

Story #370 (Tape #1, 1966)

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Jengidilaver

TEK

Once there was and once there wasn't, when the flea was a porter and the camel a barber, when I was rocking my father's cradle tungur mungur--well, in those times, there was a powerful sultan. The sultan had all the good things of this earth. But above them all, he prized his wife, a woman as patient and good as she was beautiful. If only they could have a child!

Now, at this time in the palace there was a clever woman of mean and envious disposition who wished above all else to bring ruin to the lovely sultana. Learning that the sultana would soon bear a child, she contrived to be appointed midwife. In a little while, not one child but two were born, a boy and a girl, as like as two halves of the same apple, and beautiful, besides. As soon as the mother had fallen asleep, the midwife wrapped the two babies in a blanket and hid them in her own room. In the mother's bed, she put two puppies in the place belonging to the babies. Then she sent word to the sultan that he might come in to see his children.

Abdication  
Boh  
of our nation

All eagerly, the sultan bent to look at the children. But what was this? Puppies in the bed? He turned to question the midwife

"Sire, these are the babes your wife bore. But, alas, they are not what you expected. How strange that a woman should bear puppies." And she watched as the sultan's horror and anger grew.

"This woman!" he exclaimed at last. "Aman, aman! This is a monstrous, unnatural mother. But what to do about it?" He cast about in his mind for a suitable punishment.

"Sire," suggested the woman craftily, "surely such a woman should be exposed to shame. Perhaps she could be buried alive."

*Buried alive* "But that is not enough," said the sultan. "I shall have her buried in earth up to her neck, and require all who pass by to spit upon her face."

Roughly awakening his wife, the sultan had her carried away and buried up to the neck in a place just outside the palace gate. And to make certain she would live to endure her shame, he ordered that food be provided for her three times a day. As for the puppies, they were given into the care of the midwife.

*Abandoned* Meanwhile, the evil-minded woman had put the two babies into a basket and set them adrift on the river which flowed past the palace. Time came; time went, and the river carried them at last to a mill.

The next morning the miller was puzzled to find that his mill wheel still. "Perhaps some branch has caught in the stream," he thought, and the good man hurried out to look. To his surprise, he found a basket washed up against the weir. He pulled out the basket and looked inside, and, "Allah be praised!" he exclaimed. "Here are two babies for my very own!" Carefully he took the basket to his little hut behind the mill. Since he had no wife, he tended the children himself, and no woman could have cared for them better than he. His two goats were milked to feed the babies, and grew strong on the simple fare.

A dozen years passed, with the children happy and contented in the only home they knew. Then one day the miller called the boy and the girl to his

bedside. "I am old and ill," said he, "and it is the will of Allah that I shall soon die. My death I regret not for myself but for you, my children. Who will look after you when I am gone?"

And he took

than the other. Handing them to the boy, he said, "In need or distress, burn one of these feathers. Allah willing, you will receive aid. But do not burn a single feather until you have need of it. And now, may Allah preserve you both." With these words, the miller stretched out a hand to each child. Sighing deeply, he breathed his last breath and was gone.

After the miller's death, the children agreed between themselves to leave the mill and seek shelter in the town at the far edge of the forest. "Come, my sister," said the boy. "If we walk quickly, God willing, we can have a roof over our heads before nightfall." And the two began walking along the worn path through the forest, the girl weeping as they went

Suddenly through her tears she saw a stone sparkling at the edge of the path. "Ah, look, my brother, at this diamond," said the girl, and she bent to pick it up.

"Diamond!" the boy scoffed. "It is but a stone, my sister. Come along. We must hurry, for it will soon be dark."

But as the girl picked up the stone, she saw others even more beautiful, and she turned aside and gathered them into her skirt. "Come, my brother. You have room in your pockets. Who knows? Perhaps these stones

buy bread for our mouths." And she and the boy gathered all the shining stones they saw. Finally they went on their way again and came at last to the town.

Hungry from their much walking, the children went first to a bakery. "Sire," the boy said, holding out one of the shining stones to the baker, "is this stone of any worth? If it is, we should like to buy some bread with it."

Shrugging his shoulders, the baker said, "I don't know, my boy. Go door to Hasan-bey the jeweler and ask him. He will know."

