Once there was and twice there wasn't, when God's creatures were many and it was a sin to talk too much, in those times, there was a padishah of India. One day he had a daughter born to him. And at the same time there was a son born to another padishah, the padishah of Iran. These two padishahs came to an understanding, since one had a son and the other had a daughter, that they would have a cradle engagement for their children.

The children grew up, and when they became eighteen years of age the boy's father, the padishah of Iran, sent word to the padishah of India that the children were old enough to be married and to get ready for the wedding, because the padishah of Iran was coming to get his daughter-in-law. So they got everything ready—dresses and furniture and beds and everything. When all was ready, they sent a telegram\textsuperscript{1} saying they were ready for the padishah of Iran.

\textsuperscript{1} An anachronism, of course.
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Iran. So the padishah of Iran and his son, with all their soldiers horses, came. With high ceremony they entered the city gate.

And the wedding was performed, with festivities lasting forty days and forty nights, and the day for departure was decided upon.

The bride and bridegroom rode on their horses—it seems they used to go on horses [the storyteller says]—and all the rest rode on their horses behind them. They went a little, they went far; went straight over rivers and over dales; they went six months and a summer, and when they turned around, they saw that had gone only the length of a barley grain.

Right then the bridegroom saw a single pomegranate segment on the ground. He picked it up and blew on it, and then he ate it. the princess saw this, she stopped her horse and said, "I cannot live with you all through my life." She turned the head of her horse, and rode back home.

What were they supposed to do? She wouldn't come back by being told to. They returned home all upset. Very quickly the padishah of Iran had his son engaged to marry another girl. But bride had been a very beautiful girl, and the padishah's said to himself, "You, girl, I'll take my revenge on you for pain you inflicted on me."

After a lapse of time he got dressed up like a Keloghlam, with an old suit, and old shoes, and an old cap, and went and knocked at the door of the padishah of India. He said, "I'm a gardener, but I'm the kind of gardener who can decorate a whole garden differently every day. Ask the padishah if he is interested in me."
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The servants informed the padishah, and the padishah said, "All right. Let's see this man. What sort of man is he?"

So he talked with Keloghlan and then he took him out to the garden. There was a hut in the garden that had only a bare with a hay-filled mattress and hay-filled pillow, and a blanket on it. "This is the place where you are going to live," the padishah said. "We are going to give you your food, and you'll work in the garden."

"I'll obey your orders, sir," he said. And the next morning when he got up--I don't know how--whether it's magic or a spell--he managed to cover the whole ground with violets. The next day he covered the ground with yellow flowers. And the next day he covered the whole garden with red roses. This pleased the padishah very much.

All the time the princess, his daughter, had been watching the garden from the window and she was enjoying this change which came daily. No gardener like this had ever been known to anyone. Every day the garden looked like a different season. The name of the princess, by the way, was Gûlsûn Hanîm. Gûlsûn Hanîm said one day, "Let me go down to the garden and see what kind of a gardener this is." So she got dressed and went down the stairs, swinging her skirts, and out to the garden, and she heard someone singing:

"If you love roses, surely a beauty you must be.
Smile at me, so that my luck will smile at me
If you'll not be cross with me, I'll tell you
The name of the girl whom I love is Gûlsûn, too." [Gûlsûn
"they got it cooked between them" is the Turkish
in short, they were in love with one another.
id, "If I asked your father to give you to me, he
drive you to me. Before I came here, I was a goat herder,
try. They wouldn't give you to me. The only thing
is to run away together."
he said, "All right," because she was really in love
then. So at night they got their goods ready, and
two horses from the stables and they rode away.
they were riding, they saw a broken comb on the ground.
Get off your horse, princess, and pick up that comb."
for?" she asked.
d, "In the place where we're going, you won't even be
d that. Didn't I tell you I was a goat herder?"
though she didn't approve of it, just because she
so much she got off her horse and picked up the comb
in her bag.
de farther on, they came upon a broken dipper. He
princess, get off your horse and pick that up."
"What for?" she asked.

"Well, didn't I tell you? In the place where we're going, there is nothing—not even that. Don't you ever go to a bath? Don't you ever need a dipper like that?"

So, because she loved him so much, she could not choose but obey him. She got off her horse and picked up the broken dipper and put it in her bag.

A little farther on, they found a little tattered and torn piece of a peshtamal.2 "Get off your horse, my princess," he said, "and pick up that piece of cloth."

"What for?" she asked.

