

The Tale of Padişah Hâtemi Tey¹

Of all that have come and gone in this world, he was not the only one to come and go from this world

And now, let's start with Hâtemi Tey. Hâtemi Tey was a ruler, a padişah. He would give one hundred liras to anyone that asked for alms. One day, a dervish came to his palace and said, "In the name of God," and extended the palm of his hand.

Hâtemi Tey commanded, "And give this man one hundred liras." They drew up a receipt, went to the treasury, and brought the man one hundred liras.

This dervish was a brave and learned man. He looked at the writing and at the signature on the receipt, and in the afternoon he wrote out a similar receipt and got another one hundred liras from the treasurer. Hâtemi Tey and his viziers did not know of this. Without being seen by the padişah and his men, the dervish repeated his act for the third time. He got three hundred liras that day. And he continued to do so for a year.

In a year, Hâtemi Tey gathered his parliament and asked for an accounting of the treasury, but they found out that there was money missing from the treasury. The padişah asked the treasurer, "Where is this money?"

The treasurer placed the receipts before the padişah and said, "I don't know, Your Highness. When I get your receipt with your signature, I must pay."

¹ There are alternative names for this padişah, among them Hâtım al-Tâ'î and Hâtem (Hâtım) Tâ'î.

Hâtemi Tey and his men looked at the receipts and the signatures and were astonished. The padişah said, "What kind of a hand is this that can write and sign for me?" But although he had the matter investigated, he could not find this unorthodox dervish.

Now, the dervish was roaming around in the city where he was being sought, but only Allah and he himself knew why they could not find him. Those searching for the dervish told the padişah, "Your Highness, he is not here. We could not find him."

The padişah said to his parliament, "I am sorry this man was not found. He must be such a learned man."

Many are those who are quick-witted. Someone from the parliament got to his feet and said, "Your Highness, this man could not have left the country in twenty-four hours. If you should forgive his error, he would come before you."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. He must be greatly frightened. He certainly must be roaming around among these people."

The padişah had the town-crier announce: "Whoever has been taking three hundred liras every day from my treasurer for a year is pardoned. He is asked please to come forward to the court's presence."

The dervish, hearing this proclamation, immediately stepped out and said "I" to the crier, so they took him before Hâtemi Tey. The padişah looked at the man, and indeed it was the one he had seen every morning for a year.

"Father."

"Your Highness!"

"You asked for alms, and I had one hundred liras given to you. Why did you take more? How did you write as in my writing?"

found in all the land. Do you not know this, Sir?"

"Yes, but let me see you write."

The dervish, taking the pen into his hand, signed Hâtemi Tey's signature; then he signed the head vizier's signature. Hâtemi Tey and his viziers looked at the signatures. The padişah said, "Yes, the writing is ours; the receipts are ours. I said you were forgiven; I cannot deny it. You have been pardoned!"

"Yes, Sir."

"I will also let you have what you have taken. Go now, but do not repeat such a deed."

As the dervish was leaving the palace, Hâtemi Tey asked his court: "I have forgiven such a grievous crime. Is there anyone who is as just and ^{very} compassionate as I in the world?"

"Yes, Sir. Word given down by ancestors cannot be forgotten. Do not become too ^{proud} proud. There is a ruler who is greater than you. Your compassion, your goodness, your justice is nothing in comparison. There is such goodness in this world. Do you know that the emperor of the land of winter buys two slaves every week? He weds one and frees the other. He gives one thousand liras to the slave he has freed. You should go to see the emperor of the land of winter, see his justice, and then tell of your justice."

Hâtemi Tey was saddened by the man's reply. "Is that so? I had thought that there was no ruler as virtuous as I, but you tell me there is. I must see this emperor of the land of winter."

The padişah disguised himself as a dervish, left someone to replace him, and started on the road to the winter-land emperor. But he disguised himself in such a manner that only Allah and he himself knew he was the padişah.

The story passes quickly in words, but years passed by before the padişah finally came to the land of the winter emperor. The many people who saw him believed him to be a dervish and did not question his identity. Upon his inquiry, they showed him the winter emperor's palace. He bowed to the emperor and his court, and the winter emperor welcomed him and showed him to a seat next to himself.

As they exchanged greetings, the emperor thought, "This man looks like a dervish, but his vocabulary, his manner of speaking, and his posture are those of a very wise leading figure. Listen to his way of speaking." And he asked the dervish, "Dervish Father, although your attire suggests you are a dervish, I find you to be very wise in the ways of life. You are ^{only} not a dervish but have [^]disguised yourself as one. Why are you roaming in faraway lands? Can you explain your reasons to me? You are not a dervish!"

Hâtemi Tey was very moved, and thought, "What a farsighted emperor is!" So he gave the following reply to the winter emperor at that time, I will now relay the same reply: "Would one go off to faraway lands of his own will unless he felt he had to?"

The winter emperor after hearing the dervish's reply bowed his head down and thought with his heart. Then, looking up, he said, "I understand. You have answered the question I asked, but will you please tell me what weighs on your mind?"

Hâtemi Tey: "Yes. I am the padişah Hâtemi Tey. I disguised myself as a dervish so that no one would know who I am. The man on the hills does not know either shah or padişah, so I traveled as a dervish. Now I am finally here, conversing with you. However, when I was at my court and had given an alm of one hundred lirasto a man and asked my court if there were any other ruler as generous as I in the world, a man got up and congratulated me but also told me of a winter emperor. He told me that

this winter emperor bought two slaves each week, wed one, and freed the other. I was told to go see that emperor's justice and generosity and then talk of myself. Therefore, I left my country and roamed from land to land. No one can make another leave his own native land. Today I have finally come face to face with you. Now I have surpassed my thoughts, my worries. Do you indeed buy two slaves each week, wed one, and free the other? Do you truly grant one thousand liras to the slave you have freed? If so, why do you do so? Your generosity surpasses mine. And my justice is null against yours. Now, you tell me yourself."

The winter emperor replied, "Yes, Sir. So you are the padişah Hâtemi Tey?"

"Yes."

"So, now I understand and will speak my mind. In my land, on my soil, in my country, twice a week theft and murder were being committed. The thieves were never found, the murderers never caught, and no solution, no end, was found to this calamity. The patrols searched day and night, but my commander Arap Halil turned nothing out. Treachery swept through the town; robberies and murders were increasingly common. I was unable to prevent these events no matter how I tried to put a stop to them. No matter what I tried, I was unable to bring peace to my people. Finally one day a very great merchant came to see me and said, 'My emperor, my caravan was robbed last night. All the goods in my caravan were stolen. Among my goods I had a coral tesbih [rosary, or string of prayer beads] that is also gone. If you could find my coral tesbih, I would give you all my worldly goods!' I told the merchant that I was very sorry, that others who had been robbed had come before me, that I was very disturbed at these events, and that if I could find these thieves I would tear them apart. I was looking for law and order, but was unable to prevent these

robberies and murders rampant in my city. While I was uttering these very words to the merchant, a dervish stepped forth, one just like you, and asked permission to speak to me. I told him to say his piece, and asked him what had been stolen from him

"The dervish said, 'No, nothing has been taken from me. I heard the merchant's complaint. I can solve your problem; I can find his coral tesbih, all the goods stolen from his caravan, and all the goods stolen before that. I ask you to give me twenty-four hours. Secondly, I want you to give me a just call him from across the street, and I will find all the stolen goods. If I do not find everything in twenty-four hours, my neck is as thin and sharp as a sword. You can deliver me to your executioner.'

"I was astonished to hear the man's words, but I asked, 'Who is it you want me to send to you?'

"'You have a (sheik) in your land, Sir. They call him 'The One Who Would Not Step on an Ant.'"

"'Yes, there is such a man.'

"'There you have it! He is the leader [responsible for] all the murders and robberies.'

"'Quiet! Do not repeat what you said once. You can't say anything against him; you could get cursed.'

"'Sir, if I should get cursed, let it happen now. You must give me twenty-four hours.'

"And I said, 'All right.' Then, my dear padişah Hâtemi Tey, I sent someone to get the one called 'The One Who Would Not Step on an Ant.' I greeted him, had him sit beside me, and after exchanging salutations I said, 'Sir, the wife of one of my viziers is in dire straits. The High Priest has prayed over her, but she is still afflicted. If you could give us your sign [stamp] and write a prayer for her, she may find peace.'

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"The sheik said 'All right' and took his handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to me and said, 'Here is my stamp. Tell her to wrap the written word in this.'

"I gave the handkerchief to the dervish who had opened his mind to me and also gave him two men. While I detained the sheik, they went to his palace. When they arrived, the dervish told the two men to stay behind, and said, 'No matter what I do, do not interfere.' He knocked on the door and asked the maid who had answered the door to call the sheik's wife. The maid called his wife, and she came to the door. The dervish said, 'The sheik sent his handkerchief and said to wrap the coral tesbih that came among the goods that arrived yesterday and to take it to him.'

"The sheik's wife took the handkerchief, looked at it, and without further question went inside. When she came to the door again, she handed the coral tesbih wrapped in the handkerchief to the dervish and said, 'Be very careful not to open the handkerchief in front of anyone, and deliver it into the sheik's hands.' The dervish told her that the sheik had also given him the same advice and that she should not worry, that he knew what he was dealing with. The dervish thus took the handkerchief as well as the written word and came to my apartments in the palace. He placed the handkerchief on the table and opened it up.

"When the sheik saw the coral tesbih, his face went as white as a sheet. I had the merchant brought in, and he recognized his tesbih immediately; he said it had gone with all his things that had been robbed. I had the sheik tied up; he had become speechless. I said to the sheik, 'See where this has gotten you? You receive only what you sow. This is what you get for what you have done to the people.'

