

Story #266 (Tape #2, 1969

Narrator: Mehmet Ali Öztürk,
the village muhtar

Location: Village of Kalkancık,
kaza of Himetdede,
Province of Kayseri

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Senem and the Immoral Hoca

Jeh

At a time when the camel was the town crier and the donkey was the barber, there was a man who had made up his mind to go to Hejaz on a pilgrimage. He had a daughter whom he decided to leave under the care of the village hoja. The man left for Hejaz, taking his wife and son with him, and leaving Senem, his daughter, to the care of the hoja.

After they had gone, the hoja went to the man's house and knocked on the door. "Who is it?" asked Senem from inside.

"I am the village hoja. Open up."

"No, I can't open the door for you before my parents come back," said the girl.

The hoja went away in disappointment. He came back several times, but the girl would not open the door for him. The hoja was very angry with her. Some time later, he wrote a letter to her father saying, "Such-and-such Efendi, your daughter is living a life of pleasure with the son of such-and-such a rich man. I could not succeed in preventing her.

*Accusation
false*

I thought I should report this to you."

The girl's parents were about to set out on their return journey. The father ordered his son, "Go home, kill your sister, and bring back her blood-smeared dress."

Blood garment
young man arrived home one night. He knocked on the door.

"are you?" asked his sister from within

He said, "I am the son of Gubgubu. Open up."

"Go away, you rascal," said the girl. He tried other means of getting his sister to open the door, but he failed. He finally explained to her that he was her brother

girl said, "You are not my brother. I know who my brother is."

"How do you know your brother?" asked the young man

"I know him from his golden ring," said the girl. The young man showed her his ring. She said, "You are my brother, all right, but you will have to wait outside until morning. I'll let you in then."

"All right, sister," said the brother.

In the morning she let her brother in. Her brother realized that his sister had not misbehaved at all, and that the hoja had given a false report. "Sister, my parents have sent you their greetings, and asked us to meet them on their way. Let us go now." They set out together. They took what was high in value and light in weight. When they reached the top of a hill, the young man said to his sister, "Sister, I am supposed to kill you. I hate the idea, because we occupied

the same womb.

it."

out in the direction of Hejaz.

To rest safely she climbed up a poplar tree by a fountain. The son of a bey came along to water his horse. Under the moonlight, the horse saw the reflection of the girl in the trough and refused to drink. He spurred his horse to make him drink, but the horse would not drink. He said, "Come down, or I shall shoot you." Then the girl came down.

The two went together, and in three months' time they were married. In due time they had a daughter born to them. But all this while she pretended that she was mute. One day she was singing a lullaby to her baby, when her husband overheard her. He asked her, "Why haven't you talked to me all this time? You can talk beautifully."

"I have got parents too," she said.

"I shall send you back to your parents," said her husband. An Arab was standing at the door. He said to him, "I shall give you mules and you'll take this woman to her parents in such-and-such a country."

After a day's journey, the Arab said to her, "If you surrender to me, it is all right. Otherwise I shall kill your first baby."

"Well, apparently this is my fate. You can kill my first baby."

The Arab killed her first baby. At the second stop he threatened that he would kill her second son, if she still

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refused to surrender. She would not give in. At the third stop, the Arab killed her third son. At the fourth stop there was nothing left but her own life

She said, "Let me take a bath before surrendering to you." The Arab let her go to take a bath, but he tied her with a rope which he held. The girl tied the rope to a bush and ran away. The Arab chased after her. He left the caravan and went after the girl, but could not find her. He then returned to the country of the son of the bey.

"What have you done with my wife and children?" asked the son of the bey.

"A wild woman found in the woods returns where she belongs. You brought her from the mountains and she disappeared among the mountains

The son of the bey guessed that the Arab was lying. He decided to search for his wife and three children, because he loved them.

The girl met a shepherd during the night. She proposed to the shepherd to change their clothes. They changed their clothes. "Will you kill me a sheep?" The shepherd killed a sheep. The girl took only the stomach. She wore the stomach [lining on her head to hide her hair] and thus appeared to be a Keloghlan. She went home but nobody could recognize her. She worked as a geese girl for them.

The son of the bey recognized the girl. [He invited her parents to visit him, and they came accompanied by their hoca.] One night when they were all sitting together, he said to her,

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"Keloghlan, you go out a little."

"Why don't you let me sit with the visitors? Let's each tell a tale to pass the time." They agreed to this.

She started telling her tale. "Once there were two parents who entrusted their daughter to the care of a hoja. The hoja then tried to molest the girl."

When the hoja heard this, he knew that the Keloghlan was the girl.

The girl went on, "The hoja failed to seduce the girl. But he took his revenge by writing to the girl's parents that their daughter was leading a vicious life. Then her parents sent their son to kill their daughter. The young man came home and knocked on the door, but his sister would not open the door. In the morning he took her along, and cut his finger and dipped her dress in his blood. He then went away, leaving her alone in the wilderness. When she wanted to rest, she climbed a poplar tree by a fountain. The son of a bey came there to water his horse, but the horse was frightened. The son of the bey saw that there was someone in the tree and said, 'Come down or I shall shoot you.'

"We went to his home and soon after that we were married. Later we had a child, and then two more children. All the time I had pretended to be a mute. One day, however, my husband heard me singing to one of our children. 'Why have you not talked to me all this time?' he asked. 'You can speak

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beautifully.' 'I have got parents, too, I said. 'Very well,' he said, 'I shall send you to your parents.

"He ordered an Arab servant who was standing nearby to take a caravan of mules and take me to see my parents. At the end of the first day of travel, the Arab said, 'You will give yourself to me, or I shall kill your first-born child.' 'This is my fate,' I said. He killed the child. On the second night, he said, 'You will give yourself to me or I shall kill your second child. This he did, and on the third night, he killed our youngest child. On the fourth night he said, 'Either you surrender to me or I shall kill you too.' 'Let me take a bath first, I said. He let me take a bath, but he first tied a rope to me, which he held. I slipped the rope off and tied it to a bush, and then I ran away. When the Arab discovered this, he chased me, but he could not catch me.

"After a while I came upon a shepherd with his flock. I exchanged clothes with this shepherd and received also a sheep from him. I took the stomach of the sheep, cleaned it, and stretched it over my head in order to look like a keloghlan. Then I returned here and became a gooseherd."

At this point in her story, the Arab arose and said, "I must go outside to go to the toilet."

The girl said, "No, stay where you are. No one may leave the room until I have finished my story." And she finished the story.

Finally the parents recognized their daughter, and they were all so happy that they wept for joy. The hoca and the Arab were each tied to the tails of horses, and when the horses were whipped, these two men were dragged to death. Afterwards the dead children were brought back to life, and they all lived happily.

Goe ti

Death - resuscitation