

Story 1179 (1990 Tape 7)

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Location: Kilis, a kaza town of
Gaziantep Province

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The Padişah (Hâtemi Tey)

TEK

Once there was and twice there was not, in a time when God had many creatures--back then when the camel was a pimp and the donkey was a town crier, when the frog was a barber and the wolf in the field stole a lamb whenever he wished. In those days I could eat sixty pans of pilav² and yet remain hungry, and so I never smiled. Hey, my Mustafa! (Selliye, get back into the basket!) You get the mother, and I get the daughter.

Well, in that earlier time there was a padişah named Hâtemi Tey. He was such a good ruler that he would give money to any poor person simply for coming to the palace and extending his hand. He had given this order to his treasurer: "Give a certain

¹Hâtemi Tey in real life was a poet who wrote frequently of generosity and human kindness. So well known did he become for championing those traits that when a legend was developed to dramatize those qualities, its protagonist was named after the poet. The legend is known, in various forms, throughout the Middle East and Central Asia. See Note volumes of ATON and ATON variants for further information.

²Pilaf or pilav is a rice dish into which have been added small bits of meat, currants, and various spice flavorings.

sum of gold to anyone who presents you with a voucher that I have signed." This charity continued for some time without any difficulties.

One day, however, when a poor man came, held out his hand, and received a voucher for some gold, he studied very carefully the padişah's signature³ and made a remarkably similar copy of

After he had collected the money that was due to him, he waited for a couple of hours and returned for the same amount again, presenting the treasurer with another voucher upon which had been forged the signature of the padişah. For the next two weeks he went five times daily to the treasury for various sums of gold, and thus he accumulated a large amount of money.

When the padişah examined the treasurer's records at the end of the month, he discovered that there were many more vouchers for gold than he himself had signed. Scrutinizing carefully the signatures on all of the vouchers, he sorted out those which were forgeries. He said to the treasurer, "The next time anyone hands you a voucher signed this way, bring that person to me

The very next day the forger presented a voucher with a counterfeit signature to the treasurer. The treasurer's men grabbed that man and took him into the presence of the padişah.

ruler asked this man, "Have you no fear of me at all? Don't

³Giving one's signature in Turkey is usually not merely a matter of writing one's name. Although one or two letters may be identifiable, the rest of the signature is made up of artistic swirls and slashes.

you realize that I could have you executed at any time I wish? How could you dare to abuse my generosity in such a way?"

The man answered, "Whatever you may do to me, my padişah, I shall tell you why I did it. I was hungry, and I had been hungry for a long time. That was my only reason."

"Why did you forge my signature repeatedly in order to get more money? Did you not feel that I had already been very generous to you?"

The forger did not answer that question. Instead, he said to Hâtemi Tey, "Do you know that there is a padişah of such and such a land who is even more generous than you are? He gives a hundred gold pieces to anyone who comes to his palace and offers thanks to God."

"Is that so?" This information troubled Hâtemi Tey. He wondered if it could be possible that another ruler was so much more generous than he was, and he decided to go himself and find out. Placing both the forger and the treasurer in jail until he should return, Hâtemi Tey set out for such and such land.

After traveling for some time, Hâtemi Tey reached the land he sought. Going immediately to the palace of the padişah of that country, he knocked on the door, and said loudly, "Thanks be unto God!" A servant immediately opened the door and handed him a hundred gold pieces. He went to the palace the next day and again on the following day, and each time he was promptly given another hundred gold coins.

The servants reported to their ruler that the same person had come to the palace three days in a row for the usual charitable gift. The ruler said, "If that man comes to the door again, put the gold into his hand but then bring him before me."

When Hâtemi Tey went to the palace on the fourth day and offered thanks to God, he was given still another hundred gold pieces, but he was also taken into the presence of the ruler of that land. Hâtemi Tey did not see his host, for the local ruler was sitting behind a curtain. "Welcome, padişah!" said the host

"Thank you," said Hâtemi Tey, "but how did you know that I was a padişah?"

