A padişah had three sons. He gave each of them one thousand liras and said, "Go and start a business of your own with this money." He added, "Return at the beginning of the new year and report to me how you have done."

Two of them returned, but one could not do so. The one who could not had spent four hundred liras of the money without doing anything useful with it. He had six hundred liras left when he came to a cemetery where a corpse was continually being knifed. Two men continued to stab it.

"What has this corpse done that you knife him so?" he went and asked.

"He owes me four hundred liras," one said.

"Take these four hundred liras and stop stabbing him," the young man said.

The other man said, "You think you got off easily by paying four hundred liras. You know, he also owes me two hundred liras."

"Well, here are two hundred liras for you," the young man said.

The corpse was buried, and the young man returned home, his father having now called him back.

"No," he said, "I cannot go to my father for shame. I have done nothing. I have returned, but I shall not go to my father."

Finally he returned. His father said, "Son, what did you do?"
"Well, father, I went but could not succeed in anything. I am ashamed of myself, but I saved a corpse."

This time, the padişah put two thousand liras in the pockets of each son and asked each to go out, do what he could, and come back in a year.

The youngest son went and became a caravan driver. He organized a caravan, earned a lot of money, and became as wealthy as his father. A year later he came back. After talking a little with his father, his father could see that his son had learned how to be wealthy. "Son, go to the slave market and buy a slave and bring him to the palace to serve me. But if he eats bread with you, do not accept him."

"All right," the son said. He went and bought a slave and showed him, "This is barley, this is straw, this is the restaurant [sic], this is our bedroom. You will bring the food and we shall eat together."

The slave did as he was told. He brought the food.

"Let us eat now," the young man said. The slave sat down and ate with the young man.

The young man went and reported to his father that the slave had eaten with him.

"Let him go. Do not hire him," the father said.

The young man went to the slave market again. He looked around, but he could see no slave. He looked and saw someone wearing a tie and a heavy overcoat, carrying a stick in one hand, sitting at a corner.

"Selamunaleykum."

"Aleykum selam, where do you come from, young man?"

"I come from the market."
"I take it you come from the slave market."

"Yes, I am coming from the slave market."

"Will you not hire me?"

The young man looked at his clothes and said, "Do not make fun of me."

"I am not deceiving you. Will you hire me?" he asked.

"All right. I shall hire you," the young man said.

They went to the palace, and he showed him the place as he had the

first slave, and in the evening the young man said, "Bring the food and

let us eat."

The man brought the food.

"Let us eat together," the young man said.

"I have already eaten," the slave answered.

The young man tried at every meal, but he could not make the man

sit and eat with him.

He repeated this to his father, who said, "Do not let that man go."

They picked up some merchandise to go to an Indian city somewhere.

The slave said to the young man, "Does the word belong to me or to you?"

The young man said, "It belongs to you."

In those days, camels in a caravan used to wear bells. The slave

released the bells, and they rang sangir. sangir.

The son of the padişah said, "Do not do that."

"To whom does the word belong?" asked the slave.

"It belongs to you."

"Then do not interfere."

The young man said, "This is a sign of pride. Let us not do it."

About noon they approached the banks of a river. Before that, they

saw a sign saying, "Whoever goes this way does not return, and he who

comes cannot go back." The slave turned his caravan in that direction.
When the young man came and saw that the caravan was moving in that direction, he tried to stop him.

"To whom does the command belong?" asked the slave.

"It belongs to you," the young man said.

So then they were at the edge of the river. They put down the loads of the camels to rest them. The river flowed very muddy. The slave said, "O son, I wish I had a drink of water."

The young man went upstream a little and saw that a monster was muddying the water. He cut a piece of the horn of this monster and put it in his bag and then returned.

The slave said, "I am sorry to have caused you this trouble, but the water was very muddy."

Actually, no one had known before who was muddying the water, though the young man knew.

They came to the top of a mountain where there was an inn from which a light showed. They unloaded the animals. When they were in the inn, a giant came in and wanted to eat them. The young man struck the giant, who then ran away. He followed the giant, who went down a well. The young man went down the well, and there he heard a voice saying, "The giant is wounded."

"I am looking for him," he said. At last he found the giant and destroyed it. [He cut an ear off the giant and put it in his bag.]

There was a girl who had been kept there by the giant. The girl said, "Son of a Turk, take this gun with you."

