They had a neighbor who was an agronomist. The mother went to this neighbor and said: "Your father was a farmer. What can the young man do?"

"Well, tell me what your father’s business was. I can at least do what he did."

"Well, if this is the way you feel about it, then you may do so."

"But now it is time to earn three or five kurush, or whatever is appropriate."

"After a while, the boy rode the oxen that were used in sowing. After a while, time went, time came, and the son, naturally, grew into a young man. One day he said to his mother, "My mother, I do nothing but waste my time. I should at least have a trade at which to work. So far, you have not permitted me to work, but now it is time for me to earn three or five kurush."

"All right," said the man. "Now, you go on sowing here, as I have been doing, and I’ll tell you what."

"Well, if this is the way you feel about it, then you may do so."

"You may give him three or five kurush, or whatever is appropriate."
about farming, he did not realize what was wrong when the oxen became tired.

As he was running and riding the oxen, one of the animals finally dropped dead of exhaustion. Then he placed the remaining ox in such a way beneath the yoke that he could pull the plow alone. How long can one animal pull such a thing? Well, after a while that ox also grew ill and died of exhaustion. When this happened, he put the yoke on his back and went home.

"Mother," he said, "Tell me what my father's business was. If my father had been a farmer, then there would be left somewhere around here his oxen, or some part of a cart, wheels, or something of that kind. Since we have nothing of that kind around here, then it seems clear that my father was not really a farmer."

Now what could the woman do? The boy beat the woman and demanded that she tell him what his father's business was. But the boy's father had ordered in his will that the woman never tell his son what his trade was in order to keep his son from following in that same business. After the beating became unbearable, the woman finally told her son what he wanted to know. "My son, your father's trade was that of a broom-maker."

"Very well then. Are there some of the tools of his trade around here somewhere?"

"He had a vineyard knife and a kiflik with which to tie the brooms. They are in the attic. Climb up into the attic and get these things."

Doing as she directed, the boy climbed up into the attic and got the vineyard knife and the kiflik. Leaving the house, he walked along a stream.

Translating this tale, Onur Ülgen, Saim Sakaoğlu, and Warren Walker could not discover the exact meaning of kiflik, apparently a dialect word. The context suggests that it means either small loom or carrying rack.
He caught some red-legged partridges, and began working hard tying threshing
brooms from the reeds that grew there. For days he went on tying brooms,
piling them up in a large stack. Finally, he became so tired that he lay down
to sleep for a while.

Now it happened that at that time such brooms were in great demand
around Istanbul, and to look for such brooms, men had been sent along the
streams in boats to places where they might be being made. Some of these
men saw, all at once, a large heap of the brooms they were seeking. They rowed
alongside that place, and looking to left and looking to right, they saw no
one. But finally their calls and the noise they made wakened the boy from
his sleep.

"Whose brooms are these?" they asked.

"They are mine," he said.

"Well, how much money do you want for these brooms?"

"I shall take whatever is the regular price for them," he said, and
thus without arguing about three or five kurush, he sold all of them. The
buyers accepted this bargain and bought all of his brooms. After the boy
loaded up the brooms for them, the men took out their money and paid him
the amount agreed upon. This was a total of thirty liras, with the value of
the lira in those old days.3

After receiving this money, the boy went directly to his kaza. The
market that day was to be at his kaza.4 He went to the market and there he
bought a horse for three liras. He also bought some clothes—a pair of shoes,
a hat, and other things. After buying some helva, too, he went back home.

2 Like money in most parts of the world, the Turkish lira has, over the
years, suffered devaluation. Now worth 8-10 cents (1974), the lira was once
a very valuable coin. Folktales often refer to golden liras.

4 In a city the market moves to a different section or mahalle every
day. Smaller towns also have market days. This applies, of course, to the
open markets to which farmers bring produce and to which craftsmen and
peddlars bring readily portable wares.
After reaching his home, he sat down and spoke to his mother. "Mother, do you see what happened? Since broom-making was my family craft, I succeeded at it too, earning a lot of money. I have bought a horse, some clothes, and some food, and still I have some money left in my purse."

After they had eaten their meal and satisfied their stomachs, the boy stood up and started walking back and forth in the house. He was puffed up with pride. After a while, he said, "Mother, go and ask the padishah for the hand of his daughter for me."

"My son, would they give me a padishah's daughter for you?"

"Would they find someone more worthy than I?" asked the boy, as he continued to walk proudly about the house. Since he compelled the woman to go, what could she do but go?

She went to the padishah's palace all right, but when she reached the door she was ashamed to knock. The padishah was up at that time, and he saw the woman approach the palace but then turn back without saying a word to anyone.

"What happened, mother? Did you ask?" said her son.

"Wait, son," she said, "Think! Would they give a daughter to people like us? That is why I did not ask. I was too ashamed."

"Quick! Go back and ask," said the boy, forcing his mother to go. What could the woman do? Again she was compelled to go. She gave in and went to the padishah's house.

The padishah saw the same woman coming again. He said to his servants, woman is coming here for the second time. Go and see if perhaps she is without bread or other food. See if she is hungry or wants something else.

The literal translation here is She sacrificed herself..."
Story #449

Give her a loaf of bread, and give her some cheese with it so that her stomach will be comfortable.

The servant at once took out some bread and cheese and gave it to the woman. What could the woman do now? She returned home without saying a word.

The boy said to her, "What happened, mother?"

"My son, by Allah, I went there and knocked on the door. They gave me a piece of bread and some cheese, for they thought that I was a beggar."

"Did you ask the question I told you to ask?"

"I was not able to ask about anything."

"Well, then, go back at once and ask the question."

Again the woman was compelled to go, now for the third time. She knocked on the door and a servant opened it. "Auntie, what do you want?"

