How Hasan, Son of a Broom Maker, Married the Padişah's Daughter

There was once a man who was so poor that he and his family were always in want. He made only a scant living by working hard every day making brooms and then selling them. Every morning he went to the place where rushes grew, and with these rushes he made brooms to be sold later in the day. One day when the broom maker was about to depart from home, his son, Hasan, said, "Father, I want to go with you and help you make brooms." His father took him along with him, and for a while the two of them worked together at cutting rushes and making brooms from them. After a while, however, the boy grew tired and found a comfortable place to sleep. When it was time to leave, the broom maker could not find his son, and so he thought that the boy must have gone home. The broom maker left with his load of brooms, but his son continued to sleep.

When the boy awakened and found himself alone there, he tried to find his way home, but he became completely lost. Not knowing which way to turn, he began to cry.

herding sheep.
back over her shoulders to get them out of her way. Running up behind her, Hasan grabbed these breasts and sucked from both of them.

"Who did that?" asked the giantess.

"It was I, Hasan, the son of the broom maker."

"By sucking my breasts you have now become my son too. Had you not done that, I should have eaten you!"\(^1\)

"Alas,\(^2\) mother, don't eat me. I can help you herd your sheep," said Hasan. He stayed with her that day, and in the evening he went with her to her home. Every day, the giant went to the mountain with her herd. It was her responsibility to tend this flock. Hasan accompanied her and helped her. After he had done this for ten or fifteen days, Hasan one morning said, "Mother, I am very tired. Today I shall remain here at home instead of going with you to the pasture."

"All right," said the giant, "but you may become bored here with nothing to do. Here are keys to the three locked rooms in my house. You may open the doors to the first room and the

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\(^1\)This is the concept of milk siblings. It is not just a convention of the folktale but of Turkish real life as well. Nursing mothers sometimes nurse each other's infant briefly in order to establish this milk relationship. This is thought to create a bond not only between the sucklings but also between their families. It is not as strong a bond as a family or clan tie, but it is one more way of gaining a meaningful alliance, a special kind of strong friendship.

\(^2\)The Turkish expression used here is Aman. There is no exact English equivalent for Aman, but the context here makes alas appropriate.
second room, but do not open the third door." After handing him the keys, the giant gathered her sheep and departed. After she had been gone for a short while, Hasan opened the first locked room, and there he found a horse. In the second room he found a dog. Before the horse had been placed a plate of meat, and before the dog there had been placed a pile of hay. "The food should not be handled that way!" Saying that, he then switched the food, putting the meat before the dog and the hay before the horse.

After the animals had eaten their fill, the horse began speaking. It said, "Hasan, your giant mother is now blind because her two sisters took her eyes. Go to those two sisters and recover her eyes. Then we shall talk further about what you should do."

As Hasan was returning the remaining animal food to the places where he had found it, he heard his giant mother's voice calling loudly from the mountainside: "Come, Hasan my son, come!"

"Coming, mother!" called Hasan. He went to the mountain and helped the giant gather her sheep, which had become widely separated as they grazed.

On the following day the giant was going to remain at home and Hasan was to take the flock to the pasture. As he left, he was given some advice by his giant mother: "My son, Hasan, do
not let the sheep go toward either the east or the south. Make
them graze in either a westerly or northerly direction." She
said this in order to prevent Hasan's going into the territories
of her two sisters, who had already done her and her property
great harm.

Hasan understood what she was thinking, and he knew
now how to find her sisters so that he could recover her eyes
from them. He went east first until he found a female giant
she saw him coming, this second giantess said, "Hm-m-m, I
shall eat you right away. O flesh, flesh!"

no, my aunt, for I am the son of your blind sister
Let me slaughter a sheep for you instead." He slaughtered a sheep
and handed it to her. This was followed by a second sheep and
a third sheep.

"Enough, enough!" she said. "Now I want you to clean my
hair of all the little creatures that have nested in it."

"Oh, aunt, your hair is filled with snakes and vermin, and I
am afraid of them. Furthermore, I cannot grab them because
you squirm and jump about so much!"

"Tie me up tightly so that I cannot squirm.
can't tie you up while you writhe this way

"Very well, then," said the giant aunt. "Build a fire and
drag me by my hair quite close to the fire. I shall fall asleep,
and then you can tie me up." Hasan did as she directed. He built
a fire and dragged her by her hair before it. There she soon
fell asleep, and then Hasan was able to tie her up

Heating a pointed stick in the fire, Hasan shoved it up her nose into her head. Threatening to kill her in this way, Hasan said, "Now tell me where you have put the eye that you took from my mother.

