

Story 953 (1977 Tapes 29
and 30)

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Location: Bardaklı village,
Arpaçay kaza,
Kars Province

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Fragments of the Tale of Hatem Tey

TEK Time within time, when the sieve was in time,¹ when the camel was a town crier, when the cat was a bandit like wind from the stream, like water from the hills,² like the brave wrestler Hamzai,³ like a jumping gazelle, there were two padişahs. One of these padişahs was a Moslem and the other was an infidel.

These two padişahs were for some time at war with each other. Finally the Moslem padişah defeated his enemy so

¹ The opening lines of this tale form a tekerleme, a nonsensical jingle meant to amuse listeners and capture their attention. The narrator has included some traditional elements as well as some inventions of his own. Time within time (zaman zaman içinde), a common motif in Turkish tales, refers to seemingly extensive time in a dream which in terms of clock time takes only a few seconds. The sieve is usually said to be in the straw, a ludicrous reversal, for in threshing, the straw is put into the sieve. To say that the sieve was in time is meaningless--even in this context of silliness.

² The reversal of the sources of wind and water here is typical of the incongruity of the tekerleme.

³ There are other references in Kars tales to a wrestler named Hamzai. Is he a local athlete, or is he an imaginary character?

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Carloz
E. Hanım
completely that everyone in the infidel land from seven to
seventy⁴ years old and who was able to hold a weapon was
killed

The infidel padişah had a seven-year-old daughter who was very beautiful, and during the war this girl was captured by the Moslem padişah's son. The prince took the infidel princess to his own country, and there he said to his mother, who was named Cevher Hanım,⁵ "Mother, I have brought this girl home.

When he woke up in the morning, he also awakened the infidel princess and took her hunting with him. He had two horses, one called Wind Horse and the other Gray Horse.^{2,4,5} He rode upon Wind Horse, and the girl rode Gray Horse. The prince taught the girl how to use a sword, a lance, a shield, finally a bow with arrows. He raised the girl to look like a knight. No match could be found for her anywhere in the world, for she was a unique girl

Time passed, and the girl reached the age of ten, of eleven, of twelve, of thirteen, and fourteen. With every day that passed, she became more beautiful and more brave.

⁴ A common Turkish expression meaning almost everyone.

⁵ Actually, Hanım is not part of her name but a title Lady.

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One day the padişah's son was going partridge hunting. He arose early and stopped at the girl's room to awaken her, but when he saw how peacefully and innocently she was sleeping, he was unable to disturb her. He therefore went hunting that day by himself, riding, as usual, on Wind Horse. While he was hunting in the forest, he suddenly thought to himself, "I wonder. . . I left the girl in her room sleeping. When she awakens, will she perhaps ride away to her father's country?" When this occurred to him, he turned around quickly and rode rapidly to the palace. There he was unable to find the girl. He asked his mother, "Mother, where is the princess?"

She said, "Son, after you had gone, she arose and also left. She went that way." As she said this, she pointed in the direction the girl had taken.

Riding on Wind Horse, the padişah's son immediately began following the girl's tracks. After some time he overtook the girl, who was, as he suspected, riding toward her father's country. He said, "Oh, princess, where are you going?"

The girl answered, "You killed my father and all his soldiers. You killed all my relatives, including my brothers. You destroyed my country, and then you captured

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me. Now I am going back to my father's land to claim my father's throne

The padişah's son tried and tried to persuade her to return with him, but all his words were useless. Then the two of them began to fight each other. Heartless, the girl felt no pity for the padişah's son, and so she was able to fight without being restrained by mercy. But the prince could not fight effectively against her, for he was too afraid of hurting her. As a result, the girl had a great advantage in the fight, and when she wielded her sword, wounded him in the head. When the prince fell from his horse to the ground, the girl thought, "I have eaten a great amount of his bread. Therefore, I cannot kill him, and I cannot just let him die, either."⁶

She dismounted and wrapped the head of the wounded prince. She then exchanged her horse for his, leaving him Gray Horse and riding on Wind Horse as she left. She continued on to her own country, where there was still no padişah. She therefore named herself padişah and began to rule.

