asian tents, incorporated into rugs, filigreed into jewelry, struck into coins, and used as a cattle brand. A list of early *tamgas* is found in Kashgarlı Mahmut's eleventh century work the *Diwan Lugat at Türk*. It provides, in part, the visual identification component of the membership in the polity.

A *dastan*, on the other hand is an ornate "oral history" of the origins, customs, practices, and exploits of ancestors. It was a shameful act on the part of any member who could not recite a portion of the designated *dastan*. The *dastan* contains the kernel of the events that gave birth to the polity. And the contents of *dastans* also provides the bases of many a folk tale in the same society.

As one result, the triad *uran*, *tamga*, *dastan* comprise, if you will, the constitution, passport and national anthem of the confederation. Together, they form the emblems of a polity, or statehood. This triad was always used by Turk polities, even after large-scale Central Asian empires, city-states or other smaller entities, dissolved. The triad lay dormant for a period, until new conditions favorable for another confederation presented themselves. It happened in the fifth to seventh centuries A.D., when the Göktürk empire rose from its earlier roots, and even after the thirteenth century Mongol irruption as the Timurid empire demonstrates. In the twentieth century, this triad began to make itself felt once again. In the political party platforms of the proposed Turkistan independent republic, the traces of these elements are discernible. This is much like the Australian colonies confederating in 1901 to form Australia, or the American colonies in 1776

making use of earlier symbolisms and traditions, forming coalitions.⁷ It is natural, therefore, to observe these symbols appearing in folktales.

Over time, there have been several overlapping Turk confederations, all established in the foregoing manner. For example, while the Karakhanids (10-12th c) were constituted in the Eastern reaches of Asia, the Ghaznavids (10th-11th c.) were their western neighbors. Immediately to the West of the Ghaznavids were the Seljuks/Oghuz (11th-13th c.) and (after the Mongol irruption) the Timurids (15th-16th c.). The latter two aided (in one way or other) the rise and spread of the Ottomans (13th-20th c.) and the Golden Horde Khanates (14th-16th c.) to their West and the Northwest.⁸

The Ahi organization in Asia Minor

Almost all of the Nasreddin and *Keloğlan* stories take place in Asia Minor, where the Oghuz and Turkmen *uruks*, constituting the Seljuk empire (confederation), were already firmly established before the battle of Manzikert in 1071. By the thirteenth century, as the central administrative organization of the Seljuks loosened, on the way to giving birth to yet other, similar polities, it became necessary for the small businesses in their domains to regulate and protect themselves. For the purpose, they chose a guild system by which to accomplish their objectives. One of the outcomes was the *Ahi* lodges.

The principles of the Ahi lodges were certainly influenced by a number of factors. These tenets were laid down by Shamanism, Melamism and the existence of a similar regulatory agency on the Byzantian lands. Therefore, the picture unfolding before us, however distant, indicates that there were several pairs of diametrically opposing forces battling for supremacy in the hearts and minds of the population of the region in general.

Confrontation between belief systems:

Turk shamanism is the earliest known belief system, based on spirituality, courage, physical prowess, hospitality and generosity. It has two discernible basic branches: one of the earliest known montheisms, the *Tengri*; and the dual diety *Erlik* and *Dirlik* (Sky and Underground gods, respectively).

Over time, the Turk shamanism came into contact with neighboring belief systems, such as Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Mithraism; and exchanged tokens or

⁷ H. B. Paksoy "Basmachi (*basmachestvo*) Movement and Z. V. Togan: The Turkistan National Liberation Movement." Presented to The Ohio State University Center for Slavic and East European Studies and (jointly) Middle East Studies Center 4 February 1999. Published in *Cahiers d'Etudes sur la Mediterranee orientale et le monde turco-iranien* No. 27, 1999. Pp. 301-312.

⁸ "Nationality or Religion? Views of Central Asian Islam" *AACAR Bulletin* Vol. VIII, No. 2; Fall 1995. [Translation in *Central Asia and the Gulf*. Masayuki Yamauchi, Ed. (Tokyo: Asahi Selected Series, 1995). Pp. 17-67 + Notes: 1-15]. [Reprinted in *International Journal of Central Asian Studies* V.3, 1998. Pp. 1-60] [In H.B. Paksoy, *Essays on Central Asia*].

significant eschatological aspects. The entry of Islam into this Shamanist territory created new traditions, and in some cases seriously eroded the basics of both belief systems. There are a myriad of poems and stories demonstrating the shamanist resistance to Islam, from all over Central Asia.⁹ For example: A Turkmen rider encounters a dismounted kinsman. The latter had stuck a twig in the ground, in the vast expanses of the *bozkır* (semi desert, arid-lands) to create a semblance of private space, and is performing *namaz* (ritual prayer) behind it. The rider chides the worshipper:

Anan, atan işidür
 çarpmak, yıkmak, talamak
 Kim kodu sana
 çöpe tapmak, toprak yalamak?

It is the tradition of your forebearers
 to strike, to raid
 So, who induced you
 to worship the twig and lick the dirt?

In another instance, precepts of Islam were being explained to a gathering of Kazaks. The preacher, attempting to review and reinforce his message, puts the question to the assembly: "And, how will the Kazaks enter paradise?" To which an attendee responds without hesitation: "On horseback."¹⁰

Among some of the Turk groups, reverence is articulated towards the ancestral superstars in poetry. *Sisenbay* was the Başkurt orderly to *Z.V. Togan* (1890-1970) during the Turkistan National Liberation Movement of the 1920s and 1930s; 'Biy Temir' (or Temur Bey) is the correct spelling of what has been rendered as 'Tamarlane:' And the 'black stone' is the very large, very dark green jade marking Timur's burial location, inside the mosque known as *Kök kumbez* 'Sky Blue Dome' ('sky blue' or 'Turquoise' has been the primary royal color among Turks).

Kök kumbezin kürüldetip,
 Ürkütme bizni Biy Temir;
 Qaraqaş taşın qımıldatıp,
 Qorkutma bizni Biy Temir

Do not scare us Bey Temir
 By making your blue dome thunder;
 Do not frighten us Bey Temir
 By moving your black stone
 Haris Sisenbay, c. 1922¹¹

⁹ H. B. Paksoy, "Sun is also Fire" *Central Asian Monuments* (Istanbul: Isis, 1992).

¹⁰ With many thanks to Dr. Buğra Atsız.

¹¹ Z.V. Togan, *Hatıralar* (Istanbul, 1969)

Of course, many an ode was written to Islam as well.¹² The following is a rare 'fusionist' (combining Turk Shamanism with Islamic doctrines) poem, somehow attempting to merge the two.

Bir kapıdan Baba İlyas çıktı
Ayak çıplak baş açık sine üryan
Erenler katında ulu kaçıkta
Yarı İslâm idi yarı Şaman

Half Shaman, the other half Islam
Baba İlyas emerged from a door
Barefeet, open headed, bare chested
Among the saints, a grand ole holy fool

Perhaps the Turk proverb "Avcu nice al bilse, Adük anca yol bilür" (As many devices the hunter knows to hunt with, so does the bear to escape) is still meaningful.

Melami (Malamatiyya) is rather a 'purist' movement, with roots strongly reminiscent of not only pre-Islamic, but also pre Christian practices. The strict adherents believe in living by one's own labor, and perpetrating but concealing from the society one's charitable activities. The movement rejects the 'segmentation' of the religion into sects or *tarikât*. In most cases, the Melami movement did not operate independently or even under its own designation; instead, their activities were placed under the cloak of several other *tarikât* (religious sect). The Ahi movement of the 12th and thirteenth centuries Asia Minor seemingly was one such umbrella, seemingly ideally suited for the purpose. (Later on, the Melami continued its efforts under various other 'front groups,' including the Alawi, and attracted especially the sufi who termed the movement as 'the highest degree attainable').¹³

Economic systems

Transition from animal husbandry and apiculture to handcrafts and light manufacturing required a totally new approach to organization of the population. The collective solution of the 12th and 13th centuries of Asia Minor artesans appear to be the formation of a producer's cooperative. But, perhaps it was more than that, including aspects of local and self administration, social security, amicable relations with customers and customer satisfaction.

¹² See Peter B Golden "Codex Comanicus" in *Central Asian Monuments* (Istanbul: ISIS Press, 1992) for some odes to Jesus.

¹³ Abdülbaki Gölpınarlı (1900-1982), *Melamilik ve Melamiler* (Istanbul: Pan Yayınları, Gri Yayın Dizisi Tıpkıbasım: 1992) (First printing: 1931).

In fact, the ending line of an anecdote, "His shoes were thrown on the roof," summarizes the foregoing. The reference was to a member of the shoemakers guild within the Ahi organization of the period. A Shoemaking Master (according to guild structure, one of the limited number of producer-store owners) was found to be making shoes below prevailing standards. In order to enforce the higher quality of the guild, all other masters in that city descended upon the offending member's store, and disbursed, by pitching, his entire inventory onto the rooftops of the market place for all to see and understand.

Rationalism vs faith

The issue of pragmatic reasoning was codified in the region by a Turk philosopher Farabi (d. 950), who, as his monicker indicates, was from the city of Farab in Central Asia. That particular school of thought was apparently functioning and training adherents in the 13th century. Nasreddin's lessons, derived from his highly entertaining, but also deeply rooted in logical reasoning, is in the genre of one such teacher of that very 'positivist-rationalist' school, Fahrud-din Razi (d. 1209). The opposing and reactionary 'only teacher is faith' movement may be traced to al-Ghazali (d. 1111), who attacked the writings of Farabi and the rationalism the latter advocated. After the spread of Ghazali's thought, so did the entirely and solely metaphysical approaches to all knowledge and to Islam.

Debate on the Real Identity of Nasreddin

This brings us the the discussion based on a reading of historical literary sources concerning the real personage of Nasreddin. According to one view, Nasreddin is not a fictitious character, weaved from the deeds of clever but anonymous types; instead he is the leader of the Leather Tanning lodge inside the Ahi movement. He was known as Ahi Evren as well as Sheyh Nasyrüd-din (Nasreddin) Mahmud. He died on 1 April 1261, buried in the city of Kırşehir in Asia Minor, in a subdivision named Ahi Evren, in the moselem of the mosque also named Ahi Evren.¹⁴ A number of other views dispute that reading.¹⁵

The phenomenon of one person attaining two parallel but separate fames under two different names, as in the case of Ahi Evren and Nasreddin, is not unusual in the Turk culture. Even in the earlier periods, the ruling name of a Khan ('sovereign') would be quite distictly separate then the name he had earned in his early youth. This is even

¹⁴ Translated extract from Mikhail Bayram, "Ahi Evren, Şeyh Nasyrud-din Mahmud, Nasreddin Hoca'dır" published in Tarihciler@egroups.com 21 December 2000 posted by Sefer Solmaz sefersolmaz@hotmail.com

¹⁵ Ömer Tuncer, "13. Yüzyıl Mevlana-Türkmen Savaşınının Kültür Tarihi Açısından Değerlendirilmesi," Published in Tarihciler@egroups.com 3 May 2002 posted by Ömer Tuncer imece@tr.net; Oğuz Çetinoğlu, "Ahi Evran Kültürü" published in TürkGazete Topluluğu 14 October 2001 ocetinoglu@turk.net

discernible in the 5th-7th c. Göktürk Empire.¹⁶ In fact, every male child was expected to earn his name in the first instance, by performing a memorable deed. So that a boy who had not yet 'earned' his name would be addressed differently. The Story of *Boğaç*, son of *Dirse Khan* in the ***Book of Dede Korkut*** details a rather prominent case.¹⁷ The tradition has been finding its way into modern Central Asian literature.¹⁸

Bayram indicates that the information making it possible to identify the 'second' true identity of Nasreddin comes from the bitter rival of Nasreddin, Mewlana Celaleddin Rumi and companions who were, by and large, followers of the al-Ghazali's 'only teacher is faith' movement.¹⁹ In fact, the famed *Mesnewi* (a long poem, in a specific meter) of the latter was written in an effort to gain the upper hand over the Ahi movement, the logical pragmatism of the Ahi and that of Nasreddin, a prominent Ahi leader. This competition was intellectual, religious and political. The Turkmen social life, whose population were teeming in the region, strongly supported the Ahi. The Türkmen customs accorded the male and female members of the society equal rights, to take their meals together and attend all other daily functions in unison.²⁰ Mewlana, in his *Mesnevi*, disapproves this ancient custom of total equality and attacks it in sarcastic tones. That attitude impelled the Turkmen and the Ahi join in with Nasreddin to oppose Rumi, not only theologically, but also in all other spheres of life.

Again the *Mesnewi* (according to Bayram) suggests that Nasreddin collected and raised snakes, an act, according to Rumi, was not only laughable but also against Koranic principles. On the other hand, Bayram suggests that Nasreddin may have engaged in medical experimentation involving herpetological venom. It is known that such knowledge was already extant in the region, and even institutions such as the school in the compound of Erzurum Çifte Minare Medrese sported the symbols of snakes.

But the competition between Nasreddin and Rumi climbed to higher levels. While Nasreddin became the vizier (roughly, given the definitions of the era, variously as prime minister or chief adviser to the local ruler) Izzud-din Keykavus II between 1246-1247, Rumi held a reciprocal position, advising Rukneddin Kılıç Arslan. In their respective corners, both got caught up with intrigue and even political assassination. It is known that Nasreddin made time in his busy schedule to write a political tract, dedicated to Keykavus II. Meanwhile, the companions and colleagues of both men were also drawn into opposing camps; and in one instance, Nasreddin got the upper hand by recruiting Rumi's son for his own cause (who later died under suspicious circumstances).

¹⁶ Omeljan Pritsak, *Studies in medieval Eurasian history* (London: Variorum reprints, 1981)

¹⁷ A prominent example is in *The Book of Dede Korkut*, F. Sümer, A. Uysal and W. Walker, Trs. (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1972); *The Book of Dede Korkut*, G. L. Lewis, Tr. (London, 1974).

¹⁸ "Central Asia's New Dastans" in *Essays on Central Asia*.

¹⁹ The phrase 'the only teacher is faith' is my summarization of the movement.

²⁰ Victoria Clement, "Türkmenistan" *Countries and their Cultures*, M. Ember and C.R. Ember, Eds. (Macmillan Reference, 2001) Vol 4, Pp. 2275-2287 contains a working bibliography on the Türkmen.

And, it is suggested, Nasreddin was implicated in the political assassination of Şems-İ Tebrizi, the teacher of Rumi.

Mewlana, apparently in an effort to blunt a portion of the expected backlash of his attacks on Nasreddin, styled and concealed Nasreddin's name as Cuha in his *Mesnevi*; partly to ridicule and partly to 'mask' his own intentions under a literary cloak. Given the nature of the present controversy, perhaps the final word still awaits a future date.

Intellectual similies

But, Rumi's *Mesnevi* renders another service. The work alludes to the date of "Where is the Cat?" tale recorded above, making it some 740 years old at this writing. It would not be too far fetched to consider the true 'moral' of the "Where is the Cat?" tale to be that of experimental logic. This, of course, may be contrasted to Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam (1551-1626), whose *Instauratio Magna* containing his *Novum Organum* considered to be the beginning of positive approach and experiments in science. Similarly, Hume's approach to *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding* (1748) and the *Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals* (1751), which are said to have influenced Immanuel Kant (1724-1804) in writing his *Critique of Pure Reason*, as their dates indicate, follow in the same path of 'reasoning;' but of course, there is no documentable connection. Moreover, in his attempt to discredit Nasreddin, with an episode he clearly saw as ridiculous, Rumi managed to display his own biases against logic.

Duties, tasks, functions of cultural leavening agents

Hence, among their other functions, the tales contained in this volume provide a glimpse into the thought processes of the people whose creation they are. Therefore this might be an auspicious moment to examine some of the related conceptions.

Literature perhaps grew out of a very human desire to 'relate' events; not only to contemporaries, but also to future generations. The '*ır*,' '*jır*,' '*çörçök*,' '*sav*' designations has been in use to denote the recitations of the accounts of important feats in Turk culture. Only after the 12th c., the word *dastan* gained acceptance in parallel.

Certainly, the 'importance' of any event depended on the importance accorded it by the immediate society and the perceptions of the reciter. So, the '*ır*,' '*jır*,' '*çörçök*,' '*sav*' style literature remained the domain of independence struggles and related battles, as discussed above, as one leg of the triad *uran*, *tamga*, *dastan* comprising the constitution, passport and national anthem of the confederation. Together, they form the emblems of a polity, or statehood. On the other hand, there are times of peace and quiet. During such extended periods of relative stability, some of the *dastans* may "spin off" their lyrical parts, thus allowing the creation of new romantic *dastans*. In this case, the motifs related to the fight to throw off the yoke of an invading oppressor are subordinated to the romantic portions of a *dastan*. A young man meets a beautiful girl, they fall in love, desire to be married. However, either the parents do not give their consent or the

girl is betrothed to another. The prospective groom may undergo a series of tests or have to overcome monumental difficulties, enduring severe hardships to prove his love. Success brings a happy ending and the lovers are finally united in marriage, although the "happy ending" is by no means always assured. Later, these lyrical *dastans* may also be converted, or simplified into *masal* or folk tales, perhaps intended to be used much like nursery rhymes, recited to cranky children to help pass the long winter nights.²¹ At times, a reciter of tales may choose to combine the lessons from more than one tale to suit the needs of the moment. After all, the tales may be used for didactic purposes.

The tales, just like their elders, the '*ır*,' '*jur*,' '*çörçök*,' '*sav*,' (as came to be combined under the designation *dastan*) serve to leaven the minds of their listeners. This is the beginning of acculturation process, since the word 'culture' is implicitly used to denote "leavening of the mind," requiring attention to the nature and attributes of the leavening agent.²² Conceivably, one can identify those leavening agents as language, daily living practices, belief systems, writing systems, literature, music, approach to life (philosophy of life), shared history, lineage and associated matters. All this is in addition to Civilization, "the legal norms regulating the relations among individuals in a given society." And, tales are in the midst of all, as their contents have been shaping the minds of their owner-creators. This need not take place consciously, or in a school-room. In fact, the process works even better at the sub-conscious level.

The administrative or governance systems change over time as well, and references to any and all may become conflated into a single word. This is why we observe the word '*padişah*' occur in many a tale, representing or alluding to the government or central authority. Though the word '*padişah*' gained renown as the title of Ottoman emperors sometime during the 15th c., it is not exactly known when it was coined for usage. Sometime between the 18th and the 19th c., the word also began to refer to a 'lord who is royalty,' indicating the holder of the title is no longer automatically to be taken as the most powerful person on the land.²³ And some reciters insert the word '*padişah*' into the tales they are recounting to represent a central political authority even if the tale is known to precede the usage of the title or even that of the Ottoman empire. In fact, the roots of ruling concept are far deeper.

Keloğlan may be more 'rascally' than an the entire cast of characters of a beloved cartoon series created in Hollywood during the 1930s and 1940s. Despite that, *Keloğlan* does not display his dazzling qualities until they are desperately needed. What can the basic characteristics of *Keloğlan* be attributed? Why is he chosen to be the 'ultimate winner?' Or, is he representing the 'underdog,' and the definitive 'comeback kid?' Probably a deeper look into the culture that spawned *Keloğlan* might yield some clues.

²¹ H.B. Paksoy, *ALPAMYSH: Central Asian Identity under Russian Rule* (Hartford: AACAR, 1989)

²² "Turkish History, Leavening of Cultures, Civilization" [In H.B. Paksoy, *Essays on Central Asia*].

²³ EI (1913-1936) (Brill, 1987) P. 1017.

One place to start is the general Turk political understanding and expectations of how the polity they belong to ought to be governed, and, what happens when the ruler fails to meet those expectations.

The Old Turk way of life exhibits unique attributes, one of which is the concept of *kut*. The word *kut*, as we understand it today, means good fortune; prosperity; happiness; bounty afforded by the *Tengri* (as discussed above); represents the will of the *Tengri*. The primary source for our understanding of *kut* comes from the book by Balasagunlu Yusuf, *Kutadgu Bilig* completed in 1069/1071 and dedicated to the Karakhanid ruler Tavgaç Buğra Han. The work itself is first and foremost a work of political philosophy, generally regarded as belonging to the 'Mirror for Princes' genre; one of the earliest extant examples.²⁴ In an appropriately elaborate manner, the author, Yusuf, is constantly driving home a single message: If the ruled (people) is not happy, than the ruler (regardless of title or means) cannot rule, or remain a ruler. The *Tengri* will withdraw his *kut*, causing the fall of the ruler. This happiness is based on the prosperity of the people, that can only be brought about through the just rule of the ruler.

One of the mysteries concerning *kut* involves the 'dual kingship' system to exist among the early Turk polities. Accordingly (in greatly compressed form) the argument is this: Turk states had two Khans. One always stayed at home, and away from profane matters of state. The other was in charge of daily rule of the realm.²⁵ The implication is that the Khan who stayed 'at home' was there to appease *Tengri* and ensure the continuation of *kut*. Yusuf categorically states that there are two types of administrators 1) *bilge*²⁶ 2) *bey*. *Bilge* is the sage; *Bey* is the royalty who possess the right to rule. The privileges, methods of operation, and world-view of the two categories are usually at diametrically opposed corners. *Bilge* generally looks at life from an abstraction, whereas the *Bey* must deal with the down and dirty business of ruling. Some quotations (in my translation, preceded by couplet numbers) pertaining to the latter may help²⁷:

410 *Bey* arranged the affairs of the realm with knowledge; always lived in that fashion

427 It is necessary to have intelligent, knowledgeable and even-keeled administrators as helpers

437 *Bey* had those behaving in unruly fashion tied up, caused them to be quiet; drove away those who were evil

438 In this fashion he ruled over his realm; his happiness increased from day-to-day

²⁴ A Turkish edition is: Yusuf Has Hacib, *Kutadgu Bilig*. R. R. Arat, Editor, (Ankara, 1974) (2nd Ed.). KB is translated into English as *Wisdom of Royal Glory* by R. Dankoff (Chicago, 1983).

²⁵ O. Pritsak, "Karachanidische Streitfragen 1-4" *Oriens* II. (Leiden, 1950).

²⁶ Bilge Khan (probably his 'ruling' name) was the revered ruler of the Turk Khaganate in the 8th c., as described in the Orkhon stelea. As I write this, a notice crossed my screen, indicating that a large team of archeologists have unearthed his personal treasury buried with him almost thirteen centuries ago.

²⁷ Yusuf Has Hacib, *Kutadgu Bilig*. R. R. Arat, Editor, (Ankara, 1974) (2nd Ed.).

439 In every place every person needs to take precautions such as these; the *Bey* must be even more vigilant

440 Such precautions in state administration is always necessary and beneficial for the long life of the realm

454 To be a *Bey* is a good thing; but it is better to have laws and their proper application

455 As long as the *Bey* is just and good-willed, the people will be happy and lead prosperous lives

458 The goodness of the ruler is reflected in the affairs of the realm; his name became famous all around the world

3931 He who only looks after his interests cannot be a human; he who is human will first look after the interests of the people

3920 *Tengri* protects his adherents; people cannot easily identify them

3919 My primary wish is this: he who comes to me will be rewarded by wealth; gaining influence and ability

413 man must possess equal measures of knowledge and initiative

It is easily discerned that most of these statements can be interpreted as coming either A) from an old Turk *Tengri* tradition, B) from the Koran. Yusuf, it seems to me, very skillfully selected his words; perhaps not to offend those who recently converted to Islam all the while perpetuating the ancient *Türk töre* (tradition, common law).²⁸

At some point the author feels the need to state, in keeping with that *töre*:

3938 If the words are drawn-out and long, they will cause weariness; intelligent individuals always are pithy.

In short, *Kutadgu Bilig* is a remarkable work of intellect, politics, manual of statecraft. It will be studied for a long time to come. And the contents provide us with a glimmer of reasoning that is duplicated in many a story.

There are, of course, Islamic references in *Kutadgu Bilig*. In my observation, those were sprinkled in for political purposes since the Karahanids had just, on the surface, accepted this new religion (and Yusuf was rewarded with the office of 'Grand Chamberlain'). On the other hand, the volume also represents a sort of battle; between 'logical positivism' and outright 'belief.' One must again bear in mind that Farabi (d.950) belonged to the first school (and advanced it considerably), and was from a city not too far away from the domains where Yusuf was writing. The most prominent representative

²⁸ Alishir Ibadinov, "Sun is also Fire" *Central Asian Monuments* (Istanbul: ISIS Press, 1992)

of the latter was the Arab teacher Ghazali (d.1111) who ferociously attacked Farabi and his 'logical positivist' thinking, years after Farabi died.²⁹

This battle, at one level, is demonstrated through the interrelationship between the *Sage*, who must enunciate the principles, and insist on the applications in general, and the *Ruler*, who needs to follow those principles in order to be a just ruler---so that *kut* will remain with him, and help in the ruling. Because the *Bilge* will, by means of his erudition and experience (in short, the essence of sagehood) will be able to keep to the ideal. To the extent the *Bey* is able to apply this knowledge to daily life and rule will be a successful *Khan*, maintaining *kut*. It appears that Yusuf was writing to enshrine the Turk *töre*, but used sentences and syntax that could also be attributed to other traditions and sources.

Some authors suggested that 'kut' was very close to the Chinese 'Ti,' which is the principle, translated into English as 'mandate of heaven.' Chinggiz Khan, in the *Secret History of Mongols*³⁰ is reportedly stating "*Tengri* opened the gates, and handed us the reins." That statement has been interpreted as Chinggiz making a direct reference to 'kut' (or, to 'Ti;' depending on the partisanship of the author). However, the 'nature' of that *Tengri*, to which Cinggis seems to be referring, is not very clear. It is only natural that cultures living in the same neighborhood to interact with each other. This interaction may be in the form of exchanging cooking recipes or borrowing motifs from each other. Those acts do not necessarily convert one culture into another, unless, of course, one culture is entirely subsumed into another. But, while these undercurrents are tugging at the sleeves of Sages and Rulers, the people have also taken the matter into their own hands. And the *Keloğlan* stories is a testament. *Keloğlan* steps in to fulfill the duties, as the conditions warrant, with logic and solutions that would be the envy of any.

Uses of cultural phrases: the case of 'Heavy Headed'

Certain Turkish terms cannot be translated into English in a word or two. One of those is, what the translator below rendered as, 'Heavy Headed.' The phrase certainly has nothing to do with skeletal weight. It is the dream of every mother to have an offspring possessing one such 'head'; a source of intense pride and joy to those who already have. 'Serious,' 'earnest,' 'grim,' 'solemn,' 'level-headed,' 'somber' are some of the words that begin to capture the meaning. But, the sense is definitely extended well beyond; all public figures are expected to be 'Heavy Headed,' and successful ones are. The accompanying demeanor is indeed intensely charismatic, and a positive extension of the term.

The 'story' below is a 21st century creation. It was originally composed (anonymously; perhaps by several collaborators) in English by stringing together old, similar cultural-context Turkish phrases in 'direct' English translation, in a minimal plot to hold those together. Intended only for purposes of humorous laughter, directed at the

²⁹ "Nationality or Religion? Views of Central Asian Islam"

³⁰ Francis Cleaves translation (Harvard, 1982)

Bilingual Community, as the original Turkish phrases are clearly 'visible' to those who can enjoy both languages. The 'translation' ignores the extant equivalent phrases, and uses the second and even third meanings to be found in a respectable dictionary; but not all are obvious at first glance. Just show the following tale to your bilingual neighbor. As soon as the laughter dies down, which may take a while, you may get the explanations you seek.

Nonetheless, a few of the terms deserve some treatment here, which are listed immediately following the story. Now, let us enjoy this modern story, deliberately built upon the gilded stilts of yesteryear:

H. was a very heavy headed boy. His father was a middle stationed man. To make his son read in good schools he did everything coming from his hand. He took everything to eye. His mother was a house woman. Every job used to come from her hand. In making food there was no one on top of her. The taste of the observations she made you eat your fingers. This woman made her hair a brush for her son. When H. became sick, she cried her two eyes two fountains. When H. finished lycee he wanted to be a tooth doctor, and he entered the university exams and won Tootherness School. In the school he met J. H. was hit to J. in first look but J. was not hit to him in the first look. However her blood boiled to him. A few weeks later they cooked the job. J's father was a money-father. He turned the corner any years ago by making dreamy export. But J. was not like her father. She was a very low hearted girl. Her father was wanting to make her marry to his soldierness friend's son A. A. finished first school and didn't read later. He became a rough uncle. He started to turn dirty jobs when he was a crazy blooded man. He was his mother's eye. He said, "HIK" and he fell from his father's nose. So three under, five up he was like his father. When he saw J., he put eye to her. His inside went. His mouth got watered. His eyes opened like a fortune stone. To be able to see J., H.'s inside was eating his inside. Finally, together they went to a park. When they were wrinkling in the park, A. saw them. First he pulled a deep inside. And then his eyes turned. He couldn't control himself. He wanted to send them to the "village with wood", but he collected himself. He decided to leave them head to head. At that moment the devil poked him. He fit to the devil, pulled his gun and fired. However, a man passing stayed under lead rain and poor man went to who hit. He planted the horseshoes. Then the mirrorless' came. They took all of them under eye. Jale's inside was blood crying. The man died eye seeing seeing. And so, this job finished in the blackarm.³¹

Some of the less than obvious phrases (their original Turkish) and simple explanations are below:

³¹ Thanks to anonymous posters on an open listserv who supplied the text.

H. was hit to J=(H., J. ye vuruldu) H was smitten by J
 money-father=(para babası) wealthy man
 low hearted=(alçak gönüllü) modest
 observations=(gözleme) a pastry dish, fried on a flat steel sheet
 making dreamy export=(hayali ihracat) fraudulent commercial transaction;
 'exporting shadows'
 soldierness friend's=(askerlik arkadaşı) comrade in arms, veterans of the same
 service or campaign
 rough uncle=(kabadayı) hooligan (historical term, dating back several centuries)
 pulled a deep inside=(içini çekti) sighed deeply
 His inside went=(iç'i gitti) his heart leaped out
 he fell from his father's nose=(babasının burnundan düştü) a chip off the old block
 three under, five up=(üç aşağı-beş yukarı) approximately
 opened like a fortune stone=(faltaş gibi açıldı) eyes were as big as saucers
 his eyes turned=(gözü döndü) temporary insanity
 wrinkling in the park=(kırıştırıyorlardı) courting
 He said, "HIK" and he fell from his father's nose=(HIK deyip babasının
 burnundan düşmüş) a chip of the old block.
 to send them to the "village with wood"=(Tahtalıköye göndermek) to send to the
 cemetery, as the coffins are made of wood.
 leave them head to head=(baş-başa bırakmak) tet-a-tet, to leave them alone
 fit to the devil=(şeytan'a uydu) heeded the devil's bidding
 stayed under lead rain=(kurşun yağmuru altında kaldı) subjected to a hail of
 bullets
 went to who hit=(kim vurdu'ya gitti) killed by persons unknown
 planted the horseshoes=(nallari dikti) kicked the bucket
 mirrorless' came=(aynasızlar geldi) cops arrived
 took all of them under eye=(hepsini gözaltına aldılar) took all into custody
 died eye seeing seeing=(göz göre-göre gitti) died for nothing, before everyone
 job finished in the blackarm=(bu iş karakolda son buldu) this affair came to an
 end in the police station

In the *Keloğlan* stories, there are many similar cultural references as those encountered above. One of the more prominent, is the *tekerleme*. The most well known *tekerleme* I have encountered is as follows (my translation):

Once there was, once there was not;
 in the times past, when the sifter was in the straw;
 when the flea was the town crier; and the camel, the barber;
 'tingir-mingir' while I was gently rocking my father's cradle;
 there was this

The *tekerleme* serves as the preface, the introduction to the stories, preparing the audience, depending on their age-level, and tells them roughly what type of story they may expect to hear.

So far, there is no identification attempt of a 'real' individual, such as the case with Nasreddin. On the other hand, folktale archetypes are not pure figments of imagination. Someone, sometime, somewhere must have broken through into the collective consciousness with memorable acts and words. After attracting attention from the immediate surrounding, the tale then is transposed by means of natural human peregrination. And, of course, handed down throughout ages, from mind to heart.

Even in the rarefied world of archetypes, *Keloğlan* is a unique case. As his name denotes, he is the 'bald boy.' And he always remains so, regardless of his age, or of the medical reason for his becoming bald at a tender age. He is usually the youngest member of his family, and one may even refer to him as the 'runt.' He is practically never taken seriously at first, because of his physical appearance and the invariably shabby clothes he is sporting. At times, the older and 'wiser' members of his own family may attempt to take advantage of him. Almost everyone that comes into contact with *Keloğlan* think they can swindle him. Only after the first such injustice perpetrated against *Keloğlan* that *Keloğlan* goes into action. In the end of all tribulations, *Keloğlan* invariably wins the 'contest' to his own satisfaction. Thus the very first lesson of any *Keloğlan* tale may be summed in the well worn caution: "Unexpected stone will split open your head." Allright, the American equivalent is 'Never judge the book by its cover.'

Because *Keloğlan* is the symbol of 'winning in the end,' quite a few of other Turkish archetypes, at some point in their own tribulations, assume the role of *Keloğlan*. This they accomplish by donning the standard clothes denoting the *Keloğlan*, impersonating him. He has a lot of imitators, a sure sign of success and flattery. Perhaps *Keloğlan* is the archetype that most people aspire to emulate; he is virtually indestructable, always successful where and when 'it counts.'

The 'bald head' of *Keloğlan* is generally simulated by others by simply molding a sheep's or calf's stomach, turned inside out, over the hair. The graphic depictions of *Keloğlan* invariably show a diminutive boy wearing an upside-down funnel-shaped felt headgear. This is because, some other archetypes, while endeavoring to go incognito as *Keloğlan*, in their haste, can only manage that headgear. Some only have enough time to smear their head with ordinary mud, to hide their hair, and crown it with a cap.. The simulated 'bald boys' need not be boys at all. Many a young maiden have transformed their outer appearance into a *Keloğlan* to suit the needs of their circumstances and troubles. Under such disguise, a series of reciters managed to extricate a crowd of characters from unwanted attentions and fates. Perhaps the very fame of *Keloğlan* helped.

One may at first puzzle over this practice, wondering why the imitators would not choose to razor-shave their hair instead? As some of the imitators are young maidens, who are assuming the persona of a *Keloğlan* for the duration, it is more expedient for them to cover-up their luxurious long hair rather than first shave their head and then wait for years to have their hair grow back.

Amazingly enough, *Keloğlan* (or his imitators, 'followers') tackles the problem he is facing with logical assaults, much like Farabi and Nasreddin and their school of experimentalism. The solutions *Keloğlan* generates are generally entirely within reason, if a bit unorthodox, outside the immediate norms of the very setting in which they are taking place. In today's parlance, *Keloğlan* always knew how to think "outside the box," very much adhering to the Nasreddin and the 'logical positivism' school he followed during nearly eight centuries hence.

Thus the problem solving fame surrounding the name of *Keloğlan* helped push the perception of the character's true logical actions of the individual into the realm of the metaphysics. For example, in some tales, when all other solutions fail, including that of supernatural forces, magical powers, and the knowledge of sages, it is time to call *Keloğlan* to the rescue. And *Keloğlan* manages to accomplish the near-impossible yet again. Except, in such cases, not all of his methods are explicated elaborately. Perhaps that is a hedge on the part of the reciters who may be suggesting that there may be solutions which we may not be aware of, either here and now, or for the future.

The tales always carry a 'moral story,' which may be tailored to the needs of the parents, the village headman, or the teacher. Of course, the narration may proceed with shorter or longer sentences to suit the comprehension levels of the audience, based on their ages. A four year old may need to hear shorter sentences than compared to an adult audience. Thus, variants are created not only by virtue of the audience's age; but also according to the point---the didactic lessons that the narrator wishes to impart--- the narrator may wish to make.

Therefore, it is not at all surprising that *Keloğlan's* name and deeds became associated with other well known names and their activities in the same cultural sphere as well. Indeed, there are a number of stories in that vein. To start off, we might observe that Nasreddin is certainly one of those.

Accept it, or not!

On one occasion, Nasreddin is performing his prayers under a tree. After completing his rituals, Nasreddin raises his hands to the heavens, and makes one request: "Please accept my prayers." *Keloğlan*, who had earlier climbed that tree, shouts down: "No, I will not!" To which Nasreddin responds with "That is alright, I had not taken my ablutions either (suggesting that Nasreddin's prayers were not 'valid' to begin with, as he had not ritually washed himself)."

Köroğlu is another character with which *Keloğlan* is associated in a number of stories. *Köroğlu* is a historical person who lived in the vicinity of Bolu, on the northern shores of Asia Minor, atop a pine-forest covered mountain stronghold; hence the name of his abode 'Çamlıbel.' As in the case of *Chora Batır*,³² in *Köroğlu* there are sufficient

³² H.B. Paksoy, "*Chora Batır: A Tatar Admonition to Future Generations*" *Studies in Comparative Communism* Vol. XIX, Nos. 3-4, Autumn/Winter 1986

internal references to reveal the identity of the true historical character behind the story. Both alps have left behind legacies traceable in the chancery papers of several political entities. More importantly, their deeds have been immortalized in the *jur* and *Türkü* styles of accompanied recitations, if not the *dastans* (ornate oral histories) named after them. This especially applies to *Köroğlu*; a simple inventory on him would easily run into several pages.³³

The *dastans* were used in their traditional manner, to foster and reinforce collective identity, this time against Russian occupation during the 1916-1930 Turkistan Liberation Movement, called by the Russians the *Basmachi*.³⁴ One of the principal leaders of The Turkistan National Liberation Movement, Z. V. Togan noted:

.... after the proliferation of cotton planting in Ferghana [imposed by the tsarist state at the expense of cereal cultivation] the economic conditions deteriorated further. This increased brigandage. Among earlier *Basmachi*, as was the case [in the 16th century] earlier, the spiritual leader of the Özbek and Türkmen bands was **Köroğlu**. *Basmachi* of Bukhara, Samarkand, Jizzakh and Turkmen gathered at nights to read **Köroğlu** and other *dastans* [ornate oral histories]. What has the external appearance of brigandage is actuality a reflection and representation of the thoughts and spirit of a wide segment of the populace. Akçuraoğlu Yusuf Bey reminds us that during the independence movements of the Serbians, the "hödük;" the "kleft;" and "palikarya" of the Greeks comprised half nationalist revolutionaries and half brigands.

The majority and the most influential of the *Basmachi* groups founded after 1918 did not at all follow the **Köroğlu** tradition, but were composed of serious village leadership and sometimes the educated. Despite that, all were labeled *Basmachi*. Consequently, in Turkistan, these groups were regarded as partisans; more especially representing the guerilla groups fighting against the colonial power. Nowadays, in the Özbek and Kazakh press, one reads about Chinese, Algerian and Indian *Basmachi* [the references are to the respective anti-colonial movements].³⁵

³³ H.B. Paksoy, Ed., "Introduction" *Central Asian Monuments* .

³³ P. N. Boratav, . *Halk Hikayeleri ve Hikayeciligi* (Ankara, 1946)

³⁴ The entry "BASMACHI," *Modern Encyclopedia of Religions in Russia and the Soviet Union* (Academic International Press, 1995) Vol. IV

³⁵ H.B. Paksoy, "The Dastan Genre in Central Asia" *Modern Encyclopedia of Religions in Russia and the Soviet Union* (Academic International Press, 1995) Vol. V

The foregoing provides a summary of the character and attributes of *Köroğlu*. That *Keloğlan's* name and exploits should be intermingled with that of *Köroğlu* is not surprising; after all, both are incomparable 'leading men' of their own genres.

On the other hand, it is out of character for *Keloğlan* to be committing such an outrageous act such as stealing the horse *Köroğlu*, without being provoked first. This fact is reinforced by *Keloğlan's* complete exit from the story halfway through, and *Köroğlu* continuing with his exploits alone.

Keloğlan has various functions in the realm of thoughts and actions of the folk who identify with him. *Keloğlan* not only is entrusted with the duty of bringing about good government, by means of giving guidance both to the Sage and the Ruler, but also, he must show the population how to convert dreams into reality.

Rarely a physical game is mentioned in *Keloğlan* stories. One exception is the game of *jirit*.³⁶

"Two rows of equal numbers of horsemen assemble in the open field. Each member in one row has a partner, a "team- mate" in the other. The cooperation of the partners is vital, for only one pair will win the game. The members of the First Row, upon the signal of the *Aksakal* (whitebeard) judges, start to move away from the Second, at full gallop. After the lapse of a predetermined period, usually approximately ten seconds, the Second Row gives chase, again at full gallop.

"The Second Row of horsemen are the ones who are carrying the *Jirid*, which is a short wooden lance of approximately 150 cm in length. The diameter is not critical and can be about 12 cm. (But the wood cannot be very dry, or else it will lack the necessary mass). With the signal of the leader, the Second Row collectively heave their individual *Jirids* simultaneously, toward the First Row, which is still galloping away from the Second Row. The task of the First Row, then, is to catch the *Jirid* in flight without stopping. When the First Row catches the wave of *Jirid* hurled at them, the entire row --upon the command by the leader-- rotates 180 degrees. Observing this turnabout, the Second Row turns too. Now the roles are reversed. Second Row will be galloping away and have to catch the *Jirid* hurled at them by the First Row. The pairs who do not "hit their marks," that is, the ones who dropped the *Jirid*, in effect failed to connect, are immediately eliminated from further participation in that bout. The

³⁶ H.B. Paksoy, "Two Altaic Games: Çelik-Çomak and Jirit Oyunu" *Aspects of Altaic Civilization* III. Denis Sinor, Editor (Bloomington: Indiana University Research Institute for Inner Asian Studies, 1990) Indiana University Uralic and Altaic Series, Volume 145. Reprinted in **Essays on Central Asia**

remaining pairs continue until only one pair remains. They become the winners.³⁷

"Variants: A variant of the *Jirid Oyunu* calls for both rows to line-up in parallel. They are required to gallop in the same direction, with a maintained side distance of anywhere from 50 to 100 paces. The object and other rules remain the same. It appears there are other variants as well.

"The Mamluk-period historian Ibn Taghribirdi described the lance exercises in 15th century Egypt. It is likely that the *Jirid Oyunu* was brought to Egypt (from Asia) by the Kipchak Turks. The *furusiyye* exercises were sometimes called *funun al-Atrak*, or, 'Science of the Turks.'³⁸

The Lance Game, like most of the *furusiyye* exercises, was introduced on a large scale in the Mamluk sultanate by Sultan Baybars, when he built *Maydan al-Kabak* in 666/1267-8. The exact form of the game, however, is not discernible from Mamluk-period works:

...the Lance Game constituted a central feature of "*mahmil*" procession. But this fact is of little help in our attempt to reconstruct that game, for the sources dwell mainly on details pertaining to its external aspects and very largely ignore the essential ones.³⁹

Kabak appearing in the name of the above referenced *Maydan al-Kabak* hippodrome may have been derived from the Turkish game of *Altın Kabak* (Golden Gourd). A. A. Divay (1855-1932), who collected the description of this game from the Kirghiz during late 19th century, wrote:

During great holidays in olden days, the Kirghiz organized a game called *altyn-kabak*, which means golden-gourd. A long pole was brought, they suspended at one end of the

³⁷ This description of *Jirid Oyunu* is based on my observations of the game on the central planes of Asia Minor during various visits. According to the participants, the game has been handed down from one generation to the next as far back as the collective memory reached. It is noteworthy that one *Oghuz oymak* from the *Dulkadir* federation named *Jerid*, in the 17th century, was living in the vicinity of central Asia Minor. See Faruk Sümer, **Oğuzlar** (Istanbul, 1980). 3rd edition, 606-7.

Unfortunately, the article by Cemal Yener on this game, "Eski Türk Sporlarından Cirit" in **Yeşilay** 175 [?], Sayı 7/1947, 5-12 was unavailable to me. See Basbakanlık Kültür Müsteşarlığı Milli Folklor Enstitüsü Yayınları 7, **Türk Folklor ve Etnografya Bibliografyası II** (Ankara, 1973), 76; item 962.

³⁸ D. Ayalon, "Notes on the "Furusiyya" Exercises and Games in the Mamluk Sultanate" **Scripta Hierosolymitana** Vol IX 1961, 31-63. (Originally published in Hebrew) reprinted in the same author's **The Mamluk Military Society, Variorum Reprints** (London, 1979), 36, Note 21.

³⁹ Ayalon, 47

pole a gourd with gold or silver coins and put the pole in the ground. Then marksmen came out and shot (with arrows) at the gourd. Whoever split the gourd received the contents. They say that even now sometimes this game is played.⁴⁰

Ayalon also provides a synopsis of Altin Kabak played on horseback. Given the details Ayalon culled from his sources, the "Lance Game" of the Mamluks exhibit certain differences from Jirid Oyunu:

Ibn Taghribirdi is of the opinion that the Lance exercises of the "mahmil" procession were originally (13th century? -- HBP) quite different from those performed in his own days.⁴¹

States Ibn Taghribirdi:

The two rival teams of horsemen faced each other in two opposing rows. At the head of each row, on its right hand side, rode the respective master. The two masters were to first to advance from their sides and fight each other. Then came the deputies, then the first pupil of each group and so on to the last pupil in each opposing row."⁴²

That the game of jirit is incorporated into a *Keloğlan* story in a central position, with *Keloğlan* is a testament to the 'carrying capacity' of the tales, and the importance attached all-around to cultural values.

In the *Keloğlan* stories contained in this volume, there are also some mild references to the mysticism found in Asia Minor. The origins of mysticism predate all belief systems 'of the book;' Judaism, Christianity and Islam included. The South and West Asian varieties of mysticism influenced all three. In the case of the Turks, we also need to keep in mind the aforementioned *Tengri* influences that may have eased the introduction of multiple versions of mysticism into their spiritual landscape.

It appears that each ethnicity, group or polity that came into contact with or chose to organize anew any type of mysticism, developed their own unique doctrines and organizations specific to themselves. That is not to say, some of the mystical 'orders' did not attempt to 'usurp' the territory of another. Alternately, some groups (usually

⁴⁰ H. B. Paksoy, *Alpamysh: Central Asian Identity under Russian Rule* (Hartford: AACAR, 1989).

⁴¹ Ayalon, 48.

⁴² Ayalon, 52, note 112, citing Ibn Taghribirdi. Furthermore, Ayalon, 53, provides the following comment:

"Their constant occupation with lance and similar exercises handicapped the horsemen gravely inasmuch as they could not make use of their hands and legs simultaneously."

This is a surprising remark since the use of the legs is essential to good horsemanship, with or without lance.

referenced as *tarikāt*) either hid behind others, or tried to influence them from within.⁴³ The case of the *Ahi* and *Malamatiyya* discussed above is but one example.