"One padişah can readily recognize another. Although I do not know for certain just who you are, I have reason to believe that you are the padişah known as Hâtemi Tey. I am known as the Girl Padişah."⁴

Hâtemi Tey then explained the reason for his visit. "For some time I have been giving a few gold pieces to whatever poor

⁴The name of this second padişah is uncertain. In the most complete and most artistically narrated of the Hâtemi Tey variants in ATON (No. 559) this ruler is referred to just once (the first time) as Kız Padişah (Girl Padişah) but every time thereafter as Kış Padişah (Winter Padişah). Neither seems an appropriate title in that tale, for the padişah is very clearly not a girl, and there is absolutely nothing in the tale to indicate that the place is wintry, cold, or in a northerly location. We did, however, title that ruler the Padişah of Winter because the word kış described him so frequently. --In the present tale, the

man might come to my door and hold out his hand for alms. Recently I learned that you make an even larger gift to anyone who comes to your door and offers thanks to God. Now, my girl, tell me, if you please, how you manage to find so much gold."

"I shall tell you that only after you have satisfied my own curiosity about another matter," said the local ruler.

"What is that matter?" asked Hâtemi Tey.

"There is a blind man who sits all day long every day in a coffeehouse in Adana. He gives a gold coin to anyone who will slap him upon his neck. If you can discover why that blind man does that, I shall tell you how I manage to have so much gold to give away."

Hâtemi Tey remained that night as a guest in the palace of the Girl Padişah, but when morning came, he set forth at once for Adana. After traveling for several days, he reached Adana and located the coffeehouse that had been described to him. There he observed with his own eyes what he had been told. A blind man sat at a table there and paid a gold coin to everyone who slapped him on the neck. When all the other customers left the coffeehouse that evening, Hâtemi Tey went to the blind man and asked, "What is the reason for what has been happening

host padişah initially seems to be a girl, for she receives a male guest only while separated from that guest by a curtain, and she is again referred to as "my girl" by Hâtemi Tey. Subsequently she is again referred to here as the Girl Padişah.

here all day? Why do you pay everyone who comes along for slapping you on the neck? Your neck is badly swollen from so many blows."

The blind man did not tell him what he wanted to know. Instead, he said, "Come to my home and be my guest for the night." After the two had talked for some time, Hâtemi Tey revealed who he was and again asked the blind man to explain what had happened at the coffeehouse. The blind man replied, "I should be willing to explain that to you if you could explain something that I want to know."

"What is that?"

"In Mersin there is a man who alternately laughs and cries all day long. What is it that causes him to do that? If you can discover his secret and tell it to me, I shall tell you why I behave the way I do.

The following morning Hâtemi Tey bade the blind man farewell and departed for Mersin. It was not a very great distance away, and on the second day of travel, he arrived there. After searching for a while, he found the man who by turns laughed and cried.⁵ After observing him for a while, Hâtemi Tey asked

⁵In ATON No. 559 this character is a muezzin who had thrice been carried from a minaret to utopian lands from which he had been ejected. He had been carried by an anka, a giant bird. Wishing to return to the utopian lands, he imagines that the anka is returning to pick him up again; he begins laughing as he rushes to and ascends the minaret but weeps and descends when the anka doesn't come.

"May I be your guest tonight?"

"Yes, of course," said the laugher and weeper. The two of them then went to that strange man's home.

After they had talked for a while about other things, Hâtemi Tey asked his host, "What is the nature of your difficulty? Why is it that you are briefly very happy but soon give way to great grief? If you come laughing, you always leave crying. Why do you do this?"

"Ah-h-h. Tell me first just who you are
am the padişah Hâtemi Tey, and I am very curious about

"Why are you curious about me?"

"That is a rather long story, but I shall tell it to you as briefly as possible. For some time I had been giving some gold coins to any poor man who came to my palace door and held out his hand. I thought that I was being generous in doing this, but I was told of another padişah who gave a hundred gold pieces to anyone who came to his door and gave thanks to God. I went to that more generous padişah and inquired how he could get enough gold to give it away so freely. He refused to tell me until I brought him certain information about a blind man living in Adana. That blind man responded in the same way that the padişah had. He refused to tell me what I wanted to know until I brought him an explanation for your behavior. I am weary of traveling from one place to another in this. Please

explain your problem to me so that I can go back home along the same route by which I came."

"No, you cannot go home yet!" said the man who both laughed and cried.

"Why not?"

"Because first you must get me some information that I desire. Only then will I tell you about the difficulties in my life."

"What is the information that you want?"

"At a certain place there is a köşker.⁶ If you can find out what it is that ails that köşker,⁷ I shall tell you my secret."