⁶ This typifies the Turkish sense of hospitality. If one has accepted food from or housing from another, one has a compelling commitment to that person. This is fully as operable in Turkish real life as it is in Turkish folktales

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When the wounded prince regained consciousness in the middle of the night, he discovered that his head was wounded. Mounting Gray Horse, he rode back to his home, where his mother treated his wound until it was completely healed. After a while he decided to go to the girl's country, for he had very serious intentions of marrying her. The name of the girl's country was Çivil.

When the padişah's son reached that country, he found, everywhere he looked, a state of festivity. It seemed that almost everyone was playing a different instrument. People were talking, laughing, eating, drinking, and enjoying themselves. As he was passing in front of one of the houses, an old woman asked, "Son, your face does not look like most of our faces here. You are apparently not from this country."

"You are right, grandmother," he said. "I am not a resident of this country. I am a stranger and a Moslem."

The old woman said, "Son, I am a Moslem too."

The son of the padişah stayed at the old woman's house for the night. He gave some money to the old woman the next day, and she went to the market to buy some rice, some butter, and various other foods. She brought these home and began to cook.

The prince asked her, "Grandmother, do you have a padişah in this country?"

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"Oh, yes, we do, my son

The son of the padişah then said, "That girl was once my beloved. I came here to get her."

The old woman laughed at him and said, "My dear boy I have a daughter. Give up that girl padişah, and I shall give my daughter to you.

"What is your daughter doing?" he asked.

"My daughter goes to the forest every day to cut wood and then bring it home for our use."

The old woman continued cooking in order to prepare lunch. She cooked one cauldron of wheat, one cauldron of pilaf,⁷ and one cauldron of hasıl.⁸ When the padişah's son saw all this food, he asked, "Grandmother, what is all this?"

The old woman answered, "Son, this is my daughter's lunch. She will soon return from the forest to eat her lunch."

The prince looked in astonishment at the three cauldrons of food and thought to himself, "My God! Fifteen or twenty soldiers would not be able to eat that much food!"

⁷ A staple of the Turkish diet, pilaf or pilav is a rice dish containing tiny pieces of meat. It may also contain pine nuts and/or currants.

⁸ Hasıl is green, unripe grain used as a vegetable before harvest time. Green barley is a favorite kind of hasıl.

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A short time later he heard a very loud noise. Looking out the window, he saw an enormous girl, almost as large as a giant, approaching. This girl was carrying four very large tree branches, so large, in fact, that four strong oxen could not have carried them. As she was turning the corner past a neighbor's house, one of those branches struck a corner of the house and destroyed it. This huge girl then bellowed, "Oh, Mother, I am hungry!"

The son of the padişah took a closer look at this girl and said to himself, "Oh, my God! What is this? She looks like a giant!"

Once the huge daughter of the old woman had started eating, she ate everything before her. The prince was able to get only one small plate of food before everything was consumed. The girl ate all the rest. When she was finished eating, she took the soot from the bottoms of the cauldrons and rubbed it on her eyebrows.

Stunned by almost everything about this girl, the prince asked her mother, "Grandmother, what is she doing with the soot?"

The old woman said, "Why, son, that is her makeup! Now look here, son: Why don't you accept my daughter as wife? I am quite willing to give her to you."

"But, grandmother, I came here to find my beloved!"

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can you describe that girl to us?"

"Grandmother, I do not know how I could ever describe my beloved accurately. God has already described her. But, anyway, listen to this:

O green-eyed beauty, my love is yours;
 Let me place green onions before your eyes
 Let me kiss those eyes which shatter me
 As falling silver splashes water."⁹

The old woman asked, "Son, what is this?"

"This is a description of my beloved Now tell me where she is. How can I find her?"

The old woman said, "Son, this girl has become a padişah. How can you expect to marry her?" As the old woman was talking in this way, her daughter was eagerly awaiting the prince's response to her mother's marriage proposal

the son of the padişah paid no attention to either woman now. He left their house and found his way to the palace. When he saw his beloved, he said to her, "Look at me! I did not kill you, but you tried to kill me. Will you leave this place and come with me?"

⁹ However unromantic this quatrain may seem, it is a literal translation of the narrator's Turkish.

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7.1.55 T28M 9-27
T28M 2 9. 12w
T28M 9-27

The girl padişah answered, "I shall go with you if you will first learn the story about Baker Hüseyin, who lives in İstanbul. I promise that after you do that, I shall go with you

The prince answered, "It will be my pleasure to do that, and I shall start to investigate his story right away." Without saying another word, he left the palace and started for İstanbul.

