

Story #270 (Tape #15, Summer 1970)

Narrator: Ismail Sarıbaş,
about 65

Location: Abolyont (newly
named Gölyazı)
village directly
under Bursa, not
under a kaza

Date: August 1970

The Dervish Transfers His Claim to the Kadı

One day a Dervish Baba wearing a big gown was walking along the road. He had his hands in his pockets, and his neck, which was rather long, was sticking out. On the way a vagrant noticed him. He said to himself, "What a long neck has that fellow got! Let me give him a slap." He went and slapped him on his neck.

The Dervish Baba caught him and brought him to the court and started a case against him. During the trial the Kadı [judge] asked, "Baba, did this man slap you?"

"Yes, your Honor, he slapped me," replied the Dervish Baba.

The judge then turned to the man and said, "You are being charged with having slapped this man. Did you slap him or not?"

"Your Honor, this man was walking with his hands in his pockets, and his neck sticking out like the neck of a flamingo. I thought it might be fun giving him a slap on the neck, which I did," explained the suspect.

"Don't you think it is an improper act? There is a great

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difference of age between you," observed the Judge

"Well, your Honor, I thought it might just be fun," said the man.

"I sentence you to fifteen days' imprisonment for slapping a man for no reason at all; and the law requires that you also pay 25 liras of fine. Since you do not have any previous conviction, the prison sentence will be waived, but you will be required to pay the 25 liras to this Dervish Baba," ruled the Judge.

The man said, "Your Honor, let alone 25 liras, I do not even have 25 kurush."

"Well, what shall we do?" asked the Judge.

"You know best," said the man.

"Do you think you can go and find the money in half an hour? If you can, I'll let you go," said the Judge.

The vagrant promised that he would bring the money. The Judge released him, but there was no sign of him when it was time for him to report back. The Dervish Baba and the Judge waited in the courtroom, looking at one another all this time. Finally the judge was tired and fell asleep resting his arms on his desk and snoring aloud. The Dervish Baba quietly approached the Judge and gave him a hard slap on the neck, saying, "Your Honor, you can collect the money when it comes. Goodbye!"
Sakal is over there and masal is over here. [A kind of formulaic ending.]

1. I am a formula