The children hurried to the jeweler's shop. "Sire," said the boy, laying one of the stones on the counter, "is this stone of any worth? We would like to trade it for a bit of bread and a night's shelter."

The jeweler stared at the stone, amazed. Then he looked curiously at the children. "Tell me where you found this precious stone. And tell me, too, why you are in need of bread. Where are your mother, your father?"

From first to last, the boy told the jeweler their story, beginning with the miller's finding them and ending with their arrival at the jeweler's

"And you have no parents?" the jeweler asked.

"None, sire, that we know of," answered the girl.

"Then you shall be my children," decided the jeweler. And he took them home to his own little house.

Little by little, the stones were exchanged for money, and the jeweler and his children began to live comfortably in a fine house as large as



a palace. But such news does not take long to travel, and soon the evil woman, now the sultan's wife, learned that there were twin children, as like as two halves of the same apple, living in the fine house. Curious to learn more about them, she hurried kitter-kitter to the house while the jeweler and the boy were away. Tok-tok-tok, she knocked at the door

The girl answered the door, and, as was the custom, she invited the woman inside. "Welcome," she said, as she led the woman to their living room.

And, "I feel welcome, my dear neighbor," the woman replied, looking about in amazement at the fine furnishings. "Now, tell me about yourself, child." As she sat listening and sipping her cup of good Turkish coffee, the woman realized that this girl was none other than the sultan's own daughter. Fearing that the sultan would some day discover the truth, she determined to destroy the children.

Craftily, she said, "My dear, you have a lovely home, If I were living here, I would yearn for only one thing more." She paused.

"Yes? And what is that?" asked the girl eagerly.

"Ah," sighed the woman, "if you had but one rosebush from the garden of Jengidilaver, your garden would be complete. Such beautiful roses! Such a wonderful scent!" And she looked about her as if suddenly the house had lost its charm for want of the rosebush.

"A rosebush from the garden of Jengidilaver," murmured the girl.

"Yes, perhaps you are right. I shall ask my brother about it when he comes home this evening."

Soon after that, the visitor left, and the girl began to look here

and there about her. Already, wanting had become needing, and shortly the girl could think of nothing else. "We must have a rosebush from the garden of Jengidilaver," she insisted, with her eyes flowing like two fountains.

"Oh, but my sister," the boy answered, "surely we have all we need here to make us comfortable and happy. What is one rosebush more or less?"

"Indeed," she sobbed, "if I cannot have a rosebush from the garden of Jengidilaver, I shall die of grief." And it seemed as if she might.

"Hush, sister; tush, sister," the boy said at last, "If your heart is set upon the rosebush, then I must try to get it for you." And carefully removing from his sash one of the three magic feathers, he went out into the garden to burn it. JAS 6-8

No sooner had the smoke begun to curl from the feather than there came a gash of lightning and a crash of thunder sufficient to shake the boy to the soles of his sandals. Suddenly before him stood an enormous genie, with one lip reaching the sky and <sup>the</sup> other lip resting on the earth. Negroid Feature

"Ask whatever you will, your wish I must fulfill," said the genie, his eyes fixed upon the boy.

For all his fright, the boy somehow found his tongue. "Sire," he began, "my sister longs for a rosebush from the garden of Jengidilaver."

"No!" roared the genie. "It is impossible. Jengidilaver is a monster. He would tear you apart, piece by piece."

The boy was resolute. "Whatever Jengidilaver may do to me, I must try to get the rosebush. Tell me what I must do."

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"If you must, then you will," the genie grumbled. "But listen carefully, and do exactly as I say. Tomorrow at the first silver streak of dawn, you will find a white horse standing in front of your door. That horse will take you with the speed of the wind to the garden of Jengidilaver, but you must <sup>take</sup> at no time look behind you. When you come to the garden gate, you will find a wolf and a sheep. Before the wolf there lies some grass; before the sheep there lies a piece of meat. Give the meat to the wolf and the grass to the sheep. You can then pass through the gate. Inside the garden you will find two doors, one closed and the other open. Open the closed door and close the open door. Beyond the doors, at the center of the garden, Jengidilaver will be seated at the foot of a great tree. If his eyes are closed, he is awake. If his eyes are open, he is asleep. If his eyes are open, run and snatch out a rosebush, thorns and all, and then leave the garden as fast as you can. Remember, you must never look behind you, no matter what happens. Once you pass through the garden gate again, you will be safe."

