My father and I were one day hired to be the shepherds for our village. In this village of Zemliye there was a wild walnut tree, and one night as we were bringing the flock from the pasture, we noticed that there was a stork standing on one of the branches of this tree. My father said, "Son, this means some good fortune for us. Go up into the tree and see what it has brought for us.

I climbed up into the tree and saw that the stork had brought us a blue bead. I came back down and said, "Father, it has brought us a blue bead."

"Very well. Put it on the window seat at our house."

The next morning we took the flock to graze as usual, and in the evening we brought them home again. Again we saw the stork standing on the branch of the walnut tree. "Son, go up the tree and see what it has brought us today."

I climbed the tree and found that this time the stork had brought us a pumpkin seed. I took the seed from the bird's mouth and climbed down. I said, "Father, it has brought us a pumpkin seed.

In Turkey storks are birds of good omen. When a stork builds its nest on a chimney, care is taken not to disturb it, for its presence will, it is believed, bring the occupants of that house some good fortune.
He said, "Son, take the seed around to the back of the house and bury it in the manure heap there so that at the end of the summer we may have a pumpkin."

I took the pumpkin seed, went around to the back of the house, and buried it there in the manure heap. When the neighbors were hoeing their vegetables that summer, my mother hoed our pumpkin plant. Later my father said, "All the neighbors are gathering their corn and beans. You go now and pick your pumpkin."

Taking an axe in one hand and a spade in the other, I went to cut the pumpkin. Tak, tak, tak, tak—and at last I managed to cut through the stem of the pumpkin. When I tried to lift it, I found that it was so heavy that I was unable to move it, and so I called a few of the neighbors to help me. We finally managed to roll it up to the door of the house. There I hit the pumpkin very hard with my axe, but I could not split it. Finally the handle broke and the axe head went into the pumpkin. I followed through the hole it had made and started searching for the axe head. After a while I met forty men down there. "Fellow citizens," I said, "have you seen an axe down here? I have lost it in here somewhere and I am searching for it."

"Have you lost your mind, too?" they asked. "We lost a train of mules—forty mules—forty days ago, and we have been searching for

2 Onomatopoeia for the sound of chopping.

3 The term used here is hemgehri. The Persian word hem means same, and gebir means city. The form hemgehri means one from the same city.
them ever since—and you expect to find an axe down here!" They advised me to depart from the interior of the pumpkin and give up the search. I agreed with them, and together we climbed out.

They went their way, and I went and borrowed another axe from one of the neighbors. I started, very slowly and carefully, to cut into the rind of the pumpkin. At last I made an opening, and from it there flowed honey. I went and told my parents about this. I said, "It is full of honey. We can fill buckets and pans with honey." They went to borrow buckets and tinned containers from the neighbors, for they did not have enough at home. They brought all of these containers to the pumpkin, but still there was not enough to hold all of the honey.

That day my father's flock had caused him great trouble, for he had difficulty in keeping them together. He returned home in an angry mood, and when he saw me, he started chasing me with a stick for not helping him with the animals. He chased me home, striking at me from behind but missing me because I ran so fast. My mother met us along the way, and she asked my father, "How much did you earn today? Look at our son! He has so much honey!"

I sold all of the honey and received a whole bagful of money for it. When my father saw the money, he was pleased. He took some

4 The word used here is teneke, which means, literally, a tinned plate or container. Among peasants today, however, it usually means a five-gallon British petrol can, square on top and closed with a screw cap. Once emptied of petrol, these cans become valuable containers much sought by poorer people, especially in rural areas.
money in his pocket and went to the coffeehouse. Later that night I heard him speaking to my mother: "Hey, wife, our son has started earning money. In fact, we are rich. Let us have him married—but whose daughter should we request?"

"We shall get Mehmet Ağa's daughter for him."

"No, Mehmet Ağa's daughter is too free. I want Hasan Ağa's daughter for him." They could not agree about whose daughter I was to marry. I heard their entire conversation through the wall.

In the morning, after my father had gone to the coffeehouse again, I said, "Mother, I heard some noise from your room last night."

"Well, son," she said, "it was about you. You are grown up now, you know, and we want to have you married."

I said to my mother, "I want neither Mehmet Ağa's daughter nor Hasan Ağa's daughter. I want to marry the daughter of the padişah."