"All right! All right!" she cried. "It is in a matchbox that is hanging upon the oleander tree that grows in front of my house.

Going to that oleander tree, Hasan found the matchbox containing his mother's eye. Taking this eye with him, Hasan and his flock began the longer than usual walk home.

When he arrived there, he was greeted by his mother, who said to him, "My son Hasan, my son Hasan, where have you been so long? You are late in returning from the mountain pasture."

"Yes, but I have now arrived.

"Where have you been?

"I went eastward until I found your sister who lives off in that direction. I recovered from her the eye which she had taken from you. But I am very tired, and I want you to take the flock to their pasture tomorrow. When you return, I shall replace that eye of yours."

"All right," said the giant mother. And when morning came, she took her sheep and left for the mountain pasture. Unbeknown to her, Hasan had removed six sheep from the flock.
Hasan went again to the rooms containing the horse and dog. Once again there was a good quantity of meat before the horse and a pile of hay before the dog. As he had done before he switched the two kinds of food so that both the horse and dog could eat the foods to which each was accustomed.

"Did you get the eye?" asked the horse.

"Yes, I did," answered Hasan.

"Now you should go south and recover the other eye. When you have done that, your mother will demand, 'Put them back into my head!' But beware! Don't do that immediately," said the horse.

Doing just as he had been directed, Hasan went south with the six sheep he had selected from the flock.

When the second sister saw Hasan approaching, she said, "Hm-m-m, I shall now eat your flesh. Flesh, flesh!"

Slaughtering one of his sheep, Hasan said, "Here is some better flesh for you!" After she had eaten that first sheep, Hasan slaughtered a second and then a third sheep for her. Then asked Hasan to clear from her hair the various little creatures that had infested it. "Your hair is full of frogs and snakes and scorpions, but I cannot safely grab them because you squirm and move about continuously," said Hasan.

"Well, build a fire over by that tree. Then drag me by my hair to the edge of that fire. There I shall fall asleep, you can tie me tightly to the tree so that I cannot squirm or
move about."

After lighting a fire, Hasan dragged the giant close to it by pulling her by her hair. When she had fallen fast asleep, Hasan heated in the fire a sharp stick. He stuck it into her nose and demanded, "Where is my mother's eye which you took from her?"

"Hm-m-m, that is something which I know but you do not. Pushing the stick in farther, he shouted, "Tell me where you have put my mother's eye!"

"Your mother's eye is in a small matchbox hanging in that oleander tree over there. Go and get it!"

Hasan went to the oleander tree and retrieved the eye. Just then he heard his giant mother bellowing, "Hasan, my son, come! Come!"

"I am coming, Mother," he responded. "Mother, I am coming! I am coming!" He helped her gather her straying sheep, and together they took the flock home. There he said, "Mother, today I got your other eye back too."

"Put them both back in place immediately!" the giant demanded.

"No, I am too tired tonight. Recovering that eye was not easy. You take the sheep to the pasture again tomorrow, and when you return, I shall insert both of your eyes.

"That will be all right," she said. When the following morning arrived, she got her sheep from their pens and took them
again to the pasture.

As soon as she had gone, Hasan returned to the rooms of the horse and the dog. There he reversed the food containers before them so that the dog could eat meat and the horse could eat hay. While they were eating, he decided to open the third door and see what was in that third locked room. Inside that third room he found two large cauldrons boiling, one filled with molten gold and the other with molten silver. Parting his long hair in the middle, he dipped the locks on the right side into the gold and the locks on the left side into the silver.\(^3\) He then returned to the first two rooms.

There the horse spoke to him. "Hasan, in the morning you may have great difficulty with your giant mother unless you do what I tell you to do. You will not go to the mountain pasture tomorrow. Stay home. Before you insert her eyes, ask her for permission to ride me briefly. Get me out of the stable and place on my back saddlebags filled with gold, so that you will be all ready to leave. Drag her by her hair and tie her to that large millstone over there. It is important that I be made ready to depart quickly, for after you have restored her eyes to their

\(^3\) The narrator is confused here, and so this episode does not make much sense. In folktales there is a tradition of golden- and silver-haired children, but this is natural coloration, not that produced by tinting or dying. In this tale type the hair is transformed to golden and silver color as punishment for breaking a taboo and entering the forbidden chamber: Motif C912.
proper places, she will be able to see you, and she will then try to catch you and eat you."

In the morning Hasan said, "Mother, I shall put your eyes back in place."

"That will be fine!" she said, and she showed signs of being very pleased with that proposal.

"But, mother, first let me see whether or not I can ride the horse that is in the stable.

"No! First replace my eyes!" she said.

