Once there were a hoca and a widow who grazed cattle in the same pasture. The hoca kept trying to compliment the widow. One day this widow went to the hoca's wife and said, "Sister, tell your husband that I am not one of the women of the sort he thinks I am. Tell him not to try to compliment me in that way."

The hoca's wife said to the widow, "The next time you see him, you tell my husband, the hoca, to come to such-and-such a cow shed at 9 o'clock tomorrow, and do not worry about what happens after that."

When the hoca saw the widow again the next day and started complimenting her, the widow said to him, "What is the use of complimenting me like that? Come to the cow shed at the outskirts of the village at 9 o'clock."

Having said that, the widow went home.

The hoca went home and said to his wife, "There is a Nevlit at Aksaray tonight, but before I go to attend it, I want to bathe and put on fresh clothes. Heat some water for me. Then afterwards I shall go to Nevlit or Nevlît is a religious work by Süleyman Çelebi, set to music, like a cantata. It concerns the birth of the Prophet and his life. It is sung as a kind of requiem in honor of a dead person, either recently dead or long dead. Often a well-to-do family will have it sung annually on the anniversary of someone's death. Though used for elegiac purposes, it is not entirely sad and not without social exchange. Candy, rose water, and sherbet are all distributed to the audience at appropriate points in the service. At several points the audience responds "Mohammed!" At one point each spectator rubs the back of his nearest neighbor."
The sun was setting. The birds were singing. It seemed like the makings of a perfect day. Then he took a deep breath and walked his dog around the town. The wind was blowing, and it felt like a perfect day. The man walked his dog around the town, and it was a perfect day. The wind was blowing, and it felt like a perfect day.
"It is I," he shouted

"No, I do not know you," she called out to him. To herself she said,

"What a proper way to go to a Nevlit!"

Outside, the hoca was shivering, naked. He decided to go to his father-in-law's house, thinking he would bring his father-in-law back to persuade his wife to let him in. He went to his father-in-law's house and called out, "Father, father! Your daughter will not let me in.

Of course, his father-in-law had no idea that he was completely naked. He shouted to his wife, "Lady, light the lantern and give it to me."

Taking the lantern, the father-in-law said to the hoca, "Come, son. Let me take you to your wife and let me see how she refuses to let you in."

When they reached the hoca's house, the father-in-law leaned over, looked in a window, and shouted, "My daughter, why is it that you do not let your husband come into the house?"

She said, "Father, just take a look at the one standing beside you and see whether he is a devil or a man!"

When the father-in-law lifted the lantern and look at the man standing near him, he saw that, lo, he was a man without a bit of clothing on his body. He started cursing, "You son-of-a-bitch, you devil, were you going to break into my daughter's house?" And then he began to beat him with his walking stick.

The poor hoca was completely helpless, and so he ran off without direction. At about the distance of half an hour's walk,² he saw a place where there was a light. There were two shepherds there who had built a

² Peasants walk more often than they ride, and they measure distances not in miles or kilometers but in the hours and minutes of walking time.
beside which the one sat and the other lay. The one who was sitting said to the other, "Brother, a Jinn has just arrived."

The other shepherd said, "Hit him with your stick and kill him."

the hoca, who was shivering from the cold, leaned over the fire to warm himself, the shepherd, believing he was a jinn, started hitting him as hard as he could.

The hoca finally returned to his own house and shouted to his wife through the door, "Please, my wife! I have behaved badly, but do not let yourself behave that way toward me." He repeated then that he had been stripped of his clothes by thieves.

His wife, thinking that this had gone far enough, decided to permit him to enter the house. When he came inside, she asked, "What happened to you?"

"Well, as I have tried to explain to you, I was robbed by thieves who took my clothes and then stabbed me from behind. See these wounds on my rump?"

The hoca was confined to his bed for several months after this incident. One day his wife said to him, "Efendi, the thieves have brought back your clothes and dropped them right at our front door."

3 To set any dogs on a person would be a severe measure. To set Turkish sheep dogs on a person is extremely severe, for they are very large and very ferocious.

4 Soyulmak, the verb used here, means to be peeled, or to be stripped. Used in this context, it means to be robbed and stripped of one's clothing. Clothing is valuable in Turkey, and bandits do, in fact, often rob victims not only of their valuables but also of their clothing. For documentation of this practice, see Walker and Uysal, Tales Alive in Turkey (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1966), p. 285.
About three months later, the hoca's wife went to the widow and said to her, "Why don't you try complimenting the hoca, my husband, and see what kind of response you get from him?"

By this time, three months, the hoca was up and about again, and he had begun again to tend his cattle as they grazed. The widow, when she saw him, complimented the hoca, but he responded, "You are my sister, both in this world and the next."