"With your permission, I want to enter into the presence of the padishah."

They went to the padishah and reported this to him. "All right, let her come in," said the padishah. When she was shown into his presence, he spoke to her earnestly, "Auntie, I hope that it is good news that you bring! You have come here and then left this place two or three times already today."

"Your majesty, there is one Hasam the Broom-maker, who is my son. With the permission of Allah and the direction of the Prophet, I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter for him."

"Since it is with the permission of Allah, I shall give her to him, but I have a condition. I own thirty thousand yellow liras held in a foreign state. If he takes possession of these thirty thousand yellow liras and then brings them back to me, I shall give him my daughter."

"Very well," said the woman, who then left that place and returned home when she reached home, the boy again asked, "What happened, mother?"
"I have spoken to him in the name of Allah, my son. He accepted the proposal, since it was asked in the name of Allah, but he has a condition. He has thirty thousand yellow liras which are in the possession of a foreign state, and he said that if you could get that money and bring it back to him, he would be willing to give you his daughter."

"All right. If that is the situation, ask him for a saddle bag in which to carry the money back."

The woman returned once more to the padishah. "Your majesty," she said, "our Hasan the Broom-maker will go after your money, but he wants from you a saddle bag in which he can carry the money back."

The padishah then said to himself, "I have tried so hard to get that money back, but in spite of this I have never been able to repossess it. How can this woman's child possibly regain it?" Then he said to a servant, "Give this woman a saddle bag and seven liras for money with which to buy any food she might need."

The woman was given the saddle bag and the money. Later, the boy asked the direction in which he was to ride to possess the money. Grooming his three-lira horse, and taking the vineyard knife which had been left by his father, the young man set out on his journey. After travelling for a great distance, one night, about midnight, he arrived at the country which held the money. The capital of that state was in a hollow valley. The boy went to the top of a hill above this valley and started shouting, "O padishah, O people of the state of Russia, I have come here from Turkey. If you will return my padishah's thirty thousand yellow liras tonight, all will be well, 6

6 Whatever the original country was to which the boy traveled, it was probably not Russia. Folk narrators freely substitute names they think appropriate at the time of the telling.
such force? So they put the thirty thousand yellow liras into the saddle bag.

After that, the boy sat smoking a cigarette in a room in the padishah’s palace. When everyone else had left that room, the boy heard a sound like "tak, tak." It seemed to him that the room of the padishah’s daughter must be next to his. The girl had a lover whom she wanted to marry, and it was that lover who was now knocking on the window of her room. Her lover said, “Come, let us run away tonight. No one will take note of what we do, for there is a boy come from Turkey, and your father is arranging to have him killed. Therefore this is an opportune time.”

The daughter of the padishah answered, "All right, I shall be ready to go in one hour. Come back for me in that much time."

The Turkish boy heard all of this from the window, and since they planned to kill him, he did not allow himself to fall asleep. He looked through the keyhole of the door of his room, and outside he saw two sentries with swords ready to kill him when he went to sleep. The sentries were not changed however and after these two had been on duty there for a long while, they became tired and themselves fell asleep.

The boy opened the door by lifting it quietly from its hinges. He put the saddle bag on his back and went straight to the courtyard. He saw his horse in a stable, but the door of that stable was also locked to keep him out. But the boy was strong enough to tear loose the door from its hinges and enter the stable in that way. He went inside and took his three-lira horse and led it into the courtyard after putting some felt around its feet to prevent them from making any noise. After placing the saddle bag on the horse, he went to the window of the daughter of the padishah. He knocked on the window, "Tak, tak, tak."
Since she was going of her own free will, she simply took her bundle and followed him. They went to the horse, mounted it, and—farewell! They ran away, fleeing throughout the whole night. Of course, the girl did not really know whether it was her lover or someone else, for she had not yet been able to see his face. Well, to make a long story shorter, after traveling a great distance, they crossed the Turkish border around the time of the breaking of dawn. They were very tired after riding all night, and so when they came to a grassy plot with a fountain, they decided to stop there for a while and eat. When the boy sprang from his horse and helped her to dismount, she discovered that he was not the one she had wanted but the boy who had come to her land from Turkey. Right at that point, the boy said to her, "This must have been my fate!" With this, she became a Moslem at that place.

After they had dismounted, they also took down the saddle bags and set eating.

Four bandits passed along the road opposite from where they were eating, and they noticed the boy and girl there. But one of them also noticed something yellow in an open saddle bag, though he could not see clearly what it was, from that distance. He said, "There is something yellow in that saddle bag. I wonder what it can be?"

"Whatever it is," said another, "it is not going to come to us. Since The word used here is bohçe, a word for the bundle carried by women to a bath or to a laundering place. It is a large cloth folded in from its four corners to form the container in which to carry smaller garments and small objects.
have horses under us, let us go to take a look."

When they came closer, they saw that the saddle bag was filled with d. They took the saddle bag from the boy and girl, and then they took the 1 away from the boy. The boy they stripped as naked as when he had beenIVERED by his mother. They forced the girl to mount the boy's three- a horse, and then they all rode away, taking her with them. The boy followed n. "Don't follow us," said one of them, "or I shall kill you!"

By this time they had come to a road that crossed through the forest, the boy had lost his sense of direction. He said to the thieves, "Since have taken all my possessions and even my clothes, I have no way of turning to my country. Give me back at least my vineyard knife, left to by my father and mother, so that I can cut leaves of deck to cover the ck and the front of my body."

The bandit leader said, "Give him his vineyard knife." They threw is to him and then they rode away.