Once more Hâtemi Tey set forth to discover information about another unusual person. When he reached the place where that köşker lived, he found him sitting and laughing, "Hah,

⁶Köşker is a dialect word in Maraş and Malatya and Gaziantep Provinces for shoemaker. It has also come to be a proper name, just as Shoemaker is a family name in English--as Miller, Carpenter, Smith.

⁷Köşker is also a compulsive and disturbed laughter but in a different way than is the Mersin laughter. If ATON 559 can be considered the main Turkish text of the Hâtemi Tey tale, then Köşker (an old clothes dealer in No. 559) should cry throughout the forenoon and laugh all afternoon. In both 559 and the present variant these characters cry because they have lost beautiful wives and the good life of their former locations. They then laugh because they have escaped death at the hands of those wives, both of whom were revealed to be dangerous witches and ghouls. In the present variant this is just barely suggested, and Köşker's weeping and laughter are not shown as emotions that last 3-4 hours apiece.

hah, ha-a-ah!" After the two men had talked briefly, Köşker said to the padişah Hâtemi Tey, "Be my guest tonight, and after dinner I shall tell you my story." That evening the host related to his guest the following account

"My padişah, I began life as an orphan, and my childhood was filled with poverty. But when I had become a young man, good people of my town collected some money for me and arranged for my marriage to a neighborhood girl. She was not only a beautiful girl but also one with very good manners. We lived happily together, but there was one odd habit of hers that disturbed me: She would never join me at meals. Many times I said, 'Come here and eat with me.'

"But she always answered, 'No. Let me serve you now, and I shall eat later.' This went on one day, five days, ten days and then it continued for one month, five months. She also had a problem trying to keep warm. Sometimes at night she would say to me, 'Alas, my man, I am freezing. Cover me and keep me warm.'

"Following the advice of some friends, I began to observe closely her behavior at night. One evening in order to prevent this, she gave me a drink that contained a drug. I only pretended to drink it, and shortly afterward I pretended that it had put me to sleep. Each time she tested me, I acted as if I were a dead person. Finally she stood up, changed her bed clothes for street clothes, and went outside. I very carefully

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followed her and observed what she was doing. She climbed into a very large earthenware jar⁸ and--Pr-r-r-t⁹--she began to fly away. I followed her at a distance, running along behind as fast as I could

flew to a cemetery and met some other women there who also came in küps. One of them was the teacher of the rest, and that woman said to my wife, 'You are late again.'

"'Yes, I couldn't get my husband to sleep any sooner. He just now fell asleep.

"'But I told you to get here earlier,' the teacher said. I observed all of these women and heard their teacher giving them instructions

"There had been a funeral for a dead person in the nearby town on that day. All of the dead person's relatives had taken her to the cemetery, and after the funeral services, they had all gone home again. My wife went to that corpse's grave and dug up the body. She then cut out the corpse's liver and ate it. I was so horrified by this that I fled home and returned

⁸This is known in Turkish as a küp. Throughout the Middle East there are huge earthenware vases used for storing water, oil, honey, wine, and other liquids. Such a vase is like the classical amphora but larger. Some are 4-6 feet tall, capable of holding 50-100 gallons. Turkish witches do not ride on broomsticks but on küps.

⁹Onomatopoeia for the sound of the flutter of wings as birds take off in flight. A küp has no wings, but the same sound signals the beginning of their ascent.

to bed. When my wife also got back, she awakened me and said, 'Alas, my man, I am freezing, freezing!'¹⁰ then went to sleep again.

"One days, two days, three days passed, and she still refused to eat her meals with me. I was so annoyed by this that I finally said to her, 'Where can I find a liver from a newly buried corpse for you to eat?'

unfortunate "As soon as I said that, she changed immediately. Each of her eyebrows grew to a length of three fingers. Each of her fingernails grew to the size of a mule's hoof. With her eyes bulging out of her head, she screamed, 'Get out of here or I will tear you to pieces!' She then gave me such a tremendous kick that I was lifted high into the air, and when I came down, I landed here.¹¹ Whenever I remember her beauty, I cry at the thought of having lost her, but then when I realize how fortunate I was to escape her alive, I rejoice and begin to laugh

Having learned the secret of the cause of the köşker's alternate weeping and laughter, Hâtemi Tey returned to Mersin to the man there who also cried and laughed by turns. That man greeted him and said, "And so you have returned, padişah father?"