This has also been the case with the Islamic version of mysticism, generally referenced as *sufism*. *Sufism* is not a monolith. It has no universal 'central' doctrine, other than declaiming that all are adherents of Islam. Nor is *sufism* a movement that branched out from a centralized location. It has many foci, in Asia as well as Europe (and, some say, as of late, the US). It appears that anyone (or teacher) who was able to attract sufficient number of adherents to his geographic location so as to be able to constitute a viable economic unit, established a 'center' of 'spirituality' with its own attendant rituals for initiation, behaviour, and in some cases, succession. If any of these grew to a sizeable stature, they are referenced as *tarikāt*, basically a 'branch.' Some of the better known *tarikāt* include the 'whirling derwishes' of the Turks, as well as the Bektāṣī of the same origin.

Sufi activity began to attract attention around the 11th-12th c. For reasons of their own, almost all *tarikāt* operate (still) as 'closed' societies, keeping the details of their rituals to themselves. Nowadays, not many actively seek to stage public displays of any kind, apart from the 'Whirling Derwishes.' Either by choice, or by the influences operating on them at the time of their establishment, each *tarikāt* incorporated rather sizeable chunks of local or regional practices, beliefs and sacraments into their endeavor. These distinguishing factors, of course, start with the language of the *tarikāt*, stretching all the way back to 'pre-book' belief system prevailing in that region or locality. This is one of the reasons why each *tarikāt* possesses unique attributes.

If the *sufi tarikāt* maintained silence about itself and its activities, then how were they able to recruit, grow into large organizations, or even maintain themselves? The main answer is literature. The prominent *sufi* teachers were poets and composers. Their poetry (and, secondarily, music) was the source of not only a combination of aesthetics but also introductory and indoctrinal material. One can observe that, much like their contemporaries in the Christian church in Europe, they were engaging in, well, in today's terminology, infotainment.

The *sufi* brethren were active on several fronts. They helped, as a secondary function, to proselytize Islam. They have always been mobile, and so the *sufi* brethren did not disdain going out to the *bozkır*, in mendikant derwish role. This, at once, put the *sufi tarikāt* at odds with the orthodox Islam (quite apart from the *sunni* and *shii* division that is traceable to the advent of Islam itself).

The orthodox Islam, at first, sought converts by force of arms. Starting in the 8th-9th centuries, Islamic Arab armies first swept into Iran. This, as has been pointed out by Richard N. Frye, caused an internationalization of the religion. Then, the Islamic

⁴³ This, of course, is not a new phenomenon; a variety of Buddhism, imported from further south, was operating in a similar fashion in China some two thousand years ago, by insenuating itself as a branch of the native Daoism.

armies pressed on to Central Asia, which further extended the religion into other ethnicities, including the Turks. But, in the expanses of Central Asia, the orthodox Islam, after the military conquest, settled onto the arable oases and established the *medrese* schools to train clergy. The populations out in the *bozkır* were still 'untouched' by this movement. In fact, this reality came to haunt a number of polities in the next several centuries, and helped defeat those states that accepted Islam. It was the *sufi* brethren that sought to convert the *bozkır* element.

The life in the *bozkır* is inherently harsh. In fact, the conditions of the late 19th and early 20th century West Texas were probably still very close to the circumstances of 9th century Central Asia in terms of lack of water, shelter, unforgiving climactic conditions in the summer and winter, and so on. The only sustenance a mendicant derwish can obtain is from the people living in the area, engaged in animal husbandry, in the form of milk and other necessities of life. Those living under such difficult life conditions tend to be generous. So, the mobile people of the *bozkır* shared whatever they had with the *tarikāt* member, who, in return, attempted to persuade them to forget their ancient belief system in favor of Islam. The *Tengri* belief system,⁴⁴ however, is also particularly suitable for life in the *bozkır*. So, the people of the *bozkır* did not necessarily appreciate the strictures the 'new religion' would place on them, which they considered 'artificial,' or worse. Threatened by the withdrawal of favors such as life sustenance items, as a direct result of his own 'proposal,' the mendicant derwish had to 'water down' his own position. This he did by dropping some of the more 'demanding' aspects of Islam, and in most cases introducing elements of *Tengri* belief system into his own preachings. In the end, the *tarikāt* member *sufi* brethren mendicant derwish ended up being converted in reverse; whether openly or subliminally did not matter deeply. This was to have profound repercussions in the future.

Some of the *tarikāt* undertook the task of creating lineages for themselves as a badge of honor, and source of authority. This 'chain of descent' document usually extended past the origins and beginnings of Islam. The newly acceded heads of *tarikāt* (or, founders of new *tarikāt*) usually commissioned or wrote elaborate volumes devoted to such chains of descent; either in verse or prose. In the process, some new devices and sect specific mythologies were created. One of them was discussed by the formidable scholar Divay, at the beginning of the 20th century, shedding some light into the thought processes of the adherents.⁴⁵ Concerning the phrase *Gaib-iran-kryk-chilten* [sic for *gha'ib-iran-kyrk-cihilten*; the "forty companions (or, 'saints')"], Divay explains the following in his footnote [comments in brackets are supplied by the present author, from Redhouse, *A Turkish and English Lexicon*, indicated pages]:

"According to the information of M. N. Aidarov, the entire composition of the holy gaib-iran is divided into seven categories. The supreme one over them is

⁴⁴ In some places referenced as 'shamanism.'

⁴⁵ H. B. Paksoy, "Abubekir Ahmedjan Divay 1855-1933. ethnographer, antiquarian, professor, translator " in *Essays on Central Asia*.

called *Qutb* ["the chief of God's saints upon earth," 1461]. The second category is called *Emanman*, they consist of two persons and are considered the viziers of *Qutb*. One is found at the right hand, the *Alem-i melekut* ["the heavens above, the kingdom ruled by God," 1278, 1972] supervising the invisible; the other on the left is called *Alem-i meleke* ["world of possessions, the material world," 1972], ruling over the visible. The third category is *Evtad* ["four cardinal saints on earth, one for each cardinal point," 10, 235] and consists of four persons. They keep watch over the four corners of the world. The fourth, the *Budela* ["saintly persons maintained by God on earth," 9-10], consists of seven persons. The fifth *Ruqaba* ["seven seers or saints," 983, 984] consists also of seven persons and they are called simply 'the seven.' The sixth category is called *Nujeba* ["noble ones," 2073], of forty persons and they are called usually, '*chilten* [sic],' and finally, the seventh category is called *Nuqaba* ["deans of communities," 2097], consisting of 366 persons, and they too are *gaib-iran* and are divided into two divisions: *Iqrar* ["those who declare," 165] and *Umena* ["those who conceal," 202]. Those who wish to request help from the *Gaib-iran* sit with their backs to them [Divay's note includes a sketch suggesting a direction of the compass needed to make the prayers in various parts of the globe] and then perform their prayer. In order to determine in which direction are the *Gaib-iran* in the known lunar months, there exists the circle reproduced here with indicated compass points and numbers of lunar months."⁴⁶

The above fragment, cobbled together as it is, seeks to piece together only one of the sectarian cosmologies. Not all such precepts were written down, possibly due to security concerns of the *tarikats*; but some were found and translated. Others are continually peeking at readers of other types of literature between the lines, and across the centuries.⁴⁷

The Ahi Lodges discussed above, to a certain extent, perhaps included some of the *sufi* tenets and practices into their operational philosophy. As 'closed societies,' most of the business of such organizations were conducted orally. It may be noted that the Ahi Lodges made a reappearance in the 20th century. However, it is not certain if the ruling principles (or, by-laws) were exact lineal descendents of the 13th century originals.

Within the concept of general mysticism and sufism and discussion of a specific sect or two, there is a very special category. It pertains to one *Hızır*.

Some of the stories refer to *Hızır*, either directly or otherwise. The proverb 'when (God's) servant is not in difficulty, *Hızır* will not come to help' is often used to assert that God will send help only to those who are in trouble. According to legend, *Hızır* (*Khidr*)

⁴⁶ Paksoy, *Alpamysh*, Pp 65-66.

⁴⁷ For example, see Devin DeWeese *Islamization and Native Religion in the Golden Horde: Baba Tükles and Conversion to Islam in Historical and Epic Tradition*. (Pennsylvania State University Press, 1994 Series "Hermeneutics: Studies in the History of Religions"), 638 pp.

promised to share his vast knowledge with any and all sages and scholars. Some believe he was one of the early prophets. In Sabbateansim, *Khidr* is equivalent to Elijah.

"What's more, *Khidr* is a customary initiation guide in the Sufi tradition. Sufi mystics would meet him in their journeys, and he would inspire them, answer their questions, save them from dangers, and in special cases even bestow on them the *khirqah* (the coveted garment that is the badge of such derwishes; perhaps modeled on the one worn by the prophet Mohammad--HBP). Such bestowing is thought valid initiation in the Sufi tradition, and those who pass it are considered connected to the greatest source of mystic inspiration."⁴⁸

Hızır's name is not found in the Koran. Yet, his popularity is such that, he is treated as if he is one of the ancient prophets found in the Jewish, Christian and Islamic holy books. He is considered to be ageless, though not necessarily 'immortal' as in the pre-holybook belief systems as that would be in contravention of the entire Islamic and *sufi* traditions.

Any archetype that is so well liked as *Keloğlan* is bound to make appearances in other human expressionary mediums besides the stories. And *Keloğlan* does not disappoint. For example, the very first work performed by the State Ballet Company was named *Keloğlan*, composed by Ulvi Cemal Erkin and choreographed by Dame Ninette de Valois. Many a grade school children took part in a stage play written by Fikret Terzi, *O Benim O Keloğlan*, music composed by Yaşar Kemal Alim. Of course, as befits *Keloğlan*, the young man or the young lady who portrays *Keloğlan* wears a stocking cap to simulate the 'bald head,' as many others have done in real life as well as the stories. And, *Keloğlan* continues to inspire book after book as well.

Comparisons between West Texas and Turkish archetypes, circumstances, settings

Measured in square miles, Texas and Asia Minor do occupy comparable surfaces on earth, with the Turkish Republic situated on Asia Minor (plus a King ranch size territory on Europe as well) occupying a slightly larger area than the State of Texas. Both have 'dry' plains, but Asia Minor has snow capped tall mountain ranges and is surrounded by seas on three sides. Both grow cotton, love horses, have at least one historically important port. So far the only hydrocarbon reserves found in Asia minor are confined to lignite and anthracite as opposed to 'Texas Tea variety so plentiful in the South Plains. They went through wars of independence, reared internationally known characters, created cultures within cultures. On the other hand, their histories and continuities are quite different. That, however, does not mean their tales and the content instructions are incomparable. At worst, tales indicate that humans have an urge to communicate in various ways and channels, and are capable of creating the same wisdoms and repeating errors even across time and space. If, however, an older culture

⁴⁸ Prof. Avraham Elqayam <http://members.nbci.com/donmeh/texts/sufism/sufi3.htm>

can be brought closer to a younger one, possibly both may be able to benefit from the contact. Perhaps this may constitute a beginning.

Lubbock, Texas. 2001

Keloğlan has various functions in the realm of thoughts and actions of the folk who identify with him. Keloğlan not only is entrusted with the duty of bringing about good government, by means of giving guidance both to the Sage and the Ruler, but also, he must show the population how to convert dreams into reality. As usual, his actions may well be outside the tired norms, inspiring and encouraging creative thinking.

Güler Soytaş; Antalya. 1995
Story # 1864

Keloğlan from Dream to Throne

Once there was and once there wasn't, when the sieve was in the straw, when the flea was a barber and the camel was a porter, when I was rocking my mother's cradle *tingir mingir*, and sending my father off to school every morning—well, back in that time there was in a certain country a *Keloğlan*.

This *Keloğlan* used to dream every night that he was a *padişah*. When he told this dream to his mother, she said, "Oh, my poor son, you cannot become *padişah*. You do not know even the first thing about becoming such a ruler."

Keloğlan responded, "Mother, why are you saying such a thing? Why can't I become a *padişah*? What is really so different between me and the *padişah*? He is a human being like me. But, anyway, even if I cannot actually become a *padişah*, I can enjoy dreaming that I have become one."

As he continued to have this dream, he told not only his mother about it but also anyone else who would listen to him. After some time had passed, the boy's dream was being talked about by so many people that even the *padişah* of that land heard about it. One day the *padişah* said to his viziers, "Bring to me at once that *Keloğlan* who keeps talking about his dream of becoming *padişah*." A couple of hours later they took *Keloğlan* into the presence of the ruler. He said to the boy, *Keloğlan*, look at me! I have heard that you are continually dreaming about becoming a *padişah* and that you tell people about this dream day after day."

"Yes, Your Majesty, that is true."

"But whatever you dream and whatever you may say, don't you know how difficult it is to be a *padişah*? It is not as easy as it might seem to you. And, besides that, possession of the throne is usually a hereditary matter. How can you expect to come out of nowhere and become a *padişah*?"

"Please forgive me for saying that I know all this already, Your Majesty. But I also know that a *padişah*, like me, is a human being. We were both created in the same way, and so we were once equal in that respect. Why, then, is it necessary that the throne be passed from a father only to his son?"

Because the ruler could not answer that question, he pretended to accept *Keloğlan's* reasoning. He said, "Very well, *Keloğlan*, I shall give you my throne if you can fulfill four requirements. Three requirements are questions you must answer, and the fourth is a task which you must complete. If you can do these four things, then you can have my throne."

"All right, my *padişah*. There is no question in this world that cannot be answered, and there is no task that cannot be completed, if the person undertaking it first understands how much he himself can do and how much help he will need."

The *padişah* then said, "Let me ask you my three questions now. Here is the first. Suppose that there is a box within a box and within that interior box is a still smaller box made of strong metal. If after the boxes have been opened, one after another, there turns out to be nothing whatsoever inside the small metal box, what does that mean? Here is the second question. If someone should dream of a golden platform upon which are standing one goblet of *sherbet* and one of poison, what could these things possibly represent? The third question is this: If the daughter of a *padişah* places upon a silver tray one male doll and one female doll with a silver ring between them, what are these objects meant to suggest? After you have answered these three questions, your task is to construct a palace which is unique in its beauty and in its strength. You may have three days or three months to complete these requirements. I do not care how long it takes. Whenever they are completed, the throne will be yours."

The *Keloğlan* said, "all right, my *padişah*. Nothing could be easier to accomplish than these things you have asked me to do. Let me begin by answering the questions. Your first question concerned a metal box inside a larger box which was within a still larger box. When the metal box was opened, no jewel was found inside. The boxes within boxes must be a treasury, and the fact that it is empty must mean that there are very clever thieves in your country. In your second question you asked about the meaning of a goblet of *sherbet* and a goblet of poison standing upon a golden platform. The platform is your throne, and the *sherbet* is the sweetness provided for you. The poison is the hardship it inflicts upon your people. In your third question you asked for the meaning of your daughter's placing upon a silver tray a male doll and a female doll with a silver ring between them. It is a message to you that your daughter is of a marriageable age and yearns for love. It also means that you have failed in your fatherly duties to her. The questions can be thus quickly answered, but the marvelous palace you have requested will take more time. May I now have your permission to leave so that I can begin work on that palace?"

"Yes, you are free to go."

Keloğlan returned home and described to his mother everything that had happened that day. She said to him, "Oh, my *Keloğlan*, every cock crows from his own trash heap, and the *padişah*'s trash heap is his throne. Give up your impossible attempt to become a *padişah*!"

"Don't say that, Mother. There is nothing impossible in this world." *Keloğlan* then went to consult a wise old man who lived in that town. He asked, "How can I build a palace that is unique in beauty and unusually strong in its structure?"

"No one can do such a thing alone," the wise man said. "You must consult all of your relatives and all of your friends about this matter. You will need many helpers to build such a palace."

Keloğlan followed the wise man's advice. He went to all of the people he had earlier talked to about his dream. They agreed to help him. Some provided marble and other building supplies. With so many people at work on the building, the palace was completed in just three months.

Going to the *padişah*, *Keloğlan* said to him, "I have kept my promise and built the kind of palace that you required. Now it is time for you to keep your promise to me."

The *padişah* was shocked by this statement. After examining the new palace, he said, "I do not understand how you managed to do this!"

Keloğlan smiled and answered, "Your majesty, a person first must know what he himself can do. Then he must learn how others can help him. Great tasks become easy when people work together."

The *padişah* now realized that this *Keloğlan* was a very clever young man—far more clever than he had supposed. He realized now that he would have to kill *Keloğlan* in order to save his throne. He said, "Very well, *Keloğlan*, I shall give you my throne. I shall do so at a large banquet to which all of the people will be invited."

The day set for the feast arrived, and a great many people went to the *padişah*'s palace to attend that event. Everyone was served wine in golden goblets, but the *padişah* had a servant place before *Keloğlan* a goblet of poisoned wine. When the young man picked up his goblet, the wise man sitting beside him said, "Beware, *Keloğlan*! A throne is not something that a *padişah* can relinquish easily!"

Keloğlan understood the wise man's message. Waiting until he thought that no one would observe him, *Keloğlan* switched his goblet and the goblet of the *padişah*. The ruler himself, however, observed what had happened. Before the *padişah* could do anything about that situation, *Keloğlan* arose, lifted his goblet, and said loudly for everyone to hear, "Your Majesty, I propose a toast to the good people of our country!" Unable to join this toast without drinking the poison, the *padişah* announced angrily that the banquet was cancelled.

The guests were stunned. As they sat in silent confusion, the wise man arose and said, "O fellow citizens, you now know who it is that should be our *padişah*!"

The people then deposed the *padişah* and gave his throne to *Keloğlan*. They also gave to him in marriage the daughter of the former *padişah*. There was then begun a wedding celebration that lasted for forty days and forty nights. After that, the young couple lived happily together and had all their wishes fulfilled.

Keloğlan's purity of heart may be the reason why all evil intent on the part of others cannot touch him. This is a fragment of the fuller version.

This story could have its origins in the 'tax farming' practices prevailing in an earlier era. The procedure of tax farming involved several 'contractors' bidding for the privilege of collecting taxes from the general populace. The highest bidder got the job. Of course, the tax farmer got to keep anything over and above what he promised to deliver to the provincial governor or the central treasury.

Muharrem Çoban. Aşağı Çavundur. 1962
Story # 26

Keloğlan and His Wise Brother

There was once a *Keloğlan* who had a wise brother. When their father died, the two brothers had a new stable built, so that they then had two stables. One day the wise brother asked *Keloğlan*, "How long are we going to live together? Why don't we separate?"

"All right," said *Keloğlan*, "let us separate."

"But let us do it on one condition," said the wise brother. "I'll take everything in the old stable, and you will take everything in the new one."

"All right, I'll accept that," replied *Keloğlan*.

When the animals were returning to the stables after being watered, late in the afternoon, all except one lean bullock entered the old stable. When all the animals were in the stables thus, the wise brother said to *Keloğlan*, "Well, you must be content with what you have gotten."

"But what am I to do with this one poor little bullock?" asked *Keloğlan*. "I had better take it to market and sell it."

On his way to the market he came to a lake. In this lake there were hundreds of frogs croaking, "*Varuk, vuruk!*" He imitated the frogs, saying "*Varuk, vuruk!*" Then he said to the frogs, "Would you like to have the bullock that I have here?"

The frogs answered only, "*Varuk, vuruk!*"

He took this to mean that they did want the bullock. He cut his throat and then sliced its carcass into small pieces which he threw into the water.

"When are you going to pay for it?" he asked.

The frogs answered "*Varuk, vuruk!*"

"Are you going to pay me next week?" he asked.

"*Varuk, vuruk!*" the frogs said again.

Keloğlan returned to his village, and when his wise brother saw him, he asked, "What did you do with your bullock?"

"Well, I was taking it to the market," said *Keloğlan*, "but on the way I stopped at a lake where the frogs bought it from me."

"How much did you get for it?" asked the wise brother.

"Well, they said, 'Come and get the money next Friday.'"

On Friday *Kelođlan* went to the lake. When they saw him, the frogs croaked "*Varuk, vuruk!*"

He said, "Shall I come in?"

The frogs said, "*Varuk, vuruk!*"

Kelođlan undressed and went into the lake. While he was wading around in the lake, his foot was caught in a bag. He pulled this bag out of the water and was amazed to see that it was full of gold. He returned home with the bag of gold, and when the wise brother saw him, *Kelođlan* explained how he had acquired the gold: "When I went to the lake to collect the money for my bullock, the frogs told me to come into the water. When I did this, my foot struck a bag; when I pulled this bag out of the water, it was full of gold. They paid me well for the bullock."

"Let us share the money," suggested the wise brother.

When *Kelođlan* agreed to share his gold, the wise brother said to him, "Go to our grandmother's house and ask her to lend us a pair of scales. Don't say that we are going to weigh gold. Say that we are going to weigh beans."

Kelođlan went to his grandmother's house and asked to borrow her scales. She asked him, "What are you going to weigh?"

"Oh, we are not going to weigh gold," he said. "We are going to weigh beans."

His grandmother became suspicious of the way in which *Kelođlan* spoke, and she decided to go and listen to their conversations through the chimney stack. When they were dividing the gold, saying, "This is for you, this is for me, this is for you, this is for me," *Kelođlan* caught a glimpse of a person looking down through the chimney. He didn't know that it was his grandmother. He went out quietly, picked up a piece of rock, and struck the old woman with it. He hit her so hard that she fell down through the chimney.

When *Kelođlan* came back into the house, his wise brother said to him, "You God-damned *Kelođlan*, you have killed your grandmother. Let us get away from here before this is discovered."

They divided the rest of the gold hurriedly and then they escaped, the one carrying the blankets and the beds and the other carrying their front door. They walked a long distance, and finally they reached a wide square where government officials were dividing money among themselves because it was a new year.

When they saw these government officials, *Kelođlan* said to his brother, "What shall we do?"

"Let us climb up that poplar tree and watch them from there," said the wise brother.

So they climbed up the poplar tree and started watching the government officials from above. These officials went on dividing money among themselves. After a short while, *Kelođlan* said, "Brother, I have to pass water, and I cannot wait."

"You God-damned *Kelođlan*," said his brother, "when you pass water, they will discover us here. But perhaps if you sprinkle it evenly, the government officials will think that it is raining."

Kelođlan did as his brother suggested, and the government officials were quite surprised. One of them said, "It is strange that it should rain, for it is such a fine day." Then another of them said, "Oh, it is one of those passing showers. This is the right season for them." And so their problem was solved in this way.

Soon after this another difficulty arose. *Keložlan* had been holding the door with one hand while he clung to the poplar tree with the other. He said, "My arm is becoming so tired that I can no longer hold this door up here. I am going to let it go."

As the door came rolling down on them, the government officials panicked, crying, "The sky is collapsing on us! And they left all the money, as well as cloth and rugs and carpets, and they ran away."

After they had gone, the two brothers came down from the tree. The wise brother took all the money left by the government officials. "I'll take the money that they left here," he said, "and you can have all of the rugs and other things." *Keložlan* agreed to this arrangement.

When the night came, the wise brother wrapped himself in money and fell asleep. *Keložlan* wrapped himself in carpets and rugs. The next morning when *Keložlan* got up, he discovered that his wise brother had frozen to death during the night. He had been such a fool to go to sleep wrapped in money! Taking all of the money, as well as his carpets and rugs, *Keložlan* went home. He was now a rich man with a house, two stables, plenty of carpets and rugs, and a large sum of money to spend. He lived happily always after that.

In Turkish, the word 'teker' denotes a revolving, spinning motion. Thus, 'tekerlek' is the wheel. By extension, 'tekerleme' (riddle) takes on the meaning of rolling around words and conceptions.

A Tekerleme generally precedes a story, to prepare the audience that they need to think in a 'different' manner than that required for daily processes; even 'out of the box.'

That Kelođlan is even included in a Tekerleme is nothing short of a tribute to his ingenuity and resourcefulness.

Duralı Akkaya; Gölbaşı Village, Köyceđiz, Muđla. 1976
Story # 1061

Tekerleme

Time within time, when the sieve was just a hoop, and my mother and father were in their cradles, I was then a *Kelođlan*. One day my father became ill, and I carried him to a doctor. The doctor suggested this and that. He gave me an egg to break over my father, but I dropped the egg and a rooster came out of it.

I put a harness on the rooster and made him carry heavy loads. The harness rubbed the rooster's back and made it sore. I broke an egg over the sore place and wrapped it with a walnut leaf. Soon a walnut tree grew from that leaf, and after a while there were many walnuts on the tree. People passing by threw dirt clods and stones at the walnuts to knock them down. First there was a heap of dirt clods and stones around the pecan tree, and after a while this heap grew into a large field.

I planted wheat in that field. Soon it had grown to the height of an ant's knee. When harvest time came, I took a sickle and went to the field. As I got there, I saw a boar running about in the wheat field. I threw my sickle at that boar, and the handle of the sickle stuck in the boar's anus. This frightened the boar, and he began running around the field even faster than he had been running before. As he ran here and there and everywhere, the sickle kept cutting the wheat. In this way the entire field of wheat was harvested in a very short time.

The cleverly rhyming words in the original of this story provide an added layer of humor, which, unfortunately, is not feasible to convey. It begins with a disarming (even disdeigning) statement that this Keloğlan is a stupid one. However, the main thrust of the story involves language use (apart from the rhymes) to transmit a secondary, and even a tertiary lesson within the story; each with increasing wisdom have something for the benefit of the understanding audience. Those who do not exert the effort to grasp the deeper meanings are left to wonder what the point is.

Hidayet Akcan; Ağabeyli, Cihanbeyli, Konya. 1962

Story # 72

The Keloğlan Who Would Not Tell

Once there was a stupid *Keloğlan* who lived with two older brothers. They made their living by hauling wood from the forest on their donkey and selling it in the village. One day the *Keloğlan* said to his brothers, "Let me take the donkey and bring back the wood today."

"No," said the oldest brother, "you would probably leave the donkey in the forest, and then we would have nothing."

"No, I wouldn't," insisted *Keloğlan* and after some discussion, they decide to let him take the donkey to haul the wood that day.

As *Keloğlan* entered the forest, he discovered a bag of gold under a tree. He started to pick it up when some crows in the tree began to shout, "Ga! GA! Ga!" *Keloğlan* thought they were saying, "We'll give you the bag of gold for your donkey."

"All right," he said, "I shall sell him to you, although my brothers may be angry with me." After the crows had led the donkey away, *Keloğlan* dug a hole and buried the gold. Then he went home and told his brothers what he had done.

His brothers beat *Keloğlan* for losing their donkey, as they had feared he would. But *Keloğlan* insisted that he had received a bag of gold in exchange, and finally the brothers decided to go and see if there were really a bag of gold buried in the forest.

As they were digging up the gold that night, the village *bekçi* (night watchman) came along and asked them what they were doing. The brothers were afraid to be caught with so much gold, and so they knocked down the *bekçi* and left him there, thinking they had killed him.

On the way home with the gold, the brothers passed a flock of goats. Being hungry from their work, they decided to steal a large goat, a *keçi*. They stole a *keçi* and cut off a hind leg to roast. Then, before anyone could discover what they had done, they threw the rest of the carcass down a well and went on home.

When they got home, they started to roast the leg of the goat and to count their money. "Let us weigh the gold, too," said the eldest brother. *Keloğlan*, you go to our neighbor and borrow his scales, but do not tell him we want to use it to weigh gold."

Keloğlan went to the home of their neighbor and asked to borrow the scales. "What do you want to weigh with them?" asked the neighbor.

"We do not want to weigh gold," answered *Keloğlan*. When the neighbor heard this, he became suspicious and put some thick *pekmez* (a sweetener, of varying consistencies, made from boiling down grape juice) on the bottom of the balance pan. Later *Keloğlan* brought the scales back, the man found a piece of gold stuck to the *pekmez*, so he notified the gendarmes (as in France; para-military security force assigned to the rural settlements) at once of his discovery.

When the gendarmes arrived to arrest the two older brothers, they knocked several times on the door. As they were knocking, the oldest brother said to *Keloğlan*, "No matter what happens, remember this carefully; "You **didn't** sell the donkey for a bag of gold. We **didn't** knock down that *bekçi* or throw the *keçi* in the well."

"Yes, I'll remember that," said *Keloğlan*, and he repeated to himself several times, "I **didn't** sell the donkey for a bag of gold. My brothers **didn't** knock down that *bekçi* or throw the *keçi* in the well."

The gendarmes arrested the two elder brothers and took them to the village jail. Then they came back and started to question *Keloğlan*. At first *Keloğlan* did not know what to say to them, for he was badly frightened, but he remembered then the instructions of his older brother. "I **didn't** sell the donkey for a bag of gold. My brothers **didn't** knock down that *keçi* or throw the *bekçi* in the well."

"Throw the *bekçi* in the well?" shouted the gendarmes.

"No, no, I didn't mean that," *Keloğlan* tried to explain, but the gendarmes refused to listen to him. They called for the *bekçi*, and when he did not answer, they ran to the well, dragging *Keloğlan* with them. When they arrived at the well with a crowd of people following them, the gendarme captain said to *Keloğlan*, "We are going to lower you into the well on a rope so that you can pull out our *bekçi*."

"All right," said *Keloğlan*.

When they lowered *Keloğlan* to the bottom of the well, the captain called down to him, "Have you found our *bekçi* yet?"

Kelođlan's hand rested on the ear of the goat. "Did your *bekçi* have an ear?" he shouted up to them.

"Yes, he did," they all shouted back.

Kelođlan's hand then moved to the goat's woolly skin. "Was your *bekçi* wearing a fur coat?" he asked them.

"Yes, he was," they shouted back.

Now by this time the *bekçi*, who had been knocked down by the brothers, had regained consciousness and was performing his duties again. When he saw the crowd of the people gathered, all looking at the mouth of the well, he called to them, "What are you looking for?"

Everyone looked up in amazement, and everyone said, "You!"

*Literal meanings can provide the framework for teaching a lesson or two as well.
This is a variant of #26*

Hatice Genç. İskenderun. 1962
Story # 259

The Keloğlan Who Guarded the Door

There was once a very poor woman who had a son called *Keloğlan*. One day *Keloğlan's* mother decided to go on a visiting trip. Before she left the house, she said to *Keloğlan*, "Watch the door and the chimney (proverbial: Take care of the place) because there are thieves around and they may break into the house. You should never neglect the door."

While his mother visited friends, *Keloğlan* sat before the house for hours, but he finally tired of this and he wanted to take a walk. As his mother had told him not to leave the door and the chimney, however, he shouldered the door and began to walk with it. As it was a very warm day, *Keloğlan* decided to climb up a tall tree to get some cool breeze. He took the door up into the tree with him, and slept in the tree. Shortly afterward, he heard some noises coming from below. He looked and saw some thieves quarreling about the division of some money they had stolen. When *Keloğlan* saw that money was being divided, he felt strange and very much excited, and he felt urinating, and in fact he did so. The thieves below thought it was raining. Then he defecated, and the thieves below thought that it was hailing now. Then *Keloğlan* accidentally dropped the door, and the thieves were terrified and so they ran away, leaving all the money behind. *Keloğlan* came down, filled his pockets with the money left by the thieves, shouldered the door, and started walking home. But his mother reached home before him and discovered that thieves had entered the place and ransacked it. Some time later, *Keloğlan* was seen walking toward town with the door on his back. When he got home, his mother asked, "Where have you been all this time?"

Did you not tell me not to leave the door? Well, I never left it," he said. "I had it with me all the time."

His mother said, "We have lost everything we had. We have neither a chair to sit on nor a bed to sleep in. Everything we had has been carried away by the thieves."

"Do not worry, Mother," he said. "I can buy better things for us." He took out a lot of money from his pockets and showed it to his mother.

"Where did you get all that money?"

"Well, Mother," he said, "I got tired of sitting and watching the door, and I wanted to go for a walk. But I remembered what you had said about watching the door, so I took the door with me on my back. I grew hot, and I climbed a tall tree so I could feel the cool breeze. But I took the door up into the tree with me, Mother. Below, I saw some thieves dividing some money they had stolen. First I urinated and then defecated, but they did not see me in the tree. Then I dropped the door, and this frightened them away. I came down out of the tree and picked up all the money they had left and put it in my pockets. Then I put the door on my back and came along home."

It is quite out of character for Keloğlan to be stretching the boundaries of law (moral or legal) without being provoked first. He is, after all, the prime avenger, rather than an aggressor. On the other hand, Koroğlu is held in such awe and has a reputation for invincibility (who is also an 'righter of wrongs' in his own right), possibly the narrator deemed that only Keloğlan can succeed in that setting. In fact, to demonstrate Keloğlan's 'worthiness,' the narrator uses the hollowed phrase 'Taking his head under his arm, Keloğlan went to....' The narrator, by employing those words, in that format---a well known description of courage and accolade rarely accorded to mere mortals---stresses that Keloğlan possesses great courage.

Keloğlan's complete exit from the story halfway through, and Koroğlu continuing with his exploits on his own, perhaps reinforces this view.

How Keloğlan Stole Koroğlu's Horse, Kırat, for Hasan Pasha

Emine Coşkun; Bayburt, Gümüşhane. January 1973

Tale # 1044

Once there was, and once there was not a boy who was a *Keloğlan*. This *Keloğlan* was very poor, and sometimes he would think, "My God, how good my situation was once, but look at me now." As he was thinking in this manner one day, he heard a town crier making an announcement for Hasan Bey.

Hasan Bey had the following announcement made: "Whoever will steal and bring to me *Koroğlu*'s horse will be made my vizier from now until the end of the world."

When *Keloğlan* heard that announcement, he thought, "Oh, here is the opportunity that I sought but could not find before now!"

No one else dared volunteer to undertake this task. Everyone said, "Who would ever steal a horse from *Koroğlu*?"

Taking his head under his arm (with great courage), *Keloğlan* went to Hasan Pasha and said, "I shall bring to you the horse that you wish to have."

He then went to *Koroğlu*'s house and sat outside the front door. When *Koroğlu* noticed him there, he asked *Keloğlan*, "What is the matter?"

"I am in a very bad situation. For the sake of God, take care of me."

"Very well," said *Koroğlu*, and he took him inside the house. He had the boy washed and his clothes cleaned. Then he directed his men, "Show him a room where he can eat, drink and sleep. This is all for the sake of charity."

But *Keloğlan* objected to what *Koroğlu* said about charity. He said, "No, sir! Thank you very much, but I do not deserve a room. I can sleep in the horse stable. I shall stay there, but give me some work to do so that I can earn the bread that I eat."

"All right," said *Koroğlu*. Then, turning to one of his men, he said, "Give him a horse to take care of."

They gave *Keloğlan* a horse to take care of, but that horse was not very well and not very strong. *Keloğlan* realized this, and so every night he would get up again after he had gone to bed and collect all the barley that had been placed before all of the other horses. This he gave to the horse he had been assigned to tend, and as a result that horse grew stronger and healthier than all of the others.

Köroğlu used to wander through the stables, saying nothing but observing the condition of all the horses. When *Keloğlan*'s horse became the most attractive horse there, the other grooms grew jealous. They said among themselves, "He had the worst horse in the stables, but now it has come to be the best. Let us do something about this!"

Köroğlu overheard their conversation, for he was a clever man. Going to *Keloğlan*, he said, "*Keloğlan*, don't let the other grooms know about this, but here is some money with which you can feed the whole group. Buy a lamb, cook it for them, and give them plenty to eat and drink."

When *Keloğlan* had the food prepared, he took the other grooms out into a field. There he gave them plenty to eat and drink. They drank so much, however, that they all passed out and lay asleep on the ground. The moment that the grooms passed out, *Keloğlan* called, "*Ayvaz! Ayvaz!*" but *Ayvaz* did not answer, for he too drunk too much. "Oh here is another opportunity I sought but could not find!" said *Keloğlan*. Reaching into *Ayvaz*'s pocket, he took from it the key to the stable. Going back to the stable, he placed the key in the lock but was unable to open the door with it. Although he was disappointed, *Keloğlan* said to himself, "Oh well, how will Hasan Pasha know one good horse from another good horse? I shall take him *Durat* instead of *Kirat*." Mounting *Durat*, he rode for some distance on it.

When *Ayvaz* and the grooms came to themselves again, they saw no sign of *Keloğlan* anywhere. *Ayvaz* felt in his pocket and discovered that his keys were missing. He shouted, "Alas! The keys are gone! *Kirat* has probably been stolen!" Running to the stable, they found the key still sticking in the lock. "Oh, he was unable to open it, and so *Kirat* is still here." Then, not seeing *Durat* anywhere, he said, "but where is *Durat*?"

When *Ayvaz* went to *Köroğlu*, that leader saw that he was upset about something. He asked, "*Ayvaz*, has something happened? Why are you so thoughtful?"

That *Keloğlan* whom you admired and showed so much charity to has run off with *Durat*. He tried to take *Kirat* but could not open the lock on his stable door."

"Come now!" said *Köroğlu*. "That's nothing to worry about. Go back to your regular work."

But *Ayvaz* was still upset, and said, "You made so much of *Keloğlan*! See now what he has done to us!"

"Go back to your work," *Köroğlu* repeated. No matter what he said, it had no effect on *Ayvaz*, and this made *Köroğlu* himself thoughtful. After a few moments, he ordered, "Bring *Kirat* to me!"

Mounting *Kirat*, *Köroğlu* galloped away. Whenever he rode that horse, *Köroğlu* used to stir up a huge cloud of dust behind him. *Keloğlan*, seeing that cloud of dust, said to himself, "*Köroğlu* is coming! What am I to do? He will kill me!" As he fled, he saw a mill nearby. Riding to the mill, he said to the miller, "*Köroğlu* is coming, and he may well kill us! You have a wife and children. Give me your clothes, and then go to your house and hide inside. Let him kill me if he is going to kill anybody." *Keloğlan* put on the miller's clothes and smeared some flour on his face, and while he was doing this, the miller ran to his house and hid.

When *Köroğlu* rode up, he called "Miller! Miller! There was a *Keloğlan* who just came here. Where is he?" When *Keloğlan* pointed to the house, *Köroğlu* ran over there and shouted very loudly, "Come out! Come out!"

The miller was terrified. He came running out of the house and said, “Believe me! I didn’t take too much!”

“What are you talking about?” asked *Köroğlu*. “I am not concerned about that. Aren’t you a *keloğlan*?”

“No, I am not. He gave me his clothes and then put on mine. Then he ordered me to get into my house.”

Köroğlu returned to the mill, but by the time he got there, he saw *Keloğlan* riding back and forth on *Kırat*.

Keloğlan shouted to him, “*Köroğlu*, I have made a promise which I hope you will understand.”

“What is it?”

“I have a promise which I have to keep, but I shall return your horse with my own hands.”

“Don’t do it, *Keloğlan*! Don’t be stubborn!”

“*Köroğlu*, depend on me! Take my word for it.” No matter what *Köroğlu* said, *Keloğlan* gave no heed to it. Instead, he spurred the horse and rode off.

Köroğlu now mounted *Durat*. He could have stopped *Kırat* if he had tried hard enough. *Kırat* was flying through the air, but *Keloğlan* did not know that *Durat*, though younger, could also fly. *Köroğlu* decided, however, not to catch *Kırat*. He called out, “Hey, fellow! I have stretched my arm a distance great enough to catch you. But I shall not do so, for *Kırat* has his pride, too. I shall not let anyone say that *Durat* caught *Kırat*.”

Keloğlan ordered *Kırat* to fly even faster, and they passed out of that place. *Köroğlu* tried to track *Keloğlan* by riding along on the ground beneath *Kırat*, and he did so for a while until they got into the mountains. But then how could he find *Keloğlan* and *Kırat*? Can a bird be compared to a human being? He dismounted and walked some distance. Seeing how useless this was, *Köroğlu* took off the saddle and carried it on his own back.

In the meantime *Ayvaz* had been pacing back and forth, watching to see whether or not *Köroğlu* was returning. “Where has *Köroğlu* been all this time?” he asked himself. Seeing a peddler come along in the distance, he called to *Köroğlu*’s wife, “Nigare, come out, for a peddler is coming. It is the first peddler who has passed this way in seven years. You can probably buy some cheap jewelry from him.”

“Yes, I shall. You are right. A peddler has not come this way for seven years.”

But when they looked more closely, they saw that the approaching person was not a peddler with a pack on his back. It was *Köroğlu* leading a horse by its bridle and carrying its saddle upon his own back.

Köroğlu arrived and sat down on the doorstep. “*Ayvaz*, go bring me a cup of coffee. I am very upset.” *Ayvaz* did not move, but observed that *Kırat* had gone and *Durat* was there now in his place. *Köroğlu* spoke to him again. He said, “My son, don’t act this way! Get me my coffee! I am feeling depressed.”

Ayvaz went and laid out all of the cups. He placed the coffeepot on the fire to boil, and stood nearby waiting for it to be finished. A few minutes later *Köroğlu* said once more, “My son, bring me my coffee. I feel depressed.” Then *Ayvaz* poured the coffee and took it to him.

Köroğlu drank his coffee and wondered, “What am I going to do? My horse is gone, but that is not all that bothers me. That horse is as rare as a World Beauty, but this

problem includes more than the horse.” He lay awake all night thinking about this. In the morning he said, “Son, *Ayvaz*, bring me my dervish costume and my false beard. (He had seven different costumes). Prepare everything, including my pen and my pen case.”

Putting on his dervish outfit and his beard, *Köroğlu* started walking down the road. After some time he saw a farmer plowing in a field. Going to this farmer, he said, “My son, do you have a piece of bread you can give me? I am not in very good condition.”

“Don’t bother me now!” said the farmer. “I want to get finished with this plowing so that I can go and take a look at *Köroğlu*’s horse. A *keloğlan* has stolen that horse and brought it to Hasan Pasha.”

Does that horse belong to *Köroğlu* or Hasan Pasha?”

“It belongs to Hasan Pasha! After all, who is that *Köroğlu*?”

“Oh, is that so? My son, I feel sorry for you. You are probably anxious to go, but you have this plowing to do. Why don’t you go and get dressed for the occasion and leave me to finish plowing your plowing for you?”

After the farmer had left the field, *Köroğlu* plowed for a few minutes and then led the oxen out onto the road and began traveling along slowly with them.

Very soon he was overtaken by a lame man who was limping along as fast as he could. *Köroğlu* asked this man, “What is the matter, my son? Where are you going in such a hurry?”

“Don’t ask me father! A *keloğlan* has stolen *Köroğlu*’s horse and brought it to Hasan Pasha. I am not going to see Hasan Pasha. I am going because I am embarrassed for *Köroğlu*.” Having said this, the lame man began to cry.

“Son, is that horse suitable for Hasan Pasha or for *Köroğlu*?”

“It is not at all suitable for Hasan Pasha. It is *Köroğlu*’s horse.”

“All right, son,” said *Köroğlu*, “these oxen are yours. I give them to you freely. Accept me tonight as your guest, and then tomorrow spread the word that a dervish, a *hoca*, has come to the village. Say that this *hoca* can cure illnesses, can give peace to people with troubled minds, and can restore the insane to sanity. Do this, and do not worry about anything else.”

In the morning the lame man went to Hasan Pasha and said, “Hasan Pasha, the grooms have given your new horse food and water, but it won’t eat or drink. All the horse does is urinate on the ground and stamp its feet. The grooms have become afraid of it.”

“Well,, what is to be done?”

“A very wise *hoca* has come to the village. He is able to cure all kinds of illnesses,” said the lame man.

“Bring that man here.” When the lame man returned with *Köroğlu*, Hasan Pasha asked him, “*Hoca*, can you restore sanity to the insane?”

“Oh, that is my main work.”

“Well, if that is your work, restore sanity to this mad horse. Don’t let money stand in your way, for I shall pay you as much as you ask for your work,” said Hasan Pasha.

Köroğlu took his pen holder and pen out of his pocket and began to write something down. Then he said, “Bring me a cauldron of water.” When it had been

brought, he recited something to the water, he blew upon it, and he wrote down something about it. He then said, “All right now, don’t try to get any closer to the horse. I’ll be able to move closer to him by reciting and blowing.”

“All right, *hoca*.”

As the *hoca* moved slowly closer to the horse, they called the *Keloğlan*, who by now had become a vizier. They said, “Come and watch the procedure of the dervish who has turned up here.”

Keloğlan recognized *Köroğlu* just as soon as he saw him. He remembered the promise that he had made to *Köroğlu* at the mill, a promise that he would return *Kırat* to him with his own hands. *Keloğlan*, therefore, said only, “He is a good *hoca*.”

They opened the stable door, and the horse, which had already grown excited from the scent of *Köroğlu*, now grew even wilder when it saw him. They shouted a warning: “Beware, *hoca*! It will knock you down!”

“let it knock me down if it wishes, but you stay away!” said *Köroğlu*. Then, approaching the horse he took off its bridle and saddle. “Bring five measures of barley.” He said as he groomed the horse as no one else could possibly do. When the barley was brought, *Köroğlu* said, “Now bring a large quantity of water.” In this way he fed his horse well.

“May God bless you, *hoca*,” the observers called. “May we now come near him?”

“No, you don’t dare come any closer. I can recite lines to keep calm, but you do not know how to do that. Only I can get him through the door. I’ll mount him and ride him back and forth a little, and he will learn from that. Then you will also be able to mount him.”

The people who had gathered to watch all this began talking among themselves. One person said, “How is it that the horse has become so calm? That man who is called a *hoca* must be *Köroğlu* himself.”

But *Keloğlan* said quickly, “Who are you to recognize *Köroğlu*? I stayed with him for seven years, but I don’t recognize him now. How can you?”

Köroğlu now mounted the horse, but he mounted it backwards, for he had great confidence now. When he did that, Hasan Pasha called out, “We understand that you are *Köroğlu*, and you might as well mount the horse correctly.” But *Köroğlu* could not be influenced by anyone now that he was on his own horse again. Hasan Bey therefore ordered, “Bring out soldiers to surround him, for he may try to get away with the horse.”

When the soldiers came out, *Köroğlu* began singing to the horse:

My life, *Kırat* , My eyes, *Kırat*
 Whatever mounts you will be glad.
 Your double wings on either side
 Lift you till you fly away.

About *Kırat* : he is six years old.
 His head is small; his legs are strong.
 His brother bears the Persian shah.
 Let me see you glitter, my *Kırat*.

“*Köroğlu*, we realize who you are. We know that the Shah of Persia owns *Kirat*’s brother. Very well! Therefore mount the horse correctly!”

Köroğlu dismounted and remounted. Then he said, “all right! Now I shall go somewhere. Try to stop *Kirat*!” He looked this way and that way, and the horse began to rise, flying toward the sky.

“Stop him! Stop him!” Hasan Pasha shouted, but it was of no use. He could do nothing but gather his soldiers again.