The boy took the knife and started walking, but he was still quite er. He followed a foot path first, but when this crossed a paved road, took that larger route. After a while he came to a stream with a bridge ross it. As he stood there on this bridge, it began to sway from side to de. "In the name of Allah, what kind of bridge is this?" When he came to center of the bridge, he saw a trap-door in the floor of the bridge. pening the trap-door, he saw that it covered a room built right into the ridge. It was late by then, and the boy said to himself, "Where shall I go at such an hour? It is late, and so perhaps I should stay right here for onight and then go on in the morning."

Having said this, he went into the room and looked around. There he
found a grindstone. He started grinding and sharpening the blade of his vineyard knife so that the next day he would be able to cut branches with it more easily.

Now it happened that that bridge belonged to the forty thieves. It was arranged in such a way that when a caravan would cross the bridge, vibrations would provide a signal to the thieves. The thieves did not know that the boy had passed along part of the bridge, but they thought instead that it must be a caravan. Their leader said to twenty of his men, "Members of a caravan must be crossing the bridge. Go and rob them of all their goods, and then capture them and bring them here."

Twenty of the bandits went and searched, looking to this side and to that side, but they were unable to see anyone. "Perhaps that boy came this way and climbed upon the bridge," one of them said. Still seeing no one, they approached the trap-door. "Perhaps that boy hid in here," said one, as they opened the trap-door. One of them bent down to look inside.

While this was going on, the boy had heard them. He stood up at once and moved to one side of the trap-door, and when the first brigand bent down to look inside, he grabbed him by the hair and cut off his head.

Then another one of the brigands said, "Our friend descended very quickly," and then he himself looked into the opening beneath the trap-door. The boy cut off his head in the same way, and then, one after another, he cut off the heads of all the twenty thieves, piling up the bodies inside so many sacks. Happy at having killed all these thieves, the boy went outside the room to the bridge floor, and in doing this he started the bridge shaking again.

When this happened, the leader of the thieves said to the remainin
eighteen, "I sent twenty men and apparently they were unable to do the work required, for the caravan is still passing along the bridge. Hurry alone! All the rest of you go too."

So they also went, looking first to this side and then to that, but there was nobody to be seen. "Perhaps our friends came here and went into the secret room," they said. They went to the trap-door and when one of them bent down to see if their friends were inside, the boy killed him at once. In this same way, the boy killed all of them, and then he went outside and shook the bridge again.

Now there was no one left but the leader of the brigands, and this man said to himself, "Great Allah! I sent twenty men and nothing happened. Then I sent eighteen more men to help them, but still the caravan passes along. It is up to me to see what has happened." He went too, and he too looked to this side and then to that side without seeing anyone. Like the others, he too opened the trap-door, bending down to look inside, and like all the others, he was also killed by the boy.

To discover whether or not there was anyone left in the band of thieves, the boy once more went outside and shook the bridge. He shook it and waited, and then he shook it once more and again waited, but no one came now. "Yes," he said to himself, "this must be the way in which they are signalled. But just what is the signal? Where is it made? How does it work?" He looked along this side of the bridge, and he looked along that side of the bridge, and then he discovered a wire fastened to the bridge. Following the wire where it led into the forest, the boy came to the mouth of a cave where there was

It seems that there were thirty-nine thieves, including their leader. Bands of thieves in folktales are traditionally forty in number, as was the gang that beset Ali Baba. In folktales, as in real life in Turkey (and much of the Middle East), forty is a popular and potent number not only for bands of thieves but also for many other groupings of people and objects.
rooms inside. He opened the door of one room and saw that it was filled
rugs. He opened the door of another and found that that room was filled
with kilims. He opened the door of another room that was filled with pearls
and then he opened the door of one that was filled with gold. He went along
in this manner and found that all the rooms were filled with valuable things.
As he was doing this, he opened one door and saw in the room behind it a girl
as beautiful as the moon. He closed that door at once and went on looking
for the girl whom he had brought with him, and after some time, he found
"Come!" he said, "be quick!"
"How did you manage to get here?" she asked.
"I have killed all of them," he said, "and they have found their kismet,
their fate in this life. Where are my clothes?" The girl brought his clothes,
and after he had put them on, he asked,
him where the horse was, he took this too out of the cave. "And the saddle
bag?" He took nothing but the horse, the saddle bag, and the girl. They

The sister of the forty thieves could not restrain herself any longer.

9 In Turkey the word rug refers to an Oriental rug, tied, not woven, and
thus having a deep pile. A kilim is a flat woven carpet, not nearly as
expensive but potentially artistic in its own way.

10 The moon is an object of aesthetic interest in the Middle East. The
greatest praise for feminine beauty is to compare it with the fourteenth of
the moon (the fourteenth day in the phases of the moon, when the moon is
just approaching its fullest). Roundness, not slenderness, is a measure of
feminine pulchritude.

11 The traditional nature of forty as a grouping becomes self-evident
here. One could imagine the sister of seven brothers or the sister of seven
plants. One realizes, however, the virtual impossibility of a girl's having
forty brothers in a literal sense.
She came out just as they were going to ride away and said, "Young man, where are you going?"

"I shall go to my country," he said.

"To whom will you leave us? This is a world in which you are held responsible for whatever you do. My brothers did certain things for which they have paid. Now I shall starve to death here. With whom should I stay? The least you can do is to take me along with you."

"Come along with us, then."

"Let us go, but let us not forget all of the wealth that is collected here. Take at least some of these things."

Returning into the cave, they placed all the gold there into sacks, and these sacks they loaded onto the backs of the forty mules of the thief. Taking eighty sacks of gold, they loaded one sack on each side of each of the forty mules. In one of the rooms there was also a special kind of horse, and the sister of the forty thieves now asked that they take this horse with them so that it would not starve to death. But when the boy went to bridle the horse, it would not permit him to do so. The sister of the forty thieves spoke to the horse in this way: "Listen to what I say. This is a world in which one is held responsible for what he does." (That horse was able to understand human language. "My brothers have done such and such things, and now they have paid for them too. There is no longer anyone here to look after you. Surrender to this boy, because from now on, it will be he who will look after us."