9-12
Along the way he came upon a blind man sitting on the side of the road and inviting passersby to slap him on the head. To each person who slapped him he gave a golden lira for each blow struck. The son of the padişah was so curious about this that he remained there all day watching. Regardless of how many times he had been struck, the blind man continued to pay another golden lira each time someone slapped his head. Darkness fell, but the prince remained with the blind man, and after a short while longer the two of them went to the home of the blind man. It became clear to the prince that his host was a very wealthy man, the owner of many buidings, including Turkish baths and caravanserais. After they had eaten dinner, the prince said to his host, "Brother, I am very curious about you. You sat by the side of the road all day giving golden liras to people who hit you on the head. Why were you doing this?"

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The blind man said, "Ah, brother, I shall tell you my story. Long ago when I was young, I was a very strong man.

day back then I heard a hoca^{10 10} shouting, 'Who will go hunting with me? I shall pay 500 golden liras to anyone who will go hunting with me for three days. Who wants that money?'

"I said to him, 'I want it, and I shall be glad to go you.'

"The next day we set out together, and we went somewhere that was unfamiliar to me. When we came to a mountain, the hoca spoke some words that I did not understand to the

mountain, and then golden liras began to pour out of an opening in the mountainside. We loaded forty camels with bags of gold and started home. Along the way back, I began to think about this huge quantity of gold, and I began to change my mind about the job I had undertaken. I said to the hoca, 'Why is it that I am to get only 500 golden liras from all this gold? I demand five camel loads of gold for my work!' The hoca agreed to this demand.

"As we traveled along some distance farther, the thought of all the gold began to upset me again, and once more I changed my mind. This time I said, 'I want ten camel loads of gold for my work!'"

¹⁰ A Moslem priest.

3x
0-12

Story

"Again the hoca said, 'All right

"Now that my greed for gold had gotten the better of me, there was no limit to my demands. I demanded twenty camel loads and then thirty camel loads, and the hoca agreed to each larger demand. Finally I said, 'Hey! I want all forty camel loads of gold!

"'All right, then,' said the hoca, 'you may take it all!'

"But he agreed so quickly to my outrageous demands that I grew suspicious, and I said, 'I don't trust you, Hoca, and so I am going to kill you!

"He said, 'Son, do not kill me, and I shall pray that one of your eyes be given the power to see whatever is hidden beneath the surface of the ground and that the other will be given the power to see whatever is hidden above the ground.'¹¹ He prayed that I would have these special powers, and I actually began to have the ability to see into both worlds. But even with that miraculous gift, I still intended to kill the hoca.

"He said to me, 'Son, please do not do this. Have some pity for yourself!'

¹¹ The notion of heightened visual power enabling one to see treasure buried beneath the surface of the ground is a motif that can be found elsewhere in Turkish folktales.

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"But, brainless, I did not change my mind, and so I killed the hoca. As he was dying, he placed upon me a curse which caused both of my eyes to become completely blind. I had to hold on to the tail of one of the camels and let the caravan lead me back to my city. After a while I realized a terrible thing I had done, and I felt that my blindness was not sufficient punishment for it. That is the reason that I pay people to slap my empty, brainless head."

Having heard this story, the prince thanked the blind and then continued on his way toward İstanbul. He went little, he went far. He went six months and a spring, but when he looked back, he saw that he had gone only the length of a packing needle.¹² When he came to a city, the muezzin¹³ climbing up As he ascended, delivered the ezan and was descending, he was crying.

¹² This is a traditional formulaic description of protracted travel. It occurs in many Turkish folktales. A packing needle (similar to an upholstery needle) is used for sewing shut burlap bags after they have been filled.

¹³ The muezzin is the person who chants the call to each of the five daily prayer services. When the mosque has a minaret, he chants from the top of that tall structure.

¹⁴ The ezan is the call to prayer.

*Formulaic
expression*

12 -25

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Very curious about the behavior of this muezzin, the son of the padişah approached him afterwards and said,

"Selâmünaleyküm." 13, 15, 1'

"Aleykümselâm,"¹⁵ returned the muezzin

The prince then asked, "Brother, why is it that you are laughing as you climb up the minaret but crying when you are coming back down? Please tell me

muezzin said, "Ah-h-h! I have suffered a great crisis in my life, and it is one that still causes me deep sorrow. Come along to my house, and there I shall tell you my difficulty." The two went to the home of the muezzin, and after they had eaten dinner, the host began to tell his story.

