

Story 1462 (1969 Tape 4)

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Location: Aşağı Kulacı village,
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The Padishah's Youngest Son and the Three-Legged Köse

Once in the old days there was a padishah who was as rich as Vehbi Koç.¹ This padishah had three sons and three daughters. He knew that the sons would be able to take care of themselves after he died, but he was worried about what would become of his daughters. Then one day he had a premonition about the kismet of these three girls. Calling his sons to his side, he said, "Sons, right after my death a matchmaker² will come and for the hand of my oldest daughter. You must give her to man who sent the matchmaker."

His three sons said, "All right, Father."

"Then by the time I am being washed for my funeral³ a second matchmaker will come and ask for the hand of my middle

¹The head of the richest family in Turkey. Koç Holding Company owns a great commercial empire of all kinds of companies in Turkey.

²The narrator refers to the matchmaker as a dünürcü. This intermediary is also known as a çöpçatan in Turkey--literally one who places sticks together but figuratively one who brings together two lots or fortunes. See ATON tale 1195 for the simultaneous use of both literal and figurative meanings.

³Before burial a corpse is given ritual ablution as it lies on a slab in the mosque yard.

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daughter. You must also give her to the man who sends that second matchmaker.

"Yes, Father. We shall do that," said the sons.

"And finally, just after you have put me into my grave, a third matchmaker will come and ask for the hand of my youngest daughter. Just as you will by then have done for the two older daughters, you will give the youngest to the man who sent that third matchmaker

"Yes, Father, we shall do that," said the three sons

Time passed, and then one day the padishah became ill. His illness grew worse rapidly, and when he was on the very point of death, a coarse, animallike man sent a matchmaker to the palace to ask for the hand of the padishah's oldest daughter. When the man himself came to the palace and the oldest and middle sons of the padishah saw what he looked like, they were outraged. "How dare anyone like you ask for the hand of our oldest sister?" they shouted, and they began to beat that man.

Just at that moment the youngest brother came along. He said, "Oh, brothers, you should not do that! Remember our father's words? We must give our oldest sister to this man!"

"All right," said the older brothers, and they permitted that man to marry their oldest sister

During the ritual washing of their father's body, the

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older brothers were approached by the dünürcü of a very strange man who wished to marry the middle sister. The oldest and the middle brother started to beat this suitor, too, but their younger brother again stopped them. "Brothers, remember our father's will," he said. "We have no choice but to let this man marry our middle sister."

"Very well," said the older brothers, and arrangements were made to have the middle sister married

The funeral procession took the dead padishah to the cemetery, where he was buried. As they were returning to the palace, they were met by the dünürcü of a huge and monstrous man who wished to marry the youngest of the dead padishah's three daughters. Despite the size of this suitor, the two older brothers prepared to attack him, but the youngest brother intervened and prevented them from doing so. He reminded them of their father's will in this matter, and they finally consented to the marriage between their youngest sister and the mountain of a

Soon after that the three brothers themselves were married. The youngest son married a very beautiful girl. She was so beautiful, in fact, that she was considered a world beauty.

One morning as the three brothers were going to plow in

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their fields,⁴ they encountered an old man along the way. This old man appealed to them, saying, "Sons, may I be your guest?"

The older brothers ignored this request, but the youngest brother, remembering their father's great hospitality, said, "Of course you may be our guest, father.

Then the old man said, "Son, I also have another request. I am looking for work. Do you know any ağas⁵ who might give me a job?"

"You can work for us," said the youngest brother, and he gave the old man the address of their home.

After the old man had departed, the two older brothers complained about what their younger brother had done. "We know nothing about that old man. Why did you accept him in our home and engage him to work for us?"

"Brothers, it is all right. Our father was an extremely hospitable man, and we should continue to walk in his steps.

It was true, however, that no one knew anything about that old man, and they were not sure what to do with him.

⁴No matter how imaginative may be the tales they tell, peasant narrators create scenarios with materials from their own settings and life-styles. It is absurd, of course, to have the sons of an extremely rich ruler go to the fields to plow.

⁵An ağa (English, agha) is a rural landowner, sometimes wealthy, often powerful. The word does not indicate an official title but describes an economic status. They are often the principal employers of farmworkers, and they are often viewed by their employees as harsh, driving, and abusive.

