

Story 686 (1981, Tape 6)

Narrator: Ali Çiftçi

Location: Çıkırıkçı köyü, kaza
of Sarıkaya, Yozgat Prov.

Date: June 1981

*Unfamous
Hero*

Ruler (Persecutes) Haso to Acquire his Beautiful Wife

This happened a long while ago in the time of Hazreti Moses. One day when Moses was going to Tür Mountain,¹ he met a Kurd on the way.

"Selâmunaleyküm,"² said the Kurd.

"Aleykümselâm," answered Moses.

"O Moses, where are you going?" asked the Kurd.

"I am going to Tür to consult about 1001 words."

"Give my greetings to ^{Allah} God. I have 1000 sheep. They neither go beyond that number nor drop below it. There are never 1001 or 999 sheep but always exactly 1000. Ask God to send me an explanation of the reason for this mysterious situation."

Moses continued along his way, and after a while he came to an Arab buried in the sand up to the crown of his head.

"Selâmunaleyküm," this Arab called to Moses.

¹The mountain ascended by Moses for the purpose of talking with God has most often been referred to as Mount Sinai or Horeb. There are many legends, however, concerning the location and name of the mountain where this meeting allegedly occurred. --See The Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible (Nashville: Abingdon Press, 1962), pp. 376-378.

²Customary exchange of greetings between Moslems: "Peace be unto you" and "Peace be unto you also."

Story 686

"Aleykümselâm," answered Moses.

"O Moses, where are you going?" asked the Arab

"To the mountain of Tûr to consult about 1001 words."

"Take my greetings to ^{Allah} God. Ask God to send me a piece of cloth as large as the inside of my palm so that I cover myself ^{head} with it."

"All right, I shall give your messages to Him."

After talking with ^{Allah} God about the 1001 words, Moses mentioned the Arab's request but forgot about Haso's³ problem. A piece of green ^{cloth} paper the size of a hand fell from heaven. Moses picked up this piece of ^{cloth} paper, and on his return trip gave it to the Arab

Taking forty sheep with him, the Kurd went to visit the Arab buried in sand. He said, "Selâmünaleyküm."

"Aleykümselâm," answered the Arab.

"O son of Arabs, did you see Blessed Moses on his way to Tûr? Do you know whether he has returned yet?"

"Oh, he returned some time ago

"Well, I sent by him my greetings to God and my request for an answer to a problem of mine. I have 1000 sheep. They breed each year and produce a great many lambs, but I always have exactly 1000 sheep, never 1001 or 999. I sought

³ Stereotyped Kurdish corruption of Turkish names: Haso for Hasan, Memo for Mehmet, and Fato for Fatma.

Story 686

the reason for this strange situation

"I too sent my greetings to God with Moses, and I asked him to tell God of a problem that I had. Shortly afterwards He sent me, through Moses, a small piece of ^{cloth} paper."

"Give me that piece of ^{cloth} paper," said the Kurd, "and I shall give you 1000 sheep for it."

After this exchange was agreed upon, the Kurd delivered his 1000 sheep to the Arab and took in exchange the piece of green paper from him. Placing the paper in his hat and his hat upon his head, the Kurd went to İstanbul. As you know, in the past when a stranger went to a village where he was unknown, he would go and stand before the entrance of a mosque, and some member of the congregation, seeing him there, would take him home and give him lodging ^{Hospitality} for the night. He went to an İstanbul mosque at the time of the evening prayer service⁴ and stood by the entrance. But that was İstanbul, where everyone who left the mosque simply went home, and no one asked the Kurd, "Who are you? Where are you from?"

After they had all departed, the Kurd said to himself, "Well, I suppose I can sleep in the courtyard of the mosque tonight."

The daughter of the padişah of that city and the son of the grand vizier had been in love with each other for

⁴This is the yatsı service, held just after sunset.

Story 686

*Shah
abue*

some time. That day they were to meet in the courtyard of the mosque in preparation for eloping. But before he could reach the courtyard, the son of the vizier had become very drunk. He drank too much. He urinated, defecated, and lay unconscious in the middle of the street. The girl arrived at the mosque yard in her carriage, looked around, but saw no one there. When she opened the gate of the mosque itself

looked inside, she saw a shadowy form. "Are you there?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," a voice replied

"Well, come along then! Get into the carriage, and we shall drive away. We do not care where." After they traveled for some distance, she said, "I am tired of driving the carriage. You drive for a while."

"I do not know how to drive a carriage."

Looking at him closely, the girl saw that he was a Kurd "What is your name?" she asked.

"Haso."

"Well, you God-damned Haso, lie down again. Where shall we go? Let us go to Kayseri

And that is where they went--to Kayseri. On a certain of the month, and on a certain hour of that day, they reached Kayseri. They stopped at an inn. Handing Haso some

Story 686

gold, the princess said, "Take these red liras,⁵ find a crier, and see if he can locate an apartment for us with two bedrooms, a salon or living room, a kitchen, and a bath. Let him have one built for us, and we shall buy it."

Haso found a town crier and said to him, "My lady wishes to see you."

"Get out of here!" said the crier. "Since you are the kind of fellow that you are, what kind of a 'lady' would you have?"

The Kurd ^{young, shrewd} swore at him and took out some gold coins. The crier was more respectful when he saw these, and he then went to the young woman to ask what she wanted.

"Can you locate an apartment with two bedrooms, a salon and living room, a kitchen and a bath?"

