Once there was and once there wasn't, in the old old time, when the (flea) was (barbar) and the (camel) was the (town cry). When I gently rocked my mother's cradle (ting-tang mingar), well back then there was a Karacüllüt. This Karacüllüt was eating pekmez 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 Karacüllüt swatted the flies with his hand. When he counted the dead flies this time, there were seventy. He marveled at this 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 Karacüllüt!

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

1. *Ting-tang mingar* is onomatopoeia for the sound of the rocking cradle
2. This is a strange personal name. It may have some local meaning not explained to us.
3. *Pekmez* 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
Karacullut, 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 Karacullut 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. Karacullut
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. Karacullut 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 Karacullut circling the fountain, they
marveled at Karacullut's bravery in attacking the giant. Karacullut
quickly drew his sword and beheaded the giant where he had fallen.
The villagers came out from their safe watching place and celebrated
Karacullut'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 Karacullüt 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 between champions of the two sides. The men of the first village placed Karacullüt on a horse to fight three champions 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. Karacullüt 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 Karacullüt and his village. After they had fled, Karacullüt 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.