"Well, don't you ever go to a bathhouse? Don't you ever need a peshtamal to wrap yourself with? What can't you use it for?"

Well, she didn't want to pick up that old rag, but because she couldn't help it—she loved Keloghlan so—she got off her horse and picked the dirty cloth up off the ground and put it into her bag, and they rode on

Finally they came to the land of her sweetheart. They went to the palace, because he said he was the gooseherd of the padishah, and on farther to the goose coop. He opened the goose coop, saying, "Here are all my geese," and he put the girl in there. "This is the place where we are going to live. There is

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2A piece of cloth put around the bather at a Turkish bath.
chief
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She went to the palace, and when she arrived, they said, "Come in! Come in! Come in!" and they found her a place to sit. All the girls were sorting rice on tables, and they saw that this was the gooseherd's wife. She was as beautiful as hyacinths and angels. Of course, she was the daughter of a padishah, poor now, but once the daughter of a padishah. She sorted rice and she sorted rice, and it got to be almost too much for her pride. Every once in a while, she wanted to stop and go home, but then she thought of her husband whom she loved so much, and she kept on working. While she worked, she took some handfuls of rice and put them into her pocket.

When all the work was finished, the cleaned rice was taken away and the sheets were folded and everything was arranged neatly. The girls put their outer clothing on and prepared to leave. But when the gooseherd's wife was ready to leave, they came to her and said, "It is our custom to search the pockets of the girls before they leave." They looked in her pocket and found the rice. They said, "Why did you do it?"

She could not answer.

They said, "If you had asked us to give you some, we would have given you some. Why did you steal this?" They poured the rice out of her pocket, and she went home feeling bitterly ashamed about it.

She found her husband at home, and she said, "Do you like what you have made me do?"

"What is it?"
"You made me steal rice, and I was caught. When I was ready to come home, the lady of the house searched me and found the rice in my pocket, and I was humiliated. I'll never go anywhere again.

"Well, my princess," said the gooseherd, "you are the wife of a gooseherd now. Things like that are not counted shameful for us."

A few days later, he came again with the news that the dresses were to be cut out and sewed. He wanted her to go to the palace to help with the sewing, and steal a few meters of cloth and come home with it. In case they had a baby of their own, they could make dresses with it.

"I cannot steal," she said.

"Why not?" he asked. "You know I haven't got anything. I'm just a gooseherd. You've got to go and do what I tell you to." And she was forced to go.

When she arrived, everyone was cutting out and basting and sewing and trying on—everybody was busy. So she cut some things, and out of the material she had in her hands she cut out a few meters and slipped it into her bosom. After everything was finished and the girls had eaten and were ready to go home, the searching started again, because he had told his mother to search especially the gooseherd's wife. When they searched, they found a few meters of cotton print. And the lady of the house said, "My girl, why did you do that? Why do you get your hands used to stealing? If you had asked us to give you some, don't you think we should have given you some?"
would rather be under ground, hiding herself. And she went
she felt so very bad about it. Again, she felt as if she

You have no honor at all! You have no honesty.

hiding a gold piece in one’s mouth? You have heard of
piece there. The lady of the house said, “Whoever heard of
tongue.” When she lifted up her tongue, they found the gold
and her blouse and her coat. Finally she said, “If I put your
home, the lady of the house came again and searched her pocket.

place and put it under her tongue. When it was time to go
they were working, the gooseherd’s wife stole a ten-lira gold
sewed and embroidered and made the bride’s dress ready. When
she went to the palace to work with the girls. They
to find that.”

stick a gold piece under your tongue. Nobody will be able
said, “You’ll go there, and before you finish your job, you’ll
beads and gold in rows on the bride’s dress. The gooseherd
The next day, it was arranged that they were to put

And he said, “If you love me, you will.”

“No, I won’t,” she answered.

the honor of a gooseherd and you’ll go there again. What on earth are you talking about? Who ever heard about
and he said, “Oh, you make such big talk out of it!

me steal again. You take no honor in me.”

anywhere again and I’ll never steal again. You can’t make
she came home to her husband and she said, “I’ll never go
red in the face, and she felt like hiding herself underground.
The girl felt as terrible about it that she became all
was so tattered and torn, and so full of holes. It wasn't even

and she tried to wrap her self in that rag of a pechta which
delivered yet, so she hung her clothing on a nail on the wall.

And of course she went to the bath. Nobody else had

"Yes, you will!"

"No, I won't!"

