Once there was a köse who lived in a village. This köse's wife was exceedingly beautiful, and the entire village had its eye on her. The villagers decided to play a trick on the köse. They said, "Let us have a crier announce that an order has come from the government to the effect that everyone's sheep and cattle will be slaughtered."

A bekçi was hired to announce this, and he said, "Listen carefully. An order has come from the government saying that everyone will slaughter his oxen, cows, and sheep." They had decided to change this announcement after the köse had slaughtered all his animals.

The köse slaughtered his animals, and then they said to the bekçi, "Go and announce that the order has been postponed." He went and made this announcement.

said, "Oh, I have already slaughtered my animals!"

The next day the köse loaded five or six bundles of animal skins [on his donkey] and took them to a neighboring village to sell. As he was going along, he came upon a farmer who was plowing, and he asked this man if he would like to buy a skin.

1 The köse is a Turkish character type. Short-legged and beardless he is thought to be both shrewd and vicious. People are automatically wary of him, and they perpetrate all kinds of tricks on him.

2 A village does not have a bekçi, who is an urban night watchman, a member of the municipal police department. Rural watchman would be korucu.
farmer said, "Yes, but I can pay for it only in wheat."

The farmer's home was nearby, and he shouted to his wife, "Hey, Ayşe, measure out half a kile\(^3\) of wheat for köse."

"All right, all right," she said; "let him come." When the köse entered the house, he saw a man getting into a closet. The woman dipped up the half kile of wheat, but when she started pouring it into his sack, the köse closed the mouth of the sack, and it was spilled all over the floor. "Why did you do that, köse?" she asked.

"It was accidental."

The woman said, "Let me pour you another half kile of wheat."

"No," said the köse; "it is all right. This is my kismet, and I shall pick it up." He started picking up the grain, one kernel at a time. By the time he had it picked up, the farmer had returned home.

"Where have you been?" the farmer asked.

"The grain was spilled, and I was busy gathering it up," said the köse.

The köse spent the night at the farmer's house because it had taken so long to pick up the grain. They asked him, "Where in the house would you like to have your bed made?"

"Just make it in front of that closet," said the köse. He went to bed there, and the woman had her husband sleep upstairs. She put a pan of butter on the stove to heat, and then she went upstairs. The

\(^3\) The kile is a volume measure slightly more than a bushel.
köse got up, took the pan of hot butter, went part way up the stairs, and poured it into the closet, frying stiff the man hiding within. He then went back to bed.

The woman came back downstairs and used what butter was left to make helva. She stepped over the köse [to take some of it to her lover] and awakened the köse. She said, "A visitor who arrived here after you did just died."

"What can be done with him if he is dead?" asked the köse. "If you will give me a shoeful of gold, I shall get rid of him for you."

"Yes, I shall give that to you."

The köse then raised the body to his back and carried it to the rear of the house where there was a ladder. He climbed to the roof and dropped the body, feet first, down the chimney, with his feet hanging down but with his arms spread so that his head remained above.

When they built a fire in the morning, the smoke kept puffing. "What is wrong with this chimney which has always drawn so well?"

Going outside, the farmer looked at the chimney and saw a man there. "Bring my shotgun," he shouted. "Our enemy is climbing in through our chimney!" He fired from below, and the man dropped down. "Go and call the köse," the farmer said to his wife. Then to the köse the man said, "The matter is such-and-such. I shot a man accidentally."

"Who told you to shoot him? If you will give me my shoe full of gold, I shall dispose of the body for you."

This is a simple type of helva known as un helvası. Flour is fried in butter until brown. It is then taken from the fire, and sugar syrup is added. When well mixed, this is again put on the fire and stirred until it boils and thickens. Un helvası means, literally, flour helva.
"All right; I shall give you anything you ask for."

The köse received a second shoeful of gold and thus acquired a great amount of money. He had the body dressed in a soldier's overcoat and strapped on his donkey [as if alive]. Along the way there was a watermelon field full of glittering watermelons. The watchman was in his tower, and he started crying out, "Hey, pimp, your donkey is ruining my watermelons!" The köse had pretended to be sleeping as his donkey ate watermelons. "If I come down there," shouted the watchman, "I'll do this and that to you." Then he did come down and started to beat the man on the donkey. The body, already dead, fell to the ground. When the köse arose as if from sleeping by a small stream there, he rubbed his eyes, saw what had happened, and started shouting, "Oh, you have killed the soldier I was taking back [from the hospital to his village] for a change of air. He was a convalescent soldier I was taking home for rest, and here you have killed him."

When the bekçi [watchman] heard this, he got together his two years' salary and gave it to the köse to keep him quiet.

When the köse got back to his village, he saw a large crowd of people in the village square. "Oh, köse," they said, "where did you come from just now?"

"Where do you suppose? I have been selling hides. They pay

Vegetable fields often have guards who watch the produce from a covered wooden tower 15-20 feet high. This is to protect the crop from theft and from damage by wild animals, especially wild boars.

As in his other tales, the narrator here refers to a rural guard as a bekçi, a town or city night patrolman.
such good prices for them. I took five or six bundles and made a great amount of money from them. Both saddlebags of his donkey were heavy with gold.

Then all of the other villagers started slaughtering their oxen and cows, but they could not, of course, sell the skins readily. They then decided to get rid of the köse by tying him up and throwing him into the sea. They caught him, put him in a sack, and threw him on a wagon. When they were near the river—no, it was a lake—they said, "If we throw him into the water, he will simply die. First, let us give him a good beating and then throw him into the water." They left the köse there and went into the forest to cut some sticks with which to beat him.

Just then a shepherd with 500 sheep came to graze his flock by the side of the river [lake?]. When the köse saw the shepherd, he started shouting, "I will not have it! I will not have it!"

The shepherd came and asked him, "What is it that you do not want?"

"They gave me the padişah's daughter, and when I refused to have her, they threatened to drop me into the water."

"Who would not marry the padişah's daughter?" said the shepherd. You come out of the sack and let me marry her."

He let the köse out of the sack, and then he got into it, telling the köse to tie it up again. When the villagers returned, each with a stick, the shepherd was shouting, "I will have her! I will have her!"
"You pimp! What is it that you want?"

padışah's daughter," said the shepherd.

"Is it the padışah's daughter that you have a fancy for now?"

They swung the sack back and forth and threw him into the sea.

At dusk that evening the köse returned to the village with his flock of sheep. "Oh, köse," the villagers said, "did we not throw you into the sea?"

you have been such good neighbors to me! But if you had only thrown me just a little farther, I could have gathered a flock twice the size of this one."

Hearing that, the villagers rushed to the sea and threw themselves into the water. There were a widow and her son with them. The widow said, "Son, let us get thirty or forty sheep for ourselves." They went to the seashore, and she pushed her son into the water.

He started making the sound, "Kırk, kırk, kırk.""

"If it is not forty, then thirty will do," his mother said.

When the köse saw all this, he said, "Once you all had your eyes on my wife. Now all your wives have been left to me." He ate and drank and had his wishes fulfilled.

? The noise he makes is the gurgling and choking of one drowning, but it sounds much like kırk, the Turkish word for forty.