

Story 731 (1976 Tape 10)

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Location: Yakacık village,
Söğüt kaza,
Bilecik Province

The Death of the Immoral Hoca¹

Once there was and once there was not a hoca who taught school in his own house. Among the boys who went to his house every day to study there was one whom the hoca insulted. He would say to this boy when he arrived, "Oh, have you come again, you beggar's son?"² He said this one day; he said this a second day; he said this every day.

Finally, the boy returned home from school one day and said to his mother, "I shall not return to the hoca's house to study any more."

His mother said, "Why, Son, what happened? Why don't you want to go back? You know that you must study.

The following morning the mother insisted that the boy go to the hoca's house. He then told his mother what had happened. "I should like to go there every day, but every time I get there, the hoca says, 'Oh, have you come

¹A hoca (English pronunciation: hoja) is a Moslem priest, but in pre-Republican time he was also the school-teacher.

²The hoca actually calls the boy a son of a dervish, but inasmuch as dervishes once lived primarily on charity, dervish is here a euphemism for beggar.

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again, you beggar's son?' I did not tell you this before, but this is the real reason that I do not want to go again."

"Well, go today and see if he says it today," his mother urged.

When the boy reached the hoca's house, the hoca once more said, "Oh, have you come again, you beggar's son?" When the son returned home, he reported this to his mother

She said, "Tomorrow when you go to school, you say to the hoca, 'My mother will cook several different dishes for dinner tonight, and you are invited to come and dine with us.'"

The following day the boy went to school and said to the hoca, "My mother will cook several different dishes for dinner tonight, and you are invited to dine with us."

That evening when the hoca came to the house for dinner, the mother led him to the hayloft of a nearby barn. She said to him, "Take your clothes off first." When he had done this, she said, "I must attend to one more thing for the dinner, but I shall be back in just a minute." Saying this, she took the hoca's clothes and left.

The hoca was left there naked and alone. He waited and waited, but the woman did not return. It was close to the winter season, and the hoca grew very cold in the barn. When it was almost dawn, the hoca could not stand this any

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longer. He said to himself, "I must go and look for her. I wonder if she still intends to come to me?" He went to the house, knocked on the door, and called, "Woman! Woman! I am here! Let me in!"

From inside the door the woman said, "Hoca, go away My husband is here sleeping. You cannot really expect me to let you come in!"

The hoca then wondered what he should do. Looking about, he saw a light in the distance, and he decided to go toward that light. The light that he saw was a small fire around which a few shepherds were sitting to keep warm. When they first saw someone approaching, they put more wood on the fire to make it burn more brightly. But when they then saw a naked man coming toward them out of the night, set their dogs upon him. These fierce shepherd dogs tore the hoca apart.