

Story #157 (Tape #1, Summer 1970)

Narrator: Halil Tartar, 38, cook at roadside restaurant of one Kahveci Ahmet.

Location: Yukarı Çamlı
Güvem Nahiye
Kızılcahamam kaza
Ankara vilayet

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Keloghlan Weds the Padishah's Daughter Through Pretended Stupidity

Once there was and once there wasn't a padishah who had a very beautiful daughter. One had to pay 1,000 liras to see just her little finger, and to see her thumb cost 2,000 liras.

I had a friend named Keloghlan who once said to me, "Oh, friend, if that padishah's daughter is so beautiful, we might as well also go and take a look at her."

"But you don't even have five kuruş," I said, "and neither do I. What money do we have to be able to see her?"

"Never mind about that," he said. He took me with him, and we set out for the mansion [konak] of the daughter of the padishah. Along the way we bought a goat to take with us. When we reached the house of the girl, we started slaughtering that goat, but Keloghlan was trying to cut the goat's throat by cutting on the upper side of the neck. As he did this the goat was bleating loudly.

The daughter of the padishah had forty maidens [in her service], one of whom was watching us [from upper window]. She said to her mistress, "Look, lady, at those men. They are slaughtering that goat from the wrong side of its neck."

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The daughter of the padishah came down, saying, "This is no way to slaughter a goat." She lifted up the animal's neck and said, "You should slaughter it from underneath its throat." As she did this, she gestured with fingers.

Keloghlan said to me, "Look, look, my friend!" and I looked at her.

She started to skin the goat, commencing from the back.

The maid was watching us, and again she pointed out to the beautiful daughter of the padishah what we were doing: "Look, look, lady. Look at what they are doing. They are skinning that animal starting from its back

The beautiful daughter of the padishah came down again, saying, "Oh, that is not the way to skin a goat."

Keloghlan asked, "How is it skinned then?"

"You do it like this, from the top of the belly downwards," and she showed with her hand motions how to slit the top of the belly and start there.

Keloghlan observed, "You see! The price for seeing her little finger is 1,000 liras, and that for seeing her thumb is 2,000 liras, but we have enjoyed this without paying anything."

Now we asked the beautiful girl for a large pot in which to cook the meat. She gave us such a pot which we placed on the fire upside down. We poured water over it, but the water just fell into the fire and put it out. The water wouldn't stay on top of it. Finally the beautiful daughter of the padishah and her chief maid came down and cooked the meat for us.

Then we started to eat the meat. Keloghlan took a chunk of the meat

and tried to shove it into my ear, and I took a chunk and tried to put it into his. After a while, the beautiful girl and her chief maid came down again and showed us how to eat, saying, "This is the way to eat," as they put meat into our mouths.

When evening set in, it was necessary for us to find some place to sleep. We asked the beautiful girl, "Sister, where can we stay?" They gave us some blankets and showed us into the coal cellar. We began to "horse around" [narrator says cirit oynamak, to play jirit; this is figurative, of course, for jirit is, like jousting, played on horseback with long blunt spears] One of us went under the blankets at one end of the bed and came out at the other. The chief maid, thinking the noise was being made by ruffians, came down again to look at us

The maid called to her mistress, "Lady, these fellows do not know how to sleep, either."

The padishah's daughter ordered her to bring us to her, which she did. Keloghlan slept with the beautiful daughter of the padishah, and I slept with her maid. We [narrator slips into the usual 3rd-person ending for this formulaic conclusion and says "they"] ate and drank and had all our wishes fulfilled.