Just as the genie had said, the next morning in the silver dawn there was a white horse standing before the house. The boy rode the horse, Prrrrt!, and in the winking of an eye he came to the gate of Jengidilaver's garden. As the genie had directed him, he opened the closed door and closed the open door, and then he found himself at the center of the garden sat Jengidilaver, great monster that he was, with his eyes wide open. "Ah, praise be to Allah, Jengidilaver is asleep," thought the boy, and he went straight to a rosebush and tugged and tugged until he had pulled it up, thorns and all.

At the moment the roots left the earth, all the other rosebushes began to cry, "Awake, awake, Jengidilaver! Jengidilaver, awake! Your rosebush has been stolen."

Instantly, Jengidilaver blinked his eyes and was awake. Seeing the boy running toward the doors, he shouted, "Closed door, closed door! Catch the thief who took my rosebush."

But the closed door answered, "I will not help you. You kept me closed for forty years, but today the boy opened me. I will not catch him."

Then, "Open door, open door!" shouted Jengidilaver. "Catch the thief who took my rosebush."

The open door called, "I will not help you, Jengidilaver. You left me open for forty years, and today the boy was kind enough to close me. I will not catch him at all."

Seeing that the boy had safely passed the doors, Jengidilaver called out, "Wolf, catch him! He has taken my rosebush."

"Indeed, I will not," answered the wolf. "For forty years you have given me nothing but grass to eat. Today the boy came along and gave me meat. I will not catch him."

"Then, sheep, you catch him!" shouted Jengidilaver.

But the sheep said, "I will not catch him, either. For forty years you have given me nothing but meat to eat. Today the boy came along and gave me grass. I will not catch him."

The boy ran safely through the gate, leaped on the white horse, and with the speed of the wind came home to his own house. He and his sister planted Jengidilaver's rosebush in their garden, and the wonderful scent of the roses reached every corner of the house.

Not many days after that, the evil woman chanced to pass that way, and she smelled the roses in the jeweler's garden. <sup>Then</sup> Tok-tok-tok, she knocked at the door, and the girl came at once to answer it.

"Welcome," said the girl, and took the woman in to their living room.

"I feel welcome, my dear neighbor," answered the woman. "I see that you have one of the rosebushes from Jengidilaver's garden. How happy you must be!"

"Ah, yes," said the girl. "I had no idea how much our garden needed a rosebush just like that." And she prepared a cup of fine Turkish coffee for her visitor.

"My dear," said the woman craftily, "it is true that your house is very lovely. If I lived here,

"A nightingale?" the girl asked. "I had never thought of a nightingale. Yes, a nightingale would please me very much."

Not long afterwards, the woman left, and <sup>the</sup> girl began thinking about a nightingale. Thinking led to yearning, and before long she was weeping. Her brother was troubled to see her in tears, and it was not long before she told him, "Oh, my brother, I cannot live without one of the nightingales from Jengidilaver's garden."

"My sister, do not sorrow after a nightingale," he said. "After all, one bird is as good as another. Our garden is full of birds already.

"But there are no nightingales," she sobbed. "How I long for just one nightingale from the garden of Jengidilaver!" And she cried and would

not be comforted.

*Ind 10-12*  
At last her brother carefully drew out from his sash the second magic feather and went into the garden to burn it. No sooner had the smoke begun to curl from the feather than there came a gash of lightning and a crash of thunder that shook the boy to the soles of his sandals. Suddenly that enormous genie appeared, with one lip reaching the sky and <sup>the</sup> other lip resting on the earth.

"Ask whatever you will, your wish I must fulfill," rumbled the genie, gazing straight at the boy.

Frightened as he was, somehow the boy found his tongue. "Sire," he said, "my sister longs for a nightingale from the garden of Jengidilaver."

"No! It is impossible!" roared the genie. "Jengidilaver is a monster. He would tear you apart, piece by piece."

But the boy was resolute. "I care not what Jengidilaver may do to I must have a nightingale for my sister, for she is most unhappy without it."

