There was once a very wealthy padişah who had three sons. After this padişah had ruled for many years, he went blind. The best doctors and most famous seers from all over the world were called in to treat the padişah's blindness, but for a long while none of them was able to prescribe a medicine to cure it. Then, at last, a seer came along who told the padişah of a way in which he could recover his sight. "In such and such a land there is a garden in which grow some unusual trees. If you can have someone get some of the leaves of those unusual trees, grind them up, and sprinkle the dust on your eyes, you will recover your sight. But it is very dangerous to enter that garden, for anyone who does so may himself be turned into the same kind of tree that he is seeking. But there are secret means by which the garden can be entered safely. Some method will have to be found to escape from that garden with some of the leaves."

They began thinking about this problem and talking about it with people who might have information about that garden.
But no one there really knew anything about the garden. Some suggested this method for entering and leaving the garden, and others suggested that method. While all of this discussion was going on, the padişah's oldest son said, "Father, I shall go to that garden and get some of those leaves for you. Trust me to do so!" At first the padişah was reluctant to allow his son to undertake this dangerous mission, for he feared that the boy might be turned into a tree. After further discussion, however, he finally consented to his son's making an attempt to bring back some of the curative leaves.

While preparing to depart, the oldest son selected two fine horses from his father's stable. One was for him to ride upon, and the other was to carry two large saddlebags of gold. Well supplied with money, the prince set out for the land containing the garden of unusual trees. When he came to a crossroad, he said, "O Allah, which of those roads leads to the land with the special garden?" He had no sooner said that when an old man appeared out of nowhere. The young man called out, "Hey, my grandfather! Where do these roads go?"

The old man said to him, "I know that you are the son of our padişah. One of these roads leads to the garden where you are to go to get some leaves to cure your father's blindness."
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Anyone who takes the road to the left may get there, but he will never return. Anyone who takes the road to the right will not get there, but he will return. It is up to you to choose the one on which you wish to travel.

The oldest son was confused. He said, "Let me take the road which goes there but from which one does not return. Let me see how I can handle this course."\(^1\) Saying this, the prince directed his horses down the road from which there was no return. He traveled for days and days, and after a while he reached a very attractive city.

As soon as he entered that city, the oldest son was surrounded by people who said, "Welcome! Welcome! Who are you?"

"I am the son of a padişah," he said.

They all understood from this that he was probably very rich and that he might have a great amount of gold with him. They began following him and flattering him, saying, "You are our master! You are our master! You are our this and you are our that." Day after day these people remained with him, and they flattered him so much that he paid for all that they ate and drank. After a few days they suggested to him, "Let us have some gambling parties, and let us have alcoholic drinks."

\(^1\) One can only guess at the reason for the prince's taking this road. Was he simply confused? Was he stupid? Did he suspect the old man's honesty? Was it a matter of sheer bra-
drinks at these parties." These treacherous people seemed so pleasant to the oldest son that he complied with their suggestions. As a result, the great amount of gold that he had brought with him was soon spent. None of those who had flattered him was willing to help him now that his money was gone, and so he had to take a lowly job in order to survive. He got a job working in a bakery shop.

Let us go back now to the padişah. He waited month after month for the return of his oldest son, and after a while the months turned into years. His oldest son did not return, and there was no word received from him. The padişah lamented: "My oldest son has gone! By now he has probably been turned into a tree." He was so sad now that he spent almost all of his time crying.

The middle son decided that he should go to get the required leaves and at the same time rescue his older brother. He said to the padişah, "Father, my older brother has been missing for a very long while. It is now time for me to go and get the leaves that you need to cure your blindness."

vado? The second brother who subsequently takes the same route might reasonably have done so to attempt a rescue of his elder brother. Decisions in folktales are not, of course always made rationally.
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"No! No! You must not go! I have already lost your older brother. If I should lose you too, what should I do then? I have forgotten about my illness. It is you that I am concerned about now!"

"But I am determined to go," said the middle son. Like his older brother, the middle son took two horses, one to ride upon and the other to bear two large saddlebags of gold. With these preparations made, the middle son set forth on journey. He too soon reached the crossroad, and while he was trying to decide which road to take, he saw the same old man approaching him.

"Where are you going?" asked the white-bearded old man.

"I am on my way to get some leaves to cure my padişah father's blindness. Now, however, I face three roads, and I do not know which one to take.

The old man explained. "The center road goes to the garden where you will find the leaves needed by your father. That left road leads in the same direction, but he who takes that road will not return. The road to the right does not go in that direction, but anyone following it is able to return. Your brother took the road from which there is no return.

"Aha! I shall first travel down the road taken by my
older brother in order to rescue him." Saying that, he immediately set forth on the road to the left. After days of travel, he reached the same beautiful city that his brother had found.

On the edge of that city he too was surrounded by a host of flatterers who said, "Welcome! Welcome! Who are you?" After he had told them who he was, they guessed that he probably possessed a great amount of money, and so they began to flatter and praise him. "You are our master! You are our lord. You are our this and our that!" Pretending that they were his friends, these people ate and drank for several days at the finest restaurants at his expense. Later they gambled and drank alcohol. Even the prince's great wealth was soon spent, but when he needed help, none of those who had called themselves his friends was anywhere to be found. It became necessary for him to find a job in order to support himself, and he found work in a restaurant washing dishes and cleaning the floors.