"Yes, I can."

"We shall buy it." This they did, and they moved into the apartment. Since Haso's face was covered with hair, the princess gave him a red lira and said, "Here, take this and go get a shave."

Taking the money, Haso went to a barber and said, "Hey, barber!"

⁵Turkish peasants speak of red gold liras, always with the implication that red gold is more valuable than ordinary gold. Gold is never red in its native state. Any supposedly gold coin that is red is not pure gold but rather an alloy of copper and gold.

"What do you want?"

lady wishes to see you."

"Off you go!" said the barber. "What would the 'lady' of such a one as you be like?"

Haso swore at him and produced his red lira. When the barber saw this coin, he grew excited, and he went to see the lady. Haso had been sent for a shave, but he brought the barber home.

"Haso, you will get me into trouble," said the princess. "Barber, you just shave him and go away."

The barber did just exactly as he had been ordered. But this barber also happened to be the barber of the Padişah of Kayseri. One day when he was shaving the padişah, the barber gave a painful sigh, "Of-f-f!"

The padişah said to him, "Have I not paid your salary all along? Have I not fed you properly and given you enough to drink? Have I neglected anything? What do you mean by sighing in that way? You have not done so before."

"Well, my padişah, I remembered a woman who lives at such-and-such a number on such-and-such a street, and I could not help sighing. She is a woman who would be a perfect match for you. Her husband is a Kurd named Haso. That is why I sighed."

"Come on, then! Hurry up! Finish your work on me, and then let us go over there!"

Story 686

The barber finished shaving the padişah and then the two of them went to the apartment of the girl and Haso. They entered the apartment in a haughty way because the padişah was trying to look impressive. But the lady was, after all, the daughter of a padişah, and she was not at all impressed. She said to him, "I do not know what you are seeking here. Go back the same way you came!"

They left and returned to the palace. There the padişah said to his ^{AK686}lâla, "It will be either your neck or Haso's neck! Bring that wife of his here to me in the palace!"

But the lâla reasoned with him, saying, "My padişah, it would not be ^{justice} ^{Smart} just simply to kill a man and take his wife. Before taking his wife, it will first be necessary to accuse him of some crime. Then you can take his life, and after that it will be simple enough to take his wife

"Well, how can we do that?"

"We can demand that he perform a very difficult task, one so difficult that he cannot possibly accomplish it. Then when he fails to do it, you can have him beheaded, and after that you can have the lady yourself."

⁶Young men of aristocratic families once had a tutor and counselor who accompanied them everywhere. Often even after these young men reached maturity, they retained these personal servants. The Turkish word for such a tutor-adviser is lâla.

Story 686

"All right. What shall we ask him to do?"

(In older times padişahs used to have şamşırak stones.⁷

The lāla said, "Let us ask Haso to bring us some şamşırak stones. He will not, of course, be able to find any, and then you will have good reason to execute him and later take his wife."

"Very well. Let us do that."

They summoned Haso into their presence and ordered, "We want you to bring to us some şamşırak stones."

"I know a place where there are many flint stones," said Haso.

"No, it is not flint stones that we want from you but şamşırak stones.

Haso returned home crying. The lady said to him,

"Haso, why are you crying?"

"They want me to bring to them some stones called şamşırak. If I can get them these stones, everything will be all right, but if I should fail to get these stones, they will behead me. That is why I am crying."

"Haso, did I not tell you that you would be a problem to me? May God strike you blind! I brought along with me

⁷Questioned on the subject of şamşırak stones, the narrator said only that they were very shiny and gave forth light.

7454 8-9
9-36
31-33
33-34
35-37



Story

my father's treasury. You might as well take that along and give it to them in place of those şamşırak stones. By doing that you will be able to save yourself."

Taking the treasury to the padişah, Haso said, "Here, this is what you want, is it not?" Saying this, he turned and went away.

The padişah and his lâla looked at the treasury and saw that it did, in fact, contain şamşırak stones. But the padişah said, "Look here, lâla, it will be either Haso's head or your own, but I want that girl.

The lâla said, "My padişah, if Haso had demanded that you produce some şamşırak stones, you would not have been able to find any

"What other task can we demand of this man?" asked the padişah.

"Let us demand of him a flower which looks like a rose⁹⁻³⁰ but has the scent of a reyhan⁹⁻³⁰. Surely he will not be able to find such a thing. Then you will be justified in having him beheaded, and you will be able to take his wife

They sent someone to summon Haso again. "Come along, Haso! The padişah wishes to speak to you

⁸ Reyhan is a flowering plant more commonly known in Turkey as feslihan or fesliyen. In Europe and America the plant is usually called sweet basil.

Story

When he arrived at the palace, he asked the padişah, "What is it that you want?"

"We want you to bring to us a rose that has the scent of a reyhan. If you can bring it, that will be fine. If you do not bring it, we shall take your head instead."

"Do you know where such a flower grows?"

"Put your wits to work on this question

Haso was crying by the time he reached his home. The daughter of the padişah, his wife, said to him, "What is your problem this time?"

"Oh, do not ask, lady! They have ordered me to bring a rose that smells like reyhan. If I bring it, everything will be all right. If I do not, I shall be beheaded."

She said, "Go and ask them to give you forty days to find it. Say to the padişah, 'If I do not bring it to you on the forty-first day, then you may cut off my head.' --As soon as you have done that, go and find several laborers for me.