"Ah-h-h, brother, I was a young and healthy man when I had the experience that I am going to tell you about. One day I heard four men shouting something. When I got close enough to them to hear them well, I discovered that they were saying, 'Four golden liras will be paid for one hour of your time! Four golden liras for one hour of your time!'

"I was still young, and I had never had that much money. I therefore decided to accept their offer.

¹⁵ "Selâmünaleyküm/Aleykümselâm" is the traditional exchange of greetings between Moslems not acquainted with each other: "Peace be unto you/And may peace be unto you too."

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"We went to the bank of a stream where they slaughtered a horse. After cleaning the entrails out of the abdomen, placed me inside the carcass and sewed it shut again. Even though I was inside the horse where I could see nothing, I soon had a sensation of flying. What had happened was that some ^{14, 16, 20, 21, 22} Zümrüdü Anka birds had come along, and one of them had flown off with the body of the horse. They took the carcass to the top of a mountain pinnacle, and there began pecking at the flesh of the dead horse. When I stepped forth from the horse's abdomen, however, the birds were frightened and flew away.

"The peak of that mountain was very high, and all the sides went straight up and down. I could see no way of getting down. Then I noticed at the base of the peak some people who were so far away from me that they looked like ants. These people shouted up to me, 'Roll down to us some of the rocks from the peak! Roll down some of the rocks to us!'

"After I had rolled down some of the loose rocks from peak, I shouted down, 'Now help me to get down from here! Help me get down!'

¹⁶ The Anka is one of the mythical birds of giant size that appear in Middle Eastern tales. Others are called roc (rukh), simurgh, or phoenix. The roc appears in the Arabian Nights stories featuring Sindbad the Sailor. The word zümrüdü means emerald or emerald green.

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"They all laughed and shouted back, 'Get yourself down How can we get you down?' I later discovered that the rocks I had rolled down to them contained much gold ore.

now began to walk back and forth across the top of the peak. First I went to one side and then to another side, but nowhere could I find a road that led down. Then I came upon a path that ran along the top of the peak. Following this path for a short distance, I found a small cabin in which lived a bearded young man. I said, 'Selāmūnaleykūm.

"'Aleykūmselām.'

"I then said to him, 'Brother, I am trapped on this mountain peak. How can I get down?'

"He said, 'I do not know the answer to that question but perhaps my next older brother knows. He lives 500 meters' distance from me along this path. Go to him, and he may be able to tell you what to do.

"I went to the cabin of the older brother, whose beard had just begun to turn gray. There I asked the same question that I had asked the younger brother. He said, 'I do not know the answer to your question, but I have a brother much older than I am, and he may know. He lives at another 500

Brother
to whom I
refuse to
for a day

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meters' distance along this same path. Ask him, for he knows much more than I do.'¹⁷

"This time I went to the home of the oldest of the three brothers. There I saw a very old, white-bearded man sitting inside a large house. I greeted him, 'Selâmünaleyküm.

'Aleykümselâm.'

"Then I asked him, 'How can I get down from the top of this mountain?'

"He said, 'Son, there is no easy way to get down. It is a very dangerous descent. Stay here instead. Be my son, and I shall be your father.'

"I accepted this old man's invitation and stayed with him. I became his son, and he became my father. After six or seven months had passed, my father one day said, 'Son, I am going to visit my two brothers. While I am gone, I shall leave with you these forty keys which fit the doors of the forty rooms in this house. You may open the doors of the first thirty-nine rooms, but you must not open the door of the fortieth.

Inter-
How many

¹⁷ It is a common motif in Turkish folktales to have the hero referred to a succession of three brothers, the second older than the first, and the third the oldest. The brothers may be human beings, as they are here, or they may be birds (often vultures), or giants. In the cases of birds and giants, the differences in ages may amount to hundreds of years.

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"After my father had departed to visit his brothers, I opened the doors of the first thirty-nine rooms, one after another. These rooms were all filled with gold and other valuable things. When I got to the fortieth room, I hesitated about opening the door, but after thinking about it briefly, I decided to open it. Inside that room I found a large and very beautiful garden. Everywhere I looked I saw colorful singing birds, flowing streams, and beautiful flowers. In the center of the garden was a pool of water. As I was looking around in astonishment, three pigeons came

to this pool. Removing their cloaks of feathers, they became three beautiful girls who then began to swim about in the pool. As I gazed upon them, I immediately fell in love with the youngest girl. I tried to catch her, but what I caught in my hand was only a red frog. Then I fainted.