"That's why, my dear padişah Hâtemi Tey, I had the sheik and the three hundred men working for him all caught, and first tortured, then killed. *Elevé lui*

And since then, this city has not had another robbery or murder. I asked the man, 'I have been unable to solve this mystery in forty years; how did you do it in forty minutes? Can you tell me how you knew the culprit when no one else suspected him?'

"And this is what he answered. 'My wife was running away from the rooster. Yes, she was. I said to her, "Why do you put on your headscarf and run off when the rooster comes in? He is just a rooster." And she replied, "Isn't he also a male? Sir, it's a shame." I started watching her closely because she was not a good Moslem, so why should she be so concerned about a rooster? Finally I caught her playing around, and I killed her. So, for seven years I've wandered in this city. A few days ago, I came across the sheik. He had small bells tied to his feet. I could not understand why he was wearing bells, so I asked, "Sir, what is this? Why do you wear bells on your feet?" He told me that he did not know what roamed on the ground, and he wore bells to warn insects and ants to get them out of his way so that he would not commit a sin by killing them accidentally. How delicate can one get? How very thoughtful of him--too thoughtful, for my liking. I felt that it was a demonstration rather than true concern. After all, hadn't my wife run away even from the rooster, then played around? But I caught her. Now, the sheik showed off his bells to the public, but what did he hide? So, I came to you, Sir. I suspected him when I saw him with bells on his feet. I felt he was hiding something important, because this resembled my wife's running away from the rooster.'

"And that's the way it happened, all of it, my dear padişah Hâtemi Tey. Of course, you are now asking yourself what all this has to do with my buying two slaves each week, wedding one off and freeing the other, and giving the freed slave one thousand gold coins. However, there is one final difficulty in my explaining this matter. If you command it, I will tell you

why I buy two slaves each week, wed one off, and free the other."

Hâtemi Tey stood up and asked, "What is your difficulty?"

"If you should go looking for him there is a black man [Arap]² with both *Blindness* eyes blind."

"Yes?"

"Well, this Arap goes to the marketplace early each morning, sits at the entrance, and cried out to the public, 'Whoever administers blows to the base of my neck and says "You deserve it" will receive forty akças [coins of very small worth] from me.' He sits there all day long and receives blows and gives out good money for them. Now, if you would go and find this Arap, ask him why he is willing to give out money and get beaten all day long without running out of money and patience, and come back to tell me his story, I will then tell you why I buy two slaves each week, wed one off, and free the other."

Hâtemi Tey got up and departed immediately. He traveled day and night, until at last he reached the land where the blind Arap lived. Well, in these tales of the past, there are so many strange adventures that happened! If you do not actually see a deed, don't say you did, and if you do not actually hear something with your own ears, don't say you did, and if you have not actually filled your own belly, don't consider yourself full.

Hâtemi Tey went to see the blind Arap with his own eyes, and to hear his story himself, so that he could know whether the emperor's tale was true. Early in the morning, an Arap with both eyes sightless came to the marketplace and sat on the ground at the entrance. Hâtemi Tey watched the Arap while he called out to the public, "Whosoever will administer a blow to the base of my neck and say, 'You deserve your punishment, suffer until you die' will

² Although Arabs are not really very dark-skinned, in Turkish folktales a black person is often termed either "Arab" or "Arap"; the term "Arap" has been used in this translation.

receive forty akças." Hâtemi Tey moved closer to the Arap and he saw that the Arap was truly blind and that people stopped and hit him and received payment all day long. When it got dark, and people had left the marketplace, the Arap shook himself, got up, and started on his way to his house. Hâtemi Tey touched and held the Arap's hand and said, "God be with you."

The Arap replied, "And also with you, Sir."

"Do you know who I am?"

Sir. My eyes are sightless. I am a blind man."

"I am the padişah Hâtemi Tey."

"Yes!"

"You sat all day long receiving blows, and paid good money for it. Can you tell me why?"

padişah Hâtemi Tey! I have a problem, and I cannot reveal my problem to you until you solve a problem for me."

"What is the problem? Tell me!"

"If you go long enough, you will find a jeweler."

"Yes?"

"He gets to his shop every morning and opens it for business."

"So?"

"He gives a ^{jewel} gem to be auctioned, and the auctioneer auctions it, from one hundred to one thousand liras. Then the jeweler tells the auctioneer to give him back his gem, saying he did not need anything, and in front of the other jewelers and merchants he smashes the gem to pieces and blows the pieces in their faces. Then he pays the auctioneer his fee and tells him to come back in the morning. Go find the jeweler, ask him why he auctions a gem each day to destroy it, then pays the auctioneer's fee, throwing away a thousand liras a day, and I will tell you why I have myself beaten every day and pay for it."

So Hâtemi Tey once again took to the road. The story is short upon one's tongue, but meanwhile years went by. He finally came to the city of jeweler and observed him in the same way he had observed the blind Arap. Early in the morning, the jeweler opened up his jewelry shop full of jewels. auctioneer auctioned a gem from one hundred to one thousand liras. The jeweler then called out to the auctioneer, saying, "Bring it back, I am in no need of anything." He took the gem to his mortar and pounded it to dust, blowing the particles at the onlooking jewelers and merchants. Then he paid the auctioneer.

Hâtemi Tey watched, and mumbled to himself, "The Arap's story is true," and he approached the jeweler and said, "Greetings."

"Greetings to you, too."

Selam.

"Your gem was auctioned from one hundred to one thousand liras. Why did you not sell it? You pounded it to dust, without receiving a single kurus [coin of small worth, greater than an akça], blew the dust away, and even paid the auctioneer. Can you tell me why? What is the purpose in this?"

"Who are you?"

"The padişah Hâtemi Tey."

"My dear padişah Hâtemi Tey, I also have a problem within me. I cannot reveal the reason for my actions if that problem is not solved."

"What is it?"

"There is a muezzin³ who lives in a faraway land. Before going up the minaret, he says, 'There it is!' and happily climbs up. However, he descends crying. Go find him and find out his problem; then I'll tell you mine."

So Hâtemi Tey set off once again and traveled until he found the muezzin. He watched him, as he had the others, and saw that the muezzin

³A Muslim crier who calls the hours of daily prayers from the minaret.

went happily up the minaret saying "There it is!" but came down crying, and till nightfall did not come back to the minaret or his office. At night, Hâtemi Tey went close to him and said, "Greetings."⁴

"Greetings to you, too."

"Are you not weary by night, when in the morning you happily went up the minaret saying 'There it is!' but came down weeping and have not stopped since? What is the reason for this?"

"Who are you?"

"I am the padişah Hâtemi Tey."

"Sir, I also have a problem, and unless you solve it, I cannot reveal my situation to you."

"What is it?"

"If you go far away, you will find an old-clothes vendor."

"Yes?"

"This old-clothes vendor cries from morning to noon and laughs from noon to nightfall. Go find out why he cries from morning to noon and laughs from noon till nightfall, and I will open up my problem to you."

So Hâtemi Tey left that place and went on his way to the land where the old-clothes vendor lived, a faraway land far away, that is, from the land where he was.

He watched the old-clothes man, too. Yes, the old-clothes man tied cloth around his waist, put blankets on his arms, set his mobile counter [cart] in front of him, hung his hammer at his side, and without doing any business cried bitterly till noon. At noon, saying "Thanks be to God!" he became quite merry, and proceeded laughing till nightfall. Hâtemi Tey watched this going on all day, and when at nightfall the old-clothes man started to go, he approached him and said, "Greetings to you, old-clothes

⁴The translator of this tale has in most instances furnished "Greetings" for "Selâmünaleyküm" and "Greetings to you, too" for "Aleykümselâm"; on occasion, "God be with you" and "And also with you, Sir" has been used.

vendor."

And the old-clothes vendor replied, "Greetings to you, too."

"You cried from early morn to noon; I watched you. And you laughed from noon to nightfall. What is your case?"

"Who are you?"

"I am the padişah Hâtemi Tey."

"My padişah Hatemi Tey! I too have a problem, and without resolving problem I cannot reveal my case to you."

"What is it?"

"If you should go a distance, you will find a prince who is cross at the world, not at men."

"So?"

"Go find out why he is cross at the world. What did the earth ever do to him? Come back and tell me about it, and I will reveal my problem to you."

So Hâtemi Tey left that place and at last found the prince. The prince, being cross at the world, had left the [settled] country and lived in the mountains and along the rivers with the wild animals. While the padişah watched the prince, the wild animals attacked him, but the prince called to them and said, "Wait. Let him be. He is of the same origin as I. Do not harm him, for he is a man, as I am." And thus he saved Hâtemi Tey and came to him, but of course he did not know who he was.

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"Oh, prince who is cross at the world, is that you?"

"I am."

"What did this world do to you that you are cross at it?"

"Who are you to ask?"

"I am the padişah Hâtemi Tey."

"Don't ask that of me. At the end of a three-days' journey lives my

sheik. Ask that of him, not me!"

And so our story has brought us to this point. Think! What do those who have come to this world before us say? Do not sing your own praises. Let others speak for you; let others praise you. To the hawk his offspring seems a lark. That's how the hawk sees his baby, as a lark. And that is why Hâtemi Tey came to the sheik's garden--so that he could find out about the prince's troubles from the sheik.

At this point, everyone will go back and reveal his problem. So take heed, for this is the important part of the story. You will hear of all the things that have come to pass in this world. And who knows what is in store for the future? Neither I nor God Himself knows what is yet to pass.

