

Story 934 (1977 Tapes 24, 25) Narrator: Abdülbakı Kantar
Kıran

Location: Çayrı village,
Göle kaza,
Kars Province

Date: April

Hamza, Son of Rüstem and Grandson of Zal

TSK

Time within time, when time was in the sieve,¹ there was a padişah named Rüstem, the son of Zal. This Rüstem had a son called Hamza, a very strong and rather tough boy. All the other boys of their village had been beaten repeatedly by Hamza. When the fathers of the other boys had stood all of this that they could tolerate, they went in a group to see Rüstem in order to complain about Hamza's behavior. They said, "Rüstem, you must do something to correct your son's bad behavior immediately! He has injured all of our sons by

¹ This is a confused snatch from the most traditional of Turkish tekerlemes--formulaic openings for folktales. The tekerleme is a nonsense jingle enjoyed both for the absurdity of its content and the ingenuity of its rhyming. The particular tekerleme referred to here reads, in part, "Time within time, when the sieve was in the straw." After wheat has been threshed, it is put into a large coarse-meshed sieve; the grain falls through the mesh, and the straw remains in the sieve. The tekerleme evokes humor by claiming that the sieve was in the straw rather than the straw's having been in the sieve. To say that time was in the sieve is a fantastic note never before encountered in the 933 preceding tales. One can hazard the guess that it was a slip of the tongue, for the absurdity of the tekerleme is usually based on physical (not abstract) incongruities and contradictions.

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beating them often. If you do not do something about this at once, we shall all move our families from this village permanently

Greatly embarrassed, Rüstem said, "I am very sorry about my son's bad behavior. Please be seated, and let us talk together. I shall attend to the problem right away today.

The neighbors sat a while for the sake of courtesy. They talked of various other things briefly, and then they left. After they had departed, Rüstem called his son Hamza, to him and said, "Hamza, you are my son, but today I was ashamed of you! All of our neighbors came to me to complain about your beating of their sons. Why have you been doing this? Why has your behavior been so bad?" Having said this, Rüstem slapped Hamza several times very hard

Hamza was outraged at his father's striking him so roughly. Going to his room, he said to himself, "After having been thrashed in that way by my father, I can no longer live in this house." Buckling on an old sword which had been left to him by his grandfather, he departed without saying anything to anyone

He went little; he went far. He went over hills and through dales, and after a while he reached a village where

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everyone seemed very sad, as if they were all in mourning. He asked one of the villagers, "Why is everyone so sad here?"

30 131 The villager answered, "We have a very great problem with a dragon in this village. That dragon has been lying before our only fountain for seven years, and he refuses to allow us to draw any water from the fountain unless we provide him with a virgin girl each week. Only after he receives the girl does he permit us to take any water. This week it is the turn of the daughter of our padişah to be given to him, and today we shall deliver the princess, an extremely beautiful girl, to the dragon. That is the reason for the sadness you see everywhere."

Hamza said, "I understand now. Take me to your padişah."

When they had taken Hamza to the presence of padişah, the young man said, "Oh, my Padişah, inasmuch as your daughter is your only beloved offspring, let my head be a sacrifice for her. I shall attempt to kill the dragon!"

When the padişah heard these words of Hamza, he took hope again. He said to Hamza, "Oh, my boy, if you can kill that monster, I shall make you a very happy and rich man!"

Drawing his grandfather's sword, Hamza immediately set out to encounter the dragon. All of the villagers, filled with curiosity and admiration, followed him. Hamza went to

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the fountain and took a look at the dragon, a terrible terrifying sight for most people. But Hamza was not a frightened. Although he was only fifteen years old, he was a very strong and very brave young man.

When the dragon saw Hamza it was confused. It said, "They are supposed to give me a virgin girl, not a boy. What are you doing here? Who are you?"

Hamza answered the dragon: "This week instead of sending you a virgin girl, they sent me, and I intend to kill you." Saying this, he cut off the dragon's head with a single blow. Then he struck the dragon just once more dividing its body into two exact halves, the way one splits a watermelon with one stroke of a long knife

After the death of the dragon, the villagers rejoiced in their deliverance from this horrible monster. They rejoiced that they could now take all of the water they wanted without paying the price of human life for it. When the people took Hamza into the presence of the padişah again the ruler asked him, "Oh, my boy, who are you? Where you come from, and where are you going?"

Hamza replied, "I am Hamza, the son of Rüstem, who was the son of Zal, and I believe in the Prophet Mohammed."