"I shall take the gun with me," he said. He returned to where the caravan rested. They loaded the goods, and the slave said, "Did you pay the innkeeper?"

"Yes, I paid him."

They started moving up and down the hills, and the bells, released,
were ringing again.

The padişah of India saw something moving on the road and he alerted his troops, for everyone knew that the road sign had said it was a road of "no return" [i.e., this must be a desperate fellow]. They went and looked and saw it was merely two simple caravan drivers—that was all. They unloaded their goods, and the padişah invited them to his presence. First, the son of the padişah went, but the ruler of that Indian city asked him to bring his friend along, too.

After talking for a while, the padişah said to the young man, "Son I shall give you my daughter

The young man said to the padişah, "My padişah, let me go and consult with my elder brother." (The two of them used to call one another "brother.") The young man went to the slave and explained to him the problem.

"If we are both accepted in the nuptial chamber, agree to it," said the slave. "Otherwise, do not agree."

The young man said to the padişah's daughter, "We shall stretch a curtain across the nuptial chamber for my brother. Only if both my brother and I stay in the nuptial chamber will I accept you."

"All right," she said.

Each man called the other Elder Brother. It was impossible to know which was the slave and which the padişah. While they were asleep, a snake came out of the girl's mouth. The young man cut the crest off the snake and put it in his bag. Now there were three objects in his bag: an ear of the giant, a piece of the horn of the monster, and the crest of the snake.

He said in the morning to the slave, "You take care of your job and I shall care for the animals. There is no danger any longer."
But, in truth, the padişah's daughter was a notorious girl who had destroyed three or five young men. She used to poison her victims.

The padişah announced, "Whoever can bring me the news that my son-in-law is in good health will receive enough money to last the rest of his life."

An old woman brought the news. The padişah rewarded her. "Both your daughter and your son-in-law are in good health," the old woman told him.

Let us see what the hocaş are doing. They set up a cauldron before the house and got a fire ready in preparation for a funeral. They called for a grave digger.

The slave could not stay [with the livestock]. He went in to see what his brother was doing. When he came to where they heated water, "What are you doing?" he asked.

"The padişah's son-in-law is dead and we are preparing for his funeral."

The slave tipped the cauldron over and scattered the fire about and caused a disturbance there. "Get out of here!" he said to the men.

The padişah had his daughter called and asked her what was happening. She told him there was nothing unusual about his son-in-law. "Whatever power there is is possessed by the man called his elder brother."

They weighed their merchandise and calculated their value [that is, they bought it] and provided them with horses and saw them off. On way, they came to the same inn. "Come, brother," the slave said. entered. "This inn has no owner." They walked to the well. "The owner of this inn is lying in this well." The well was full of all kinds of goods, which, the slave said, could be taken.

They set out from there to the city, and when they got close—taking three or five days, of course—the slave let loose the bells around the necks of the camels again.
"Stop those things!" said the young man.

"Do you have the command or I?" said the slave.

"You do."

Then they released the bells again and they ran wildly, so loudly
that all in the city heard them and came out to see who it was: sangir, sangir, sangir.

The padişah looked and saw that they had come with two girls and a
great amount of goods. When he questioned his daughter, she said
"Father, you could never find anyone as good as this slave. Do not ever let him go."

Two or three days later, the slave said, "Ağa, I am going to leave. Permit me to go."

"No, son, you cannot go," said the padişah.

"But I want to leave," he insisted.

He then postponed his departure until Friday, when the two would join and go together. "You take the girl from the well, and I shall take the other girl," said the son of the padişah.

"No—nothing of the sort. We shall share them. Take hold of the legs of this girl and we shall divide her." When they pulled her legs apart, the snake came out of her body.* "You can have the goods, as well. You can have everything, goods and girls. I am leaving," said the slave.

The slave went to the padişah, who said, "What is your wish?"

Three times he answered, "I wish your good health."

Finally the slave said, "I wish a shovel and a pickaxe from you."

He became a corpse. He was the corpse whom the young man had saved from being stabbed—for the six hundred liras

*The "her" here refers, apparently, to the daughter of the Indian padişah who had earlier been snake-possessed.
Story #244

[Haci Gönen reconfirms the fact that this was the man stabbed.]

Would a corpse ever eat bread? He had no need for worldly goods.