This Hasan Pasha was engaged to be married, and the wedding was soon to start. *Köroğlu* had heard about this, and so he asked some boys in the street, “Will Hasan Pasha soon have a wedding?”

“Yes.”

“From which house will the bride come forth so that the groom can take her?”

After the boys had pointed out the house to him, *Köroğlu* went to it and knocked on its door. When the girl came to the door, *Köroğlu* said, “For the love of God, give me some bread.” When the girl brought the bread, *Köroğlu* reached for it, saying, “Step a little closer.” But when the girl did step toward him, *Köroğlu* grabbed her by the arm and carried her off.

Some of the people who observed this went to Hasan Pasha and reported, “Hasan Pasha, Hasan Pasha, while you have been worrying about the loss of your horse, your fiancée has also been lost! Your engagement has been broken.”

Hasan Pasha lined up his soldiers in ranks to trap the departing couple on *Kirat*. He had his soldiers recite prayers for him and blow their breaths in support of him. This incantation was so strong that it succeeded in blinding the eyes of *Kirat*.

When *Köroğlu* and the girl, riding *Kirat*, came to a creek, the horse was completely confused. The creek seemed like a sea to the horse, and so when it took a step forward to cross it, it quickly took a step back again. Seeing this, *Köroğlu* talked and sang to the horse:

Downhill you’re as fast as a partridge;
Uphill you’re as fast as a rabbit.
Looking like a new-wed bride.
Prove yourself, my *Kirat*.

Again, *Kirat* took one step forward toward the creek but then stepped back again. No matter what *Köroğlu* said to *Kirat*, the horse refused to cross the creek. “O God, they have somehow blinded the eyes of my horse. Open his eyes again.” God heard this prayer and opened the horse’s eyes. They now crossed the water and ascended a large rock on the opposite bank.

By now, however, the soldiers were right behind them, and they surrounded the rock. As soon as their prey came down the rock, the troops would easily catch them. But *Köroğlu* was undisturbed. He said to the girl, “Look, here comes your former fiancée.”

“Yes, I see,” said the girl, who was happy that a man like *Köroğlu* had stolen her.

“Shall we take his *pilav* away from him?” asked *Köroğlu*.

“No, Instead let us save our lives now.”

“What life? What do you have in mind?” asked *Köroğlu*.

“Nothing. There is nothing.”

“I am a brave man.”

“Then what can I say? If you are a brave man, do whatever you will.”

Köroğlu now began to sing a threat to Hasan Pasha and his troops:

Thirty-two heroes come forth from the creek.

Thirty-two heroes are hard on your heels.

Those who remain will be killed to a man.

Those who now flee may escape with their lives.

When Hasan Pasha gave way before the attack of *Köroğlu*'s thirty-two companions who had just arrived, *Köroğlu* himself climbed down from the rock, snatched Hasan Pasha's dish of *pilav*, and delivered it to the girl. After she had eaten her fill, the whole group started out for *Köroğlu*'s home.

When *Ayvaz* first saw the girl with his father, he thought, “Oh-h-h-h-h, how beautiful!”

Noticing *Ayvaz*'s admiration of the girl, *Köroğlu* began to sing again:

Oh, *Ayvaz*, I have brought you a sweetheart today.

Unmatched are her beauty and slenderness.

Bedecked with two scarves, bejeweled with two earrings.

Here is the sweetheart I brought you today.

“Are you her brother?” asked *Ayvaz*. “From where have you brought her?”

“No, no—don't speak that way, my son. I understand your feelings, and that was why I sang as I did. I am *Köroğlu*, a brave man who does not lie. Hasan Pasha stole my horse, and, in return, I stole his family. But she is my sister in this world and the next. *Ayvaz*, you are to take her to the creek and leave her there.” Then turning to the girl, he said, “I shall return you in the same condition I took you away. This is what I do to a man who steals my *Kırat*, but I go no father. For me to behave otherwise would be inappropriate to my dignity.”

The girl herself did not want to leave, for she admired *Köroğlu* greatly, but she had no choice but to go. *Köroğlu* said again, “If a man steals my horse, I will steal his family.”

Even though Kelođlan did not start the story, nonetheless takes it over toward the middle. This is a classic case when everyone and everything else had been tried and failed, and Kelođlan is sent for –since he is the only one who is certain to succeed, even under such impossible conditions.

Unidentified. Ankara. 1962
Story # 2199

Man Persecuted Because of Wife's Great Beauty

There once lived a young man named Hasan who was a fisherman. He made his living by catching fish and then selling them in the marketplace. One day he caught three fish, one of which was so attractive that he decided not to sell it but to keep it for himself. He sold two of the fish, but he took the third one home with him. When he arrived there, he placed that special fish in a wooden pot of water, but then forgot about it completely.

When Hasan returned home from work on the following day, he had a surprise awaiting him. He discovered that his ordinarily unkempt house had been put in order and thoroughly cleaned. In fact, everything had been so completely polished that it shone. On the next evening he not only found the house clean, but he also found a steaming meal on the table awaiting his arrival. Hasan exclaimed, "Allah, O Allah, what is going on here? I have no family or relatives in this world, but I have here a feast prepared for me. I have never tasted before tasted such delicious food. My door has been locked tightly during my absence, but by some means my house has been cleaned and my food has been cooked. How could all that happen?" After this continued for several days, Hasan said to himself, "I simply must find out what is happening here!"

On the following day Hasan only pretended to leave home. Instead, he hid himself in the house so that he could observe what took place there. After a while he saw the special fish jump out of the pot into which he had put it, but as soon as the fish struck the floor, it became a very beautiful girl, the prettiest girl that Hasan had ever seen. As she began to do her household chores, Hasan began, secretly and silently, to edge toward the pot. If he could destroy that pot before the girl could return to it, she would have to remain a human being. But the girl also knew this, and when she saw Hasan moving toward the pot, she exclaimed, "Please do not destroy my pot!" Paying no attention to what she said, the young man grabbed the pot and threw it into the flames of the fireplace. "Alas!" said the girl. "Because you destroyed my hiding place, you will soon undergo a series of sufferings."

This occurred on the day when the *padiřah* was riding through the streets of the city to examine the living conditions of his subjects. He and his group rode here, they rode there, and just by chance they rode through the section of the city where Hasan lived. As he passed Hasan's house, the ruler saw the beautiful fish girl. He took just one at that girl, and he fainted, falling from his horse to the ground. His attendants rushed to the *padiřah*, picked him up, and carried him back to the palace. They did not understand

what had happened to him, but they grew increasingly alarmed as he remained unconscious for twentyfour hours.

When the *padişah* finally came to, one of his viziers asked, "What happened to you, my *padişah*?"

What is the name of that part of the city where I fainted and fell from my horse?"

"It is known as the fisherman's quarters."

"And who owns the that house before which I fainted?"

"That house belongs to Fisherman Hasan."

The *padişah* then called in all of his viziers and had all other people removed from that room. He then said to those present, "There is nothing seriously wrong with me. I saw an extremely beautiful girl looking out of the window of Hasan's house. Never during my whole life until then had I seen such a beautiful person. If you can find some way to get that girl for me, your positions will be secure, but if you fail to get her, you will all lose your jobs."

The viziers went apart and talked about this problem. "What can we do?" one of them asked.

"To whom should we go for advice?" asked another.

A third said, "Let us require Fisherman Hasan to bring to the palace three eggs. When he breaks the first egg, a black donkey will come forth from it. When he breaks the second egg, a white donkey will emerge from it. When the third egg is broken, a red donkey should appear. If he can produce three donkeys in that way, it will meet with our approval, but if he fails to do so, we shall have him executed. Then the *padişah* will easily be able to take Hasan's wife." They called Hasan to the palace and explained to him the tasks he must complete in order to remain alive. They also told him what would happen if he failed to complete those tasks.

Hasan was very sad as he left the palace, and he arrived home in deep thought. His wife observed this and asked, "What is the matter, hasan?"

Hasan told her the orders he had been given. He then asked, "Is it possible to carry out such orders? If I cannot carry them out, the viziers will take you away from me and give you to the *padişah*."

The girl responded, "Hasan, I told you that you would suffer if you destroyed the wooden pot in which I lived when I first came here, but you refused to pay any attention to me."

They then went to bed, but an hour or two before dawn the girl awakened Hasan. She asked him, "Do you remember exactly where you were standing when you caught me in your net?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, go to that spot again. Cast your net into the sea three times, and as you are doing so, say, 'Your sister requests that you bring me three special eggs in a small box.'"

Hasan left home and went to the place on the shore from which he had caught the fish girl. He lowered his net and said, "Your sister asks for three special eggs in a box." Then he waited. Soon a box rose to the surface of the sea, and a wave carried that box into Hasan's net. He picked up the box carefully and started walking homeward slowly.

Near a cemetery along the way he came to a pasture where farm animals were grazing. This reminded him that he was supposed to be carrying three donkeys within the three eggs in the small box he was taking to the palace. He thought, "I do not believe that

donkeys will come forth from those eggs. Let me test one of them." Taking an egg from the box, he cracked its shell against a gravestone. Suddenly a black donkey sprang forth and ran among the farm animals, scattering them briefly. This pleased Hasan so much that he picked up the second egg and prepared to crack it too against the grave stone.

At that moment the fish girl appeared and shouted, "Don't do that, Hasan! Please don't do that! Take the eggs to the yard of the palace, where some of the *padişah's* animals are grazing."

Hasan followed her directions. He went to the palace gardens and announced that he had completed his assigned tasks and returned. "Very well," said one of the viziers. "Let us see the eggs you got."

Hasan took one of the eggs out of the box and broke its shell. A red donkey leaped out. It ran among the *padişah's* horses braying and kicking. When the viziers saw what was happening, they shouted, "Enough, Hasan, enough! We do not need to see any more of those special donkeys!"

Hearing that, Hasan left the palace and returned home. He said to his wife, "My task has been completed."

In the meantime, the *padişah* had again assembled his viziers. He said to them, "Find some other way to get that woman for me. If you do not do so, consider yourselves already dead."

The viziers withdrew and consulted each other about this matter. They said to each other, "What should we do? How can we handle this difficulty?" After more discussion, they made a decision, "Let us call this foolish fisherman and order him to bring to the palace a newborn baby who can talk with us." They thought this was impossible.

When Hasan was summoned to the palace this time, he asked, "Yes? What is it you want me to do now?"

"Hasan, we want you to bring here a newborn baby. Bring it into the presence of the *padişah*, where it will speak clearly, tell lies, and deceive all who hear its comments. Everything will go well for you if you can do that. If you cannot do it, you will lose both your wife and your life."

Again Hasan returned home in sadness and deep thought. His wife asked, "Well, what is it this time, Hasan?"

Hasan answered, "This time the viziers want me to bring a newborn baby which can talk and tell them lies."

His wife responded, "I told you that if you destroyed the wooden box in which I lived briefly, you would bring upon yourself great trouble and suffering." They went to bed without further discussion, but before dawn the fish girl awakened Hasan. She said to him, "Go to such and such a place along the shore and let your hands fall into the water. As you do so, cry out, 'Your sister wants a newborn baby that entered the world today. She will later send the baby back safely to you.' Then wait there patiently for a little while."

Hasan followed these directions carefully. He went to the place on the shore which she had indicated, and repeated exactly the words she had ordered him to say. After he had waited briefly, he saw a box rise to the surface of the sea. Waves pushed the box carefully to the place where he was standing.

Hasan took the box and started his return trip. As he was passing the cemetery, Hasan heard a voice saying, "Please, uncle, I need to pee." Hasan looked to the right and to the left, but he could see no one near him. Then listening more carefully, he realized that the voice was coming from the box. As soon as Hasan opened the box, the baby took a deep breath and said, "Uncle, have you never seen a baby before? I was about to die for lack of air in that box. Put me down. I need to pee." But after Hasan had put the baby on the ground, it said, "I am too embarrassed to pee right in front of you. Move farther away."

"You are too young to feel embarrassment," said Hasan. But the baby ran away and hid itself. Hasan could not see where he had gone, and so he began to search for him intently. Finally seeing it behind a gravestone, Hasan caught it and put it back in the box.

Hasan then continued homeward, and he was almost there when the baby began to cry out again. He called, "Let me out of here! I must get out of this box."

Uncertain about what to do, Hasan released the baby. The infant ran about here and there with its navel dragging on the ground. People in the area who observed this could not really believe what they were seeing.

Running this way and that, the baby reached the palace, much to the amazement of the *padişah* and the viziers. The baby climbed the palace stairs and entered the presence of the *padişah*. Going to the center of the room, the baby said, "Peace be on you." But so frozen in astonishment were all the others in the room that no one made the proper response to the baby's greeting. The baby then asked, "Am I in the wrong place? Is this the middle of the forest—or what?" He began to pee again, this time right in front of the *padişah*.

One of the viziers cried out, "Stop! Stop!"

The baby responded, "Are you here? Is there a human being in this room?"

"What do you think you are doing?" demanded the vizier.

"Nothing," said the baby. "I greeted all of you when I entered the room, but no one had the courtesy to respond. I seemed to be all alone here, even though I had supposed that I had come to a ruler's palace."

The attendants brought a small chair for the baby to sit upon. Then they asked him to tell a good story which was actually a lie.

Addressing the ruler, the baby said, "My *padişah*, when I was 15 or 16 years old, I raised a crop of watermelons. The first two melons to ripen were gems. I kept them for myself, eating one immediately and setting the other aside. After harvesting a good crop of ordinary melons, I sat down to enjoy the second of my gems.

"After sharpening my knife, I cut into that special melon, but unfortunately the knife slipped from my hand and sank into the melon. That knife had been a gift to me from my grandfather, and I valued it so highly that I immediately jumped into the melon in an effort to recover it. But alas, my *padişah*, the interior of that melon was far larger than I could have dreamed. It was like a city, filled with streets and houses and marketplaces."

The viziers agreed among themselves that the baby had fulfilled the request made to him and so they excused him. "All right, son, you may leave now if you wish."

After the baby had disappeared, the *padişah* again urged the viziers to find a way to deliver Hasan's wife to him. He said, "I am losing patience with you. If you cannot devise some effective solution for this situation, I shall find new attendants. I shall leave

you here alone for an hour, and when I return, I shall expect to have you present me with a plan that cannot fail."

Most of the hour was spent examining this idea and that idea, none of which seemed very promising. Finally, they accepted a suggestion from one of the older viziers. He said, "Let us entrust Hasan with the care of forty rabbits for a day. He should take them to a forest early in the morning to feed. After herding them and guarding them all day long, he should return all forty of them to the palace just as darkness falls. If he fails to accomplish this task, we shall have him beheaded."

After receiving the *padişah's* approval of this plan, they summoned Hasan to the palace and explained it to him. "Hasan, tomorrow morning we shall turn over to you forty rabbits. You will take them first to the forest to feed. After that you will herd and closely guard them all day long. Then just as darkness is falling, you should return all forty rabbits in perfect condition to the palace courtyard. If even one rabbit is lost or injured during the day, you will be beheaded for your carelessness. The *padişah* will then be given your beautiful wife."

As he had done after receiving his previous tribulations, Hasan returned home in sadness and despair. Sensing Hasan's discouragement, his wife asked, "What do they want you to do this time?"

"I'm in great trouble again, and I am afraid that this time I shall not be able to overcome the difficulty." Hasan then explained to his wife the latest trial which the viziers planned to put him through. They then went to bed, but as she previously done, the fish girl awakened Hasan shortly before dawn and gave him instructions for the day ahead.

She said, "Go again to the place on the shore where you netted me. You do not have to dip your hands into the water this time. Simply say, 'Your sister wants to see *Keloğlan*. She needs to talk with him, but after their conversation has ended, she will send him back.' You need not wait for *Keloğlan* to appear. Instead, return here."

Hasan went to the special place along the shoreline and called out, "Your sister wants to see *Keloğlan*. She needs to talk with him, but after their conversation, she will send him back to you." Having delivered that message, Hasan started out for home again. When he got there, he discovered that *Keloğlan* had arrived there ahead of him and was already talking to his wife. She told *Keloğlan* everything that was involved and told him to be at the palace courtyard later that morning.

Pretending that he was Hasan, *Keloğlan* went to the palace, greeted the ruler, and said, "Yes, my *padişah*, I am ready to undertake the task assigned to me, but I prefer to be disguised as a *Keloğlan* while I am doing it."

"Very well," answered the ruler. "My viziers will give you the rabbits you are to tend today."

The viziers gave *Keloğlan* forty rabbits. They said, "Take these rabbits to such and such forest on so and so mountain and feed them."

Keloğlan followed these directions, and when he reached the feeding place, he tied one of the rabbits to a bush, thinking that the others would not stray away from that captive. To encourage all of them to remain at that spot, he placed a spell on them with the charming music he played upon his *kaval*.

In the late afternoon the son of the grand vizier rode up to that place on his horse and called, "Peace be upon you, *Keloğlan*."

"And upon you, too," responded *Kelođlan*.

"How are you doing *Kelođlan*? I came out here to hunt, but so far I have seen no quarry. I do not wish to return to the palace empty-handed. Give me a rabbit so that I shall have some evidence of being a successful hunter."

"Alas, vizier's son, I cannot do that. They counted out forty rabbits for me to herd today. Unless I return all forty of them this evening, I shall be beheaded. I cannot, therefore, give you one of them."

"That will be no problem," said the vizier's son. I shall be the one who will count the pack of rabbits tonight, and I shall simply skip one number. Don't worry."

"No, that is not possible," answered *Kelođlan*. When he was offered a large bribe for one of the rabbits, *Kelođlan* answered, "No, there is nothing that I can accept, neither money nor anything else."

The son of the vizier thought, "Who would know that a vizier's son did such a thing? The *padiřah* promised to give his daughter to me if I could get the wife of Fisherman Hasan for him. One of these rabbits must somehow be lost." But as soon as the vizier's son turned around and seized a rabbit, *Kelođlan* took a burning stick from his campfire and struck him with it. That boy from the palace ran to his horse, mounted it, and cried out, I am burning, I am burning!"

When the son of the vizier reached the palace, the *padiřah* asked him, "Well, what happened?"

"I got it! I got a rabbit!"

As evening approached, *Kelođlan* prepared to return to the palace. He counted his rabbits, and there were 38, 39, 40. Among them, however, there was one wild rabbit. He took the pack of rabbits back to the palace, where the *padiřah*, the grand vizier, and that vizier's son began to count them—39, 39, 40. The *padiřah* objected, saying to the boy, "But you told me you had acquired one of these rabbits."

"Here it is," said the vizier's son. "I got this from *Kelođlan* I am telling you the truth."

"Get out of here! You are a liar anyway," said his father. "Tomorrow I shall get one of those rabbits, and you will see."

On the following morning *Kelođlan* was again entrusted with the forty rabbits. When he reached the feeding place in the forest, he tied one of the rabbits to a bush, built a fire, and put a stick in that fire. He then climbed a tree and played magic tunes on his *kaval*.

In the late afternoon the grand vizier came riding along on his horse. He approached *Kelođlan* and called out, "Peace be upon you."

"And upon you as well," responded *Kelođlan*.

"I am the grand vizier," said the rider. "I have been hunting toidday, but I have not killed any game or even seen any worth killing. I do not want to return to the palace empty-handed. Give me a rabbit to take back as evidence that I have been hunting."

"No, I cannot do that. These rabbits were counted before I left the palace this morning, and there were forty of them. When I return to the palace this evening, they will be counted again, and unless there are still forty in my pack, I shall be in serious trouble. I am responsible for those rabbits."

"Don't worry," answered the vizier. "I can skip a number when I count the rabbits this evening."

"No, no! You shouldn't skip anything. I cannot accept that offer."

"You are very rude, and you should be ashamed of yourself," said the vizier.

"I do not agree with that," said *Kelođlan*, and when he saw the vizier grab a rabbit, he pulled the stick from the fire and struck the back of the thief with it—just as he had earlier struck that thief's son. But the vizier mounted his horse and escaped.

When the vizier announced at the palace that he had brought one of the rabbits from *Kelođlan*'s pack, the *padiřah* was greatly pleased. He felt confident that his problem had been solved, for he could not imagine that a grandvizier would lie about such a matter.

As evening approached, *Kelođlan* counted the rabbits in his pack, and the number came to 38, 39, 40, including two wild rabbits. He then took the pack to the palace where both the vizier and the *padiřah* counted them again, ending with number 38, number 39, and number 40. Turning to the vizier, the ruler asked, "Didn't you tell me that you had gotten a rabbit from *Kelođlan*'s pack?"

The grand vizier protested, "I *did* get one from his pack! I am not lying! Here it is!"

"Hah!" answered the *padiřah*. "We have reached the point at which I myself shall have to take one of those forty rabbits! You will see how many rabbits *Kelođlan* will return with tomorrow at this hour!"

On the third morning *Kelođlan* again left the palace with forty rabbits. Again he went to the forest to feed these animals, and when he got there, he followed the same routine he had used before. He tethered one of the rabbits to a bush to keep the others from scattering. He built a fire and put a long stick in it. After that he spent his time playing magical tunes on his *kaval*.

As the afternoon was passing, *Kelođlan* saw the *padiřah* approaching. "Peace be upon you, *Kelođlan*," the ruler called.

"And upon you as well, my great *padiřah*," *Kelođlan* responded.

The *padiřah* used the same approach to *Kelođlan* that the vizier and his son had used. He said, "I have had an unsuccessful day of hunting, and I have no game to show for all my efforts. That is why I have come here. If you will give me one of your rabbits, I can take it to the palace and display it there with pride."

Kelođlan responded, "No, I cannot give you a rabbit. The rabbits will be counted when I return to the palace this evening. If one is missing, I shall pay for that loss with my head."

"Don't worry about that, son. I shall do the counting at the palace, and I shall count one of those rabbits twice. No one else will know the difference."

But *Kelođlan* refused. "No, no," he said. "That is impossible."

The ruler persisted, "Son, if you will give me a rabbit, I shall pay you so much money that you will never need any more for the rest of your life. I shall pay it to you in golden liras." When the guardian of the rabbits still refused to yield, the *padiřah* said, "You are only a *Kelođlan*. No one else will offer you so much. You should be ashamed to treat me so rudely, for I am the *padiřah* of this land." When *Kelođlan* remained silent, the ruler pondered and pondered upon this matter. Then he seized a rabbit and mounted his horse to flee, but as he was doing so, he was struck on the back by the flaming stick *Kelođlan* pulled from the fire.

When *Kelođlan* arrived at the palace that evening, his pack of rabbits was counted not just by one person but by three; the *padiřah*, the grand vizier, and the vizier's son. Before witnesses they had to admit that *Kelođlan* had returned from the forest with forty rabbits, though they did not know that three of those animals were wild rabbits.

The *padiřah* then issued an ultimatum to his viziers. "You will have one more chance to solve our difficulty. If this last attempt fails, do not report any longer to the palace for work, for I shall have hired new viziers."

The viziers agreed on a means of ending the long ordeal. They announced, "Tomorrow morning four people will ascend the minaret of the mosque near the palace. All but one of those four people will tell a lie." Town criers were sent out to invite all of the residents of the city to attend that occasion.

Just after sunrise the next day the people assembled to witness the final act in the conflict over the beautiful fish girl. *Kelođlan*, the *padiřah*, the grand vizier, and the vizier's son ascended the minaret. *Kelođlan* addressed the crowd. He said, "hey, great people! The grand vizier's son, then the grand vizier, and finally the *padiřah* each asked me for a rabbit to take home after their unsuccessful hunting trips. When I refused to give a rabbit to the vizier's son, he tried to bribe me. After I had refused his offer, I struck him on the back with a burning stick. I treated the boy's father, the grand vizier, the same way on the second day. When the *padiřah* came to me on the thir day and offered me a great amount of gold for a rabbit, I branded his back also with a flaming stick. If you do not believe what I have just told you, you can find your proof by examining the burned backs of these liars.

Several lessons are compressed into this story: First, one need not be a mufti to have intellect, judgement, fortitude; Second, a young girl can easily possess those qualities; Third, inheritance is not limited to property, but, more importantly, to personal, moral attributes as can only come from an educated and decent family; Fourth, thruthful behavior is the only way. And of course, Kelođlan is the star example.

It should be added that the motifs in this story are encountered in many other traditions and countries.

Ishak Kemali. Erzurum, 1970
Story # 1504

How Hasan and Hasan Differed from Hasan

Once there was a *bey* who had three sons. When this bey discovered that his death was approaching, he called into his presence his three sons and two or three witnesses to hear how he wished to bequeath his estate. When they had gathered before him, the *bey* said, "I wish to leave my property to Hasan and Hasan, but leave nothing to Hasan." All three of his sons had the same name, Hasan.

A short while after that, the *bey* did in fact die. After he had been buried and after his sons had mourned his death for a proper length of time, the matter of the sons' inheritance had to be settled. Which sons would inherit the estate and which of them would be denied any part of it? Neither the sons, nor the witnesses could offer a solution to this problem, and so they went as a group to seek the advice of the *mufti*. After they had explained the situation to this learned man, the *mufti* thought long and deeply about the matter, but he was unable to suggest any solution.

This *mufti* had a daughter who was seventeen or eighteen years of age. From a place where she could not be seen, the girl had listened to the conversation about the inheritance of the *bey's* estate. When her father failed to resolve the difficulty about the inheritance of the estate, the girl sent him a message requesting that he send the three sons and the witnesses to her for an answer to their questions. The *mufti* was surprised by this request. He thought, "If, I, a *mufti*, cannot find a solution for this matter of inheritance, how could an eighteen-year-old girl possibly do so?" But inasmuch as he himself had failed to solve the problem, he decided to permit his clever daughter to attempt to do so.

When the brothers and witnesses went to her, she asked them to state their problem. They explained that the late *bey* had bequeathed his estate to Hasan and Hasan but not to Hasan. "Which of the three Hasans is the one to receive nothing?" they asked.

The *mufti's* daughter then said, "I am now going to tell you a story. Listen carefully to what I say! There was once a *bey* who had a beautiful daughter; in that *bey's* service there was a lowly *Kelođlan* who was in love with this girl. The *bey* knew nothing of *Kelođlan's* affection, and when time arrived for his daughter to be married, he had her engaged to another man.

"Greatly upset by the news of this engagement, *Kelođlan* went to the girl and pleaded with her: 'I love you very much, but now you will soon leave me and marry someone else.'

"The girl could not resist his pleas, and so she said, '*Kelođlan* let me be delivered to my husband's house wearing a veil. Before giving myself to my husband, however, I shall return to you to satisfy your desire. Then I shall go back to my husband's house.'

"At the scheduled time the wedding ceremony was held, and when it had been completed, the bride and bridegroom were delivered to the bridegroom's home. When they arrived there, it was time for the afternoon prayer service, and so their first act after marriage was to perform this service. Halfway through this service, however, the bride could not continue, and so she arose. When the bridegroom looked up and saw the girl standing, he gestured that she should return to her praying position. Then he noticed that she was crying, and so he asked, 'Why are you crying?'

"'I have a very serious problem.'

"'What is it?'

"'It is not the kind of problem that can be explained to anyone.'

"'But I am now your husband, and so you should tell me about it. For the sake of Allah, tell me what it is!'

"'There is a *Kelođlan* who works in the household of my father. He has been hopelessly in love with me for some time, and he was driven almost mad by the news of our engagement. I promised the poor boy, in the name of Allah, that before giving myself to you I would go to him and let him satisfy his desire. But here I am about to break my promise and become a liar in the presence of Allah.'

"Upon hearing this, the bridegroom said, 'Go satisfy the *Kelođlan*'s desire. Then return to me, and I shall still accept you as my wife.'

"The bride set out at once to meet *Kelođlan*, but along the way she was beset by four wolves. She spoke to them, saying, 'O wild creatures, by the will of Allah you are to extend both sympathy and justice to me. I took an oath in the presence of Allah to go and visit *Kelođlan* today. Don't cause me to break my promise. I shall return here afterwards and deliver myself to you.'

"Upon hearing her plea, the wolves drew back and allowed the girl to pass. She continued along her way, but only a few minutes after that, a horseman saw her. Her beauty was so great that it caused the horseman to go out of his mind. He rushed forward to possess her. But the girl said, 'If you are a good Moslem, you will not touch me now. I have not yet given myself even to my husband, for I had an earlier commitment, made under oath, to visit *Kelođlan* first. If you will allow me to proceed to do that, I shall return to you later.'

"He agreed to let her proceed, and the girl then went to *Kelođlan*. She said, '*Kelođlan*, I have returned as I promised I would. But before I could do so, I had to win the permission of my husband, or four wolves who blocked my way, and of a horseman who wished to ravish me. Now you may do whatever you wish with me.'

"When *Kelođlan* heard this, he began crying. He said, 'You will be like a sister to me. Because you have made this sacrifice for me, I shall from now on work for you like a slave.'"

At this point in her story the daughter of the *mufti* turned to the oldest Hasan and asked, "If you had been leader of the four wolves, what would you have done?"

The eldest Hasan answered, "I should not have allowed her to proceed alone to *Kelođlan*. I should have taken her safely to *Kelođlan*, and after she had satisfied *Kelođlan*'s desires, I should have taken her back safely to her husband."

Asking the oldest brother to sit aside, she then spoke to the middle brother. "What would you have done if you had been the horseman who met the daughter of the *bey*?"

The middle Hasan said. "I should have pulled her up behind me on my horse and delivered her to *Kelođlan*. After she had satisfied *Kelođlan*'s desires, I should have placed her on the horse again and carried her back to her husband."

Asking the middle brother to sit aside also, she next addressed the youngest Hasan. "What would you have done if you had been *Kelođlan*?"

The youngest brother answered, "I should never have allowed her to leave me after I had learned that she was engaged to someone else."

The daughter of the *mufti* then said to him, "You are not really a true son of the late *bey*. The two older Hasans deserve to inherit his estate, but you do not."

It is one thing to be 'Heavy Headed,' and quite another to be a 'Bald Boy.' But, to be both, simultaneously? It is not for everyone, surely. This, Keloğlan accomplishes with great ease. Not only does he demonstrate that "Heavy Headedness" is a special gift bestowed unto selected individuals at birth, but, perhaps, how to deal with unreasonable demands made on a person. Even (or, especially) if the demands are coming from your parents. Thus Keloğlan creates his own 'tact,' when known methods are exhausted, inviting us to think about his actions at several, and deeper, levels. Perhaps he is conducting a farce to get his point across, in an exquisite charade that never betrays his true thoughts.

The Heavy Headed Keloğlan

Nebiye Birkan. Taşköprü, Kastamonu. 1966
Story # 2194

There was once a *Keloğlan* who was part of a large and comfortable household. On one occasion his parents said to him, "*Keloğlan*, we shall have guests today. While they are here, be serious and do not chatter so much in your light-headed way. Perhaps you should just stay away from the guests while they are here."

Keloğlan was somewhat confused by these instructions. He thought, "Since they do not want me to be light-headed, I should instead be heavy headed." He selected several weighty objects to balance on his head. It took him some time to do this.

In fact it took him so long to do so that both his family and the guests wondered what had become of him. They called out, "*Keloğlan*, where are you?" When they received no answer, they began to search for him. They found him lying on the floor in his room, where he had fallen under the unsupportable weight piled upon his head. "What is the matter, *Keloğlan*? What happened?"

"When you told me to be serious and not light-headed, I placed objects upon my skull to make myself heavy headed."

The primary motifs (including the heart of the golden bird) in this story are shared by many others around the world. This particular variant seems to be quite truncated, and contains modules from other stories.

Gülfiye Aydın; Sarıkamaç Village, Ardahan, Kars. 1975
Story # 1055

The Magic Bird, The Magic Fruit, and the Magic Stick

Once there was and once there was not, there was a man with two sons. One of these sons was a *keloğlan*. One day his mother, who had been cooking, placed the heart of a golden bird on the side of the stove and told her sons not to eat it. However, when she went to the river to get some water, the *Keloğlan* ate the bird's heart. His mother was very angry when she discovered this.

A mouse came out of its hole and warned the boy, "Your mother is so angry at you that she intends to kill you." When the child heard this, he decided to run away from home. After he had traveled for some distance, he reached a city. There *Keloğlan* became a servant in a large house.

One day when *Keloğlan* arose, he found near his bed a gold coin. Supposing that his master was testing him, he picked-up the gold coin and gave it to the man. The next day he found another gold coin, and he took that to his master also. But then he began to think about what had happened. He thought, "If my master was testing me, he would do it only once. This gold must be coming from some other source."

Next day *Keloğlan* went to the nearby mountain. Tired when he arrived there, the boy lay down to rest for a while. When he got up again, he found another piece of gold. He said to himself, "I think that this must be the work of God." As time went on and he received a new gold coin every day, he became very rich.

One day he saw a crowd of people lined up by the palace of the *padişah*. He asked one of them, "What are you all waiting for?"

They said, "We are waiting to take a look at the face of the beautiful daughter of the *padişah*. She is showing her today to anyone who will pay one gold lira."

Keloğlan joined those waiting, and when his turn came, he paid the lira and was permitted to see the girl's face. He was not satisfied with this, however. He said to the girl's nurse, "I want to see the rest of the girl's body, and I shall pay one hundred liras to do so."

After *Keloğlan* had paid the one hundred liras, he was taken into the palace and shown the whole body of the girl. She had two beauty marks on her breasts, and from these beauty marks grew light-colored hair. The princess did not mind showing herself to *Keloğlan*. She said, "A *Keloğlan* will not understand any of this."

Not long after that the *padişah* decided that it was time to have his daughter married. He had the criers announce, "I am going to give my daughter to any man who can guess where her beauty marks are." Those who wished to guess about this were

invited to come and stay for the night at the palace. *Keloğlan* went to the *padişah* and said, "Your daughter's beauty marks are on her breasts, and from those beauty marks grow light-colored hairs." Because he was the only applicant to give the correct answer, *Keloğlan* was declared the winner of the girl's hand.

The girl herself was not at all pleased with this, for she was in love with the son of one of the viziers. Although the wedding ceremony started, the girl said that she would not want to go to *Keloğlan*'s room when it was completed. She said that *keloğlans* were not very clean people.

When *Keloğlan* heard this, he went to the market and made two purchases. He bought a bottle of cologne and a bag of overripe grapes. He sprinkled his own bed with cologne and then, going to the room of the vizier's son, put the overripe grapes in his bed. Servants reported to the *padişah*'s daughter that the *Keloğlan*'s bed smelled sweet but that the bed of the vizier's son smelled foul. When she learned this, she decided to go to the nuptial chamber at the end of the wedding ceremony.

After several days of marriage, however, the girl decided to get rid of *Keloğlan*. She had seen him swallow the heart of the golden bird each night and then cough it out each morning. Taking the bird heart from where he kept it during the day, she ordered soldiers to take *Keloğlan* to the top of a distant mountain and leave him there.

When *Keloğlan* finally got back to the city from the mountain, he became a servant again. One day when he was out walking, he saw a man selling some special apples. *Keloğlan* asked him, "What makes these apples special?"

The apple seller replied. "I have two kinds of apples. If a person eats the first kind of apple, that person will have horns grow on his head. If that person then eats one of the second kind of apple, the horns will disappear." *Keloğlan* bought some of each kind of apple.

Taking a basket of apples and pretending to be an apple seller, *Keloğlan* went to the palace and said to the servants, "I have brought some delicious apples for the *padişah*'s daughter. I must return to my business right away, but you should give these to her as a present."

The servants took the apples to the princess. After she had eaten one, she immediately grew long horns on her head. Many people saw these horns, for when she was eating the apple, she was standing in the window at the front of the palace.

When the *padişah* learned that his daughter had grown long horns, he was astonished. He had a public announcement made about his daughter's condition: "Anyone who can cure my daughter of this illness may ask me anything in this world that he wishes."

Keloğlan dressed like a doctor and went to the palace. He said, "My *padişah*, I can cure your daughter." When he was shown into the girl's room, *Keloğlan* gave her one of the second kind of apple and told her to eat it. After the horns had disappeared, the *padişah* asked *Keloğlan* what he wanted as his reward. "I want to marry your daughter," said *Keloğlan*, and his wish was granted.

Once again the princess decided to get rid of *Keloğlan* a few days after their second marriage. Again she ordered soldiers to take him to the top of a distant mountain and leave him there.

When *Kelođlan* found his way back from the mountain, he met a man who was selling special sticks. The owner of such a stick could touch any living creature with it and transform that creature into any form he wished.

Buying one of these sticks, *Kelođlan* returned with it to the palace. Touching the daughter of the *padišah* with the magic stick, he turned her into a camel. The *padišah* was very embarrassed that his daughter was now a camel, and so he gave her to *Kelođlan* again. *Kelođlan* touched her once more with the magic stick and this time turned her into a donkey. For several days after that he made the donkey carry heavy loads of wood.

The *padišah* went to *Kelođlan* and pleaded with him to restore his daughter to human form. *Kelođlan* answered, "After all the suffering she has caused me, she deserves her present condition!" Soon after that, however, he touched her again with the magic stick and returned her to her human shape. They were married for the third time, and *Kelođlan* then took her back with him to his father's country.

Stories 930, 1300 & 1645 share the same basic themes and motifs. Except in Story 1645, there is an addition, a jirit competition, details of which are given in the Introduction.

Yusuf Kızıkan. Mecitözü, Çorum. 1987
Story # 1645

The Pomegranate Thief and the Padişah's Sons

There was once a *padişah* who had three sons. The *padişah* and his family had in their garden three pomegranate trees which produced a good quantity of very delicious fruit. In fact, it was the best-tasting fruit in the whole world. Every year the people in the area used to hold a fruit festival at the time that the pomegranates on those trees began to ripen. All of this pleasure came to an end, however, when a very large giant discovered this delicious fruit and ate all of it before the *padişah* or any of his people could even taste it.

The giant was so huge and so terrifying that no one volunteered to try to kill him. Finally the oldest son of the *padişah* decided to undertake this dangerous mission. He said to the *padişah*, "Father, I shall kill the giant that is oppressing us in this way." After kissing his father's hands, the oldest son found the home of the giant, but when he saw the size of the shadow cast by this monster, he was badly frightened. Feeling helpless before such a huge creature, the prince fled without engaging the giant in battle.

When he realized that his oldest son was not capable of killing the giant, the *padişah* sent his middle son to accomplish this work. But the shadow of the giant also terrified the middle son, who, like his older brother, fled without having had the courage to fight with the monster. The youngest son then went to the *padişah* and requested permission to kill the giant. The *padişah* responded, "My son, oh my bald son (*Keloğlan*), your strong brothers were not able to kill the giant. How do you think that you could accomplish such a feat?"

The youngest son begged, "Please, Father, let me try. Allow me also to have my chance to do so." After this pleading had gone on for some time, the *padişah* could not stand it any longer. At last he gave permission to his youngest son to take his turn at trying to kill the giant.

The youngest son took his bow and arrows and left the palace. When he found the giant's home, he hid inside the house while its owner was away. Lying in ambush very quietly, he waited patiently for the arrival of the giant. When the giant finally came, the youngest son shot it in one of its eyes with an arrow. Yelling in great pain, the giant began running and fled from that place.

The youngest son of the *padişah* returned to the palace and said, "Father, I shot the giant! I shot the giant!"

Refusing to believe this, the *padişah* said, "Don't lie! Your strong brothers were unable to do any such thing. How, then, could you manage to shoot the giant?"

Standing before his older brothers' eyes, which were filled with envy and jealousy, *Kelođlan* repeated what he had said: "Please believe me, Father. If you don't believe me, let us go find the giant so that you can see his lack in one eye."

They left the palace and went to the giant's house. There they saw some bloody footprints leading from the house to a deep pit. There the oldest brother, thinking that the giant was probably dead in that pit, said, "Tie a strong rope around my waist and lower me slowly into the pit." But while they were lowering him into the pit, he began yelling, "Pull me up! Pull me up! I am burning! It is very hot down here!" Therefore, those above pulled him up out of the pit.

Then the middle son of the *padiřah* tried to enter the pit, but he, too, was unable to stand the heat. Those above had to pull him back up, just the way they had the oldest brother.

Finally the turn of the youngest son of the *padiřah* came. He said to those with him, "If I should shout, 'I am burning! Pull me out! Pull me out!' don't pay any attention to me. Just lower me farther and farther down." He then tied the strong rope around his waist and had the others lower him into the pit. After a while he started to shout, "I am burning! I am burning! Pull me out!" But the others did no such thing. Instead, they lowered him further and further down, just exactly as he had directed them to do. They lowered and lowered him until he reached the bottom of the pit. Finding the giant lying there close to death, he immediately killed that monster.

Looking around then, he discovered that he was in an underground hallway. He saw at the end of that hallway three closed doors. Opening the first of these doors, he found behind it a beautiful girl weaving a carpet. Opening the second door, he saw another beautiful girl who was cooking. When he opened the third door, he saw the most beautiful girl in the world, who was playing with a golden tray upon which a golden grayhound was chasing a golden rabbit. All three girls were a *padiřah's* daughters whom the giant had abducted from their palace and carried off into slavery.

The youngest son of the *padiřah* tied the rope around the waist of the first and oldest girl, who had been weaving a carpet. He then shouted up to those above, "Here is a girl who should belong to the oldest of us brothers. Pull her up from here!" After she had been pulled up to the surface of the earth, the youngest brother tied the rope around the waist of the second girl and shouted, "Pull out this second girl. She is my middle brother's kismet." They then pulled up the second girl.

When it came time to pull up the most beautiful girl in the world and the youngest son of the *padiřah*, the girl said to him, "Do not have me leave this place before you do. I am the most beautiful of the three of us girls, and when your brothers see me, they will betray you and leave you here beneath the ground."

But the youngest brother refused to believe this, and so he said to her, "You are worrying needlessly. My brothers would never do such a thing."

Realizing that she was not going to be able to convince him of the truth of what she had said, she answered, "All right, but just in case my words turn out to be true, take these two hairs with you. One is from the tail of a bay horse and the other is from the tail of a chestnut horse. If your brothers should fail to pull you up to the surface, rub these hairs together. Then you will see a white goat and a black goat fighting with each other. Approach these goats. If the white goat kicks you, you will land in the world of light

above. If the black goat kicks you, you will land in the world of darkness far below where we are now standing. You should be very careful to stay close to the white goat."

The youngest son of the *padişah* said, "Very well," and put the two horse tails in his pocket. Then he tied the rope around the waist of the most beautiful girl and had her raised to the surface, too. When the two older brothers saw this girl and became aware of her great beauty, they decided to leave the youngest brother at the bottom of the pit. They then returned to the palace with all three of the girls.

The youngest son of the *padişah* waited and waited for his brothers to lower the rope to him. After a while, however, he realized that the girl had been correct in saying that his brothers would not draw him up to the surface. Remembering the horse hairs, he immediately rubbed the two together. Two goats appeared, a white one, and a black one, and began fighting. Not having paid much attention to the directions of the most beautiful girl in the world, he could not remember which goat it was that he should stay near. Unfortunately, he went and stood near the black goat, which kicked him very hard, sending him to a world of darkness below.

When the youngest son of the *padişah* recovered his consciousness, he discovered that everything around him was shrouded in almost total darkness. He had difficulty in finding his way as he groped about in that darkness. Then he saw a dim light in the distance. Walking toward that light, he discovered that it was shining from inside a house. When he knocked on the door of that house, the door was opened by an old woman who asked him what he wanted. He answered, "Oh, aunt, please give me some water to drink."

When the old woman brought him a bowl of water, the young man observed that it was not clean water. He asked the old woman, "Aunt, what is this? This is not clean water."

"That is not my fault my son," answered the old woman. "There is only one fountain in this city, and that fountain is controlled by a large giant. He permits us to draw water from the fountain only on those days when we bring him a girl. Because we haven't taken him a girl for the past three days, no one has any fresh water left. But because people cannot live without water, we are going to take him another girl tomorrow. This time it will be the daughter of the *padişah* of this land who will be given to the giant."

The youngest son of the *padişah* answered, "Aunt, please give me a place to sleep tonight and then awaken me very early tomorrow morning."

On the following morning the old woman awakened the boy very early. The youngest son of the *padişah* took his bow and arrows and went to the fountain. When the giant observed him there, he laughed and said, "Look at this! I cut off their water for three days, and as a result they have now sent me two human beings." But the youngest son of the *padişah* immediately shot an arrow that struck the giant in the center of the forehead, wounding him fatally. As the giant lay dying in agony, he said to the *padişah's* son, "Oh, young man, shoot me once again so that I will die without suffering such great pain any longer."

The young man replied, "I was born once, not twice." [***according to a folk belief giants and other supernatural beings can be resuscitated by any "overkill" attack against them. If a giant is struck again after having been seriously wounded, he is likely

to recover all of his former strength.] He refused to shoot the gaint a second time, and it was not long after that that the giant died.

When the *padişah* of that dark land heard that the giant had been killed and that his own daughter was still alive, he was overwhelmed with joy. He called the youngest son into his presence and said, "Son, ask me for anything you wish."

The young man answered, "Oh my *padişah*, my greatest wish is to return to to the world of light above."

But the *padişah* seemed to be confused by this request. He said, "Allah! Allah! Is there a world somewhere which really has light?" After consulting with his viziers about this matter, he called the young man to his presence again and said to him, "A great distance from here a very old bird lives on a tall mountain peak. She is the only means of taking you up to the world of light. There is no one but that very old bird who can help you return to that upper region."

The *padişah* of the land of darkness assigned some troops to accompany the youngest son part of the way on his journey to the distant mountain. As they came within sight of the mountain, the troops returned, and the youngest son proceeded alone. When he located the nest of the bird he was seeking, that bird was not there. Noticing that a large snake was beginning to crawl up the tree toward the several young birds in the nest, he unsheathed his sword and killed the snake.

When the mother bird returned a short while later and saw the blood on the ground, she supposed that the stranger had been tring to kill her children. She therefore began attacking the youngest son of the *padişah*. But the nestlings stopped thier mother. They cried, "Mother, Mother! He saved us from that snake on the ground. He saved our lives!"

When the great bird heard these cries from her children, she looked at the ground beneath her nest and saw the body of the dead snake. She said to the youngest son, "O human being, because you saved my children, you may wish from me anything that you want."

The youngest brother sighed deeply and answered, "There is only one thing that I wish from you. I wish you to take me back up to the world of light."

"Human being, you have asked me to do something that is almost impossible, " said the bird, "but I shall try to fulfill your wish for the sake of my children. However, you must provide forty *batman* of water and forty *batman* of meat for this journey. During our trip when I say, 'Lak!' you must give me water, and when I say 'Lok' you must give me meat."