He greeted the sheik and the wise men, but there was a pool in the garden and it was boiling. The water in the pool was not running; the water in this marble pool was not running, but boiling. The ^{40 persons} forty wise men and the sheik were lost in thought, and their burden seemed very heavy. They were unable to receive Hâtemi Tey's greetings, so he listened to their thoughts and discussions for an hour, and only when their lesson was finished, first the sheik said, "Greetings to you, too, oh padişah Hâtemi Tey."

"My dear sir, I gave that greeting to you an hour ago. Did it just reach your ears?"

"No, Sir. I heard your greeting an hour ago, but we were struggling with a very heavy problem and were troubled by it. Now that our lesson is over, greetings to you, too, oh padişah Hâtemi Tey."

"But how did you know that I am the padişah Hâtemi Tey?"

"Sir, to one who sees, there is no reason for secrecy. Is secrecy necessary to those who see? There are people among our people who see all but do not say, for they are afraid they might be laughed at. However, did

not our ancestors tell us never to look down on those with a load, or saddle on their backs? For one never knows what mighty men may be beneath a load. Oh, yes, there are such men among us."

"So, very well, you knew who I was. But do you know what ails the prince who is cross at the world?"

"Did you see him?"

"I saw him. He sent me to you."

"Please sit down, my padişah." Hâtemi Tey knelt down and then sat on the floor. Now these men who traveled far will tell their tales, and I will recite them just as they were told.

"So, padişah Hâtemi Tey, you saw that young man?"

"Yes."

"He too is a son of a padişah. They placed him with us so that he would get an education, so that he would have some proof of the wonders of the world. This is like today's parents' placing a child in elementary⁵ school. Why do they place a child in school? So that he may receive an education, so that he may become a man of letters, and finally by more education he may become a great man. Such a well-taught man becomes an asset to his people and his country: What good is an illiterate man? Does a dried-out tree have leaves? Does it provide shade? No, it doesn't! In the same way, a man without science, without an education, is like a dried-up tree. He went into the pool to wash, taking his clothes off. We told him, 'Son, this pool is not like the lakes or the waters you wash in; this pool is the source of science, and science is a marvel--it is bottomless and endless. It is more than the mind can grasp, my son. You cannot go into this pool. If you do, your mind will be overpowered and run away from you.' But he did

⁵The portion concerning "elementary school" is clearly the narrator's insertion--as an effort toward contemporary understanding of earlier custom--and exemplifies the flexibility of Turkish tale texts in the light of changing sociological patterns.

not keep his word. We followed him. We were seeing to his education every day. One day while we were proceeding with our weighty assignment, he took off his clothes, wrapped them around his head, and, my dear padişah, jumped into this pool you now see.

"Where did he throw himself? Into his subconscious -- who knows? He saw himself in a (garden), with a beautiful (jinn) and ^{40 jinn} forty others, lost in pleasure. This vision lasted all day long, and in the morning he woke up, his head resting on the jinn's lap. But when he fully awoke, he found himself on a wild beast. He searched for the garden, the jinn, the beauties, in vain. They were not to be found. He cried in despair, and searched all day long. At nightfall the jinn took him back into the garden. The same thing happened over and over for thirty-nine days and nights. The fortieth night, the prince refused to lie down on the jinn's lap to sleep. Although she coaxed and pleaded, he said that when he woke up he would lose her again and that she was deceiving him, and he refused to go to sleep. She told him there was only one more night left to endure, but he would not hear of it. She begged him to at least take off his clothes, wrap them around his head, throw himself into the pool, and come out, so that he could become a jinn like herself.

"There, padişah, see the pool. That's what he did. He wrapped his clothes around his head and jumped in. We pulled him out, but for thirty-nine days and nights he saw himself upon a wild beast. He kept searching for the jinn, the others, and the garden. We kept asking him where they were. We told him to come to his senses and to see reality as it was. There was only the present; the past was gone, the future yet to come.

"So, my padişah, that's why he became cross at the world. Maybe he learned his lesson: he saw the world as it really is, not as it seemed while taking a dip in the pool. What can I say? This world confuses and

deceives not only me, but all humanity. The truth is such a beautiful woman that she deceives all of us into believing that we shall not die. promises all, if we go on, work hard, endure.

"And that's why, my padişah, this youth, seeing that the end of the world is like being absorbed into the pool, has become cross with the world and roams in the mountains among the wild creatures."

Having heard the prince's story from the sheik, the padişah Hâtemi retraced his path and went back to find the old-clothes vendor. When he did, he greeted him, and the old-clothes vendor recognized him immediately, and said, "Greetings, Padişah Hâtemi Tey. Have you returned?"

"I have."

"Did you solve my problem?"

"I did."

"What was the prince's reason for being cross with the world? What did the world do to him?"

"Well, he found out that living resembles dipping one's head into a pool and coming out."

"Yes!"

"That's why he turned his back on the world, on life, and lives among wild animals, and not among men of the world."

"Oh, my padişah Hâtemi Tey, the prince's idea is quite true indeed.

What is life? Nothing, nothing, nothing! Yes, at the end, it amounts to nothing. It is a deceiving world, that lures one on till the end, and when it tucks one under its folds, it laughs. And now, do sit down, Padişah, and I will reveal my problem to you." So, the padişah knelt to sit and learn, for learning is a man's need. Don't agree too readily, for there are many who think they know it all. But we all need to learn more so that we may gain a glimpse of the answer to the puzzle of life. And so, Hâtemi Tey listened.

"I was from the land of Yemen. My father was a textile merchant. He also had his own ship. His ship was rich with goods to sell. The poor was my father's brother. For fifteen years he worked with him, buying selling cloth. This man was also a rich man. When my father wanted to separate, this man became cross with my father and left Yemen for Baghdad. When this man left, I was about seven. In fifteen years I grew up to become a young man. Meanwhile, my father had started wondering and worrying himself to death, for he had no one left in the world. He died of worry and left it all. Not the emperor nor the prince nor the wise men nor the servants had ever taken their fortunes. I went through my father's fortune in no time. I drank raki; I gambled it away, and there came a time when I was in dire straits and sold the palaces, as well, and drank and gambled that away, too. And there was nothing left. I lived in ruins, in inns; sometimes I went hungry, sometimes I found a bite to feed myself with--sometimes tired, sometimes not. So I went on like that, my life passing on.

"After staying in Baghdad fifteen years, this man who was my father's brother returned to Yemen with all his goods and caravan. He went straight to my father's palaces; my father had been buried under the ground, but the man did not know. He asked the people in the palaces, and they told him the owner had ^{died and} been buried and the houses had long been sold. He asked them, 'Who sold them?' and they told him, 'His son.' He asked, 'Where is he?' And they told him, 'He is an ax without a handle. He is either at the inn or at the poorhouse. He is a man of the taverns, a drunkard.' While the young men of that neighborhood all gathered around the merchant, he asked, 'How much did you pay for the houses and palaces?' And the owners answered, 'A thousand gold pieces.' And the merchant said, 'Fine.' He turned to the young men surrounding him and asked, 'Do you know the young man, son of the old owner?' And they replied, 'Yes, we do.' And

he said, 'I will give a gold piece to the one who finds him and brings him here to me. Run and find him.' Eight young men went out to search the city for me. I did not know anything. I had no strength left in me and had gone to some ruins to think things out. When the young men came by, they shouted, 'Here he is! The one we are searching for is here!' Four grabbed me by the legs and four by the arms and carried me to the merchant.

"Fifteen years had gone by. I did not recognize the merchant and did not know who he was. The young men put me down and said, 'This is his son.' The merchant said, 'Oh, my God!' and slipped off his fur coat and threw it on me, and then threw his arms around me. I still did not know him and was confused. I asked, 'What's the matter with this man that hugs me and cries?' The man said, 'My God, I would prefer to be blind and not see you in this state. Look at you, the son of a wealthy man!' He called the owner of the houses and palaces and said, 'Here you are: two thousand gold pieces. Take your belongings out and give me the keys.' He bought what I had sold for one thousand gold pieces for two thousand gold pieces. After having bought the properties, he took me to the barber, then to the baths, and dressed me in newly bought clothes. He took me to the palace of my father, that I had sold away, and refurnished it. And then he said to me, 'Son, here you are, in your father's world.'

"I sat down in my father's world; he sat down across from me, and opened his safe and started counting his gold, while I watched. He said, 'Do you see all this gold, Son?' and I answered, 'Yes, I do.' He said, 'Well, I owe my fortune to your father. He became my brother. He put down the money and I put out my labor, and God gave us the business. Because of your father I came to have this fortune. And now can I deny you any money, Son?'

"He set me up in business in a big store. He would come and go to see

me at the store and give me advice. After a year, they gave me a woman and married me off. After a year of marriage, one day while sitting at the coffeehouse my elders asked me, 'We were the cause of your marriage. We found your wife for you. Are you satisfied with the woman?' I said, 'Yes, she's fine. I'm satisfied, but she has one habit . . . I don't know do yours have it, too?' They all asked, 'What is it?' [and I said] 'Well, we have been married for a year now, and she has not sat down to eat with me, not even once.' [They asked] 'Why?' [and I said] 'She says that women do not eat with their husbands.' [They said] 'What kind of nonsense is that?' [and I said] 'I am not lying, brothers. The wife is at home. Go ask her. I don't know. Are your wives like that, too?' They looked at each other, laughed, and said, 'You have just said something we have never heard the like of before!' And I replied, 'Well, you have now!'