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They finally agreed to give him a job in their stable. Several days passed without difficulty, but then one day a grave incident occurred. After the three brothers had gone to work in their fields, the old man went to the apartment house⁶ in which they lived. He went to the top floor where the youngest brother and the world beauty had their quarters. He took the girl's hand, and then both of them disappeared. They were not walking on the ground when they left. (I shall not tell you the name of the old man until the appropriate time.)

When the night arrived and the brothers returned to their home, they discovered what had happened. They looked for the wife of the youngest brother, but they could not find her anywhere. When they looked for the old servant and couldn't find him either, the youngest brother said, "My brothers, I shall go and search for my wife." He prepared his horse for a journey, and he filled both of its saddlebags with gold. Then he set forth on his trip. He traveled and traveled, riding for six months, but when he looked behind him, he saw that the distance he had gone was no longer than the length of a canvas needle.⁷

⁶To many Turkish villagers an apartment house is the most glamorous structure in the world. Thus it is not surprising that they house the rulers of their tales in apartment houses rather than in palaces or castles.

⁷This is about half of a formulaic sequence used to indicate that the traveler has gone a great distance, despite the disclaimer at the end.

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Toward the end of one day when darkness was approaching he saw a light shining on the peak of a nearby mountain. Riding to that light, he discovered that it was shining from an apartment house. Dismounting from his horse, the young man knocked on the front door of that apartment house. From inside, the voice of a woman asked, "Who are you? Are you a human being?"⁸

"Yes, I am a human being," the youngest brother answered.

When the lady opened the door, the young man discovered that she was his oldest sister. They embraced and hugged each other. They talked and chatted. They ate and then they drank coffee. Then his sister said to the young man, "Brother, it is now time for my husband to come home. He works out on the mountain all day, but he returns home when darkness arrives.

shall have to hide you for the night, for I am married to a giant. When morning comes, you may come out from your hiding place."

"All right." She rolled him up in several small carpets and stood him behind the door.

Thirty minutes later, there was a loud knock on the door.

⁸ Again, this is only half of the formulaic expression that is usually applied to this situation: Are you a jinn or a human being? Sometimes the formula is this: Are you a jinn or some other supernatural creature? These formulae are used when someone appears suddenly in a very unlikely place.

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The knocking was so hard, in fact, that it shook the whole building. When the giant entered the house, his wife exclaimed, "What happened to you?" The giant was bleeding badly, and his moaning was so loud that it shook the walls of the apartment house like an earthquake.

"Oh, Wife, do not ask me! Today I saw a three-legged köse⁹ who was leading a girl along. I tried to take the girl away from him, but I was unable to do so, and now he has gone.

"Was that your problem? Well, never mind that now. Don't think about it."

The youngest brother in the carpet roll heard all of this

⁹A köse is a folk type who appears in Turkish tales. A beardless man, he is also sometimes said to have a heart-shaped face and bandy legs. He is shrewd, acquisitive, vicious, and ruthless--so much so that he seems to have replaced the ogre in more recent times. He is also treated not as a human being but as an ogre.

The use of the term köse is very confused and confusing in this tale. The old stable hand is not said to be a köse, nor does he have the appearance of one. Because köses, however monstrous, are really only human beings, they do not have the supernatural strength attributed to the villain of this tale.

One further confusion exists in the fact that every time the köse is mentioned in the tale he is described as being three-legged. We have found no reference anywhere to three-legged köses, and the köse of this tale is never pictured as having three legs. This image may be a result of the narrator's having confusedly shifted an image from another creature that appears in a variant of the tale. In discussing Type 213 in the Eberhard-Boratav Typen Türkischer Volksmärchen, Eberhard points out that in the variant referred to here, the horses of the protagonist and the antagonist had a different number of legs. See p. 254 of Typen Türkischer Volksmärchen.

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conversation and he knew that the köse referred to was their aged stable worker and that the girl with him was the world beauty, his wife

After the giant had eaten his dinner, his wife said to him, "Oh, Effendi,¹⁰ if one of my brothers should come here what would you do?"

The giant answered, "If it were either your oldest or middle brother, I would smash him and sell the biggest piece of him left for ten kuruş¹¹. But if it were your youngest brother, I would cherish him so much that I would carry him everywhere on the top of my head."

"Then I should tell you that my youngest brother is here now.

"Go at once and bring him here," said the giant. "Where is he?"

"I was afraid for his safety. That was the reason I hid him," said his wife. As soon as she unrolled the carpets, the boy jumped out.