After she had spoken to it in this way, the horse surrendered. The two girls mounted the three-lira horse, and the boy mounted this special horse. The boy had already returned to Turkey, but his "country" to which he refers here is his _menlek_, the area in which he lives. Turkish people refer commonly to a vilayet or even a kaza as "my country."
VQU ma~! burn do,":'J1 the fore st ,,'i th tHe fi re the se wi 11 makE'-. ,.

When the old woman went on talking in this way, the boy said to her:

"You may burn down the forest with the fire these will make.

You bring home these action sticks? When the northerner wind, the
that village had she ever been such things. My con,, she said, "why did
did not recognize them as gold coins, for never during her whole life,

The old woman went and looked at the things in the sack, but she

some good from a store. Let us satisfy our appetites.

and take a piece of what you will find in those sacks, and then let us
then outside. The boy then spoke to his mother: "Mother, we are hungry. Go

a kitchen the house could not hold all the sacks, and so they stacked

they unloaded the mules. Since this nothter's house was only a small room

After a long journey, they finally arrived at the boy's country, where

loose.

the horse returned to the earth', and the boy then left the rete J for

sented him to him to pull the reins downward now. After he had done this,

the sister of the forty thieves made gestures to show him what to do. She

had done this, the horse began to fly. As the horse flew through the air,

he suddenly pulled on the reins of his horse, and immediately after he

amazed! Is all this wealth now mine?" As he was saying this to himself,

the mules alone, the boy rode to one side and then the other saying, "Now

on the rete of this horse. Looking at the string of forty mules with the

horse. The sister of the forty thieves weared. The young man not to pull.
"Regardless of all that, take one of them and go to the store with it. Get some food from the owner of the store, and after giving him this, bring the food back here.

The woman took one of the objects from the sack and went to the food store. She said to the owner,

"When she handed the gold coin to the owner, however, he said,

The woman then went to another storekeeper, but he also said that he did not have enough money to give her in change. She went to the next one, and he said the same thing. And so finally the woman went back home again.

"What happened, mother?"

"My son, I have gone to this storekeeper, but he said that he did not have enough change; I have gone to that storekeeper, and he too said that he did not have enough change."

"My mother, Allah has given me wealth. You should have taken the food and given the man this piece of gold without accepting any change." But since the woman had been unable to accomplish this, the boy went to the storekeeper himself now. He said, "Give me this and give me that," ordering all of the

"My son, I do not have enough money to give you the correct change for this piece of gold."

story too long, let us just say that he did this and then went home.

Now that the sister of the forty thieves had joined them, he had two girls in his home. The next morning the boy put his saddlebag on a mule
and said to his mother, "Mother, take a horse, and with it lead this mule
to the home of the padishah. Tell him that your Hasan the Broom-Maker has
brought back his gold but that he does not any longer wish to marry his
daughter. Tell him also that he can keep the mule on which his gold is loaded.
Give him the gold and the mule and then come back home."

The woman went to the padishah with the gold and the mule, and she
spoke to the padishah in the way her son had instructed her to do. The
padishah did not ask, or even wonder, why Hasan no longer wanted his daughter.

On the following day, Hasan bought a good piece of land, and then he
hired forty or fifty craftsmen and about seventy laborers to start building
for him a beautiful mansion that would look like a palace. When it was
finished, he took the two girls there to live. He also had a stable built
for the animals. Inside, he had kilims spread everywhere, and outside, he
had a beautiful garden built, one that was filled with flowers. He had al
of these things put in good order and kept that way.

One morning the girl he had brought from Russia with him arose and
proceeded to sweep the courtyard. An old woman living in a hut opposite
their mansion saw her there. Since Hasan had said he no longer sought the
hand of the padishah's daughter, this matter became known to everyone in that
town. When the old lady saw the girl in the courtyard, she rushed to the palace
and said to the padishah, "Alas, your majesty, it was not without reason
that Hasan the Broom-Maker decided that he no longer wished to have your
daughter. May this world and the next be my witness when I tell you that
he brought back with him from that foreign state a girl who is suitable for
you but not at all suitable for him. She is like all that is beautiful in
this world."

"This is well enough, but I am beginning to be afraid of that young
man. He brought back from a foreign country all the money which I had been unable to recapture myself. Because of this, I do not feel that I can speak to him about this girl.'

"Do not worry about this," said the old woman. "I shall create such difficulties for him that he can never escape them. Then we shall be able to take this girl away from him."

"Well, if this can really be done," said the padishah, "give some thought to doing it."

The old woman spent that night thinking about this matter. In the morning she saw the other girl, the one which Hasan had taken from the forty thieves, sweeping the courtyard this time. She was even more beautiful than the first girl. When the old woman saw her, she again rushed to the home of the padishah. She was in such a hurry that she had only one hand covered by her loose robe. 15 "O, your majesty, there was not one girl but two! The girl I saw today is even more beautiful than the first one. They are both suitable for you, and so we should use all means to take these girls away from him."

Of course, the padishah was persuaded of this by the old woman.

moved down closer to the old woman to talk with her. She said to him, "Your majesty, I shall tell you of something from which Hasan will never be able to escape. There is a giant at such-and-such a place. You must act as if you are ill, and you must then tell this Hasan that you have a bad case of rheumatism in your legs. Tell him that the doctors have advised...