They left the mountain on which the great bird's nest was located and started their long journey upward to the world of light. The young man sat on the bird's back as it flew. Throughout their flight the young man fed the great bird water and meat whenever it said "Lak" and "Lok." As the end of the journey approached, however, the supply of meat was finished. When the bird called, "Lok!" once again, the young man felt quite helpless. Then he quickly cut a piece of flesh from the calf of his leg and fed it to the bird. Because of the different taste of that last piece of meat, the great bird realized what had happened, but at that time she said nothing about it.

When their journey had ended and they were in the world of light, the bird said to the young man, "We are here now. You may go your own way."

But the young man responded, "No, you leave first and start back on your long journey. I shall watch you as you depart."

"No, no! You must go first," said the bird. So the young man began to walk away, but because of the wound on his calf, he limped as he walked. Seeing that, the bird called him back and replaced the piece of his thigh, which she had not eaten but kept in her mouth. Once that piece of flesh had been replaced, the young man was able to walk perfectly again.

The *padişah's* youngest son traveled over hill and dale until at last he reached his father's country again. There he found a job in the shop of a goldsmith. At that time there was in progress a wedding celebration for the marriage of the *padişah's* oldest son to the most beautiful girl in the world, the girl that the youngest son had found in the pit for himself. But the girl had set a condition for her acceptance of that marriage. She demanded a golden tray on which a golden grayhound was chasing a golden rabbit. She knew that only the youngest son of the *padişah* could provide those objects, and she wanted to discover whether he was still alive.

When the oldest son of the *padişah* heard of the girl's request, he went to the goldsmith and ordered a golden tray on which a golden grayhound was chasing a golden rabbit. "If you do not make these golden objects for me, I shall have you executed," said the oldest son.

That evening the goldsmith sat in deep thought wondering how he could provide the golden objects he had been ordered to make. When the youngest son saw the goldsmith looking sad and lost in thought, he asked his master what his problem was. He was told what the oldest son of the *padişah* had ordered to be constructed by the following morning. When he heard this, the youngest son said to the goldsmith, "Don't worry about this. Bring me a good quantity of hazelnuts. Then leave me alone, and by morning I shall produce the objects that you need." Helpless to know what else to do, the goldsmith and his wife took some hazelnuts to the youngest son and left him alone for the night.

The youngest son of the *padişah* began cracking hazelnuts one by one and eating them. Time passed, and the morning was approaching. The goldsmith and his wife grew weary of looking into the room where the apprentice was doing nothing but cracking hazelnuts and eating them. Finally the goldsmith said, "Come, wife; let us go to bed. That stupid boy is doing nothing but eating hazelnuts. Let us go to bed and get some sleep."

As soon as the goldsmith and his wife had gone to bed, the youngest son got out the two horse hairs, one from a bay horse and one from a chestnut horse. When he rubbed those two hairs together, a servant appeared. The youngest son ordered the servant, "Bring me a golden tray upon which a golden greyhound is chasing a golden rabbit." The servant disappeared, but returned almost immediately with what he had been ordered to bring.

In the morning when the goldsmith and his wife awoke, they went to their apprentice. They were in a very bad mood until the youngest son of the *padişah* showed them the golden tray with a golden grayhound chasing a golden rabbit. They were amazed at what they saw, and they were so grateful to their apprentice that they embraced him with great joy. They immediately took the golden tray, greyhounds, and rabbit to the palace.

According to the custom of that city, a game of *jirit* was an important part of every wedding celebration. Knowing this, the youngest son rubbed together the two horse hairs and demanded from the servant a good horse and a *Keloğlan* outfit. When these things were provided, he dressed in his *Keloğlan* outfit and rode his horse to the playing field near the palace to participate in the *jirit* contest. Because he was wearing *Keloğlan* clothes, he was not recognized by anyone. During the *jirit* match, he played against his older brother, who expected to become a bridegroom soon. Aiming his *jirit* carefully, he killed his older brother with a single blow. Then he quickly changed into his previous clothes and returned to the shop of the goldsmith.

A short while later the goldsmith also returned from the *jirit* match. He said to his wife, "Oh, lady, don't ask what happened! A large *Keloğlan* on a gray horse entered the *jirit* game and killed the *padişah's* oldest son with his *jirit*. Then that stranger disappeared."

Soon after that, the middle son of the *padişah* decided to marry the most beautiful girl in the world. Again, however, the girl had a condition to be met before she would accept marriage to the middle brother. She demanded another golden tray with other animals moving about on its surface.

When the goldsmith received an order from the middle son of the *padişah* to make such a set of golden objects, he said to his wife, "I hope that our apprentice is not angry at us for any reason, for we need his help again." They went to the youngest son of the *padişah* and explained their problem to him. He agreed to make the second golden tray with animals moving across its surface, and when the following morning arrived, he gave this second mechanical toy to the goldsmith.

As soon as the goldsmith had departed to the palace to deliver the golden tray, the youngest son of the *padişah* again rubbed together the two horse hairs. When the servant asked what he wished, the youngest son demanded another fine horse and yet another outfit. When these were brought to him, he dressed, mounted the horse, and rode to the playing field near the palace. There he again participated in the *jirit* game, and this time he killed the *padişah's* middle son.

This time, however, he did not flee after having struck his brother with a *jirit* and killing him. The palace guards captured him and took him into the presence of the *padişah*. The *padişah* was furious. He said to the young man, "You have killed my two sons! I shall have you executed very slowly, inflicting a thousand tortures upon you before you die!"

The youngest son answered, "My *padişah*, look at me very carefully. Remember that we once had three pomegranate trees that bore delicious fruit until a huge giant came along and ate all of our pomegranates before we could pick them? My older brothers were unable to kill that giant, but I, whom you called 'My Bald Boy, My *Keloğlan*,' succeeded in wounding him seriously. When we pursued the bleeding giant to a deep pit, my brothers were unable to descend into the deep pit to kill the wounded giant, but I went down to the bottom of the pit and did so. Then they took both of the brides I had found for them as well as my own bride and abandoned me, leaving me at the bottom of the pit."

The *padişah* suddenly recognized his youngest son, and then realized how cruel his older sons had been. "Alas!" he said. "My poor son! My lion son! You have

suffered greatly!" Saying this, he embraced his youngest son and clung to him for a long time.

Then he ordered that a wedding celebration be prepared for the marriage of his youngest son and the most beautiful girl in the world. That celebration lasted for forty days and forty nights. After that had ended, they all lived happily together.

Stories 930, 1300 & 1645 share the same basic themes and motifs.

Ülker Gölcük. Konya. 1989
Story # 1300

The Blind Padişah with Three Sons

There was once a very wealthy *padişah* who had three sons. After this *padişah* ruled for many years, he went blind. The best doctors and most famous seers from all over the world were called in to treat the *padişah's* blindness, but for a long while none of them was able to prescribe a medicine to cure it. Then, at last, a seer came along who told the *padişah* of a way in which he could recover his sight. "In such and such land there is a garden in which grow some unusual trees. If you can have someone get some of the leaves of those unusual trees, grind them up, and sprinkle the dust on your eyes, you will recover your sight. But it is very dangerous to enter that garden, for anyone who does so may himself be turned into the same kind of tree that he is seeking. But there are secret means by which the garden can be entered safely. Some method will have to be found to escape from that garden with some of the leaves."

They began thinking about this problem and talking about it with people who might have information about that garden. But no one there really knew anything about the garden. Some suggested this method for entering and leaving the garden, and others suggested that method. While all of this discussion was going on, the *padişah's* oldest son said, "Father, I shall go to that garden and get some of those leaves for you. Trust me to do so!" At first the *padişah* was reluctant to allow his son to undertake this dangerous mission, for he feared that the boy might be turned into a tree. After further discussion, however, he finally consented to his son's making an attempt to bring back some of the curative leaves.

While preparing to depart, the oldest son selected two fine horses from his father's stable. One was for him to ride upon, and the other was to carry two large saddlebags of gold. Well supplied with money, the prince set out for the land containing the garden of unusual trees. When he came to a crossroad, he said, "O Allah, which of those roads leads to the land with the special garden?" He had no sooner said that when an old man appeared out of nowhere. The young man called out, "Hey, my grandfather! Where do these roads go?"

The old man said to him, "I know that you are the son of our *padişah*. One of these roads leads to the garden where you are to go to get some leaves to cure your father's blindness. Anyone who takes the road to the left may get there, but he will never return. Anyone who takes the road to the right will not get there, but he will return. It is up to you to choose the one on which you wish to travel."

The oldest son was confused. He said, "Let me take the road which goes there but from which one does not return. Let me see how I can handle this course." Saying this, the prince directed his horses down the road from which there was no return. He traveled for days and days, and after a while he reached a very attractive city.

As soon as he entered that city, the oldest son was surrounded by people who said, "Welcome! Welcome! Who are you?"

"I am the son of the *padişah*," he said.

They all understood from this that he was probably very rich and that he might have a great amount of gold with him. They began following him and flattering him, saying, "You are our master! You are our master! You are our this and you are our that." Day after day these people remained with him, and they flattered him so much that he paid for all they ate and drank. After a few days they suggested to him, "Let us have some gambling parties, and let us have alcoholic drinks at these parties." These tracherous people seemed so pleasant to the oldest son that he complied with their suggestions. As a result, the great amount of gold that he had brought with him was soon spent. None of those who had flattered him was willing to help him now that his money was gone, and so he had to take a lowly job in order to survive. He got a job working in a bakery shop.

Let us go back now to the *padişah*. He waited month after month for the return of his oldest son, and after a while the months turned into years. His oldest son did not return, and there was no word received from him. The *padişah* lamented, "My oldest son has gone! By now he has probably been turned into a tree." He was so sad now that he spent almost all of his time crying."

The middle son decided that he should go to get the required leaves and at the same time rescue his older brother. He said to the *padişah*, "Father, my older brother has been missing for a very long while. It is now time for me to go and get the leaves that you need to cure your blindness."

"No, no! You must not go! I have already lost your older brother. If I should lose you too, what should I do then? I have forgotten about my illness. It is you that I am concerned about now!"

"But I am determined to go," said the middle son. Like his older brother, the middle son took two horses, one to ride upon and the other to bear two large saddlebags of gold. With these preparations made, the middle son set forth on his journey. He too soon reached the crossroad, and while he was trying to decide which road to take, he saw the same old man approaching him.

"Where are you going?" asked the white-bearded old man. "I am on my way to get some leaves to cure my *padişah* father's blindness. Now, however, I face three roads, and I do not know which one to take."

The old man explained. "The center road goes to the garden where you will find the leaves needed by your father. That left road leads in the same direction, but he who takes that will not return. The road to the right does not go in that direction, but anyone following it is able to return. Your brother took the road from which there is no return."

"Aha! I shall first travel down the road taken by my older brother in order to rescue him." Saying that, he immediately set forth on the road to the left. After days of travel, he reached the same beautiful city that his brother had found.

On the edge of that city he too was surrounded by a host of flatterers who said, "Welcome! Welcome! Who are you?" After he had told them who he was, they guessed that he probably possessed a great amount of money, and so they began flatter and praise him. "You are our master! You are our lord. You are our this and our that!" Pretending

that they were his friends, these people ate and drank for several days at the finest restaurants at his expense. Later they gambled and drank alcohol. Even the prince's great wealth was soon spent, but when he needed help, none of those who had called themselves his friends was anywhere to be found. It became necessary for him to find a job in order to support himself, and he found work in a restaurant washing dishes and cleaning the floors.

Meanwhile, the *padişah* waited for the return of his middle son. Month after month he waited, and after a while the months turned into years. But his middle son neither returned nor sent his father any message. "My middle son has probably become a tree, and that is why he has not returned," said the *padişah*. "What can I do now?" He was in great distress.

It was but a short while then before the youngest son decided that he must undertake the task his brothers had failed to accomplish. He said, "My father, I shall go now, and I shall bring back both the medicine for your eyes and my two elder brothers. Trust me to do this!"

"No, no, my son! Do not go. Your brothers went, but they have not returned. You are all that I have left. If I should lose you too, I could live no longer. Remain here and console me!"

But no matter what the *padişah* said, his youngest son paid no attention to his plea. Realizing this, the *padişah* said, "Since you refuse to hear my words, you might as well go, my son."

The attendants prepared two horses for him. They saddled one for him to ride upon, and they loaded the other with two large saddlebags of gold. But the youngest son objected to this. "Don't load so much gold on that horse. All that I want are a few gold coins for my necessary expenses. I do not need more than that."

"Very well. That is possibly true," said his father.

Riding until he reached the crossroad, the youngest son did not know which of the three roads to take. He dismounted there and sat upon the ground eating while he tried to decide which road to take. Suddenly the old man appeared and said, "Hello, my son!"

"Hello, grandfather," replied the young man.

"Where are you going?" asked the white-bearded old man.

"I am a son of the *padişah* of this land, and I am going to a distant garden to get some leaves with which to cure my father's blindness."

"My son, the center road leads to that garden. The left-hand road leads there too, but he who takes that road does not return. Both your brothers took this road. The road to the right does not lead to the garden, but one taking that road can return."

The youngest son said, "I shall first take the center road to go to the garden and get the leaves to cure my father's blindness. After that, I shall return and take the road which my older brothers took."

"That is a wise decision! Good for you! Let me help you achieve your goal. As you already know, anyone entering the garden with the unusual trees may possibly be transformed into a tree himself. In that garden are some lions tethered on one side and some rams on the other side. In front of the lions is a heap of grass, and before the rams is a trough of meat. These animals will not molest you for a brief period of time if you will take the grass and place it before the rams and then place the meat before the lions.

If you do not exchange the food in this way, these animals may tear you to pieces. Proceed then to the center of the garden. There you will hear all of the trees calling to each other, 'He has come! Grab him! He has come ! Grab Him!' When this happens, do not look back, for to do so will cause you too to become a tree. Continue forward until you come to a palace like your father's palace. Before that palace stands a huge tree on which grow magic leaves. Climb up into that tree and pick some of the leaves, but do not pay any attention to the birds in that tree, for they too will be calling to each other, 'He has come! Grab Him! He has come! Take hold of him!' Ignore them and gather as many leaves as you can. Put them in your saddlebag and get out of the garden. Ignore the birds completely, for if you look directly at them, you will go blind."

"All right! Thank you very much. How many pieces of gold would you like to have for your help?" asked the youngest son.

"My boy, you made the right decision, and I do not want anything from you. Your older brothers gave preference to entertainment and pleasure, but you gave preference to your father's welfare, and so I don't want any payment from you. For some kinds of help money should not be a consideration, my boy."

The youngest son traveled and traveled until he reached the garden. At the gate of the garden there were lions tied on one side and rams at the other. The young man immediately took the meat to the lions and the grass to the rams. As soon as they started eating, he entered the gate unmolested by these animals. The trees then began to call out, "He has come! Grab him! He has come! Grab him!" He moved farther into the garden without once looking back. When he reached the huge tree before the palace, he climbed into its branches and began picking leaves. He ignored the shouts of the birds, and he moved hastily to put the leaves into his saddlebag. He wanted to get out of the garden before the lions and the rams finished eating for fear that if they were still hungry they might tear him to pieces. Holding tightly to his saddlebag, he mounted his horse and left the garden unharmed.

Instead of going directly home, he returned to the intersection where he talked with the old, white-bearded man. Again he was confused, for he was not certain which road the old man had said his brothers had taken. But the old man appeared again. "Thank you very much, grandfather, for helping me secure the leaves to cure my father's eyes. Please tell me again which is the road from which travelers are said not to return."

"It is that road over there," said the old man. "Now, as a good boy and a clever boy you should avoid associating with the people in the beautiful city which you will come to along that road. Avoid them, for many of them are flattering and deceitful people. Don't stay there a minute longer than you have to."

"No, I shall not," said the boy. Then after he and the old man had hugged each other, the youngest son set forth and did not stop traveling until he reached the edge of the beautiful city. There the same flatterers that had greeted his brothers now greeted him. "Welcome to our city! Where have you come from and who are you?" they asked.

"I am a destitute boy. I came here simply to find two men I have been looking for. If I cannot find them, I shall leave quickly."

"Where will you eat, and what will you eat?" they asked.

"I shall buy a small piece of cheese and a few olives at the marketplace and a small loaf of bread at a bakery. That will have to be enough for me, because I do not

have enough money to buy more." When the flatterers heard this and realized that he had no money which they might take advantage of, they did not bother him any longer.

The youngest son walked through the streets of the city for three or four days looking for his brothers. Then he decided to spend a day looking in restaurants, a day looking in bakeries, and a day apiece in several other kinds of shops and businesses. He thought, "They probably spent all of their money on the flatterers and loafers of this city and have had to find jobs somewhere in this city in order to survive." On the first day he visited all of the construction sites, but neither of his brothers was among the workers at these places. He intended to visit all of the restaurants on the following day, but he discovered that there were far too many restaurants in that city to visit all of them in one day. He spent the second, third, and fourth days visiting restaurants. On the fifth day he went to an old and poorly equipped restaurant where he ate a small meal. Then he asked for permission to wash his hands in the kitchen area, but his real purpose for going to the kitchen was to make sure that he had seen all of the workers before he left.

While washing his hands, he saw a man who from behind looked like one of his brothers. "What are you doing here?" he asked that man. "Do you work in this restaurant?" When the worker turned around to answer him, the youngest brother recognized him as one of his older brothers. But the older brother did not recognize him because of the clothes the youngest brother was wearing.

When the youngest brother left the kitchen, he went to the owner of the restaurant and said, "Tomorrow I want lunch for two delivered to such and such a hotel, and I would like to have it brought by the young worker who is now in the kitchen."

"No, I cannot accept such an order," said the owner. But when the youngest son placed a piece of gold in his hand, he quickly agreed to send the requested meals to such and such a hotel.

When his older brother arrived at the hotel next day with two meals, the younger brother was at the front door waiting for him. "Here is your lunch," said the restaurant worker.

"Come in and let us eat together," said the youngest brother. This is much too much food for one person to eat."

"Ni, I cannot do that. I shall just wait out here, and when you have finished eating, I shall take the dishes back."

"You need not wait outside. I am a human being like you. Let us eat together."

"No, I had better not do that," murmured the older brother.

"Ignoring this reluctance to join him, the youngest brother pulled his older brother inside and asked him, "After all, were you not the son of a *padişah*? What happened to you to cause you to be in such a lowly position now?"

"Oh! How do you know that? Who are you?" asked the oldest brother.

"I am your younger brother, and I came here to find you."

The two brothers hugged each other, but by then the oldest brother was crying. "I am sorry about this," said the oldest brother. "I made a great mistake when I came here. I was welcomed into the city by people who seemed to be kind and friendly, but actually they were deceitful and unscrupulous people. They led me into wasting all of my gold,

and when it was gone, they deserted me. There was nothing left for me to do but take a job in a restaurant."

Happy to find each other, the two brothers sat down and ate lunch together. They then went to the restaurant where the older brother had been working for nothing but his daily food. The youngest brother paid his bill and gave the owner another piece of gold to release the older brother. Then the two sons of the *padişah* began to search the city for the third brother. Together they searched for some time before they found the third brother in the bakery. Without identifying himself, the younger brother said to the owner of the bakery, "I am staying at such and such a hotel. I want you to have this apprentice of yours deliver two loaves of bread to us at that hotel an hour from now."

"No, I cannot spare him to deliver just two loaves of bread," said the baker.

"Take this piece of gold and have him deliver my bread," said the youngest son, and the baker agreed to that.

The youngest and the oldest brothers then returned to the hotel to await the arrival of the middle brother with the two loaves of bread. When the apprentice brought the bread, he said, "Here are your loaves of bread."

"Come in and join us in eating this bread," said the youngest brother.

"What are you saying? Should a destitute person like me join you? Oh, no! I have brought you your bread, as you wished. Now let me go back to the bakery."

"Come in, come in!" said the youngest brother, pulling the apprentice by the arm. "Tell us who you really are. Aren't you really the son of a *padişah*? What happened to cause you to fall from that position and live in the way you are now?"

When the apprentice recognized his two brothers, he broke down and cried. The brothers all hugged each other, and when the middle brother stopped crying, he told the others how all of his difficulties had happened. Then the youngest brother said, "Those bad times have passed. I came here to take you home. I found the leaves to cure our father's blindness, and I have them here in my saddlebag. Let us therefore return at once to our father."

"Yes! Let us do so at once," said the two older brothers. The youngest brother went to a marketplace and bought two more horses so that all three of them could ride back. Then the three brothers mounted their horses and rode toward home. After they traveled for a couple of hours, both the men and their horses were thirsty. They began watching for a roadside well as they rode along, and when they found one, they stopped and dismounted. The oldest brother said to the youngest, "Go down into this well and pass up water in this bucket for us and for our horses. We shall lower you on this rope and pull you back up afterwards."

"That is a good idea," said the youngest brother, tying a rope around his waist. He was lowered to the bottom of the well, but there he could see no water at all. Instead of water, he saw a building with three doors.

"When he opened the first door, he found a beautiful girl sitting inside. She exclaimed, "What has happened? Are you a jinn or some supernatural being?"

"I am neither a jinn nor any other supernatural being but a creature of Allah. I came down here to get some water for myself and my two brothers, as well as for our horses, but there seems to be no water down here at all."

When he opened the second door, he found another beautiful girl sitting inside. When he opened the third door, he found a third girl sitting inside it, and this girl was even more beautiful than the first two. They all talked together for a few minutes, and then the girls showed the youngest son where he could get some water down at that level. After he had passed up water for his brothers and the three horses, he called to his brothers at the top of the well, "I have found three beautiful girls down here. The oldest girl will be yours, oldest brother. The middle girl will be yours, middle brother. And the youngest girl will be mine."

[There is a serious omission from this tale. Why should three girls live at the bottom of a well? Answer: They have been abducted by a giant and held captive there. The type of which this tale is a variant has such a giant who is killed by the protagonist.]

When the oldest girl was pulled up to the surface, the oldest brother saw that she was indeed beautiful. He admired her beauty, and he was satisfied with her. When the middle sister was pulled up on the rope, the middle brother agreed that she too was beautiful, and he was satisfied with her.

When the youngest brother was about to tie the rope around the waist of the youngest girl, she said to him, "Don't have me go up before you do. If I should go up first, your older brothers will probably think that you have cheated them by keeping the most beautiful girl for yourself, and in retaliation for that, they will leave you down here."

"No, my brothers would not do such a thing."

"Well, just in case anything should go amiss, always keep, always keep these two feathers with you. When you strike them together a phoenix will come and carry you back up to earth. Without its help, you will never be able to get out of here."

"All right," said the youngest brother, tying the rope around the girl to have her pulled up.

When she reached the top, she was greatly admired by the older brothers. The oldest brother said, "This is the most beautiful of the three girls. Our youngest brother tricked us. Let us not pull him up but leave him down there at the bottom of the well." The older brothers took the three girls and left, and the youngest brother waiting below learned that the youngest girl had been correct in her prediction.

As the older brothers drew closer to the palace, news of their approach reached the *padişah*. It was also reported to him that they were bringing three beautiful girls with

them. The *padişah* was delighted at this news, and he ordered that a celebration be prepared to welcome his sons home.

When they reached the palace, they greeted the *padişah* and said, "Father, we have brought the special leaves with which to cure your eyes."

Attendants immediately began to grind the leaves into a fine powder. When this powder was sprinkled on the *padişah's* eyes, his vision was quickly restored.

"We brought these girls home to marry them," said the oldest son.

"That will be entirely acceptable to me," said the middle son.

Then the *padişah* said, "My sons, have you seen your young brother anywhere? He left here to search both for the magic leaves and for you."

"We know nothing about him. We did not see him in any of the places where we traveled."

After inquiring further about his youngest son, the *padişah* concluded that there was nothing that could be done to find him. The father was grateful that he had at least recovered two of his three sons. He therefore gave his attention to arrangements for the weddings of the two who had returned. It was a very large wedding celebration that was to last for forty days and forty nights.

Now, let us turn to *Keloğlan*⁴⁹ again. He could not endure the thought that he had rescued his older brothers only to have them abandon him here in the well. He struck the two feathers together to bring the phoenix. The giant bird came almost immediately and carried him on its back up to the mouth of the well. When he arrived there, he found himself still in a very difficult situation. He had had no food for some time. His shoes had been lost in the well. And his horse had been taken by his treacherous brothers. There was nothing for him to do but start walking homeward.

After walking for many days, he at last reached his own country, but nobody there recognized him, for he was hungry, thirsty, shabby, exhausted, and destitute. When he finally reached the palace, where the wedding ceremony was in progress, he was not allowed to enter. "Let me in! I am a destitute and desperate man, and I must see the *padişah*."

He was insistent that he compelled the servant at the door to go to the *padişah* with this message. "My *padişah*, a destitute and desperate man says he must see you, and he said that if you still have any love left for your youngest son, you will admit him into your presence."

When the *padişah* heard the words "youngest son," he began to cry. "Bring this person to me," he said. "For the sake of my youngest son I shall see him."

⁴⁹ The reference, of course, is to the youngest son—who is now regarded a *Keloğlan* do to becoming poor and unfortunate.

When the servant brought in *Keloğlan*, the *padişah* saw what pitiable condition he was in, and he said aside to a servant, "See to it that he is given food, clothing, and a place to sleep." Then to *Keloğlan* himself he said, "Who are you? Where have you come from? Where are you going?"

Instead of answering these questions, the young man said, "May all go well for you! Is there a wedding going on here?"

"Yes, there is a wedding celebration in progress here. My two older sons found girls for themselves while seeking the magic leaves which were used to cure my previous blindness. Because I liked the girls they brought here, I arranged to have them married."

"Ah-h-h! But they have never said anything about having seen your youngest son while they were away from home?"

"No, they never saw him."

"If they say that, then they are lying, my *padişah*."

"No, they do not lie," replied the *padişah*.

"If you believe that, please call them so that we might talk together."

"Very well," said the *padişah*, and gave orders to have a servant bring his two older sons to him. When the sons arrived, he said, "Here is a boy with whom we are unacquainted, but let us talk with him for a little while."

After talking for a while about other things, the youngest son asked his older brothers, "Where did you find the girls that you brought back, and how did you find the garden from which the magic leaves came?" It must have been very difficult to get those leaves from that garden. Can you explain these matters to me and to your father?"

The older brothers were embarrassed by these questions. At first they did not know how to respond. They simply looked at each other. Then one of them invented a story about how they had found the garden and taken the leaves.

"Don't lie!" said the youngest son. "You never found the garden, and you did not get the magic leaves from it."

Unable to tell a convincing story about how they got the curative leaves, the two older brothers finally had to admit that they had never reached the garden where the leaves grew. "No, we didn't get the leaves." They said.

"Well, then, where were you during your long absence from home? What were you doing during that time?"

When the older brothers again began to tell lies to explain their long absence, the youngest brother felt that it was time to reveal the truth of the whole matter to his father. "Father, you have been unable to recognize me because I have walked a great distance barefooted and without food or water. It was that suffering that made my looks change

so much. It was I who found the garden and, with great difficulty, took the leaves needed to cure your eyes. On my way home, I rescued my brothers from mistakes they had made. They had spent all of their money foolishly and were reduced to working at lowly jobs in order to survive. One had become a kitchen hand in a restaurant, and the other had become a baker's apprentice. I rescued them, but then they betrayed me, for they left me in the bottom of the well where I descended to get water for the three of us and our horses. I found the three girls at the bottom of that well—one girl for each of us—but because I had chosen the most beautiful girl for myself, they did this to me. If you do not believe me, then you can ask the girls themselves about what happened."

There was no way in which the older brothers could deny what he had reported to his father, and so they admitted their guilt, saying, "Yes, what he says is true."

The *padişah* was furious at the two older brothers. He said to them, "I disown you! You are no longer sons of mine!" He then ordered that the wedding celebration be started all over again, but this time it would be for the marriage of his youngest son to the most beautiful of the girls. After another period of forty days and forty nights of festivities, the youngest son and the most beautiful girl were married.

The newlyweds lived very happily together, but there was one thing that made the youngest son sad at times. This was the fact that he no longer had any brothers. He therefore went to the *padişah* and said, "Father, my two older brothers made a bad mistake, but they probably would not do such a thing again. Please let them become your sons once again. I should be happier if we could all rule the country together."

When they heard of the youngest son's generosity, his two older brothers apologized to him. He forgave them. They were then married to the two girls that the youngest son had chosen for them. In this way the three brothers were reunited, and they lived happily together at the palace after that.

Stories 930, 1300 & 1645 are essentially designed around the same theme, with variations on the details. As usual, Keloğlan motif is brought into the 'play' for the 'appropriate' reasons.

İsmail Yolcu. Yeleşli, Kars. 1977
Story # 930

The Padişah's Youngest Son as Dragon-Slayer

Once there was and once there was not a *padişah* with three sons. They had in their garden an apple tree which bore only three apples per year, but they were very special apples, for they would restore the youth of anyone who ate them. Unfortunately, no human being had ever eaten one of them, for every summer as they were ripening, a dragon would appear and take them. When the sons grew to maturity, they decided to do something about this. They said, "Father, we shall get those apples for you so that you may become young again." The *padişah* accepted their offer and gave them permission to kill the dragon and get the apples.

When it came time for the apples to start ripening, the three brothers waited in the garden every night in order to prevent the dragon from taking them. They took with them a sword from among their father's weapons, and the oldest brother strapped it on his side. The middle brother and the youngest brother offered to help him, but he said, "No, you wait aside from that the tree a little. I do not want your help. I shall kill the dragon and pick the three apples."

They waited night after night for some time for the dragon to appear. Then one night they heard a roaring noise approaching, and they knew that this must be the monster. The oldest brother prepared to kill the dragon, but when he took one look at its horrifying appearance, he fainted. The other two brothers wished to help him, but they were unharmed and helpless. And so the dragon took the apples again, and left.

They had to wait for another whole year to pass before there would be more apples on the tree. When that time had passed, the middle brother said to the *padişah*, "Father, I shall kill the dragon this year and bring the apples to you." He then went to the garden, stood beneath the apple tree, and awaited the arrival of the dragon. When the dragon appeared with a roar, the middle brother struck his sword against its side but did not harm the monster. Once again the dragon took the apples and left.

After still another year had passed, the youngest son wished to try his skill against the dragon. He said to the *padişah*, "Father, I want to kill the dragon. If I can do so, then I shall bring the three apples to you." Going to the garden, he stood beneath the apple tree and waited for the dragon to appear.

When the monster appeared to get the apples, the youngest son drew his sword and struck a good blow against it, wounding it seriously but not killing it. After the creature had fled in fright, the youngest son picked the three apples and returned to the palace. Placing the apples on a golden tray next morning, the youngest son went to the *padişah* and said, "Dear Father, I have brought the apples for you." After eating the

apples, the *padişah* grew younger and younger until finally he had the appearance of a fifteen year old boy.

The *padişah* and all his court rejoiced at this change, but the youngest son was still concerned about the dragon. He said, "Father, I only wounded the dragon. I did not kill it. I should like to follow it and kill it."

His father said, "My dear son, give up all thought of killing the dragon. You got the three apples, and that is all that we wanted."

But the youngest son persisted, saying, "No, Father, I cannot leave it this way. I must either kill the dragon or kill myself."

After that the poor father had no choice but to permit his son to pursue the wounded dragon. The oldest and middle brothers then said, "We should like to go with you on this undertaking."

The three brothers then began to trace the route of the wounded dragon by following his bloody footprints. This soon took them to the mouth of a well, where the tracks ended. The oldest brother said immediately, "Lower me into the well, but if you hear me shout, 'I am burning!' then pull me up at once." After his two younger brothers had lowered him 100 or 150 meters, he began yelling, "I am burning! I am burning!" and so, of course, they pulled him back up. The middle brother tried next, but he too had to be pulled out of the well before he had reached the bottom.

Now it was the turn of the youngest son. Before entering the well, he said to his two older brothers, "If I should shout, 'I am burning! Pull me out!' you must do nothing of the sort. Instead of pulling me up, you are to lower me still father into the well." After he had been lowered almost to the bottom of the well, the youngest son called up, "I am burning! Pull me out!" but his brothers, following his directions, paid no attention to this but continued lowering him farther and farther.

When the youngest son reached the bottom of the well, he began walking down a road that led to a large house. No one answered the door when he knocked. Entering this house, he discovered in one room three beautiful girls, each working over an embroidery frame. Confused and surprised to see him, one of the girls said, "Oh human being, how did you get here? I am the oldest daughter of the *padişah* of fairies, and these are my sisters."

The youngest son asked, "How did you get here?"

The girl answered, "One day while I was walking in my father's garden, a dragon caught me and brought me here. On the following year he returned to the garden and captured one sister, and then one year later he caught the other one."

"Show me his room, and I shall kill him," said the youngest son, drawing his sword. The oldest sister said, "Oh, brother, your sword is not powerful enough to kill him! And if he sees you, he will kill both you and us."

"Well, then, what weapon should I use to kill the dragon?"

"There is a special sword that hangs at the head of his bed. It is only with that sword that he can be killed."

Now the youngest of the girls spoke. She said, "The dragon's room has an iron floor. When the dragon breathes out, that door is jammed shut so tightly that it is locked. When he breathes in, the door can be pushed open. Go to the iron door and listen to the way he breathes, but remember that his breath is so strong that it can hurl you about as the wind does. When he begins to breathe in, you must push open that door, rush inside,

grasp that sword, and kill him with it before he can breathe out. It must all be done that quickly!"

"Oh, that does not sound very difficult," said the youngest son. "I can do that easily. Show me the door of his room."

The youngest son then did exactly as the girls had told him to do. Entering the room as the dragon drew a deep breath, he grasped the special sword and with it cut off the monster's head before he could exhale. "Oh, heartless dragon, your enemy came at last!" he said.

Although the dragon's head was separated from its body, it now spoke. It said, "O human being, strike me once more with that sword!"

But the young man had been warned against doing this. The girls had told him, "Once you have killed him, do not hit him again with that sword or he will then come back to life."

Remembering this warning, the youngest son answered the dragon, "No I shall not strike again. I was born only once, not twice. Why should you be born twice?"

They gathered all of the dragon's treasure and took it to the bottom of the well. After that had been done, the youngest girl said, "It is now time for us to get out of this well."

The youngest son then called up the well shaft to his brothers and said, "Hey, Brothers, pull up on the rope and draw up the dragon's treasure." As they were doing this, he said to the oldest girl, "You are my oldest brother's kismet." and to the next-oldest girl he said, "And you are my middle brother's kismet." Tying the rope around the oldest girl, he called up the well, saying, "Pull the rope and draw up the woman who will be my oldest brother's kismet." Then tying the rope around the second girl, he called, "Pull on the rope and draw up the woman who will be my middle brother's kismet."

While they were doing this, the youngest girl said to the young man, "Listen to me! First have them pull you out, and then you can have me pulled out. The human being is fed with raw milk. [*** proverbial expression in Turkish to indicate the frail qualities of human beings, and that they may rise to the surface] Your brothers may well be suspicious of you."

When the young man refused to accept this suggestion, the girl took off her ring and gave it to him. "Take this ring," she said, for it can help you in many ways. If you wish for anything, lick the ring and say, *rabbe*. Two rams may come to you down here, one white and the other black. If you climb on the back of the white ram, it will carry you up to the world of light; if you get on the back of the black ram, it will carry you farther down to the dark world."

The youngest son of the *padişah* put the ring in his pocket. Tying the rope around the youngest sister, he called up to his brothers, "Pull the rope and draw up the woman who is my kismet."

The older brothers pulled up the youngest sister from the well. When they gazed upon her, they saw that she was as beautiful as the fourteenth day of the moon. They said that their brother had cheated them by choosing for himself the most beautiful of the girls. They therefore decided to play a trick to get rid of him. When they were pulling their young brother up from the well, they cut the rope, causing him to fall back down to the bottom again. That is where they left him. Taking all three girls with them, they returned to their father's palace.

The youngest son was deeply saddened by the untrustworthiness of his brothers, but it was too late now to do anything about that. Remembering the magic ring that the youngest sister had given him, he said to himself, "Let me try this ring and see what will happen." After he had licked the ring and said the magic words, two rams appeared, one white and the other black. He was about to mount the white ram when the black ram rushed between his legs and carried him off along a trail that descended. They went little, they went far, and after a while they reached a dark world.

He soon came upon an old woman who was calling, "*kuçu, kuçu, kuçu.*" [***sounds made to call a dog] The young man thought, "This seems to be a human land, but then why is everything so shadowy and dark?" Approaching the old woman, he asked "Grandmother, what are you doing?"

The old woman answered, "Well, what should I be doing? I am calling my chickens."

He then asked the old woman, "Grandmother, could you accept me as your guest?"

"I cannot do that, for I have no room for you."

He then said, "Here is a purse of gold for you. Please accept me."

This time the old woman answered, "Of course, son, I have a very large room that you may use."

Now let us hear about the *padişah* of this dark land. He was faced with a serious problem. All of the water in that land came from one large fountain which was controlled by a dragon. In order to have the use of the water of that fountain, the people were required to deliver to him each year a girl, and this year it was the turn of the royal family to provide a girl. Thus the *padişah's* daughter and the only child was to be given to the dragon on the following day.

Without knowing anything about this, the youngest son asked for a cup of water: "Dear grandmother, will you please give me some water to drink? I am very thirsty."

The old woman did not want to tell him anything about their shortage of water. Going outside, she put some dirty water in a cup and brought it back to the guest. As he was about to drink this water, he noticed that the water was filthy, and he said, "Grandmother, this is very dirty water! Don't you have any clean water to drink?" Then the old woman told him everything about the country's one fountain and about the dragon which controlled the water. She said, "The dragon never lets us have water without first having eaten a human girl. Every year after he receives a girl, he gives us our annual supply of water, but because I am old, everyone else gets there before me, and I am never able to get enough water to last throughout the whole year. That is the reason that I do not have any clean water now."

"And when will you get your annual supply of pure water?"

"Tomorrow, son, after the daughter of the *padişah* has been fed to the dragon. That is the time when we shall be able to get our water."

"Don't worry about that, Grandmother. May God give us a very good morning!"
--And may every morning that is born be a good one for us too!

The following morning the people of the land all awakened early. The daughter of the *padişah* of that land was taken to the fountain and fastened to it with a metal collar. The youngest son was among the crowd of people who went there with the girl, though no one in that land knew that he was the son of a *padişah*. When everyone else had

withdrawn some distance, the youngest son removed the collar from the girl's neck, drew his sword, and awaited the arrival of the dragon. As soon as the monster appeared, a fight began, and it was not long before the youngest son had cut off the head of his adversary.

The old woman began to fill up her buckets with the water defiled by the blood of the dragon. Seeing this, the youngest son went and to her and dumped out all this water. Very upset, the old woman said, "What are you doing, son? Would you also leave me without any water?"

"No, grandmother. I killed the dragon, and now you may get water whenever you wish. Don't take the water mixed with dragon blood. Wait for just a little while, and the water will be clean again."

The old woman was confused and could not understand what he meant. When she returned a short time later, however, only perfectly clean water flowed from the fountain. Everyone could now take all the clean water he wanted without any hurry.

But what was the daughter of the *padişah* doing? As soon as the battle had ended, she had dipped her hand in the blood of the dragon and then pressed her hand on the back of the youngest son in several different places. She did this in order to mark him by which she could identify him.

At the same time a messenger had arrived at the court of the *padişah*. "Good news and congratulations, my *Padişah*," he said. "Your daughter is alive! An unknown young man appeared and killed the dragon!"

The *padişah* rejoiced at this good news. He had town criers go throughout the land and make this announcement: "O People! Every male from seven to seventy must come tomorrow and pass before the palace. To whoever saved the princess from the dragon the *padişah* will give her in marriage!" Beginning the next morning a long procession of men and boys began to pass before the *padişah*'s palace.

While they are doing that, we shall return to the old woman and the youngest son. After the dragon had been killed and the crowd of people had all left, they had filled the old woman's buckets with clean water and returned to her house. The young man continued to be her guest there.

Everyone now passed before the palace, but the princess had been unable to recognize among them the young man who had saved her from the terrible dragon. The *padişah* then ordered his men to search everyone in the land to be sure that there was no one who had failed to pass before the palace. They returned later and reported, "Our great *padişah*, the only man in the entire land who has not passed before your palace is a young stranger staying as a guest at the home of a certain old woman."

"What did I tell you?" demanded the *padişah*. "I told you *every* man from seven to seventy. Go at once and bring that stranger here!"

They brought the youngest son to the palace and had him pass before the princess. She recognized him at once as the man who had killed the dragon, but he denied having done that. "Take off his shirt!" the princess ordered. When the shirt was removed, everyone saw the bloody handprints of his back. The princess said, "I dipped my hand in the blood of the dragon and put those handprints there myself." After that it was no longer possible for the youngest son to pretend that he had not slain the dragon.

Taking him into the presence of the *padişah*, she said, "Father, this is the young man who killed the dragon."

Because the young man was himself the son of a *padişah*, he knew how to behave before the ruler. He greeted the *padişah*, and the *padişah* returned his greeting. Then the *padişah* said, "O my dear boy, you saved my daughter and you have made me a very happy man. Ask from me anything and everything that you wish."

"My great *padişah*, I wish only your good health."

After the *padişah* had repeated his question and had received the same answer, he said, "My boy, I shall give you my daughter as your bride."

"Thank you, your majesty, but your daughter must remain a sister to me. If you still want to do something for me, however, please take me back to the land of light."

The *padişah* replied, "Oh, my boy, you have asked from me what is almost impossible. I cannot do that for you. Between our land and the world of light lies another country where the Emerald-Green Anka lives. I cannot take you through that country, for the Anka is an extremely dangerous bird. Give up that wish, and I shall make you *padişah* here."

But the youngest son would not accept anything else. The *padişah* acknowledged that the young man was right in not accepting anything that he did not want. He said then, "My son, I shall have some of men take you to the border of Anka Land, but they will leave you there. We cannot enter that bird's country." The youngest son accepted this offer. He traveled in company with several soldiers until they reached the border, where the *padişah*'s troops bade him farewell.

The Emerald-Green Anka had grown quite old without having any offspring. Every brood that she had hatched had been eaten by a dragon while she was away from the nest seeking food for them. As the youngest son walked along, he saw the huge Anka nest in a tree, and he noticed that it contained some young birds as well as some large eggs from which birds were hatching. Climbing up the trunk of the tree was a long serpentine dragon. Drawing his sword, the youngest son attacked this dragon, and, after a long struggle, succeeded in killing it. His travels and his fighting had exhausted the young man, and so he decided to sleep for a while beneath the tree.

When the Emerald-Green Anka returned to her nest she saw the young man sleeping at the foot of the tree beneath her nest. Her arrival was not a good thing for the young man, for as soon as she saw him, she intended to kill him. But as the great bird swooped toward him, her chicks called out. "Dear Mother, do not harm that young man. He killed the dragon that was coming to eat us." When the Anka heard this account and then saw the body of the slain dragon, she spread her huge wings above the young man to shade him from the sun as he slept. When he awoke, she said to him, "O human being, do not fear me. I owe you so much that you may wish whatever you want from me."

"I wish only your good health," said the youngest son.

"O human being, I shall give you my country and make you *padişah*."

"O Anka, I should prefer that you take me back to to the world of light."

"Very well! Your wish is something I can satisfy quite easily, but you must provide the wine and meat enough to make that long trip."

The youngest son said, "Yes, I shall get a good quantity of wine and meat ready for the trip," but he really had no idea about where he could get these supplies. After searching in vain for a source of wine and meat, he said to himself, "I shall return to the once waterless land and get the wine and meat from the *padişah* there." When the

padişah heard what the Anka had required in order to return the young man to the world of light, he immediately supplied him with forty kilos of wine and forty kilos of meat.

When the youngest son returned to Anka Land with the wine and meat, the great bird said, "Place those foods on my wings. As I fly along, I shall ask you to give me some of each. When I say 'wine,' give me a goblet of wine, and when I say 'meat,' give me a morsel of meat." After he had loaded those supplies on her wings, she said, "Now climb on my back and close your eyes, and I shall carry you back to the land of light."

They started on the long journey, and the Anka flew with great speed. When the Anka said "Wine," the youngest son gave her a goblet of wine to drink. When she said "Meat," he gave her a chunk of meat to eat. As they were approaching the world of light, the supply of meat was all used up, but once more the Anka said "Meat." In order to satisfy her need for meat, the youngest son took out his knife and cut a piece of flesh from the thigh of his left leg and fed this to the bird. The Emerald-Green Anka sensed immediately that that last piece of meat was human flesh, and she therefore did not swallow it but kept it beneath her tongue.

When they reached the surface of the earth shortly after this, the Anka said, "We are now in the world of light, and you can walk the rest of the way to your home."

"I do not want to walk. Please carry me to my father's territory."

When the Emerald-Green insisted that he walk, the youngest son climbed down her back and tried to walk, but he limped badly because of the wound in his left leg. The bird then said, "When you gave me the last piece of meat I asked for, I knew at once that it was human flesh. I did not eat it but held it under my tongue." Taking the piece of thigh from her mouth, she applied it to its proper part on the young man's leg, where it immediately grew into place again. "How is your leg now?"

"Much better," he said.

After the two embraced each other, the Emerald-Green Anka started back to her own land, and the youngest son started walking toward his father's territory. He went little, he went far, going over hills and dales. One day he came to a flock of sheep so large that it covered the whole side of the mountain where it was grazing. That flock belonged to the *padişah* of that land. Greeting the shepherd, the youngest son learned from him what land he was now in. He then asked the shepherd, "Can you sell me one of your sheep?"

The shepherd said, "Oh, friend, I cannot sell you a sheep. This flock does not belong to me but to the *padişah*."

The youngest son said, "Here is a handful of gold for you."

The shepherd then selected a black sheep from the flock and slaughtered it. The youngest son gave the meat of the sheep to the shepherd and took for himself only the sheepskin. He traded his fine suit for the shepherd's ragged clothes. Then he turned the sheepskin inside out and pulled it over his head, covering all of his hair with it so that he looked like a *Keloğlan*.

When he reached his own country, the youngest son discovered that his brothers wanted to have his kismet, the youngest daughter of the *Padişah* of the Fairies. There was nothing that he could do about this immediately, and so he took a job in a jeweler's shop in the capital city where he made rings, watches and earrings. He noticed that the master jeweler seemed very nervous and kept leaving the shop for short periods of time. He asked, "Master, why do you keep going away and returning to the shop so often?"

"Why shouldn't I?" asked the master. "The oldest son of the *padişah* will soon marry a second wife, and I have been invited to the wedding feast. But the bride has some unusual demands that must be met first, and that is what concerns me so much."

The youngest daughter of the *Padişah* of the Fairies wanted to locate the youngest son, for she was his kismet. She therefore made an almost unfulfillable demand that had to be satisfied before she would agree to marry the oldest son. She knew that only the youngest son, by using the magic ring she had given him, could produce the object she demanded. If the wondrous object she demanded were to be delivered to her, she would then know that her fiancé was somewhere near at hand. She said, "Whenever my wish is granted, I shall marry the *padişah's* oldest son, but never before that."