"They went and came back with an old man called Hacı Veli, and they told him what I had just asked them. The old man turned to me and said, 'Come, Son, sit down across from me. Don't be proud. Just answer my questions truthfully.' So I sat down across from Hacı Veli and he repeated, 'Son, don't be too proud. Just answer my questions truthfully.' And I said, 'All right. If I know the answer, I'll give you the answer.' [He asked] 'Have you been married to this woman for a year?' [I said] 'Yes.' [He said] 'Has she ever come to you, her chest naked, and have you slept in the same bed?' I started thinking, and he said, 'Good! Think hard, my son.' I thought some more and then said, 'In the year we've been married, she has come to me naked twice, but I woke up!' [He said] 'Fine, my son. This woman you have wed is a witch. Not only that, but she is a master witch.' [I said] 'That cannot be, Hacı!' [But he said] 'Son, watch her closely. If you don't catch her at witchcraft, you then can call me any name you like.'

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'All right.'

"Oh, padişah Hâtemi Tey! I thought of how I would watch the woman. I thought to myself that being at work during the day, and sleeping at night, I had no time to watch her so I could catch her at witchcraft. At last I called the watchmen and told them that during the mornings I would do the buying for the business, and in the afternoon I would lock back room and sleep. Should I be still asleep an hour before nightfall were to come and pound on the door and wake me up, and I would pay them a salary for their labor.

"So, padişah Hâtemi Tey, from that day on, I took precaution. I did the buying for the business in the morning; in the afternoon I slept in the back room so that at night sleep could not get the best of me, and the night watchmen would wake me up at night and I would go home. This continued for six months. Then one night, after the woman had gone to bed, she called out to me. I pretended to be deep in sleep. She said, 'So he's asleep,' and got up, dressed, and went out. She had taken a huge jar⁶ from the house. I crept out after her, to see what she would do, not daring to stand up. She put her feet into the jar and got into it, and she and the jar took flight. She was in the air, while I was crouched at the bottom of the wall. I could watch her fly in the moonlight, and [I] crept along the wall to where she was going. The jar came to a ^{Cemetery} graveyard. The jar descended next to a tombstone. Witches came out of five or six other jars. After counseling the other witches for about fifteen minutes, she sent them off to different directions, and started digging up the grave of a person who had died that day and began eating his flesh. I watched from the side of the grave, and her teeth seemed to have grown to the size of spades, and so had her nails. Her condition was such, a terrible

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⁶ A "küp," the large earthenware vasetype container used commonly in the Middle East for storing liquids, in oral narrative identified as the vehicle in which witches ride.

Transformation

condition. She was in a totally black condition. My endurance had come to an end. I thought, 'Now if this woman sees me, she will drag me to the tomb alive and eat me.' I went back to my home and locked the door, as I was shaking.

"Hâtemi Tey, after about an hour, I heard the door. I got into bed and pulled the blankets over my head and pretended to be asleep. The woman soundlessly came into the room; she took off her clothes in the dark, and when she leaned her chest against mine, she felt cold to me. I jumped out of bed, lighted the lamps, and told the woman to get dressed. I looked at her, and she no longer looked as she had at the graveyard, but as she had always looked. As she reached for her clothes, she asked me what was happening, and I told her I would tell her what was happening when she got dressed. When she was dressed, I took a stick and, blocking the door, I asked, 'Woman, you got out of this bed. Where did you go?'

"'Husband, have you gone mad? We have been in bed since last night. Are you dreaming? What are you doing? I've been in bed with you all night.'

"'Woman, are you trying to drive me crazy? You got up, got dressed, got into the jar, and flew off. I ran after and followed you. You left the jar in front of the graveyard, and I watched you as you ate the flesh of the dead. Aren't you that same woman?'

"She stamped her foot on the floor and said, 'You have discovered my secret!' and her face changed to a worse sight than at the graveyard. I was completely dumbfounded. She grabbed me by the arm, threw me out of the window, and told me that if I should return [I should] consider myself dead, and that I would not be getting off so easily if we had not spent a year together.

"That's why, dear padişah, each morning as I think of all that I left behind--my business, my friends, my town, and as I am here away from home

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and all that was dear to me--I weep till noon. At noon, as I think of having escaped that witch and still being alive, each day a given blessing, I feel merry and thank God and laugh, happy just to be alive.

"So, as you see, Hâtemi Tey, the reason for my weeping is that I had to leave my country [and] my loved ones and live in a strange land, and my laughing is because I escaped from the witch's hands and am still alive, thanks be to God. And that is what has come to pass to me."

So, with joy in his heart, Hâtemi Tey rushed to the ⁹⁰⁻¹⁰³ muezzin who went up the minaret laughing and descended crying, and said, "Greetings."

"Greetings to you, too, Hâtemi Tey. You have returned?"

"I have."

"Did you solve my problem?"

"I did!"

"What was it?"

So Hâtemi Tey told the muezzin that the old-clothes vendor cried because he had been driven from his country and all that he loved by a witch, and that he laughed and was merry in the afternoon because he had escaped the witch's wrath and was still alive.

"Oh, padişah! You have indeed solved my problem, so now I will reveal bothers me."

Once again, the padişah Hâtemi Tey knelt down to sit across from the muezzin on the floor, while he told him his story. "Hâtemi Tey, my father was the priest of this mosque. One day my father told me he was ill, gave me the keys of the mosque, and told me to say the morning prayers, to be the people's priest and lead them in their prayers, and then to lock up the mosque and return with the key. I told my father I would do as he bade, and that morning I got up very early, while it was still dark, for

I wanted to go early to sing out the call to prayer while the sun came up, so that all the faithful would get up.

"So I went to the mosque. It was pitch dark. I ^{after that} washed, as required before saying prayers; I climbed the spiral stairs to the minaret. I raised my hands up to God to start the prayers, but before I could say 'Praised be the Lord,' a bird as huge as a camel set himself on the minaret. I saw the bird and was afraid. The bird hooked his claws into my hands and started lifting me off the platform of the minaret. I looked up, and I saw the sky; I looked down, and again there was nothing but blue sky. God knows how far the bird took me. When I woke up, I found myself in the wilderness. I got up and started crying, for there was nothing around me. I leaned on a pillar and I saw a star shining over a city. The bird had taken me to the city of Itikat. I wandered into the city and found a cook's shop. I ordered food, and the cook told them to give me a good stew, for I was a stranger who had come from a faraway land. I ate my food with great appetite. When I was through, I asked them what I owed for the food and was told that in that place there was no exchange of money. I was told to greet them and to come back when I was hungry again. I said, 'What a wonderful country!' greeted them twice and left, and roamed around till noon. Then I started thinking of a place to spend the night. I asked a man whether there was an inn where I might stay. The man asked if I were a stranger, and I said, 'Yes, I am.' He told me to go with him and took me to a house where a sheik lived, and left me there.

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"The ⁹²sheik asked, 'Son, who brought you here?' and I told him I had come on the wing of a giant bird. The sheik said, 'All right, Son.' He called out to the people and said, 'This stranger needs a place to sleep. Where shall we place him? This is a private matter. Who has a grown daughter?'

"Finally, someone said, 'Hasan has a grown unwed daughter.' The sheik ordered them to bring the daughter's father to him, and when he came, he said to him, 'This young man is a stranger in our land; he needs a place to stay. With God's grace, I'm asking for your daughter for him.' And the girl's father said, 'If it is God's will, what can I say?'

"Oh, padişah! Within an hour they wed me. They took me to a house and showed me into a room. An adorned, beautiful woman entered the room and said to me, 'My husband, until the day of death, I am yours and you are mine.' Oh, Hâtemi Tey, that night -- I do not recall how the morning came to be, but I was awakened by the pounding on the door. The woman came in and told me that the sheik who had married us the day before had come to see me and to come out to see what he had to say. I was hurt and told the woman, 'How can you tell me to go in the morning when just last night I became your groom? Is this the time to see anyone?' and she said, 'What can I say? The poor man is waiting for you at the door.' So, I told her to say that I was sleeping and that I would go to see him as soon as I awakened. She looked at me and asked, 'Are you now asleep or awake?' I told her, 'Well, I am in bed, and even though I am awake, go tell the one waiting at the door that I am sleeping.' 'Just because you are a liar, you want me to be one, too?' I told her she was my bride and she would tell the lie for me. Then she went out and got the people; they tied my hands and took me to the sheik. He asked, 'What happened?' and the people told him that I was a liar and had asked my wife to lie, too.'

"The sheik said, 'Those that lie are bad for business and the country. They are no good for work or their country. They are no good and must be thrown out and away from us.' Once again they tied my arms and took me out of their city and were going to execute me, but the giant bird came to my rescue. He took me from them, placed me on his wing, and flew away. He must

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mine and I am yours till the day of death,' and, oh, my padişah Hâtemi Tey, I did not know how morning came to be, so lost in pleasure I was. In the morning, someone was pounding at the door. The woman asked, is pounding at the door?'

"The servants replied, 'The sheik who married you last night wants to see the groom.' The woman turned to me and said, 'The one that married us last night wants to see you at his house. Please go and come back.' So I did not repeat my mistake, saying, 'Tell him I'm in bed,' for I remembered the hardships of the first, so I quickly got up and said, 'Of course; right away.' I went to the same house with the man who had come to fetch me.

"The sheik greeted me and said, 'We have wed you now and found a nest for you. Now we need to find you work.' I quickly replied, 'Yes, Sir.' 'What kind of work can you do?'

"And this is how I replied, oh, padişah Hâtemi Tey: 'Whatever work you see fit for me, whatever work you order me to do, I can do it.' you be a cloth merchant?' 'Yes, Sir!' So the sheik ordered, 'Bring the cloth merchants and the cloth-merchant class!'