15 In pre-Republican days, women were supposed to be not only veiled in public but also completely covered with clothing. Even their hands were to be kept beneath their shawls. Although the veil is now outlawed, older residents of Beynazar (Province of Ankara) told us in 1967 that they felt it proper for a woman to reveal to public view no more than one hand and one eye. Instead of a veil, women in such conservative areas wear a shawl or "head square," which they clutch around their faces.
They have told me that I shall not get well unless I wrap around my leg a cloth and sit on it. Great rain has recently come to this place, and it is eating the grapes, and the horse is very weak and thirsty. If that is the case, then go to the market and buy a sack of grapes.

I am thinking about this...

The padishah has told me that I must do so and so, and that is what I am doing.

Great rain has recently come to this place, and it is eating the grapes, and the horse is very weak and thirsty. If that is the case, then go to the market and buy a sack of grapes.

I am thinking about this...

The padishah has told me that I must do so and so, and that is what I am doing.

They have told me that I shall not get well unless I wrap around my leg a cloth and sit on it. Great rain has recently come to this place, and it is eating the grapes, and the horse is very weak and thirsty. If that is the case, then go to the market and buy a sack of grapes.

I am thinking about this...

The padishah has told me that I must do so and so, and that is what I am doing.

Great rain has recently come to this place, and it is eating the grapes, and the horse is very weak and thirsty. If that is the case, then go to the market and buy a sack of grapes.

I am thinking about this...

The padishah has told me that I must do so and so, and that is what I am doing.

Great rain has recently come to this place, and it is eating the grapes, and the horse is very weak and thirsty. If that is the case, then go to the market and buy a sack of grapes.

I am thinking about this...

The padishah has told me that I must do so and so, and that is what I am doing.

Great rain has recently come to this place, and it is eating the grapes, and the horse is very weak and thirsty. If that is the case, then go to the market and buy a sack of grapes.

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Great rain has recently come to this place, and it is eating the grapes, and the horse is very weak and thirsty. If that is the case, then go to the market and buy a sack of grapes.

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Great rain has recently come to this place, and it is eating the grapes, and the horse is very weak and thirsty. If that is the case, then go to the market and buy a sack of grapes.

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Great rain has recently come to this place, and it is eating the grapes, and the horse is very weak and thirsty. If that is the case, then go to the market and buy a sack of grapes.

I am thinking about this...

The padishah has told me that I must do so and so, and that is what I am doing.

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I am thinking about this...

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"All right," said the boy earnestly, and he went at once to buy a sack of grapes. He groomed Blackbird carefully, gave her water to drink, and then poured before her the sack of grapes. He went then and stood at her left side. As she was eating the grapes, the horse looked to her right side, and, of course, she saw no one there. Then she looked to her left side and saw the boy.

"What do you want?" asked the horse.

"The padishah has asked me to go and get the lumps of the giant living at such-and-such a place. I want to know how I can possibly accomplish this task."

"But, my son, you should have thought about it [the whole course of his recent actions] in time."  

Then the boy returned to the girl, who asked him what had happened. He said, "She told me that I should have thought about this in time."

Hearing that, the girl herself went to the horse and spoke to her, "This world is a place in which everyone pays for what he does. My brother did certain things, and they have paid for their deeds. Now the padishah is doing this and that to take us away from this boy. Therefore, if you can possibly help the boy, do so. He is the one now who will look after us, and he is the one who will take care of you too."

"I shall lead him there, but I cannot bring him back," said the horse

The girl did not fully understand what the horse meant, thinking she would both take the boy to complete his task and then bring him bac

The horse's rejoinder here is very vague in its meaning. From the subsequent remarks of the sister of the forty thieves, however, it becomes clear that the horse resents Hasan for his killing of the thieves and taking their sister and herself (Blackbird) to his own country. This is the reason she refuses, at this point, to help Hasan.
right," said the girl.

"Then he would be ready early tomorrow morning. Roast two pieces of meat and a chicken."

"Very well," said the girl.

Returning home, the girl roasted two pieces of meat and a chicken. The next morning the boy arose and carefully groomed the horse again. Then he mounted the horse, took the two roasted pieces of meat and the roasted chicken, and rode out of town. After they were away from the town, the horse ordered him to close his eyes. The boy closed his eyes. Then the horse ordered him to open his eyes again. When he did this, the boy saw that they had arrived before the well in which the giant lived.

"Now, if the northeast wind [noyraz] should blow, you should move around to the southwest [lodos]. On the other hand, if lodos is blowing, then you should move around to noyraz. This is necessary because the giant comes up out of the well with his mouth turned in the direction opposite to that from which the wind is blowing. When the giant sticks his head with his mouth open, you must shove the first piece of meat into his mouth. The next time, the giant will come up out of the well all the way to his waist, asking himself about the source of so much good meat. At that moment, you must stick the second piece of meat into his mouth. The third time, he will come completely out of the well, again inquiring about the source of so much good meat. Then you must shove the chicken into his mouth, and immediately after that jump onto his back, holding him by the ears. Do not be afraid. If you do not jump on his back and hold fast to his ears, this giant will tear you into many pieces, and then you will not be able to return. The ears of the giant should be used as reins with which to steer him."
After saying these things, the horse flew back to the stable, and Hasan waited there for the giant. After some time, the giant started coming up out of the well with its mouth open. Since the northeast wind [poyraz] was blowing, the boy moved around to the side of the southwest wind [lodos], and when the giant's head appeared, he stuck a piece of meat into its mouth.

The next time, the giant came out of the well as far as his waist, with his mouth open and asking himself what the source was of all the meat that was coming to him. The boy stuck the second piece of meat into his mouth. The next time, the giant came completely out of the well asking himself about the source of the meat. The boy shoved the chicken into its mouth, and then he jumped upon his back and grabbed hold of his ears.

After the giant had been captured in this way, he spoke to the boy.

"Ah, young man, if you had not jumped onto my back and held fast to my ears I should have torn you into pieces."