¹⁰A mild honorific, comparable to Sir, it often follows a first name: Hasan Effendi. At one time it was used to show respect to distinguished people, but it has become so devaluated in the late twentieth century that it is applied only to servants and children.

¹¹A coin worth 1/100 of a Turkish lira. It remained in use past the middle of the twentieth century but then, as the lira began to be devaluated very drastically, it was no longer viable as a medium of exchange. When it took several thousand liras to equal one U.S. dollar, the kuruş became meaningless.

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After they had talked with each other for a while, the youngest brother said to the giant, "Brother-in-law, the woman whom you saw being led away by the köse was my wife. I shall try to find them and rescue my wife."

The giant answered, "Don't struggle in vain! I fought with that köse for twenty hours but was still unable to take her away from him. How do you think you could save her?"

"But what else can I do?" the boy asked.

"It would be far better for you to turn around and go home," said the giant.

"It is impossible for me to do that. I shall leave tomorrow to pursue them."

When morning came, the giant gave the young man a saddlebag full of gold and bade him farewell. He rode all that until evening, but when he looked back, he found that he gone only as great a distance as that between the ends of a canvas needle. As it was growing dark, he noticed a light shining at the end of the road. Going to the house from which the light shone, he knocked on the door. A female voice from inside asked, "Who are you?"

"I am a human being."¹²

¹²This answer might seem ridiculous if one were not aware of the question explained in Footnote 8 above. The following question ("Where did you fall from?") picks up the possibly supernatural presence mentioned in Footnote 8.

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"Where did you fall from?"

"Open the door and see how I came here. My horse is here with me."

When the door was opened, the young man saw that the owner of the female voice was his middle sister. They embraced and hugged each other, and then they talked for some time. Then the middle sister said, "I am married to a giant. If he comes here and sees you, he may hurt you, for this is his angry time of day. I shall hide you until he leaves, and then you may come out again."

The young man said, "All right, Sister."

After thirty minutes had passed, everything began to shake as the giant approached with footsteps like thunder. When the giant, all bloody, entered the room, his wife asked, "What happened to you?"

"Oh, Wife, do not ask me!" said the giant. "I fought and fought with a three-legged köse who was forcing a world beauty to travel with him, but I was unable to get her away from him." (Of course, the young man in hiding knew that the world beauty was his own wife.)

After the giant had finished dinner, his wife asked him, "What would you do if one of my brothers were to come here to our home?"

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"What would you expect me to do?" asked the giant it were your oldest brother or your middle brother, I would chop him up so fine that the largest remaining part of him would be the size of my ear. On the other hand, if it should be your youngest brother, I would do for him whatever he wanted me to do. There is a flat place on the top of my head on which I'd carry him wherever he wanted to go.

"Very well, then," said the woman. "I should tell you that my youngest brother is actually here right now.

"Oh, why didn't you have him here to eat dinner with me?"

"I was afraid to do so, and so I hid him instead.

The boy came out of hiding and talked at some length with the giant. He then said, "That world beauty that you saw with the köse was my wife. I am pursuing them, and I shall continue to do so until I have rescued her

"No, you should not try to do that," said the giant. "I am as strong as that köse, but there was no way in which I could take her away from him. If I couldn't do it, then you will not be able to do it either." (They talked further about this, but never mind about that. I don't want to make the story too long.)

When morning came, the youngest brother left the home of his middle sister and continued on his way. He rode for

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months, but when he looked back he saw that the distance he had gone was no greater than the length of a canvas needle. One day toward evening he saw a light shining in the center of a dark forest, but at first he was afraid to enter that forest. Overcoming this fear after a few minutes, he entered the forest and discovered that the light was coming from a palace that was four times the size of any building he had ever seen before that. It was so large, in fact, that he hesitated to knock on its door. When he found enough courage to knock on the door of that palace, he heard a woman's voice inside say, "What do you want?"

He answered, "I am a human being. Open the door.

The woman asked, "How did you get here? It is so dangerous here that birds do not even dare to fly over this territory.

When the door was opened, he discovered that the voice he had heard was that of his youngest sister. They hugged each other, and then they talked and talked. After a while his sister said, "Brother, you saw to it that our father's will was carried out, and as a result of that I was married to a man of the forest. It is almost time for him to return home for the night, but if he should see you, he might do you great harm. I shall therefore hide you, but after he has left, you may come out of hiding."