"Hâtemi Tey, a hundred cloth merchants came and sat around the sheik while he explained, 'This young man came to our land, our country, as a stranger. We wed him off and provided a roof over his head and a cozy nest. However, it is our duty also to provide him with work. People need to help each other out, or they cannot enter heaven. What do you say that we open up a shop for him? He says he can be a cloth merchant. He can then sell and buy among you.' All hundred men agreed, and said, 'We have no objection. Of course, he can buy and sell among us. He is worthy of it.'

"And, my dear padişah Hâtemi Tey, among a hundred shops, they prepared a shop for me! They invested eight hundred gold pieces in the shop they prepared for me, and there was already two hundred pieces of

gold's worth of merchandise in the shop. They marked the price on every item, and gave me a list of the merchandise.

"The sheik said, 'Son, you are a stranger. You do not know how to sell the goods in our country, so I'll tell you.' I replied, 'Yes, Sir. Your word is my command!' So he went on, saying, 'What was bought for one kurush must be sold for one kurush--no more, no less. What was bought for two must be sold for two, and no more. What was bought for three, for three; bought for four, for four; bought for five, for five. See. We have marked each item of merchandise for its value. You will not count your earnings at the end of each day. I will give you a pouch and you will throw the money from your sales into it. You will take whatever is necessary to run your household. Don't let your hand pinch pennies. Take whatever is necessary, and do not count your earnings; just throw the money into the pouch. At the end of the year, I will look into your account. Make sure you do as I say, and the account should come out all right.'

"I replied, 'Yes, Sir.' They arranged the goods in the shop and handed the key to me. Then right in front of the store they said prayers so that God would bless the business, and then left. Each of the hundred merchants came personally to wish me good luck, and I wished them all a long, healthy life, and they left. So, I measured and sold cloth bought at one kurush for one kurush, two for two, three for three, exactly as I had been told to do. So the days went on; a year came to pass. But had I sold eight hundred liras' worth? As I had been told, I had not counted, but filled the pouch as instructed. That night, my wife greeted me with joy; we shared the evening, till morning. She saw me to the door, saying, 'May God be with you. Today is the day of your accounting. May all come out right.'

"As I went on my way, I felt some worry, but having my wife see me

off with cheer and good will had made me feel better. I opened up my shop for the day. My padişah, I had learned their ways well in one year. The first one to open his shop got greeted by all the rest of the merchants, who said, 'May God bless your business' and then opened their shops. I did exactly as they. I greeted the first merchant to open his shop and said, 'May God bless your business,' and then proceeded to open up my shop. After having opened my shop, I figured in my head that I must have 400 liras since I had sold about 600 liras' worth and there was about 200 liras' worth of merchandise at the store. I had sold about 600 liras' worth of the 1000 liras' worth of goods. I had taken approximately 400 gold pieces for the household. It was mid-morning. The merchants had another custom. If a merchant had already made his first morning sale and a customer came in, he would say, 'I've already made my morning sale; now, my neighbor down the street has not. He has the same goods to sell. Would you go there?' and they would thus help one another. That's what I had observed during the past year. I had also been doing likewise, and had adapted to their ways. At last, the sheik came in with a list in his hands. He said, 'Greetings to you, young man,' and I replied, 'Greetings to you, too, Sir.' He said, 'Come. Today is the day of accounting. Come here.' The hundred cloth merchants also came in--that is, my neighboring cloth merchants. The sheik asked the merchants, 'How much capital did we put into the shop?' And they replied, 'One thousand gold pieces.' He said, 'Now open up the pouch and count the money.'

"I mumbled 'I begin with the name of God,' and opened the pouch. They counted the money, and 1000 and 200 liras were counted. Now, I had expected about 400, since I had sold one kurush for one kurush and had not added any. The sheik asked the merchants, 'Has this man dealt honestly?'

They said, 'Yes, he has. He measured not less, not more, and sold for no more and no less than cost, for the money in the pouch is proof of that.' I was frightfully excited, and, my padişah, my whole body was trembling. The sheik said to me, 'Son, these merchants say that you have done business honestly, and the money in the pouch proves it. Your accounts are right. Take the thousand liras. As for the 200, I will throw them into the pouch. You have 200 gold pieces worth of goods in the shop, and that's for business. Now, how much had you spent for the house?' 'Sir, I did as you told me. I took for what was needed. I did not spend less or more. Sometimes one and a half was needed.' 'All right, Son, let's assume you spent 400 from the business for the household. God gave you abundant profit.' He handed me the thousand gold pieces, and threw the 200 into the pouch. He told me to use the 200 liras' worth of goods in God's name with good business, wished me luck, and left. They took me along with them as the sheik accounted the other merchants' capital. He asked the merchants whether each man had dealt honestly, and they replied 'Yes!' and so did I. I followed their example and did exactly as they.

"That whole day, my padişah, all the cloth merchants' accounting was completed. That day the cloth merchants' work was accounted for so that the next day another kind of trade could have its accounting.

"At nightfall everyone went to his home with joy in his heart, and so did I. As soon as I reached the door, my wife opened it and said, 'I prayed to God that you would come with joy upon your face.' And she took me in. I said to her, 'That is your doing, woman; you sent me off this morning with joy in my heart and so I have returned at night the same way. It's all your doing.' We sat down to eat and drink whatever the Lord had provided, and night became morning. As I laughed

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this was a different one; this was the city of stars. I walked around before entering the city. There was a fountain flowing on the outskirts. I went to the head of the fountain, my padişah, brushed the dust off my clothes, and washed myself. I checked the purse in my bosom; it was intact. I counted the coins; there were 1000. I was happy that this time not only had I escaped, but the money had also come with me. To ease my excitement, I bent over and washed my face, leaving the purse on the edge of the fountain, and forgot it there. I walked into the city, wandered around, and finally came to a crowded coffeeshop. I walked in and greeted the people seated there. I sat down, and the shopkeeper came and asked, 'Young man, what would you like to order?' There is a fitting proverb that I would like to say while we are on the subject. 'The soul yearns neither for coffee nor for the coffeehouse, but the soul yearns for friends in a coffeehouse.' I told the keeper to bring me a cup of coffee. The keeper brewed the coffee and set it in front of me. I drank the coffee. The people all around stared at me, and I stared at them. No one asked where I was from and where I had come from. And I was not saying anything.

"The coffeehouse keeper came to pick up the empty cup, and I put my hand to my bosom to take out a coin from the purse to pay the coffeehouse keeper for the coffee, but the purse was not there. I immediately remembered having left it at the edge of the fountain just before washing my face. I felt the blood drain from my face. The coffeehouse keeper and all the people were watching me peculiarly. The coffeehouse keeper said, 'Young man, why are you so white? What is the matter with you?' 'I forgot my purse at the edge of the fountain. I just remembered. Will you allow me to go look for it? Otherwise I have no money to pay for your coffee.' He asked me how much I had in the purse, and I told him I had 100 [Note: Narrator

misspoke here; 1000 was the figure undoubtedly intended] pieces. He said, 'Don't worry, young man. Money does not disappear. Go find it.' It had been quite a while since I had forgotten the purse and wandered into the city. I went back, but it was not there. With a heavy heart I returned to the city and the coffeeshop. The coffeeshopkeeper and the people asked whether I had found the purse, and I told them it was not there, that someone must have taken it. They reassured me and gave me hope, saying that in their city no one would take what did not rightfully belong to him and that I would get the purse. But my heart knew no consolation, for, my dear padişah, what was gone was gone. One who takes away does not bring it back. I did not say anything to the people there, but my heart did not believe their consoling words. At last, someone said to the coffeeshopkeeper, 'This man is worried. Let's take him to the lost-and-found place. Maybe the person who found his purse has taken it there.' The coffeeshopkeeper gave me a person to escort me, and I followed him. We entered a house; there was an old peer sitting there. The man who had taken me there said, 'This young man left his purse by the fountain. Has it arrived?' The old man asked, 'How much did you have in the purse?' 'One thousand gold pieces,' said I. He pointed to a cupboard and said, 'It has come! Would you recognize your purse?' I said, 'I would.' And he told me then to find it. I opened the peer's cupboard and saw seven purses knotted at the top, but none was mine. I thought to myself that if I pointed to one and said it was mine, the peer would ask me to bring it and count the money. At last, I could not point to one out of fright. I told the peer, 'None of these seven purses is mine.' 'Is that so?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'All right, Son, then go back to the coffeeshop and wait there. When your purse arrives, I'll send for you.' Again I followed the man, and we went back to the coffeeshop. They once

again tried to console me and give me hope. 'Don't worry, young man. Your purse is not lost. It will come back. Don't worry.' The coffeeshopkeeper said, 'Young man, if you are hungry, let me give you some money; if you would like another cup of coffee, let me bring you one. When your money arrives, you can pay me back.' 'Let me wait awhile. Maybe it will come back,' I said. But while we were talking, a messenger came and said, 'Come. Your money has arrived.' So I went, and when I arrived I saw a young man standing in front of the old peer, with my purse in front of them. He asked me, 'Young man, is this the purse you lost?' 'Yes, it is.' 'Fine. Count your money so I can let this young man go. How much did you have?' 'One thousand gold pieces.' 'Count it!' I did, and there were exactly 1000 pieces. He asked me, 'Is it all right?' 'Yes. It's all here.' 'So can this man go?' 'Yes, he may leave. The money is intact.' So the peer said 'Go' to the man that had found the purse. But the young man said, 'There is one thing this man must do before I leave. I had a great deal to do and could not bring his purse immediately. I delayed bringing his money, and he must have worried much. I would like to hear that he forgives me for my delay.' The old peer turned to me and said, 'This young man delayed the return of your money and caused you unnecessary worry. But he did bring it as soon as he could. Will you forgive him?' Can you imagine, my dear padişah? I embraced the young man and told him he was more than forgiven, that I was thankful for his honesty, and I told him to go in peace. The young man left, and I turned and looked at the old peer. He said there was no reason for me to be looking at him. I told him I would like to give something for his having found my purse. He said the lost and the found were for God and there was nothing to be given, and to go in peace in God's name. I kissed his hand and went to