"What is your wish?" they asked her.

She said, "I want a golden rooster, a golden hen, and golden chicks, all walking about on a golden tray."

When the master jeweler was given the order for these lifelike fowl, he returned to his shop in confusion. His *Keloğlan* assistant asked him, "Master, what is the matter?" When the jeweler explained the unusual order he had received from the palace, his assistant said, "Oh-h-h-h, that is easy enough to make. Give me some raisins, some nuts and the right amount of gold, and I shall make it tonight and have it ready for you in the morning."

As soon as the jeweler left the shop that evening, the youngest son licked the ring given to him by the youngest daughter of the *Padişah* of the Fairies. Then he stated that girl's demand for a golden rooster, a golden hen, and golden chicks, all moving about on a golden tray. These were quickly supplied. In the morning the jeweler returned and asked, "What happened, *Keloğlan*? Were you able to make the golden objects that were ordered by the palace?"

"Of course I made them, Master. What a useless question! Here they are, all ready."

The jeweler was amazed when he heard this. He could hardly believe his eyes when he looked at the golden rooster, the golden hen, and the golden chicks, all of them moving as if alive. He exclaimed, "Oh, *Keloğlan*, I could offer myself as sacrifice to your Creator. There is no one else in the whole world like you." He was so pleased that he carried the tray to the *padişah's* palace immediately.

When the tray and its golden fowl were delivered to the youngest daughter of the *Padişah* of Fairies, she knew that her fiancé, her real kismet, was in the city somewhere, but she was now committed to marry the oldest son of the *padişah*.

Meanwhile, the youngest son of the *padişah* was not idle. As soon as the jeweler had left the shop, the young man had licked the ring and uttered the required words. He then ordered, "Bring me a fine gray horse and a suit of gray clothes!" Wearing this suit and mounting this horse, the young man then rode to the palace and paraded back and forth before it several times.

The *padişah* noticed him and said to him, "Young man, we are about to have some *jirit* contests as part of the wedding festivities. Why don't you come and join these games?"

The youngest son responded, "May God give my *Padişah* good health! My horse is rather bad tempered and might possibly cause an accident. It would probably be better for us not to participate in the games."

"Don't worry about that, my boy. Feel free to participate in the *jirit* games."

Looking into the playing field, the youngest son saw his brothers there. They were riding their horses and playing *jirit*. The youngest son entered the field, took aim, and threw his *jirit* at the *padişah's* oldest son, the one who was to be the groom. The *jirit* struck him in the chest and came out through his back. Confusion followed, and the spectators began to shout, "The *padişah's* oldest son has been killed! Catch the man who killed him!" But there was no possibility of catching him, for the gray horse on which he rode sped off as fast as the wind. After releasing the gray horse and putting on his *Keloğlan* costume again, the youngest son returned to his job at the jewelry shop.

The *padişah* set a period of forty days for mourning over the death of his oldest son. At the end of the forty days, the middle son announced that now he would marry the fiery girl, but again the girl set a condition. She said, "I shall marry the prince only if I am given a golden tray on which a golden hound is chasing a golden rabbit."

The jewelers received orders to start work at once to try to satisfy the girl's demand. The youngest son asked his master, "Master, why are you working so hard and thinking so deeply?" When the jeweler described the order he had received, the young assistant said, "Oh-h-h-h, that is easy enough to make. Give me some raisins, some nuts, and the necessary amount of gold, and I shall make what you want and have it ready for you tomorrow morning."

The jeweler gave *Keloğlan* the supplies he had asked for and then went home for the night. As soon as he had left the shop, *Keloğlan* licked the ring, spoke the required words, and said, "Bring me a golden tray on which a golden hound is chasing a golden rabbit." This was brought to him as before.

The following morning when the jeweler went to the room where *Keloğlan* worked, he was delighted to find the golden objects that had been ordered. Again, he personally carried these to the palace. When the youngest daughter of the *Padişah* of the Fairies saw the golden objects that she had demanded, she was certain that her fiance, her real kismet, was in the city.

Wedding festivities were again started, and among the many activities, there was to be *jirit* games held again. The youngest son licked the ring, repeated the required words, and then said, "I want a chestnut-colored horse and a brown suit of clothes." When these had been provided, he dressed in the brown suit, mounted the chestnut-colored horse, and rode to the *padişah's* palace. After he had ridden past the palace twice, the *padişah* invited him to join the *jirit* games.

"O my great *padişah*," he answered, "my horse is a very nervous animal and might cause an accident on the playing field. But the *padişah* insisted, and so the youngest son agreed to play.

When he rode onto the field, he saw his middle brother playing *jirit*. Knowing that his middle brother was to be the groom, the youngest son aimed his *jirit* at him. The *jirit* struck the middle brother in the chest and came out through his back, killing him almost immediately. Again there was great confusion, and people began shouting, "The *padişah's* son has been killed! Catch that man! Catch that murderer!" But that was impossible, for his chestnut-colored horse was so fast that nobody could catch him.

The very sad *padişah* now began another period of mourning. In the meantime, the youngest daughter of the *Padişah* of the Fairies had a messenger ask the master

jeweler to come to the palace to talk with her. She asked him, "Did you make these golden lifelike animals all by yourself?"

He said, "Yes, I did them by myself."

She then said, "If you were able to make them by yourself, then you should be able to make others like them now right here before my eyes."

When the jeweler heard that, he realized that he could no longer lie about this matter. He told the girl the whole truth about their being made by the *Keloğlan* who was his assistant.

The girl asked to see this *Keloğlan*, and when he was brought to the palace, she recognized him immediately by the ring he wore. She then said to the *padişah*, "My great *padişah*, this is your youngest son, and I am his bride." She then went on to tell the *padişah* about everything that had happened from beginning to end.

The *padişah* was delighted at finding his long-lost youngest son. He had been told by his older sons that their young brother had been killed.

The youngest daughter of the *Padişah* of the Fairies and the youngest son of the *padişah* of that land were married. Their wedding celebration lasted for forty days and forty nights.

All these people went into soil long, long ago; we are still living upon its surface.

If there was ever reverse psychology...

Mustafa Yandı; Ortahisar Village, Ürgüp, Nevşehir. 1988
Story # 1091

Keloğlan as Dead Bridegroom

Keloğlan, the ringworm boy, may have had a very unpleasant appearance, but he was a clever one. He fell in love with a girl in his district, but he was not able either to tell her about his love or to ask her family for her hand. After thinking about this for some time, he at last arrived at a very clever scheme to win the girl. He called his mother, "Mother! Mother! Come here!"

"What is the matter with you, my son?" his mother asked.

Keloğlan said, "Mother, I am going to lie down here as if I were dead. You must begin to cry and say, 'Oh, my *Keloğlan*, my ringworm boy, is dead! He was too young to die, and his wishes were not fulfilled!'" Then he lay down as if dead.

His mother immediately began to lament. She cried and said, "Oh my *Keloğlan*, my ringworm boy, is dead! He was too young to die, and his wishes were not yet fulfilled!"

The neighbors soon heard the mothers lamenting, and they began to come to her house. Among them were the girl *Keloğlan* loved and her family. They all saw *Keloğlan* lying dead on the floor, and they all expressed their sympathy to his mother. The family of his loved one said, "If you had wanted to have *Keloğlan* married to our daughter, we should have given her to him." They thought to themselves, "Now he is dead, there can be no harm in saying this."

But that was exactly what *Keloğlan* had been waiting for. His whole scheme had been carried out in order to have them utter that sentence. As soon as he heard them say it, he jumped up immediately and grabbed the girl. They therefore both had all of their wishes fulfilled.

This must be the ultimate lesson in commerce, 'buy low, sell high.'

Fevziye Abla, Kilis, Gaziantep, 1990
Story # 1189

How Keloğlan Got a Bride for a Chickpea

Once there was and twice there wasn't, in that old time when the sieve was in the straw, there was a Keloğlan. This poor boy was walking along the street one day when he found a chickpea. Picking up the chickpea, Keloğlan went to the nearest house and knocked on the door. When a woman opened the door, he said to her, "Mother, will you keep this chickpea for me until I can return for it?" When the woman agreed to this, Keloğlan handed her the chickpea and left.

That evening Keloğlan returned to the same house and again knocked on the door. When the woman opened it, he said, "mother, I have come for my chickpea. Give it to me."

"O-h-h! A chicken ate your chickpea while you were gone."

"Well, if you cannot give me back my chickpea, you must give me the chicken that ate it. I shall not leave this door until you do!" shouted Keloğlan.

"All right! Take this chicken and go away!"

Keloğlan took the chicken and went to a nearby house, where he knocked on the door. "Who is it?" a woman called from inside.

"It is I, *Keloğlan*. Mother, will you keep this chicken for a while for me? I shall return it later."

Opening the door, the woman said, "Very well, my son. Give it to me." Taking the chicken from him, she put it in her stable. Now, it happened that there was a type of oven called a *tandır*. The chicken fell into the *tandır* and eventually became *kebab*, which the people of the household ate.

When *Keloğlan* returned, he asked, "Mother, where is my chicken?"

"My son, your chicken fell into a *tandır* and became *kebab*. It was then eaten by the children."

"Well, if you cannot give me back my chicken, then you must give me the *tandır*. Until you do, I shall not leave this door," said *Keloğlan*. He stood there before the door, making the sound "*Dombudu, lak, lak, lak. Dombudu, lak, lak, lak.*"

The woman said, "Let us give him the *tandır* in order to make him leave." Pulling the oven out of the ground, she handed it to *Keloğlan*.

Without saying another word, the boy took the *tandır* and left. He went to another house and knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" called a woman from inside.

"It is *Keloğlan*. Mother, will you keep this *tandır* here for me until I return for it?"

Taking the *tandır*, the woman put it in their stable. In that part of the stable there was a cow, and as the cow was walking about, it kicked the *tandır*. The earthenware *tandır* was in this way broken into several pieces.

After a while *Kelođlan* returned and knocked on the door. "Who is it?" called the woman.

Where is my *tandır*? I have come for it."

"Oh, my son, the cow kicked it and broke it."

"Don't tell me that! Give me either my *tandır* or the cow that broke it. Until you do, I shall never leave your door." Then he began to drum upon the door, "*Dombudu, lak, lak, lak. Dombudu, lak, lak, lak.*"

When the people of that house could not stand any longer the noise he was making, they gave *Kelođlan* the cow. Leading the cow a short distance away, he knocked on still another door.

"Who is it?" a woman inside asked.

"It is *Kelođlan*. Mother, please keep my cow for a while. I shall come back later for it."

"All right, son. You may leave it here," said the woman. She took the animal to her stable and tied it there. That woman had a son who was being married that day, and many people had been invited to the wedding feast. In order to have enough food to feed all of the guests, they slaughtered *Kelođlan's* cow and cooked the meat.

That evening while the feast was going on, *Kelođlan* returned. "Where is my cow?" he asked.

The woman said, "My son, we had such a large crowd of people to celebrate the wedding of my son and his bride that we had to kill your cow in order to feed everybody."

"Well, then, if you cannot give me back my cow, you must give me the bride. Otherwise I shall never leave your door." As before, he began beating upon the door, "*Dombudu, lak, lak, lak. Dombudu, lak, lak, lak.*"

"*Aman! Aman!*" said the people of that house. "We cannot stand that noise! We don't really need this bride!" And so they gave the bride to *Kelođlan*.

"I got a bride for a chickpea!" said *Kelođlan*. "Let us now arrange a wedding celebration!"

Drums were beaten and *zurnas* were played. Then *Kelođlan* was married to the bride he had gained for a chickpea. We ate and drank with the rest of the guests, and it was a very nice wedding.

One of the interesting aspects involves the 'location' of the sheep, in this case it is the sea. The next story is just about the same length, but the are located in the 'river.' In both loci, the residences of narrators are about equidistant from the sea, and not particularly close to a river; thus providing another example of how stories 'travel.'

Violence is rare in Kelođlan stories. This may be an exception, involving no less than 'drumhead justice,' reminding us that in many countries a cuckolded husband who caught his wife in bed with another man had the legal right to kill her on the spot.

Ramazan Tepekaya. Maldan, Muradiye, Manisa. 1984
Story # 2135

Kelođlan and the Sheep in the Sea

Once there was a *Kelođlan* who lived in a village. One day he took a walk through that village, and on his way, he came to the home of one of his friends. That friend invited him to be a guest at his home, but then he excused himself in order to attend very briefly to some matters of business at a mill in the next village.

Kelođlan and his friend's wife remained there while the husband was gone. The wife said, "You can spend all the time you want with my husband when he returns from the mill." But he was still not back by the time darkness descended, and *Kelođlan* decided to spend the night there.

Whenever her husband was away from home, that woman carried on a love affair with another man. She knew that her lover would soon be arriving, and so she told *Kelođlan* to leave the house. But *Kelođlan* had been invited by the husband to spend the night, and so he did not wish to leave. He said, "I can sleep over there in that dark corner, where I shall not be any bother to anyone." He immediately went into that corner and fell asleep.

Later in the evening the lover knocked on the door, awakening *Kelođlan*. He observed that the new guest went immediately to the bedroom of the house. *Kelođlan* waited silently and patiently until all conversation and sounds ceased in the bedroom. When he heard the lovers snoring, he went quietly to the kitchen, where he heated some water in a kettle. Silently he crept into the bedroom and poured the boiling hot water into the open mouth of the wife's lover, killing the man at once.

A short while later the husband returned, knocked on the door, and called to his wife. When the wife made no response, *Kelođlan* opened the door to his friend. Once inside, the husband asked, "What has been going on in here?"

Without answering that question fully, *Kelođlan* said only, "He was a guest in this house, but he is dead now."

"No, there is no other guest in the house unless you had arranged to bring some other person here." But when *Kelođlan* brought the corpse from the bedroom, the husband understood the situation. He said, "*Kelođlan*, take that dead body away from this house."

Before *Kelođlan* could carry away the corpse, there was another knock on the door. It was made by relatives of the lover. They said, "We know that our cousin came to this house last evening, but he did not return home this morning, as he said he would. If he has come to any harm here, we shall report the matter to the local judge."

The husband did not permit the relatives of the lover to enter the house. He said to them, "There has been no guest in the house except for my good friend *Kelođlan*.

After the relatives had gone, both the husband and the unfaithful paid *Kelođlan* money to take away the corpse on his back and, in the dim light of dawn, began to search for a place to leave it. After he had walked some distance, he grew tired, and so he entered a garden to rest for a while. He placed the corpse in a heap on the ground, and then he sat down beside it. When the owner of the garden saw dimly the two intruders, he called out, "Hey, fellows, what are you doing there?" When no answer was returned, the owner threw his heavy club, which missed *Kelođlan* but struck the corpse.

Kelođlan then jumped up and shouted at the owner of the garden, "You have killed my dear friend. What a terrible thing to do! I shall go at once to the judge and report this crime!"

"No, no! said the owner of the garden. "I shall give you a large amount of money not to report this matter to anyone."

"How much money?" *Kelođlan* asked.

"This much." Answered the man as he handed *Kelođlan* a bag of gold coins.

Leaving the corpse there to be disposed of by the owner of the garden, *Kelođlan* returned to his village. There he began to spend money freely. When his neighbors observed this, they asked him, "How did you suddenly become so rich?"

"I heard that in such and such village there was a shortage of cowhide. I killed my cow, skinned it, and then cut its hide into several pieces. The people at such and such village paid me high prices for those pieces of leather."

"Are you serious?" the neighbors asked him.

"Of course I am. You have known me all my life, and you know that most of the time I have been a poor man. Except for discovering some opportunity like this shortage of leather, how could I now be a rich man?"

Several of the men there decided to take advantage of this shortage of cowhide in the nearby village. Each of them slaughtered a cow and took its hide to that nearby village. At the marketplace there they shouted loudly, "Leather, fine leather for sale!" When no one at the marketplace bought even a single piece of cowhide, those simple men walked through the village, from house to house, trying in vain to sell hide. They finally realized that they had been badly deceived by *Kelođlan*.

Very angry at *Kelođlan*, they returned to their own village and beat him severely. But this punishment did not satisfy their continuing wish for revenge. The villagers talked among themselves about this matter. Finally one of them said, "We should get rid of him forever before he tricks us in some other scheme. Let us throw him into the sea."

They captured *Kelođlan*, placed him in a bag, and tied the neck of that bag tightly. They carried that bag to a cliff above the sea and left it there to go home for lunch. They felt that they would enjoy drowning him more when their stomachs were filled.

While they were gone, *Kelođlan* began crying and shouting, "No, no! I do not want that! I do not want to do it!"

A shepherd herding his flock in a nearby field heard these shouts, and he wondered, "What is the matter with that man?" Going to the bag from which the shouting came the shepherd asked, "What is the matter with you? What is it that you do not want?"

Keloğlan answered, "I do not want to marry the *padişah's* daughter, but I am going to be forced to do so. How could I ever provide a princess with the kind of life she has lived at the palace?"

"You must be joking," answered the shepherd. "How could any man pass up the opportunity to marry the *padişah's* daughter. I should do anything I could to marry the princess."

"If you feel that way about it, then why don't you exchange places with me? I could tie you in this bag, and then you would be the one that is carried to the palace." When the shepherd agreed to this, he untied the strings that held the bag shut. *Keloğlan* stepped out of the bag and tied the shepherd inside it. *Keloğlan* gathered together the flock of sheep and began to lead it home in a roundabout way.

After lunch *Keloğlan's* enemies returned to the cliff. Two of the strongest among them hoisted the heavy bag above their heads and heaved it from the cliff into the sea below. Feeling fully avenged now, the villagers began walking home. On their way, they were amazed to see *Keloğlan* leading a flock of sheep. They exclaimed, "What?! Can this be true?"

"You threw me off the cliff at a place where a great many sheep graze at the bottom of the sea. I managed to lead forty of those sheep out of the water and onto dry land."

"What? Is such a thing possible?" asked the other villagers.

"Yes. Go and see for yourselves."

The villagers ran back to the cliff and threw themselves into the sea in order to capture some of the sheep grazing beneath the waves. But the surf was pounding so hard against the base of the cliff that no one could survive in it. All were drowned.

Ayla Demirtürk. Yeşilova, Acıpayam, Denizli. 1997
 Story # 1949

Keloğlan and the Sheep in the River

One day *Keloğlan* wished to take the family donkey to the marketplace and sell it. After his mother had approved of this, *Keloğlan* took the donkey and started to the market. He was very pleased to be entrusted with this important undertaking.

Along the way he met two neighbors. They asked him, "What is going on, *Keloğlan*? Where are you going?"

"I am going to the marketplace to sell this donkey."

"Would you like to sell that donkey for a very high price?" they asked.

"Of course I want to get as much money as I can for it," answered *Keloğlan*.

"If that is the case, then you should cut off the ears and the tail of the donkey. In that condition it will bring the highest price."

Because *Keloğlan* was very naïve, he believed what his cruel neighbors told him. Borrowing a knife from one of the men, he cut off the ears and tail of the donkey. After that, he proceeded to the marketplace, where nobody would buy his mutilated donkey for any price. As soon as he discovered this, *Keloğlan* made up his mind to take vengeance against the two men who had deceived him. On his way home he stopped at the house where these two men lived. Entering their barn very quietly, he took their cow and tied in its place the mutilated donkey.

His mother was amazed to see *Keloğlan* return with a cow. "What is this, my son?"

Keloğlan answered, "Mother, in the marketplace there were so many cows that the merchants there were pleased to trade one of them for a donkey." Because cows were usually worth much more than donkeys, his mother was very pleased with the exchange he had made.

On the other hand, the two neighbors who had lost their cow were greatly displeased. They were shocked to find the earless and tailless donkey in the barn in place of their cow. They did not have to be told who it was that had taken their cow, and so they immediately began to search for *Keloğlan*.

After *Keloğlan* had returned home, he prepared to go to work in one of the family's fields. Before going, however, he took from a cage a pair of baby foxes which he had captured a few days earlier. He tied one of these to a post in front of the house and put the other in a sack to take with him to the field. As he was leaving, he said, "Mother, today I feel like eating *pilav* (rice dish) with some meat in it, but don't bother to cook anything else."

His two treacherous neighbors found *Keloğlan* plowing his field. Very angry, they ran to him shouting, "Where is our cow? What have you done with it? Why did you steal our cow and leave your ugly donkey in our barn?"

Keloğlan, remaining very calm, said, "Stop shouting and screaming! We can come to some agreement about this matter." But the two men continued shouting that they wanted their cow, not an agreement. *Keloğlan* then said, "The cow is in my yard.

Let us go to my house and there have dinner together. Then you may take your cow and leave." The two men were so furious, however, that they heard nothing of what *Kelođlan* had said. They kept demanding their cow back right then. But *Kelođlan* again invited them to dinner at his home, and this time the two men quieted down and accepted *Kelođlan's* invitation.

Kelođlan then took the baby fox from its bag and pretended to be talking to it. He said, "Fox, go my my home and tell my mother to cook rice *pilav* with meat in it. Tell her also that I shall bring two guests home for dinner." After that he freed the baby fox, which fled immediately.

The two men were astonished by *Kelođlan's* behavior. They thought that he must be totally mad. How could he ask a fox to carry a message to his mother? How could a fox find its way to his home?

After he had worked a little longer, *Kelođlan* said, "Let us now go to my home. The fox must have arrived there some time ago, and by now my mother has probably cooked the *pilav*. As they approached *Kelođlan's* house, the two treacherous neighbors were surprised to see the baby fox tied outside the house door.

When they entered the house, these two man were again surprised to discover that *Kelođlan's* mother had indeed cooked *pilav* containing meat. They concluded from this that the fox must be an unusually clever animal, and they decided that they wanted to have it. They said, " *Kelođlan*, you may keep the cow if you will give us your clever fox."

But *Kelođlan* acted reluctant about making this exchange. He said , "No, I cannot give you that young fox, for he is really a great help to me. He does everything I assign him to do." After that the two men offered to give *Kelođlan* some money as well as the cow for the fox. Acting as if he were doing them a great favor, *Kelođlan* said to the men, "Very well, if you want that fox so badly, I shall let you have it." So *Kelođlan* received both the cow and some money for the baby fox.

The two men took the fox and started home with it. Along the way they spoke to the fox, saying, "Run along ahead of us and tell our wives that we want them to cook beans for dinner today." They then released the fox, which ran off toward the mountains.

When the men arrived home, they found that their wives had not cooked beans for dinner. They asked the women, "Didn't the fox come here and tell you that we wanted you to prepare beans for dinner?"

The women answered, "What fox are you talking about? We have not seen any fox today."

Of course the two men became aware at once that they had been cheated again by *Kelođlan*. They still did not realize that *Kelođlan* had used two baby foxes to accomplish this trick. Those two men made a compact with each other to punish *Kelođlan*. That night passed very slowly for them. They kept wishing and wishing for morning to arrive. Shortly after sunrise they went to *Kelođlan's* field, where they found him already at work. They grabbed him and put him in a large bag which they had brought along. *Kelođlan* begged for mercy, but the men were so angry that they did not listen to his pleas. They left the field, taking turns carrying *Kelođlan* on their shoulders. After a while they were tired by this heavy load, and so they decided to stop, buy some food to eat, and then rest for a while. They left *Kelođlan* in the bag a short distance from the road.

While the two treacherous neighbors were eating and resting, a flock of sheep came along that road. *Kelođlan* could hear their bells ringing as they walked along, and he knew that there had to be a shepherd tending them. *Kelođlan* started shouting shouting, "I do not want to do so! I do not want to do so! I do not want to marry the *padiřah's* daughter!"

Hearing this voice coming from the bag, the shepherd went closer to it and said, "O Allah! Allah! What is going on here?"

When *Kelođlan* realized that the shepherd was now even closer to the bag, he started shouting much more loudly, "I do not want to! I do not want to marry the *padiřah's* daughter!"

The shepherd asked, "O Allah, can what I am hearing really be true?"

Kelođlan then said, "They are going to force me to marry the *padiřah's* daughter. That is why they have me tied in this bag."

The shepherd said with enthusiasm, "I should like very much to marry the *padiřah's* daughter."

"Well, if that is the case," said *Kelođlan*, "let me get out of this bag, and you can get into it."

The shepherd eagerly agreed to this. He gave all of his sheep to *Kelođlan* and then climbed into the bag. *Kelođlan* tied the bag shut and led his flock away.

Shortly after that the two treacherous neighbors awakened. They said, "Oh, we have rested long enough. We should finish our task." They recovered their bag and took turns carrying it to the high bank of a river. Thinking that *Kelođlan* was still in that bag, they threw it into the river. On their way home, however, they were suddenly astonished to see *Kelođlan* leading a large flock of sheep. One of the men said, "We threw you into the river just a short while ago. How did you manage to get out of that bag and come here?"

The second man asked, "where did you get that fine flock of sheep?"

"Oh, that river into which you threw me is full of sheep. I grabbed as many as I could and pulled them onto the bank, but I saw many larger sheep which I, being alone, could not catch."

When the treacherous neighbors heard *Kelođlan's* account. They could not wait to get some of those sheep for themselves. They rushed to the riverbank, where they both jumped into the water. Unfortunately for them, neither knew how to swim, and so they both drowned.

Kelođlan then led his sheep home. With their cow, their sheep, and some hard work, *Kelođlan* and his mother lived very comfortably after that.

Those two evil men thought themselves very clever. They thought that because *Kelođlan* was just a naïve boy, they could abuse him and outwith him. But in the end, *Kelođlan* overcame the evil of his two treacherous neighbors.

What goes around, comes around. With dividends of love and satisfaction; including marriage to the most beautiful girl in the world. That is, if one does good deeds, especially without expecting anything in return. Of course, bad deeds do not go unpunished.

Ülker Gölcük, Konya, 1989
Story # 1297

Keloğlan and the Lost but Recovered Ring

Once there was and once there wasn't in a certain part of Turkish Republic a *Keloğlan* who lived with his mother. They were very poor, but *Keloğlan* did nothing to improve their situation. He sat about lazily or he lay about sleeping.

Keloğlan's mother slowly spent most of the money which she had inherited from her husband at the time of his death. One day she gave her son a gold piece and said to him, "My baldheaded boy, take this piece of gold to the marketplace and with it buy some bread, some cheese, some olives and some olive oil."

Taking the money from her hand, *Keloğlan* said, "All right, Mother," and started out for the marketplace. Along the way he saw some neighborhood children playing with a puppy around which they had tied a rope. Hearing the puppy barking and whining in pain, *Keloğlan* felt sorry for the animal. "Children, my friends, please do not do that. You are intelligent children, and you should not do such a thing to an innocent puppy. This puppy is a living creature and it has feelings, just as we do. You may injure it by doing that."

But no matter what *Keloğlan* said, the children refused to pay any heed to his words. They said, "Ha-a-a, ha-a-a, *Keloğlan!* Go take a look at your bald head, but do not bother us!"

Keloğlan gave up all attempts to argue with them and proceeded on his way. But he had taken only a few steps when he heard the puppy crying piteously again, and he could not help returning to it. He said, "Children, you are civilized people. You cannot mistreat an innocent puppy in this way. It is a living creature, and it has feelings just as we do."

But again the children ignored what he said. They taunted him, saying, "Ha-a-a, ha-a-a, *Keloğlan!* Go and take a look at your bald head, but do not bother us!"

Then *Keloğlan* began to think about what he might do to free this innocent puppy from the cruelty of the children. Suddenly he remembered the gold piece that he had in his pocket. Turning again to the children, he said, "If you will free that puppy, I shall give you a gold piece with which you could buy something for yourselves." When the children got that money, they dropped the rope binding the puppy and they ran away. *Keloğlan* released the puppy and went back home.

When his mother saw him returning empty handed, she asked, "What have you done? Where is the food?"

Kelođlan answered, "Mother, while I was on the way to the marketplace, I saw some children torturing a puppy. I could not stand their doing this, and so I gave them the gold piece to free the puppy."

"Oh my bald son, my stupid son, my good-for-nothing son! How on earth could you do such a thing? What are we going to eat, and how are we going to survive?" She was very angry at *Kelođlan*, but there was nothing that she could do about what had happened. After a while she called her son to her and said, "Here is the next to the last piece of gold that we have. Take it to the market and get the food which I told you to buy before."

"All right, Mother." Said *Kelođlan*. He took the money and set forth again toward the marketplace. This time as he walked along he saw the children playing with a kitten. They had a rope tied around the kitten, and they kept jerking it back and forth by yanking the rope. He said, "Children, don't do that! Shame on you! It is sinful to do such a thing!"

"Ha-a-a, ha-a-a, *Kelođlan*! Go and take a look at your bald head before you speak to us in that way."

Kelođlan said no more and started to walk away. But when he heard the kitten shrieking in pain, he turned back and pleaded with the children again. "Children, my friends, you are intelligent, too intelligent to do such cruel things to a harmless little kitten. You may injure this creature which has life and feelings like your own." No matter what he said, however, the children paid no attention to his words. Then *Kelođlan* remembered the piece of gold in his pocket. "Take this money," he said, "and free the kitten. Then go buy something for yourselves." As soon as they saw the money, they took it and left. Untying the kitten, *Kelođlan* set it free. Then he returned to his home.

When his mother saw him coming, she again asked, "What did you do? Where is the food? Didn't you buy any?"

"Mother, this time when I was on my way to the marketplace, I saw some children torturing a small kitten, I asked them to stop their cruel behavior toward the cat, but they refused. Unable to bear the pained screams of the kitten, I finally gave them the gold piece to set the kitten free."

"Oh my bald boy, my stupid by, my good-for-nothing son! How could you do such a thing? How are we going to survive? What shall we eat and drink? How in the world could you do such a thing?" She was very angry, but there was nothing that she could do about it. After a while she called her son to her again and said, "Here is our very last piece of gold. If you fail to buy food with this coin, we shall have nothing at all to eat. This is our last chance to buy some food."

"Mother, I promise that this time I shall buy food, no matter what else may happen. Believe me!" Saying this, he put the coin in his pocket and left the house.

This time he saw that the children were abusing a baby snake. They had a string tied around it, and they were twitching it to the right and left. Again he tried to reason with the children. "You are too clever and too refined to do such an evil thing to a small and harmless snake! What did it do to you?"

"What is the matter with you, *Kelođlan*? Worry about your own bald head and do not bother us!"

Keloĝlan started away but then he heard the baby snake again hissing loudly, as if it were in pain. Not being able to stand this, *Keloĝlan* returned and tried a second time to persuade the children to stop their cruel behavior, but the children ignored his pleas. Then he remembered the gold coin in his pocket, but he was so upset about the suffering of the baby snake that he forgot completely the promise he had made his mother to buy food with the coin. It was not until he had untied and released the snake that he suddenly remembered the promise he had given. He then began to wonder how he could explain all of this to his mother. Turning this problem over and over his mind, *Keloĝlan* walked along aimlessly. His footsteps carried him to a small valley, where he sat down upon a large stone. As he sat there, two thoughts filled his mind. One thought was about his being hungry. The other thought concerned what he was going to tell his mother. As he was thinking deeply, he became aware of a rustling noise. Looking up, he discovered that the rustling noise was being made by the approach of a huge snake.

The snake said to him, "Hello, *Keloĝlan*! What are you thinking about so deeply?"

"Nothing of importance."

"Then do not think so deeply! I have been looking for you," said the snake.

"Why should you be looking for me? What is the matter?"

"Well, today you saved the life of my baby."

"What baby?"

"Why, the baby snake that you rescued from the children. That little snake was my baby. Because you saved its life, I shall give you anything you wish. What do you wish?"

"What do I wish? Nothing," said the boy.

"Very well," answered the snake, but I shall give you my address so that you will know where to find me if you ever find yourself in need or in difficulty."

All right," said *Keloĝlan*, but it was only after the snake had left that the boy came to his senses. "I am in need right now! I am hungry, and my mother is waiting for me at home! I shall go to the huge snake and ask for something right away!" He found the address which he had been given, but only with some difficulty. As he was approaching the front door of the house at that address, he was stopped by several guards.

"What are you looking for?" they asked him.

"I am looking for the very large snake which gave me this address.

"That snake is our leader and master," said the guards, and they led *Keloĝlan* into the presence of the great snake.

When the snake saw *Keloĝlan*, it said, "Welcome! Have a seat." Then after they have talked for a while, the snake said, "You may take anything that you wish from this room." *Keloĝlan* wandered around the room and was fascinated by all of the things he saw there. He finally chose to take a small ring. The huge snake then said to him, "*Keloĝlan*, this is not only a ring to wear on your finger, for it has other more important uses. Whenever you want something, all you have to do is to knock this ring against something. After you have done that, forty giants will appear and ask you, 'What do you want, our master?' Those giants will be visible only to you."

Keloĝlan was overjoyed by what the huge snake had told him. Taking the ring, he ran home at once, for he now would be able to provide the food which he was supposed to have bought with his mother's last gold coin.

When his mother saw *Keloğlan* approaching their home, she was alarmed, for she observed that he was empty-handed again. She exclaimed, "Oh my son, what have you done to us? Where is the food you were supposed to bring? What are we going to eat and drink?"

"Don't worry, Mother. Everything is going to be all right." Going to his room, he sat there for a few minutes to catch his breath. Then he put the ring on his finger and knocked it against the table.

Forty giants appeared immediately and asked, "What is your command, our master? What is it you want?"

"Prepare a good meal for me and my mother." After a brief time has passed, *Keloğlan* glanced at the table and saw that it was covered with every kind of food he had ever seen. He then called out loudly, "Come mother! Let us eat!"

His mother was quite bewildered when she saw the many dishes of food. She was speechless, but to herself she thought, "How could he have prepared all these different kinds of food in such a short time? And how could he have done this while he was sitting here in his room?" But she ate as much of the food as she could without asking any questions.

For *Keloğlan* and his mother, life now became very easy. Whatever they wanted they simply asked for, and almost immediately these things just appeared before them.

After living comfortably for some time, *Keloğlan* decided that he wanted to marry the *Padişah's* daughter. He called his mother and said, "Mother, go to the palace and ask the *Padişah* for the hand of his daughter in marriage to me.

"Oh, my bald son, my stupid son, my good-for-nothing son! What are you thinking about? Where is the *Padişah* and where are you? You seem to forget your bald head. Furthermore, you have no job. How could you possibly marry the *Padişah's* daughter?"

"No, no!" shouted *Keloğlan*. "You go and do as I directed! I want the *Padişah's* daughter! I want the *Padişah's* daughter."

After further argument about this matter, the woman got dressed and went to the palace. When she was finally admitted into the council room, she found that the *Padişah* was not there. There were in that room, however, three chairs---one made of gold, one made of silver, and one made of bronze. She sat down in the bronze chair. After a short while some servants of the *Padişah* entered the room and put some money in her hand. They then said, "Go home now, mother."

When she got home, she said, "My son, I sat in the bronze chair in the council room. Servants gave me some money and told me to go home. Here I am."

"Did I send you there for money, my clumsy mother?" asked *Keloğlan* angrily.

The next morning *Keloğlan* directed his mother to go to the *Padişah's* palace again. "Go there and ask for the hand of the *Padişah's* daughter in marriage to me."

"Don't do this to me! She pleaded. "I am unable to handle such a matter."

"Yes, you can do it, Mother! said *Keloğlan*.

Returning to the palace, the woman went into the council room and this time sat down in the silver chair. Immediately some servants entered and asked, "Woman, it must be a job that you want. Come with us!" They took her to the palace kitchen, where she worked all day long. In the evening they gave her some money and sent her home again.

When she arrived there her son asked, "Well, what happened?"

"Today I sat on the silver chair in the *Padişah's* council room. As a result, they gave me a job in the kitchen, where I worked all day long. When evening arrived, they gave me some money and sent me home, Son"

Keloğlan was very angry at what she had reported. He said, "You will go to the palace again tomorrow, and this time you will sit in the gold chair."

Following these directions, the woman went to the palace on the next day. This time when she entered the council room, she went to the gold chair and sat upon it. Seeing this woman sitting in the gold chair, the *Padişah's* daughter recognized her at once as *Keloğlan's* mother. She went at once to the golden chair and kicked the woman so hard that she fell from the chair onto the floor.

Still crying when she got home, *Keloğlan's* mother said, "Oh my bald son, my stupid son, do you now see what kind of difficulty you have caused me?"

"That is no excuse, Mother. You must go to the palace again tomorrow."

Next morning the woman went again to the palace and again she sat in the golden chair. Again the *Padişah's* daughter entered the room and kicked her out of the chair. She kicked her so severely that the woman left the palace in great pain and confusion. When she got home, she said to *Keloğlan*, "Look at how I am suffering! Why don't you give up the idea of marrying the *Padişah's* daughter?"

"No, no, I shall never give up my wish to marry the *Padişah's* daughter!"

On the following day the woman went still once more to the palace, but this time the *Padişah* noticed her as she entered the building. He asked his daughter, "What does that woman want here?" When he got no answer, he asked the woman herself, "Mother, what do you want?"

The woman responded, "I have come by the will of Allah and the consent of the Prophet to ask for the hand of your daughter in marriage to my son."

"What kind of job does your son have?"

"He has no job, He does nothing," the mother answered.

"Very well, then," said the *Padişah*. "You go back to your son and tell him that if he can get make yonder mountains disappear tonight, I shall think about his proposal."

"All right," said the woman and left.

Keloğlan was waiting impatiently for his mother at home. When she arrived there, he asked, "Well, what happened?"

"What you should have expected to happen. They did not consent to give their daughter to you. In order to avoid giving the girl to you, the *Padişah* said that he would consider the matter only if tonight you can make the mountains opposite the palace disappear. It is impossible to do that, of course."

"Don't worry about that, Mother. I shall get rid of the mountains."

"Oh, my stupid son! Exclaimed his mother.

That night *Keloğlan* put the magic ring on his finger and knocked it against the wall. Forty giants appeared at once and asked, "Our master, what do you wish?"

"During this night you are to cause the disappearance of the mountains just beyond the *Padişah's* palace."

Saying, "We accept your order, our master." The giants then disappeared. As soon as they had left, *Keloğlan* fell asleep.

When the *Padişah* arose the next morning, he gazed out the front windows of the palace and was amazed to discover that the mountains had disappeared. Where they had once been was now a perfectly level plain. "Allah, O Allah!" he said. "How could he have accomplished this task?"

As soon as *Keloğlan* woke up that morning, he awakened his mother too. "Mother, let us look out and see if the mountains still stand opposite the *Padişah's* palace." They looked out and saw no mountains at all, but only a smooth plain. "Go again to the palace, Mother, and we shall see what the *Padişah* does after this."

When she went to the palace and was shown into the presence of the *Padişah*, she said, "Your Majesty, the mountains are gone."

"Yes, your son actually made them disappear. Now I have another task for him to undertake. Out there where the mountains once stood, I want him to create a small sea for me."

"I shall tell my son you wish," said the woman and left. When she got home, she said to *Keloğlan*, "That *Padişah* will never give you his daughter! He now demands that you create a small sea opposite his palace in the place where the mountains once stood."

"Don't worry, Mother. Doing that is one of the easiest things in the world to accomplish."

After darkness had arrived and his mother had gone to sleep, *Keloğlan* put on his magic ring and rapped it against the wall. When the forty giants arrived for his orders, he said, "tonight I want you to create a small sea opposite the *Padişah's* palace in the place where the mountains once stood."

"Yes, master," the giants said.

When the *Padişah* looked outside the following morning, he saw a clear blue sea stretching away from his palace a considerable distance. Astonished, he exclaimed, "Allah, O Allah! How in the world did he manage to do that?"

Again *Keloğlan* awakened his mother early to see that he had fulfilled the *Padişah's* orders. "Mother, go to the palace again today. Let us see what the *Padişah* says now?"

The mother was amazed at the newly created sea before the palace. Getting dressed properly, she again went to that palace to talk with the *Padişah*. The *Padişah* said to her, "Your son has done very well again. This time he created a sea opposite this palace. But I have a third request to make of him. I want him to build a golden palace that matches my silver palace in every detail. I want him to build it on the other side of the newly created sea directly opposite from my palace."

Sayin only, "All right," the woman turned away and went home. There she said to her son, "The *Padişah* wants you to build a golden palace exactly like his silver palace. He wants it built across the sea on the shore exactly opposite from his own palace. This, of course, is impossible."

"It may not be impossible, Mother. Don't worry about it." After his mother had gone to sleep, *Keloğlan* rapped the ring and called the giants to him. When they arrived, he said to them, "I want you to build a golden palace exactly like the *Padişah's* silver palace. I want you to place it across the sea on the shore directly opposite his palace."

"Yes, master," said the giants and disappeared.

"In the morning when the *Padişah* gazed out his window, the sun was glittering so brightly from the gold palace on the opposite shore of the small sea that he could not open his eyes all the way. It was so bright that he could only squint at it. "Allah, O Allah!" he said. "I shall never get rid of that *Keloğlan*!"

Awakening his mother that morning, *Keloğlan* said to her, "Go to the palace again today. Let us see what else the *Padişah* can think to ask for!"

When she arrived at the palace, she was met by the *Padişah*, who said to her, "Your son has done all of the things that I requested of him, and I shall not ask for anything more. I shall now give my daughter to your son in marriage."

His daughter was greatly upset by this decision of the *Padişah*, for she was secretly in love with another man. She thought this way and she thought that way in an effort to find some solution to her problem, but she could not think of anything to avert her marriage to *Keloğlan*. After the usual wedding celebration of forty days and forty nights, the girl was delivered to the nuptial chamber, and the two became man and wife.

After their marriage, the *Padişah's* daughter was surprised to see how *Keloğlan* managed to live. He did no work at all, but still he led a comfortable life. Even though he set about all day long, meals appeared before him, and all of his needs were somehow taken care of. "How does he manage this?" she asked herself. One day she began following him around from a distance and secretly observing everything he did. She saw that he had no special skills or talents, and she finally concluded that all of his power was in some way derived from his ring.

While *Keloğlan* was sleeping on the following night, his wife slipped the ring from his finger and put it on her own finger. When she rapped it against something, as she had seen *Keloğlan* do, she suddenly saw forty giants standing before her. They said to her, "What is your command, our master? What do you want us to do?"

She answered, "First I want you to put this *keloğlan* in a bag and throw it on a garbage dump on a distant shore of the sea. After you have done that, come back here again." After the giants had put *Keloğlan* in a bag and thrown him on a distant garbage heap, they returned. "Now," said the *Padişah's* daughter, "I want you to bring my lover to me." This they did very quickly, and *Keloğlan's* wife and her lover enjoyed the rest of the night together.

When *Keloğlan* woke up just before dawn, he realized that something smelled bad. When he managed to tear the bag and get out of it, he found that he was no longer in his palace. "Allah Allah! Where am I?" When the light increased, he discovered that he was in a garbage dump. He was utterly confounded by the situation in which he now found himself. "This must be some trick of the *Padişah's* daughter! But what can I do now?"

As *Keloğlan* was sitting there deep in thought, a dog came along and barked, "Hav! Hav! Hav!" It then asked, "*Keloğlan, ağa bey*, what are you doing?"

"What should I be doing? I am thinking very deeply here among all this rubbish."

"What is your difficulty, *Keloğlan, ağa bey*?"

"Go away! Don't cause me further trouble!"

"*Keloğlan*, you do not recognize me. I am the one you rescued from the cruel children."

"Oh, yes, you are right! I did not recognize you."

After they had become better acquainted with each other, the dog asked, "What is your problem? What can I do to help you?"

After *Kelođlan* had explained his wife's treachery and his loss of the magic ring, he said, "But what can you do about this? My palace is on another shore of this sea. We have no means of crossing this sea, and so there is nothing that we can do to resolve my problem."

"I can swim to your palace, but after I get there, how should I go about getting the magic ring from the finger of the *Padiřah's* daughter?"

"I do not know how you could manage to do that."

After they had been talking for a short while, they saw a kitten approaching them. "Meow, meow, meow! *Kelođlan, ađa bey*, how are you?"

"Go away! Do not add to my troubles!"

"*Kelođlan, ađa bey*, don't you remember me? Some time ago you rescued me from some cruel children."

"Yes, I remember that now."

"*Kelođlan, ađa bey*, what is the matter? What can I do for you?"

"I have a palace on a distant shore of this sea. I acquired both the palace and my wife, who is the *Padiřah's* daughter, by means of a magic ring. But my treacherous wife stole my magic ring, and I am powerless without it. She had me cast upon this garbage dump."

"But we can get that ring back for you, *Kelođlan, ađa bey*. This dog can swim to your palace, and I can ride on his back. I have many friends among mice to whom I have been kind, and they will help me retrieve the ring."

"Can that really be done?"

"Yes! Do not worry about it any longer."

The kitten mounted on the back of the dog, which then swam to the distant shore where *Kelođlan's* palace stood. When they arrived there, the kitten went to the basement of the palace and called together all of the mice who lived there. After explaining what she wanted from them, the kitten asked, "Which of you is the cleverest mouse here?"

"It is our lame brother over there. He is the cleverest of all of us!"

The kitten then said to that lame mouse, "Then you are the one who can accomplish this task. Go and get the ring from the *Padiřah's* daughter!"

That night the lame mouse made its way to the room of the *Padiřah's* daughter and began searching for the ring. It was nowhere to be seen in the room, and it was not on the finger of the sleeping girl. Because of the difficulty the girl had in breathing, the mouse concluded that she must have the ring hidden beneath her tongue. Returning to the kitten, the mouse reported, "The ring is hidden beneath the tongue of the *Padiřah's* daughter. How can I get it? What should I do?"

The kitten said, "Plunge your tail into some oil. Then return to the girl's room and put the tip of your tail into her nose. That will make her sneeze, and when she sneezes, the ring will fall out of her mouth."

The lame mouse followed these directions. He plunged his tail into some oil. Then, returning to the girl's room, he moved his tail lightly inside the nose of the girl. As the kitten had predicted, the girl sneezed, and when she sneezed, she spat out the ring. Grabbing the ring, the lame mouse ran quickly and gave it to the kitten.

The kitten then went back to the seaside and mounted once more on the back of the dog. The dog swam and swam and swam until they had reached a point quite close to where *Keloğlan* was waiting for them. Then they began to argue about which of them was to give the ring to *Keloğlan*. The kitten said, "Without my efforts you could never have recovered the ring, for it was I who engaged the clever lane mouse and it was I who thought of a way to get the ring out of the girl's mouth."

"Yes, but if it had not been for me, you would never have reached the palace to do that. You could not have swum there. I was the one who swam and swam, and swam to carry you there, and so most of the efforts in this whole undertaking was mine."

"No, I contributed more to the recovery of the ring!"

"No, I did!"

This argument grew more heated, and soon the two were actually fighting with each other. As this struggle continued, the ring slipped from the kitten's paw and fell into the sea.