When the laborers arrived, she had them dig a pit in the yard of their house. It had eight or ten steps leading down into it. She then said to Haso, "Go and see if you can find anywhere for sale a woman of fifteen or twenty. If you can, buy her and bring her to me." After Haso had brought her a young woman, the princess said, "Now you go

1

Story

and search for the thing that you must bring."

During Haso's absence, the princess stayed in their house during the daylight hours. At night she descended to the bottom of the pit⁹ and slept there.

Haso set out in search of the rose that smelled like reyhan. He went a short distance; he went a long distance. He went six months and an autumn, crossing a range of mountains.¹⁰ On the other side of the mountains he came upon an endless plain in the middle of which stood a castle.¹¹⁻² When he reached the castle and tried to enter it, he discovered that it had neither door nor window. With the oak club which he always carried, he began striking a spot in the wall of the castle. Hitting and hitting, he at last made a hole in the wall large enough to slip through. Within the castle walls he found a mansion, and upon entering that mansion, he found a room where a girl sat working at an embroidery frame.¹¹ The girl was more beautiful than [the embroidery, and the embroidery was more beautiful than

11-12
Embroidery
11-12

⁹Although the word used is kuyu, well, here, as in many instances in Turkish folktales, it does not mean a water well. It simply means a pit or a hole in the ground.

¹⁰This is a very common formulaic expression to describe quickly a lengthy journey.

¹¹The term here for embroidery frame is gerge.

Story 686

the girl.¹²

Haso said, "Lady, may it your work go easily.

The girl lifted her head and looked at Haso. "O son of man," she said, "how did you get in here? Did the wind carry you here or did you just drop from the sky? My father, who is a seven-headed giant ¹²⁻²¹ is now hunting, but he will soon return. If he finds you here, he will tear you to pieces and eat you without leaving a scrap the size of your lobe."

"If that is the will of Allah, what can I do about it?"

"I shall teach you a trick, and if you carry out this trick, he will not eat you. Do you see that large pine tree on the side of the mountain over there?"

"Yes, I do," said Haso.

"Go to that tree, then, and hide yourself behind it," said the daughter of the seven-headed giant. "Whenever my father finishes hunting, he always uproots a pine tree, hangs all of his game on its branches, puts the tree on his shoulder, and proceeds homeward with his catch. As he comes along, he makes so much noise that it sounds like peals

¹²This is a standard formulaic expression in Turkish, and especially in Turkish folktales. If there are two or more beautiful objects or people, each is said to be more beautiful than all the rest.

¹³"Kolay gelsin," literally "May it come easily," is the most common encouragement in Turkish that one can say to anyone at any kind of work.

Story 686

of thunder rolling across the plain. But do not be afraid. After he has gone five or ten paces beyond you, come up behind him and quickly kiss the stirrup on his right foot. That is his life token.¹⁴ ¹³ ¹⁶ ¹⁹ If you do that, then he will bring you here unharmed."

Haso went and hid himself behind the pine tree. After about an hour, he saw a giant riding by on horseback, with a tree on his shoulder and the tree all hung with game. When the giant had gone five or ten paces beyond Haso's hiding place, Haso followed quickly and kissed the stirrup on his right foot

The giant said, "May the tongue that taught you this trick dry up forever! If you had not done that, I should have eaten you so thoroughly that not a piece the size of your ear lobe would have remained." They then proceeded to the palace. In the evening, the giant said, "Kneel before me, Haso." And when the young man had done that, he said,

¹⁴In folktales of many nations, human beings and other creatures may have their lives hidden in some external objects as a means of protection. It is actually the being's "life force." To kill the person, one must destroy that life force. It may be in a sword, in a box, in the belly of a deer, etc. This is sometimes referred to as an external soul and sometimes as a talisman. Here there is no attempt to kill the giant, and the external soul is not harmed, but it is his most vulnerable spot, and that is why an appeal or gesture of respect to it is an effective way to win the giant's sympathy.

Julian E.

"By the will of Allah and the consent of the Prophet, give my daughter to you in marriage."¹⁵

Haso and the daughter were married, but Haso did not pay much attention to her--not even enough to be sure whether she was male or female. In the morning the girl whined a bit and complained that Haso had neglected her during the night. "There must be some reason for this. Let us wait a little and see," said the giant.

There is a proverb which says, "After the fool has had his meal, he wishes to go." Well, after breakfast Haso was eager to leave. He said to the giant, "Father, do you know why I have come here?"

Proverb E61

"Why did you come here, son?"

"I have come in search of a rose that smells like a reyhan. Can you tell me where I can find it?"

"Oh, son, I am only 100 years old, and I have never heard of such a thing. But I have a brother older than I am, who is 200 years old. He may know about it even though I do not.

*Brother's
connected in
sequence*

"Where does he live?"

21

¹⁵All proper marriages in Turkey are made under these sanctions of Allah and Mohammed. A dünür or matchmaker always asks for the hand of girl X for boy Y "by the will of Allah and the consent of the Prophet." --It is interesting here that the folktale tradition has even the non-human, man-eating monster observe marriage convention.

Story

also lives in a mansion with a castle built around it--just like our arrangement here."