the coffeeshop. I gave the coffeeshopkeeper a gold piece. I asked him to exchange the gold piece and take what I owed him for the coffee. The coffee-shopkeeper changed the gold piece for me and said, 'Young man, you were so worried. Now do you see that it was in vain? Didn't we tell you not to worry, that the money would not get lost? Were we not right?' I then said, 'You truly are a wonderful nation. Not only did you find my purse and bring it back, but you apologized for having delayed bringing it for two hours. Incredible! In our land, we keep what we find; we not only do not return it, but we don't even tell anyone about it.' I had told them that in order to flatter them. As soon as I had spoken the words, all the people in the coffeeshop came over to me and asked, 'So you mostly do not return what you find. Is that so?' 'Yes. We would not return it, but spend it.' They grabbed me, tied my arms at my back, and said, 'You are so saturated with deceit that you would ruin our country if you were to stay. By the time all the deceit is taken out of you, you would do much damage in our country.' Oh, my dear Hâtemi Tey, they had tied my arms at my back and told me, 'You are no good for us.' And I asked, 'But what did I say?' 'You don't know what you said? Listen to yourself! You said, "Most of us would not return what we had found; we would spend it."'

"Once again, the bird saved me as they were taking me outside the city to execute me. I opened my eyes from the bird's wing and once again could not see land or sky, but vast empty space. When I came to, I found myself perched at the balcony of the minaret where the giant bird had lifted me off. Oh, dear padişah, he had brought me back to my country. I climbed down the minaret but found the mosque locked. In a short time, the muezzin came and unlocked the mosque, embraced me, and said, 'Where have you been all this time? You were lost!'

"Oh my de Hâtemi Te by the time had bee to the ty ika
 the second tv Veba and the city the stars seven years had
 go by My the and the had passed from this ld The took
 my home and handed the ke The my the had passed away
 expressed their condolences and asked wha had happened to told
 them in detail wha had happened My ather business right he He
 the pri the mosque and he tha pr ha is
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 happily go up. The reason become so exc ted is that the bird coming.
 Bu whe ge up to the mi he ird disappears the only
 tha the bird there and no one beli. my eing the bird.

down crying because there is hird there he goes away Now have
 told you why go up the minare happily because the bird coming
 and down rying because whe go up he bird has gone

Hâtemi Tey had fully listened to the muezzin tal He though
 to himself "Had lived erty years seated my thro uld
 ha heard these deeds the one ha li the longest ha know
 hou life but the who travels most And hus he bade the
 muezzin goodbye and his way

Now le go bac to the jeweler and nd bou him
 he who had ed to the muezzi So Hâ emi Tey nt traigh he
 jeweler who pounded gem day and he will tell his story since
 the muezzin nished

"Gre tings j le

"Greetings to you too padişah Hâtemi Tey Have you returned?"

have

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"Did you solve his mystery? Did you find out why he goes up the minaret happily, only to descend crying?"

"A bird took him on his wing to faraway lands. He told me everything he saw." Hâtemi Tey told the jeweler all that had happened to the muezzin and why he went up the minaret laughing and came down crying.

"Well, you have solved my problem, and now I will reveal my story to you." So Hâtemi knelt down to sit on the floor across from the jeweler to listen to his account.

"Oh, padişah Hâtemi Tey, my father was a muleman, and I was the son of a muleman. My father had seven animals and worked in the transport business. The animals transported goods in the city, and sometimes transported goods outside the city.

"With whom has the world stayed that it remain with my father? The world remains for you and me. So one day my father passed on, and his seven mules were left to me. There was no business at that time, and the seven animals stayed idle, and so did I. Strangers that came to the land said, 'Young man, why are the animals and you staying idle? There is much business abroad. Why don't you take the animals there for a few months' work?' As I kept hearing the same thing, I came to realize that the time had come when all the business was abroad and not in my land. The time would come when the business would be in my country and none abroad. So I borrowed money from a merchant and left enough to see my family through for six months and kept some for myself and left my city. After a journey of six hours, I came to a flowing fountain. I let the animals pasture and said to myself, 'Surely a humanitarian person must have erected this fountain here upon this road. And there probably won't be much water to be found later on the road, so I'd better let the animals graze here and get

a drink here.' So I led my caravan to pasture and drank water, washed, and said my prayers. Then I opened up my pack and took out some bread to eat. As I was eating, I saw an old peer, a dervish, coming towards the fountain from the road. He came to me and said, 'Hearty appetite, young man,' and I replied, 'Thank you, dervish, sir. Please join me,' and invited him to break bread with me. He replied, 'Good appetite to you, young man, but I have no appetite for food, thank you.' I said, 'Dervish, even if you are full, since you have come close to this bread, have some.' 'Young man, I feel as if I have shared bread with you, thank you. But I am not hungry. I would eat if I were so disposed, and not stand on ceremony.' 'Dervish, if a person is full, he can always eat a piece of bread, so for the love of ^{Allah} God, do come and have a bite with me.' The dervish was pleased to hear these words and said, 'Young man, you took refuge in a great authority. In the name of the Lord, I will have some.' He sat down, took a bite of bread, and said, 'There, now, young man. I have pleased you. If I were truly hungry, I would eat, so don't worry; eat.' 'Dervish, I've already eaten sufficiently and feel quite full. If you want to, please have some more.'

"As I was finishing my meal, the dervish asked, 'Young man, where are you going?' 'I am going to foreign lands.' 'Why?' 'To earn money.' 'Are these animals yours?' 'Yes. They were left to me by my father when he died. They are mine. In my city, business went down and is still scarce, so I am going out of the country, where I've been told there is plenty of work, for a few months.' 'For how long?' 'I do not know.' So, my padişah, the dervish asked me once again, 'How long will you stay out of your country?' 'A few months -- it's hard to say. At any rate, I can do it for six months, at most!' 'Fine, young man. That's fine. Will you be satisfied with whatever you will make in six months?' 'Dervish, sir, I

do not know the answer to that question. Only God knows what I will be able to make in that time and what is to come in the future.'

"Should the Lord provide for you and grant you good business with these seven animals out of the country, what would you make?'

"Well, if the Lord was very good, and sent plenty of business, and I should earn six hundred liras with these animals, it would be equivalent to my earnings of six years. Much could happen then.'

"The dervish persisted in his questioning. 'Then, young man, does that mean that you would be satisfied with six hundred liras?' 'Yes.' 'Then would you accept my business for six hours hauling a load of gold with one mule?' [The narrator misspoke here, saying "horse" (at), rather than "mule."]⁸ I looked at the dervish, dumbfounded. He asked, 'Why are you staring at me?' 'Dervish, Sir, what you have said would not be said by a madman or an inelegant man. Where would you get a mule load of gold in just six hours?' The dervish said, 'Just answer my question. Would you accept the business?' 'Why do you ask, Dervish, Sir? Of course, I would. Not only would I accept it; I would be most grateful, and kiss your hands and feet for it.' 'All right, young man. Because of the piece of bread you so nicely insisted I take, I will give you a fortune. You will receive a mule load of gold, and the load of six animals of jewels will be for me. What do you think?' 'It sounds like a dream to me. If you would give me a mule load of gold, I would just give you the rest of the animals, and you could load them with gold, jewels, or whatever you please.' 'So, do you agree? Will you accept my proposition?' 'Yes, Dervish, Sir, I agree. I would even accept one bag of gold.' 'No, Son, you will have a mule load.'

⁸The narrator uses katır (mule), at (horse), and hayvan (animal) interchangeably from this point onward in the narration; since he introduced the young man first as a katırcı (muleteer, or muleman), we have retained the word "mule" in the translation throughout.

'All right!' And we shook hands on our agreement. Then he took all the bread and said, 'Son, here. Fill up your belly.' I said, 'I have, Dervish, Sir; I certainly have.'

"I tied the mules together, and took the mules and together with the dervish took to the road. The dervish led me away from the road, and we continued our journey for six hours. We had agreed that the work would take six hours, in all, from the time we started from the fountain, no matter--I was willing to go on with him. He had taken me and the animals off the main road and toward a mountain. Once again, I thought that he must not know what he was doing. I called out to him to stop, and he did. Then he asked, 'What is it, Son?' 'We had come to a good understanding at the fountain, Dervish. But now you have taken us off the road and toward the wilderness. Should we roam around till evening and find nothing? I will make you pay for the mules' trouble and my trouble.' But he did not take me seriously, and replied, 'Come, young man; come. I will make you a wealthy man for the sake of a piece of bread. Come along.' So I said, right,' and I continued following him, and I pulled my caravan after me. When we arrived at the foot of the mountain, the dervish said, 'Now, you must not speak out loud, not even to yourself. If you should make a sound, you, the mules, and even I will disappear.' 'And if I should not make a sound?' I asked. He said, 'Then nothing will happen, and we will all be safe.' So I said, 'Who am I to make a sound? If I must not, I won't. You go ahead and do what you must.' After we had gone a little farther, he motioned to me with his finger that there was to be no sound from then on. 'Be silent,' he said, and I stopped my chatter. As we started climbing the foothills of the mountain, we saw a beautiful girl who was walking naked. She said, 'Oh, son of mankind, look at me!' She was so beautiful that I longed to look at her, but the dervish motioned with his hand not

to look at the girl. Although I wanted very much to look, I was afraid to; I did not dare. At last, we had climbed halfway. The girl started calling out, 'Just look at me once!' The dervish motioned me to keep looking at him. I did, and did not look at the girl. There were odd noises coming from the core of the earth, under the mountain. The dervish motioned once again for me not to be afraid. All of a sudden the mountain opened up, and again with sign language we both entered. We saw a building, and I followed the dervish into the building.