¹⁰Witches, somewhat less than human, are thought to be cold-blooded creatures.

¹¹Witches are reputedly very strong, capable of lifting boulders and tipping buildings off their sills. The counterpart witch in ATON 559 grabs her husband by the arm and throws him out of a window.

"Yes, I have returned," said Hâtemi Tey, and at the invitation of the other, he returned with him to his home. After had talked of other matters for a while, Hâtemi Tey said, is the information you wanted concerning the köşker." He then proceeded to tell him the köşker's story, and he received, in return, an account of his host's secret past life.

"Father, I was in love with the daughter of the padişah of my land, but I was a poor man and thus had little chance of marrying her. One day this girl disappeared, and her family did not know what had happened to her or where she had gone. From servants in the palace I heard a rumor that she had been stolen from the palace and taken to a cemetery where she had been killed and buried.

"The padişah had announcements made that he would give his daughter in marriage to anyone who was able to find her whereabouts, but I had no more success than all the others searching for her. One evening I saw walking toward the cemetery a man who carried a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread. I followed and, hiding between two tombstones, I watched what he was doing there. He removed some soil from a newly filled grave and then climbed down into the opening. A girl's voice said, 'So, you have come again!

'Yes, I have come again,' the man answered. 'I have come to tell you again that you must become my wife or I shall kill

"'I will never be yours!' said the girl.

"The man then beat the girl severely. Leaving the pitcher of water and the bread there for her, he again covered up the top part of the grave and left.

"Knowing that the buried girl was the lost princess, I went to her father and asked, 'My padişah, if I can find your lost daughter, will you give her to me?'

"'Yes, I shall give her to you,' he said.

"'Well, my padişah, if you will give me the services of several soldiers, I shall be able to bring your daughter here in a day or two.' The padişah granted my request and assigned several soldiers to me.

"On the following evening I took these soldiers to the cemetery and ordered them to do exactly what I told them to do. I hid them and myself behind tombstones around the grave in which the princess had been buried.

"Again the man with the pitcher and bread came to that grave. After removing the soil from the top of the grave, the girl shouted, 'So, you have come again, have you?' Before the man could answer, the soldiers rushed upon him and captured Both the princess and her assailant were taken to the padişah.

"True to his word, the padişah gave his daughter to me in marriage. After the wedding was over and the princess and I began living together, I thought that I should be happy for rest of my life, but this was not to be. There were many other

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suitors who had wished to marry the princess, and these men now began to harass me. 'Look at this poor fellow! Why should he be allowed to have the padişah's daughter?' Three or five days later, a group of them came, armed with clubs and stones, to attack me. There was no way in which I could contend with so many enemies, and so I fled to the cemetery to hide there. Seeing a huge bird perched on a tombstone, I grabbed its legs, and--Pr-r-r-t!--it carried me from that land and deposited me here on top of a minaret.¹² The bird keeps coming back to the minaret, and when I see it here, I am overcome with joy. I laugh and laugh as I rush up the minaret, hoping that the bird will take me back to my real home and my beautiful wife. But by the time I have climbed to the top of the minaret, the bird has disappeared, and I am overcome with grief. That is the reason that I spend much of my time laughing and crying."

¹²The narrator has obviously heard someone tell the main Turkish text of Hâtemi Tey's adventures, but she has retained in her memory only scraps of that very long tale that has a performance time of about three hours. This episode in the main text is lengthy, for it includes the protagonist's experiences in three different utopian lands to which he is carried by a giant bird. Nûriye Yalvaç remembers a giant bird's bringing the protagonist to a minaret, but she has forgotten (1) that his story began on a minaret, and (2) that it did so because he was a muezzin who announced the prayer services from atop a minaret; and she has also totally forgotten (3) that the protagonist had protracted experiences in three other lands between the time he was first carried away from the minaret and the time he was finally deposited there, never to be picked up again. Rescuing a princess from a cemetery and subsequently marrying her is an episode totally lacking from the main text.

Thanking his host for giving him this account of his strange adventure, Hâtemi Tey retired there for the night. Early the next morning he departed and traveled toward Adana. When he finally arrived at the city, he located the blind man again and said to him, "I have brought for you the information which you sent me to get." He then repeated the story we have just heard about the young man who laughingly ascended the minaret but weepingly descended it. Satisfied with this information, he then explained the great crisis of his own life to Hâtemi Tey.