"Do not talk so much, but move along," said the boy, and using the ears as reins, he rode the giant to his own country.

Meanwhile, the padishah arose that morning and, still in his nightcloth, stood before the window rubbing his eyes. When he saw Hasan bringing not only the lungs of the giant but also the whole giant himself, alive, he ordered his men to close the gates of the city in order to keep the giant from tearing them all to pieces. They closed and locked the gates, and when Hasan told them to open them, nobody would do so. Hasan then showed the gates to the giant, and this time he slammed into them, breaking them open with his chest, and entered the city. "Lambir, lambir," they went up the stairs of the padishah's palace and saw him trying to hide in one of its corners.

18 Onomatopoeia for the noise one makes while running up or down wooden stairs.
There will be no way for him to escape this new difficulty. Then

from me.

There is no way in which he can escape it, and I already have thought of

madrashah again and said, "I shall create so much trouble for him that there

promised herself to think up even worse trouble for Hassan. She went to the

the house as punishment. The old woman could endure no more, and so she

palace. She washed away all the blood, cleaned the carpets, and whitewashed

them out on her back. It took her a week or ten days to clean the whole

The old woman cut the parts of the giant into smaller pieces and carted

must now carry all the parts of the giant outside.

He then killed him here, muttering me the injuries as punishment for you. You

what do you mean 'cut to pieces'. I brought the giant here alive and

there is no possibility for him to return.

mayesty, Hassan will not have been cured. I cut him to pieces and left there, and so

soon after this the old woman came to the palace and said, 'No, your

Hassan then cut apart the giant with the vegetables knives left to him by

"Mayest?, if you let him live, he will devour all of us. Please

I will know.

your majesty? Hassan shouted. "Mayest?, I cut the giant into two or three

been cured. I no longer need the limbs of the giant."

Hassan? said the pashah. 'I have recovered, and my legs have
Some time after this, the padishah called Hasan to his presence again and this time he said to him, "My son, Hasan, you have brought back my thirty thousand yellow liras, and you have also brought back the giant alive. You are the one, therefore, whom I am now requesting to get for me a three-stemmed flower. At such-and-such a place there is a garden in which grow flowers that never grow pale or die. I want one of these flowers to place on my dining table. You are the only person able to do this. If you bring it to me, then all will be well; if you do not bring it by the end of forty days, then I shall give you to the executioners on the forty-first day.

What could the boy do? He went home and started thinking about the order which the padishah had given him. Again the girl whom he had brought from the cave of the forty thieves asked him what he was thinking about so deeply.

"Well, the padishah has asked me to do such-and-such. He wants a three-stemmed flower from me. How can I get this for him?"

"Again you will go and groom Blackbird, giving her grapes and again standing on her left side. You tell her about this, and if there is anything that can be done to accomplish it, she will tell you of it.

The boy went and groomed Blackbird and placed before her a sack of grapes. When Blackbird started eating the grapes, he again went and stood at her left side. The horse looked to her right side and could see no one. When she looked to her left side and saw him, she said, "What are you lookin
Story 3

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The professor whispered to the student, "I see your point."

"I've been here for three years," the student replied. "I've grown attached to this place.

But I've decided to make a change."

"You're going to transfer to another university?"

"Yes," the student said. "I want to pursue a different major."

"I understand," the professor said. "It's a big decision."

The student looked out the window, lost in thought. "Sometimes," they said, "I wonder if I'm making the right choice."

"Don't worry," the professor said. "You'll figure it out."
from there and carry him to the side of that pool. If the pool is in some way enchanted, you must throw the hairs from my mane into the water so it will have no power over you. Then you will wash the old man thoroughly with this soap, and you will pick all of the worms and lice from his body with this needle. From his room you will take his clothes in which you will dress him, and then you will take him back to his chair. He is the watchman at the gate. Then you should go and stand at his left side. After a while his mind will grow clear again. He will look to his right side but will not see anybody. Then, looking to his left side, he will see you, and he will ask if it was you who had done such good deeds for him. At that moment do not hide from him but tell him that you were the one who had done these things for him."

After saying these things, the horse flew back to her place, and the boy proceeded to follow the instructions which she had given him. He picked up the old man and carried him to the pool where he washed him thoroughly and cleansed him of the worms and lice. Then he dressed him in clean clothes and carried him back to his seat. After a while the old man's mind cleared up. Looking to the right side, he saw nothing, but when he looked to his left he saw the boy standing there. He asked him, "O young man, did you do these things for me?" The boy did not deny that it was he who had done these things, and soon the old man said, "You may request of me whatever you wish."

Then the boy spoke, and he said to the old man, "I request of you a flower with three stems."

"Ah, my son, those flowers are enchanted, and anyone who touches their leaves becomes stone. It is not possible for me to grant this request. But
I shall give you one of these flowers."

"In that case, I shall wrestle with you, and if you can defeat me, then I shall give it to you.

She had never seen anyone as strong as the young man, and in that moment, she knew why she had come. She had come to test her power, and she was eager to try. In the morning, just as the old man had said, the girl came with female slaves, flying through the air and landing near the pool. The guest, in the morning, just as the old man had said, the guest came with power. Also, listen very carefully to what she will say to you.

Tell her, in her hand in return for the clothes. That time may have some precautions on her hand in return for the clothes. That time may have some precautions. Give them back to her when she comes looking for them. Ask for the time in that pool. She comes once a week. When she comes tomorrow to wash her clothes, you should steal her clothes and refuse to return them. The girl removed her clothes and left them on the branch of the tree. Then she entered the pool. The boy quietly left his hiding place, took her clothes, and then hid himself again. When the girl completed her bathing, she looked to this side and to that side, and at last she saw the boy behind the rose bush. "Man, give me back my clothes," she said.

