

Story #145 (Tape #73, 1961-62)

Narrator: Nejdet Fidanlık

Location: Sidewalk coffeehouse in Ayvalık, kaza town in the Province of Izmir

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Keloğlan and the Most Beautiful Girl in the World

During the time of padişahs there was a keloğlan and there was the most beautiful girl in the world. At that time, people used to pay one lira to look at the face of the most beautiful girl. Keloğlan heard about this, and while passing by the house with his donkey, he had difficulty in making the saddlebag stay on the donkey. It kept sagging one or another way. As soon as he corrected it, it would sag to one side again. He spent all day trying to adjust the saddlebag on the donkey. Keloğlan spent the night in the doorway of the palace of the most beautiful girl in the world, and they asked him in the morning what he was doing there the night before.

"I was making a ring worthy of the finger of only the most beautiful girl in the world," he said.

"Let us take a look at it."

They admired it and said, "Will you give this ring to her?"

"Yes, if the most beautiful girl shows her face to me."

She agreed to do so, and Keloğlan gave them the ring.

The next night Keloğlan again slept in the doorway of the palace of the most beautiful girl in the world. In the morning they asked him again, "What were you doing here last night?"

"I was making a bracelet fit for the hand of only the most beautiful girl in the world."

"Will you give it to the most beautiful girl?"

"If she will show herself to me down to her breast."

She did so, and Keloğlan gave her the bracelet.

The third night Keloğlan spent in the doorway of the palace, and the next morning he was asked again, "What were you doing here last night?"

"I made a necklace fit only for the most beautiful girl in the world."

"Will you give it to the most beautiful girl?"

"If the most beautiful girl in the world appears to me naked, I shall give her the necklace."

The most beautiful girl agreed, and Keloğlan delivered the necklace.

Then Keloğlan wanted to spend the night with the most beautiful girl.

She agreed. In her room, he took the mortar and pestle, and used the pestle on her vagina. He told the girl not to move.

The palace attendants knocked, and there was no answer. They broke the door down. They asked the most beautiful girl how she was.

[The rest of this story is very obscene, and probably not immediately usable It needs to be translated anew.]