

Story 1149 (1969 Tape 7)

Narrator: Unidentified

Location: Polatlı, kaza town
of Ankara Province

Date: 1969

The Two Brothers: Crazy Boy and Clever Boy

ago there lived in a village a family with two sons, one very clever and the other crazy. These people were tenant farmers who worked on the land of a local ağa¹ to ~~87*~~ ⁹⁸⁻⁹ make their living. One year the weather had not been very favorable for farming, and the family became so poor that they were going to have to sell their cow in order to survive. The crazy brother insisted that he should be the one to take the cow to the village and sell it. The clever brother tried to persuade him that it would be better if someone else did this. The crazy one said, "I shall kill all of you if you do not let me sell the cow." The family was somewhat afraid of the crazy boy, and so they agreed to let him sell the cow.

¹ An ağa (English, agha) is a rural landowner, sometimes wealthy, often powerful. The word does not indicate an official title but describes an economic status. They are often the principal employers of farm workers, and they are often viewed by their employees as harsh, driving, and abusive. The term ağa is also used in a complimentary way, as an honorific, for a distinguished or just older person than the one using the term. Thus an older brother is called ağa bey by his younger siblings. Ağa bey may be used as a deferential term to one older or more prestigious than the speaker. A taxi driver may refer to his passenger as ağa bey; a salesman speaking to a male customer may call him ağa bey.

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"You take it tomorrow morning and sell it," they said

In the morning Crazy Boy tied a rope around the cow's neck and led it away toward the marketplace. Along the way he saw a lizard sitting upon a rock and moving its head up and down. Crazy Boy asked the lizard, "Would you like to buy this cow, Karaođlan?"

The lizard moved its head up and down

Tying the cow to the rock, the boy said, "Here it is! I have sold you the cow."

The lizard moved its head up and down

"When are you going to pay me the money for it?"

The lizard moved its head up and down

When Crazy Boy returned home quite quickly, his brother asked him, "What happened? What did you do with the cow?"

"I sold it."

"Where is the money?"

"He'll give it to me tomorrow or the next day."

"To whom did you sell it?"

"I sold it to Karaođlan. I asked him if he would like to buy the cow, and he moved his head up and down. I asked when he would pay for it, and he moved his head up and down."

On the following day Clever Boy said to Crazy Boy, "Come on, now! Go and get the money for the cow. Where does this

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Karaođlan live? We can go together to get the money."

"No! No one is to come with me." Going then to the rock, he said to the lizard, "All right, give me the money."

lizard lifted his head.

"Will you give it to me tomorrow?"

lizard moved its head

"Very well, then. I shall return tomorrow."

When Crazy Boy got back home, he was asked by his brother, "Where is the money? Where is the cow? Who is Karaođlan?"

"I am to get the money tomorrow," Crazy Boy answered.

On the following morning, Clever Boy said to his brother, "Come, let us go together to get the money." This time Crazy Boy agreed to this suggestion. When the two reached the rock, they discovered that wolves had eaten the cow, leaving nothing but its bones. Crazy Boy picked up a stone and said to the lizard, "This is now the third day since I sold you the cow. Are you going to pay me for it or not?" He threw the stone at the lizard, and the lizard slipped into its hole. "No matter where you may go, I shall find you!" shouted Crazy Boy. (As you know, crazy people are often very strong.

Clever Boy was so upset that all he could do was to sit

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down and beat his knees with his hands.² He didn't say anything to his brother because he feared him.

Crazy Boy put his shoulder against the rock and pushed it aside slightly. Beneath the place where the rock had been there was a pot full of gold. "Here is the lizard's money," he said. "How much was our cow worth?"

"About five or six gold pieces."

"Then we shall take that much from this pot," said Crazy Boy

"Let us take all of the gold," said his brother. "Of what use could it be to a lizard?"

"No, we shall take only what is our right share of it. If you take more I shall kill you," said Crazy Boy. No matter how much his brother begged him to take more gold, Crazy Boy took only six pieces of gold and then shoved the rock back over the pot. After they returned home, Clever Boy could not take his mind off the pot of gold beneath the rock, but he could not find an opportunity to go back to it. His brother would not leave him alone, but went along with him everywhere he went. "You want to break into Karaoğlan's treasure, but I shall not let you out of my sight

² A gesture of grief. People in despair often express the futility of their situation by repeatedly raising their hands and then dropping them into their laps or slapping their knees

*Treasure
buried*

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But the family begged Crazy Boy to end his stubbornness about this. After they had talked to him for some time, he agreed to do this. That night, therefore, the brothers went to the rock and brought home all of the gold. Clever Boy hid it in their house.

