

Story 1108 (1966 Tape 4)

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Location: Örencik village, kaza  
of Çekerek, Yozgat Province

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*TEK* *some of* *all*  
*111, 112* *all*  
Civ-Civ<sup>1</sup> and the Giant

*Ch. 12 Derin*  
Once there was and once there wasn't, back in the time when God's people were many, when it was considered virtuous to love much but a sin to love little, well, back in those days there was a woman who had been unable to bear a child. She went for help in this matter to the *derin* doctor, to the hoca,<sup>2</sup> and to a saint, but she was still unable to conceive a child. When all else had failed to help her, the woman and her husband went to a philosophical<sup>3</sup> hoca and said, "Hoca Efendi,<sup>4</sup> we want to have a child but we have been unable to bear one. Write

<sup>1</sup> The term civ-civ in some areas of Turkey means a baby chick.

<sup>2</sup> In pre-Republican Turkey the word hoca referred to an educated man who was both preacher and teacher. In Republican times, schools are taught by state-trained secular teachers, and the hoca is a preacher. There remains, however, some carry-over from earlier periods in that any teacher or professor may be called hoca. It is used as a term of respect.

<sup>3</sup> The narrator uses the expression Derin Hoca. Derin means deep or profound.

<sup>4</sup> Once a term of respect placed after the name of anyone addressed. By the mid-twentieth century, the term had been devaluated to the point where it was applied only to servants or children.

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a muska<sup>5</sup> for us that will enable us to have a child."

Looking into his book, the hoca said, "Place a lentil in a dish and then place the dish on the headboard of your bed. Sleep together that night, and after that you will have children."

That night the husband placed not a plate containing one lentil on the headboard of the bed but instead a tray containing forty lentils. They slept together that night, and in the morning they found beneath their pillows not one child but 375. They all began shouting, "Mother, I am hungry! Mother, I am hungry!" Some of them died, for she was unable to attend to all of them.

The woman was bewildered by the presence of so many tiny children.<sup>6</sup> She said, "Oh, I asked God to send me a child, and here he has sent hundreds!" She set about at once to bake bread with which to feed all of these children. She prepared a large quantity of dough and then she went outside to light

<sup>5</sup> A muska is a religious charm worn by a person in order to cure him, protect him, or to help him achieve some goal. A hoca writes on a piece of paper a prayer or message from the Koran. The paper is folded down into a small triangle which is then wrapped in oil-cloth. Put on a string, this muska is worn suspended from the neck of the person or animal afflicted.

<sup>6</sup> This tale is in the Finger Child tradition in Turkey. Its action is utterly fantastic and ignores completely the laws of cause and effect.

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the outdoor oven.<sup>7</sup> When she got back to the kitchen, she discovered that the children had eaten all of the dough raw. She prepared a second batch of dough, and when it was ready to be baked, she ran outside to see if the oven had become hot enough. Again the children ate all of the dough during her absence. When the woman discovered this, she became very angry. She took a broom and swept up all the children she could find and threw them all in the fire beneath the oven.

After that, she began to bake bread again, but only the amount necessary to feed herself and her husband. As she was baking it, she complained aloud, "If only I had a son who could take some of this bread to his father where he is working in the fields.

One of the children had hidden himself in a shoe to escape his mother's anger. When he heard his mother's complaint, he called out, "You do have such a son, Mother. I am here."

"Come here, then, Son! Your mother would sacrifice her head for you!"<sup>8</sup> Son, I shall now construct a special donkey for you, one made of ashes. Do not order the donkey to stop until you have arrived at the field where you wish to go, because

<sup>7</sup> The narrator uses the term tandır, a pit lined with clay or a large earthenware jar or vase buried in the ground.

<sup>8</sup> A common expression meaning roughly, "I value you so much that I would die for you if that were necessary to protect you."

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as soon as you stop him, all of the ashes will blow away in the wind. When you reach the field, say 'Whoa!'<sup>9</sup> The donkey will blow away, and you will be able to carry your father's lunch to him." The woman made some very good bread and wrapped it up. Then she made the donkey of ashes for the boy to ride upon. After that was completed, she said, "Now mount and take this bread and this bottle of water to your father in field."