"Oh, my padişah! As we entered, I noticed that there were huge millstones rotating above our heads! I motioned to the dervish and showed him the stones, and he motioned for me not to look at them, so I did not. Behind an iron door, I could hear all kinds of sounds. The dervish approached this door and mumbled a prayer. The door opened, and we walked in. There was a throne with six steps leading to it, all made of gold and glittering with jewels. There was a girl standing beside the throne; she held a sword in one hand and looked menacing. The dervish took the first step to the throne and mumbled a prayer toward the girl, but I could not understand what he was saying. He continued mounting the stairs, and when he reached the fifth and there was just one left, the girl uttered a deep sigh and fell over the throne. I thought she had died. I started mounting the steps after the dervish. He reached into her bosom and took out a black box and placed it in his own bosom. As I was watching him, we went to the right side of the throne. I was still pulling my caravan after me. We came to another iron door. The dervish mumbled a prayer toward that door, also. We entered through that door, too. Oh, my padişah, such a building! Only God could know the contents! On one side there were crowns and gold, and on the other side there were crowns of gems. The treasure was so great that my poor caravan of seven mules could not possibly carry more than

a small part of this wealth. It seemed that all the wealth of the universe had been assembled here. The dervish motioned for me to lower the saddlebags. There was no talking; we were still communicating with signs. I lowered the saddlebags from the seven animals. Oh, my padişah, he loaded six mules with jewels and gems, and I loaded a mule with gold. He motioned to me to fill up my pockets and my bosom with gold. The greed of a person! No matter how much I had filled up, my eyes still lingered on more. Once again we motioned to each other and got out of that building. I had thought the girl dead, but she was on her feet, with her sword in her hand menacing the dervish. It seemed to me that the girl had come back from the dead. Once again the dervish motioned to me, ordering me not to look toward the throne and the girl. I turned away as the girl raised the sword toward the dervish. He was mumbling prayers⁹ toward her and the throne, and finally we were able to escape from there. The mountain opened up, and we got out. Once again, using sign language we descended from the top of the mountain toward the foothills. Once again, the walking girl challenged us to look at her, but the dervish motioned not to. At last we had descended the mountain completely, and the dervish said, 'Young man, you may speak now!' I stopped so that I could speak to the dervish. 'Dervish! If I had known it would be so hard, I would not have come! I almost lost my manhood.' 'Young man, your shaking frightened me. Otherwise, I do not

Had you uttered but a single sound, we would all have perished, the animals, and I.' At last we came to the fountain. Six hours had passed away from our lives.¹⁰ The dervish asked, 'Young man, are you satisfied?' And I said, 'Yes, Sir!' But besides the mule load of gold,

⁹The Turkish text uses the verb üfürmek [to blow], in the sense of casting a spell thereby. This form of sorcery was outlawed during the Atatürk reforms.

¹⁰There appears to be confusion concerning the time elapsed.

my pockets and my bosom had also been filled, and the dervish had six mule loads of jewels and gems. The dervish said, 'In return for your kindness and for the sake of a shared piece of bread, you now have a fortune. You were willing to work six months for six hundred liras and happily return to your land. Go now. I will take the six mules with the jewels.'

"As the dervish started leading the six mules, I said, 'Please wait, Dervish, while I have my say!' 'What is it, young man? Speak!' 'This is not fair to me, Dervish.' 'What are you saying, young man?' 'It is unfair for you to take six loads and for me to take one.' 'But that is what you agreed upon.' 'I did agree, but I did not believe it to be possible. It seemed like a dream to me. But since the mules are mine, at least give me one more mule load.' When I insisted thus, the dervish said, 'All right, Son. I'll give you one load of jewels.' When I saw that the old man easily gave in, I said, 'Dervish, it's still unfair. Give me one more!'

"Oh, my padişah Hâtemi Tey, when the old dervish gave in so easily, I thought, well, why should I not keep all of the loads? There was the mountain, with more jewels and gold than anyone could carry out, and the dervish knew how to get it. Why should I not keep it all? After all, I was young and he was old. So I said, 'Give me all of it. After all, you can always go back and get all you want. In fact, I'll take it all, since the mules are mine, anyway. The treasure is there; go blow your prayers and get it. If you don't agree, then I can always beat you.'

"The dervish laughed at me and said, 'Son, I wonder if all the power on earth would suffice to beat me, but I ate a bite of your bread; I will not lift a hand against you.' He said, 'All right, Son. It's all

yours,' and started to leave, with his head hanging down, and looking very

But I stopped him and said, 'Just wait. The best of all might still be with you. What was that black box?' I rushed and blocked his way and said, 'Stop! You can't go yet!' The dervish stopped and said, 'Son, I gave you all of the treasure. What more do you want?' 'I saw you take the black box from the bosom of the girl by the throne. Give it to me and you can go wherever you'd like!' Oh, Hâtemi Tey, the devil had waved his banner, and there was no stopping me. He kept whispering to me. The dervish said,

you have acquired an endless fortune. I gave you six mule loads of jewels; your pockets and bosom are full of gold, and you have a mule load of gold. Take them and go on your way, and leave me alone.' 'No. Unless you give me the black box, I shall not let go.' He said, 'Son, there is an eye pencil in the box; it's of no use to you.' 'No, open up the box. I want to see it. You are lying!' He opened up the black box, and, as he had said, there were eye pencils in it. I asked, 'What are they for?' He replied, 'If a human being draws a line over his right eye, all of the underground wealth becomes visible to him.' I ordered him to draw a line over my right eyebrow and he did, and all the underground treasures became visible to me, but only through my right eye. I said, 'Draw a line over my left eye, too, so I can see underground through it, also.'¹¹ The dervish refused, saying it would cause blindness in both eyes. But I did not believe him. I reminded him of his having eaten my bread and told him that if he did not, I would forcefully take the box and draw the line myself. I wanted to see all the underground treasures, since I could see some with the right eye. The dervish begged me not to pencil the left eye, but I would not hear of

¹¹ There is a long and strong tradition of treasure-hunting in Turkey, especially among the villagers. All listeners would readily identify with the muleteer in his determination to see all of the underground treasures.

it. I insisted on having my left eye penciled, as well. Finally he said, 'I have begged you, but you will not listen, so I will not be responsible under these circumstances. You will be responsible for any harm.' And he used the eye pencil on my left eye, also, and, my dear padişah, as soon as he had, both of my eyes went blind. Immediately, the dervish shouted, 'My God!' and gave me a strong blow at the base of my neck and said, 'I have put a curse on you. To the end of your days you will receive blows and will give money endlessly from your pocket.' He spun me around and I found myself, blind, at the edge of the fountain.

"Soon, people I knew from my hometown came by and took me by the hand, leading me back. They asked, 'What happened to you? You left with your caravan for a foreign land to make some money. What happened?' I begged them to take me to my house, and they did. My children and wife cried when they saw me in that state. All I ever told anyone was that I had brought all this upon myself. So, every day I go to the marketplace, and I give money to anyone who will give me a blow and say, 'You brought it all upon yourself. You deserve your punishment.' I have not told anyone all these happenings, Hâtemi Tey. You are the first and only one to know my story. So, the dervish's curse and prayer have come to pass."

Hâtemi Tey heaved a big sigh and said, "Who would have believed such things truly happened? Had I lived a hundred years and sat on my throne, I would never have seen and heard of all these happenings. So it's not those that live long but those who have traveled much that know the most." And he left the blind Arap and hurried on to find the jeweler.¹² His journey took him back to the land where the jeweler lived. He found him.

¹²There appears to be confusion in the text at this point. Earlier in the narration, the blind man was represented as unwilling to tell his story until he had heard the tale of the jeweler who pounded a gem each day; as the series unwinds, however, the blind Arap tells his story before the jeweler recounts his tale.

"Greetings to you, jeweler!" [said Hâtemi Tey].

"Greetings to you, too, Hâtemi Tey. Have you returned?"

"I have!"

"Did you discover the mystery of the blind Arap?"

"I did!"

"What was the reason that each day he receives blows and distributes money?"

Hâtemi Tey explained the blind Arap's situation to the jeweler. In other words, he told the story just as I have told you.

The jeweler said, "Oh, Hâtemi Tey! Now please sit down with me, so that I may tell you my tale."

"All right!"

So, Hâtemi Tey knelt down to sit across from the jeweler and to listen to his tale.

"Padişah Hâtemi Tey," he started.

"Yes, Sir," said Hâtemi Tey.

"Now, listen carefully."

"I am," replied Hâtemi Tey.

"I had asked you to go to find the blind Arap and find out why he had people hit him daily, and gave money for it, and then I would tell you why I broke down a gem daily, destroyed it, and blew the particles to the wind."

"Yes."

"And you went."

"Yes."

"You learned the blind man's story."

"Yes."

"And you came back to tell me about it."

"Yes."

"And now I will tell you what has come to pass to me. Listen carefully."

"All right."

"Oh, padişah Hâtemi Tey! The dervish that the blind Arap told you about was my father. You heard from the Arap just what kind of a dervish he was, did you not?"

"Yes."