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Her husband was a man so huge that as he approached the palace, one of his lips dragged on the ground and the other scraped against the sky.¹³ As he entered the palace, the whole building shook. He was, however, bleeding, and his wife asked him, "What happened to you?"

"Oh, my wife, do not ask me," said the man of the forest. "There was a three-legged köse who had captured a beautiful lady. I tried and tried, but I was unable to take this lady away from him. She was so very beautiful I fought with him for a long time, but I was unable to rescue the lady."

Hearing this, the youngest brother said to himself, "Now I know that she has been here too!" He was sure that the lady described by the man of the forest was his wife.

His sister then said to her husband, "If one of my brothers were to come here, what would you do?"

The man of the forest answered, "You know very well what I would do with them. If it were your oldest or middle brother, I would slaughter him without giving a thought to the matter. But if it were your youngest brother, I would do whatever he wanted me to do."

"Very well," said his wife. "Since that is the case, I shall tell you something: my youngest brother is here now."

¹³A description usually reserved for Negro characters in Turkish folktales.

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I was afraid of what you might do, and so I hid him.

"That was silly, but now bring him here

The young man entered the room, and he and the man of the forest talked at length. While they were talking, they ate and drank rakı.¹⁴ I was there with them, and we all sat around the table together drinking rakı.¹⁵ The young man told us why he was at that place so far away from his home. Then he said to the man of the forest, "Brother-in-law, you now know my story. I shall now go on my way in pursuit of my wife, and I shall try to rescue her even if I should die in the attempt.

"You cannot accomplish what you wish," said the man of the forest. "It is impossible. No other creature can escape from my hands, but that köse is five times as strong as I am. There is no way in which you can save your wife from him."

"What can I do but try to defeat him?"

"You should return to your home."¹⁶

¹⁴Anise-flavored distilled liquor, known as arak in Arab lands and ouzo in the Balkans. Despite the fact that alcohol is forbidden by Islam, rakı remains a popular drink throughout the Middle East and especially Turkey, where it is the national liquor. Mixed with water it turns white, and its color plus its potency have earned it the name "Lion's Milk."

¹⁵Turkish narrators occasionally interpolate themselves into the action of a folktale in this way.

¹⁶The result of the hero's visits to his three brothers-in-law is different in this tale from what it is in most variants. The brothers-in-law are giants or huge beings, and in most variants they give important assistance to the hero in his quest

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"No, I must pursue them.

When morning came, the youngest brother left the home of his youngest sister to continue the search for his wife. After traveling for some distance he came to a great plain, where he saw an old man plowing his field. "Selamünaleyküm," he called to the old man.

"Aleykümselam,"¹⁷ the old man answered. "Son, what are you doing here?"

"Father, I am just passing through this area. But why do you ask?"

"Because in this region everyone and everything is terrified by an evil three-legged köse. You will not even see birds here, for they are afraid to fly over his territory."

"Regardless of that, father, he is the very person I am seeking.

The old man laughed and asked, "How can you possibly do that? He can walk in the air, while you can hardly walk on the ground

to recover his abducted wife. Here they do nothing and they urge the hero to do nothing because they have already tried (and failed) to liberate his wife before he himself appears in their area.

¹⁷Selamünaleyküm/Aleykümselam--traditional exchange of greetings between Moslems not well acquainted with each other. It means roughly May peace be unto you/And may peace be unto you, too. If Selamünaleyküm is not responded to, the speaker should be wary of the one so addressed.

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youngest brother said, "Allah will help me. Only tell me which way he was going when you saw him last."

The old man pointed out the direction that the youngest brother should take. "Son, do you see that rock over there? Go some distance beyond that rock and you will come to the mouth of a cave. The entrance to that cave is blocked by a huge boulder so heavy that only the köse can move it."

"Leave that to me," the young man said. "I shall move it. He then rode past the stone that the old man had pointed out, and he soon arrived at the entrance of the cave. There he sang out a few joyful lines.¹⁸ (I do not know the song used in this story, and I cannot sing anyway.

wife was sleeping inside the cave at the time, but when she heard the song, she awakened suddenly. She asked herself, "Am I dreaming, or is it real?" She went to the inside of the cave entrance, and there she too sang a few joyful lines.

young man said, "O Allah, Allah, don't fail to help me now." Then grabbing the boulder, he pulled it with all of his strength and dragged it away from the mouth of the cave. The youngest brother and his wife hugged each other repeatedly.