"But first I want to try riding the horse," insisted Hasan. Taking the horse from the stable, he rode it first this way and then that way. When he returned, he tied up the giant, but the rope was too weak to restrain her, and it broke.

"Mother, how can I replace your eyes when you keep thrashing around in this way?"

"Well, drag me by the hair over to that large millstone and tie me to it. That will be the way to keep me calm and quiet."

Hasan did as he had been instructed. He dragged her by the hair to the millstone and tied her tightly to it.

he dropped the first eye into place.

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4 Bismillah is the shortened, more convenient form of Bismillahhirrahmanirrahim, which means "In the name of the most merciful God." It is a word used audibly or silently by many devout Moslems before starting any undertaking, great or small, and it then signifies "I begin this act by mentioning the name of God as a sign of respect." It is widely believed that saying this aids success and failing to say it may bring failure in any undertaking.
again said "Bismillah" and dropped that one into place too. In this way her sight was restored. Hasan then quickly mounted his horse and rode away.

The giant called after him, "Hasan! Hasan, my son, where are you going? But you may well run, for if you had remained here, I should have eaten your flesh!"

Hasan rode and rode until he reached another country. There he sold the horse, hid the gold he had accumulated, and started to leave. Before he left, however, the horse said to him: "Here are a magic ring and a special seal of your own. If you get into difficulty, lick this ring and throw down this seal, and I shall come instantly to rescue you."

"Very well," said Hasan. Then he went to an inn. There he changed his clothes, dressing himself as a very poor person and covering his hair to make himself look like a keloğlan. Going then to the gardens of the padişah of that land, he said to the gardener, "Will you accept me as your apprentice?"

"No! I can just barely make a living from my work here."

5The narrator here says coffeehouse, but one could not change one's clothes at a coffeehouse, and so we have substituted the word inn.

6The word keloğlan means bald boy, but the baldness is not that caused by aging. It is caused by ringworm infestation of the scalp. This disease often strikes the younger and perhaps improperly tended younger children of large peasant families. It is encouraged by uncleanliness. In folktales the keloğlan is a definite personality type, a winner, and a sympathetic figure. In tales the keloğlan image is often used as a disguise.
How could I afford to pay an apprentice?"

"Mahlı Uncle, I could work for just five kurus. That would be enough for me. I do not want anything else for my work," said Hasan.

"All right, then. Come along and work with me," said Mahlı Uncle.

In that way Hasan began to work as an apprentice to the gardener, Mahlı Uncle. When Friday arrived, the gardener went, as usual, to the palace to report on the work he had completed during the week. As soon as the gardener had left, Hasan licked the ring and threw down the seal. The horse appeared suddenly. He was now, however, a red horse, and he brought with him a red suit and red shoes for Hasan. Hasan dressed himself in those clothes and shoes, and mounted the red horse. He rode the horse back and forth across the garden, going first this way and then that way. The garden was thrown into great disorder, and many of its vegetables were damaged or destroyed by Disguisers conceal their hair by covering it either with a sheepskin turned inside out or with the cleaned lining of a sheep's stomach.

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7The para was formerly the smallest monetary unit. There were 40 paras to the kurus and 100 kurus to the Turkish lira. By mid-20th century, devaluation of Turkish money had eliminated from use the para, and by the 1970s the kurus also fell out of circulation. When the lira fell to the value of 1/10 of a U.S. cent (and much lower in the late 1908s), the kurus became utterly meaningless.
hooves of the horse.\footnote{This is a curious variation from the type. At this stage in the tale, the protagonist either enters a tournament three days in a row or enters some other contest of masculine prowess. Each day he goes on a marvelous horse of a different color, and each day his clothes match the color of the horse. He is an unknown person, a stranger, and each day he disappears after his victory. Huge crowds (including the royal family) see him perform, but no one can identify him. Here his repeated achievements are far less glamorous, for there is no competition, and his dubious achievements are the three despoliations of the garden. Although he performs for no audiences but the princesses, one at a time, his rampages in the garden serve the same function as the winning of more attractive contests in the standard versions of the tale type, namely, capturing the heart of the youngest princess.}

This also happened to be the day on which one of the padis\-sah's daughters would come to the garden and select produce for the padis\-sah's table. This Friday it was the turn of the youngest daughter to come. She arrived as Hasan was galloping back and forth across the garden. When the princess took a close look at Hasan, she fell in love with him at once.

When it was time for Mahli Uncle to return, Hasan changed back into his working clothes. He struck himself on the head with a pickaxe until blood came. Then he dismissed the horse Mahli Uncle arrived and observed the badly disordered state of the garden. Loose peppers were among the eggplants, and egg- plants were among the pepper plants, and tomatoes were scattered everywhere. "What happened here?" the gardener demanded.