"Oh! What can we do now?" the one asked.

"Nothing!" said the other. "The ring is gone!"

Continuing on to where *Keloğlan* was waiting, they said, "*Keloğlan*, *ağa bey*, we recovered the ring from the daughter of the *Padişah* but on the way back we dropped it into the sea!"

"What can we do now? Asked *Keloğlan*, but no one of them could think of any way to recover the magic ring from the sea. They all set on the shore staring into the water and brooding. After a while a fisherman came along selling fish. *Keloğlan* searched through the fish that the man offered for sale, and he finally found a small fish that had a bulge in its throat. "How much would this fish cost?" When the fisherman told him the price, *Keloğlan* searched through all of his pockets and found just barely enough to pay for the fish. Cutting open the fish, he retrieved the ring from its throat. Then, after placing the ring on his finger, he knocked the ring against a stone and called the forty giants to his presence.

"What is your command, out master? What do you want us to do?"

"Go to my palace. Put my wife and her lover into a large bag and throw that bag on the other side of that garbage dump. After that, I want you to take the three of us back to my palace."

After he had been back in his own palace for a while, he called the forty giants to him again and gave them these orders: "Find the country whose *Padişah* has a daughter who is the most beautiful girl in the world. After you have found that girl, bring her to me."

"Very well, master," said the giants.

After the most beautiful girl in the world had been brought to the palace, she and *Keloğlan* were married. By good fortune the girl soon fell in love with *Keloğlan* and he with her. In this happy state of affairs, they began to lead a very satisfying life together. *Keloğlan* moved his mother, the dog, and the kitten into the palace to share with them their good life.

In the meantime, *Keloğlan*'s first wife and her lover remained at the distant garbage dump. They were forced to lead the same kind of existence that *Keloğlan*'s first wife had planned for him.

In this case, it took three to tango, and to please Keloğlan.

Bayram Şahin. Limonlu, Mersin, İçel. 1974
Story # 645

Keloğlan and the Deceived Judge

Once a *Keloğlan* told his mother to go tell the judge's wife that he desired her. His mother protested, saying that it was impossible to go tell something like that to anyone's wife, but especially the judge's. Nevertheless, *Keloğlan* insisted she should go, and finally she did. She sheepishly went and found the judge's wife, sat by the lady, and told her what her dim-witted son had asked her to say to the lady. The lady took this very calmly and told the mother that she would handle the matter. She told her to tell her son to come to their home bread oven at one o'clock that night.

That night at about the given time, the judge's wife told her husband that she had forgotten a loaf of bread in the oven. She asked him to go down and get it for her.

Keloğlan, who was waiting by the bakery, saw the judge approaching. He quickly started pacing in front of the bread oven and then poked inside with his hands. The judge saw him there and asked him what he was doing. *Keloğlan* promptly replied, "I was going to have an oven built just like the one you have here. I was told that yours is a middle-sized one, and I thought I would get its measurements."

The judge said, "Yes, mine is a middle-sized one." And he left. He went back to into the house and told his wife that he had found the dim-witted boy downstairs who was taking measurements of the bread oven, because he was planning to build one himself.

Keloğlan went home and told his mother what happened and added, "Is this how you were supposed to arrange things for me?"

The mother went back to the judge's wife to inquire what had happened. The judge's wife told her to ask her son to come to the loft of their stable, which was situated beneath their house.

That night the judge's wife kept an ear tuned to the street. When she heard footsteps moving towards their barn, she said to her husband, "Judge, I hear a strange animal going into the barn. Would you go investigate please?"

The judge went downstairs into the barn. *Keloğlan* saw the judge coming and quickly removed his cummerbund and started gathering hay. The judge came in and, bewildered, asked what he was doing there. *Keloğlan* said, "Your Honor, we had an unexpected guest come tonight. I was getting some straw to make an extra bed." The judge told him to get the straw and leave, and then he went back to the house.

When his wife asked him what he had found down below, he told her that the dim-witted boy was getting some extra straw to make a bed for an unexpected guest.

Keloğlan's mother went one again to see the lady, and the judge's wife said, "Tell your son to come over tonight. When I go to bed with the judge, I shall leave my tail stuck out, and he can do his business." The mother said that would be fine and went away.

That night the judge's wife cooked squash for their dinner. They ate it and went to bed. The wife asked her husband if she might wear his hat to bed that night. The judge found his wife's request whimsical but not malicious, and therefore he chose to humor her. Then she said to him, "Judge, you had quite a bit of your squash tonight. You know it gives you gas. Why don't you let your tail stick out of the bed?" The judge did as he was requested.

Later, *Kelođlan* slowly crept into the room. He found the bare rear end as he had been promised and penetrated it. The judge woke up with a start, grabbed the boy, and asked for a torch to see what he had. His wife told him that she would hold the creature and sent him after a torch. She pulled the *Kelođlan* over her and lay down. The judge got a torch from downstairs and came up, but *Kelođlan* screamed, "Who is this coming up to my house late at night?"

The judge went down again perplexed. He went out to the bread oven, and said, "This oven is mine." Then he went to the stables and looked around and said, "This stable is mine." He went upstairs again, but again *Kelođlan* made a terrible commotion and frightened the judge away. Towards morning the judge's wife let *Kelođlan* go. She went and found a cow and cut out its tongue. Then she went down to find the judge. He was sitting in his favorite room. She showed him the tongue, and he cried out, "So, that's what happened last night! The cow stuck its tongue into my ass and burned my soul."

A classic story where the Keloğlan image is successfully used. While this version is not the longest, it contains all the necessary elements.

Nilgün Ünal. Ahlat, Bitlis. 1988
Story # 1281

The Maligned Maiden

There was once a very successful merchant who had one son and one daughter. As his business prospered, he decided to move it from his home town to the city of Istanbul. His one misgiving about this move was the fact that his daughter, who was a very beautiful girl, might still be too young and inexperienced to live safely in such a great city. He therefore thought it best to leave her in the town for a while longer. In order to protect her in that town, he had a very secure house built for her, and he had all of the windows covered with iron bars. He also hired a prominent *hoca* to come to the house and teach his daughter the Koran every morning. After the house was finished and he had made all necessary living arrangements for the girl, the merchant took his son with him and went to Istanbul.

The *hoca* began coming to the house every morning to teach the girl. After a while the *hoca* was so attracted by the girl's beauty that he asked her to sleep with him. When she would not accept this proposal, he began to think of ways in which he might compel her to marry him. One day it occurred to him that he could hire a witch woman to help him solve this problem. Locating a witch woman, he went to her house, gave her some money, and explained his situation to her. "Help me find a solution to this problem I have."

The woman agreed to undertake this work, and on the following day she dressed well and went to the girl's house. When she knocked on the door, there was at first no response from within. "My girl," she said, "I am almost like a mother to you. I like you, and I am well acquainted with your father. I have come to invite you to attend a very special occasion. The daughter of the *padişah* is getting married, and tomorrow the bride will be taken to a bath by her female friends. The *padişah* sent his greetings to me and invited me to be among the women in the bath tomorrow. I thought that you might like to go there too."

In the end the girl believed the old woman's account and opened the door to let her come inside. After they had eaten together, the old woman said, "The bath will be very crowded for the special event tomorrow, and if we are to have a good place in the bath, we should go there late tonight in order to hold such a place for ourselves. Get ready, and we shall go."

As they walked along, the girl said, "Grandmother, there is no one on the streets. Have we not perhaps come too early?"

"No, no, we are probably late. All of the other guests may be there already. Come along quickly!"

Although the girl was somewhat frightened, she went along with the witch woman. When they reached the bath, the girl said, "Look, grandmother, there is no one else here!"

"My girl, this bath is so large that it has several other entrances. You cannot hear the noise inside from here. Get undressed so that we'll be ready to bathe."

The girl got undressed, but the old woman only pretended that she was undressing. She kept unbuttoning and then buttoning the same button. The girl said, "Come, grandmother! You get undressed too!"

"my girl, I am an old woman, and my hands tremble so badly that it will take me some time to get undressed. You go ahead on to the central room of the bath.

The girl had never before been inside a public bath, and she did not know what she should do there. She followed the old woman's instructions and proceeded into the main room. To her surprise, that room seemed entirely empty. When her eyes became accustomed to the dim light there, however, she saw sitting in one corner the fully clothed *hoca*. She ran back into the entry room, but the old woman was no longer there. The girl now became quite frightened.

The *hoca* came to her and said, "Let us sit down and talk together."

"Very well," she said.

After they had talked for a while, the *hoca* again asked the girl to sleep with him. Instead of responding to what he had said, the girl said, "We have been here for some time without having anything to eat or drink."

"Oh, I can get you whatever you want," said the *hoca*. He went out into the street to find a restaurant, but of course at that time of the night all of the restaurants were closed. He went to the home of a restaurant owner and persuaded him to return to his restaurant and cook some food.

As soon as the *hoca* left, the girl dressed and fled from the bath. The streets were dark, and the girl did not know her way, but she kept running in order to get as far away from the bath as possible. Just before dawn she came upon an old woman working in a field, but, frightened, she tried to back away before the woman saw her. "Don't be afraid!" called the old woman. "Are you a jinn or some other supernatural being?"

"I'm neither, but instead a creature of Allah."

"Well, then, what are you doing out here by yourself at such a time?"

"All that I want to do is to find my way back home," answered the girl. She then explained to the old woman what had happened to her.

"Do not be concerned," said the old woman. "Trust me, and I shall see to it that you get back home safely." She then performed some magic that she knew and changed the girl into an apple. Placing the apple in her sash, the woman took the girl to her own home without allowing her to be seen by anyone else. There she used the magic again to restore her to her natural form. To her son the old woman said, "Listen to me carefully! You are to take this girl to her home at such and such place. Make sure that you get her there completely unharmed, for otherwise I shall never forgive you."

"Come with me," said the young man. "You are to be like a sister to me both in this world and the next. I shall take you to your home."

The girl had run a great distance during the night as she fled from the bath, and it took the two of them much of the day before they reached her home. Once inside, the girl locked the door and made a vow not to leave her home again.

When the hoca returned to the bath with the food which he had had specially prepared, he discovered that the girl had left. Very angry about this, he decided to take his revenge against her. The following day he went to the post office and sent the following telegram to her father: "Your daughter had become a bad woman. She does not listen to what I say, and I can no longer give her lessons. You may do whatever you wish about this."

When the merchant received this telegram, he became very angry. He said to his son, "Return to our hometown and kill your sister for her betrayal of our honor. Bring me her blood-soaked shirt so that I will have proof of her death."

The brother did not believe the *hoca's* telegram, but he had no choice but to depart at once for the hometown of the family. When he reached that town, he rented a room from which he could observe his sister's house closely. Day and night for an entire week he watched that house to see if his sister had visitors, but during all of that time not a single person entered the building. Convinced now that the hoca had been lying, he finally went and knocked on the front door of his sister's house. She refused to open the door. He shouted at the door that he was her brother, but she did not believe this. After a while, however, the girl decided to look out of the window, and then she discovered that the man outside really was her brother. She then opened the door and admitted him into the house.

After she had explained the difficulty she had had with the *hoca*, her brother said, "I have come to take you away from this place." The girl was delighted to hear this, and she quickly packed a few of her personal belongings in preparation to leave. Taking two horses, they rode out of that town. After they had ridden for several hours, the brother said, "I am tired. Let us stop and rest a while. I shall put my head on your lap and sleep." After he had slept for a short while, he woke up and said, "Now you put your head in my lap and sleep."

After the girl had fallen into deep sleep, her brother gently moved her head from his lap and onto a bundle of clothing. He then killed a partridge and let its blood flow over one of her shirts. Then, taking the bloody shirt and the two horses, he quietly departed.

When the girl awoke, she found herself completely alone. She started walking from that place without knowing where she was going. After a short while she saw a shepherd grazing his flock at one side of the road. She said to this shepherd, "I shall give you some gold and all of the clothes in this bundle in exchange for your clothes and your hat." The shepherd gladly accepted that offer.

The girl had very long hair which she now wished to hide. To do this, she rolled it all up on the top of her head and plastered it down with mud from the bank of a nearby stream. Then she pulled her hat down tightly over it so that she would look like a *kelođlan*. Seeming to be a man, she walked along, crying as she went. When she became tired, she sat down beneath a tree and fell asleep.

It so happened that the place where she sat down was within an area that had been reserved that day for the hunting pleasure of the *padiřah's* son. No one was permitted to be in that area.

Seeing the *kelođlan*, a horseman rode off to the girl and shouted, "Hey, *Kelođlan*, what are you doing here? Don't you know that I am the son of the *padiřah* and that this is my hunting area today? *Inmisin, Cinmisin?*"

"I am just a poor *Keloğlan* who wandered here."

When the prince knocked off the girl's hat with his sword, her long hair fell down her back. The prince was startled at this, and he asked again, "Inmisiin, Cinmisiin? What about your hair?"

"If you are really the son of the *padişah*, then listen to what has happened to me." She explained what the *hoca* had done to her and next what her brother had done. Then she began to cry.

"Don'y cry," said the prince. He took her up on his horse, behind him, and returned immediately to the palace. There the girl repeated the account of her experience to the *padişah* himself. Because he was a very kindhearted man, the *padişah* took pity on her. He invited her to live at the palace, and after some time has passed, he had her married to his own son.

The son of the *padişah* and his wife were very happy in their marriage. They had a son, a second son, and then a third son. One day as she was rocking the youngest child in his cradle, the girl began thinking of her father and her brother. As she continued to think of them, she began to cry. The prince happened to be passing the nursety at that time, and he asked her why she was weeping. "I am the son of the *padişah*. Why should my wife be weeing? Tell me what the trouble is"

"I suddenly realized how much I missed my father and my brother. That is what made me cry."

"Very well. Make preparations to travel, and I shall send you there to visit them."

The *padişah* ordered one of his viziers to take a number of soldiers and escort his daughter-in-law safely to Istanbul and back. On the following day the group, led by the vizier, began their journey. But there was a problem of which neither the *padişah* nor his son was aware, and that was the fact that the vizier was secretly very fond of the girl. At the end of the first day of travel, when they made camp for the night, the vizier ordered that the soldiers' tents be pitched at some distance away but that his tent be pitched alongside that of the girl. After it was dark, the vizier went to the girl's tent and said, "You are to sleep with me."

"I cannot be unfaithful to my husband by sleeping with you," she answered.

"Then I shall cut off the ears of your children."

"Very well," she said.

After he had cut off the ears of the children, he again asked their mother to sleep with him. When she again refused to do so, he said, "If you do not sleep with me, then I shall kill your children."

"Very well."

After all three of her children had been killed, the girl said, "I must go to the toilet. While I am there, I shall think about your request and perhaps accept it."

"No, I shall not let you out of this tent, for, if I do, you would run away."

"No, I wouldn't. If you think I would, then tie a rope around my waist and hold the other end yourself." The vizier agreed to this, and the girl walked outside with the rope tied around her waist. She walked until she came to a large rock. Then she carefully untied the rope from her waist and tied it around the rock.

Every minute or two the vizier pulled gently on the rope, and every time he did so, he felt a weight on the other end. But after a while when she did not return to the tent,

he grew suspicious. When he tried to pull the rope back into the tent, he was unable to do so. Then he discovered that the rope was tied to a rock and that the girl had escaped.

The vizier rushed to the tents of the soldiers and shouted, "Come quickly! The wife of the *padişah's* son has murdered her children and run away. All of you spread out and find her!" They searched all around the encampment and along the trails in the nearby mountains, but they were unable to find any trace of her. They then returned to the palace, and the vizier told the *padişah* exactly what he had told the soldiers about the behavior of the girl.

Meanwhile the girl walked until on the following morning she saw a shepherd with his flock. As she had done before she gave this shepherd some gold for his clothes and hat. And again she rolled her hair up to the top of her head and plastered it there with mud. Hiding all of her hair beneath the shepherd's hat and wearing his clothes, she looked like a man. She then proceeded to walk the rest of the way to Istanbul.

She went to the district of the city where her father and brother lived. There she asked some children playing in the street which was the house of such and such a merchant. When she had located her father's house, she sat before one of its front windows and nibbled at some orange peelings and crumbs that she found there.

When her brother looked out the window and saw her, he said, "Father, there is a very poor person sitting in front of our house. Let us give him some food." The merchant agreed to this, and the young man called, *Keloğlan*, come here and get some food. We need a gooseherd. Would you be willing to look after our geese?"

"Yes, of course. I can look after your geese, take care of your house, and even cook for you." So the *Keloğlan* lived there and provided the services he had offered.

Back in the hometown of that family, the son of the *padişah* refused to believe what the vizier had reported about his wife. He said to his father, "I am going to investigate this matter until I learn the full truth about it." His father agreed that he should do that, and the prince began to work on the problem at once.

Taking the vizier with him, he went first to the *hoca* who had started all of the suffering of the girl. He asked the *hoca* to relate what he knew about the girl's past, but the *hoca* refused to speak. "Very well, then. Come along with me." Retracing the course that the vizier and the soldiers had followed, they started out for Istanbul. After they had passed the point where the group had camped for the night, the son of the *padişah* questioned every person they met along their way.

Most of the people he questioned denied having seen the girl. But the shepherd remembered her very well and told the prince what he knew about her. "She gave me some gold coins for my clothes and my hat," he said.

One day shortly after that, the *Keloğlan* was feeding her geese when she saw approaching the son of the *padişah* (her husband), the vizier, the *hoca*, and the shepherd. Of course, they did not recognize her. She said to them, "You must be strangers here. Are you looking for someone?"

"Yes, we are looking for the home of such and such a merchant."

"Oh, he is my *ağa*, and he is a very good person. I tend his geese. Come along, and I shall take you to him." Taking them to his house, she announced, "*Ağa*, you have guests."

Annoyed at first, the merchant asked, "What kind of guests would you be likely to find, *Keloğlan*?" But seeing how respectable the men looked, he invited them to sit down

and have dinner with him. When they had all finished eating and drinking, the merchant called, " *Kelođlan*, come and tell us a story to help us pass the evening pleasantly."

"Yes, I can do that, my *ađa*, but on one condition."

"What is that condition?"

"The doors must all be locked, and no one must be allowed to leave this room until I have finished my story."

"Very well," said the merchant.

The the girl began her story. "There was once a girl who was left in a small town after her merchant father and brother had moved their business to Istanbul."

At this point the *hoca* arose and said, "Excuse me, but I must go to the toilet."

"No, no!" said the girl. "No one may leave until I have finished my story." And the *hoca* was forced to sit down again.

The girl then continued her story. "Before he left, the girl's father had hired a *hoca* to go to her house every day and teach her lessons from the holy book. But that *hoca* tried to force her to sleep with him, and when she refused to do so, he sent lies about her in a telegram to her father. Her brother did not believe those lies, and he went back from Istanbul and took her from that town but later deserted her somewhere in the countryside. Buying the clothes of a shepherd, she pretended that she was a *Kelođlan*. When the son of the *padiđah* caught her in his hunting preserve, he discovered that she was a girl and not the *Kelođlan* she pretended to be. He took her to the palace and was latter married to her. They had three sons."

When the vizier heard the remark about the girl's sons, he arose and said, "Please excuse me. I must go to the toilet."

But, as before, the *Kelođlan* protested, saying, "No one may leave the room until the story is finished." The vizier was compelled to sit down and remain.

The girl then went on. "Although the girl led a very happy life in the palace with her husband and children, she missed her father and brother. Her husband therefore arranged to have a vizier and a company of soldiers escort her to Istanbul to visit her father and brother. Along the way, however, the vizier asked the girl to sleep with him. When she refused, he cut off the ears of her three children. When she refused a second time, he killed the three children. The girl fled and again bought the clothes of a shepherd and pretended to be a *Kelođlan*. She then walked the rest of the way to Istanbul and found a job with a merchant in this city.

Right then, the girl pulled off her hat, and her long hair fell down around her shoulders. Speaking to the son of the *padiđah*, she said, "Your host is my father, and the person sitting next to him is my brother. That *hoca* is the same one who first tried to seduce me, and that vizier is the same vizier who latter tried to seduce me and then murdered my children." As she said that, she threw the ears of the children on the floor before him. "And you are the son of the *padiđah*, and you are my husband."

After the whole group was taken to the palace, the *padiđah* had the *hoca* severely punished and the treacherous vizier executed. To celebrate the reunion of the son of the *padiđah* and his wife, a second wedding was held for them which lasted for forty days and forty nights.

Meant for all mindless copycats?

Nebiye Birkan; Taşköprü, Kastamonu. 1966
Story # 1112

Kelođlan and the Mirror

One day the ađa called for a glass of water, and Kelođlan went to get it for him. In the ađa's room there was a large mirror, something which Kelođlan had never seen before coming to work there. He noticed that there was another boy in the mirror who jumped to obey the ađa's command, and that other boy seemed to be moving faster than he was. Looking into the mirror, Kelođlan shouted, "You are trying to please the ađa so that he will like you better than he does me!"

Two days later when the ađa was not in his room, *Kelođlan* went there and stood before the mirror. The other boy was there again in the mirror. *Kelođlan* became so annoyed that the other boy mimicked everything that he did that he smashed the mirror into many small pieces. Seeing himself in one of the smaller pieces, *Kelođlan* became furious. "Are you still alive?" he shouted.

In the Book of Dede Korkut (transcribed in the 16th c., but dates from several centuries earlier) a newly married couple will shoot an arrow from the threshold of their parents' (either one will do; but preferably the groom's) household. Where that arrow lands, they will establish their own home (yurt), usually for a year.

This particular story has the flavor of having been 'rushed' by the narrator, and thus skipped over a goodly bit of detail and even plot lines. But, as usual, the success of Kelođlan is unmistakable.

Birsen Onaran. Ankara, 1966
Story # 1128

The Successful Youngest Daughter

Once there was and once there was not a *padiřah* who had three beautiful daughters. When it was time for them to be married, a special ceremony was held to decide whom each of the three daughters would marry. People from all the area were invited to attend this ceremony.

On the day of the ceremony, the *padiřah* took his daughters up into one of the towers of the royal palace. He gave each girl a bow and arrow and said to them: "You are to shoot these arrows. I shall have each of you married to an eligible young man in the house on which your arrow lands."

The oldest daughter shot the arrow first. It landed on the home of the Grand Vizier. The middle daughter then shot her arrow, and it landed on the roof of the home of a very wealthy merchant. When the youngest daughter shot hers, it landed on the roof of a house where a *kelođlan* lived.

As soon as arrangements could be made, the oldest daughter was married to the son of the Grand Vizier in a ceremony that lasted for forty days and forty nights. Next, the middle daughter was married to the son of the very wealthy merchant in a wedding ceremony that also lasted for forty days and forty nights. The youngest daughter was quietly married to *Kelođlan* in a very simple ceremony.

The *Kelođlan* was very poor. Worse yet, he was very lazy, and he spent all day sleeping while the youngest daughter wept. One day when a caravan was passing their home, the girl arranged with the caravan owner to have *Kelođlan* work for him so that he could earn some money.

Kelođlan walked along with the caravan for forty days and forty nights. They were travelling across a desert when their water supply was exhausted, and everyone on the caravan grew very thirsty. When they finally came to a well, they discovered that it was owned by a cannibal who would give a drink only if he was first given a human being to eat. The camel drivers tied a rope around *Kelođlan* and lowered him into the well to get some water.

When *Kelođlan* reached the bottom of the well, he was given a bucket of water by the cannibal. "What a handsome young man you are! You have eyes like corals and teeth like pearls." Upon hearing these words, the Arab gave *Kelođlan* three pomegranates and said to him, "Take these home to your wife."

On the return trip, *Kelođlan* traveled home with the caravan and delivered the pomegranates to his wife. On the first evening that he was home, he and his wife had visitors at their home. *Kelođlan* said to his wife, "Bring out those pomegranates so that we can offer our guests something to eat."

When the girl went into the kitchen and examined the pomegranates, she discovered that they were stuffed with gold pieces and diamonds. Returning to her guests, she announced, "I am sorry, but the pomegranates have worms in them."

In the morning *Kelođlan* and his wife sold some of the contents of the three pomegranates. With the money they received, they had a large palace built, and when it was finished, they hired many servants to work for them. The palace was beautifully furnished. The youngest daughter invited her older sisters and her father to visit her. The young couple led a rich and happy life after that. They attained their wishes, and may we all have our turn on the wooden divan.

'Borazan' as in 'Borazan Ali' is a bugle. Such an epithet can be a reference to one's voice, or timbre of voice. 'Ağa' is the general sobriquet for a wealthy landowner. 'Milk Boiling Over' is a symbol for abundance and fortune, as found in several other cultures. A 'witch' does not necessarily correspond to the image found in the United States. In this context, the witch is only making a determination; as opposed to casting spells, good or evil, etc. There is no determinable reason why she (the youngest daughter) initially rejects Borazan Ali.

Muzaffer Yerle; Aşağı Çavundur village, Çubuk, Ankara. 1972
Story # 1052

The Shepherd Who Came as Ali and Returned as a Girl

There was once a family with several children. Three of them were girls and the rest were boys. The boys all began working at an early age, and some of them had been working hard for many years, but the girls did nothing. After a while this situation annoyed their father. He said to them, "my sons are all working, but you have done nothing except eat."

At last one day the girls said to him, "Father, we want to work too."

The oldest daughter said, "Father, I am going to start working right away." She started out from home with the intention of getting a job somewhere. But one of the boys hid by the bridge waiting for her to come along. When she reached the bridge, he did something to frighten her, and so she returned home.

The middle daughter then decided to go away from home to seek a job, but the same thing happened to her. When she reached the bridge, she was frightened by the boy, and so she turned around and went back home again.

Then, the youngest daughter wanted to go. Her sisters warned her, but she said, "I shall go anyway." She put on shepherd's clothes so that she would look like a boy, and she took the name of Ali. She wasn't afraid of her brother, and she walked right past the bridge. Along the way she was joined by a small greyhound who began to follow her. She walked and walked some distance, and after a while she reached a village. There she began to work as a shepherd for an *ağa*.

After a while the *ağa*'s son began to suspect that this shepherd was really a girl, even though she wore the same kind of clothes that other shepherds did. This young man had noticed that a hole had been punctured in the shepherd's earlobe. Still, he could not be absolutely certain whether the shepherd was a boy or a girl. He went to his mother and said, "I think that that shepherd is a girl, but how can I prove it? This son of the *ağa* was a *Keloğlan*, who was also named Ali, though people usually called him *Borazan Ali*.

His mother said, "Have the shepherds cut wood with you. If he does it well, then he is a boy. If he is clumsy and can cut very little wood, then the shepherd is a girl."

While this conversation was going on, the little greyhound was lying before the front door. It was listening to everything that was said between the *Keloğlan* and his mother. Then it went to the girl who called herself Ali and repeated the whole

conversation. “They will require you to cut wood. Be very careful how you proceed to do that, and follow carefully the instructions I shall now give you. I shall change my position from the right side of the wood to the left side, and then I shall switch back to the right. When I do that, strike me with the axe and say ‘Alas!’ After you have done that, the axe will do all of the cutting for you.”

When they went to the forest to cut wood, the shepherd did exactly as the little greyhound had directed, and as a result the shepherd cut many big lengths of timber in a very short time. The *Kelođlan* and his mother now began to believe that the shepherd was a boy after all, but they could not be certain, and so they decided to test the shepherd in another way. They said, “Let us take the shepherd to such-and-such marketplace. If he chooses to buy nothing but corals and pearls, then he is a girl. On the other hand, if he chooses to buy a knife or a rifle, or a pistol, then he is a boy.”

Again the small greyhound heard everything that they said. He went to the shepherd and said. “when they take you to such-and-such a marketplace, buy only a knife, a rifle, or a pistol.”

They all went to such-and-such a marketplace, and there Ali did exactly what the dog had directed. This certainly did not prove that the shepherd was a girl. But the *Kelođlan* was determined to try again. He said to his mother, “Let me take this shepherd to a public bath. If we go there together, I may be able to discover the facts this time.”

After the greyhound had overheard this conversation, it again went to Ali. It said, “While we are out pasturing the flock, they will take you to a public bath. At that time,, I shall run among the sheep and make them all confused. Just as soon as you get to the bath door, start shouting, ‘A beast has gotten among the sheep! A beast has gotten among the sheep!’ Then turn around and run back to the pasture instead of entering the bath. That will prevent them recognizing that you are a girl.”

On the following day they told the shepherd that they would take him to a bath. When they were about to enter the bath, Ali did just as ‘his’ dog had instructed him to do, and thus they could not determine for sure whether the shepherd was a boy or a girl.

After that, days passed, months passed, and the time came when the shepherd was to finish his work for the *ađa* and return home. Borazan Ali (*ađa*’s son, *Kelođlan*) was very sad about this. He had been unable to discover whether this shepherd was a girl or not, and now the shepherd was going to leave.

At the time of departure the shepherd Ali wrote a note to Borazan Ali. The note said this:

I came here in the summer;
I am leaving in the fall’
I came here as Ali;
I am leaving as a girl.

Putting this paper under Borazan Ali’s pillow, the shepherd left and started on her way home.

When Borazan Ali awakened and found this note, he was so sad that he did not know what to do. He was afraid that he might never see the girl again. After thinking about this for a few minutes, he decided to follow the girl and try to find her. He packed some provisions and started out. He walked and walked, and everywhere he asked villagers. “Have you seen a shepherd with a small greyhound?” After he has asked

many people this question, someone finally said, "Yes, I did. He came here and then left again."

Borazan Ali continued walking, and after a while he arrived at the village where the girl lived and found her home. Entering that house quietly at night, he sprinkled everywhere some powerful sleeping powder. This caused the entire family to remain unconscious for a number of hours. During that time, Borazan Ali carried the girl back to his own home, and she was still asleep when he got there. When she finally opened her eyes a little, she said "Mother! Mother! That rooster crowing sounds just like Borazan Ali's rooster, and those chickens clucking sound just like Borazan Ali's chickens" She said this thinking that she was at her parents' home. Borazan Ali sat watching her, and when she came to herself fully, she saw him. She then said at once, "I cannot be your wife. We could not live together happily."

Borazan Ali was disappointed by this remark, but he still wanted to marry this girl. He therefore went to get the help of a witch to persuade the girl to accept him.

One day the girl named Ali, the witch woman, and Borazan Ali were sitting together by the fireplace. The witch had placed a kettle full of milk over the fire in the fireplace. While the girl was sitting there, quite close to the fireplace, the milk boiled over. The very moment that that happened, the witch shouted, "*Hay* bride! *Huy* bride! Blind bride! Your milk has boiled over!"

Upon hearing that, the girl, who had not yet spoken to Borazan Ali, said something to him. They were married after that.

Once again, Kelođlan saves the day, and gets rewarded.

Lütfiye Göbelez. Yakacık, Söğüt, Bilecik. 1976
Story # 729

Kelođlan and the Girl Who Traveled Nightly to the Other World

Once there was and one there was not a girl who was the only child of a family. This girl wore out a pair of shoes every day, and so her parents would have to buy her a new pair for the following day. Her parents were curious to know why her shoes grew old in only a day's time, but they were unable to discover the reason.

In that same village there lived a *Kelođlan*, and one day the girl's parents said to him, "*Kelođlan*, our daughter wears out a pair of shoes every day. We do not understand how she does this. If you can learn the secret of her worn-out shoes, we shall give her to you in marriage."

"Very Well," said *Kelođlan*.

That night *Kelođlan* went to their house and slept under the staircase. He hoped to find out where the girl went during the night. At midnight, the girl awoke, dressed herself, went down the stairs, and left the house, but *Kelođlan* did not hear her go, for he had fallen fast asleep.

In the morning the girl's parents found her shoes completely worn out, and so they went out and bought her another pair. Then they asked *Kelođlan*, "What did you discover about our daughter's activity during the night?"

I fell into a deep sleep and did not hear her leave the house."

The next night *Kelođlan* took a spindle, and a long piece of string. He tied one end of the string to the staircase and the other end he tied to the spindle, the point of which he placed against his nose. If anyone were to step on the staircase, the string would pull the spindle, causing it to prick his nose. Then he fell asleep again beneath the staircase.

Again, the girl awoke at midnight. She dressed herself and went quietly down the stairs. As she walked on the stairs, the string pulled the spindle, and the spindle pricked *Kelođlan's* nose, awakening him. He then followed the girl as she left the house. The girl walked and *Kelođlan* walked; the girl walked, and *Kelođlan* walked. After a while they came to a huge boulder at the foot of a mountain. The girl said, "Open my boulder; open," and the boulder split apart. The girl quickly entered the boulder, but it had closed

again before *Keloğlan* could enter. There was nothing for *Keloğlan* to do but return home.

On the way home, he came upon three people who were quarreling about the divisions of three things: a pair of sandals, a hat, and a cane. Which of the three was to get each object? *Keloğlan* said, "Come, now, let me help you settle this dispute. Each of you will go to one of those three nearby hills, all of them about the same distance from here. At my signal, you will all start back. The one who gets here first will have his choice of these objects. The one who gets here next will have his choice of the two remaining objects. And the last to return will take whatever object is left." All three agreed to this and started out to reach three nearby hills. As soon as they had left, *Keloğlan* took the three objects and went home with them.

By the time he reached the girl's house, her parents, her parents had gone out and bought her a new pair of shoes. They asked him, "Well, *Keloğlan*, what did you learn last night?"

Keloğlan told them what had happened. "I followed your daughter last night when she left this house. She walked a great distance, and I walked a great distance. Finally we came to a huge boulder at the foot of a mountain. She said, 'Open my boulder; open,' and the boulder split apart. She entered the boulder, but it closed before I could follow her. But I promise you that tonight I shall discover more about where she goes and what she does there."

Again that night *Keloğlan* placed the sharp spindle against his nose so that he would be awakened by anyone descending the stairs. Once more the girl awoke at midnight and dressed herself, and again she awakened the sleeping *Keloğlan* as she descended the stairs. Placing upon his head the cap of invisibility, *Keloğlan* could not be seen, and so this time he walked just ahead of the girl instead of following her. They traveled along the same road as before, and so he knew the way as well as she did.

When they reached the huge boulder, the girl again said, "Open, my boulder; open!" When the boulder split apart, *Keloğlan* preceded the girl through the opening, and so both had entered before the boulder closed again. Inside the mountain now, they went little; they went far. After a while they reached a hill of gold, and as they passed this hill, *Keloğlan* broke off a piece of the gold and put it inside his shirt. The hill was very angry at this and went "Şangır, şangır!" (onomatopoetic sound of a fragile substance breaking; alternately, the sound of jingling such as made by coins). The girl was surprised at this and could not understand why the hill had become so angry.

Some time later they passed a silver hill. As they did so, *Keloğlan* broke off a piece of the silver and put that, too, in his shirt. Angered by this, the silver hill went "Şangır, şangır!" Again the girl was confused by the anger of the hill.

They walked and walked still farther, and after a while they arrived at a place where, apparently, the girl had been coming every night. There were three or five other

girls of her age there, and they had already prepared the *sofra* (meal table) by the time she arrived. As they were eating, the girl told her companions about her strange experience in getting there taht night. "I have always walked past the golden hill without having anything happen, but when I passed it tonight, it said, 'Şangır, şangır!' Why do you suppose it was angry?" When I passed the silver hill, it, too, said, 'Şangır, şangır!' Why should it be angry?"

As they went on talking and eating, one of them set out several tea glasses, one for each girl. After tea had been poured into these glasses, *Keloğlan* took one, drank the tea, and put the glass into his sash. When the girls saw one of the glasses disappear, they all began to cry at once. The girl who was the only child of her parents said, "I must go now," and again they all burst into tears. She and *Keloğlan* left, he walking a little ahead of her, but she could not see him, for he was wearing his magic cap. When they reached home, *Keloğlan* got under the staircase and slept. The girl went to her room, and she, too, slept.

In the morning the parents examined their daughter's shoes, and once again they went out to buy her another pair. When they returned, they said, " *Keloğlan*, what did you do last night?"

In the presence of both the girl and her parents, *Keloğlan* told them of his experiences of the night. "I arose last night when your daughter did, and I* went with her, but she did not see me, for I was wearing my magic cap. I walked just slightly ahead of her this time. When we reached the huge boulder, she said, 'Open my boulder; open,' and the boulder split apart. We both stepped through the opening, and then the boulder closed again. As we walked along inside the mountain, we came to a hill of gold. I broke off a piece of the gold and put it inside my shirt. Here is the piece of gold. As I did this, the hill screamed 'Şangır, şangır!' Later we passed a hill of silver. I also broke off a piece of silver and put it inside my shirt. Here it is. This hill also screamed in anger, 'Şangır, şangır!'

At last we reached a place where there were three or five other girls awaiting your daughter. The *sofra* was already spread with food, and after she arrived they made tea. There were exactly as many tea glasses as there were girls. After the tea was poured, I took one of the glasses and drank the tea; then I placed the glass in my sash. Here is the glass. When the girls noticed that one of the glasses of tea had disappeared, they all began to cry loudly. When your daughter announced that she had to leave, they all cried hard again. After that we both returned here."

The mother and father were satisfied with the information *Keloğlan* had provided to explain why their daughter had been wearing out a pair of shoes every day. They gave her to him in marriage, and they are still living very happily in that same village.

It is interesting that the narrator chose a horse, Yağız At, as the magic talisman, a function usually reserved for smaller objects such as a ring, or lock of hair from a beloved. This is probably due to the high esteem a good horse enjoyed in the immediate culture.

The preamble, events leading to the young man acquiring the talisman are borrowed from an entirely different genre of stories, the giants. The remainder are more in the domain of keloğlan archetype.

The wooden sword is full of implications as in other cultures (for example in Japan) as well as in Central Asian traditions.... but the narrator is alluding to it probably without realizing those implications.

The national honor issue is also strongly articulated, such as defending homeland, as the original dastans articulate.

As to why the principle character is hiding: the first thought that comes to mind is humility; it is a great responsibility to be a keloğlan!!!

Gülsüm Yücel; Taşköprü, Kastamonu. 1964
Story # 918

The Keloğlan and the Padişah's Youngest Daughter

Once there was and once there was not a young man who used to dress as a *keloğlan*, wearing shabby clothes and tying a white cloth on his head, but, in fact, he was not really a *keloğlan* at all. Whoever saw him would conclude at once that he was a *keloğlan* even though he wasn't.

One night this young man had a dream in which he was told that when he awakened, he would find a horse at the foot of such-and-such a tree. He was told also that if he mounted that horse, he would go on living, but that if he declined to mount it, he would die. Thinking that all of this was no more than a silly dream, the young man ignored it at first, but then upon second thought, he decided that he should at least go and take a look at the place he had been told about in his dream. When he arrived at that spot, he did indeed find there a horse drinking water from a pool beneath the tree that had been described to him in the dream. The horse, however, was a very large and fierce-looking animal, almost like a monster. "How could I save my life by mounting such a beast? It would surely kill me." And so he did not bother to climb onto the back of the horse, which then went away.

That night he had the same dream, and again he had it on the third night. After the second time he experienced the dream, he was still afraid to mount the great horse, and he did not even go to look at it. After he had had the dream the third time, he was no less afraid, but realizing that he would die if he did not mount it, he decided to climb onto the animal's back with no regard for what the result might be.

He went to the place where he had seen the horse before and climbed into the tree over the pool. When the horse came and started to drink water, the young man just loosened his grasp of the tree and fell upon the animal's back. He clung tightly to the

horse's mane in order to avoid being thrown off. Shaking itself wildly and pawing the ground, the horse descended seven levels into the earth. There the young man could not dismount until the horse lay down, because it was so tall. When the horse lay down and the young man climbed off, he saw nearby a house in which a giant woman was making bread. Going closer, he noticed that while she was rolling the dough for *yufka*, she had her breasts flung back over her shoulders to keep them out of the way. Creeping up behind her, he began sucking one of her huge breasts. The giant woman said, "O Young Man, where did you come from? By sucking my breast you have become a son of mine. But I have three other sons, all giants, who may return home at any moment now, and when they do, they may try to eat you."

Frightened by that information, the young man said, "Can you hide me somewhere?" She then hid him beneath her dough board.

When the oldest son arrived, he at once said, "Mother, I smell; human flesh here somewhere."

"Well, there is no human being here," his mother said. "Pick your teeth, for there may be some human flesh caught in them." She handed him a pole with which he picked his teeth and dislodged a human arm which had been caught among them. The giant was then satisfied that this was the human flesh that he had smelled.

When the middle son reached home, he too said to his mother, "I smell human flesh in this house. Where is the person?"

"There is no human being here," his mother said. "Pick your teeth and see if you have any human flesh snagged there." When she handed him a pole, he picked his teeth with it and pried out a human leg. He thought that this must have been what he smelled.

When the youngest son returned, he too said, "Mother, I smell human flesh here."

"Since there is no human being here, you must be smelling human flesh caught in your teeth." Handing him a pole, she said, "Here! Pick your teeth."

But the youngest son was not deceived by this. He said, "Mother, even if I find parts of ten human bodies in my teeth, I shall still be able to smell a human being in here."

The mother of the giants finally told her sons that there was indeed a human being hidden in the house. "But I beg you not to harm him; he is now my milk son and your milk brother, for he has sucked my breast.

"All right, we shall not harm him," said the oldest brother. "Let him come forth."

When the giantess removed the dough board that was hiding the young man, one of her sons said, "We like him very much. Let him be our brother, and let him go to the forest with us tomorrow to cut wood."

"No, I'm afraid that you might eat him in the forest."

"No, we won't," they all assured her, and they all took an oath to that effect.

The mother then permitted them to take the young man to the forest with them. He spent some time among the giants, going with the sons daily to the forest and to the mountains to cut wood. The giants really took good care of him and looked after his needs, but he began to lose more and more weight because of his fear of them. They asked about this one day. "Why do you continue to get thinner and thinner every day when we take such good care of you?"

Greatly concerned about his health, the giants finally decided to send him back to the place from which he had come. The great horse on which he had ridden there was

named Dark One, and he belonged to these giants. They now called, “*Yağız At! Yağız At!*” (“Dark One! Dark One!”) and when the horse came, they directed it, “Take this young man and return him to the place where you found him.” The horse lay down so that he could mount, and then the giants said to the young man, “From now on, this horse is yours.”

The horse then ascended the seven levels to the surface of the earth and took the young man to the tree where they had first met. *Yağız At* then said, “From now on, I shall be at your service, and I shall come whenever you need me.” Having said this, the horse vanished.

A few days later the young man decided that he wanted to take a bath in the pool outside the palace of the *padişah*.

The *padişah* who lived there had three daughters. Each daughter had her own room in the palace, but they took turns being hostess and inviting the other two sisters to their rooms. They has a practice of entertaining each other in this way. It happened that the day the young man came to the pool to bathe, the three were in the room of the youngest sister. The youngest sister was seated by the window, and she saw a very shabbily dressed young man came toward the pool. When he took off his rags and put them on a nearby stone, the princess observed how clean and handsome his body was. “I wonder why this young man dresses like that?” she asked herself. She continued to watch him from her window, curious to see if he would dress again in his shabby clothes. The young man dressed again just as he had been before, and then he went away.

The youngest daughter of the *padişah* said to her sisters, “why doesn’t our father let us marry? We are now old enough to be married. Let us do something to remind our father of this. Oldest sister, you pour water over his hands when he rises from the dinner table tonight. And middle sister, you hold the wash basin to catch the water. I shall come along last carrying the towel for him to dry his hands upon. Because we have never done this before, our father will probably be surprised, and he may realize from it that we wish to be married.”

After telling the servants in the palace not to interfere with their plans, the sisters proceeded to do exactly as the youngest had suggested. Just as they had hoped, their father understood their intentions, and he began at once to investigate the situation. Asking some of the servants about his eldest daughter’s acquaintances, he discovered that she was on friendly terms with the daughter of the grand vizier, and from that girl he learned that his daughter was in loive with such-and-such a young vizier. He then made the necessary preparations to have his eldest daughter married to this young man. In a similar manner, a marriage was also arranged between his middle daughter and the son of a certain pasha.

The padisah then used the same procedure to find out who it might be that his youngest daughter wished to marry, but no one was able to tell him who that man might be. The reason for this was clear: the girl simply did not know anyone whom she might wish to marry. As for *Keloğlan*, she had no idea who he was. How could she? A young man dressed as a *keloğlan* had bathed in the palace pool, dressed again, and departed. That was all she knew of him. She said to one of *padişah*’s assistants, “Let my father have made a golden ball and a golden box in which to carry that ball. Let him also have constructed beneath my window a platform. Then let him have towncriers announce throughout the city, ‘All men are to pass across the platform built alongside the palace.

This will be done at such-and-such a time. The *padişah*'s youngest daughter will strike with a ball the man she wishes to marry.”

After towncriers had made this announcement, almost all of the unmarried men in the city went to their tailors and ordered new suits of clothes. All these men dressed attractively and walked across the platform while the girl stood by the window watching them and holding in her hand the golden box containing the golden ball. She looked and looked as the men passed, but she did not throw her ball at any of them.

As this was going on, *Keloğlan* was lying on a bench in a coffeehouse. The owner of the coffeehouse said to him, “why don't you get up, go to the palace, and walk across the platform as everyone else is doing?” *Keloğlan* did as this man suggested, and as he was walking across the platform, the *padişah*'s youngest daughter threw the ball at him.

But as she did so, a man walking alongside *Keloğlan* pushed him aside saying, “That ball was meant for me! Go away from here, you dirty *keloğlan*!”

All of the people gathered to watch this selection process shouted, “That throw does not count! Let us have another trial!”

On the following day the men all walked across the bridge again. *Keloğlan* was near the end of the line again, and when the princess saw him, she threw her ball at him. But again the same man was walking near *Keloğlan*. He again pushed *Keloğlan* aside and said, “You dirty *keloğlan*! What do you have to do with that ball? It was thrown at me!”

The spectators were again annoyed by what had happened and demanded that there be another attempt by the princess to select a husband. “Let us have still another trial!” they shouted.

On the third day *Keloğlan* waited until everyone else had passed across the platform before he started over it. As he was crossing it, the girl threw the golden ball and hit him in the legs with it.

The people at the trial were furious at this outcome. They wrote a petition to the *padişah*: “Your Majesty, your daughter is going to marry a dirty, lazy, good-for-nothing fellow named *Keloğlan*. There are many sons of merchants, government employees, pashas, and viziers whom she might marry, but she refused to throw her ball at any one of them. What a base daughter she must be!”

When the *padişah* received this letter, he was greatly embarrassed, and the more he thought about it the more ashamed and angry he became. He said, “I thought that my youngest daughter was a sensible girl, but I was wrong about that. If she wishes to marry that fellow, then let her do so, but after they are married, let them live in the basement of the palace, and let each of them have only a quilt to sleep upon.” He would have had *Keloğlan* hanged, but inasmuch as he was his son-in-law, he showed him some mercy.

