

Story #206 (Tape #5, Summer 1970)

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One Köse Against Three [variant of #100 and #109]

Once on a time there were three köses in a village and there was another köse in a nearby village. One day the single köse said to himself, "Let me go to the next village and trick those three köses." He got on his--I beg your pardon--donkey and went to the next village to trick the other köses. When he was close to that village, he got off the donkey, took five or six gold coins from his pocket, stuck them into the anus of the donkey, and mounted it again and rode on at a slow pace.

The three köses of that village were sitting before the village oda, together with some of the villagers. When the single köse rode by the others, he goaded [prodded] the neck of the donkey very hard, and the donkey started and began to fart <sup>onon</sup> zart, zart and gold coins fell down rattling <sup>onon</sup> tıkır, tıkır, mixed with dung and so forth. The single köse dismounted, collected the gold coins from the ground, took them to the village fountain and washed the dirt from them, came back to where the other köses were sitting, counted his coins, and assured himself that there were five or six pieces.

The others asked him, "Uncle Köse, what is the talent of this donkey?"

"Well," he said, "this donkey eats straw and fodder and defecates gold coins. This is the short day's business [i.e., this is all one can expect to do in a short day]. This was today's production." Saying this, he pocketed the gold coins

"Will you sell us this donkey?" they asked.

"I could--but do you think you can afford it?"

The three köses said, "The three of us can join our funds to buy it jointly."

"All right, if you can," he said.

The three köses contributed their money and bought the donkey from the single köse, who, after collecting his money, said goodbye and went away.

The three köses fed the donkey with straw and fodder, expecting it to defecate gold coins. But, of course, nothing of the sort happened.

The single köse knew that the three köses would come to him. He asked a hunter in his village to catch two foxes for him. "Bring them to me alive," he said. The hunter went to the forest and had two foxes trapped and took them alive to the single köse.

He said to his wife, "I shall go to plow." He took one fox with him and left the other at home. He instructed his wife thus: "If three köses call today, they will ask for me. You **tell** them I am plowing. If they say, 'Send someone to call him back,' then release the fox, saying, 'Go and call your master back.'"

"All right," said his wife.

When the single köse was away plowing, the three köses came to his house. They shouted, O Uncle Köse

His wife came out. "What do you want?" she asked

"Where is Uncle Köse?"

"Gone to plow."

"Where is he plowing?"

"He is plowing at such and such a distant place."

"Well, send a man to call him back," they said.

"I shall send a fox," she said.

"All right. Let us see you do it

She brought a fox by the leash, removed its collar, and said, "Go and call your master. Tell him to return quickly." She slapped the fox's rump

The fox, pleased that its life had been saved, ran away. Goodbye [not said by the fox, but the narrator said it].

Shortly afterwards, the single köse returned home with a fox. When the three köses saw the duty performed by the fox, they forgot what the donkey had done [this was superior to the donkey].

"Uncle Köse, what does this fox of yours do?" they asked.

"Well, didn't you see what it did? It came and notified me, saying that there were three visitors awaiting me at home, and I came home."

"What else can it do?" asked the three köses

"It can even go to the town [to market]. If you write a letter, it will take it to any shop you wish. They can read the letter there, and if you have any credit there, they will send the goods you want without your going there. If you have no credit you can wrap gold in a cloth, tie it round the fox's neck with the letter, and it will go straight to the store. The store-keeper will read your letter, take the money from the fox's neck, and give it the goods you want by mail. The fox will come back and report to you."

"Why do you not sell us this fox?" asked the three köses.

"I cannot. I need it myself, badly, for my own business. You know what valuable information I receive with this fox. In fact I became rich, thanks to this fox. It informs me of what will befall me ahead of the event. He knows when I shall make a profit at the market and when I shall lose. When he knows I will lose, he will not go." Thus the single köse praised the skills of his fox greatly.

The others said, O, Uncle Köse, sell us this fox. The donkey we bought from you has not, so far, defecated any gold coins."

"You must have tampered with the adjustment. You need to handle him just right. You probably failed to feed him straw and fodder at the right

He finally sold them the fox, which they carried away.

They got together some money at home, tied it around the fox's neck, and it to Istanbul to purchase some goods, telling it, "Get the best quality and return quickly." As soon as the fox was released, it disappeared in the woods with the money. Where would it have gone? It was so pleased to get away alive.

The single köse knew roughly when the three köses lost hope of the return of the fox and would call on him about the matter. He went to the butcher and said, "Give me some intestines, a length of large intestines." The butcher gave him one sheep's intestines. At home, he killed a sheep and put blood in the intestine, tying both ends. Guessing the time of their arrival, he wrapped it around his wife's neck, under her large head square. He then said to her, "Three köses will soon arrive here. When I signal you, you disobey me and I shall cut your throat, luk, and then you will lie on the floor. You know my pipe? Well, when I play that pipe, you will jump up right away and come to life. When I play for the first time, do not move. When I play the second time, still remain motionless. At my third playing, you will jump up, saying, 'Please, sir, I was rude to you. Forgive me.' Stand in front of me then." The wife learned these instructions

He saw that the three köses were at his front door.

"Uncle Köse, come down," they said

"You come upstairs."

They went upstairs. "Sit down. Have tea or coffee."

They gave them tea and coffee. While the single köse's wife was busy cooking in the kitchen, she kept complaining that she did not have this or that.

"Prepare the meal. I want this or that meal," he said

"Oh, man, do not make my head burst [i.e., give me a headache]. I have done as much as I can. Why do you keep insisting?"

He said, "What! Are you answering back to your husband?" He took out a knife, laid his wife on the floor, and, luk, he cut her throat with it. The blood started flowing <sup>from</sup> shar shar [onomatopoeia for flow of blood]. The woman stretched out on the floor as if dead.

