

Story #223 (Milli Kütüphane Tape)

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Musa's Mother

Once upon a time in the service of a padişah there was a groom. His name was Musa. Every once in a while the girls in the palace would start teasing him, saying, "Please, Musa, bring your mother. Let us see her."

And he would say, "What would you do with my mother? Leave her alone."

They would say again, "Musa, bring your mother. Let us see your mother."

"What would you do with my mother?" he would say.

But finally he had to yield, and he decided to bring his mother to show to the ladies. It seems his mother had many plum trees in her garden. He went to his mother and said, "They want to see you, Mother, at the palace. I shall take you there to introduce you to my ladies. Fill a basket with plums and get dressed, and then I shall come for you."

So she got dressed up, after filling the basket with plums, and they went to the palace. There were other guests that day, so when she came they took her into another guest room. While she was waiting for the lady of the house, she put the basket of plums on the table

Finally she stood up and got a plum for herself and ate it, keeping the pit in her hand. A little later she stood up again and took another plum and ate it, keeping the pit in her hand. And for the third time she got up and got another one, but she could not eat it all in time, so she stuck it in her cheek

The lady of the house came in just then, and said, "Welcome, Musa's mother. Why, what's happened to your cheek?"

"I do not know," mumbled Musa's mother. "It is just swollen today."

Musa's mother is sick!" they said. It happened that one of the girls in the house was sick, so there was a doctor in the house. "Call the doctor!" they said. "Call the doctor! Musa's mother is sick."

The doctor rushed in, and all he found was a plum in her cheek. Everyone laughed and laughed, and they all told Musa what had happened to his mother.

And Musa took his mother home, saying, "Please, Mother, do not ever do things like that again. Why did you have to do that?"

Well, a few months later they began at the house again. "Musa, bring your mother. We miss her Musa, bring your mother."

"Why? What would you do with my mother?"

"Please, please bring your mother. We miss her."

"What will you do with my mother?" he asked. "She is a plain woman."

no, no!" they said. "Bring your mother. We want her."

For teasing and teasing, he decided to take his mother to the palace again, so he went to his mother. "I shall take you there again, Mother. But please, Mother, act cleverly this time, and do not make a fool of yourself I am going to take you there and you will stay there all night, but not foolishly, please

How they welcomed her when she came! "Oh, welcome, Musa's mother! Welcome!" They laughed and played and enjoyed themselves. When it came night they made up her bed in the kitchen with a nurse, who also slept there. But she was sleepless, and she got up and went to the cupboard. In the cupboard she found all sorts of jellies and honey, delicious things to eat. She liked

honey, so she took the honey jar. Wanting to eat some honey, she stuck her hand into the jar. But then she could not get her hand out of the jar again. She tried to pull it out and she could not; and she tried to pull it out and she could not. She jumped around, trying to shake it off, and finally it came Plump on the nurse's head, and the nurse's head was very badly bumped.

The nurse began to scream, "My head! My head! Oh, my head is broken!"

And everyone in the palace rushed to her bedside, saying, "What is it, nurse? What is it?"

She said, "Something hit me on the head."

They looked around and saw that Musa's mother's hand was covered with honey from hanging down inside the honey jar. They laughed and laughed--it was all in fun. They bandaged the nurse's head and ~~quieted her~~ down and put her to sleep.

In the morning they called Musa and told him what his mother had done. And Musa said, "Well, why do you want to have that foolish woman around here? Why do you keep on asking her to come? She makes a fool of me, and she makes me ashamed of what she does. Please do not ask her again," he said, and he took his mother home.

In the fall, in grape time, they started again. "Musa, bring your mother. Musa, bring your mother to eat grapes. Musa, bring your mother."

They teased and teased, until finally Musa could bear it no longer. He went home and said, "Mother, they want you again. I shall take you there. But please, Mother, act wisely. Do not make a fool of yourself."

"Oh, no!" she said. "Why should I?"

This time they put her bed in the barn, where all the grapes were hung in bunches. She woke up in the middle of the night and felt like eating some

grapes, but she could not get them down. So she took the kerchief from her head and she tossed it up, and one grape fell down. That one tasted so good that she took her stocking and threw it up, and there fell another grape! At last she took her dress off and got one grape, which she ate. She took her clothing, piece by piece, and threw it up, and dropped one grape after another and ate it. Finally she was all stripped of her clothing except for her slip.

While she jumped and hopped and jumped and hopped to get at the grapes, the floor sagged. Underneath this floor there was the stable; the horses were there. When the floor gave way, she fell down upon a horse.

It seems Musa was sleeping there where the horses were. When he opened his eyes, he saw his mother sitting on a horse, and without a bit of clothing on her except a slip. "What is this? What are you doing, Mother?" he shouted. He became so angry that he wrapped her in his caot and took her home.

And no matter how much the palace girls teased, he never took her back to visit again.