"Goodbye," said Haso. "Remember me in your prayers, and if I survive, I shall come to see you again." After he had traveled for a long time, he was approaching a mountain when he saw a castle without door or window in its surface. Going to this castle, he pounded on the wall with his oak club until he had broken a hole in it large enough to pass through. Passing through the wall, he came to a mansion, and upon entering the mansion, he saw another girl working at an embroidery frame. This girl was even more beautiful than the first girl. In fact, that first girl was not even worthy of pouring water over the hands of this girl, she was so beautiful.¹⁶

it go easily, lady," said Haso.

The girl looked up and saw that he was a son of man "Son of man, how did you get in here? Did the wind carry you in or did you just drop from the sky? My father is a seven-headed giant. If he comes home and finds you here, he will tear you apart, eat you, and leave no scrap bigger

¹⁶It was a tradition in Turkish lands for a servant to pour water from a pitcher (ibrik) over the hands of a guest for cleansing purposes. Whether a servant or someone else, the pourer is, by his service, showing deference to the washer. To say that one person is not worthy or suitable even to pour water over the hands of another is to indicate a very great distance between them.

Story 686

than an ear lobe."

"I am resigned to whatever my destiny is. What can I do, lady?"

"I shall teach you how to do something, and if you do it, you will be able to save yourself from my father. Do you see that pine forest over there? There is a path in it that leads to a certain large pine tree. Go and hide yourself behind that tree. When my father returns, he uproots a pine tree, hangs his game from its many branches, shoulders the whole load, and continues homeward with such great noise that it sounds like peals of thunder. But do not be afraid. When he has gone five or six paces beyond your hiding place, follow him and quickly grab his right foot. Kiss both the foot and the stirrup on it. His talisman will then be made ineffective."

Haso did exactly as he had been directed to do. When the giant realized what had happened, he said, "May the tongue of the person who taught you that trick dry up! But if you had not done that, I should have devoured you so completely that not a piece the size of an ear lobe would have been left."

They returned to the castle together. After the evening meal was finished, the giant said, "Haso, kneel here before me." When Haso had done this, the giant said, "By the will of Allah and with the consent of the Prophet, I shall give you

Kismet 161

Life Vela

Story 686

this daughter of mine in marriage." And so the deed was done.

During the nuptial night Haso paid little attention to the girl, not enough to discover whether she was male or female. In the morning the girl whined and complained about this to her father. He said, "Be patient, my daughter. There must be a reason. Let me inquire about his origin and ancestry."

After Haso had had his tea, coffee, and morning meal, he said, "Father, do you know why I have come here?"

"Why have you come?"

"I came in search of a rose that smells like a reyhan. you tell me where I can find such a flower?"

"Oh, son, I am only 200 years old, and I do not know of such flower. But I have an older brother, one who is years old, and he may have information about this matter, but I do not."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives in a mansion similar to mine which is surrounded by a castle also similar to mine. He lives beyond the next range of mountains."

"Very well, then farewell! Remember me in your prayers, if I survive, I shall return and see you again."

After traveling a great distance, Haso crossed a mountain range and then came upon a plain in the middle of

Story 686

which stood a castle without window or door anywhere in its walls. With his club Haso struck the wall, tak-tuk, tak-tuk¹⁷ until he had broken a hole large enough to walk through. Going to the mansion within, he entered this house. There he found a girl so superior in beauty that neither of the other girls he had met on his journey was suitable to pour water over her hands. To this girl he also said "May it go easily, lady."

Looking up, this girl saw a son of man, and she asked "How did you get in here? Did the wind carry you in, or did you drop from the sky? My father is a seven-headed giant. He is now out hunting, but if he finds you here when he returns, he will tear you apart, eat you, and leave no scrap of you as large as an ear lobe."

"I accept my kismet,¹⁸ whatever it is. What can I do?"

"Let me teach you something. When my father returns, he uproots a tree, hangs his game from its branches, shoulders the entire load, and proceeds homeward with the noise of peals of thunder. Do not be frightened. You must go and hide yourself behind that tallest tree in the pine forest over there. After he has passed you by five or ten paces,

¹⁷Onomatopoeia for the sound of club blows.

¹⁸Same as the English word kismet, meaning fortune or fate or destiny.

Story 686

follow him and quickly grab his right foot and kiss the stirrup on that foot. His talisman is in that stirrup, and by doing this you will remove its power. My father will then bring you along with him to this mansion.

After Haso had done what the girl had told him to do, the giant exclaimed, "May the one who taught you to do that be cursed with a dried-up tongue! If you had not been taught to do what you have just done, I should have eaten you so completely that there would not be left a scrap the size of an ear lobe."

They returned to the giant's mansion. After the eating and drinking of the evening meal, the giant said, "Haso, kneel down here before me." And when Haso did as he had ordered, the giant said, "By the will of Allah and the permission of the Prophet I am going to marry you to my daughter." This was done.

During the nuptial night Haso ignored the girl so completely that he had no way of knowing for certain whether this person was male or female. In the morning she went to her father whining and complaining about the way Haso had treated her. The giant said, "Be patient, my daughter. There must be some reason that we do not yet know."

After the morning meal Haso said to the giant, "Father, do you know why I have come here?"

Donna J. J. - 19-39

Story

I do not. Why have you come here?"

"I have come here in search of a rose that smells like a reyhan. Do you know where I can find such a flower?"