"One day my father called me and told me to listen carefully to his advice. I kissed his hand, sat across from him, and said, 'Yes, Father. I am your servant.'

"Son, when I die, you will go through my fortune in no time. The day will come when you will have nothing left. You will watch those on horseback, and you will be afoot. You will not even find bread to fill your belly and will roam hungry for weeks. No one will feel for you, and you will be so impoverished that you will find yourself barefooted and with no clothes. You will be beaten and robbed, and you will run away. What is written¹³ will come to be. This is my curse on you.' Hearing my father's words, I cried and reached for his hands, saying, 'Father, I have never disobeyed you. I have always respected your wishes, and have not disgraced you. Why are you putting this curse on me?' And he replied, 'May all that I've said come to be for you!' I thought to myself, 'My father must be getting senile in his old age. I've never gone against his wishes. Surely his curse will not take effect.' Within twenty-four hours, my father died. He must have known and foreseen his death. We buried him

¹³"Written," that is, on his forehead. There is a claim often made by Turkish parents that they can "read" on their child's forehead what is to come to pass in his life--that his future days and deeds are already "written" on his forehead--an effective deterrent to premeditated mischief!

with due grief and respect, as those who loved him were many. As the blind Arap had thought, I too thought that there could be no end to the fortune left to me by my father.

"Well, my dear padişah Hâtemi Tey, I ate it all! Or, rather, fourteen people did. They led me astray from the right path. We went through the fortune that had come so easily in seven years, eating, drinking, and being merry. These people treated me like a brother. They pretended to love me, but in fact loved only my money. In short, padişah Hâtemi Tey, I went through all my father's fortune, as he had predicted in that room. In fact, that room was all that was left to me. Those fourteen friends had also turned away from me when there was no more money to spend together. As that Arap predicted, my father had spent his entire life hauling out the treasure in the mountain. He put all the jewels in the hand-built dome of that room that was left to me at the end, and his gold had gone to the family fortune. But at that time, I did not know of this.

"Padişah, those that had become jewelers, merchants with my money, prospered and turned their backs on me, and laughed at me. So what is said is true: be wise, and take good care of your belongings; otherwise, others will prey on you and, after having robbed you, will laugh at you.

"Oh, my padişah, the cook that had been with me for seven years tried to warn me. He kept telling me to become more wise, to open my eyes to reality--that these were not my friends, but my enemies, and that they were deceiving me. But I would not listen, and told him to tend to his business.

"At last I was completely without funds. All of my so-called friends had become jewelers, textile merchants, and moneylenders, but none would even look at me any more. They even took my cook away from me. I had no other father to make another fortune for me to eat and be

merry and enjoy myself for seven years again.

"Oh, my padişah, at last I had come to my senses, but--alas!--too late. My whole fortune had disappeared! One day I was too weak from hunger to wander around, but I found the strength to go to the outskirts of the town so that I might ask strangers for some bread to eat, since I did not dare to do so in my own town. For when I had, the people refused to help me and said, 'You deserve to starve. You went through your father's fortune, and let others have it, too.'

"Oh, padişah! As I was watching, I saw a loaded cart come out of the city, and a man wearing a white shirt was alongside the cart. I recognized the cook that had worked for me for seven years and wished he would not see or recognize me in my present state, as I was very much ashamed of what had become of me. But as he approached me, he recognized me and ran to me. Putting his arms around me, he cried, 'Oh, my prince! What has happened to you? I wish I were blind so as not to see you in this state!' He took me by the hand and said, 'Come with me, my prince; come. For seven years I told you to open your eyes, but you would not listen to my advice. And now the cook that worked for you for seven years works for them. For that is the way of the world: it can cause you to descend as well as elevate you.' I agreed with him totally, and said, 'What you say is so true, my cook, but it is now too late.'

"He took me to a garden. The carts had also followed, and tents were put up. He said, 'You hide here while I prepare some food for you.' The kettles were set out and started to boil. The fourteen people who had become gentlemen with my money came to the tents to eat, drink, and be merry. The cook hid me well, saying, 'If they see you, they will beat you up.'

"Oh, padişah, as the time advanced, the two chickens roasted, and

I tasted to see if they were well done. The cook went to the tents; the belly dancers had come to entertain the gentlemen as they were waiting. I was eating to ease my hunger when large birds descended and took the chickens away. The cook tried to catch them, but could not. When the gentlemen asked for the chickens to be served, the cook told them that the birds had snatched them from the fire. They asked for the rest of the food, and the cook served them. The food was too salty. I had added salt to the foods so that I could tell the cook that I was tasting the foods for salt if he came while I had been eating. For I was ashamed to show how hungry I was. But I had added too much salt to the foods. Whatever dish was served, it was turned back for being too salty. The gentlemen grew angry. They came out of the tents and saw me. They got angry at the cook and said, 'Why did you take this good-for-nothing with you? You must have fed the chickens to him and lied about the birds.' They came at me, and all of them started beating me. I ran away, but as I was running, my bare feet caught on the rocks and I fell. My nose and mouth struck the ground and bled profusely. They left me there, saying, 'You deserved it.' When I opened my eyes, I saw six coins on the ground beside me, and thought, 'My father's prediction came to pass.' I took a rope and went straight to the room where my father had spoken to me. I made a loop around the central pillar, and it gave, together with the ceiling. The jewels that my father had hidden in the dome all fell to the floor. I ran to one side of the room, as the jewels filled it. Finally I untied the rope from my throat. I took a single jewel and put it into my pocket. Then I went out and found this shop, located across from the fourteen who had once befriended me for my money. I had a sign made for my shop, announcing "JEWELRY SHOP." Some sell gold, some rugs; I sell

jewels

jewels. I filled up my shop with jewelry, and every morning I give one gem to a jewel auctioneer and ask him to auction it. Those who admire the gem, from passersby to other jewelers, bid for it, and they go up from a hundred to a thousand liras. Then I call the auctioneer and tell him to bring the gem to me, for what do I need the money for, anyway? I take the gem and with my pestle I smash it in my mortar into little pieces and blow the pieces toward my old enemies. Seven of them have exploded out of greed. They shot themselves. Let your enemy kill himself; never do it yourself, but do such a deed that the enemy dies by his own hand.

"So, Hâtemi Tey, seven died and seven remained. I realized that these seven would cause me to smash many more gems. So I managed to cross the path of one of them one day, and I said, 'We were once good friends. Seven of us are now gone; there are only seven of my old friends left. Let us forget about being cross with each other.' So with my words I gained them back; with my words I persuaded them. I invited them to my house on a Friday night, to eat, drink, and renew our past friendship. I hired ^{40 person} forty young men for that evening, and explained to them very carefully what I wanted them to do. I gave one of them a broken sword and told him to enter the room with it when the guests were there. When I would ask him what had happened to the sword, he would explain that the rats in the treasury had eaten half of the sword. I told him that I would angrily retort, 'How can rats eat something made of iron?' and he would reply that the sword had been greasy and that they had eaten it up. I would then ask my guests what they thought of this situation. So, I laid out such a plan.

"The forty young men concealed themselves, and my seven guests came to my house expecting to eat and drink as they had done in the past. But I served nothing, since they had abused my hospitality in the past. I kept

them busy with a constant flow of talk. When the agreed-upon time came, the young man entered the room that we were in, and we started the quarrel we had rehearsed. 'What happened to the sword?' I bellowed. The young man replied, 'Sir, the rats in the treasury ate it up.' I retorted, 'How can rats eat something made of iron?' He said, 'Sir, the sword was greasy; they ate it up.' I turned to my seven guests and said, 'What do you think?' One of them said, 'Yes, rats ate the greasy axe in our house. Yes, rats will eat up greasy iron.' I raised my hand and beckoned to the forty young men and they rushed into the room. I said, 'Let them sing! Rats eat greasy iron, hey?'

"All of them had their heads battered. I had them all thrown out. Some crawled home; some could not. Four of them died, and three remain. I will smash one gem every day for the remaining three, until I bury them, too. So, Hâtemi Tey, that is why I smash a gem every single day."

When Hâtemi Tey had heard the jeweler's story, once again he said to himself, "Had I lived a hundred years and sat on my throne, I would never have seen and heard of all of these happenings. It is not those that live the longest but those that travel the most who know the most."

He left the jeweler and went straight to the padişah of girls.¹⁴

"Did you solve my problem?" he asked.

"I did!"

As I have related the story, Hâtemi Tey told the padişah of girls the story of the jeweler.

the padişah of girls said, "Now it is my turn!"

"Yes, I'm listening!"

¹⁴Initially, the narrator identified this padişah as the padişah of winter lands; here he is termed the "padişah of girls." The reason for this apparent change was not given.

"Well, there are no more robberies, attacks, and thefts in my city, for they have gone forever. The goods and money accumulated in the past forty years have multiplied many times over. For although some of the owners came up and made their claims, some died in that period of time and did not make their claims to their stolen goods. Those [unclaimed goods] entered the treasury and also multiplied. So, I purchase two slaves each week with the money of those who have died. I wed one and release the other with one thousand gold pieces. I am not myself paying in memory of those who have died; I pay from the fortune amassed in forty years. It is for their souls that I have slaves working, and I buy two each week, wed one, and free one with a thousand gold pieces, for the souls of those who have died in this time."

So, thought Hâtemi Tey, "I have gained many new ideas and new insights that I could never have had if I had remained in my land, at my throne, even if I had lived for more than a hundred years. For it is not he who lives longest, but he who travels and sees most that knows best."

So the story ends here. Hâtemi Tey returned to his land and to the leadership of his people. He passed on to his people all that he had seen and learned. The Hâtemi Tey story ends here. I bid you all good-bye.