"I have not always been blind. I became that way during the experience that I shall now tell you. In my younger years I was a muleteer with a pack of forty mules. One day a man came to me and said, 'I have been told that you have forty mules for hire. If you want a job that will require all forty of them, I have that big a load to move.'

"'Yes, I shall undertake such a job,' I said.

"We traveled for some distance to the place where this man said his load was located. After we had dismounted, he lighted a fire, and then, holding his prayer beads in his hand, he said to me, 'Son, for a while now you will see some strange things. All earth and sky may seem to be in a tumult, but don't be frightened by this.

"'Why should I be afraid?' I answered

"'Then follow me,' he said. We then approached a door in

the side of a hill, but there seemed to be no way to open it. Earth and sky suddenly mixed with each other, and the door swung open. 'Put out the fire now. We no longer need its light. I did as he directed, and then we passed through the door

"Just inside the door a girl was sitting. Going up to that girl, my employer removed a small box from behind her ear and placed it in his sash.¹³ He then said to me, 'Go and bring your saddlebags here.' When I returned, we loaded the saddlebags of all forty mules with jewels from that cave in the hillside. He then set back in her chair again the girl we had seen upon entering the hillside,¹⁴ and extinguishing the lamp, left the cave. As we went out, the door closed behind us--shilott!¹⁵

"We set off at once on our return journey. As we traveled along, I kept thinking of the huge mass of jewels we had taken from the hillside cave and it seemed to me like too great a

¹³Traditional Turkish trousers (şalvar) had no pockets. Men carried small personal items either inside their shirts or tucked them behind their cummerbunds. The cummerbund was then part of everyday garb, not merely a fancy touch added to formal dress.

¹⁴Just what had happened to the girl and why she was set back again is not at all clear here. In the main Turkish text there is also such a girl from whom a small box is taken, but she has no other functions in the tale.

¹⁵Onomatopoeia for the sound of a door closing tightly.

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treasure for the hoca¹⁶ I asked him to give me one mule load of these jewels, and he agreed to this. But as I thought more about the matter, I decided that I should have a larger portion of the treasure, and so I asked for another four loads. He agreed to give me these too. But the more I got, the greedier I became, and I finally forced him to give me all forty loads of jewels. He said, 'Take them! They are all yours. Enjoy them!'

"I wondered why he had been willing to give me all this wealth without any greater protest than he had made. Then I remembered the little box which he had taken from behind the ear of the girl who sat just inside the cave door. Perhaps he was willing to give up the forty mule loads of jewels because that box was worth much more. So, when we stopped and he was drinking water from a roadside fountain, I shouted, 'Father Father!'

"What is the matter?' he asked.

"Father, if that box you took from behind the girl's ear

¹⁶A hoca is a preacher and the religious leader of a community. In pre-Republican times the hoca was also the community teacher. Separation of church and state in the Republic required that teachers be people of secular rather than of religious training.

Again the narrator reveals only a passing acquaintance with the main Turkish text. The employer of the muleteer in the main text is a dervish, quite a different religious figure from a hoca. His dervish qualities are very noticeable throughout the story. In the present variant text, he is called a hoca, not a dervish, and he is referred to only quite late in the story.

were not worth more than these forty loads of jewels, you would not have given all these jewels to me. Tell me the uses of that box or I shall kill you!'

"My son, do not do this. That great amount of jewels is a treasure. You will never need anything else.' But I refused to listen to what he was saying, and I insisted on knowing what was in that box. He finally said, 'All right, my son. I shall show you.' Taking a needle from that box, he touched one of my eyes with it, and I was then able to see the sources of all the jewels in the world.

"I was so pleased with this result that I said to him, 'Do the same thing to my other eye.' At first he refused to grant my wish, but he finally touched my other eye with the needle. When he did so, I discovered that I had become completely blind in both eyes.

"The hoca then slapped me on the neck and said, 'You deserve it! Until I come to you a second time, there will be a curse upon you which will require you to be slapped repeatedly on the neck. And each person who slaps you on the neck is to say, "You deserve it!"'

"The mules knew the way home, and they brought me back here, where I immediately dug a pit and buried the forty mule loads of jewels. Until that hoca returns to remove the curse from me, I shall pay a gold piece to any passing person who will slap my neck and say, 'You deserve it!'"