"We should divide the gold into two parts," said Crazy Boy

"Why? We shall be spending it together."

"No, no, we must divide it!"

"Very well. Go borrow a pair of scales, but don't tell anyone that we are going to weigh gold in it."

41-94 Crazy Boy went to the grocer, who also happened to be the hoca³ of that village. He said, "Hoca Efendi,⁴ let us borrow your scales for a while. We are going to divide some gold between my brother and me."

The people in the grocery shop did not believe what he said. They thought that it was just another indication of

³ A hoca is a preacher and a religious leader of a community. In pre-Republican times, the hoca was also the community teacher. Separation of church and state in the Republic required that teachers be people of secular rather than of religious training.

⁴ A mild honorific, comparable to Sir, it usually follows a first name: Hasan Efendi. At one time it was used to show respect to distinguished people, but it has become so devaluated in the twentieth century that it now is used only for servants and little children.

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his madness

Crazy Boy took the scales home, and the two brothers started weighing the gold, kilogram by kilogram. They put the gold they had weighed into two separate sacks.

Although others at the grocery shop paid no attention to Crazy Boy's remark about weighing gold, the hoca could not help wondering about it. He thought to himself, "Sometimes these crazy fellows do tell the truth." Saying nothing of this to any of the others, the hoca went to the home of the brothers, climbed up on the roof, and looked down the chimney. Inside the house he could see the two brothers dividing the gold.

At that moment Crazy Boy noticed a shadow falling across the room. Looking up, he saw the hoca looking down at him. He picked up a rock from alongside the fireplace and threw it at the hoca's head. The hoca tumbled off the roof. "What you do?" Clever Boy asked

"Why was he looking down at us while we were counting gold? I killed him!" Clever Boy dug a pit in the house. They then placed the hoca's body in this pit and covered it with dirt

People in the village wondered where the hoca had gone. They looked everywhere but could not find him. A few days later there were several men sitting and talking in the grocery

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store. Crazy Boy was among them. "Where could our hoca have gone?" someone asked

"What hoca are you talking about?" asked Crazy

"The hoca who owns this shop.

"Oh, that hoca! He was secretly watching us as my brother and I were dividing some gold. I hit him in the head with a stone and killed him. Afterwards my brother put him in a pit somewhere to hide him." Nobody there believed him.

Clever Boy heard about this incident at the grocery shop and decided that he had better do something about it. He took the hoca's body from the pit and hid it elsewhere. Then he killed his goat and buried it in the pit where the hoca had been first buried.

A day or two later some of the villagers asked Crazy Boy, "Were you telling the truth when you said that you had killed the hoca?"

"Of course I was! If you wish, I shall show you where he is buried. Come with me!" He took them to their house and showed them the pit. He even climbed down into the pit to pull out the hoca's body for them. But it was dark in the pit and so he began feeling around with his hands for the hoca.

"Was the hoca hairy?"

"Yes, he was."

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Feeling around again, Crazy Boy asked, "Did your hoca have a beard?"

"Yes, he did."

"Throw down a rope. I shall tie it around the hoca so that you can pull him up." They did as he directed, but, of course, what they pulled up was the body of the goat, not the body of the hoca.

Clever Boy said, "There is no hoca here. This crazy brother of mine killed our goat with a rock, and we buried him here."

As time went on, Clever Boy thought, "This crazy brother of mine is going to get me in trouble some day. While he is sleeping, I shall take my share of the gold and move to another village." That night at midnight he arose and began filling a sack with his gold, but while he was doing so, his brother awoke. Clever Boy took the sack of gold and went outside. Crazy Boy picked up a big stick and also went out "Where are you going?" Clever Boy asked him.

"I am going wherever you are going."

"Throw that stick away," said Clever Boy.

"I'll throw this stick away only if you will throw that sack away."

The result was that neither threw away what he was carrying.