¹⁸The narrator here uses the term nara, which literally means a shout for joy.

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After a while she said to him, "Effendi, you know that I have been forced to be the wife of that köse. He comes here only once a week, but this is the day on which he comes. He is so big and strong that when he enters this cave, it shakes and trembles. While we were on our way here, many different people fought with him, but none of them could defeat him. Because he might hurt you if he sees you here, I shall hide you.

Shortly before darkness fell, the köse arrived at the cave. He stayed just for the night, and in the morning he departed again. As soon as the köse had left in the morning the youngest brother came out of his hiding place and said "Let us now run away!" They mounted the horse of the youngest brother and rode rapidly away from the cave.

In the meantime the köse became bored in the mountains, and he decided not to wait a whole week before returning again to the cave. In fact, he decided to return that very day. "I should go home," he said to himself. "At least there is someone there with whom I can talk." When he reached the cave, however, he saw that the entryway was open and that there was no one there. The world beauty had disappeared. He went to the stable where he had a marvelous scarlet horse and her gray colt. They were both flying horses. He said, "Oh, my scarlet horse, should

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I pursue my wife before or after I have some coffee?"

The scarlet horse answered, "Don't bother yourself about this. Drink your coffee in peace. Then afterwards we can catch her."

After the köse had finished his coffee, he mounted his scarlet horse and rode in pursuit of the youngest son and his wife. In a very short time he overtook the fugitives. Killing the young man, he cut up his body and threw the pieces into a sack. Then he took his wife and returned to the cave.

Everything is in the hands of Allah. After a while an old man came upon the sack containing the pieces of the youngest brother's body. No one but Allah knows who this old man was,¹⁹ but soon afterwards the youngest brother awakened feeling as if he had just finished a very long sleep. He could not remember what had happened to him. "I must have slept for a long time," he said. Then he began searching for the cave again.

As he was traveling along, he met a very old man who asked, "Where are you going, my son?"

"Oh, father, are you going to share my problem?" asked

¹⁹Most folk audiences in Turkey would probably guess that the old man was Hızır. Although once in the remote past Hızır was a vegetation god and water deity, to most Turks of more recent times he is often a last-minute rescuer from disaster and an agent of Allah.

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the young man.

"Perhaps I can, son," said the old man, "but don't bother to tell me what it is. I shall tell you. You are looking for your wife, but do you know that you cannot at the present time possibly save her from the köse who holds her captive? Before you can do that, you must find out where his external soul is kept,²⁰ and then you must go and get that external soul. His external soul is three chicks who are in a bottle in such and such a sea.

"Thank you, father," and then he continued on to the cave. There he said, "Bismillahirrahmanirrahim,"²¹ and then he moved the stone that blocked the entrance to the cave.

²⁰In Turkish folktales there is a wide range of what may be called life tokens. Talismans and amulets are often much more than simple good-luck charms, for they are integrally related to the physical condition or even the life itself of a human being or other creature. Some life tokens are separable souls hidden in some secret place--a box, the stomach of a deer, the stomach of a fish--in order to protect the lives of their owners. If you can find the separable soul and destroy it, you thereby kill its owner. Sometimes, on the other hand, the life token must be kept in the possession of its owner. If it is taken away, the owner may lose consciousness or be transformed into some other form. Sometimes a life token is a gauge of a person's condition and is watched closely by its owner's friend or relative in order to keep posted on the welfare of the owner. It may be a gem which changes color if its owner is in serious trouble; it may be a knife which turns rusty for the same reason.

²¹Bismillah is the shortened, more convenient form of Bismillahirrhamanirrahim, which means "In the name of the most merciful God." It is a word used audibly or silently by many devout Moslems before starting any undertaking, great or small, and it then signifies "I begin this act by mentioning the name

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When his wife saw the youngest brother, she could not believe her eyes. She thought that she must be dreaming. "But were dead!" she said. "The three-legged köse cut you into pieces. How can you be alive now?"

"Ah-h-h! I apparently slept for a long while

"What are we to do now?" asked his wife

Her husband then told her what he needed to have her do "This köse has his real life force kept somewhere outside of body. Learn from him where he keeps his life force. (He had been told where that life force was hidden, but because the köse was so dangerous, he wanted to be sure.)