When the other köses saw this, they just stared helplessly at the scene. "We were in fact going to do something to this man, but now we see that there is no need for it. He has done it himself. He has ruined himself in this world and in the next. What else can we do to him?" asked one.

"Uncle Köse, do you enjoy what you have just done?" said another. "Now you are brooding deeply on what you have just done."

"What have I done?"

"Do you not know what you have done?"

"I have done less to her than what I should have done. I was not going to kill her right away. I should have killed her piece by piece, and only in that way would I have relieved my anger and felt comfortable inside myself."

"No, we do not like what you have done. We are leaving now."

"Just a minute. I shall show you something. Although I killed the woman, I can bring her to life again if I wish."

"How can you do it?"

"I can do it, all right, but I do not wish to do so right now."

"But please do it. We want to see it and have some comfort."

"Well, for your sake, I shall do it." He went inside and took his pipe and blew it, "Duuuut!" Nothing happened. When he blew it the second time, she stirred. At the third blowing of the pipe she stood up.

"Sir, I have disobeyed you, but please forgive me," she said.

"All right. I forgive you."

She went and washed her clothes.

Now the three köses forgot all about the other two things and insisted that the single köse sell them this pipe.

"I shall sell it, but it is worth a lot of money. You cannot afford to buy it

"Sell it to us, regardless of the cost

The single köse sold them the pipe. After buying it, the three köses were walking home with it. On the way, one of them, a little köse, said to the others, "I have so far not been able to scare my wife. She rants and rants and rants at me so much, and argues with me so much, and I can do nothing to stop her. First, <sup>let</sup> ~~cut~~ us cut my wife's throat and scare her."

The second köse said, "No, first we shall cut my wife's throat."

The third said, "No, let us cut my wife's throat

Each köse planned to show this act of bravery by cutting the throat of his wife and then restoring her to life. They went to the wife of the first. He shouted, "Hey, wife! Why are you standing so? Hoyt!"

"What is the matter with you?" she said.

He just drew a big dagger and cut her throat--zaldırt [onomatopoeia]  
The other two also cut the throats of their wives. While the women lay  
kicking and covered with blood, the three went to where the first's wife was  
dead. They started blowing the pipe "Dut, dut." Nothing happened.  
They went to the wife of the second. "Zut, zut, zut." Nothing happened.  
The women did not come back to life, but lay as if dead, as if they had been  
seven years dead

The three köses discussed the situation. "This köse has always cheated  
us, caused us damage, and reduced us to poverty. Now finally he has taken  
our wives as well. What should we do to him?"

"Let us kill him without a word to him. We shall kill him before he  
can speak a word

They all agreed to do this, but one suggested, "If we kill him instantly,  
we shall not relieve our anger. Let us put him in a sack, beat him  
well, and then throw him into the sea and let him drown there, fakır, fakır.  
If we kill him suddenly, he will die at once and we shall have no revenge on  
him."

They went to the köse's house and entered it tangur, tungur. "You  
dirty fellow, get in this sack!"

The poor köse--what could he do? He got into the sack as he was told  
They carried him to the seaside. "Friends," one said, "if we throw him into  
the water, he will drown at once."

"What shall we do?" the others asked.

"Well, tie the mouth of the sack and we shall each cut a stick from a  
tree, beat him to death first, and then throw him into the sea."

They went to the woods to cut sticks, leaving him tied in the sack. He noticed that the three köses had gone to the woods for sticks. He started yelling, "I will not accept [her]! I will not have her! I still will not accept. No matter what you do, I will not have her!"

A stupid shepherd grazed his flock nearby. He came and said, "Hey, uncle in the sack, what is it you will not accept?"

"Well, they want to give me the daughter of such and such an ağa, and I say I do not want her.

"Why do you not marry the daughter of the ağa?"

"I have been a bachelor for many years. What can I do with a wife at this age?"

"Do not be a fool."

"If you want her, come and get in this sack and have her. I do not want her myself."

The shepherd untied the sack. The köse got out and he got in, the köse tying the mouth of the sack. He then took the flock and disappeared.

The three köses returned with sticks, beating him in the sack.

The one inside the sack yelled, "I want it! I want it!"

"What? He says we owe him something--he wants something." As they beat him, he swore that he would take [something], but the three köses beat him to death and threw him into the sea.

By the time they returned home, the single köse had taken the flock back to the village. While the three köses were sitting happily, having got rid of the single köse, a man from their village had just returned from the village of the single köse and brought news that the single köse had recently become very prosperous. "The cuckold has just returned with 150 or 200 sheep."



"Which köse are you talking about?"

"Well, the one you had dealings with--the one you used to visit back and forth. He came home with 150 to 200 sheep."

"Really?"

"Of course."

To verify this, the three köses went to that village. The single köse had hired a shepherd to tend his flock and was sitting before the village oda.

"Uncle Köse, where have you been all this time?"

"May God bless you three köses," he said. "If you had thrown me a little farther into the sea, I would have returned with enough sheep to make two flocks. But as you threw me into the shallow part, I returned with only one flock. Beyond the sea is a world where all dead sheep come back to life again. They are all alive and feeding, just like fish in the sea, down there. But because you did not throw me into a deep enough place, I just took one flock and returned."

The three köses wondered if all this was true. The evidence was right before their eyes and so they believed the single köse's words. The two villages heard of this and everyone started putting his children in sacks, getting sticks in hand, and throwing the sacks in with the children in them. Whoever was thrown in thus was drowned. There was a woman with a child, and they threw her in without putting her in a sack. When her child bobbed up and down in the water, he was gurgling "kark, kark, kark!" The simple mother, trying to save her son, kept saying, "Forty is enough. Come back, son. Forty is enough. We are poor, and forty is enough."

[story ends there, with no reference to killing the three köses