Having learned the blind man's story, Hâtemi Tey bade him farewell and returned to the land of the Girl Padişah. When he arrived at that ruler's palace, she said, "Oh padişah, have you now returned?"

"Yes, I have," said Hâtemi Tey. After he had been welcomed and given formal and proper greetings, Hâtemi Tey related to the Girl Padişah what he had learned about the blind man.

She said, "Stop! That is enough." She then, in her turn, gave an account of her own behavior.

"Many years ago my father was padişah of this land. His reign was at first not very happy, for there were almost constant robberies of homes and businesses throughout the land. Hardly a day passed without a major robbery. It was later discovered that during this period of robbery thieves had stolen so much that they had had to dig a large cave into the side of a mountain in which to hide all of their loot. These crimes continued so long that they almost drove my father mad. No one could solve the crimes or identify the thieves

"One day a poor man was walking near the mountain containing the stolen goods when he saw a hoca riding along on his way to prayer service. He noticed that the hoca's horse was almost covered with small bells. Amazed at what he saw, this poor man called out, 'Stop, hoca!'

"'Why are you staring at me that way?' asked the hoca

"I am not looking at you but at all the bells on your horse. Why do you have those bells on your horse?"

"Son, I cover my horse with bells so that as I ride along the ants and other tiny creatures can hear me coming and get out of my way. I want them to escape and not die under my horse's feet.

"Sheep dung!" said the man to himself. Then, after thinking about this for a while, he said, "This man may be responsible for all of the robberies that are being committed!"

"The hoca went to the mosque for the prayer service, and the poor man came to my father and said, 'My padişah.

"What is it, son?' asked my father.

"May I speak to you about something?"

"Say whatever it is that you wish to say,' said my father

"I believe that I have found the thief you have been seeking so long.'

"Where is he?' asked the padişah

"My padişah, what will you give me if I can find that thief for you?"

"I shall give you everything! This terrible thievery has been going on for seven years!"

"The grand vizier's home had recently been robbed, and one of the most valuable articles stolen from it had been a set of amber prayer beads. It was such a set of beads that the hoca had been holding in his hand when the poor man had asked him

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about his horse's bells. He therefore said to the padişah now, 'I should like to have you call such and such a hoca to your home. While he is there, tell him that you have a sick child who might recover if the holy hoca's prayer beads were hung around the child's neck.

"The padişah did as he had been requested and invited the hoca to dinner at the palace. After they had finished eating and drinking, the padişah said, 'My hoca, my children and my wife are sick. Will you let me borrow your prayer beads to hang on each one of them in turn in order to cure them?'

"'Certainly,' said the hoca. 'Here they are

"The padişah left the room with the amber prayer beads, but instead of taking them to his family, he handed them to the poor man. That man took the beads to the grand vizier and asked 'Are these your beads?' When he was told that they were indeed the missing beads, the poor man and the vizier went into the presence of the padişah and his guest. There the poor man asked 'My padişah, may I have permission to speak to you?'

"'Speak, son,' said the padişah.

"'The thief that you have been seeking so long is now sitting beside you. Who is the real owner of these amber beads in my hand?'

"'They are mine,' said the grand vizier. 'They were stolen from my house just a few nights ago

"The hoca and all of his assistants were arrested, and after

Hoca

their trial, the hoca was beheaded. All of the stolen goods taken during several years of robberies were recovered. Shortly after that, my father died and left his throne to me. I tried to return all of the stolen goods to their rightful owners, but most of the treasure was never claimed. It was worth a very great amount of money, and I am giving that money, a hundred gold pieces at a time, to anyone who knocks on my palace door and offers thanks to God."¹⁷

The padişah Hâtemi Tey returned home after a long absence. There he freed his treasurer and the forger of his signature. He said to the forger, "I forgive you."

He then held a large feast and invited everyone to attend it. I was one of those who went to that feast. We ate and drank a great amount, and it was all delicious."¹⁸

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¹⁷Like the other episodes in this variant of the Hâtemi Tey story, this is a greatly telescoped rendition of events in the main text. The background of the poor man (which enables him to penetrate the hypocrisy of the hoca with many bells) is here entirely omitted.

¹⁸This is a common sign-off device in Turkish folktales. It is a kind of terminating formula.