"If you must, then you will," grumbled the genie. "But listen carefully, and do exactly as I say. In that way, you may still escape from Jengidilaver. And the genie told the boy, as he had done before, to ride the white horse as far as the garden gate, to place the meat before the

and the grass before the sheep, to open the closed door and close the open door, and to beware, above all, of looking behind him. As for the nightingale, he warned, "Be sure that Jengidilaver's eyes are open before you try to take the nightingale. Take only one, and then run as fast as ever you can. If you can pass through the garden gate, you will be safe."



Just as the genie had said, the next morning in the silver dawn, there stood the white horse. The boy rode, Prrrt!, and in the winking of an eye he came to the gate of Jengidilaver's garden. He did exactly as he had been told, placing the meat before the wolf and the grass before the sheep, and thus he was able to enter the gate safely. Coming to the doors, he opened the closed door and closed the open one. Finding himself at the center of the garden, he stood quietly and watched Jengidilaver. The monster's glowing eyes were open, so the boy walked softly to the corner of the garden where the nightingales perched. Gently he picked up the nearest one and turned to leave the garden. But the moment the bird's feet left the branch, all the other nightingales began to sing, "Awake. Awake, Jengidilaver! Jengidilaver, awake! Your nightingale has been stolen."

Instantly, Jengidilaver blinked his eyes and was awake. Seeing the boy running toward the doors, he called, "Closed door, closed door! Catch the thief who stole my nightingale."

Again, the door replied, "Indeed, I will not catch him."

And the open door refused also to catch the boy, so he ran and ran toward the gate.

Angrily Jengidilaver called, "Wolf, wolf! Catch the thief who stole my nightingale."

Again, the wolf replied, "No, indeed, I will not catch him, for today he gave me meat."

As the sheep also refused to catch the boy, he ran out safely through the gate. Leaping upon the white horse, with the speed of the wind the boy came home to his own house. He and his sister found a fine place for



the nightingale in a corner of the garden, and its songs brought new joy to their lives.

One evening not many days after that, the evil woman chanced to pass that way and she heard the glorious song of the nightingale in the garden. The next morning, tok-tok-tok, she knocked at the door, just after the boy had gone to the shop with the jeweler.

Answering the door, the girl cried, "Welcome," and she led the visitor at once to their garden. "See," she said, "over in that corner we have the nightingale. How right you were! We needed that lovely song in our garden."

Biting her lip, the woman tried to think of some way in which she might truly be rid of the two children. At last she arrived at a plan. "My dear," she said craftily, "you have a beautiful garden, but it would be even lovelier if you could have Jengidilaver himself as your gardener. Those roses want pruning, and the walks need to be trimmed and weeded. No one in all the world is as fine a gardener as Jengidilaver."

After a little while, the woman left, and the girl went back to look more closely at the garden. Yes, the visitor was right. Near the fountain there were spots of mildew. The rhododendron looked straggly, and the whole garden had an untidy air about it. The longer she looked, the more dissatisfied and disappointed she became, until she fell to weeping. By the time her brother came home for dinner, she was truly miserable.

The boy, surprised to find his sister weeping again, asked her what could be troubling her heart now that she had that lovely rosebush and the sweet-voiced nightingale.

"Alas, my brother," she wept, "what good are rosebushes and nightingales in an untidy garden? I want a good gardener to care for our garden. I want Jengidilaver himself to come and be our gardener." And for want of him, the girl wept afresh.

"Jengidilaver!" the boy exclaimed, his heart of a sudden chilled.

"My sister, you know not what you are asking."

TASK 13-15

But the girl cried and cried, and would not be comforted. At last the boy sighed and carefully took from his sash the last of the magic feathers. Putting one foot before the other, he went into the garden to burn the feather. No sooner had the smoke begun to curl upward than there came a gash of lightning and a crash of thunder that shook the boy to the soles of his sandals. Suddenly that enormous genie appeared, with one lip reaching the sky and the other lip resting on the earth.

"Ask whatever you will, your wish I must fulfill," rumbled the genie, staring straight at the boy.

Though the boy trembled with fright, he somehow found his tongue, "Sire," said he, "my sister wishes to have Jengidilaver as her gardener."

"No, no, no!" shouted the genie, and every leaf in the garden quivered with the force of his voice. "You know well that Jengidilaver is a monster. Allah alone has spared you before, or Jengidilaver would have torn you apart, piece by piece."