"Oh, son, you have asked about a very difficult matter. In my ²⁰⁻²⁶ stable there is a ²⁰⁻²⁸ Kirat, ¹⁹ ^{Horse - supernatural} but for the past seven years he and I have not been on speaking terms. He is now locked in the stable, and if he were to get out, he would tear me to pieces. I feed him through a window in the stable wall, not daring to enter myself. He is the only horse that could take you to the land where grows the rose that smells like a reyhan. We have not spoken to each other for seven years, but if he is willing to take you there, you may try."

"Where is his stable?"

"It is over there," said the giant, pointing.

"Let me have the keys." Taking the keys, Haso went to the stable of Kirat. The horse was making "hay, muy"²⁰ sounds, but when Haso entered the stable, he began to tremble.

¹⁹Kirat means, literally, gray horse, but in the Turkish folk tradition it means much more than this. Turkish heroes have traditionally ridden gray horses, beginning with Bamsi Beyrek, a hero of the 10th-century epic, The Book of Dede Korkut, coming through the 16th- or early 17th-century outlaw hero Köroğlu, to more recent leaders. Kirat and his many avatars have been greatly superior horses, usually thought to be immortal, always intelligent, and often endowed with the ability to speak human languages.

²⁰Onomatopoeia for neighing of horse.

Story 686

Haso said, "Kırat, take me to the land where grow roses smell like reyhans."

Kırat answered, "Son of man, I have been without exercise for seven years. Attend to my food and water for three days, exercise me for three more days, groom me for yet another three days, and then on the tenth day climb upon my back and I shall take you there."

Haso rolled up his sleeves. He attended to the horse's food and drink for three days. For the next three days he exercised him. And on the third three days he groomed the horse. At the end of the ninth day, Kırat said, "Haso, when you mount me tomorrow, I shall tell you to close your eyes. Close them and do not open them again until I tell you to do so."

The next day Haso mounted the horse. Kırat said, "Haso, close your eyes!" Haso did as he was directed. After they had been traveling for a while, Kırat said, "Now you may open your eyes, Haso."

When he opened his eyes, Haso found himself in a heavenly garden²¹ so beautiful that words cannot describe it.

Streams ran through it; nightingales sang there; and Kırat said, "Haso, dismount now and hide in the branches of that sycamore tree. Two or three hours from now three pigeons

²¹Has bahçe is the term used here

Story 686

will arrive and alight on branches of that same sycamore tree. Two of them will jump down, undress,²² jump into the pool of water, and become girls. One of the pigeons, the youngest, will remain on a branch of the tree. She will

Trans format
22, 23, 24

'I smell a human being here, and so I shall not come down.' But the oldest sister will say, 'How could any human being get here? If one ever did reach this place, it would have to be brought on the back of Kirat, but since, as we know, Kirat has not spoken to anyone for seven years, no one could reach this place. Come down! We shall have a swim and then go away again.' Thus the third pigeon will be required to enter the water also. Just as soon as that third one is in the water, climb down from the sycamore tree, sit upon the shirt of that third pigeon, and when you need

Swan-Maiden
unlift
22, 25

let my reins fall into the water. Be sure not to give the shirt back to the third pigeon, no matter how much she implores you to do so."

Haso hid himself in the sycamore tree. Some time later three pigeons arrived and landed on branches of that tree. Two of them then went down, disrobed, and entered the water to bathe. They called to the third, "Come on, sister, come on in.

²²Pigeons would in most variants take off their feathers to bring about their transformation into girls--as in the universally known Swan Maiden type--but here they are represented as wearing human garments.

"No, I shall not, for I smell a human being here," answered the third.

"Oh, do come in How could any son of man get here? Only the giant's horse Kirat could bring anyone here, inasmuch as the giant and Kirat have not spoken to each other for seven years, he will not come here with anyone. down!"

And so the third pigeon descended, undressed, and entered the water. Haso came from his hiding place in the sycamore tree and sat on the shirt of the third pigeon. When the girls came out of the pool, the first two dressed and p-r-r-r-t!²³ they flew away as pigeons. The third girl implored Haso so earnestly (even to the extent of offering to sleep with him) that he could not resist her beseeching to give her back her shirt. He dipped Kirat's reins in the water to call Kirat for help, but too late. By the time Kirat arrived, the girl had resumed her pigeon form and flown away.

Kirat said, "Oh, Haso, I carried you a very great distance while your eyes were closed. Now the pigeons have escaped, and they will not return to this place again. Now I shall have to carry you even farther to another place. If you

²³This is onomatopoeia for the flutter of wings as the birds take off in flight.

Story 686

behave there the way you did here, I shall just leave you there for good! Now mount again." When Haso had done so, Kirat said, "Close your eyes!" And then shortly afterwards, "Now open your eyes!" They were in a has bahçe five times as large as the former garden.

After they had arrived there, Kirat gave his instructions to Haso: "Pigeons will soon come here. Two of them will disrobe at once and enter the pool. The youngest will be urged to descend and enter the pool too. Although it will at first refuse because it smells a human scent in the area, it too will finally come down and enter the pool. As soon as that third pigeon has undressed, go and sit on its shirt and drop the ends of my reins into the water. Don't you dare to give it back its shirt!"

The pigeons soon arrived, as Kirat had predicted, and the two elder birds immediately disrobed and entered the pool of water. "Come down and join us!" they called to the third pigeon.

"No, I detect the scent of a human being here somewhere, and so I shall not bathe in this place!" After repeated imploring by the older pigeons, the younger finally flew down, disrobed, and entered the pool.