My mother used to work as a maid in the palace of the padişah and she would bring home bread and other food when she returned each evening. Now she went again to the palace. The padişah, looking from his window, saw her coming, and he said to his servants, "That woman is coming again. Apparently she has some guests, for she is walking fast, and she will take them food from the palace! Bake some bread so that she can be taken care of." The servants took plates of food and loaves of bread to the door. My mother took the loaves and the

5 The greatest aspiration of many Turkish peasants is to be sufficiently affluent to retire and spend one's time sitting at a coffeehouse, the center of male social life in any village.
plates of food and came home

"Mother, what news?"

She told me what had happened, and I told her to go back again.

As my mother returned to the palace, the padishah again observed her from his window, and he concluded that her guests were more numerous than he had at first supposed. "Give her more bread and other foods this time," he said to his servants. They took a great quantity of food to the door, and when my mother saw so much bread and other foods, she forgot all about her real purpose in going to the palace. She simply accepted these things and returned.

"Well, what did they say about it?" I asked.

"Well, I never even saw the padishah. Servants presented me with all of this food, and so I brought it home."

"Go back again, and this time tell the servants that you wish to see the padishah himself." I repeated these instructions to her several times.

My mother returned to the palace, saying, as she walked along, "I want to see the padishah himself. I want to see the padishah himself. I want to see the padishah himself. I want to see the padishah himself."

The servants said to her, "Let us go and ask the padishah if he is willing to see you."

"All right," she said.

When they asked the padishah this question, he said, "Let her come."
"Selâmünaleyküm," she said.

"Aleykümselâm," answered the padişah.

"With the permission of Allah, I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter for my son."

The padişah hesitated at first, and then he said, "Well, lady, I shall give you and your son forty days. If he can bring me Acayıp and Kadayıp in that time, I shall give him my daughter. But if he fails to bring Acayıp and Kadayıp in that time, I shall have his head chopped off. You may go now."

My mother reached home striking her knees with her hands and sobbing. "Mother, what happened?" I asked. "Why are you crying?"

"Son, the padişah wants Acayıp and Kadayıp from you. If you fail to bring them to him within forty days, he will have your head cut off. That is why I am crying."

I said, "Mother, do not cry about it. There is no reason to do so. This matter is very simple."

In the meantime, my father had returned from the coffeehouse.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Well, the situation is such-and-such. Sandals—iron—for long journey. Ausr—iron sandal—for long journey.

"Well, son, you make pairs of sandale for all of us out of -- Quast—gasoline cans, and then we shall take iron sticks in our hands and set out in search of Acayıp and Kadayıp."

6 Acayıp is an adjective, normally, meaning strange or wonderful. Kadayıp refers to a variety of sweet pastries.

7 When the traditional Turkish hero of the folktale must undertake a very long trip, he dons iron shoes and carries an iron staff. Leather shoes and wooden staffs would wear out on a trip as long as the epic journey that he must make. Mention of iron shoes and staff automatically signals a lengthy trip in Turkish folktale convention.
We made these things and set out. We went through many villages, saying, "This village is mine," "This village is yours," Everyone we saw we asked, "Has anyone here seen Acağıp and Kadayıp?"

After we had gone a great distance, we found a man who said, "I know where Acağıp and Kadayıp are to be found. Let me show you the way. Follow me."

Apparently he knew of a giant who lived nearby in a cave, and the local people, wishing to rid themselves of such searching visitors as we were, decided to feed us to this giant. "Let us take them to the giant to be eaten up, and in this way we shall be rid of them," they said among themselves.

We followed the man. After a while he said, "You see that cave over there. That is where Acağıp and Kadayıp live. Go there, catch them, and take them wherever you wish."

We went directly to the entrance of the cave. When we reached it, a girl came out and asked, "Whom do you want?"

"We are searching for Acağıp and Kadayıp," we said.

"For goodness sake," she exclaimed. "Such words are forbidden here. Acağıp and Kadayıp are my father's names, but do not use those names here or he will eat you. When he speaks to you, you had better say, 'We are looking for work.'"

The Turkish exclamation used here is Aman, which means, pardon, mercy, or for goodness sake.
When I walked into the cave, I saw the giant coming toward me, spattering fire as he came. The girl said, "Now do as I told you. Do not mention the words Acaylp and Kadaylp, but simply say that you are looking for work. In that way you will be safe."

Acaylp and Kadaylp slowly drew closer, and when he was quite close to us, he asked, "What do you want?"

"We want work," we said.

"All right," he said. "Come along."

We entered the cave, where we sat down and ate. He then spoke to my father and said, "Will you give me your son to be my apprentice?"