"All right, Mother," said the boy. Mounting his donkey, he rode to a place in the field where he could see his father.

he said, "Whoa!" to the donkey, which immediately blew away in the wind. The boy then shouted, "Father, how should I come to you from this place where I am standing now?"

"Come by way of the side," ordered his father.

When the boy heard this, he ate away the side of the bread. Then he called out, "Father, how should I come now?"

"Proceed toward the center," the father called.

The boy then started eating the bread from the side into the middle of the loaf. When he finally did reach his father, much of the bread was gone. Together they ate the rest of the bread

<sup>9</sup> The Turkish expression used to stop a beast of burden is "Çuş!"--pronounced in English "Choosh".

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The boy then said, "Father, let me do the plowing for a while. You just sit there and watch me

"No. Son, the yellow ox would defecate upon you, and you would be completely buried."

But the boy kept insisting that he wished to do some plowing, and his father finally allowed him to try. Before long, however, the father's prediction turned out to be true. The yellow ox defecated, and the boy was overwhelmed in the manure. "Father, where can I go to wash myself off?"

"Son, there is a fountain over there where I am pointing. You can wash yourself there, but don't look up. Just wash yourself and come right back."

The boy went to the fountain and washed himself. Then he looked upward and saw that the fountain was surrounded by all sorts of fruit trees, and these trees were very heavy with very sweet fruit. "With all of this available, why do I need either father or mother?" He climbed up one of the trees and began eating its fruit. This boy's name was Civ-Civ.

As Civ-Civ was eating the fruit, a giant came along. Seeing the tiny human being, the giant asked, "What is your name?"

"My name is Civ-Civ."

"Civ-Civ, can you throw me an apple?" The boy threw him

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an apple. But the giant said, "That one struck my neck and fell to the ground. Throw me another one." Civ-Civ threw him another, but the giant said, "Oh, that one fell over there. Throw me another." Civ-Civ threw several more to him, but the giant pretended to be unable to catch them or find them. He said, "Civ-Civ, reach down and hand the next one to me so that I can surely get it." As Civ-Civ reached down with his hand, the giant grabbed him. The giant put him in a sack, which he tied very tightly and threw on his back. He intended to take the boy to Eşef Fatma, a woman he knew, and ask her to cook Civ-Civ for dinner. After the giant had walked a way, he felt a need to defecate. Leaving the bag at the side of the trail, the giant walked aside a distance that would take a human being an hour to travel and there relieved himself

Left alone in the bag, Civ-Civ soon gnawed his way through the cloth and got out. He filled the bag with rocks and then tied the hole shut. Civ-Civ then returned to the fruit trees and began to eat again.

When the giant returned, he again slung the bag onto his back, but he said, "Civ-Civ, how heavy you have become! You used to be much lighter!" Upon his arrival at the woman's cave, he said, "Eşef Fatma, here is some very fresh meat I have brought you. I am going to sharpen my teeth, and while

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I am gone you can cook this meat. We shall have a good meal together afterwards."

When the giant left to sharpen his teeth, the woman opened the bag and found only rocks inside. Upon his return the giant looked at those rocks and grew very angry. He started walking at once in the direction of the fountain and the fruit trees in order to find Civ-Civ.

This time Civ-Civ was in a cherry tree. The giant called to him, "Aleykümselâm!"

"Oh, giant father, welcome!<sup>10</sup> How are you? Are you well?"

"I am fine, Civ-Civ father. How are you? Are you well?"

"Yes, I am."

"Those cherries you are eating look very sweet. Throw me some so that I can taste them."

Civ-Civ threw him some cherries, saying, "Here, catch these!"

"I can't catch them. I am too tall. Hand me some, and I shall put them in my bag." When Civ-Civ handed him some cherries, the giant caught him again and put him in the bag. He tied the bag very tightly and slung it upon his back. As the giant walked along, he again felt a need to defecate. He

<sup>10</sup> The greetings here are confused. One does not begin communication with the expression Aleykümselâm, for that is ordinarily the response to Selâmünaleyküm. Selâmünaleyküm and the response, Aleykümselâm, constitute the initial verbal exchange between Moslems, especially if they are not well acquainted. The greetings are tokens of peaceful intent on both sides.