"After a long while I opened my eyes and saw my father sitting beside me. I asked, 'Oh, Father, what happened to me?'

"He answered, 'Ah, Son! When I got home I could not find you at first, but after I saw the door of the fortieth room standing open, I realized what had happened. I carried you out of that room and tried to revive you, but you did not awaken right away.'

Swan - *Thun*
Monty
 19

17-9, 22-23, 24

transformation 17, 18, 19, 20, 24

Story

"I then told my father what had happened to me, and I then said, while crying, 'Father, I fell in love with the youngest of the three girls!'

father tried to calm me, saying, 'Son, don't cry. If you want to see that girl again, you will have to wait seven years for her reappearance.'

"I waited there for another seven years. As the time for the return of the pigeons approached, my father said to me, 'Son, dig a hole near the pool large enough to hide in. Hide there before the pigeons arrive. When they come, they will shed their cloaks of feathers and change into human beings. You must then take the cloak of the one you love so that she can no longer turn back into a bird and fly away.'

"I dug a hole beside the pool, hid in that hole, and awaited the return of the pigeons. After a while the pigeons appeared and removed their feather cloaks, but the youngest said, 'Sisters, I smell human flesh here!'

sisters responded, 'Come along! Let us enter the pool and swim. You know very well that it is impossible for human beings to get here!'

soon as they entered the water, I quickly took the youngest girl's cloak and hid it. They saw me, however, just after I had done this, and the two older sisters rushed from the pool, grabbed their feather cloaks, and flew away,

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but the youngest, unable to find her feathers, could not escape. I gave her my coat to wear and took her to my father's room. After we had been married, we remained in my father's house for ten or fifteen days. During that time my father gave my wife many beautiful dresses.

"As the time of our departure drew near, my father said to me, 'Son, listen carefully to what I have to say to you. You must never allow the girl to get back her cloak of feathers, for if she does, she will fly away and be lost to you forever.'

"I said to the girl, 'My home is in another part of the country. Do you want to live there with me?'

Transformation
 "She said, 'Yes.' She then said some strange words, and we both became pigeons and flew away to my own district. After we had arrived there, she again said a few strange words and we /beginning of Tape 30/ were restored as human beings.

"Back home I began to build a very large house for my wife and myself. Remembering my father's caution, I placed my wife's feather cloak inside a box and buried that box beneath the foundation of the house. The house had just been completed when I heard a very loud smashing noise. When I saw a bird flying from the smashed foundation, I realized that my wife must have had some means of detecting

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location of her feather cloak. It was evident now that my wife had found her cloak and returned to her original bird form. I shouted at her as she was flying away, 'Stop! Don't leave! Where are you going?'

"She answered, 'I am returning to my original dwelling place. It is located in the city of Çimmeçil.'¹⁸

"I was now left alone, and I began to cry. For another seven years I lived in sorrow. Then one day I heard that same four men were announcing again the one-hour job which they would pay four golden liras. I accepted the job again and went with them again to the bank of the stream, where they slaughtered another horse. Once more I was sewn inside the carcass of the horse, and once more the Zümürdü Anka took me to the top of the same pinnacle. This time I my way out of the horse immediately and frightened away giant bird. Just as before, I heard the people below shouting, 'Roll down some of the rocks from up there!'

"I did not, of course, roll any rocks down this time but shouted back at them, 'Come up here and get them yourself!'

"This time I knew about the path along the top of the peak, and so I walked at once to the cabin of the bearded

¹⁸ Apparently an imaginary place.

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young man and told him my predicament. I asked him to find out for me where the city of Çimmeçil was located.

"He said, 'I have 10,000 birds under my command. The next time they come here to report to me, I shall ask them about the location of that city.' When his birds arrived, we asked them if they knew the whereabouts of a city named Çimmeçil, but none of them had ever heard of such a place. The young man then said to me, 'I have an older brother who commands 20,000 birds. Go to him. Perhaps his birds may know about tht city. Maybe he can help you find your wife.

