

Story 935 (1977 Tape 25)

Narrator: Abdül Vahit Çelebi,  
who claims to be the  
seventeenth-generation  
descendant of Rumi

Location: Konya, capital city  
of Konya Province

Date: May 10

Mişon's Debt<sup>1</sup>

Mişon was in debt to his friend Salamon for a loan of sixty-six golden liras. When his debt came due, Mişon was unable to pay it, and this made him very uncomfortable.

The night before the day the debt was due to be paid, Mişon went to bed, but he could not sleep. His restlessness soon began to bother his wife, Raşal. When Raşal was unable to stand her husband's continuous tossing any longer, she asked, "My dear husband, what is the matter with you? What has happened? Tell me. Are you sick? I can call a doctor."

"No, no, my Raşal," said Mişon, "I am not sick. I am just fine

But Raşal did not believe that, and so she persisted in trying to discover Mişon's difficulty. "No, my dear. You should tell me. I am begging you to tell me. If you love your God, then you should tell me." She pleaded in this way,

<sup>1</sup> This ethnic story (Jewish) was told with a strong Jewish accent. Turkish audiences like all dialect stories, and they laughed heartily at this one.

*Jew all  
Cva. tov + Debtov - all*

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in spite of all her pleading, Mişon refused to tell her anything

The night passed very, very slowly. Finally it became two o'clock in the morning, and then after a long while three o'clock. Mişon was still tossing about on the bed, unable to sleep. Finally he said, "All right, Raşal, I shall tell you what my trouble is. Tomorrow I am supposed to repay Salamon sixty-six golden liras which I borrowed from him some time ago. I have not been able to pay it up to this time

I shall not be able to pay it tomorrow. I have been worrying and worrying about this, for it makes me very uncomfortable that I shall not be able to pay my debt tomorrow."

Greatly relieved, Raşal said, "Oh, my dear Mişon, is your problem? Oh, thank God that that is all that is bothering you! Now listen to how I am going to take this burden off your back."

Mişon and Raşal lived just a few doors from Salamon on the same street. Raşal opened the window and began shouting, "Salamon Salamon!" Everyone in the neighborhood woke up.

Salamon came to his window and asked, in a very concerned tone, "Oh, my dear Raşal, what has happened? Is there something wrong?"

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Raşal answered, "Oh, no, Salamon, nothing has happened, but I want to tell you something. As you know, my Mişon owes you sixty-six golden liras, and the debt is due to be paid tomorrow. He will be unable to pay you tomorrow, and he has been worrying a great deal about that. He simply won't be able to pay it, and so now it is your turn to worry and remain sleepless. That is all that I want to tell you!"

After that, she shut the window, and she and Mişon went back to bed and slept very comfortably.