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The girl departed with her slave girls to the place from which she had come.

"Well, what happened, my son?" asked the old man. Then the boy told him that such-and-such had happened. "Tonight you must stay with me again as my guest. The wrestling ground is such-and-such a place. Do not be frightened if she appears in the form of a huge Negro, with one lip dragging on the ground and the other touching the sky. When she tries to squeeze you and win the wrestling match in that way do not let her hold you but wrestle in an evasive way. Then when the heat of noonday falls upon her head, her brains will become red-hot, and then you will be able to lift her up and throw her to the ground."

The boy stayed there that night, and the next morning he put on his Kispet and went to the wrestling ground, saying to himself that he looked like a real wrestler. All at once, someone hit him on the neck, but there was no one there but the boy himself.

"How amazing!" said the boy. "I recovered the padishah's thirty thousand yellow iras, and nobody hit me like that. Where does the blow come from?"

Then the boy was soon dealt a second blow on the neck. "I was able to get the lungs of the giant that lives in such-and-such a place! That is the sort of man I am! Who can be striking me like this?" After receiving a third blow of this kind, he saw the girl before him, with her slave girls all around them in a ring like spectators. Then he said in a determined way, "Come, let us wrestle!"

"All right," said the girl.

Kispet may refer to a costume or to a wrestler's shorts; here it is clearly the latter. Just how the boy happened to have along with him this piece of clothing is perhaps too practical a question to ask about a tale which exists so largely in an imaginary world.
They made their final preparations, and then they commenced to wrestle. In order to grab hold of him, the girl charged right at him, but the boy ran to this side and to that side, avoiding her in this way until noon. When the heat of noon fell upon the brains of the girl, the boy gripped her, lifted her up, and threw her to the ground. Since that wrestling ground was covered with sand, the girl was buried knee-deep in the sand now. Very angry at that, the girl rushed up out of the sand, grabbed the boy, and threw him to the ground so that he now was knee-deep in the sand. Rushing up out of the sand, the boy now struck her to the ground so hard that she was buried waist-deep in the sand. The girl then struck the boy to the ground so hard that he likewise was buried waist-deep in the sand. Finally, when the boy struck her to the ground for the third time, the girl was buried in the sand to the depth of her height. At that point, the girl started clapping her hands. She had taken an oath that whoever beat her in wrestling would marry her, while whomever she defeated she would behead.

When the girl clapped her hands, her female slaves started clapping their hands too and shouting, "Our eldest sister has found her match—found her match!"

The boy took the girl by the hand and helped her out of the sand, and then they went directly to her palace. That night and several weeks thereafter they remained there, and then the boy told her that the time had come for him to return. The girl told him not to be concerned about going back, that they would all go together. Then she said to her female slaves, "Take us—palace, garden, and all—and place us in the meadow behind the palace of the padishah."

When the boy awakened in the morning, he saw to his surprise that
they had come---palace, garden, flowers and all---to his own country.

same morning when the padishah got up, he looked toward the meadow and then rubbed his eyes in surprise, for it seemed to him that the meadow was all red. He called his viziers to him and asked, "Is our back meadow burning? What has happened? Look! It is red all over!"

The vizier to his right looked and saw that it was indeed red. The vizier to his left also looked, and he too saw that it really was red. He said, "Your majesty, might not this be the doing of Hasan the Broom-Maker, who has gone to get you a flower? It looks as if he has brought not the flower but also the garden where they grow and the palace as well."

Then they looked through field glasses and saw that it was all real.

Of course, when Hasan arose, the first thing he did was to go and bring to the palace the other girls, his mother, and all of the things he owned. Then the girl said to Hasan, "Hasan, now you must go and have a suit of clothes made, buy a hat and shoes, and be sure that everything is better than those worn by the padishah. Then go to the coffeehouse where the padishah usually goes, and if he pays one lira for his coffee or tea, you give five liras. If he leaves a tip of two and a half liras, you should leave one of ten liras. Do this so that you will seem superior to him."

"All right," said Hasan. He dressed in better clothes than those worn by the padishah, and he went to the coffeehouse where the padishah usually

22 Turkish peasants are fascinated with binoculars, and apparently they have been ever since field glasses became military equipment. Many tales in this archive contain references to binoculars. In the archive tales, as in Chodzko's account of the bandit, Körönlü uses binoculars.

23 Rulers probably did not frequent public coffeehouses; in fact, within the fanciful world of the nassal, it seems quite in keeping to have them do so.

24 The specificity of 2½ liras as opposed to two or three is not a matter of mere whimsey. There is (and has been for some time) a 2½ lira piece in Turkish coinage.
One day the padishah approached Hasan and asked him, "Hasan, where did you find all this wealth?"

Hasan, who wanted first to ask the girl about this and get her opinion, deferred answering. He told me consider this over night and give you an answer later," said Hasan, "Let me consider this over night and give you an answer later."
he was still inferior to the padishah.

"That did you decide, Hasan?" asked the padishah.

"By Allah, your majesty, I must ask you whether you wish me to come with or without my soldiers."

The padishah thought to himself, "By Allah! All of the soldiers here are mine, and I am the ruler of this whole land. Who are the soldiers of this Hasan? Will he collect the lame and the blind and bring them along to be fed with himself?" But to Hasan he said, "All right, come with your soldiers."

In the meantime since Blackbird had formerly belonged to that sir, she decided to surrender herself completely to Hasan, and so he was able to ride her at any time he wished. Now, upon this occasion, Hasan groomed Blackbird very carefully and mounted her. The girl then asked for and a large suza, and they brought her the suza. When she opened the suza, there came from it first a group of trumpeters followed by foot-soldiers and artillerymen. Hasan led them to the palace of the padishah, and the line was so long that one end was at the palace while the other end was still coming forth from the suza.