"I went to the second brother and told him my difficulty. Together we awaited the arrival of his birds, and when they came we questioned them about the city of Çimmeçil. They too were unacquainted with any such place. The second brother then said, 'I have an older brother. Go to him. Since he controls 40,000 birds, he may be able to help you.'

"I next went to the oldest brother's house and waited for the coming of his birds. When they arrived, they were asked by this man, who was my adoptive father, whether they knew anything about my wife or about her native city. When none of the birds seemed to have any of the information I needed, I began to give up all hope of ever finding my wife. Then a very old Zümrüdü Anka bird came forward and said, 'I believe that I know the city you mean. When I was just a

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fledgling, we were living at Pervazlım¹⁹ village. While we were moving to another village, we passed over a city that my mother said was called Çimneçil. I remember where it is, and I know how to get there.'²⁰

"The old man then asked this bird, 'Can you take my there?'

"The bird answered, 'I cannot enter that city, but I can take him almost there. I can carry him to the border of that city.

"I rode on the wings of the Zümrüdü Anka to the border of the city of Çimneçil. It was some distance from the border into the center of the city, and I walked quite a distance to get there. Being very thirsty, I stopped at a fountain to drink some water. As I was drinking, three pigeons landed on the top of the fountain and began talking about me. One of them said, 'Sister, isn't that your husband?'

"The one spoken to said, 'Oh, yes, that certainly is my husband!'

¹⁹ Another apparently imaginary place

²⁰ The narrator has omitted an important detail. In tales where three brothers have groups of birds under their command, the second brother's birds are much larger than those of the first, and the birds of the oldest brother are the largest. Whether or not ornithologically accurate, the larger birds are said to have wider ranges of flight.

Birds
stealing

mother
sister

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"The first bird then addressed me, saying, 'Go to our father, who is the padişah of this city, and ask him for our sister as your wife.

"I went to the padişah's palace and asked for the hand of his youngest daughter as my wife. I said to him then, 'Actually, I was married to your daughter formerly.'

Sisters, she
 "He answered, 'I am the Padişah of Fairies. I cannot give my daughter to you, for you are a human being.' But

two older sisters came and implored their father to give his youngest daughter to me, and finally the padişah agreed to accept me as his son-in-law

Talks on sister's feet
 "Before we were remarried, however, the girl said to me, 'I am willing to remarry you, but I have three conditions for doing so. The first is that you will never steal anything. The second is that you will never tell a lie to me. And the third is that you will never complain. If you should fail to honor these conditions, I shall leave you.'

"I said, 'All right. I accept all of your conditions.'

"Then she added a fourth condition, 'And we shall not go to your country to live, either. We shall live right here.'

"I accepted that condition too, and we were soon remarried. Time passed very pleasantly. After a while we had two sons, and I felt that my life was very successful.

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One day, however, something happened. While I was walking in a neighboring garden, I saw some beautiful apples on a tree there. My mouth watered as I looked at them, and I could not resist picking one and eating it. When I got home my wife asked me, 'Did you eat an apple today?'

I said, 'No.'

wife said, 'Hah! So you stole an apple today, and now you have lied to me about it! Only one of my three basic conditions has not been broken. If you break that condition too, I shall leave you forever.'

1. consequence
"My wife uttered some strange words, and all four members of our family--my wife, I, and our two sons--were all turned into pigeons. After we had flown to my country, she again said some strange words, and we were restored to human form.

Time passed, and we continued to live in my country. One day while our two sons were fighting with each other, one of them fell to the ground and began crying. I said to him, 'Ah, Son, now why are you crying?' I apparently said this as if I were annoyed

"Right away my wife came and said, 'You are complaining!' She immediately changed herself and our two sons into pigeons, and they flew away. Now they come to the top of the minaret every day and call to me. That is the reason that I climb

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the minaret laughing. But as soon as I reach the top, fly away, and that is why I am always crying when I come down. That is the story of the painful problem in my life."

Enc' of
muezzin's
story

After hearing the long and sad story of the muezzin, the son of the padişah resumed his journey and reached İstanbul, where he hoped to learn the story of the life of Baker Hüseyin. He found Hüseyin's bakery shop and observed Hüseyin all day long. He saw that all the bread he baked during the morning Hüseyin threw into the sea; then he that all the bread Hüseyin baked in the afternoon he distributed among the poor. When night came, Baker Hüseyin invited the prince to his home. There the son of the padişah addressed his host, saying, "Baker Hüseyin, why is it that you pour into the sea the bread that you bake during the morning? And why is it that you distribute to the poor the bread that you bake during the afternoon?"