Pale but determined, the boy said, "No matter what happens to me I must seek Jengidilaver himself."

"If you must, then you will," groaned the genie. "But listen very carefully, and do exactly as I say. In that way you may yet escape with

your life." And the genie told the boy, as he had done before, to ride the horse as far as the garden gate, to place the meat before the wolf and the grass before the sheep, to open the closed door and close the open door, and, above all, to beware of looking a single time behind

"As for Jengidilaver himself," continued the genie, "there is something very strange about him. I have heard it said that Jengidilaver remains a monster as long as he stays in the garden. But if someone

is brave enough to dare to lift him and strong enough to carry him beyond the garden gate, he will become powerless. He will be no

dangerous than any man--indeed, he will become very like a man himself. The danger lies within the garden. Go, my boy, and may your way be open."

Just as the genie had said, in the silver dawn the white horse stood again before the house. Murmuring, "Bismillah!" the boy mounted the horse,

Prrrt!, in the winking of an eye he came to the gate of Jengidilaver's garden. Once again he placed the meat before the wolf and the grass before the sheep, and entered the garden. Once again he opened the closed door and closed the open door, and came to the center of the garden.

There sat Jengidilaver beneath the tree, his glowing eyes wide open and his great arms folded across his chest in sleep. Tense and watchful, the boy stood for a moment, gathering all his strength for what he must do. Then, striding forward, he grasped the monster firmly and flung him over his shoulder. As fast as he could, he hurried toward the garden

This way and that Jengidilaver struggled, and the two were locked together in deadly combat. But the boy's determination gave him greater strength, and at last he was able to carry the monster beyond the gate.

*Tracy*  
*fermat*

At that very moment, Jengidilaver lost his monster shape and became gentle and grave. "You have great courage, my boy. Again you have finished what you set out to do. As for me, I am no longer a monster, and in gratitude I shall serve you all my life. Take me where you will." The boy and Jengidilaver mounted the white horse and in scarcely more than a thought's worth of time they had arrived at the boy's home

That evening in the garden Jengidilaver drew the boy aside and gave him a small gold ring. "This ring," he said, "belongs to your mother. Your mother was once the wife of the sultan, your father, but through the deceit of an evil woman she was buried in earth up to her neck. She still lives, Allah be praised! But your father does not know that are his children, for at your birth the evil woman stole you and your sister out of your mother's bed and put two puppies there instead. She set you adrift in a basket, and you were saved by the miller, who brought you up as his own children."

The boy was surprised indeed to learn these things about himself and his family, and he grieved for the injustice done to his mother. could but save her - -" he said.

"This is what you can do," said Jengidilaver. "Invite the sultan here for dinner. Among the other foods, serve pilav, and in the pilav you serve to the sultan, hide the gold ring I gave you. When the sultan sees the ring, he will recognize it, and then you can tell him what I have told you."

After a few days, the boy sent to the palace to invite the sultan to honor their home by coming to dinner. Now, the sultan had noticed

jeweler's house, as beautiful as a palace, and he was very curious to see who lived inside it, so he came at the boy's invitation. For dinner,

fine dishes were served, among them an elegant platter of pilav. As the sultan was eating his portion of pilav, he bit down on something hard, and in some surprise he removed a small object from his mouth. He stared at it, and then he exclaimed, "This is my first wife's ring. Where did you get it?"

*Recognition scene*  
"It is the ring which belonged to my mother," cried the girl, running to put her arms about the sultan's neck.

"We are your children," said the boy, and he told the sultan what had happened at their birth, and how they had fared since the evil woman had set them adrift on the river.

"Ah!" exclaimed the sultan. "There is only one woman who could have done that evil thing, and she is now my wife. Tomorrow she will pay with her life for the harm that she has done to you and to your beautiful mother."

That very evening, the sultan and his children went to the palace together. At once the sultan ordered his first wife removed from the earth and bathed and dressed, and brought to them. In almost the same breath, he sent his men to take the life of the evil woman. *Execution*

The sultan and his beautiful wife were married all over again, with a celebration lasting for forty days and forty nights, and the two dwelt with their children in happiness all the rest of their lives.

They had their wish fulfilled. Let's go up and sit in their seats!