The padişah then said, "Tell me, my boy--what do you want from me? You may ask for anything you wish, and I shall accept any wish that you make.

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"My great Padişah," said Hamza, "I do not wish to receive anything from you. My only wish is for your good health. There is nothing that I need

The padişah was very pleased with Hamza's response. He thought to himself, "He is a very good man. I shall do him the honor of giving him my daughter and thus making him my son-in-law." The ruler then offered his daughter as wife to Hamza.

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Hamza accepted the padişah's offer, taking the girl as his prospective wife by the will of Allah and the consent of the Prophet.² They called a (mufti)³ to conduct the marriage ceremony.

before the wedding was to take place, Hamza spoke to the girl privately. "I have a condition to be met before I can marry you. If you will accept that condition, then I can accept you as my wife. Otherwise I cannot enter this marriage."

The padişah's daughter asked, "What is your condition? Tell me."

² Matchmakers and others arranging a marriage always refer to the prospective union as something undertaken by the will of Allah and the consent or approval of the Prophet.

³ A professional jurist of Muslim or seriat law. This would not ordinarily be the person called to conduct a wedding. Usually a hoca (Muslim priest) would officiate.

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"I am sorry, but I cannot remain here now

"Why can't you stay here?" the girl asked

"I took an oath to be involved in something else for seven years. I shall accept you as wife if you can wait for me for seven years. If I accepted you as wife before that, I should be committing a sin by breaking my vow

The girl said, "Very well. You may leave me for seven years, and I shall wait for your return."

They promised themselves to each other. Hamza gave the girl an armband⁴ which his grandfather, Zal, had left to him. Hamza said, "If we should have a son, put this armband on his right arm so that I shall be able to recognize the boy if we should ever meet thereafter. If we should have a daughter, you may do as you wish with her. I don't care.

Not long after Hamza had departed, the padişah's daughter discovered that she was pregnant. After nine months, nine days, and nine hours⁵ a boy was born to her. The padişah, the girl's father, named this boy Bedih. Bedih was a strong, healthy baby boy.

⁴ The narrator says, very clearly, pastav here. The context indicates that he is referring to an armband of some sort. Pastav may possibly be a dialect form of pazubend, meaning arm badge.

⁵ Inasmuch as the lengths of pregnancies vary somewhat, this nine/nine/nine sequence is obviously a verbal formula rather than a belief.

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(Hamza went little, he went far. He passed over hills and through dales. One day as he was traveling along, he saw from a distance five or ten tents pitched on top of a mountain. Deciding to find out who occupied those tents, he climbed the mountain and approached them. He entered and examined these tents one after another, but found all but the last one completely empty. When he opened the flap of that last tent, he found inside a very beautiful woman sleeping on a bed. Pulling aside the blanket a little, he saw that the woman was indeed extremely beautiful.

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He said to himself, "Since I am very tired from traveling, I can lie down beside this woman and rest for a while." But the fact is that he had fallen in love with this woman the moment that he first gazed at her. He took off his belt and his jacket and placed them beneath the bed. Lifting the blanket slightly, he slipped beneath it and fell asleep.

When the girl awakened, she was surprised to see that a strong young man was lying there beside her. Looking at him carefully, she observed how strong and how handsome he was. She also fell in love at first sight. She arose and prepared a meal and made coffee. Then she tried to awaken Hamza, saying, "Oh, young man, wake up. You are apparently very tired and hungry."

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But Hamza was not now really asleep. He had secretly been watching the girl with half an eye. He arose, washed his face and his hands, and sat down. He ate the meal she had prepared and drank his coffee without saying a word.

When he had finished, the girl asked, "Where have you come from? Why are you here? And where are you going?"

Hamza answered, "I am Hamza, son of Rüstem and grandson of Zal. I am a Moslem." He then asked the girl, "Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"I am the daughter of the King of Russia," she said

Confused, Hamza asked, "If you are the daughter of the King of Russia, what are you doing way down here? Why are you so far away from your native country?"

The girl said, "My father sent great herds of livestock to graze in these mountain pastures, and I am in charge of all the shepherds here." Then after a pause, she said, "I like you very much. Is it possible that we could be married to each other?"

"But I am a Moslem," Hamza said, "and you are not. My religion does not permit me to marry a non-Moslem. If you could accept my faith, then I could accept you as my wife."

