Once upon a time there was a very poor man. He went to the forest every day to cut trees from which he got wood to sell to make a living for his family. He and his wife had one child, a son. The man continued his life of hardship until one day he suddenly died.

His wife and son survived. The woman one day said, "Son, what are we going to do now? Your father has died, and you cannot work to make a living."

The son replied, "Mother, if you tell me what my father's craft was, I shall carry on with it."

"Don't take up your father's business. Find yourself another job," the mother said. "Your father is dead now. May he rest in peace. Don't mention his name again!"

Then the boy went and brought home two pigeons. He fed the birds. When the pigeons had chicks, the boy started with them to the village market to sell them in order to bring home to his mother food and other goods. On his way to the market, the boy ran into a giant who asked, "Where are you taking these birds, my young man?"
"I'm taking them to the market where I'll sell them," the boy replied.

"All right," the giant said, "but come over here first. I want to show you something." Taking the boy to a room in his cave where forty giants were sleeping, he said, you do not leave the pigeons with me and then go, I shall wake up all these giants, and they will eat you.

"All right, I'll go," the boy answered. When he went out of the cave, he saw forty mules at the entrance to the gate. The mules belonged to the sleeping giants. The boy tied the mules together, one behind the other, and then mounted the first of them. Before he left he wrote on the door of the cave, "I am Mehmet Bilal [or Gülal—not very clear on tape]. I am the owner of the pigeons. The mischief I have done is small. My next mischief will be even greater. I shall cause you much greater trouble." He then sold the mules.

When the giants woke up and wanted to go riding, they saw that their mules were gone. Who could have done this mischief? Then they saw the message on the door. They read Mehmet's first name and last name. They loaded a mule with gold* and took it to town. The owner of the house at whose door the mule stopped would be the mischief-maker.

One of the giants was assigned to watch the mule. The animal stopped in front of a house—the boy's house—and lay there.

*There is no reason given for loading the mule with gold. In folktales giants are dull-witted, but they usually have some reason, good or bad, for their actions.
The giant marked the door of the house with a piece of chalk and left to inform his friends.

When the boy came out of the house, he saw the mule laden with gold lying in front of his house. He then noticed that his door was marked with chalk. He went to the store and bought a box of chalk. Afterwards he marked all the doors of the houses in that town with chalk. He also slew the mule and buried it. He hid the gold in his house.

When the giants came to town, they were surprised to see the doors of all the houses marked. They asked the giant who had marked the door of Mehmet's house, "Which house is it? Is it this one? Is it that one? All the doors are marked."

"By Allah, I don't know," the giant answered.

Then the giants hired a man to make the following announcement in that town: "Whoever made this mischief will be made the padishah of this country.

"Mother, I shall admit to it," the boy said.

"Son, if you do, they will beat you and throw you in jail."

"Well, by Allah, I shall do it anyway. I don't care what they may do to me."

So, the boy declared, "I did the mischief."

"How did you do it?"

After the boy explained how he had done the mischief to the giants, they put him in jail. He was imprisoned for several days. The boy called the guard of the prison and
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gave him a gold piece and said, "Release me from the prison for an hour."

When the guard released him, he went to the seashore where he picked up bits of tar and leather with these he made himself a beard and so forth. He also got himself a whip. He first went to the judge's house. He knocked on the door. When the judge opened the door, Mehmet walked in and asked, " Didn't you recognize me? I am Azrail, Mehmet Bilâl's cousin [the son of Mehmet's paternal uncle]. How can you imprison my uncle's son in spite of me? " He then gave the judge a good whipping. Next he went to the prosecuting attorney's house and later to each of the jurors' houses and repeated what he had done to the judge. Afterwards, he went back to the prison and lay down.

The next day, the prosecuting attorney—he was fairly old—went to the coffee house. He and the jurors were in the habit of drinking tea at this particular coffee house before they went to the office. The prosecutor said, "I had a nightmare last night. Azrail came and beat me. He said he is the cousin of the boy in prison. That is why he beat me."

The others responded, "Well, Azrail did the same to us. " Later they all went to the prison and said, "We want to talk to Mehmet Bilâl. We want to release him."

But Mehmet resisted: "No, I won't be released. If my cousin, Azrail, hears about this, he will kill all of you. He will avenge me."
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"Well, he almost killed us yesterday," they replied.

After they pleaded with him, he finally decided to leave the prison. He then went home and gave the gold to his mother.