Keloğlan and the youngest daughter were married, and they were shown their quarters in the basement of the palace. Each of them was given a quilt, and they sat upon their quilts contemplating their condition while the two older sisters and their husbands lived upstairs in more luxurious quarters.

One day the sons-in-law of the *padişah* decided to go hunting. The two favorite sons-in-law saddled their fine horses and mounted for the hunt. *Keloğlan* had only a mangy donkey to ride, and when he goaded this donkey with a stick, its wounds would bleed. All of the children of the neighborhood followed *Keloğlan* and his donkey to the

city limits. They shouted at him, “Look at *Keloğlan*! He is going hunting too! Are you going to hunt with that stick that is in your hand?”

As soon as *Keloğlan* reached the mountains, he called for *Yağız At*. When this great horse came, he said to it, “Bring me twenty gentlemen clad in court clothes and twenty golden chairs for them to sit upon. Bring two empty chairs and two saddlebags of birds. Bring another chair for me and a gentlemen’s suit for mee too. Bring a battalion of soldiers, also.”

Yağız At disappeared and—I don’t know how long afterwards, perhaps five or six minutes—when *Keloğlan* looked up, he saw the battalion of soldiers coming, raising a cloud of smoke and dust as they approached. Twenty gentlemen wearing striped trousers, jackets, and cravats arrived and sat in the twenty golden chairs. *Keloğlan*, who was a handsome man to begin with, looked even more handsome in his gentlemen’s suit. He sat in his golden chair with two saddlebags of birds beside him.

The other two sons-in-law were returning from the hunt when they saw this crowd of well-dressed people. They thought that the *padişah* and his court from some other land must be hunting there in those same mountains. They wondered what *padişah* it could be, and they showed him great respect as they approached. *Keloğlan* said to them, “Come! Come! I am not the *padişah*, but like yourselves, I’m only the son-in-law of a *padişah*.” They came to him hesitantly and sideways. “What did you come to these mountains for?” he asked them. “We came into these mountains to hunt, but we have not been able to kill even a sparrow, and now we have run out of powder.”

“Here you are! Here are two saddlebags of birds for you, but I am giving them to you on one condition, and that is that I stamp my *tamga* (see the Introduction) on your foreheads.”

The other two sons-in-law spoke apart to each other in whispers. “Let us accept this condition.” They said to one another. “We can hide the *tamga* by lowering our fezzes a little.” They did not recognize *Keloğlan* beneath his fine clothes.

Keloğlan had some of his men build a fire and heat his *tamga*. When *Keloğlan* had branded the foreheads of his brothers-in-law, they lowered their fezzes, mounted their horses, and, taking the two saddlebags of birds, rode away. When they reached the palace they presented the two saddlebags of birds to the *padişah*. He said, “What fine sons-in-law I have! Where did you shoot all these birds? I have never before seen such fine birds.”

While the *padişah* was marveling over the birds in this way, *Keloğlan* reentered the town, wearing his shabby clothes again and riding on his mangy donkey. As he rode along, the children of the area taunted him: “Weren’t you able to shoot a single bird, *Keloğlan*? Couldn’t you shoot even a rat or a mole?” When he finally got home and tied up his donkey, he found his wife still sitting on the floor where he had left her. She looked at him and thought to herself, “Perhaps he is not, after all, the handsome young man that I first saw bathing in the palace pool. Perhaps I was mistaken.” Without uttering a single word or even looking at each other, the two continued to sit on their quilts and think.

Some time later the two favorite sons-in-law went hunting again, and *Keloğlan* followed the same procedure he had used before. As soon as he reached the mountains, he called the *Yağız At* and ordered him to bring twenty gentlemen clad in court clothes and twenty golden chairs for them to sit upon. He ordered two extra chairs for his guests,

a chair for himself, and a suit of court clothes for himself also. He ordered a battalion of troops to stand guard, and he ordered two saddlebags filled with birds.

Again, the other two sons-in-law of the *padişah* fired their guns all day long, *Tak! Tak! Tak!* Despite all of their shooting, however, they were unable to kill a single bird. On their way home at the end of the day, they saw a crowd of gentlemen and again wondered what *padişah* might have brought his companions there to hunt. Not knowing what great ruler he might be, they approached him with great deference and respect. “Come, Come!” said *Keloğlan*. “I am not a *padişah*, but, like yourselves, I am only the son-in-law of a *padişah*.” They did not know, of course, to which *padişah* he was a son-in-law. “What was your purpose in entering this forested area?”

“We came to hunt, but we are on our way home now without a single bird.”

“Well, here are two saddlebags full of birds that you may have, but I shall give them to you only upon one condition, and that is that I may first stamp your buttocks with my *tamga*.”

They consented to this condition, thinking that no one would ever see these brand marks. Lowering their trousers, they were given very clear *tamga* marks on their buttocks with the hot seal. Taking the two bags of birds, they then departed from the forest and returned to the palace. There the *padişah* was even more impressed this time with their catch. “What fine sons-in-law I have!” he said. “How quick and alert you must be! Where did you manage to shoot so many excellent birds?”

Back in the forest, Keloğlan called the Yağız At again and ordered him to take away all the gentlemen, their golden chairs, and the battalion of troops. Then, putting on once more his shabby clothes and mounting his mangy donkey, he himself rode back to the town. At the outskirts he was again met by a crowd of children who now struck his donkey with sticks in order to make it move along faster. When he reached the palace basement, he again found his wife sitting upon her quilt on the floor. By now she was sorry about what she had done, sorry about having married this keloğlan. Keloğlan understood this, but still he did not tell her who he really was.

One day shortly after that, the *padişah* received a message from a neighboring ruler which demanded that he give several provinces to the neighboring kingdom. The letter said, “if you will give us these provinces we demand, then all will be well. If you do not, then we shall declare war on you.” Upon receiving this ultimatum, the *padişah* called his council into session in order to get the opinions of his viziers on how to respond to this ultimatum. He explained to them that such-and-such an infidel ruler had sent a letter in which he demanded four or five Turkish provinces, along with all their towns and villages. He said to his council, “I think that we had better give them what they want, because I do not wish to cause the deaths of a great many men in battle.”

But, one of his viziers arose and said, “Your Majesty, why should we behave like women and agree to give up part of our land without even fighting to keep it? Let us fight! If we die, we die, but we should not surrender our land without a struggle!”

“But many young man would be lost in such a conflict. I am fond of young people, and I do not want to lead them to their deaths.”

Several of the viziers now opposed his position, saying, “It does not matter. Let us fight, come what may!”

The *padişah*, therefore, rejected the demands of the neighboring ruler. When his answer arrived in the infidel capital, war was declared.

Preparations for war were made, and an army was recruited by the *padişah* to fight the infidels. From the start, however, things went badly for the *padişah*'s forces. Many troops were killed, and extensive areas of *padişah*'s territory were occupied by the infidel army.

While all of this was going on, Keloğlan spent his time carving a wooden sword for himself. When it was finished, he strapped it on his waist and wore it everywhere in public. When he appeared in the streets, the children walked behind him saying, "The infidel army has arrived! Look—it is right over there, yonder! Keloğlan is going to defend us against the enemy with a wooden sword!" In this and other ways the children mocked him.

Keloğlan departed from the town and went into the country. There he summoned his great horse, *Yağız At*. When the horse arrived, *Keloğlan* said to it, "I want ten battalions of cavalry, and the horses for those troops should all be like you. Bring me an officer's uniform and a sword, for I shall ride upon you and lead those troops." When the horse produced all of the things *Keloğlan* had requested, the young man put on his uniform, buckled on his sword, and mounted the *Yağız At*. Then, at the head of his force of horsemen, he led his ten cavalry battalions into battle in support of the *padişah*'s army.

In the middle of the battle the Turkish *padişah* observed a column of smoke and dust approaching. He wondered if he was about to be attacked by still another enemy force, but soon discovered that this was not the case.

Keloğlan and his cavalry force engaged in battle and began killing great number of enemy troops. When the enemy leader saw what was happening, he said, "There has arrived on the battle front a terrific Turkish commander who will dry up our roots if we continue this battle." Saying that, the enemy ruler ordered his troops to hoist the banner of truce.

As soon as the Turkish troops saw the flag of truce, the battle ended. The Turkish *padişah* rushed to *Keloğlan*, kissed both his eyes, and said "Maşallah" (May God keep it so!). After they had exchanged greetings, the *padişah* continued, saying, "You have saved all our lives! I am sorry that my youngest daughter married a good-for-nothing fellow when she might well have married a gallant young man like you!" Then, noticing that one of the young man's fingers had been wounded and was bleeding, the *padişah* pulled out a handkerchief with his royal seal on it and used that handkerchief to bandage the injury. After recording all of the important information about the provinces recaptured and the additional territory gained from the enemy, they began their return journey to their own town

On the way, the *padişah* invited *Keloğlan* to go with him to his palace and there be his guest. *Keloğlan* replied, "First I must take my troops back to their own territory and return them to their homes. After that, I shall be free to come to your palace and there be your guest."

„Once you leave me, I may never see you again,“ said the *padişah*.

Don't be concerned about that. I shall surely come to see you.”

Having received that assurance, the *padişah* again kissed both his eyes and bade him farewell, though he did so very reluctantly. He then began leading his Turkish soldiers back to their headquarters.

As soon as the *padişah* and his forces were out of sight, *Keloğlan* dismounted and said to the *Yağız At*, “All of these troops are yours. Take them back to the place from which you got them.”

After the *padişah* and his army had arrived back in the town, *Keloğlan* found his mangy donkey and rode home on it. He had smeared his wooden sword with blood to show that he had engaged in battle, but the children of the town ran along behind him making fun of him as they had done before: “Look at his wooden sword! See—he even has blood on it! What did you kill—cats and dogs?” *Keloğlan* finally reached home after being humiliated in this way. There in the basement of the palace he found his wife sitting on her quilt on the floor. Her complexion had grown quite pale and somewhat yellowish.

The *padişah* decided to hold a thanksgiving celebration on the occasion of their triumphant campaign against the enemy forces. Not only had their enemy-occupied territory been re-captured, but also additional areas had been captured from the enemy. He ordered his viziers to arrange feasts for everyone in the capital city. Later, when he asked if everyone in the city had been entertained, most of his viziers said, “Yes.”

But there was one vizier who was known for always telling the truth, however unpopular or unpleasant it might be; he spoke up and said, “No! The *Keloğlan* who lives in your basement has not been invited to any feast. Unless he is invited to feast in the palace with your other sons-of-law, the thanksgiving celebration cannot be considered complete.”

The *padişah* accepted this statement and ordered a feast to which *Keloğlan* and his wife, along with his other daughters, and their husbands, should be invited. While preparations for the feast were being made, *Keloğlan*, down in the basement, became aware of what was going on. He began to explain to his wife who he really was. „Now we shall be invited from upstairs to attend a feast. You are to continue looking as sad as you have now for some time. Don’t show any signs of happiness. When a man is sent to invite us to the feast, I shall say to him, ‘Just send our share of the food. We shall eat it down here.’ If he insists, then we shall go upstairs, but let us keep our eyes downcast and staring at the floor. Look as unhappy as possible! Every woman will sit by her husband, and you will sit by me.“ By the time *Keloğlan* had finished speaking in this way to his wife, a man from upstairs arrived with the invitation.

“You are invited tonight to a feast in the *padişah*’s quarters,” he said.

“Oh, we are very shy people and do not feel comfortable in a crowd. Just send our portions of the food down here.”

“No, no, the *padişah* would be very angry if we were to do that. You must come upstairs.”

“Very well. Come along, then *sultana* and let us go upstairs.”

Keloğlan and his wife went upstairs trembling and feeling embarrassed. He went first, and she followed him. When they reached the top of the stairs, they pretended to hang back. The *padişah* noticed this and said, “Come, come—never mind. Come right along, for you are also included in the celebration.”

The *padişah* then asked *Keloğlan* and his wife to be seated at the dining table. They took their places there humbly and fearfully, while the other sons-in-law and daughters of the *padişah* did so confidently and cheerfully.

First, soup was served. Most of the guests started eating their soup carefully, taking care to place their napkins in front of themselves. *Kelođlan* right away began spilling soup all over his clothes and putting the empty spoon into his mouth. (Before they had come upstairs, *Kelođlan* had warned his wife that he would behave in this fashion and had instructed her to reprimand him when he slopped his food). Taking another spoonful of soup from his bowl, he again spilled the soup on his clothes and put the empty spoon into his mouth.

“Why don’t you eat properly?” his wife asked him.

Taking from his pocket the handkerchief with which the *padiřah* had bandaged his finger, *Kelođlan* began wiping the soup off his clothes. When the *padiřah* saw the handkerchief, he recognized it at once as his own. “Where did you get that handkerchief? He asked.

“You used it to bandage my finger after the battle.”

“Oh, was that *you* the *padiřah* exclaimed, and then he began to cry for shame. He cried for several minutes and then wiped his eyes.

Everyone present observed this, of course, and when the other sons-in-law realized what was happening, they decided to leave the dining room and depart. They were afraid that *Kelođlan* might also have been the man who had given them the saddlebags filled with birds. Having agreed between themselves to do so, they arose and started for the door of the dining room.

Noticing this, *Kelođlan* said, “Your Majesty, please don’t allow your other sons-in-law to leave. I’ll explain why I ask this in a few minutes.” After receiving directions from the *padiřah*, several of his attendants ran after the two sons-in-law and prevented them from leaving the room.

After a few minutes, *Kelođlan* said, “Your Majesty, I sent you, some time ago, two saddlebags of birds, and I stamped my *tamga* on the foreheads of the bearers of that gift.” When the *padiřah* ordered his aides to remove the fezzes of his other two sons-in-law, the brand marks were visible to everyone. “Then, a day later I sent a second gift of two saddlebags of birds, and that time I stamped my *tamga* on the buttocks of the two bearers of the gift. If you wish, you can examine those brand marks too.”

But the *padiřah* had by now seen enough to understand the whole situation. He said to the other sons-in-law, “Go away! I don’t want to look at your buttocks! I have no sons-in-law like you! Go away from here!” He also dismissed his two older daughters from the palace, telling them to go along with their husbands.

The *padiřah* then kissed *Kelođlan* on both his eyelids and said to him, „You are a very wise young man. You have hidden yourself all this time, but I shall now place you on the throne.“

“No, no, I do not wish to sit on your throne. May you live long and rule many more years!”

But the *padiřah*, mortified by all that had just happened, insisted that his son-in-law ascend to the throne. He ordered another wedding to celebrate the marriage of *Kelođlan* and his youngest daughter. This time the wedding lasted forty days and forty nights. The wedding celebration ended on Thursday, and on Friday night the bride and groom entered the nuptial chamber together. They achieved great joy and lived happily ever after that.

This is a rather complex edit of several stories, a credit to the narrator or original 'composer.' One motif has the familiar 'Kelođlan marrying the padisah's daughter;' another borrowed from a popular romance (Asli ile Kerem---one of the variants of a family of tales, such as Ferhat ile Sirin, Leyla ile Mecnun, Arzu ile Kamber); the menacing parts are followed by the searching motif ending in happy outcome.

Şahadet Göl. Tokat, 1969

Story # 2006

The Shepherd Who Married a Princess But Became Padişah of Another Country

One day a shepherd was driving his flock of sheep and goats to the pasture. As he moved along with his flock, the shepherd was stopped by an old dervish who said to him, "My boy, give up your job as shepherd. You would do much better if you were to ask for the hand of the *Padişah's* daughter in marriage. Going to the palace and marrying the *Padişah's* daughter is the only way in which you will ever become wealthy."

"Very well," said the shepherd. "I shall do that." He gave his flock of sheep and goats to the dervish and started walking to the palace of the *Padişah*.

When he arrived there, he saw in the garden alongside the palace a mounting stone (*binek taşı*—horse block). Any man who wished to marry the *Padişah's* daughter was supposed to sit on that mounting stone. That was the only way in which one could propose to the princess. Whenever a man sat there, the princess would come forth from the palace and challenge him to a contest in composing verses and rimes. She was very skillful in creating poetry, and until then she had defeated every young man who had competed with her. When the suitor lost in such a contest, he was beheaded by the royal executioners.

It was quite early in the morning when the shepherd arrived and sat upon the mounting stone. A servant of the princess was the first one to see him sitting there. That servant's name was *Akçakız*. *Akçakız* went at once to the room of the princess, opened the door, and said, "Lady, there is a young man sitting upon the mounting stone." She then went outside to fill a water container at the fountain in the garden.

Kelođlan, the former shepherd, saw the girl coming and composed a verse for her. He said,

Don't they call you *Akçakız*?
If you wish to know, my name
Is Son of Hamza, *Kelođlan*.

The servant was amazed. She said to herself, "He called me by my correct name! He knew that my name is *Akçakız*! She rushed back into the palace and said, "Lady! Look out the window at the young man sitting on the mounting stone. He seems to have no defects. He must be very clever, for he somehow knew my name and composed a verse for me."

The princess went out into the garden and sang a song to *Keloğlan*, who, in turn, sang one back to the princess, whose name was *Güldalı*. They continued to exchange verses in this way for a long while until finally *Keloğlan* won the contest. *Keloğlan* then said,

You are my partridge, red legged one,
And I should be your falcon soon.
Receive me from my lonely flight.
Your bosom now should be my nest,

When the girl heard *Keloğlan*'s last verse, she called her attendants and said to them, "He has won the contest. He sang better songs than I did, and I shall now accept his proposal. I must have been destined by Allah to marry him! Take him to the bathhouse and give him the best soaps and perfumes to use. After that, take him to a tailor to be fitted with good clothes. Then go and tell my father that he should make arrangements for my marriage."

The attendants followed the directions of the princess exactly. After having *Keloğlan* bathed and fitted with good clothes, they presented the young man to the *Padişah* and repeated his daughter's request concerning her marriage. The *Padişah* looked at *Keloğlan* and he liked what he saw. He accepted the engagement of the couple and ordered that a wedding celebration should begin at once. Soon after that, *Keloğlan* and *Güldalı* were married with the will of Allah.

Keloğlan then began to live very comfortably in the palace with his new wife. One Friday the *Padişah* sent a message to *Keloğlan* saying that he wished to have his son-in-law go to the mosque with him to attend the noon service. *Keloğlan* walked right behind the ruler, who was leading a large number of worshippers to the mosque. There had already begun to be widespread gossip about the marriage of the princess to *Keloğlan*. People grumbled about this even as they were walking to the mosque, and the ruler could not help hearing some of their comments. One man said, "Just look at that bald fellow! How could our *Padişah* allow his daughter to marry such a person?" Others made similar remarks.

This dissatisfaction of his people bothered the *Padişah* greatly. After the prayer service had ended, he said to *Keloğlan*, "Son, you married my daughter with my consent, but unfortunately my subjects have not accepted that marriage. It is going to be necessary for you to take your wife to your own country and live there."

Keloğlan returned at once to the palace and said to his wife, "*Güldalı*, your father is forcing us to leave. He does not want us to live here in the palace any longer. Collect all of your belongings and get ready to leave as soon as possible." They filled their bags with gold and other valuable things. Then after *Güldalı* had dressed in one of her father's suits so that she would look like a man, they went to the royal stables and selected two good horses for their trip. They then set out on their journey.

After riding a long way, they came to a pasture, where *Güldalı* reined in her horse and said to her husband, "I must rest for a while." After they had tied their horses in some bushes, *Güldalı* said to *Keloğlan*, "I shall put my head in your lap and sleep for a short time. If anyone comes along and asks who we are, tell them I am your master and you are my slave." She then lay upon the grass, placed her head in *Keloğlan's* lap, and fell asleep.

After a while an old dervish came along and asked *Keloğlan*, "Who is sleeping with his head in your lap?"

"He is my master, and I am his slave," answered *Keloğlan*.

The dervish then stroked *Keloğlan's* face and said, "May your face become as handsome as that of Prophet Joseph (Old Testament Joseph, son of Jacob---Zulayka, Potiphar's wife fell in love with Joseph). May you never be defeated or lose your strength. And may you in time come to have your own slaves and servants." The dervish then disappeared.

When *Güldalı* woke up from her nap and looked at her husband, she was shocked by what she saw. Her head was now in the lap of an exceedingly handsome man. She shouted, "O my Allah, what has happened? Where is my husband? How could I have slept in the lap of a total stranger? I must kill myself!"

Keloğlan grabbed her wrist and said, "Stop! You shall not kill yourself! Allow me to tell you what happened. While you were asleep, an old dervish came along and asked who we were. I gave him the answer that you had directed me to give anyone who asked who we were. He then stroked my face and said, "May you have as handsome a face as that of Joseph and may you have both health and wealth."

After *Güldalı* understood what happened, they continued on their journey and rode hard all day. When evening came, they found themselves in wild and unsettled country, and so they decided to sleep on their horses instead of on the ground. But during the night the horses wandered in search of grass to eat, and the two went in different directions. When morning came, the two travelers were widely separated, *Keloğlan* at the foot of one mountain and *Güldalı* at the foot of another.

When *Güldalı* awakened and found that her husband was gone and she was alone, she began to examine the area where she found herself. After a while she saw a man cutting wood in the forest. When *Güldalı*, still dressed in male clothes, saw the

woodcutter, she began shouting loudly, "*Aşık Kerem! Aşık Kerem!*" (merely a capricious reference on the part of *Güldalı* to the *Kerem and Aslı* folk romance)

"Stop shouting," said the woodcutter. "This is a mountainside, not a coffeehouse! What would *Aşık Kerem* be doing here? You should look for him in some coffeehouse in a town where he will be singing and playing upon *hiz saz*." (A stringed musical instrument)

"Why do you interfere with what is my business?" asked *Güldalı*. She then sprang from her horse and slapped the face of the woodcutter. Then, remounting her horse, she continued on her way. After riding a considerable distance, she came at evening to a small house.

When *Güldalı* knocked on the door of that house, an old woman appeared and asked, "What do you want?"

"I have ridden a long distance today, and I am very tired. Will you accept me as a guest in your house for the night?"

"No, no, I cannot do that," said the old woman. My house is too small to allow me to accept you here." But when *Güldalı* offered her some gold, the old woman agreed to house her for the night.

When darkness fell upon the land, *Güldalı* heard outside the sound of music. She asked, "What is going on out there?"

The old woman answered, "There is in progress a wedding party for the daughter of the seller of oxen."

Still disguised in male clothing, *Güldalı* asked, "Will men be permitted to attend the party?"

"Yes, everyone will be there. Let us go there ourselves," said the old woman. She locked the door and then led *Güldalı* toward the house from which the music was coming. When they reached that house, the old woman opened the door without knocking and gestured to *Güldalı* to enter. To *Güldalı's* surprise, there was no party or bride or groom inside but only a woman who appeared to be a prostitute. "Come on in," said the old woman. "We shall have a good time here."

By now *Güldalı* was beginning to feel very suspicious about the situation and warned herself to be very careful. The rakish-looking woman opened a bottle of *rakı* (containing 45% alcohol, known around the Mediterranean under various names as *arack*, *pernod*, *sambuka*, *uzo*) and poured some of that liquor into two glasses. She offered one to *Güldalı*, who took the glass but threw away the contents. The hostess continued drinking *rakı* until she had finished the bottle, and by that time she was completely drunk. *Güldalı* then took a poker from the fireplace and stabbed to death the drunken woman.

She said, "This evil woman was trying to kill me, but I have killed her instead. She deserved to die!" *Güldalı* then decided to leave that place at once, but this she was unable to do, for she discovered that the door was locked. It took several minutes for her to break open the door.

In the meantime the old woman had returned to her own home. There she searched *Güldalı's* traveling bag and found that it contained much gold. She was delighted by this, for, thinking that *Güldalı* was already dead, she planned to use that money to buy a better house. But while her hand was still in the bag, she was interrupted by the arrival of its owner. "Grandmother, what are you doing here?" asked *Güldalı*.

"Nothing," answered the old woman.

But *Güldalı* knew better than that, and she prepared to leave that house even though it was now the middle of the night. As she left, she said to the old woman, "After I have gone, another young man may come along. If one does, you should not deceive him as you deceived me. I was lucky to escape." She then left on her horse and rode away.

After she had ridden some distance, *Güldalı* saw ahead of her a large tent. It belonged to the *Padişah* of that land, but she did not know that. The *Padişah* had just died, but before his death, he had said to his followers, "When I have died, I want the first person who comes along and enters this tent to be crowned your new ruler. This is my last wish."

When *Güldalı* opened the front flap of the tent, she heard a shouting behind her. Those who were preparing the corpse for burial shouted, "A young man has just arrived to be our new *Padişah*!" Then turning to *Güldalı*, who was confused by what she had just heard, they explained the situation. "Before our *Padişah* died, he ordered that the first person to come along and enter this tent should be crowned the new *Padişah*. "in a strange way, the daughter of a *Padişah* became a *Padişah* herself.

But even though she had all the power of a *Padişah*, *Güldalı* was still unable to find her husband, *Keloğlan*. She had a small tomb built and a picture of herself in male clothing placed upon it. Then she had watchmen guard it day and night. She ordered that any persons who visited that tomb should be arrested and held in jail until she had talked with them. A few days later a woodcutter came along, stopped at the tomb, and gazed at the picture. He said, "Young man, you once slapped my face, but when you arrived here, you died. I forgive you for what you did." The guards arrested him and put him in jail.

Then one day the old woman came to the tomb and looked at the picture hanging on it. She said, "Oh, my son, you visited my house, where I treated you like my own son. When you reached this place, alas, you died." The guards then led her away to the jail.

Next the prostitute appeared at the tomb. When she saw the picture, she spoke to it. She said, "You injured me very seriously, and you thought you had killed me. But I am still alive, and you have died." She too was taken to jail.

A week later *Kelođlan* discovered the tomb. When he saw the picture on it, he broke down and cried. He said, "I have searched everywhere for you, but I could not find you until now, when you are dead. I cannot live without you, and so I shall now kill myself!" He took out a knife, but was prevented from stabbing himself by the guards.

They seized him quickly and said, "Stop! Stop! We shall take you at once to our *Padiřah!*"

The guards took him to *Güldalı*, who was delighted to see her husband again. She said, "You have finally found me! From now on, you shall be *Padiřah* here, and I shall be in charge of the harem section of the palace."

She then ordered the guards to bring to her from the jail those other people who had visited the tomb. They brought the woodcutter, the old woman, and the prostitute. She said to the old woman and the prostitute, "You are both evil women." Turning to the old woodcutter, she said, "I injured you in my anger, but the goodness of your heart led you to forgive me. You must be rewarded for that. Take this bag of gold and use it to lead a more comfortable life."

After that, *Güldalı* and *Kelođlan*, now the *Padiřah*, lived happily together.

This story, in its function, is in the same category as "Heavy Headed Kelođlan;" "How Kelođlan Drowned His Mother-in-Law" and "Kelođlan and the Mirror." But probably closer to "Heavy Headed Kelođlan" in format.

Nebiye Birkan Tařköprü, Kastamonu. 1966
Story # 2195

Kelođlan Turns the Shoes

One day *Kelođlan's* master was entertaining several guests at his home. In those days it was quite customary to take off one's shoes when entering a house. These shoes were left on the doorstep or porch and were pointed inward toward the house. It was also customary for some member of the household to turn the shoes around, so that it would be easier for the departing guest to slip them on again. Shortly after the arrival of the guests, the owner of the house said, "*Kelođlan*, go out and turn the shoes of your guests."

Kelođlan did not understand that order. He went out and began turning the guests' shoes inside out. This was sometimes very strenuous work. It was relatively easy to turn soft shoes inside out, but it was extremely difficult to do that to the hard boots. He used his two hands and his teeth to grapple with those hard shoes. In this struggle, he bruised his hands and cut his mouth, which started bleeding.

When *Kelođlan* did not return quickly from his chore, his master went to the door and asked, "What have you been doing all this time, *Kelođlan*?"

"Well, I am turning the shoes, as you directed, but so far I have been able to finish only those which are soft-covered."

Do not do evil, lest it finds you?

Ahmet Akdoğan. Doğla, Karacabey, Bursa. 1972
Story # 413

How Keloğlan Drowned His Mother-in-Law

Once there was and once there was not a *Keloğlan*. After *Keloğlan's* mother had him married, his wife and her mother came to live in the same house with *Keloğlan* and his mother. It was not long before quarreling started.

One day *Keloğlan's* wife said to him, "I do not want your mother in this house. Take her and throw her in the river."

"What would you do if I threw *your* mother into the river?" *Keloğlan* asked.

But his wife insisted: "Only if you throw your mother into the river will I ever stay in this house."

What could *Keloğlan* do? He finally thought of a plan. The two old women slept in the same bed, and so *Keloğlan* went to his mother and said, "Mother, change your sleeping place tonight. Sleep on the side of the bed where my wife's mother usually sleeps. Undress early, retire early, and get her side of the bed." His mother did as she was told.

At midnight *Keloğlan* and his wife took a sack and put the wife's mother in it. The wife, of course, thought that it was *Keloğlan's* mother. They then threw the sack into the river. Greatly pleased, *Keloğlan's* wife said, "Let me dance to celebrate."

Keloğlan took a *dümbek* (small drum), and as he beat time on it he sang,

"You'll discover all about it in the morning;

"You'll discover all about it in the morning;"

"You'll discover all about it in the morning;"

As he was playing and singing, his wife was dancing, *shak, shak* (snapping fingers).

In the morning when they peeked, they saw that *Keloğlan's* mother was still there but that his wife's mother was missing. "You threw my mother in the river," his wife wept. "Why did you do it?"

"It was your fault," said *Keloğlan*. "Instead of putting my mother in the sack, you put your mother into it. Then you said, 'Let me dance,' and you went *shak, shak*. And I sang

"You'll discover all about it in the morning;"

"You'll discover all about it in the morning;"

"You'll discover all about it in the morning;"

Impetigo and Imberbe. One cannot have hair on his scalp, the other is completely devoid of beard. Quite a combination.

Köse also has a reputation, almost as widely known. Except, his aura is laden with negativisms. He is known to be 'mean, just for the sake of it. Therefore both are the perfect foil for each other.

This story starts with a version of the tekerleme. It also contains several onomatopoeia. Finally it ends with a tall-tale which also stands by itself.

Hasan İpek Gümüşhacıköy, Amasya. 1973
Story # 677

Keloğlan and the Köse Miller

Once there was and once there was not, when the sieve was in the hay---in such older times, when the camel was a town crier, when the rooster was a barber, when the child was rocking his father's cradle, *tingir-mingir*, well, in those days there was a man with a baldheaded son.

"*Keloğlan*," this man said to his son, "we are out of flour, I shall load some grain on our donkey, and you can take it to a mill and have it ground." After he had loaded the grain on the donkey, he added, "But, if you see that the miller is a *Köse*, then do not have the flour ground there. Go on to some other mill."

"All right, father," said *Keloğlan*.

Keloğlan soon arrived at the mill and knocked on the door, "Tak! Tak! Tak!" When the miller came to the door, *Keloğlan* saw immediately that he was a *Köse*. He said, "My father warned me against having a *Köse* grind our grain," and he left that mill and went to another farther down the stream.

When the *Köse* saw him leaving, he locked up his mill. He then ran along a short-cut to the lower mill, entered it quietly, and hid behind the door.

Keloğlan knocked on the door of this second mill, "Tak, Tak, Tak!" He looked at the miller who came to the door and said, "No, this one is a *Köse*, too. I shall not have my grain milled here either."

When the boy set off to a third mill, the *Köse* again preceded him there. When *Keloğlan* knocked on the door, "Tak, Tak, Tak!" he looked at the miller who came and asked him, "Are all millers *Köse*?"

"Yes, all of them are *Köse*."

"Well, a *Köse* is a *Köse*, and I might just as well have had my grain ground at the first mill I came to. I shall return to the upper mill."

The *Köse* was at the first mill I came to. Together they unloaded the grain and started to grind it into flour. After a while the *Köse* said, "*Keloğlan*, we are hungry. Bring a little flour here, and let us make an ashcake with it."

"All right, Ağa Bey" (elder brother, used showing respect for age)

Keloğlan went and brought some flour, and the *Köse* began to prepare it so that it could be kneaded. "Bring some water, *Keloğlan*," he said. When the boy brought water and poured some in upon the flour, the *Köse* said, "Too much! The dough has become too sloppy! Bring some more flour!" *Keloğlan* did this, and then the *Köse* began to knead the dough. In a minute he said, "More water!" And then the dough became too soft to knead, he said, "More flour!" This went on until all of *Keloğlan*'s flour had been used in the dough for the ashcake. They then buried the dough in the ashes of a wood fire, and the *Köse* baked an ashcake the size of the wheel of an ox-cart. When it was thoroughly baked, he rolled it out of the ashes and stood it against the wall. Then he said, "Now, *Keloğlan*, this ashcake will belong to whichever of us tells the better tale."

"All right, Ağa Bey" After the *Köse* had finished telling a tale, *Keloğlan* began his tale:

"Once there was, once there was not, in an older time, when the camel was town crier, when the rooster was a barber, when the hen was a tailor, and when the child was rocking his father's cradle, *tungır-mungır* (onomatopoeia)—well, back in those days we had a pair of oxen.

"We used to hitch up these oxen to a wagon frequently and use them to haul things to this place and to that place. After a while one of the oxen developed a sore on his neck from the rubbing of the yoke. We went and talked with people who were knowledgeable about such things. 'A sore has developed on the neck of one of our oxen. What shall we do about it?' They said, 'Squeeze a walnut on it, and the neck will heal.'

"We did as they suggested, and, to our surprise, a large walnut tree grew from the ox's neck. Those who passed in one direction threw stones at the tree to knock down walnuts for themselves, and those passed in the other direction threw dried cow dung at it. They threw so much at the tree that after a while a large field gradually built up at the foot of the tree. We decided to plant corn in that field. When the corn was ripe, a wild pig got into the field and got a taste of the corn. After that, he kept returning repeatedly and eating the corn. Try as we would, we could not catch him at it, and so we were afraid that we should be unable to save the crop. Finally we said, 'Let us harvest the corn and solve the problem that way.' On the day we had set to harvest the corn, we went to the field and began to work with our sickles. No matter what side of the field we harvested, the pig would be on the opposite side eating corn. I threw stones at the animal, but it would not go away. Then I threw my sickle at it, and the handle of the sickle stuck in the pig's ear. In pain, the pig whirled about in this direction and the, turning, whirled

about in another direction, and as he did so, the sickle was reaping the corn wherever he went. The corn was all cut down in a very short time, but the effort was too great for tyhe pig, and it died. I cut open the belly of the pig, and inside I discovered a letter. It was just a short letter, and so I was able to read it quickly. It said, "The ashcake belongs to *Kelođlan*."

Kelođlan then loaded the large ashcake on his donkey and took it home. And that is how the tale ends.

The ultimate word in self control. The ending is borrowed from another story that appears in two longer versions in this volume.

Mevlüt Ünal. Karahamzalı, Bala, Ankara. 1961
Story # 21

Keloğlan and the Köse Agree

A man had three sons. The eldest son became a hired hand on the farm of a *Köse*. Part of the agreement between them was that neither the employer nor his employee was to become angry with the other, no matter what happened. If either lost his temper over something that the other did, the angry man was to forfeit enough skin from his back to make the other a pair of sandals.

Right from the beginning, the *Köse* teased the boy in order to make him lose his temper, for he was a very mean *Köse*. He soon succeeded in his purpose, and took from the young man's back enough skin for a pair of sandals. The young man quit the job in anger, and his next oldest brother accepted it. The terms were the same, and the result was the same. The *Köse* annoyed the second brother day after day until he too finally lost his temper and had to forfeit a large piece of skin from his back. Finally, the youngest brother, *Keloğlan*, accepted the job after both his older brothers had lost skin from their backs and had quit the job on the farm. The *Keloğlan* and the *Köse* agreed to the same terms; whichever lost his temper would provide the hide for a pair of sandals.

On the first day of his work on the farm, the *Köse* said to him, "You will do some plowing today. Take these oxen and this hound and go to that big field. Plow wherever this hound lies down." So *Keloğlan* went to the field with the oxen and the hound, and he spent a long while following the hound around the field. Finally the hound climbed up on a rocky slope and lay there to sleep. The *Keloğlan* went up where the hound lay and he kicked the dog to death. Then he went back to *Köse* without having done any plowing at all. He explained to the *Köse* what had happened, and he asked him, "Are you angry with me?"

The Köse replied, "Oh, no, of course not!"

Keloğlan put the oxen in the stable and went back to the *Köse* to receive his next assignment. This time *Köse* said, "Take the oxen to the fountain to water them, but lead them out of the stable through the little window on the back wall." After receiving this order, *Keloğlan* went to the stable and cut the heads of the oxen and threw them through the window at the back of the building. He took these heads to the fountain where he dipped them in the watering trough, whistling all the while (as is usually done to encourage the animals to drink water) they were there. *Keloğlan* whistled for them just as if they had been alive. Then he took the heads of the oxen out of the trough and brought them back to the stable, where he poured a bagful of hay before them. Afterwards, he went back to *Köse*, told him he had watered the oxen, and invited him to come to the stable to see them. When *Köse* entered the stable, he was astonished at what he saw. He asked *Keloğlan*, "What did you do, man?"

"Well," said *Kelođlan*, "you asked me to take the oxen through the window to the fountain and there water them. This is what I did. Are you angry with me for what I have done?"

"No, no—nothing of the sort," answered the *Köse*.

The next day *Köse* asked *Kelođlan* to take a leg of one of the slaughtered oxen to the home of one of his daughters who lived in the neighborhood. When *Kelođlan* appeared at her front door carrying the huge leg, she became very worried, because she feared that her father had lost an ox, and she began to cry. *Kelođlan* knocked her down with the leg of the ox and in doing so killed her. When he went back to *Köse*, he explained this to him and asked *Köse*, "Are you cross with me?"

"No, nothing of the sort," said *Köse*.

The next day there was a wedding in the village and *Köse* was invited. Before he went, he asked *Kelođlan* to watch the door of the house to see that nobody broke into it. But a short while after he had gone, *Kelođlan* pulled the door off its hinges, strapped it to his back, and went to the wedding himself. When *Köse* saw *Kelođlan* with a door on his back, he was amazed. He asked *Kelođlan*, "What is this?"

Well, don't you remember? You asked me to take care of the door, and so I have brought it with me, lest thieves steal it. Don't say that you are angry with me, Master."

"No, no, my son. I am not angry with you" But, in fact, *Köse* was seriously concerned now. He said to his wife, "This young man will be going to kill me sooner or later. Let us run away before he does so. Bake a bagful of *çörek*, and let us escape tonight."

But *Kelođlan* overheard their conversation, and he thus discovered *Köse's* plans. He got into the bag which *Köse's* wife had placed by the oven for the *çörek* and hid himself in the bottom. The bag was then filled with the freshly baked pastry and loaded on a cart. *Köse* and his wife departed quietly at midnight. After the cart had gone for some distance, *Kelođlan* had to urinate, and couldn't wait any longer. When *Köse* noticed the wet spot in the cart, he said to his wife, "You must have put too much butter in those *çörek*. It is oozing out.

"Well, of course, I did. I did not want to leave any of the butter for that *Kelođlan*," she said.

A little farther on they were beset by a number of fierce dogs which surrounded their cart and barked loudly at them. Quite frightened by these dogs, *Köse* said, "Now I wish *Kelođlan* was here, because he would protect us from these beasts."

Overhearing this, *Kelođlan* cried out, "I am here, Uncle *Köse*." They helped him out of the bag in which he had been hiding, and he drove off the dogs in no time.

After getting rid of the dogs, they drove to the bank of the river where they decided to spend the night. *Köse* and his wife planned to make *Kelođlan's* bed very close to the edge of the river bank, so that they could later roll him, bed and all, into the river. When they had all gone to bed, *Kelođlan* slept for a while, and then he got up. He picked up *Köse's* wife and put her in his own bed, and then he went and lay down beside *Köse* himself. He shook *Köse's* arm and, imitating the voice of *Köse's* wife said, "Come on. Get up. It is time to throw that *Kelođlan* into the water." Half asleep, *Köse* got up and the two of them picked up *Kelođlan's* bed and threw it into the river with the *Köse's* wife in it. It was only after his wife was lost in the waters of the river that *Köse* realized what had actually happened. *Kelođlan* asked the *Köse*, "Well, are you angry with me?"

"No, no." answered *Köse*.

Kelođlan left *Köse* and went to a village where he found a shepherd to whom he said, "They are running after me because I refused to marry the daughter of the king. If you put on my clothes and let me wear your shepherd's clothes and your heavy felt coat, they may catch you and force you to marry her." The shepherd agreed to this and so they changed clothes.

Shortly after this, *Köse* arrived on the scene with a couple of men whom he hired to catch and punish *Kelođlan*. The three of them saw the shepherd and thought it was *Kelođlan*. They beat the shepherd and threw him in the river. Soon after this, they came upon *Kelođlan* in shepherds clothes. They were amazed to see him and even more amazed to see him with a large flock of sheep. *Köse* said to him, "Where did you get all that sheep.?"

"Well," said *Kelođlan*, "I found this flock where you dumped me in the river. If you would throw your men in the river, they could each get forty sheep in the same way."

Upon hearing this, *Köse* threw his men, one after the other, into the river. As they were drowning, they made a gurgling noise in their throats that sounded like, "Kırk! Kırk! Kırk! (Forty! Forty! Forty!).

Kelođlan said to *Köse*, "You see, your friends say that there are forty. Why don't you help them pull the sheep out of the water?" Then all three of them drowned, and *Kelođlan* happily drove away his flock of sheep.

The word play concerning the 'sea coming up' is not unknown, but does not appear too frequently. In one memorable instance, a politician running for office during 1950s was heard to be making the promise: "If you elect me to the House of Representatives, I will raise the sea to your district." And the district of Kadifekale in question, overlooking the city of Izmir, is about 500 feet above the prevailing sea level. What is even more interesting is that Kadifekale was once, some 2500 years ago, was a port city. The remnants of the piers and boat landings are still visible. The unusual part is the use of the phrase as a 'code' for another human endeavor.

Sadly, the ending narration is truncated.

Bayram Şahin. Limonlu, Mersin, İçel. 1974
Story # 647

Travels of Keloğlan and the Köse

One there was a *Köse* and a *Keloğlan*. *Keloğlan* asked the *Köse* to take him along on a journey with him, but *Köse* told him he could not do that. But in spite of his refusal, he finally did take *Keloğlan* with him. On their way to a village they came across a hoca, The hoca asked them where they were going, and they told him their destination. The hoca asked to go along with them, and the three continued on their way. In a little while they met a camel owner. He asked where they were all going, and then asked to join them. So the four continued on their way.

They finally arrived at the village they had set out for. They looked for a place where they could spend the night, and asked a woman of the village if she could take them in as guests. The woman said they were welcome to spend the night, but warned them that the sea came up from her house. The four men said they did not mind, and that they would still like to spend the night at her house. So, the woman took them in to her house, showed them into a bedroom, brought them a jug of water, and retired to her own room for the night.

Köse told the others that he understood what the woman meant when she said the sea came out of the house. So, they decided that whoever heard the sea coming out would wake the rest and they would all run from the house. Since *Köse* knew what to anticipate, he tied a gourd to his waist so that he would not drown when the sea came out. He lay down on a trunk and fell asleep.

Later on *Köse* woke up and very slowly and noiselessly went to the woman's room and stood at the door. He heard a light knock and cracked the door slightly. A man was standing there. *Köse* whispered that there was company at home that night and that he should go away. The man did not want to go. So *Köse* told him to come back a bit later. The man at the door said he had brought a present, and slipped a handkerchief through the door. After walking around a while, the man came back and again softly knocked on the woman's door. *Köse* whispered that she was not feeling well that day and that he should go away. But the man refused to go. *Köse* told him there was a hole in the

door, and that he should do his business with the woman through the hole. When the man had penetrated the hole, *Köse* chopped the man's penis off and set it aside.

The man left the house howling in pain.

Meanwhile *Kelođlan* woke up, and when he saw that *Köse* was not in the room, he realized he must have gone to the woman's room, and he immediately went there himself. He knocked softly and asked *Köse* to let him in too. *Köse* said he could not do that, and that the woman was sleeping. *Kelođlan* asked him what he was eating, and *Köse* told him he had found something to munch on there but that it was not much of anything. When *Kelođlan* insisted that he also wanted something to munch on, *Köse* handed him the penis stub which he had just cut off. *Kelođlan* chewed on it, but could not eat it, nor could he tell what it was he was trying to eat. He asked *Köse* what was he had just handed him, and *Köse* replied *pastırma* (beef salted and sun-cured with spices). *Kelođlan* decided to put the beef in his belt, and eat it in the morning when he could see what he was eating. When he went back to the room, he fumbled around to find his bedding and overturned the jug of water which was standing by the hoca's head. The hoca woke up and cried out, "The sea just broke over my head!"

Immediately they all rushed to get out. *Köse* heard the commotion and came out to ask what happened. Hoca told him the sea had burst out over his head. So all of them took to the road once again. *Kelođlan* approached *Köse* and asked him if they should share whatever it was he had given him earlier to eat. But *Köse* said they could have it later and that they should continue on their way for the time being. Hoca overheard part of their conversation and said, "What are you two whispering about? If you have something to eat, bring it out. We are all hungry."

So they all sat down by the side of the road, and *Köse* said, "There is the sea. This is the reason the woman did not want to lodge us." (i.e. she had a lover calling)

Kömeç is a specific type of clay pot (sometimes glazed) in which vegetables and meat are placed; and the whole assemblage is buried in hot ashes for slow cooking. The end result is especially delectable; if one can wait!

Ashcake, as the name implies, is flour based bread cooked directly in the hot ashes.

And, Keloğlan has to endure the doings of a köse yet again.

Aziz Kapısız. Devrek, Zonguldak, 1987
Story # 1590

Keloğlan and Köse Share Bandits' Loot

A keloğlan and a köse arrived at the local gristmill at the same time. As they ground their grain, they got along quite well together. When they had finished grinding their grain, they each took some of their flour and with it they made a kömeç. As they were placing it in the ashes to bake, they agreed, "This kömeç will belong to the one of us who can tell the biggest lie."

The Köse was the first to tell a lie. He said, "This mill used to stand on that hill over there. One day, however, a very powerful storm blew through this part of the country and it blew the mill from the hilltop to its present position."

"Then it was Keloğlan's turn to tell a big lie. This is the story he told. "My father and I were once beekeepers. We had in one of our hives a lame bee. Once one of our neighbors captured that lame bee. The neighbor put that lame bee in a yoke with an ox, and he plowed all day with that mismatched team.