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placed the bag on the ground, walked some distance from the road, and there relieved himself

As soon as he heard the giant walk away, Civ-Civ again gnawed his way out of the bag. This time he filled it with very sharp thorns and then tied the hole shut. As soon as he had finished doing this, Civ-Civ returned to the fountain and its trees.

The giant returned and again threw the bag on his back. He said, "Hey, Civ-Civ, you seem to have grown much lighter than you were!" Soon a thorn stuck through the sack and pricked the giant's back. He shouted, "Hey, Civ-Civ, your penis has stuck me in the back. Be careful about what you are doing!" When he arrived at Eşef Fatma's cave, the giant said, "Here he is! I have brought him back. Cook him well. Be careful that he does not run away! Grab him as soon as you open the bag!"

After the giant had again gone to sharpen his teeth, Eşef Fatma opened the bag and plunged her hands into it in order to grab Civ-Civ. What she grabbed, however, were the long sharp thorns, which entered her palms and came out through the backs of her hands. Blood flowed from her hands onto the ground before the cave.

When the giant returned to the cave, he saw the blood on



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the ground, and he thought, "Well, well, how tasty this Civ-Civ will be. Here is all his blood on the ground, and he has made Eşef Fatma shout loudly."

Upon entering the cave, however, he was met by Eşef Fatma who was very upset. She shouted at him, "May you fall apart! May your tobacco grow black! Of all the things you might have brought me, why did you bring such sharp thorns?"

As he left the cave, the giant said, "I shall bring him here this time, even if I have to defecate in my trousers to do so!"

This time the giant found the tiny boy in a walnut tree. He said, "Civ-Civ, the walnuts look very good. Throw me some." As Civ-Civ threw him one walnut after another, the giant pretended not to be able to catch them. First he said, "That one hit my neck," next, "That one hit my ear," and then, "That one hit my arm." In the end, Civ-Civ handed him a walnut, and this made it possible for the giant to recapture him once more.

Putting the boy in the bag again, the giant started walking home. When he felt the urge to defecate, he kept right on walking, dirtying his trousers as he did so. By the time he reached Eşef Fatma's cave, he discovered that the woman had already lighted a fire in the tandır. He said, "Eşef Fatma,

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I am going to sharpen my teeth. You cook his flesh and place meat before the door. I shall enjoy very much the smell of that meat!"

When the giant had gone, Eşef Fatma took the boy from the and said to him, "Civ-Civ, blow on the fire and I shall see if it is blazing enough."

Civ-Civ answered, "You blow on the fire, and I shall see if it is blazing well. While the woman was blowing upon the fire, Civ-Civ pushed her into the tandır. When the woman had been burned to death, Civ-Civ cut off her breasts and placed them before the door of the house

When the giant returned, he could find no trace of Fatma except her breasts hanging before the door of the house. He looked everywhere for her but could not find the rest of her anywhere. Then he looked up to the roof, and there he saw Civ-Civ sitting. He reached up to catch Civ-Civ, but he could reach far enough to get him. "Civ-Civ, how did you get up there?" he asked

"I put one piece of wood on top of another piece until I a great pile. Then I jumped from the top of that pile to roof

The giant gathered all of the wood that he could find, then he piled them up, one on top of the other. When the

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giant tried to jump from the top of the wood, the pile collapsed. He then shouted to Civ-Civ, "Tell me the truth! How did you get up there?"

"I put one bed on top of another and then I put a third bed on top of them. I jumped from the top of them and got here that way."

The giant then piled beds on beds and tried to jump to the roof from them. They would not bear his weight, however, and so he failed to reach the roof. "Tell me the truth, Civ-Civ. How did you manage to reach the roof?"

"Do you see that iron rod over there? I heated it in the tandır until it was very hot, and then I stuck it up my ass. After I had done that, it was remarkable how swiftly I got up here."

When the giant did as Civ-Civ had directed him,<sup>11</sup> he was badly burned. Civ-Civ then climbed down from the roof and went home.

<sup>11</sup> No matter how large and how powerful they may be, giants in fairytales are usually quite stupid.