After thinking about this for a minute or two, the girl
XW agreed to become a Moslem. Hamza made her state her belief in God by reciting the Islamic confession of faith. After

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that, Hamza said, "You are now a member of my faith. According to that faith, a wedding must be accompanied by a marriage feast."

"Yes," said the girl, and made arrangements to have such a feast prepared.

They were married and they lived there in that mountain pasturage for a month, or perhaps as long as forty days

this girl had not really accepted Islam in the depth of heart. There is a saying given to us by our elders which declares, "One who has long been an infidel cannot easily become a good Moslem."

This girl played a trick on Hamza. Without telling her husband, she wrote a letter to her father in which she said, "Dear Father, the weather here is very dry this year, and as a result, the grass is too short for good grazing. I shall come back here later in the season, but now I am going to move the herds. Before our move, however, I want you to send me a trunk of exactly these measurements." Then she gave the measurements for a trunk in which Hamza would fit perfectly.

As soon as the King of Rusia received this letter, he ordered his carpenters to make the trunk according to the specifications given by his daughter. When the girl had received this trunk, she had Hamza seized while he slept and

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put inside this trunk. She then locked it securely from the outside. She then ordered her attendants to strike their tents and load them, along with the trunk, on the back of one of their camels

She then went briefly to visit an uncle of hers, her father's brother, who governed an island in the sea. This uncle was unhappy with his position in such a remote place, and he hoped to be assigned to some other post. Hearing of his niece's approach, he had a very expensive welcome prepared for her. When he saw that she was pleased with the unusual hospitality he had provided for her and her attendants, he asked her, "Will you please persuade your father to give me a position in some less lonely place?"

"All right, I shall try," she said. "I shall tell my father of your wish."

After resting for several days there on the island in the sea, the girl decided to move on. As her men were loading the trunk on a boat to return to the shore, the rope broke, and the trunk fell into the sea. The girl did not bother to try to recover the trunk, but went on her own way as if nothing had happened.

Now let us see how Hamza fared in his difficult situation. The trunk floated on the sea for seven days and seven nights. As we all know, whatever God wants to happen

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will come about. After floating for so long, the trunk was washed close to the shore of the territory of the King of Russia. There it was observed one evening by an old fisherman who had been casting his nets all day long without any success. He was just about to return home when he saw the trunk floating near his boat. Towing the trunk to shore, the fisherman smashed the lock in order to see what the box contained. After he had opened the top of the trunk, the old man was amazed to see Hamza step forth. Confused, the fisherman asked Hamza, "Where have you come from?"

Hamza answered his question and then said, "Oh, old fisherman, tell me the name of this country where I have landed."

"My boy, this country is one of the possessions of the King of Russia." Then the two went to the fisherman's house, where they ate and rested

After he had been there for several days, Hamza asked the old man, "Oh, old fisherman, will you accept me as your son?"

"Of course I will! Inasmuch as you are such a fine young man, wouldn't anyone be glad to have you as a son?"

Very pleased, Hamza said, "Very well, then, if you will accept me as your son, I shall accept you as my father. But a parent's duties are often hard to carry out, and you must

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be influenced by what I say to you. At your age, you should not be doing heavy work. You should sit in the fish market and work only as a fish seller. From now on I shall catch the fish, and then I shall bring them to you in the market.

The next day the old man went to his stall in the marketplace. Hamza caught a load of fish and took them there to his "father" to be sold. This is the way they worked together every day now

Time came; time went. One day Hamza said to the old man, "Father, from now on, if the other fishermen sell their fish for five kuruş⁶ apiece, you will charge only one kuruş for yours."

After that, all of the other fishermen began to lose money, for all the customers began to buy their fish from Hamza's "father."

Now let us see what the daughter of the King of Russia was doing. This princess had a black maidservant. One day when this servant went to the marketplace to buy some fish, she saw Hamza at his "father's" stall and realized again what a very handsome man Hamza was. When she returned home, she told the princess about Hamza and his handsomeness.

⁶ The kuruş is 1/100 of a Turkish lira, but when inflation and devaluation of Turkish money reduced the lira to 1/700 of a U.S. dollar, the kuruş became utterly meaningless. At present (1987) there are no prices measured in kuruş.

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"Tell me," said the princess, "is there any man in our country as handsome as this Hamza?"

"Oh, no, my Princess! He is the most handsome man I have ever seen!"

From the way her servant spoke of the young man, the princess knew that the young fisherman must really be that Hamza who, locked inside a trunk, had fallen into the sea. She at once sent a note to her father requesting that he have all stalls in the marketplace closed to the public because she wished to go there personally to do some shopping.