"All right," said the woman. When the köse returned home she said to him, "You leave me here alone most of the time With nothing to do here, I am often bored. You could at least introduce me to your horses, and you could tell me where you keep your life force."

"My real life force is in this table," said the köse.

When the three-legged köse came to breakfast the following morning, he found the table decorated beautifully. "What is the meaning of this?" he asked.

"Oh, since your life force is in this table, I decorated I enjoyed doing that."

of God as a sign of respect." It is widely believed that saying this aids success and failing to say it may bring failure in any undertaking.

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The köse started to laugh, but his laughter made the woman cry. "Why are you crying?" he asked.

"Because you are just making fun of me," she said.

no! My soul is not in the table. It is in this broom." This time the woman decorated the broom with a shiny covering. But when the three-legged köse saw the broom, he began to laugh again

"Why are you laughing?" asked the girl, and she began to cry

Then the köse decided to tell the woman the truth about his external life force. "This time I am telling you the truth," he said. "My life force is in three chicks that are in a bottle in such and such a sea. To catch that bottle one must use a special kind of fishing line which is made only by a very old man who lives in a nearby village."

When morning came and the köse left the cave, the youngest brother came out of hiding. He then went out to find the old man who made the special fishing line which had to be used to catch the bottle. After a short while he found the village and then located the home of the old man, whose name was Hasan Ağa. Entering the old man's house, he said, "Hasan Ağa! Hasan Ağa!" but the old man did not move from his bed. He was very old, more than eighty years of age. When the young man took

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out a sack of gold, however, Hasan Ağa's eyes opened. "Hasan Ağa, I want you to make one of your special fishing lines for me."

"No, I cannot do that, son. I am too fearful of the three-legged köse." Actually, the old man was refusing to make the fishing line because he wanted more money for doing so. The young man added more gold, and then Hasan Ağa said, "Yes." He started his bellows at once.²² In the old days, as you know, everything had to be made by hand

When the special fishing line was finished, the youngest son took it and went to the sea to which he had been directed. I have forgotten whether it was the Black Sea or the Aegean Sea. I was there, and so I should know, but it was a long time ago and I simply can't remember now. The young man tried for a whole day to catch the bottle containing the chicks, but he failed to get it. Then a very old man came along and asked "What are you doing, son?"

"Oh, father, go away unless you are willing to share my problem with me."

The old man answered, "Yes, son, I can share your problem with you. I can find the bottle you are looking for."

²²Bellows are usually associated with a blacksmith's forge, though the tale does not otherwise indicate that the fishing line was made of metal.

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The boy doubted this. He said, "O father, if I couldn't find it, how can you do so?"

The old man took the fishing line and threw it into the

In a very short time he caught the bottle and handed it to the youngest brother. Then he disappeared.²³

The youngest brother took the three chicks from the bottle and started back. When he reached the cave, he saw that boulder again blocked the entrance. After again shouting a joyous song at the entrance, he said, "Bismillahirrahmanirrahim, and moved the stone aside.

His wife asked, "Is it true that you have returned alive, or am I dreaming?"

"Come! Hurry! Let us flee from this place," said her husband. They mounted the köse's scarlet horse and rode away

When the three-legged köse returned, he discovered that both the woman and his scarlet horse were missing. He spoke to the other horse and said, "Oh, gray horse, when should we depart in pursuit of them? Should it be before I drink my coffee or afterwards?"

The gray horse answered, "Go ahead and drink your coffee now."

²³This is again typical of the behavior of Hızır, mentioned in Footnote 19 above.

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When he had finished drinking his coffee, the köse mounted the gray horse and set out in pursuit of those trying to escape. He overtook them in a short time, but when he approached too close, the youngest brother took out one of the chicks and killed it. "Oh, please do not kill the other chicks! You have already taken one of my legs. Let the other two remain.

But the young man paid no attention to what he said. He took out a second chick and killed that too. The köse then shouted, "O human being, that is enough! Allow one of them to live!" The third chick was then killed, and its death also caused the death of the köse.

The youngest son and his wife hugged each other in joy. Then they rode rapidly on the scarlet horse to their village. They then planned to be remarried with such a great celebration that it took a whole month to make all of the necessary arrangements. Invitations were sent to everybody in the village.

Three apples fell from the sky. One of them is for Seyfettin Cansız. One of them is for the friends who listened to this story. The third is for those friends who will listen to it in the future.