Just as soon as she had done this, Haso went and sat upon her shirt. He also dropped the ends of Kirat's reins into the water. Kirat arrived there at once, and said,

Story 686

"Haso, take off some of your own clothing and put it on girl!"

Haso did as he had been ordered. As he was doing this, the two older girls came out of the water, attired themselves in their own clothes, and flew away as pigeons again.

Kirat then said, "Haso, both you and the girl should now climb up on my back." When they had mounted, Kirat said "Now close your eyes!" Then, shortly afterwards, he said, "Now open your eyes again!"

They were now back at the first garden, from which the pigeons had escaped the first time. There they rested for a while and then remounted. "Close your eyes!" ordered Kirat, and then soon, "Now open your eyes again!" This time when Haso and the pigeon girl opened their eyes, they were back at the home of the third and oldest of the seven-headed giants. There Kirat spoke again, saying, "This giant may

you to bring about a reconciliation between himself and me. I shall never be reconciled with that infidel, and so do not try in vain to bring about such a reconciliation. Shut me up again in my stable, lock the stable door once more, and let him resume his practice of passing my food and drink to me through the window

"All right, I shall do just as you order," said Haso. Even though the giant pleaded for a long time to have Haso

Story 686

try to bring amity between himself and the horse Kirat, Haso refused to become involved in any way with such an attempt. He instead locked Kirat in the stable, and the giant was again required to feed and water him through the window of that building.

In the evening the giant's daughter said, "Haso, we shall be leaving tomorrow. My father has a small but special Koran.²⁴ You must not leave this place without that Koran."

Magic object
26
27

In the morning Haso said to his giant host, "I shall not leave this place without your special little Koran."

"I know very well who instructed you to ask for that Koran. Let her take it with her own hands, and you may have it."

They took the small Koran, and the three of them (Haso, the pigeon girl, and the daughter of the giant) departed. After traveling for a great distance, they reached the castle of the giant who was 200 years old. They spent the night there. During the night the daughter of that middle giant said, "Haso, my father has a very special little prayer rug. You must not leave this place without taking that prayer rug with you."

prayer rug

In the morning Haso said to that giant, "If you will give

²⁴The Koran is not call Koran here. It is called Kelam-1-Kadim. Literally, this means ancient word, a figurative way of referring to the Koran.

me your special little prayer rug, I shall depart. Otherwise I shall not leave at all

The giant answered, "I know who it was that taught you to say that, and may her tongue dry up forever! Let her take it with her own hands and give it to you. You may have it."

After that the four of them--Haso and three girls now--came to the castle of the youngest giant. They spent a day at that giant's home. During the night that giant's daughter said to Haso, "Haso, my father has a small and unusual sofra.²⁵ You must not leave this place without that sofra."

When they were preparing to leave on the following morning, Haso said to the giant, "Father, if you will give me your little sofra, we shall take it now and depart. Otherwise we shall not leave at all

"I know exactly who it was who instructed you to say that. May her tongue dry up forever! All right, then, let her take it with her own hands and give it to you. It is yours!"

²⁵A sofra is a very short-legged table--eight or ten inches high--on which many rural Turks serve their meals. It is placed on the floor, usually in the center of a room. All dishes and containers of food are placed upon it, and around it sit the diners, crouched down on their haunches in tailor fashion. Chairs are not used for dining, and so the sofra must be close to the floor, far closer than any regular table would be.

Taking the little sofra, they bade the youngest of three seven-headed giants farewell and started for Kayseri. Thirty-nine days had now been spent in Haso's quest for rose that smells like reyhan. On the fortieth day the daughter of the padişah said to her female servant, "My girl, go upstairs and look outside. Look to the left, to the right, and see if you can discover any travelers coming into this city."

Going upstairs, the servant girl looked down the road and saw approaching five people on horseback. Four of were girls and the fifth was Haso. Returning to the padişah's daughter, she reported, "Lady, five horseback riders are approaching."

"Lower the ladder down to me," said the princess. Ascending from the pit to the house, she began to put it in order again.

Meanwhile, word had quickly passed around the city that Haso had returned. As soon as this news reached the padişah, he gave orders that Haso was to report to him at once. When Haso arrived at the palace and was admitted into the presence of the ruler, the padişah said, "Haso!"

"What is your wish, my padişah?" he asked.

"Today is the fortieth day of the time you were allowed to search for a rose that smells like a reyhan. If you do not bring me such a flower tomorrow, you will be executed."

Story 686

Haso left the palace and returned to his home weeping. When she saw him coming in tears, the daughter of the padişah said to him, "Why are you crying?"

"Well, I have been ordered to produce a rose that smells like reyhan. I went on my search and I brought back four girls, but I have been unable to find the flower that the padişah wishes. Therefore, tomorrow I shall die. That is why I am weeping."

When the daughter of the Padişah of Fairies [pigeon girl] heard this, she said, "If the padişah's daughter [her hostess here] will allow me to sleep with you tonight, I shall be able to save you."

When the padişah's daughter [the hostess] heard this, she said, "You have all the permission that you need."²⁶

So Haso spent the night sleeping with the daughter of the Padişah of Fairies. When they arose in the morning, this girl said to him, "Haso, go and fetch a large tray. I shall sit on that tray, and you will pour over me a bowl of water, soaking me from head to foot. I shall then turn into a bunch of roses, and my scent will be that of reyhan. Cover me with something and carry me to the padişah, whom

²⁶What the daughter of the padişah [the hostess] says literally is "You have my arm's length of permission."