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two left together and traveled some distance. After a while they came to a large plane tree which had a stream of water flowing past it. Feeling very tired by then, they decided that this would be a good place for them to eat and rest.

As they were sitting beneath the tree, they saw a caravan approaching. Afraid of being robbed of their gold, Clever Boy climbed to the top of the big plane tree. Crazy Boy followed him up the tree.

"Brother, throw away that stick!"

"I won't throw it away unless you will also throw away that sack of gold."

At the very top of the tree they placed the stick between two branches and sat upon it. The caravan had arrived by then stopped at the foot of the tree. The two brothers watched from above.

The caravan leader told his men that they would all depart at such-and-such a time. Now they were to cook their food, eat it, and take some rest. The men baked bread, boiled water, and prepared their meal. After they had eaten, they all went to bed.

The two brothers remained in the tree. After three hours had passed, Crazy Boy said, "I cannot wait any longer. I must

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urinate!"

"Stop! Don't do it. If they discover us up here, will surely kill us."

"I don't care! I am going to urinate!" He urinated, but they were so high in that large tree that only a few drops reached the ground, and the men there supposed that they had been spattered by a bird.

After a couple more hours had passed, Crazy Boy said, "I have to defecate!"

"Oh, don't! Please don't!"

"I must defecate."

"They'll kill us and take our gold."

"No! I'll shout at them, 'Leave me alone!'" Saying this, he proceeded to defecate. Again, the men below didn't seem to notice anything.

After some more time had passed, Crazy Boy said to his brother, "I'm going to throw away this board. Come on Brother! Get off this board and sit on a branch."

"No, please! Not now!"

"I'm going to throw it away," said Crazy Boy. "You wanted me to throw it away before, and I don't understand why I shouldn't do so now." Saying this, he threw the board down. As it hit branch after branch it made a loud noise like

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thunder! Thinking that the tree might fall on them, the men beneath it ran away from it and sought shelter elsewhere.

The two brothers climbed down from the tree and began looking through the possessions of the caravan owner. Crazy Boy found a loaf of bread and started eating it. Clever Boy started tearing open bundles of goods and taking out valuable items. One of the drivers, watching from a distance, saw him doing this. He returned and attacked Clever Boy. As the two fought, Crazy Boy went on eating his bread hungrily. Clever Boy called, "Brother, come and help me, or this fellow may kill me!"

Crazy Boy answered, "Go and play a little further away or you will get dust on my bread! I'll kill both of you if you come any closer."

The driver was actually about to kill his brother Clever Boy somehow managed to trip him up and cause him to land on the oven that had been made in the ground. When Crazy Boy saw the dust fly up from the oven, he became furious and killed the driver.

Before the rest of the drivers could return, the two brothers set out again along the road. The clever brother began to think of ways of getting away from his crazy brother, but before he could arrive at a plan, they were both captured by thieves. The thieves beat them, took all of their gold

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decided not to kill them.

They were now poor, and when they reached the next village, began to live with an ağa and work for him. The clever brother worked in the fields, and the crazy one worked at the ağa's house. One day the ağa bought a pair of boots for Clever Boy in order to make it easier for him to work in the fields.

When the next morning arrived, however, Crazy Boy grabbed one of the boots and put it on. He said to his brother, "I'll wear this one and you can wear the other one. What is wrong with that?"

The ağa came and tried to settle the dispute over the boots. He said to Crazy Boy, "Give your brother's boot back to him so that he can go to work in the field. I'll buy you a pair the next time I go to market."

"No! One is mine and the other is his!"

As time went on, the ağa determined to get rid of the crazy brother. One day he said to Clever Boy, "You run off tonight to such-and-such a village where I have relatives. You stay with those relatives. Then I'll send Crazy Boy out to look for you. He will probably never find his way back this will be an easy way for us to get rid of him."

Clever Boy did as the ağa had directed. When Crazy Boy

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awoke and found his brother gone, he became enraged and began to roar, "Where is my brother? Where is my brother?"

"I don't know," said the ağa. "You go and search for him, and I shall go to market to buy you a pair of red boots."

The crazy brother went off to look for his brother. Clever Boy returned to the farm and worked for the ağa. In this way he escaped from his crazy brother.