Meanwhile, the padişah waited for the return of his middle son. Month after month he waited, and after a while the months turned into years. But his middle son neither returned nor sent his father any message. "My middle son has probably
become a tree, and that is why he has not returned," said the
padişah. "What can I do now?" He was in great distress.

It was but a short while then before the youngest son de-
cided that he must undertake the task his brothers had failed
to accomplish. He said, "My father, I shall go now, and I
shall bring back both the medicine for your eyes and my two
older brothers. Trust me to do this!"

"No, no, my son! Do not go. Your brothers went, but they
have not returned. You are all that I have left. If I should
lose you too, I could live no longer. Remain here and console
me!"

But no matter what the padişah said, his youngest son
paid no attention to his plea. Realizing this, the padişah
said, "Since you refuse to hear my words, you might as well
go, my son."

The attendants prepared two horses for him. They saddled
one for him to ride upon, and they loaded the other with two
large saddlebags of gold. But the youngest son objected to
this. "Don't load so much gold on that horse. All that I
want are a few gold coins for my necessary expenses. I do
not need more than that."

"Very well. That is possibly true," said his father.
Riding until he reached the crossroad, the youngest did not know which of the three roads to take. He dismounted there and sat upon the ground eating while he tried to decide which road to take. Suddenly the old man appeared and said, "Hello, my son!"

"Hello, grandfather," replied the young man.

"Where are you going?" asked the white-bearded old man.

"I am a son of the padişah of this land, and I am going to a distant garden to get some leaves with which to cure my father's blindness.

"My son, the center road leads to that garden. The left-hand road leads there too, but he who takes that road does not return. Both your brothers took this road. The road to the right does not lead to the garden, but one taking that road can return.

The youngest son said, "I shall first take the center road to go to the garden and get the leaves to cure my father's blindness. After that, I shall return and take the road which my older brothers took."

"That is a wise decision! Good for you! Let me help you achieve your goal. As you already know, anyone entering
garden with the unusual trees may possibly be transformed into
a tree himself. In that garden are some lions tethered on one
side and some rams on the other side. In front of the lions is
a heap of grass, and before the rams is a trough of meat. These
animals will not molest you for a brief period of time if you
will take the grass and place it before the rams and then place
the meat before the lions. If you do not exchange the food in
this way, these animals may tear you to pieces. Proceed then
to the center of the garden. There you will hear all of the
trees calling to each other, 'He has come! Grab him! He has
come! Grab him!' When this happens, do not look back, for to
do so will cause you too to become a tree. Continue forward
until you come to a palace like your father's palace. Before
that palace stands a huge tree on which grow magic leaves.
Climb up into that tree and pick some of the leaves, but do
pay any attention to the birds in that tree, for they too will
be calling to each other, 'He has come! Grab him! He has come!
Take hold of him!' Ignore them and gather as many leaves as you
can. Put them in your saddlebag and get out of that garden.
Ignore the birds completely, for if you look directly at them,
you will go blind.

"All right! Thank you very much. How many pieces of gold
would you like to have for your help?" asked the youngest son.
"My boy, you made the right decision, and I do not want
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anything from you. Your older brothers gave preference to entertainment and pleasure, but you gave preference to your father's welfare, and so I don't want any payment from you. For some kinds of help money should not be a consideration, my boy."

The youngest son traveled and traveled until he reached the garden. At the gate of the garden there were lions tied on one side and rams at the other. The young man immediately took the meat to the lions and the grass to the rams. As soon as they started eating, he entered the gate unmolested by these animals. The trees then began to call out, "He has come! Grab him! He has come! Grab him!" He moved farther into the garden without once looking back. When he reached huge tree before the palace, he climbed into its branches and began picking leaves. He ignored the shouts of the birds, and he moved hastily to put the leaves into his saddlebag. wanted to get out of the garden before the lions and rams had finished eating for fear that if they were still hungry they might tear him to pieces. Holding tightly to his saddlebag, he mounted his horse and left the garden unharmed.
Instead of going directly home, he returned to the intersection where he had talked with the old, white-bearded man. Again he was confused, for he was not certain which road the old man had said that his brothers had taken. But the old man appeared again. "Thank you very much, grandfather, for helping me secure the leaves to cure my father's eyes. Please tell me again which is the road from which travelers are said not to return."

"It is that road over there," said the old man. "Now, as a good boy and a clever boy you should avoid associating with the people in the beautiful city which you will come to along that road. Avoid them, for many of them are flattering and deceitful people. Don't stay there a minute longer than you have to."

"No, I shall not," said the boy. Then after he and the old man had hugged each other, the youngest son set forth and did not stop traveling until he reached the edge of the beautiful city. There the same flatterers that had greeted his brothers now greeted him. "Welcome to our city! Where have you come from and who are you?" they asked.

"I am a destitute boy. I came here simply to find two men I have been looking for. If I cannot find them, I shall
leave quickly."