After her father had issued an imperial decree ordering every merchant to close his stall to the public, the princess and her black maid went to the marketplace. Her maid knew where Hamza's stall was located. When they arrived there, the princess noticed at once that Hamza and his "father" had not observed the king's order. Their stall was open for business. The princess asked Hamza, "How dare you do such a thing? How could you possibly decide not to obey my father's order? On whom do you rely for your decisions?"

Hamza answered, "I rely on myself. Who is the king? There is a King much greater than your king. I count on my God. Furthermore, my ancestors have never submitted to anyone. Why should I?"

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girl said, "Open the door of your shop. I'll buy some fish."

Hamza opened the door of his "father's" shop and handed the women the fish they wanted. When the daughter of the King of Russia asked how much money they should pay, Hamza said, "You don't have to pay anything. I do not need your money. It is not at all important to me. What is important is human behavior. It is humanity that I need."

Hamza had recognized the princess at once, and she had recognized him. The girl asked Hamza, "What did I ever do to you? Why are you saying such words?"

is not what you did to me that matters but how you behaved toward my religion. We met each other on the mountaintop, and there we made our commitments to each other. You accepted not only me but also my religion. Then you had me locked inside a trunk, and when that trunk fell into the sea, you ignored it. You gave it no thought whatsoever. All this made me very sad.

The girl then said, "Hamza, in all that I have done so far I have been wrong. Please forgive me, and I shall accept your religion fully now. Please accept me now."

"Very well," said Hamza, and he then gave the princess his address.

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Tunnel?
After the princess had returned to her own home, she sent a note to her father requesting that he send her two tunnel diggers. When the tunnel diggers arrived, she had them dig an underground passageway from her home to the home of the old fisherman.

In the middle of the night Hamza's "father" heard a scraping noise beneath one corner of the house. He immediately awakened Hamza and took him to the room where the noise could be heard most clearly. Hamza said, "Father, you and my 'mother' go rest in some other room and I shall remain here to attend to this problem, whatever it may be.

After a short while Hamza saw the princess and the two tunnel diggers come up through the floor into that room. Hamza then called his "father" and "mother," introduced the girl to them, and bound them to secrecy. "Do not tell our secret to anyone!" he said.

Hamza's "father" and "mother" gave their word that they would reveal their secret to no one. But the black maid of the princess was so jealous that she went at once and told everything to the King of Russia.

When the King of Russia heard that his daughter had married a Moslem and that the two were meeting each other secretly, he at once ordered troops to surround Hamza's house. When the girl awoke in the morning and saw the

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soldiers outside, she immediately awakened Hamza and reported this to him. "We must first take our ablutions," said Hamza, "and after that we can go to battle."

After taking their ablutions, Hamza went out of the house with no armor, no horse, and no weapons except his sword. Grasping one of the two cypress trees that grew before the old fisherman's house, he wrenched it out of the ground with his bare hands. Taking his sword in hand, he quickly trimmed this tree and shaped it into a mace. Repeating God's name first and then the name of the Prophet Mohammed, Hamza attacked the king's soldiers. The battle lasted all that day, the second day, the third day, and the fourth day

While this battle was going on, Hamza's real father, Rüstem, had a dream. In his dream he saw his son Hamza floundering up to his knees in mud. Rüstem tried and tried to help Hamza, but he was unable to reach him, and this filled Rüstem with great grief. Anguished by the difficult situation in which Hamza was caught, Rüstem gave a great shout in his sleep, awakening his other son, Hulusi, and his daughter, Banya. Banya rushed to Rüstem's room and asked, "Father, what happened?"

Rüstem told her of his dream and then said, "Go at once to my brother, Babayı Amer. Tell him that your brother

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Hamza is in deep trouble and that Babayı Amer can help him. Say to Babayı Amer, 'Go and bring good news from Hamza!'"

Banya went immediately to Babayı Amer's house and said, "Dear Uncle, my father has had a bad dream about my brother Hamza. He says that Hamza is in deep trouble. Please go at once. Find him, help him, and then bring back good news from Hamza!"

But Babayı Amer answered, "Oh, my dear niece, look at my life, and then look at your own good life!"

Confused, Banya asked, "But, dear Uncle, what do you want?"

Babayı Amer answered, "Your father is a very rich man but I am very poor. I am almost starving to death! Perhaps if he gave me some of his wealth, I should go and carry out his request to save Hamza."