Story 686

you shall ask, 'Isn't this what you want?' Do not worry about me, for I shall be back home here before you are.

The daughter of the Padişah of Fairies seated herself upon the large tray. When Haso poured a bowl of water over her, she turned into a large bunch of flowers. Haso said, "Before the padişah smells this bouquet, I shall do so myself. He was completely satisfied that its scent was that of reyhan. Taking the bouquet to the palace and placing it before the padişah, he asked, "Isn't this what you want, my padişah?" Then, saying, "Goodbye," he left the bouquet there and departed. When he reached home, he discovered that the girl had arrived there ahead of him.

After smelling the bunch of flowers, the padişah ordered a servant to put them somewhere. The padişah then turned to his lâla and said, "That girl will be brought here to me whether the cost of doing so is your neck or Haso's!"

His lâla answered, "My padişah, you asked him to bring you the most difficult thing in the world to obtain. That man brought you what you sought, and there is no one else in the world who could have done it."

"What task can we set for him now? Is there no more difficult task? Lâla, what can we demand of him?"

us order him to bring a sofra full of food. Let every plate on the sofra be different from every other plate,

Story 686

every spoon different from every other spoon, and let there be so much food that an entire army will be unable to consume it all. If he can bring this, it will be very well for him; if he fails to produce such a sofra, he will be executed."

Haso was summoned to the presence of the padişah and told, "You will bring us a sofra full of food. Let every plate on the sofra be different from every other plate, and let every spoon be different from every other spoon. Let there be so much food on the sofra that an entire army will be unable to consume all of it."

When he reached home weeping, the daughter of the oldest giant asked him, "Haso, why are you crying?"

"Well, they told me at the palace that I must do such-and-such or I would be executed. How could I possibly have every plate different from every other plate, every spoon different from every other spoon? And how can I cook so much food that an army can dine on it and yet not be able to finish it? I doubt that I can do that, and so I shall be executed. That is why I am crying."

"If the daughter of the padişah will permit me to sleep with you tonight, I shall, in the morning, save you from such a death."

"Go ahead Sleep with him! You have all the permission that you need!"

Story 686

Haso slept with the daughter of the oldest giant night, and in the morning she gave him these instructions: "Take this sofra to a large, clear piece of ground. There say 'Open, my sofra, open!' Many different kinds of dishes will come from that sofra, and there will be enough food to fill the wants of not only that padişah but also of ten padişahs like him.

Taking the sofra to a large open space of ground, Haso repeated the words the girl had told him to say, "Open, my sofra, open!" Immediately there was so much food that poured forth that it covered not only the open plain but also all of the nearby hills and mountains. "Let me myself on this food first," said Haso. Taking a spoon, he began to eat, but at every place from which he took food, even more was produced. Not even ten padişahs and their followers could consume that much food. Going then to padişah of his city, he reported to him that the food he had ordered was ready

The padişah and all his followers ate and drank all that they could without finishing the food supply. But still the padişah did not have what he really wanted. At home in the palace that evening, he said to the lâla, "I want that woman, whether the price is Haso's neck or your own!"

The lâla tried to appease him, saying, "My padişah, let

Story 686

us not carry this any farther. If you had been asked to perform this task that he just completed, you would not have been able to do it, would you? You would have failed. So let us leave him alone."

"No, no, lâlâ! I must have that woman, whatever the price--Haso's head or even your own. What else can we ask him to do?"

"Let us demand of him a rug woven of threads that are all of different colors. Let it be a rug which nowhere contains a pattern that has been used elsewhere in the rug. Let the rug be so large that an army can sit on one side of it but leave open space on the other side of it. If he can provide us with such a rug, it will be all right, but if he cannot, he will be executed."

When Haso was called to the presence of the padişah again, he said, "Yes, sir!"

The padişah said to him, "You will have a rug woven for us in which every thread is of a different color, and in which no pattern in the design is repeated. The rug will be large enough so that my army can perform prayers on one side of it and still leave unused space on the other side. If you can bring me such a rug, all well and good, but if you fail to do so, then you will be executed for your failure."

When Haso arrived home weeping, the daughter of the

Story 686

middle giant, the one who was 200 years old, asked him, "Haso, why are you weeping?"

"Oh, do not ask me! They have told me that I must do such-and-such. How can I weave the type of rug they want? When could I even spin the wool needed for such a rug? No, I shall die tomorrow, and that is why I am weeping."

"If the daughter of the padişah will allow you to sleep with me tonight, I shall be able to save you in the morning.

Hearing this, the daughter of the padişah said, "You have all the permission that you need."

Haso and this girl slept together that night, and in the morning she said to him, "Haso, now you must take the prayer rug which my father gave to you, carry it to a great open plain, and there spread it on the ground. Then you must say, 'Open, my rug, open!' When you have done this, the rug will spread out in all directions, and as it grows in size, the expanding parts will be of continually new colors and new patterns. It will grow so large that even ten padişahs and their followers could sit upon it and still not cover its surface."

Haso followed her instructions and produced the kind of large rug that the padişah had demanded. But even though the padişah had received this great rug, he had not really gained his wish. He again said to his lâlâ, "I must have

Story

that woman whether I do so at the price of Haso's neck or even your neck!"

"Oh, my padişah, do not insist any longer on this! Stop now!"

But the padişah was determined, and he kept repeating, "No, I want that woman!"