Baker Hüseyin answered, "Oh, brother, my story is a long one. The bakery shop once belonged to the padişah, and I was only one of the workers there. One day the padişah's son disappeared. Some people said that he must have been murdered; others said that he must have drowned.

"A couple of nights later I had a dream in which I saw a fish. This fish said to me, 'Make a large box, put some bread into it, and then throw that box into the sea.' I had

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exactly the same dream on the following night also. On the second morning, I arose, built a large box, placed some bread in it, and then threw the box into the sea. As I later learned, the padişah's son had been shipwrecked and washed ashore on a small island all by himself. He was on the verge of starving to death when the box reached him. He ate the bread, and then he used the box as if it were a small boat. In this way he saved himself, and after some time was able to return to his father's country

"Before his son had returned, however, the padişah became suspicious of me. Calling me to his presence, he said, 'You have attempted to kill my son. I shall have you executed!'

"I said to him, 'O my Padişah, I did not try to do any such thing. What I threw into the water was something I had been directed in a dream to throw there.' Thank God that son reappeared at this time and confirmed my account, saying that his life had been saved by the box containing bread which I had set afloat. The padişah realized that he had suspected me unjustly. To compensate for this, he gave me the bakery and also paid for all of the flour, salt, and other expenses that I had. The bread that I baked thereafter during the morning hours I poured into the sea to repay the

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fishes for the important message one of them had brought me in a dream. The bread I baked during the afternoon hours I gave to the poor for the sake of God."

Having now learned the story of Baker Hüseyin, the son of the padişah returned to the land ruled by the girl padişah. Now we should have some news about what that girl had been doing.

There was in that land a very powerful wrestler named Rubar. He was attracted to the girl padişah, and after a while he announced, "I intend to get married to that girl. The girl padişah did not wish to marry him, saying that she was already engaged to the son of a padişah, but Rubar's forces were stronger than her own, and he insisted on their marriage.

When the son of the padişah returned from İstanbul, he found that the whole city was participating in a festival of some sort. He asked some of the people, "What is going on here?"

They said to him, "The girl padişah is being married to Rubar. Tonight will be the nuptial night, and Rubar will probably kill the girl because of her preference for the son of a foreign padişah, a prince who is no longer in our city."

Weddy
celebration

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I went to the palace²¹ and found a way of entering it secretly. Once inside, I began investigating the various parts of the building. After a while I came upon a door labeled Harem Room. Thinking that this would probably be

room used by Rubar and the bride, I entered that room and hid beneath the bed I found there. After a while a slave girl entered to clean the room. When she saw me, she asked, "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

I said, "I am a hoca who has come to bless the newlyweds. While Rubar and the bride are eating, I shall sprinkle holy water upon them. They will probably pay me ten golden liras for doing this. I shall share that gold with you if you do not report my being here." Being a very simple girl, she believed my story. She even took the trouble to bring me a jar of water to drink

A short while later Rubar and the girl arrived. As they entered the room, the girl began to cry. From beneath the bed I was watching them both very closely. Rubar said to the bride, "So you preferred to marry the son of a padişah-- did you? Well, I shall kill you for that!" He drew from scabbard a sword with which to kill the girl, but before

²¹ At this point the storyteller switches from third- to first-person narration, which he continues to use throughout the rest of the tale.

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he could strike her, I attacked him from behind. The girl assisted me, and we killed Rubar very quickly. We then rolled up Rubar inside the rug and left him on one side of the room. After that, the girl called her maid and ordered that two saddled horses be brought to the door of the palace

We rode first to the home of the old woman who had been my hostess when I had first come to that city. We told her that we were leaving. We then rode to my own country where we were married in a very large wedding that lasted for forty days and forty nights.

Two apples fell from the sky.

1. ile
Temi met

²² The narrator is here using, rather ineffectively, a traditional terminal formula (an "exit line") in Turkish tales. Usually there are three apples, and they do not hit anyone on the head. One is said to be for the narrator, one for the listener, and one for someone whose name is then given. The name is usually that of the narrator. This slight twist brings the tale to an end with a soupçon of humor.