

Story #144 (Tape #73, 1961-62)

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The Padişah's Son and the Seven Seville Oranges

Once there was and was not, there was an old woman who lived next to the palace of the padişah. When she was sweeping her courtyard, the son of the padişah was looking out the window. He said to himself, "Let me throw a few kuruş to this old woman and see what she will do."

He threw five or ten kuruş to her, and when she swept she found this money. She started thinking, "What can I buy with this money? What can I buy with this money?"

young man, still looking out the window, said to the woman, "I threw that money for you. You cannot buy anything with it. It is only a few kuruş."

old woman looked at him and said, "May you be damned by the seven ^{curse} Seville oranges."

When the young man was out in the country one day, he met a female giant. "Where are you going, son?" she asked.

"I am going to search for the seven Seville oranges."

"That is a very difficult task. You will be torn to pieces by giants, she said.

"Tell me how to accomplish this, then."

"All right. You must go farther and find my sister, who knows more than I do."

The young man left, and after traveling some way, he found the sister of

the giant and gave her the greetings of her sister. When the young man saw second female giant, she was sweeping her oven with her breasts. The young man tore a piece off his jacket, tied it to a stick, and swept the oven it. The giant was very pleased, and she told the young man, "Wish what-you wish of me"

"What can I wish from a woman like you?"

"But I insist you wish."

"Well, then, I would like you to show me the magic of the seven Turung," he said.

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"You will go until you come to a river through which flows blood and pus. You will drink from it and say, 'O river, how good is your water.' Then you will proceed to reach a garden. Pick the seven Seville oranges from the tree in that garden. Run away and do not look back." *in too*

When he was picking the oranges, the tree cried, "They are picking my oranges!" and when he crossed the river, a voice was heard saying, "River, do not let him cross! Catch him!"

The river said, "You never drank from my water all these years. This young man drank and said, 'How good is your water.'"

The young man took the oranges and ran away. He wanted to cut one of the oranges to see what magic they had. When he cut one open, a most beautiful girl came out, but the girl said, "I am thirsty," and then she died.

The young man cut open six oranges and all six of the girls died. He said to himself, "I shall cut the seventh when I am near water." Near the town there was a fountain, so he cut the seventh orange. When the girl cried, "I am thirsty," he held her under the tap. She revived

The girl was naked, so he gave her some of his clothes. Then he said, "You climb up that tree and stay there while I go to the village to get what

you need." [The rest of the tale is reconstructed from an outline. The tale should be completely retranslated.

While the young man was gone, an ugly woman came to the fountain to fill her pitcher. In the water she saw the reflection of the beautiful orange "Oh, but you are beautiful!" said the old woman. "Will you be my daughter?"

By her much talking, she won the trust of the orange girl, and at last she climbed up into the tree to sit beside her. She stroked the girl's hair, saying, "Let me delouse your hair for you, my daughter." As she deloused the girl's hair, she asked, "Tell me, my daughter. What is your talisman? I want to know everything about you."

"My talisman?" said the girl. "In my hair there is hidden a hairpin. That is my talisman. If anyone should pull out that hairpin, I should die."

"Ah!" said the old woman. And she searched and searched among the bright strands of hair until she found the hairpin. She pulled, and out it came. Suddenly the orange girl became a pigeon and flew away.

While the old woman was still sitting in the tree, the young man came back with clothing suitable for the orange girl. There in the tree was the ugly old woman. "Whatever made you so ugly?" asked the young man.

"You have left me here so long, why should I not become ugly?" asked the old woman.

There was nothing to do but for the young man to help her down out of the tree and take her to the palace. Still, he was puzzled

That evening, the pigeon girl came flying to the palace window. Looking directly at the old woman, she said, "May you boil in cauldrons of tar, you ugly old woman! And may the branches you touch wither away. And, true enough, the trees in the garden began to wither away, and the gardener was afraid to tell the padişah about them. Finally one day he said to the son of

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the padişah, "Efendi, every day a pigeon comes and speaks to your wife in the garden, and then another tree begins to wither away."

The next day, the padişah's son watched with the gardener as the pigeon and spoke her curses. "We shall put glue on all the branches and catch that pigeon," the prince said. And all the branches were spread with glue.

When the pigeon came the next day, the prince and the gardener were watching. Again, the pigeon cursed the old woman. But when she tried to fly her feet were caught by the glue and she was forced to stay there. The padişah's son lifted her carefully from the tree and put her in a golden cage.

The old woman, a witch, knew at once that the pigeon was really the orange girl. She pretended a serious illness, and lay day after day moaning in her bed.

"What will make you well?" asked the padişah's son.

"Kill that pigeon," said the old woman, "and then I shall become well

"No, I will not," said the prince

[Here someone in the audience objected to the long-windedness of the narrator. "Why not?" said the narrator. "This man is here to collect tales."]

Finally the prince agreed to kill the pigeon. "You must not spill a single drop of blood," the old woman warned. But a drop of blood was spilled on the floor. The old woman ate the pigeon and became well.

From the drop of blood spilled on the floor there began to grow a cypress

It grew and grew, until finally it threatened the roof. The old woman realized that this must be the orange girl. "You must cut this tree down and make a bed from its wood," said the old woman. At last the prince agreed to cut down the tree. But a chip from the tree fell in the quarters of an old woman, and it was not discovered by the witch woman. There it became a beautiful girl, and served the poor old woman.

When the cypress tree was cut down, the young prince became ill, and no cure could be found for his illness. An order went out from the padişah's palace that all families must prepare soups and bring them in bowls to the prince. That day, the poor old woman came home in time to catch the orange girl at her work of cleaning the cottage. She persuaded the girl to remain and be her daughter. As the padişah had ordered, they prepared a bowl of soup for the prince. Into the bowl the girl slipped the ring which the padişah's son had given her before he left her in the tree at the fountain. [The ring should have been mentioned earlier in the story.] When the prince began to eat that bowl of soup, his spoon touched the ring. He drew it out, and discovered that it was the ring he had given the orange girl. At once, he sent for the one who had made that bowl of soup, and the girl came to his side. She told the prince all that had happened. The prince sent for the old woman and his wife. "Which will you have?" he asked. "Will you have forty cleavers or forty mules?"

"You keep the cleavers," she said, "and give me the forty mules."

Forty mules were brought, and petrol cans were tied to their tails to frighten them. The witch woman was tied to the tails of the forty mules, and the mules were set to running. The witch woman was pulled to pieces by the mules. Then the prince and the orange girl were married, in a wedding that lasted for forty days and forty nights.