Whimpering, Hasan said, "Mahli Uncle, I didn't do anything! The padis\-sah's mule got loose and came here. It was he who tore
up the garden and damaged it so badly.

"How can you stand there and tell me such a thing?" asked the gardener, and rushed at Hasan to beat him.

"Stop! Stop!" cried the youngest princess. "It was not Hasan's fault! Our mule came here and did all the damage to the garden. Have Hasan bring some cucumbers to the palace." Having said that, she turned around and went inside.

"Yes, lady," called Mahlî Uncle after her.

As he walked toward the palace with the cucumbers, Hasan kept shouting, "Mahlî Uncle is sending cucumbers to the padişah's daughter!"

The princess had ordered the servants to cook something for Hasan to eat when he arrived. They prepared several dishes, Hasan would not even taste one of them. "I must not eat. Mahlî Uncle can beat me if I do so."\

Later the girl sent some dolmas\(^9\) to Mahlî Uncle. The gardener said to Hasan, "Come! Let us eat these together."

Hasan refused to eat

When the next Friday arrived, the middle daughter of the padişah came to the garden, and hiding behind some bushes, she watched what was going on there. After Mahlî Uncle had cleaned

\(^9\) It is not clear why Hasan avoids or is compelled to avoid eating.

\(^{10}\) A dolma is a vegetable shell (grape leaves, a green pepper, an eggplant, a tomato) stuffed with a mixture of rice and ground meat. The shell and its contents are all cooked at the same time.
up the garden and set it in perfect order, he departed to make his weekly report at the palace. Hasan then licked the magic ring and threw down the magic seal. The horse reappeared, this time as a white horse bearing a set of white clothes and white shoes for Hasan to wear.

After dressing in these clothes, Hasan combed his golden and silver hair. Then mounting his horse, he again rode back and forth across the garden, damaging its vegetables and destroying its neat and orderly appearance. Satisfied with the havoc he had caused, Hasan changed back into his working clothes and dismissed the horse.

Mahli Uncle returned, he exclaimed, "Oh-h-h! What happened here?"

I know about it is that the padişah's mule came here and tore up the garden with its hooves.

believing this, the gardener shouted, "That is what you said the last time this happened!" He began to strike Hasan, pat küt, pat küt.11

"Don't beat him, Mahli Uncle!" called the middle princess. "It was not he but our mule that caused all this destruction. Have Hasan bring some fruit to the palace.

Carrying the fruit that the gardener had given to him to deliver, Hasan went to the palace again, this time shouting.

11 This is onomatopoeia for the sounds of the blows.
along the way, "Mahlī Uncle is sending fruit to the padişah's daughter!"

When the princess had returned to the palace, she had ordered that a chicken be cooked for Hasan. But when he arrived, Hasan refused to taste even a bite of it despite all their urging. They therefore sent it back with him for Mahlī Uncle. When he saw the carefully prepared chicken, the gardener said, "The padişah's daughters must like us."

On the following Friday it was the turn of the oldest princess to go to the garden to select produce to be delivered to the palace. She too hid at first and watched what was happening there. She saw Mahlī Uncle leave, and she saw Hasan the ring and cast down the magic seal. This time the horse appeared was black, and it bore a set of black clothes, and black shoes for Hasan. Hasan changed into these black clothes combed his golden and silver hair, and mounted the black horse. They then rode back and forth across the garden, doing as much damage as they could.

Upon his return, the angry gardener again started to strike Hasan for ruining the appearance of the garden. "Don't beat him! Don't beat him!" called the oldest princess. "It was our mad mule and not Hasan who caused the damage. Have Hasan bring a basket of melons to the palace."

Carrying a large basket of melons, Hasan again announced along his route what Mahlī Uncle was sending to the princess.
Story 1178

Upon his arrival at the palace the princesses selected three melons from the basket and placed them upon a tray. One of these melons was slightly overripe, one was perfectly ripe, the third was slightly underripe. "Take these and present them to our father," they said.

When the padişah looked at the tray of melons, he asked, "What is the meaning of this?"

"My padişah, if you will give me permission to do so, I shall explain the message in these melons.

"You have my permission," said the padişah.

"Well, then, this tray of melons means that your daughters now wish to be married. This slightly overripe melon represents your oldest daughter, who has been ready for some time to wed. The melon that is perfectly ripe stands for your middle daughter. The melon that is not yet fully ripe is your youngest daughter, who is just now reaching a marriageable age."

