

Story #662 (1976, Tape #14)

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Location: Karçısar Bektik village,
Province of Uşak

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Karacillit, Killer of Sixty and Seventy

TEK

Once there was and once there wasn't, in the old old time, when the flea was barbar, and the camel was the town cried, when I gently rocked my mother's cradle tingir mingir,¹ well back then there was a Karacillit.² This Karacillit was eating pekmez³ one day. He let fall a drop of pekmez on the ground and he saw that immediately a swarm of flies flocked to the drop of sweet syrup. He lifted his hand and swatted the flies. He counted the dead ones and there were sixty. He continued eating and presently another drop of pekmez spilled on the ground. Again the flies swarmed to the drop, and again Karacillit swatted the flies with his hand. When he counted the dead flies this time, there were seventy. He ~~marveled~~ marveled at this man -- brave man -- valiant feat and wondered what such a brave and valiant man as he was doing there. He went to a blacksmith and had a sword made for himself, and on the sword he had these words inscribed:

Sixty at the first blow,
Seventy at the second;
Promptly did he take these lives,
The heroic Karacillit!

He then put the sword into his belt and went out towards another

¹Tingir mingir is onomatopoeia for the sound of the rocking cradle

²This is a strange personal name. It may have some local meaning not explained to us.

³Pekmez is a thick, sweet syrup made by boiling down grape juice.

village. He grew tired, however, and lay down at the outskirts of the village. Some villagers who were passing by saw him there and read the inscription on his sword. They promptly went to their village and told the rest of the residents what they had seen. All the people then went to the outskirts of the village, awakened Karacüllüt, and brought him to their village where they showed great respect for him and honored him as a brave hero.

After a while, the villagers told Karacüllüt that there was a giant who lived by their fountain and who did not allow them to use the water. They asked him to kill this giant. Karacüllüt went to the fountain and climbed the tree right beside the fountain. Shortly after that, the giant came to the fountain, took a drink, and lay down beneath the tree. Karacüllüt started to shake when he saw the giant. He shook so much that he lost his balance and fell on top of the giant. The giant was startled, for he could not understand what had struck him from above. He circled frantically around and around the fountain until he collapsed from exhaustion.

The villagers, meanwhile, were watching from a safe distance. When they saw the giant and Karacüllüt circling the fountain, they marveled at Karacüllüt's bravery in attacking the giant. Karacüllüt quickly drew his sword and beheaded the giant where he had fallen. The villagers came out from their safe watching place and celebrated Karacüllüt's heroic victory.

This same village had a serious disagreement going on with a neighboring village over some land. The dispute was so serious that

they were about to go to battle over it. Now when the neighboring village heard about Karacüllüt and his brave deeds, and when they discovered that he was being hosted by the village they were about to go to war with, they became alarmed. Instead of engaging in full-scale combat, they decided to settle the dispute by individual combat -- individual combat between champions of the two sides. The men of the ~~first village~~ placed Karacüllüt on a horse to fight three champions champions -- three from the opposing village. He asked them to tie him tightly onto the horse, and this they did. Then they whipped the horse, and it galloped off at great speed. Karacüllüt slid to the belly of the horse and picked up a small stick from the ground. When the men of the other village saw him charging at them on the belly of the horse, they panicked, fearing that he would kill them all. They immediately fled and left the field to Karacüllüt and his village. After they had fled, Karacüllüt untied himself and dismounted. He bragged to the villagers about his great bravery. He showed them the short stick with which he had frightened off his opponents. And thus he convinced them he was a great hero.