Returning quickly to her father's palace, Banya reported to Rüstem what her uncle had said. Rüstem said, "Go back and tell my brother this: 'You can have all my father's wealth if only you will bring back good news from Hamza!'"

Banya did as her father ordered. She went to her uncle, repeated her father's words to him, and took Babayı Amer back to the palace with her. After he had received a great quantity of gold from Rüstem, Babayı Amer set out in search of his nephew Hamza.

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He walked and walked through all the neighboring regions. Climbing a mountain peak one day in order to get a view of a larger area, he at last saw Hamza, who was still bravely battling with the soldiers of the King of Russia. Babayı Amer watched Hamza fighting for a while, and he saw that nobody had been able to catch his nephew because he was very strong and because he was fighting like a hero. Babayı Amer then returned to Rüstem's palace where everyone awaited good news about Hamza. Banya asked him, "What has happened?"

Babayı Amer answered, "Your father, Rüstem, has never done a good thing or a brave thing in his life, and so what could we expect from Hamza?"⁷

But that night Rüstem had the same dream again about the plight of his son Hamza. This time, however, he saw in his dream that Hamza was now mired in mud up to his neck, and he was unable to help. He tried and tried but was unable to rescue Hamza from the mud. In his sleep Rüstem gave a mighty shout, even more terrifying than the one he had given during his first dream. Banya again awakened her father and asked what was troubling him. "Go and bring my brother here. I know very well that Hamza is in very great difficulty and needs help immediately.

⁷ Since Rüstem was a name for prowess and bravery, this remark must be considered ironic. Irony is an uncommon element in folktales.

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Banya ran to her uncle's house and told him about her father's second dream about Hamza. Babayı Amer went to the palace and again took a large quantity of gold. Then he once again set out for the place where Hamza was fighting. He knew exactly where that was, and so this time he went there directly. As he observed the continuing battle, he saw that the king's soldiers had still not been able to defeat Hamza. When Babayı Amer returned to the palace, he said to Banya, "Your brother is still walking around. Considering the fact that your father does not have a good name, we should not expect that Hamza would be worth much."

Banya said, "Oh, Uncle, such things are not important as long as he is still alive."

But that night Rüstem had the same dream for the third time. This time he saw Hamza buried in the mud up to his hair. Again he tried to help him, but again he was unable to rescue him. When Rüstem shouted loudly in his sleep again, Banya rushed to him and awakened him. After he had told his dream, Rüstem said, "Daughter, I sense some untrustworthiness in your uncle's behavior. Go and tell him that I will give him every bit of my money if he will bring back good news about my son."

Banya went to her uncle and told him what her father had said. Babayı Amer came once more to the palace and took

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the money, all the gold, and all the jewels that were there. He then went again to the battle scene, but he was unable to see Hamza anywhere. Returning to the palace, he said to his brother, "Oh, Rüstem, your son Hamza has been fighting for seven days, but I was unable to see him when I went to the battlefield this time. He had been fighting with the King of Russia's troops, but at present I do not know whether he is alive or dead."

Rüstem immediately gave orders for his army to prepare for war with the King of Russia. At the head of his troops Rüstem placed Cem, a very powerful wrestler who was 300 years old. Under his leadership the troops moved quickly to engage the forces of the King of Russia. Let them continue to fight while we get some news from others.

Hamza's first father-in-law had a very valuable talking bird. This bird had flown to the battlefield and had watched Hamza's fighting for seven days, but when Hamza was captured by the king's troops, the bird returned to his master's palace. Hamza's first father-in-law asked the bird, "Where have you been for such a long time?"

The bird answered, "I have been watching Hamza's fight against the troops of the King of Russia, but yesterday they captured Hamza. I do not know whether he is now dead or alive."

Bird speaks
Hamza

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By this time Bedih, Hamza's son, was seven years old. He was a very intelligent boy, and he could understand the language of all animals and birds. When the bird was telling the padişah the news about Hamza, Bedih was listening carefully. Then he asked, "Grandfather, what was it that that bird said about my father?"

The grandfather chose not to tell Bedih the bad news about Hamza, but the boy understood that something terrible had befallen his father. He said, "Dear Grandfather, I am the son of Hamza. I should take revenge against my father's enemies. That is, after all, my kismet and my duty."

The padişah replied, "Oh, my dear Grandson, you are too young to fight. You cannot yet take vengeance for your father."