After we had lost our lame bee, we planted watermelons. One of the watermelons grew so large that it stretched all the way across a river, but not before it had caused the river to change its course. This was during the time of World War I. Turkish soldiers who had to cross that river used the giant watermelon as a bridge. As they were crossing that bridge, each soldier would reach down with his knife and cut off a piece of that watermelon to eat, but the whole army could not consume that watermelon."

After the Keloğlan had told such a big lie, it was clear that he won the kömeç. He helped himself to heaping ladles the kömeç. The Köse was very hungry, and watching the keloğlan eat made him even hungrier. Finally, when he could not stand it any longer, he said, "Please, Keloğlan, give me some kömeç to eat. I shall pay you five kuruş for every helping of kömeç I eat." Keloğlan agreed to this, and he served him several ladlefuls of kömeç for the Köse. But the Köse did not have any money with him, so he said, " Keloğlan, I do not have enough money here to pay you, but I shall go to my house and bring the correct amount of money to you."

Keloğlan answered, "No, no, don't bring the money here. I shall go with you to your house to get it."

After they had started walking toward *Köse's* house, *Köse* pretended that he had to step aside from the path for a minute to urinate. But when he left the path, he quickly ran home, leaving *Keloğlan* waiting on the path for him to return. When he reached home, he said to his wife. "Lady, *Keloğlan* will soon arrive here looking for me. I owe him some money. So that we shall not have to pay him that money, you are to tell him that your husband has died."

"All right," said his wife. When *Keloğlan* arrived at the *Köse's* house, the woman said, "Oh-h-h, *Keloğlan*, my poor husband has just passed away. He is dead."

Keloğlan did not believe that, but he said, "Oh-h-h. I am very sorry to hear that. Inasmuch as he was my closest friend, I should like to stay for his funeral." *Keloğlan* wanted to be sure that he was not being deceived by the *Köse*. The village people washed the body of the *Köse* and buried him. But after all of the other people had gone home, *Keloğlan* remained in the cemetery. He climbed a tall tree near the grave of the *Köse* and remained there quietly.

After a while two bandits entered the cemetery, where they thought they would not be seen, to divide the money and goods which they had gotten by means of robbery. They could not, however, agree on how their plunder should be divided, and they began to quarrel over this matter. Finally one of them said, "If we do not stop this quarreling, we shall be discovered and arrested. Until we can agree on how to divide this wealth, let us bury it in a freshly dug grave, which will be easy to open."

The other bandit agreed to this, and they soon discovered the newly dug grave of *Köse*. They shouted into the grave, "Is there anyone in there alive?" *Keloğlan* responded to them from the tree above, but the bandits thought that the voice had come from the grave. Confused and frightened by what they thought was a voice from the other world, the bandits dropped everything and fled.

Keloğlan then climbed down from the tree and dug *Köse* out of the grave. They divided the money and other things that the bandits had left behind.

This Keloğlan seems to possess an extraordinary appetite so as to be able to consume one complete animal a day, and appears to be very much a man of worldly affairs. Perhaps some of the latter day trial attorneys learned a few lessons from his deft defensive arguments before the judge.

Ceylan. Kargıcak, Silifke, İçel. 1962
Story # 74

Keloğlan and the Bezirgan's Wife

There was once a hoca who had a son. One day when there was no wheat left in the hoca's house, the hoca said to his son, "Go and find wheat somewhere."

The boy took their forty goats up to the mountain. There he killed one goat a day, ate its meat, and then oiled his body with the fat. This continued for forty days, until the entire flock of goats had been eaten. At the end of that time, he returned to his father and told him that he had traded the forty goats for forty mule loads of wheat and that he must have forty mules with which to haul the wheat. The hoca had only two mules of his own, but he went house to house in his village borrowing mules from his neighbors, and at last he had the forty mules for his son.

Keloğlan took the forty mules and went to a nearby town. He went to an inn, sat down in a chair near the stove, and told the inn keeper to put his mules into the stable. As the inn keeper was trying to get the mules into the stable, one of them was balky and would not move. When he told *Keloğlan* of this, *Keloğlan* swore loudly at the mule and said, "Get into the stable or I'll pick you up and toss you up into the air again!" The mule for some reason then actually went into the stable.

Next door to the inn was the home of a bezirgan [travelling peddler]. The bezirgan was away, but his wife was at home, and she overheard what *Keloğlan* said to the mule. She sent a boy to the inn with a message for *Keloğlan* to come and visit her. After he came to her house, they ate and drank together, and then the woman asked *Keloğlan*, "What are you doing in this town?"

"I have come to buy some wheat," he said.

The woman said to him, "If you can copulate with me forty times, I shall give you forty bags of wheat. If you fail to do this, then I shall take your forty mules."

Keloğlan agreed to this bargain, and then they got busy. After copulating with the woman thirty-nine times, *Keloğlan* started to bleed, and the woman thereupon claimed that the term of the bargain had not been fulfilled by *Keloğlan*. They argued about this, and finally *Keloğlan* said, "Let us go to a judge and present our cases." The woman finally agreed to this.

Keloğlan explained the problem to the judge in this way: "Your Honor, this woman and I had a bet. I said I would knock down forty walnuts with one stone. This woman said that I could not. I bet forty mules that I could do this, and she bet forty bags of wheat that I could not. I threw a stone and knocked down forty walnuts, but as we

were shelling them, we found that one of the nuts was rotten. Do I get her forty bags of wheat, or does she get my forty mules?"

The judge thought about this for a while, and then he ruled that *Kelođlan* had won. "It was not your fault that one of the nuts was rotten," he said.

They returned and went to the barn of the *bezirgan* where they started to load the mules with wheat. By the time they had the mules loaded, it was evening, and so *Kelođlan* decided to spend another night in the woman's home and start back early the next morning. When it was time to go to bed, the woman set another proposition for *Kelođlan*. "Do you see this golden cock? If you can sleep tonight between me and my daughter without touching either of us, you can have this cock. If you touch either of us, however, I shall take both the forty mules and the forty bags of wheat that you won from me today."

Kelođlan agreed to this bargain. He went to the town square and bought some twine with which he tied his penis to his leg so that it would not get away from him. The woman perfumed both herself and her beautiful daughter, and the two of them lay in the bed, one on either side of *Kelođlan*. *Kelođlan* pretended for a long while that he was asleep, and he pretended that he was snoring, "Horr, horr, horr!" But, in fact, he was wide awake. The woman kept looking at *Kelođlan*, and she realized that he would not be attracted to them unless she did something. She reached over to *Kelođlan*'s leg and discovered that he had tied fast his penis. With a pair of scissors she cut the string that held it fast. Then *Kelođlan* immediately copulated with the woman and then with her daughter, and then with the woman again. Dead tired after such a night, *Kelođlan* finally welcomed the arrival of the morning.

When the woman claimed the mules and the wheat, *Kelođlan* refused to give them to her. "I was cheated last night," he said. Unable to settle their dispute between themselves, they again went to the judge.

Kelođlan explained their present problem to the judge: "Your Honor, this woman owns a field of barley and a field of wheat. I tied my donkey to a stake on a grass strip between those two fields. The donkey ate the grass but none of her wheat and none of her barley. But during the night, when I was asleep, she untied my donkey and it ate from both the fields of grain. Must I pay her for what it ate?"

The judge said to the woman, "Did it all happen in this way?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Well, " said the judge, 'the owner of the donkey is not to be blamed. The one who released it at fault. Of course the donkey would eat from both fields if it were let loose."

Thus *Kelođlan* slept with the *bezirgan*'s wife and his daughter and also won forty bags of wheat and a golden cock. The same day he returned with these to his father's house.

Two versions of this story are presented in this volume. Although faithfulness and trustworthiness are the primary lessons being underlined, a deeper message is, yet again, 'nothing is impossible.'

Nurettin Kamışlıoğlu; Elazığ April 1977
Story # 928

The Ungrateful Keloğlan and Brother Fox

Once there was, once there was not a fox used to steal grapes at night from the small vineyard of *Keloğlan*. *Keloğlan* had not been able to catch the thief, but one night he cut his finger and poured salt into the wound in order to stay awake. He was able to stay awake this time, and so in the middle of the night he caught the fox at his vineyard.

The fox pleaded for his life: “Please, *Keloğlan*, do not kill me. Let us become close friends, like brothers, and I shall help you.”

Keloğlan wondered how a fox could be his friend or brother, but he said “All right,” anyway.

Time passed until one day the fox caught two partridges. Holding the partridges in his teeth, he took them to *Keloğlan* and said, “Brother, get up! I have brought you two partridges. Clean them and eat them!” *Keloğlan* arose from where he was sleeping and did as the fox directed.

Time again passed along until one day the fox, walking along the bank of a stream, came upon the daughters of the *padişah* washing their dirty clothes. They were all only half dressed, having put their outer garments in a bundle. Inside that bundle of clothing they had placed their rings and other jewelry. The fox very quietly crept closer and closer to the bundle until he could grab it. Holding the bundle in his mouth tightly with his teeth, the fox fled. When they saw him running away, the daughters of the *padişah* began shouting, “Help! Help! A thieving fox has stolen our clothes and jewelry.” But nobody was able to catch the thief.

Going to *Keloğlan*'s house, the fox called, “Wake up, wake up, Brother! Look here at the jewels I have brought for you!”

Keloğlan looked around and then asked, “Where did you get these jewels?”

The fox replied, “Do not ask such a question. That is none of your business.”

After another day or two had passed, the fox said to *Keloğlan*, “Brother, get up, get up! Go and take a good bath, for I intend to get a daughter of the *padişah* as a bride for you.”

Keloğlan answered, “Brother Fox, are you crazy? Think now of who I am and where I am, and then think of who the daughter of the *Padişah* is and where *she* is! How can you say such a thing?”

The fox said, “Boy, don't interfere with my work! If I say that I will do that, then I will do that! Go and scrub yourself well. I swear to you that I shall get the daughter of the *Padişah* for you.

When the fox left *Keloğlan*, he went straight to the palace of the *Padişah* and knocked on the door, *tak, tak, tak!*

Those inside asked, “Who is it?”

The fox replied, “Open the door! It is I, Brother Fox, the servant of *Şakşakı Bey*. *Şakşakı Bey* sends you his greetings and requests that you lend him a set of scales on which he can weigh some gold.”

Within the palace, there was confusion. They said, “Good Heavens! Can there be such a thing—weighing gold?” But to the fox they said, “All right, you may borrow the scales,” and they handed him the scales.

The fox took the scales and returned home with them. There he stuck a couple of gold pieces to the bottom of the cannister. He wanted to give the impression that his master had simply overlooked those two gold coins while weighing gold. Then after a couple of hours, he returned the scales to the palace.

When the *Padişah*’s wife found the two gold pieces at the bottom of the scale, she went at once to her husband and said, “My *Padişah*, they returned the scales, but when they did, there were two pieces of gold left in the bottom of the scale cannister. They apparently forgot them or did not bother to examine the cannister.”

The *Padişah* said, “Oh, God! He must be richer than I am!”

The fox allowed fifteen days to pass, and then went to the palace again and requested to borrow the scales once more in order to weigh the gold of *Şakşakı Bey*. When he returned the scales, he repeated the same trick that he had engaged earlier: deliberately leaving two pieces of gold in the scale.

Five or ten days later the fox said to *Keloğlan*, “Brother, the time has come for me to go to the palace and say that I want the daughter of the *Padişah* for you.”

Keloğlan was very confused. He said, “Oh Brother Fox, how will you be able to do that? How can you request a *Padişah*’s daughter for me as wife? I am only a poor *Keloğlan*! To what will the *Padişah*’s daughter come? I don’t even have one decent room!”

The fox replied, “*Keloğlan*, mind your own business! If I said that I would do it, then I can do it!”

Then Brother Fox went to the *Padişah*’s palace. In those days there were gold and silver chairs for guests to sit upon. If one chose to sit on the silver throne, the host understood from that he had come to ask for his daughter as wife to someone. Upon being shown into the ruler’s presence, the fox went at once and sat in the silver chair. He said, “My dear *Padişah*, I chose this chair because I wish to ask for the hand of one of your daughters for *Şakşakı Bey*. He wants to marry your daughter.”

The *Padişah* went to his wife’s room and consulted with her about this marriage. He said, “Wife, what do you think about this? *Şakşakı Bey* sent his assistant to say that he wishes to marry one of our daughters.”

The wife of the *Padişah* said, “Yes.” (There was the same kind of thinking in the old days that there is now. If the bridegroom is rich enough, then the other things don’t seem to be important. Nobody seems to care about the bridegroom’s character or his family line). The wife of the *Padişah* said, “We should say, ‘yes.’ It seems that he is a very wealthy man.”

The *Padişah* returned from his wife’s room and said to the fox, “Yes, we shall accept his offer. His parents may come to ask for our daughter as a wife for their son.”

The fox said, “But, your majesty, his land is a great distance away, and his parents are both very old. Surely the wedding feast can be held without them.”

“Now?” the *Padişah* asked.

“Yes, yes, now! Let us go shopping together for the things that will be needed.”

The *Padişah*, his wife, and Brother Fox went together to the various stores to do the shopping necessary to prepare for the wedding. Among other places, they went to a jewelry shop, but after they had made numerous selections, the jeweler asked for money for these purchases. The fox shamed him by saying, “How could you demand payment now, right in the presence of the *Padişah*? You will get your money later. Do not worry about that!”

The fox used the same strategy in all the stores where they shopped, and he managed not to pay a single lira during their whole purchasing trip. Brother Fox had a tailor make a magnificent suit, and when it was finished, he took it home. There he found *Keloğlan* sleeping, as usual. He said, “Hey, *Keloğlan*, wake up, wake up! The bride is coming!” Confused, *Keloğlan* arose, took a bath, and put on his new suit.

The fox had given the bridal procession exact directions for the route they were to follow to reach the bridegroom’s home: “Take this road and then turn onto that road, and after that keep going straight ahead. Do not turn off that road anywhere, and at the end of it you will come to our mansion. It is very large.”

Before the final events of the wedding festivities had arrived, when the bride would be taken to the groom’s home, the fox had acquired a real mansion for *Keloğlan*. The mansion which he got had belonged to a family of seven-headed giants. The fox had gone there an hour earlier that day with *Keloğlan*, and the giants had been pleased to see them coming, for they expected to use them for their dinner that day. The fox knew what they were thinking, and he said to them, “O Brother Giants, you are thinking of eating us, but can you see in the distance that great crowd moving this way? They are the *Padişah*’s soldiers, and they are coming to cut off your heads. I think that you should hide immediately!”

Badly frightened, the giants asked the fox, “Where can we hide?”

Brother fox showed them a dry well and said, “Hurry! Hurry! Get in there and hide. When the *Padişah*’s soldiers have passed here, I shall tell you, and then you can come out again.”

The seven-headed giants descended to the very bottom of that dry well. The fox and *Keloğlan* tumbled into the well all of the large rocks that they could find. Then they sealed the mouth of the well with an especially large rock. It was in this way that the seven-headed giants were killed. The fox then said to *Keloğlan*, “Go to the roof of this mansion and wait for the bride there. (In older times it was a custom for the bridegroom to do this). *Keloğlan* did as the fox directed and waited on the roof for the coming of the bride. After the procession had arrived with the bride, the wedding was complete, and *Keloğlan* and the *Padişah*’s daughter were married.

After some time had passed, the fox said to himself, “I think that I shall test this *Keloğlan*. I wonder if he realizes how much I have done for him? Does he appreciate the things that I have arranged for him? I can find out by pretending to die.”

As you know, *Keloğlan* was *Şakşakı Bey* now. He grew richer all the time. Only a few days before, thousands of sheep had arrived to pasture on his land. The fox had said to all of the shepherds in the area, “You are supposed to take your flocks to such-

and-such a place. If you fail to comply with this order, the *Padişah* will have your head cut off!” Everyone passing by asked, “Look at all those sheep! To whom do they all belong? They must belong to some very rich man!”

When people asked such questions, the fox would tell them, “All these sheep and cows and horses belong to *Şakşakı Bey!*”

And when the people heard this, they would say, ‘God! My God! This man must even be wealthier than our *Padişah*. He is probably the richest person in the entire country!’”

Now let us turn to the fox who wished to test *Keloğlan*’s friendship and loyalty. One day when *Keloğlan* went hunting, the fox pretended to be dead. *Keloğlan*’s wife began to cry, for her brother-in-law had died. When *Keloğlan* returned home, he saw that his wife was greatly upset, and he asked, “Why are you crying?”

“Brother Fox has died.” She said.

“Well, don’t cry, you stupid woman! He was, after all, only a dirty fox. Throw his body in the trash and don’t shed your tears in vain for a worthless fox.”

The fox heard very clearly everything *Keloğlan* had said. He arose at once and said to *Keloğlan*, “Shame on you! I did a great many things for you. It was I who made you a *bey* It was I who arranged to have the *Padişah*’s daughter become your wife. You were just a *Keloğlan*, and you had nothing. What a pity! But now you are ready to throw my body into the trash! Ha!”

Frightened and ashamed, *Keloğlan* began to plead: “Please, Brother Fox, forgive me. I have made a great mistake. I didn’t know that you weren’t really dead.”

The fox did forgive him, and the days began to pass again just as they had before. After some time, the fox really did die. This time *Keloğlan* had a beautiful funeral procession prepared, for he was afraid that the fox might come to life again.

Şakşakçı Bey is a play on words, when translated, produces the effect of a nobleman who attained his status by acting as a clown. This is an added subtlety, since the Şakşakçı Bey persona is juxtaposed onto that of Keloğlan by the clever fox. The whole affair could be construed as a warning to the audience that 'promise of riches' may come at a rather high cost, including by way of personal dignity loss.

Nurettin Kamışlıoğlu, Elazığ, 1981
Story # 1325

The Keloğlan and the Fox

Some time ago there was a *Keloğlan* who owned two vineyards. Every day he went to these vineyards to see how his grape crop was faring. As the grapes were beginning to ripen, he noticed for several days in a row that someone had stolen some of his grapes during the night. He did not know who the thief was, but he was determined to find out. He said to himself one day, "I shall keep watch here tonight and catch the thief. In order to stay awake during the night, I shall make a small cut in my hand and put salt into the cut."

That night he was very watchful as he guarded his vineyards. Around midnight a fox came to the vineyards and was about to pick some grapes, but *Keloğlan* seized him before he could do so. "So you are the thief who has been stealing my grapes! Well, I am going to kill you right now."

"Please don't kill me. Instead of doing that, accept me as your brother."

"How can we become brothers when I am a human being and you are a fox?"

"If you will accept me as your brother, I shall reward you by getting you the *padişah's* daughter as your bride."

The *Keloğlan* smiled and said, "You are just trying to mislead me. How could you get the *padişah's* daughter for me?"

"I can do that. If you do not kill me, I shall get that girl as your bride."

The *Keloğlan* thought, "My two vineyards of grapes are pretty well finished now. Why shouldn't I let this fox try to do what he has promised? It is something that really cannot happen, but I might as well let him try to do it anyway." Accordingly, he released the fox and let it go its way.

Two days later the fox returned with two partridges he had caught. "*Keloğlan* brother, I have brought you two partridges. Eat them."

Keloğlan ate the partridges, and while he was doing so, he was thinking. He thought, "This fox has returned and brought me two partridges. Perhaps he is actually capable of winning the *padişah's* *Keloğlan* daughter for me."

A few days later the fox reappeared. This time he said, "*Keloğlan* brother, wash your head clean with sand and water, for I am about to go to ask for the hand of the *padişah's* daughter as your bride."

Keloğlan was amused by what the fox said, for he still was not convinced that the fox could get the princess for him. Nevertheless, he went down to the river and washed himself and scrubbed his head with sand and water.

Meanwhile the fox went to a different part of the river and found the *padişah's* wife and daughter washing the family clothes. "Mother, Mother! Look at this fox! The girl called. The mother and daughter ran toward the fox to catch it, but the fox retreated several steps. The girl ran at him again, but again he retreated. By this time the woman and the girl were some distance from where their clothes lay in a heap on the bank of the river. The fox ran swiftly to these clothes and took from them whatever gold and jewelry they contained. He then ran to the place where *Keloğlan* lived and said, "*Keloğlan* brother, get up! I have good news for you! Look at this gold and this jewelry which I have brought for you."

Keloğlan, who had been sleeping, opened his eyes and saw the gold and jewelry. He thought, "There must somehow be something special about this fox, but let us see what happens."

The two brothers went at once to the *padişah's* palace, where they knocked on the front door. "What is it that you want?" asked the guard at the door.

"*Şakşakçı Bey* sends his greetings to the *padişah* and asks to borrow his scales. He wishes to weigh some gold."

The guard went upstairs to the *padişah's* quarters and reported this. "*Şakşakçı Bey* has sent two brothers here asking to borrow your scales. They want these scales to weigh gold."

The *padişah* answered, "Go ahead! Let them take the scales."

The fox carried away the scales and two days later he brought them back. Before giving them to the guard at the door, however, he stuck to the bottom of the scale pan two pieces of gold. As usual, the guard went upstairs and reported to the *padişah*. "My *padişah*, *Şakşakçı Bey* has had the scales returned, but two pieces of gold remain in the bottom of the pan."

The fox waited for a few days and then returned to the palace and knocked on the front door. "What is it?" the guard asked.

"*Şakşakçı Bey* sends his greetings to the *padişah* and asks that he be allowed to borrow the scales again."

"All right. Let him have them."

This time when the fox returned the scales, he left four pieces of gold in the pan. This was, of course, reported to the *padişah*.

A few days after that the fox said to his brother, *Keloğlan*, go and wash your head again, for this is the day on which I am going to ask for the hand of the *padişah's* daughter for you."

Keloğlan was still very doubtful about all this. "This is not something that is at all likely to happen." He thought. But he went to the river and washed his head anyway.

While *Keloğlan* was doing this, the fox went to the palace and knocked on the door. "What is it?" asked the guard.

I have come to see the *padişah*," the fox said.

"Why do you want to see him?"

I have something private that I wish to say to him."

When the guard delivered this message, the *padişah* said, "Let him come up."

When anyone visited the *padişah*, the person's intentions required that he sit in a certain chair. If a visitor wishes to be a guest of the *padişah*, he should sit in a silver chair. If he has come to ask for the hand of the *padişah*'s daughter, he is supposed to sit in the golden chair. When the fox was shown into the *padişah*'s presence, he went directly to the golden chair and sat in it.

The *padişah* said, "Brother Fox, you are supposed to sit in the silver chair."

"No, my *padişah*, I am just where I should be. I have come by the will of Allah and the approval of the Prophet to ask for the hand of your daughter for our *Şakşakçı Bey*."

"Then, Brother Fox, you are indeed in the proper chair. But before I answer your request, let me first consult my wife for her opinion of this matter."

"Of course you may ask your wife, my *padişah*," said the fox.

Going to his wife's room, the *padişah* said, "woman!"

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"*Şakşakçı Bey* has sent someone to ask for our daughter in marriage. What do you think of this proposal?"

"What can you be thinking about in asking such a thing? That *Bey* is richer, taller and even perhaps even more noble than we are. What are you waiting for? Let us give him the girl."

Returning to the fox, the *padişah* said, "All right! You may go and give the news to *Şakşakçı Bey* that by the will Allah we shall have a wedding."

"Well, then, let us go together tomorrow and buy appropriate clothing and other things needed for the wedding."

"Very well," said the *padişah*.

On the following morning the girl, her mother, and some relatives went with the *padişah* and the fox in a coach to make these purchases. They went first to the jewelry shop, where the women selected two bracelets for the bride. But the fox then interrupted, saying to the jeweler, "We shall take all of those bracelets."

The *padişah* stared at the fox in amazement. To himself he said, "Allah, O Allah! What strange thing is happening here!"

As the group was leaving the shop, the jeweler asked, "Where is my money for what you have bought?"

"Hush, hush!" said the fox. "The *padişah* is still here! We shall settle our account with you later, for we still have more things to buy. Don't be in a hurry to conclude these purchases!"

So the jeweler said no more about being paid at that moment.

The group then went to a merchant who sold woolen materials and asked for a few meters of a certain kind of cloth. Here the fox interrupted again, saying, "Let us not buy it that way but instead take the whole bolt of cloth." And this was the way he behaved in every shop they visited. They bought whole batches of everything rather than one or two items of each. They even bought a large quantity of rice to have ready for the wedding feast. By the end of their buying trip they had purchased so many things that they could not be all gotten into the carriage. They hired three carts to take it all to the palace.

At several of the shops the merchants came to the door to ask for money that their purchases cost. To each of them the fox said, "Hush, hush! What is the matter with you?"

The *padişah's* daughter is to be married! We shall have your money delivered to you in two days. We made the same arrangement with the jeweler and other merchants." While the *padişah* and his family were returning to the palace with all of their purchases, the fox went to a tailor shop and ordered two suits of clothes for *Keloğlan*.

After the wedding celebration had gone on for some time, it reached the point when the bride was to be delivered to the bridegroom's house. On the morning of that day, the fox gave all the coachmen directions about which they were to drive in the procession to the bridegroom's house. He then went to *Keloğlan*, and he found him sleeping beneath a walnut tree by the river. He said, "Get up, Brother *Keloğlan*! This is the day that you are to be married, and the bride is coming!"

"What?"

"Get up and put on one of these suits which I have had made for you."

While he was getting dressed, *Keloğlan* said to himself, "O Allah, I give thanks to you for arranging all that has happened. This fox had eaten most of my grapes, but he can have all of them. He has indeed secured the *padişah's* daughter as my bride!"

They still did not have a home for *Keloğlan* and his bride, but the fox knew what house he was going to secure for them, and it was to that house that he had directed the procession. He said to *Keloğlan*, "No one here knows that you are the bridegroom. Just wait here until I come for you."

The fox then went to the home of the giants of that area. They had built a house so beautiful in every way that it would perplex the mind of anyone who saw it. The giants caught the fox in order to eat him. They said, "We are in need of meat. From where did you come to be our meat?"

The fox answered, "Don't think about eating at such a time! I have come here to save your lives. The *padişah* is on his way with a huge army to destroy you."

"What can we do to save ourselves, Brother Fox?"

"Hide in the well in your garden. They will not be able to find you there." When the giants went down to the bottom of the well, the fox rolled large boulders down into the well, killing all of them. Then he started back to get *Keloğlan*.

Along his way the fox came to a very large herd of horses. He said to the horse guards, "The *padişah* will soon pass this way. If he asks you who owns these horses, you are to say 'They belong to *Şakşakçı Bey*.' That *Bey* has bought that mansion you see over there, and he will be there by tonight, but do not go near the place, for he might cut you up."

He next came to a pasture where great herds of cows and oxen were grazing. Calling the cowherds to him, the fox said, "The *padişah* will pass this way with a long procession of soldiers and other people. If either he or the soldiers ask you who owns these cows and oxen, you are to say, 'They are the property of *Şakşak Bey*.'"

When he came upon a great flock of sheep, he said the same thing to the shepherds. He spoke to several other people along his route, and to all of them he said, "When the *padişah* passes this way, you are to tell him that such and such and this and that all belong to *Şakşak Bey*."

He then went to *Keloğlan* and said, "I have killed the giants who owned the most beautiful of all mansions. That mansion will now be yours. Go there now and sweep the floors, dust the furniture, and make the place ready for your bride. Then dress in your white suit and stand on your roof to welcome the procession when it arrives. *Keloğlan*

cleaned the house, as the fox had directed, and then went to the roof in his white suit to await the arrival of the wedding procession.

As the procession moved along it came to the large flock of sheep. The *padişah's* assistants called to the shepherds, "To whom does this large flock of sheep belong?"

"It belongs to *Şakşak Bey*."

When they reached the extensive pastures where thousands of cows and oxen were grazing, they called, "Cowherds, who owns these thousands of animals?"

"They belong to *Şakşak Bey*."

Just before reaching the mansion, the people in the procession saw the huge herd of horses, and they marveled that there were so many fine horses gathered in one place. "Whose horses are these?" the *padişah's* men asked the horse guards.

"They are the horses of *Şakşak Bey*," the horse guards answered.

The *padişah* and all of the people in the procession were astonished to discover how much property of all kinds was owned by *Şakşak Bey*. Among themselves they said, "This *Şakşak Bey* must be the richest man in the whole world." Some said, "Isn't it remarkable that most of us had never heard of such a great man until now!"

Keloğlan welcomed the bridal procession to his mansion, and the bride was delivered into his hands. The *padişah* and all of his company remained there for several days. Then *Keloğlan* saw them off, and they returned to their own homes.

After *Keloğlan* and his bride and the fox had lived happily for some time in that beautiful mansion, the fox began to wonder about something. "I wonder whether or not this *keloğlan* appreciates all that I have done for him. It was I who got him the *padişah's* daughter and all of the comforts of this mansion. I am going to test his feelings about me by pretending to die."

One day shortly after that, Brother *Keloğlan* mounted his horse and went hunting. While he was away, the fox first pretended to be very ill, and then he pretended to die. The *padişah's* daughter began to weep loudly, for the fox was her brother-in-law. She kept crying, "Oh, my brother has died! My brother has died!"

When *Keloğlan* came home and found his wife grieving in this way, he asked her, "Woman, what is the matter? Why are you crying?"

"How could I avoid crying? While you were away hunting, your brother died."

"Why cry about that?" asked *Keloğlan*. "He is only a dog and not worth crying about. How could a dog ever really be my brother? Just throw his body out."

When the fox heard this, he got up and said, "So now you are going to throw me out the door? I am the one who won your bride for you. You did not do a single thing to help yourself."

"Oh Brother Fox, I was just testing you," said *Keloğlan*. "I knew that you were not really dead."

A short time after that, Brother Fox really did die. When *Keloğlan* discovered this, he said to his wife, "Have a large feast prepared to honor Brother Fox. Let drums be beaten, and let us have a long procession take him to the cemetery to be buried." They gave him a very respectful burial.

Then *Keloğlan* and his wife returned to their mansion. They lived there happily, eating and drinking and having all of their wishes fulfilled.

Ali Cengiz Oyunu, *more so than the 'game' it is, or was, became an universal stock phrase to describe hard-to-fathom fantastic events and occurrences. As such, it is commonly used even by those individuals or political adversaries who would not agree on anything else. The term is also employed to indicate a sudden change in fortunes, in either direction, without any logical or openly comprehensible reason. According to some stories, Ali Cengiz was the name of a first rate magician; hence, his 'game.'*

This is a highly truncated version.

Eda Öztürk, Kayseri. 1989
Story # 1159

Keloğlan and Ali Cengiz

Once There was and there was not a *Keloğlan* who lived with his mother. They were very poor people.

One day *Keloğlan* agreed to get married. His mother had said to him, "Son, find a girl for yourself and get married."

One day when *Keloğlan* was going to the bazaar, he heard the viziers of the country shouting, "O people, turn your heads away and do not look back! Our beautiful princess will pass this way, and anyone who turns his head to look at the princess will be beheaded!"

Keloğlan said to his friends, "I want to take a look and see the princess, but I know that if I should do that they will cut off my head."

"Don't look in that direction, *Keloğlan*! Don't look!"

But *Keloğlan* did not listen to his friends' words. He turned and looked at the princess, and he fell in love with her immediately. None of the guards saw him look at the princess, and so he was punished.

When he reached home, he said to his mother, "Oh, Mother, I have fallen in love with the daughter of our *padişah*. Please go tell the *padişah* that I should like to marry her. If I cannot marry her, I shall die!"

When she heard the words of *Keloğlan*, his mother became very upset, but she went to the palace immediately. When she got there, the viziers asked her, "Where are you going, sister?"

"I have to say something to our *padişah*. Otherwise my son will die." Feeling very sorry for this woman, the viziers decided to permit her to speak to the *padişah*. When she entered his room, she said to the ruler, "My *padişah* I have a son who has fallen in love with your daughter. With your permission, I should like to have the princess as a wife to my son."

The *padişah* answered *Keloğlan*'s mother this way. He said, "there is a set of tricks known as the Ali Cengiz game. If your son knows how to play this game, I shall permit him to be married to my daughter. Otherwise I shall refuse him permission."

Keloğlan's mother said, "Very well," and went home. When *Keloğlan* returned home that evening, his mother told him about the *padişah's* condition for marrying the princess.

Keloğlan did not know anything about the Ali Cengiz game, and he was very disappointed by the *padişah's* requirement. He sat thinking for a while, and then he went outside to get some fresh air. As he was walking along the shore of a lake and thinking about the *padişah's* condition, he suddenly heard a voice speaking to him. It said, "Hey *Keloğlan*, I can teach you an Ali Cengiz game in the course of a single day."

Keloğlan was pleased with the owner of that voice, and he went along with that man to the man's house. When he got there, *Keloğlan* met this man's three daughters. One of these girls said to him, "Don't give a correct answer to any questions that our father may ask you. If you do, you will never be able to leave this house again. Give some wrong answer to every question he may ask."

Keloğlan decided to do exactly as the girl had told him to do. On the following day he did not give a right answer to any of the man's questions but thought of some incorrect response. After getting nothing but incorrect answers to his questions, the man said, "*Keloğlan*, you did not listen to me carefully. Get out of here, for you are a stupid boy!"

When *Keloğlan* got home, his mother asked him, "Son, why did you do that? Why didn't you listen carefully to what the man said?"

"But, Mother, the man's youngest daughter warned me not to answer any of his questions correctly. If I had answered any questions correctly, I'd have become a prisoner of that man for all the rest of my life."

When his mother heard this, she hugged *Keloğlan* and said, "Oh my clever son."

On the following day *Keloğlan* said to his mother, "Now I shall turn myself into a lamb. When someone comes along, you should sell the lamb."

Keloğlan became a lamb, and his mother sold that lamb to the first man who came along. To escape, *Keloğlan* turned himself into a sparrow, but the man turned himself into a falcon and pursued him. Then *Keloğlan* turned into a rose and fell beneath the feet of a princess. The falcon then turned into a child and tried to get the rose from beneath the feet of the princess. But the princess refused to give the rose to the child and instead placed it on her collar. When the child began to cry, the *padişah* said, "Daughter, don't make the child cry! Give him the rose!"

The princess answered, "No, father, I shall not give away any rose which I have placed on my collar."

As soon as she said that, *Keloğlan* returned to his original form and said, "My *padişah*, this has been an Ali Cengiz game."

The *padişah* was surprised to hear this, but he was satisfied that *Keloğlan* had completed the requirement for marrying his daughter. The wedding feast took four days and four nights, and after the wedding was completed, the princess and *Keloğlan* lived happily for a long time.

Peeling and sharing the 'saint sanctioned' apple with one's wife is a fertility rite found in older literature. For example in Alpamysh or Dede Korkut. However, twin boys as offspring issued from this act is rather rare. Usually, two equal princes will undergo the process, with their wives, and one will have a boy, the other, a baby girl; they will be betrothed in the cradle. It is, on the other hand, quite common for the horses to be brought up with these 'special' children, especially the boys.

The naming ceremony is also officiated over by the same saint. The name earning tradition is discussed in the Introduction.

Unfortunately, the narrator of this story chose to fold at least three distinctly different storylines and conflated them into one. The first splice point is where Keloğlan makes his entry into the story; and the second is immediately after the Ruler is cured of his ailment, facing an enemy invasion.

Hızır as a phenomenon and symbol is discussed in the Introduction.

Ziya Özbek. Koyunbaba, Şiran, Gümüşhane. 1969
Story # 1349

The Adventures of Twin Brothers

One there was a *padişah* who had no children. As the time went on, this situation worried him more and more, and he was unable to think of anything else. In an attempt to get away from this problem for a while, the *padişah* one day said to his grand vizier, "My vizier, let us hunting for a while."

On the following day, they set out for the hunting grounds together. After they had traveled for some distance, they were tired. The *padişah* saw a likely place to rest, and so he said, "Oh, my vizier, let us stop here and rest for a while."

As they were sitting there, they were approached by an old man. He seemed to be a villager, for he looked very much like me. This old man said, "Oh, my *padişah*, what are you doing in such a place as this? Why are you walking around out here, instead of sitting on your throne at home and ruling your people?"

"I have a great problem," answered the *padişah*, "and that is my reason for being here so far from home. But tell me—what makes you think that I am the *padişah*?"

"I do not just think that. I know perfectly well that you are the *padişah*."

"In that case, then, you probably know also what my problem is," said the *padişah*.

"Yes, I know what your problem is, and I also know the solution to your problem." --That old man was not the ordinary villager that he seemed to be. He was instead *Hızır*. Taking two apples from his pocket, the old man said to the *padişah*, "Take these apples. When you get home, peel one of them and then you eat half of its fruit and have your wife eat the other half. Then peel the second apple and give it to your mare to eat. As a result of having eaten these apples, your wife will bear twin sons and your mare will bear twin colts. There is one restriction, however, which I am placing upon you. You

must not give names to either your sons or your colts. I shall come at the proper time and name them." Having said that *Hızır* vanished from the sight of the *padişah* and his vizier.

Abandoning their plan to go hunting, the *padişah* and the vizier turned around and traveled directly back to the palace. There the *padişah* peeled one of the apples and cut its fruit in half. He ate one half and gave his wife the other half to eat. Then, going to his stable, he peeled the second apple and fed it to his mare.

Time passed, and finally, on the same day, his wife gave birth to twin boys and his mare bore twin colts. The boys were very handsome, and their light colored hair looked like strands of golden thread. When the two boys had grown to the age of five or six years, they were sent to school, even though they still had no names. Their lack of names bothered some of the young viziers, and one day they said, "Oh, our *padişah*, why is it that your sons are still nameless? They have now reached school age, but no one knows what to call them. The same is true of the two colts that were born at the same time as the boys. Let us now give all four of them names."

"No, we should not do that!" responded the *padişah*.

While they were discussing this matter, *Hızır* himself suddenly appeared in the room. He said, "I shall now provide names, first for the boys and then for the colts. This boy on my right I name Abbar, and the one on my left I name Cabbar. The one horse will be called *Yelkesen* (Wind Stopper) and the other will be called *Çölkesen* (Desert Stopper)." Then he vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

Years passed, and the twin borthers grew into young men. One day Abbar said, "I am going to travel and see some of the rest of the world. Brother, here is a lock of my hair. If I should be gone too long, try to burn this lock of hair. If it resists the flame, you will know that I am well. If it is consumed by the flame, then know that I am in serious difficulty. Having said this, he mounted *Çölkesen* and rode away.

As abbar was riding swiftly across a desert, he came to a large house owned by an Arab. As soon as the Arab saw *Çölkesen*, he was determined to have that special horse, and so he invited Abbar to be his guest. But during the night he had Abbar seized and thrown into a well along with a quantity of bread for him to eat. Then the Arab took *Çölkesen* as his own.

When six months had passed and Abbar had not returned, Cabbar decided to test the lock of his brother's hair in the flame. As soon as the flame touched the lock, it ignited the hair, and the lock was entirely consumed. Knowing from that that his brother was in serious trouble, Cabbar mounted *Yelkesen* and set off in the direction that Abbar had taken. He crossed the same desert and arrived at the same house owned by the Arab. Because Cabbar looked exactly like his brother, the Arab thought that Abbar had returned to take his revenge. The Arab therefore attacked Cabbar, but the swiftness of *Yelkesen* made it possible for Cabbar to defeat and kill his opponent. When Cabbar found *Çölkesen* in the Arab's stable, he knew that Abbar had been in that area.

Cabbar searched for his brother, but at first he found no trace of him. Then one day he heard a faint noise that sounded like Abbar's voice. Following the sound, Cabbar came to the well in which Abbar had been imprisoned. He lowered a rope down the well and pulled Abbar up to the surface. Abbar was in a very bad condition, for he had almost starved to death in the well. Cabbar fed and took care of his brother for several days before Abbar had regained enough strength to travel back to their father's palace.

After they had been home together for some time and Abbar had completely recovered, Cabbar one day said, "Now I should also like to travel in order to see some other part of the world." On the following day Cabbar mounted *Yelkesen* and rode away.

When Cabbar reached the foot of a mountain, he came upon a shepherd grazing his flock of sheep. Cabbar exchanged clothes with that shepherd, and then he bought a sheepskin from him. Turning the sheepskin inside out, he put it upon his head to hide his hair and make himself look like a *kelođlan*. Then *Kelođlan* mounted *Yelkesen* again and rode on until he came to another land. There he was given the job of tending the rose garden that lay behind the *padiřah's* palace.

The *padiřah* of that land had two daughters, the elder of whom was a world beauty. One day while *Kelođlan* was sleeping behind a rosebush, that beauty entered the garden and saw him there. She noticed some blond hair sticking out from beneath the sheepskin he wore on his head, and from this she understood that he was not really a *Kelođlan* at all. The *padiřah's* daughter visited the garden several times after that and became *Kelođlan's* girl friend.

In the meantime, each of the viziers sought to have the *padiřah's* elder daughter given as a bride to his son. To settle this matter, the *padiřah* said to his viziers, "Order all of the unmarried young men in the land to pass beneath the balcony of my palace. My elder daughter will shoot an arrow into the ground before the feet of the men she wishes to marry." On the day set for the selection of a bridegroom, all of the young men, including *Kelođlan*, passed before the balcony. When the princess shot her arrow, it landed in front of *Kelođlan*. The *padiřah* was not pleased with the choice his daughter had made, and so he required that another selection be made. But when all of the young men again passed beneath the balcony, the arrow of the princess landed before *Kelođlan* for a second time. Very disturbed now, the *Kelođlan* said, "How can this be? There were several sons of viziers who passed beneath the balcony, but both times you placed your arrow before the feet of that fellow *Kelođlan*. It is very strange!"

His daughter responded, "Father, he is my destiny. Do not interfere with what is my destiny." She knew, of course, that the young man she had chosen was not really a *Kelođlan*.

The *padiřah* said nothing further about the matter, but he was very disappointed and ashamed that his elder daughter had chosen to marry a *Kelođlan*. Shortly afterwards he gave his younger daughter to the son of the grand vizier and ordered a great wedding celebration in their behalf. The elder daughter married *Kelođlan*, but they were not included in this festivity.

Some time passed after the weddings of the *padiřah's* two daughters before anything unusual happened. Then one day the *padiřah* suddenly became very ill. None of the doctors of the land was able to cure his illness, but finally one doctor discovered a remedy. He said, "The only way to cure the *padiřah's* illness is to have him drink lion's milk and eat lion's flesh. If he is given that diet, he will recover; otherwise he will die." This was explained to the vizier's son, the son-in-law of the *padiřah* who had married the younger princess. When he heard this, the vizier's son left the palace and headed for the mountains to seek lion's milk and lion's meat. He searched for days and days.

In the meantime, the younger daughter began to direct reproachful remarks at her sister. She said, "My husband has been searching the mountains for lion's milk and lion's

meat to cure our father's illness. What is your husband doing besides sitting about and sleeping in the rose garden?"

Offended by these remarks, the elder sister went to her own husband and said, "My sister has been taunting me with accusations of your failure to seek the cures for our father's illness."

"Very well, then," said *Kelođlan*. Bring me my weapons, and I shall set forth at once to find some lion's milk and some lion's meat." Taking the weapons from his wife's hands, *Kelođlan* mounted *Yelkesen* and departed.

When he reached the foot of the mountains, *Kelođlan* ascended to the level of a large flat plateau. There he came upon a lioness in great pain. It had an injured foot which had become so swollen that she could not walk upon it. Fearful of getting close to the lioness, *Kelođlan* took careful aim and shot an arrow into the swollen foot. The lioness roared in pain, but the wound made by the arrow allowed all of the pus to flow from the swollen foot. After a few minutes the lioness said, "Oh, human being, if this had happened at any other time, I should have killed you, but because your arrow has reduced my great pain, I now forgive you. Wherever you are, come out of hiding and know that I shall not harm you in any way. Tell me what you want as your reward for helping me."

Coming forth from the place where he had hidden, *Kelođlan* said, "I want just two things: some lion's milk and some lion's flesh to take back to my ailing *padiřah*."

The lioness replied, "Ah, *Kelođlan*, one of your requests places me in a very awkward position, but I shall help you nevertheless. Over there are two of my cubs. Take one of them and get your lion's meat from it, but do not allow me to hear its cry when you slaughter it, for if I should hear that, I might lose control of myself and kill you."

Kelođlan took one of the lioness's cubs some distance away, where he slaughtered it without letting its mother hear its cry. Then he returned to the lioness and milked her. Returning to the palace with both of the things he had sought, he said to his wife, "Oh, Wife, take this lion's milk and this lion's meat to your father so that he might be cured."

In the meantime, the son of the vizier had returned with what he said was lion's milk and lion's meat. These had been fed to the *padiřah*, but had not relieved his condition in any way, for they were not really what the son of the vizier had claimed they were. Instead of being lion's milk and lion's flesh, they were sheeps's milk and sheep's flesh which had been bought from a shepherd. As soon as the ruler ate and drank the food which *Kelođlan* had brought, he began to recover immediately.

Some time after the *padiřah* had been cured of his serious illness, he was faced with another difficulty. His country was attacked by the forces of a neighboring country, and a full-scale war developed. All of the *padiřah*'s subjects except *Kelođlan* rushed to the frontier to defend the country. Again the younger sister came and reproached *Kelođlan*'s wife, saying, "Oh, sister, our father, my husband, and every other man except your *Kelođlan* went to fight in the war. They have been fighting night and day. What has *Kelođlan* done during that time but sit and sleep in the rose garden?"

The older daughter went to her husband in tears. She repeated to him what her sister had said. When *Kelođlan* heard this, he said, he said, "Bring me my horse and my weapons." Just as soon as these were brought, he leaped on the back of *Yelkesen* and rode off in the direction of the battlefield. As soon as he arrived there, he pushed his way

to the front of the *padişah's* troops and led them in a great drive against the enemy. So many of the enemy troops were killed in this attack that the *padişah's* forces were even able to capture and hold some of the enemy territory. With this accomplished, *Keloğlan* rode swiftly back to the palace on *Yelkesen* and returned to his garden.

At the scene of the battle few had recognized who their leader was in successful counterattack against the enemy. They did not realize that their leader was *Keloğlan*. Even the *padişah* failed to identify *Keloğlan*. As soon as he arrived back at his palace, he called his viziers together and asked them, "Who was the great warrior who led our counterattack? Part of the time it appeared that he himself was challenging the whole enemy army!"

"It was *Keloğlan*, your son-in-law, our *padişah*."

At first the *padişah* refused to believe this. When the viziers insisted that *Keloğlan* was their hero, the *padişah* understood that his son-in-law was not actually a *Keloğlan* at all. "During the battle, he was a very handsome warrior!" he said.

After the *padişah* realized this, he said, "Now we shall make a new wedding celebration for my elder daughter and her husband—the kind they deserve." Those wedding festivities for Cabbar and the *padişah's* elder daughter lasted for forty days and forty nights.