Realizing the appropriateness of their message, the padişah began at once to make arrangements for the marriages of his three daughters. He gave his oldest girl to the son of the grand vizier, and he gave the middle girl to the son of the deputy grand vizier. He then suggested several highly qualified young men as possible husbands for the youngest daughter, but she indicated a dislike for them all. "If you will not accept any of the young men that I recommend, then you must tell me who it is that you wish to wed," said the padişah.
The youngest princess answered, "I want you to gather all the men of Kilis in the main public square. As these men pass by me, I shall strike with an apple the one whom I wish to marry."

"Very well," said the padişah, and he gave orders that all men of that town be gathered in the main square. But as the men filed past her, one by one, the princess did not throw her apple at any of them. A search was conducted to determine if there were any young men who had been overlooked and thus not summoned to the square. In the garden of the padişah they found Mahli Uncle's apprentice, whom they had neglected to invite to the square because he was a keloğlan. Hasan was taken to the square, and again the men were ordered to march past the youngest princess. She made no move as one man after another (including Mahli Uncle) passed before her, but when Hasan passed, she threw her apple at him and hit him with it. When this happened, Hasan began to whimper

"Alas!" exclaimed the padişah. "Here are many fine young men, all of whom you refuse, but you select instead this poor keloğlan!"

"Yes, Father. This is the boy I wish to marry.

_/Here the narrator announced that she had forgotten some of the things that occurred at this point in the story. They may well have been elements of the traditional version of this tale type. Usually the padişah is so annoyed to have as a son-in-law
a no-account keloğlan that he forces the newlyweds to be quartered in a stable or animal shelter. They become objects of mockery, while the two older princesses and their spouses live in the palace.

Some time later, the padıșah fell ill. Many doctors tried to cure him, but all their efforts were in vain. At last a very wise doctor diagnosed his illness and said, "The only way that you can be cured is by drinking some lion's milk."

"I shall go and get you some lion's milk," said the son-in-law married to the oldest princess.

Hearing about this, Hasan mounted his magic horse and rode to the place where the lions lived. He said to the lions, "When my brothers-in-law come seeking lion's milk, give them only milk diluted with water. And do not give them even that unless they consent to have their backs stamped with this seal."

After the oldest son-in-law had had his back stamped, he was given some very diluted lion's milk. He returned with great pride and presented the milk to the padıșah, but it was not strong enough to cure the ruler's illness.

The middle son-in-law then set out to the lions' territory to get some lion's milk. When he explained to the lions what he wanted, they said, "All right. We shall give you some milk but you must agree to have your back stamped first."

"Very well," said the middle son-in-law. His back was stamped, and he was given some lion's milk, but again the milk
was so diluted with water that it did not cure the padișah's sickness.

Hasan then told his wife to ask her father to send him for lion's milk. The youngest princess went to the padișah and said, "Father, Hasan could bring lion's milk for you. Why not let him try to get the kind of lion's milk that will help you get well?"

"No, he couldn't do any better than my other two sons-in-law did." But after some further persuasion on the part of his youngest daughter, the padișah said, "All right, let him try. I'll give him the lame mule in the pasture to ride upon. Tell him to use that animal to make his quest for lion's milk."

They brought the lame mule from the pasture. Keloğlan Hasan mounted this lame beast and set out on his mission. As soon as he got out of town, however, he tethered that mule and called his magic horse by licking his ring and throwing down his seal. He then quickly rode directly to the region inhabited by lions.\(^\text{12}\)

\(^{12}\)The assignment of a broken-down mount to the protagonist does not usually occur at this point in the story. It usually occurs in the tournament section in which the hero thrice wins on three successive days. His superior or employer attends the tournament on a fine horse but leaves the keloğlan only a lame or broken-down nag. Thus when the hero appears at the tournament on a marvelous steed, the superior or employer has no way of identifying him. The narrator failed to include the three-day tournament or sequence of contests, but she remembered that somewhere in the story as she had heard it, there had been a virtually useless mount given to the protagonist.
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Getting some pure and rich lion's milk, Hasan started his return trip. Outside of Kilis he stopped where he had tethered the lame mule. Dismissing his magic horse, he then mounted the mule and completed his journey to the palace. Just as soon as the padişah drank the pure lion's milk, he immediately began to improve, and it was not long before he was completely cured.

At this point the collector, Dr. Mehmet Yalvaç, ran out of tape, and so we do not have the conclusion of the tale. Traditionally the youngest son-in-law is elevated to the position of the padişah's favorite. He humiliates and disgraces the haughty older sons-in-law by announcing that they are merely employees of his; his claim is substantiated by the exposure of his seal (sometimes brand) marks on their backs. Hasan's triumph is complete.