"We have asked him to accomplish the most difficult things in the world, and the young man has accomplished each of them. Is there possibly anything more difficult to accomplish than the things we have already asked him for?"

"Let us demand something like this. Let us have him bring two fruit trees, the fruit of which will be sufficient to feed all the soldiers of my army. While the fruit from the one side of each tree is being eaten, the other side of the tree will have fruit on it that is in the process of ripening. If he can produce two such trees, that will be a great achievement; if he cannot, then he will be executed.

shall wager that he cannot accomplish this task!"

Haso was again called into the presence of the padişah and told this: "We want you to produce two fruit trees whose fruit will be sufficient to feed all the soldiers of my army. While they are eating the fruit from one side of each tree, the other side will have fruit that is just ripening. If you can bring two such trees, you will accomplish a great

Story 686

deed; if you fail to do so, you will be executed as punishment."

As in each previous case, Haso returned home weeping. This time the girl who had brought with her her father's special small Koran asked him, "Haso, my lion, why are you crying?"

"Lady, the problem is such-and-such. They told me to do this and that. How can I even plant such trees, much less pick fruit from them right away? When would such trees yield fruit? If I can accomplish this task, it will be a great feat and I shall save my neck; if I fail in the attempt, I shall be executed."

The daughter of the youngest giant said, "Well, if the daughter of the padişah will permit me to sleep with you tonight, I shall be able to save you tomorrow."

"You already have all the permission that you need," said the princess.

Haso slept with the daughter of the youngest giant that night. In the morning, she pulled two leaves from the special Koran given to them by her father. She stuck one leaf in the ground here and one there, and then she asked Haso to sit between them. "When you go before the padişah, do this same thing, and two trees will not only grow immediately, but they will also bear fruit at the same time. In fact, they will bear so much fruit that even if fifty padişahs were to bring their armies to feed there, they could not consume all of

fruit.

Haso went to the padişah and did as he had been instructed to do. The two trees sprang up, and as they grew they became covered with fruit. They picked and picked the fruit, but they could not seem to lower the supply, for every time a piece of fruit was picked, another grew at once in its place.

Once again Haso had accomplished the difficult task for him, and once again the padişah had failed to secure he wanted. His lâlâ said to him, "My padişah, let that be enough of such efforts. There are no more such difficult tasks to be found anywhere in the world!"

"There must be some other task or test that we can give him," said the padişah.

"Well, my padişah, in the past they used to use the State Bird²⁷ to select people. We shall put two chairs in the public square in which you and Haso will sit. We shall place two executioners there. Then we shall let the State Bird fly and see whose head it settles upon. Inasmuch as the Bird knows you--you have fed it--it will undoubtedly alight on your head instead of on Haso's. If it does land

*Bird State
State Bird*

²⁷Sometimes called State Bird (Devlet Kuşu) and sometimes the Bird of Fortune (Talih Kuşu), this domesticated bird was used to select a new padişah when the old one was deposed or died without heirs. The person upon whose head the bird alighted was to be the new padişah. In modern Turkish the expression "The Bird of Fortune has landed on my head" is a figurative way of saying that I have experienced good fortune.

Story 686

on your head, then he will have failed this test, and we shall
off his head, and our cause will then be won. You will
then be able to have his wife."

The padişah said, "Oh, this is your best idea of all!"

Haso was again summoned, and when he arrived, the
padişah said, "Haso!"

"Yes, my padişah, what is your wish?"

"Get ready for a contest in the public square tomorrow.
You and I will be seated in chairs there when they let the
State Bird loose. The one on whose head the bird alights
will cut off the other's head."

When the padişah had explained this, Haso left the
palace and started home. By the time he arrived, he was
crying again. The padişah's daughter asked, "Haso, why
you crying?"

"Lady, do not ask me! The problem is such-and-such.
Tomorrow they will let fly the State Bird while the padişah
I are sitting on two chairs in the public square. The
one on whose head the bird lands will cut off the other's
head. I have never seen the State Bird nor has it seen me,
so why should it land on my head?"

The daughter of the padişah answered, "If these ladies
the four women he had brought back on his travels and quest
will permit me to sleep with you tonight, I shall save you
from death in the morning."

Story 686

The other ladies said in unison, "You have all the permission that you need."

The padişah's daughter put on ^{Disguise} male clothing, wore a tie, glasses, and so forth.²⁸ She said, "Haso, give me that green piece of ^{cloth} paper that you carry in your hat." Haso took the paper from his own hat and put it into hers. The girl, dressed like the young man Haso,²⁹ went and sat in the chair opposite to the one that the padişah sat in.

When the bird was released, it flew immediately to the princess and perched on her head. "No, no, it did not perform properly!" the people shouted. When the bird was released a second time, it again landed on the head of the girl. After this had happened a third time, the lâla gave a signal with his eyes to the executioners, and they cut the padişah's head.

Haso succeeded to the throne as padişah, and the five ladies became his wives. They ate and drank, and in time died,³⁰ and we poor people keep crawling along in this ephemeral world like the wheels of an oxcart.

²⁸Glasses are, of course, an anachronism here.

²⁹The narrator said literally, " . . . dressed like Keloğlan." This is another instance of the Keloğlan as a generic term for any unfortunate young man in an underdog role. Haso is not really a Keloğlan.

³⁰The text, literally, says " . . . went under the earth [were buried]."

Tsk
Tennel
Tennel