Upon hearing that, Bedih began to cry. Going to his mother, he told her everything that he had learned about situation of Hamza. Then he said, "Please, Mother, let me go take vengeance against my father's enemies."

His mother was very pleased with her son's attitude. She said, "Of course, my Son. If a son does not take vengeance for his father's suffering, he has no value as a

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son. I will ungrudgingly give you my blessing and good wishes!"

Bedih then started his long journey. Good days come very quickly at times.

Let us look now and see what God has willed for Hamza. When Hamza was captured, the King of Russia had ordered his men to slaughter a camel, skin it, and then sew Hamza's body very tightly inside the camel hide, with only his head sticking out. After they had done this, they loaded Hamza on a caravan that was going to the place where the king's brother served as governor.

Now we shall see how the will of God works. Hamza and Bedih met each other on the road. When Bedih encountered the caravan, he saw Hamza's head protruding from the camel-skin case into which he had been sewn. Bedih thought for a minute and then realized that the imprisoned man was his father, for his face matched the description his mother had given of Hamza. Bedih was an unusually intelligent child, and he already understood several languages. He asked the Russian camel drivers, "Could you take me with you as your servant?" After they had conferred about this, they agreed to accept him as a servant.

After the caravan had traveled for another three days and three nights, it came to a river, and there the drivers

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and the soldiers who accompanied them decided to rest for a while. As we all know, the Russians always keep alcoholic drinks in readiness for such occasions. They drank and drank and drank until they had all become completely drunk. When they were all lying unconscious on the ground, Bedih drew forth the sword of one of the soldiers and proceeded to cut off the heads of all the Russians.

Surprised and pleased by what he saw, Hamza shouted, "Oh, son, tell me your name."

"I am Bedih, the son of Hamza," said the boy

When Hamza heard this, he called, "Oh, Bedih, Son, come quickly and save me!"

But the camel skin enclosing Hamza was now dry and very hard. If Bedih tried to cut the skin with the sword, he might wound his father; but if he did not cut it, his father would remain imprisoned. Finally Bedih decided to cut the camel skin very carefully by using just the tip of his sword. After a short slit had been cut in the camel skin, Hamza stretching his legs and flexing his arms, ripped the skin apart. The father and son then embraced and kissed each other.

They then turned around and started toward the palace of the King of Russia. On the way they met Babay Amer, who recognized his nephew, Hamza, but not the boy with him.

Hamza and Babayı Amer embraced each other, and then the uncle asked, "Who is this boy with you?"

Too embarrassed to say, "This is my son," Hamza answered, "He is your servant, Uncle. Take the boy to my father. My father once slapped me very hard, and I cannot go near him until I am able to forget that."

Babayı Amer took the boy to Rüstem's tent and said to his brother, "Oh, Brother Rüstem, this boy is an orphan. I found him in a village. Take good care of him."

"Inasmuch as he is an orphan, he can stay in my tent with us," said Rüstem

Now let us return to Hamza. Hamza sent a letter to the Russian king in which he said, "Oh, my great King, I have heard about your endless fighting with the ruler named Rüstem. I should like to fight with that Rüstem."

The Russian king accepted his offer and ordered that he be given a horse and weapons. On the following day Hamza rode forth onto the battlefield to fight with his father. Rüstem had no way of knowing, of course, that the man who challenged him was his own son Hamza. Rüstem dealt his son a murderous blow, but Hamza could not strike back so strongly, for he knew that his opponent was his father. That night when all had returned to their tents, Babayı Amer said

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to Rüstem, "Oh, Rüstem, I do not know how it will come about, but tomorrow you will somehow find your

On the following day the battle between the two men was renewed, but Rüstem was unable to continue it for very long. He was, after all, an old man by now, and Hamza was still very young. By noontime Rüstem was so tired that he tried to run away from the battlefield, but Hamza caught him and slapped him just the way he had once been slapped by Rüstem. Rüstem, son of Zal, was for a while quite confused by the meaning of this very powerful slap. As he began to understand the apparent meaning of the blow, he also realized that his opponent was his son Hamza. The two then embraced and kissed each other for some time.

Now we shall cut the story short. With their combined efforts, Rüstem and Hamza defeated the Russian soldiers killing some of them but sparing all those who agreed to accept the Moslem faith. Hamza, accompanied by his two wives, and Rüstem, accompanied by his grandson, now returned together to their own country. All were now happy, and all had their wishes fulfilled. Thus we can now say "Goodbye" to them.

Goodbye
Q. M.