"Yes, you will!"

"No, I won't!"

because you are so dirty.

curtains and wash yourself nice and clean. You almost smell

before you and take your diper and your comb, to one

your clothes somewhere and you hold the rag of a dechta, should you be able to go? You go to the bath and you hang

the diper and the comb we gathered on our way here? Why

"Oh?" he said. "What happened to the pechta?

"I can't use there,"


decant pechta and a decent diper and a decent comb, even,

"How can I go to the bath?" she said. "I don't have

bath since we came here.

alone with them? You haven't had a chance to take a decent

said, "Look, everybody's going to the bathroom. Why don't you go

two days later, it was time for the wedding bath. He

with a goodhearted, this is nothing."

Ooh, you, my princess, he kept on saying. "For the

my honor. You have just nothing of my respectability.

she said. "You made a disgrace out of me, you have destroyed

home at most in tears. "I will never, never go anywhere again,"

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enough to wrap around her. But she tried to manage. And took her dipper and her comb in her hand and went to the farthest corner, where nobody could see her, and began to wash herself.

Later, the bride and all her party arrived. All the food was served and syrups were drunk, and foods were distributed among them. And they undressed the bride, with music and all, they brought her in. And she, in one corner, without being seen by anybody, got herself clean, doing her own washing.

On the other hand, her husband, the padishah's son, got a big tray. On this tray he put a gold piece, a thorn, a piece of candy, a rose, and a pomegranate segment. This was going to be a riddle. He sent this tray to the door of the bathhouse, and the bathhouse keeper was ordered to take the tray into the bathhouse. He said, "This is a riddle. Whoever guesses the answer to this riddle is my true wife, and I'm going to marry her."

They said, "Have you gone mad, my prince? Your bride is being washed and gotten ready for her wedding. She's being washed by golden dippers and being combed by golden combs."

"No," he said, "My wife must be able to solve this riddle. Show it to my fiancée first."

So they brought the tray to the bride-to-be, and she looked and looked at those articles, but what could she understand? She said, "I don't know."

The tray was taken around, and everyone looked at the articles, and nobody could find the answer. So the bathhouse
keeper took the tray out to the prince again, and said, "Nobody can understand what it is."

"Isn't there anyone in the bath," he said, "that you haven't shown the tray to? Take it back again and see if there is anyone you haven't shown it to."

So they took the tray around again, and nobody seemed to know the answer. So the tray was brought out again for the second time.

The prince said "Are you sure you have shown it to everyone, in every corner of the bath? Did you go to the farthest cubicles?"

"Oh," they said, "there is one in the lowest cubicle. The gooseherd's wife is being washed there.

"Well, isn't she a human being? Why don't you show it to her?" he said.

And they took the tray to the gooseherd's wife. She looked at the tray, and this was what she said:

"Ah, once as precious as gold was I, And as sweet as candy, too; From the only rose in a garden of whims To a common thorn I grew; And all the cause for this change in guise In one little piece of pomegranate lies!"

And the attendant came back with the tray and said, "Oh, the gooseherd's wife knew the answer. This is what she said:

Ah, once as precious as gold was I, And as sweet as candy, too;
From the only rose in a garden of whims
To a common thorn I grew;
And all the cause for this change in guise
In one little piece of pomegranate lies!"

"Well," said the prince, "that's going to be my wife
They said, "How can that be? Your bride-to-be is inside,
and that other one is the wife of the gooseherd."

"No, no!" he kept on saying, "that's going to be my wife.
You get her dressed up and bring her back to me."

So they went down to the cubicle where the gooseherd's
wife was washing, with her dipper in her hand, with her
peshtamal before her. They almost dragged her out and dressed
her in a golden peshtamal. "What's happening?" she kept on
asking

And they said, "The padishah's son is going to marry
you."

And she kept on saying, "No! I have my husband. I don't
want anyone else."

"Oh," they said, "orders are orders."

So they pulled her in and they forced her down into
golden basin and they washed her, pouring water out of golden
dippers, and combed her hair with golden combs and wrapped her
in golden robes.

All the time, she screamed and she cried and she kept
on saying that she didn't want to marry the padishah's son
She loved her husband, and her husband was the gooseherd, and
she didn't care who the other man was; she liked her husband.
happily ever after.

In the evening when the Padishah's palace and they put her in the carriage and they cried, but on another theme, and she kept on crying, and the other girl just pulled her around and made her ready, and the other girl, and they didn't care what she said. They