"Yes, I will," said my father.

"Well, what terms do you wish?"

"Whatever you are willing to pay."

"No, no--you should not say that. We must have an agreement. I shall pay him a lira a day."

"Very well."

"All right, then. You may go now, but you are to return in forty days." So, my parents left but I remained.

The girl then said to me, "O boy, if my father gives you difficult tasks to do, you must never say you are sorry he has done this or that are displeased. And if he ever asks you if you have learned any of the skills he will show you, you must say, 'No, I have not learned anything.'"

"All right," I said.

The giant now started to show me a great variety of skills. After each was finished, he would ask, "Did you learn how to do this?"
"No, I did not," I would say."

"All right," he would say. During the forty days of my apprenticeship he showed me forty different skills. On the forty-first day my father returned. The giant said to him, "Hey, father, what a thick-headed son you have! I have shown him many different skills, but he did not learn a single one of them. Take him back! Here is your money. Get out of here!"

"Thank Allah I have come out of there alive," I said, for my mother and father had wept for me for forty days and nights, thinking that I must have perished.

It was getting close to the time of Kurban Bayram. I said to my father, "I shall turn myself into a hotel and you can rent the rooms for

but do not give my key into an inn, and then bath, and prospective do you want for that bath:

"A thousand liras.

"Here are 1,500 I

"But I shall not.

"Never mind that.

9 The Moslem Festival of Sacrifices which comes shortly after the month of Ramazan. It lasts for several days during which sheep are slaughtered. At least half of the meat is given to the poor.

10 Acayip and Kadayıp here is the master trickster and magician of Turkish folktales who teaches an apprentice the art of transformation. Eventually the master and the apprentice have a transformation contest, which is usually won by the apprentice. This pattern is common in Western tradition too where the best-known example may be the contest in the Puss in Boots tale.
newer and stronger keys made. Take your money and leave."

Taking the money and the keys, my father departed. It was about lunch
time, and the man who had bought the bath went to lunch. Before he returned
I shook myself [thereby returning to his natural form] and started running
after my father, whom I soon overtook. (When I had been a hotel, an inn, a
bath, and had shaken myself, these buildings all collapsed—the hotel and
bath falling on customers, the inn falling on the animals within.)

I said, "Father, I shall now turn myself into a horse, and you will
ride home on me." I did this, and soon after that we arrived in our town.

People who saw the horse which I had become wished to buy it. They
asked my father, "How much do you want for that horse?"

"Five hundred liras." Later I became a ram. I said to my father, "You will
sell me in the
market, but never sell my leash."

In the meantime, the Acayip and Kadayip giant had heard of my having
acquired his skills. He said, "I shall catch him." He intercepted me one
day when I was on the way to another town. He had disguised himself as a
merchant, and he decided to buy the ram at whatever price he had to pay,
but he would insist on taking the leash too. I had warned my father about
this very thing. The giant said to his daughter, "We shall buy the sheep which
he has just turned into, but we shall buy him leash and all." They came and

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11 The inn was a han or caravansary, a stopping place for caravans, where all their livestock could be taken within walls and thus protected from thieves.
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asked my father, "Father, how much do you want for that ram?"

"A hundred liras."

"No, that is too expensive. I shall give you fifty liras."

Saying, "Fifty, sixty, seventy-five, eighty-five--," my father finally sold me for 100 liras.

I recognized the giant, but I was unable to warn my father about him. My father took the 100 liras and set out for our village. He thought that I would follow him, but when he looked back, he saw that I was not coming. The giant was pulling me with the rope, and his daughter was pushing me from behind.

"You lied to me, eh?" said the giant. "I asked you if you had learned any of my skills, and you said, 'No.' Come along now!" The giant held my leash very tightly and took every precaution to avoid my escaping. When we came to a fountain, he said, "Daughter, bring me the knife."

The girl realized that her father intended to slaughter me. She pretended to be unable to find the knife. "Father, I cannot find the knife. It should be near that rock, where I cut a melon." She pretended to look there and said, "No, it is not there either."

"All right. Come here and hold this leash."

While the giant searched for the knife, the girl said to me, "Boy, run away! I shall release you."

I started running. When I looked back, I saw that the giant was following me. I was running very fast, but I saw that he was drawing closer all the while. Suddenly I changed myself into a wild goose. The giant then turned himself into a hound.

[Incomplete tale. Ahmet Uysal, the collector, ran out of tape and was thus unable to complete the recording.]