

Story #630 (1977, Tape #21)

Narrator: Nihat Olay

Location: Village of Parağı,
Elâzığ Province

Date: April 27, 1977

Vengeance Via a Flying Bush

There was a fellow from our village who went to Germany to work. There he met another fellow from our village, and they became friends. The fellow who had more recently gone was single and spent all the money he earned here and there, and in evil ways--women. The fellow who had been there awhile longer was married and saved all that he earned. After they had lived and worked in Germany for about five or six years, the married man said to his friend, "We've been away from home a long time. Let us return."

The other fellow answered, "I can't return home. I haven't any money." His friend told him that he would lend him fifteen to twenty thousand Turkish liras, and they could both return home. He could work and pay him back later.

The bachelor told his friend he could not return with such a small sum, but that if he would let him have 50,000 liras, he would go back with him. The other fellow, having saved up over 200,000 liras, decided he would lend his friend the 50,000 liras so that they could both return to their native land together.

They made all their preparations, quit their jobs, made arrangements for their return trip, and the married one with-

drew all his money from the back and gave his friend a loan of 50,000 liras. They made their journey back together. When there was nothing but a half-hour walk left to their village, the single ^{murder} fellow killed the married one and took all his cash. He had had his eye on the married man's wife, as well as his money. When the villagers saw him approaching from a distance, they all gathered around him and gave him a hearty welcome. His friend's wife came to him and asked him about her husband, for she knew they were to return together. He told her he was extremely tired from his long journey and that he would later on come to see her and tell her about her husband. He was then taken to the village teahouse by the men of the village, and all celebrated his safe return from abroad.

When the celebration was over, the single fellow went to his friend's wife and told her her husband had led a wild life in Germany. He told her that he had spent all the money he had earned and, being unable to return a ruined man, he had killed himself. He told her that he had brought her the small amount of 15-20,000 liras that her husband had left behind. He consoled the poor, bereft widow and told her that "one does not die with the dead."¹

Death -- proverbial saying about

Some time elapsed, and the single fellow went to the mayor and told him he would like to marry his friend's widow. She had a child which should be taken care of, and he was now rich and could take good care of them both. The mayor told the widow of the fellow's intentions, and she, not knowing any better, con-

¹ A proverbial saying to encourage those who mourn to take heart.

sented.

I had forgotten to mention something earlier. When the single fellow had killed the married one, just as he was about to bury him, a dried bush flew up in the air while he was digging the grave. The dead man looked up at him and said, "This dried bush will take vengeance for my death." Now, back to our story.

Prophecy -- uttered by Corpse to its murderer
Corpse -- uttered prophetic warning to its murderer

So he married the widow, and they had a little boy. They also had the other fellow's son growing up with them. One day the fellow came home and asked the boy to fetch him water and to tell his mother that he wanted to take a bath. The boy heated the water, carried it to the tub, and his mother came to wash he husband. While he was relaxing and enjoying his bath, he happened to look out and saw a dried bush fly up into the air. They lived in the village and were surrounded by bushes, and so this was a common sight. The man began to laugh, and his wife asked him what he was laughing about. He told her to tend to her washing of his back and not to think of anything else. But she pleaded and pleaded and finally left for the bedroom weeping.

So he went after her and told her her husband had been a foolish, trusting man. He told her how he had robbed and killed him and now they were living so happily together because of his cleverness. She looked up at him and said, "You did well. I would have done the very same thing if I had been in your place."

Five or six years later, when the son of the first fellow had grown up, the woman took him aside one day and told him how

his father had been killed and robbed. The boy went and got a gun and shot his stepfather. The woman took the gun from his hands and said she had shot her husband. So they threw her in jail. Thus the son had avenged his father's death, and he had been spared by his mother.