While this was going on, the padishah, in order to feed so many soldiers, ordered that there be cooked forty cauldrons of rice and forty

The reference here is very confusing. Blackbird, we had been told earlier, had belonged to the fairy girl whom Hasan had found in the cave of the forty thieves. This does not seem to be the girl, however, from whom he is taking directions at this point in the tale.

This word is unintelligible. The narrator here is clearly saying suza but what that word mean in this context we do not know.
cudrons of koshkak and forty cauldrons of hoshaf. As the soldiers continued entering the palace, the padishah realized that they would never end, for there were still many more outside. "Alas, efendi," he said to Hasan, "send some of these soldiers back." Hasan sent some of the soldiers back and the rest filled the palace completely.

After sitting waiting for a while, one of the clever soldiers left the house in order to go to the toilet. To his surprise, he noticed, as he passed, that there would not be food enough for all of them. So, he pulled down one of the cauldrons of rice and ate it all by himself. Then he ate a cauldron of koshkak and a cauldron of hoshaf. Afterwards he returned and told a friend that there would not be food enough for everyone and that he should go and eat before it was too late. In this way, all of the food was eaten by just a few soldiers, who passed the information along one to another, and before long all the rest of the soldiers started shouting at the padishah that they were hungry. The padishah, who had also asked his viziers and many important people to the dinner, was unable to do much about this situation, and after a while the soldiers left the place.

The padishah said to the boy, "Hasan, I was unable to feed all of these soldiers. How do you manage to feed them?"

Before leaving with his soldiers, Hasan invited the padishah to dine with him the next day. The padishah accepted this invitation.

The next day, the padishah, having been disgraced already by Hasan

Koshkak is boiled wheat containing minced meat. The narrator pronounces it in the dialectal form cheshkak.

Hoshaf is fruit cooked in heavy sugar syrup. The word hoshaf derives from hosh--pleasant or sweet (probably from the Persian)--and ah--water in Arabic. Hoshaf literally, then, refers to the sweet syrup in which the food is cooked, but it also refers to the whole--fruit and syrup.
sent out all over the city to collect all of the poor people, and the rich people, and all of the soldiers, to take to the home of Hasan for dinner. There had not been any preparation at Hasan's house to feed so many people, and so Hasan said, "Let us prepare something before they all arrive."

"Do not worry, do not worry," said the girl. Now all of the people and soldiers were arriving with the padishah, but for some reason or other, they could not fill even one of the guest rooms. But suddenly the room was filled with chairs and armchairs and ornamented tables. Then the girls offered all the guests coffee in silver cups placed on silver plates.

The padishah, looking to his right vizier and to his left vizier, said, "Although I am the padishah of all this land, I do not have such silver dishes for serving coffee. He offers all of us coffee in silver cups placed on silver dishes."

Afterwards the girls opened the susa and all sorts of foods came forth from it. The female slaves offered all these different foods to the guests until they were all completely satisfied. Then, after the meal was finished, the girls offered the guests black coffee in golden cups set on golden plates. Each girl brought a tray containing ten golden cups filled with coffee. This time, when the padishah saw the golden plates and cups, he decided to steal one of the cups. Although he was the padishah, he did not have any like this at home. After drinking his coffee, he just kept the cup, hiding it in his pocket. When the female slave found that only nine cups were returned to the table, she said, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I have only nine cups now while I should have ten. One of them is missing. Give back my cup, for if you do not, my older brother

32 The term used here is gada coffee — coffee without sugar.
One day, the daughter of the madleshah, who was known as the most beautiful girl in the garden, was sitting in the palace with the other lady-in-waiting. Suddenly, she noticed that the madleshah had left the room.

"Where has he gone?" she wondered. "I must find him." With that, she left the palace and started running through the garden. When she reached the fountain, she saw the madleshah sitting on a bench, deep in thought.

"Hasan, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"I was just seeing if you were still here," he replied. "I heard that you were looking for me." She smiled. "I was indeed looking for you. I have something important to tell you." He stood up and walked towards her.

"Tell me," he said, "what is it that you need to tell me?"

"I have found the secret to happiness," she said. "And I want to share it with you." He looked at her with interest. "What is this secret?"

"It is a simple one," she said. "You should always be happy, no matter what happens. You should never let anything bring you down." He nodded in agreement.

"And how do we find this happiness?" he asked.

"We find it by living a simple life," she said. "By being content with what we have, and by not worrying about what we don't."

"But how do we live a simple life?" he asked.

"We live a simple life by not focusing on material things," she said. "We focus on the people we love, and the things that truly matter to us." He looked at her with admiration. "You are truly wise, my dear." She smiled. "Thank you, Hasan. I am glad that I could share this with you." And with that, she left the room, leaving Hasan to think about what she had said.
still sat in the guest room. After they had fought for a while, some
had broken heads and some damaged eyes. The fairy girl gave an order to
her female slaves: "Hold them under your arms and throw them into the Sea
of Marmara, and thus get rid of them."

The female slaves did as they were ordered and took them all to the
Sea of Marmara and threw them into the water. Then the girl appeared before
the people and spoke to them: "From now on, your padishah will be Hasan.

former padishah has persecuted Hasan in many ways, but now he has
succeeded in getting rid of them. From now on, he will be your padishah."

Hasan married these girls after having for each of them a wedding
that lasted for forty days and forty nights. They had their wishes
fulfilled, and now let us go up and sit in their places.35

35 This is the standard formulaic ending for Turkish folktales. Some
scholars feel that it is a reflection against a narrator if he does not
use this ending, regardless of what other terminal tekerlemé he may use.
The Turkish reads Onlar armiş mured' inca, biz chikalim kerekat'ınca.