Hasan Kâhya and the Pleasure of Human Status

There was once a man named Hasan Kâhya who kept a large herd of goats. When he had gotten to be very old, his wife said to him one day, "Hey, Kâhya of the Goats, go and sell your herd! With the money that you get for them we shall be able to live comfortably for the rest of our lives."

Kâhya did as his wife directed. He took his herd of goats to the market and sold all of them but one lame goat. He then began to walk around the marketplace observing everything he came upon. At one place he saw a door through which people were coming and going. He thought, "I wonder if that is another goat market? Let me go in and see." So he entered the with his lame goat. and he asked this man, what goes on in here?"

"This is Mustafa Bey's bathhouse." 

"And why do so many people come here?"

1 Efendi is a term of respect--like sir--sometimes attached to a proper name and sometimes, as here, standing alone. Once applied to distinguished people, its status has been so devaluated in the twentieth century that it is used only when speaking to children or servants.
Story 1130

"People come here to get washed and cleaned up. Then they leave."

"If I were to give you this lame goat, would you let me in?"

"Yes, and I should even send along an attendant to help you."

"Fine. Then I shall tie this goat right here." He tied the goat near the door and then entered the bath. There the attendant scrubbed him well, and after that he said, "Farewell!" to the bathhouse keeper and went home.

There his wife asked him, "Well, what happened? Did you sell your goats?"

"I sold all of the goats except for the lame one."

"And then?"

"I took that goat and gave it to the owner of a bath, and for it I received a very fine bath." He took off his shoes and flexed his legs, enjoying the fact that they were so clean. "Yes I sold the animals and learned how fine it is to be a human being."