"Where will you eat, and what will you eat?" they asked.

"I shall buy a small piece of cheese and a few olives at the marketplace and a small loaf of bread at a bakery. That will have to be enough for me, because I do not have enough money to buy anything more." When the flatterers heard this and realized that he had no money which they might take advantage of, they did not bother him any longer.

The youngest son walked through the streets of the city for three or four days looking for his brothers. Then he decided to spend a day looking in restaurants, a day looking in bakeries, and a day apiece in several other kinds of shops and businesses. He thought, "They probably spent all of their money on the flatterers and loafers of this city and have to find jobs somewhere in this city in order to survive." On the first day he visited all of the construction sites, but neither of his brothers was among the workers at these places. He intended to visit all of the restaurants on the following day, but he discovered that there were far too many restaurants in that city to visit all of them in one day. He spent the second, third, and fourth days visiting restaurants. On the fifth day he went to an old and poorly equipped restaurant
where he ate a small meal. Then he asked for permission to wash his hands in the kitchen area, but his real purpose for going to the kitchen was to make sure that he had seen all of the workers there before he left.

While washing his hands, he saw a man who from behind looked like one of his brothers. "What are you doing here?" asked that man. "Do you work in this restaurant?" When the worker turned around to answer him, the youngest brother recognized him as one of his older brothers. But the older brother did not recognize him because of the clothes the youngest brother was wearing.

When the youngest brother left the kitchen, he went to the owner of the restaurant and said, "Tomorrow I want lunch for two delivered to such and such a hotel, and I would like to have it brought by the young worker who is now in the kitchen."

"No, I cannot accept such an order," said the owner. But when the youngest son placed a piece of gold in his hand, he quickly agreed to send the requested meals to such and such a hotel.

When his older brother arrived at the hotel next day with the two meals, the youngest brother was at the front door waiting for him. "Here is your lunch," said the restaurant
"Come in and let us eat together," said the youngest brother. "This is much too much food for one person to eat."

"No, I cannot do that. I shall just wait out here, and when you have finished eating, I shall take the dishes back."

"You need not wait outside. I am a human being like you. Let us eat together."

"No, I had better not do that," murmured the older brother.

Ignoring this reluctance to join him, the youngest brother pulled his older brother inside and asked him, "After all, were you not the son of a padişah? What happened to you to cause you to be in such a lowly position now?"

"Oh! How do you know that? Who are you?" asked the oldest brother.

"I am your younger brother, and I came here to find you."

The two brothers hugged each other, but by then the oldest brother was crying. "I am sorry about this," said the oldest brother. "I made a great mistake when I came here. I was welcomed into the city by people who seemed to be kind and friendly, but actually they were deceitful and unscrupulous people led me into wasting all of my gold, and when it was gone, they
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deserted me. There was nothing left for me to do but take a job in a restaurant.

Happy to find each other, the two brothers sat down and ate lunch together. They then went to the restaurant where the older brother had been working for nothing but his daily food. The youngest brother paid his bill and gave the owner another piece of gold to release the older brother. Then the two sons of the padişah began to search the city for the third brother. Together they searched for some time before they found the third brother in the bakery. Without identifying himself, the youngest brother said to the owner of the bakery, "I am staying at such and such a hotel. I want you to have this apprentice of yours deliver two loaves of bread to us at that hotel an hour from now."

"No, I cannot spare him to deliver just two loaves of bread," said the baker.

"Take this piece of gold and have him deliver my bread," said the youngest son, and the baker agreed to that.

The youngest and oldest brothers then returned to the hotel to await the arrival of the middle brother with the two loaves of bread. When the apprentice brought the bread, he said, "Here are your loaves of bread."
"Come in and join us in eating this bread," said the youngest brother.

"What are you saying? Should a destitute person like me join you? Oh, no! I have brought you your bread, as you wished. Now let me go back to the bakery."

"Come in, come in!" said the youngest brother, pulling the apprentice by the arm. "Tell us who you really are. Aren't you really the son of a padişah? What happened to cause you to fall from that position and live in the way you are now?"

When the apprentice recognized his two brothers, he broke down and cried. The brothers all hugged each other, and when the middle brother stopped crying, he told the others how all of his difficulties had happened. Then the youngest brother said, "Those bad times have passed. I came here to take you home. I found the leaves to cure our father's blindness, and have them here in my saddlebag. Let us therefore return at once to our father."

"Yes! Let us do so at once," said the two older brothers.

The youngest brother went to a marketplace and bought two more horses so that all three of them could ride back. Then the three brothers mounted their horses and rode toward home.
Story

After they had traveled for a couple of hours, both the men and their horses were thirsty. They began watching for a roadside well as they rode along, and when they found one, they stopped and dismounted. The oldest brother said to the youngest, "Go down into this well and pass up water in this bucket for us and for our horses. We shall lower you on this rope and pull you back up afterwards."

"That is a good idea," said the youngest brother, tying a rope around his waist. He was lowered to the bottom of the well, but there he could see no water at all. Instead of water, he saw a building with three doors.

When he opened the first door, he found a beautiful girl sitting inside. She exclaimed, "What has happened? Are you a jinn or some other supernatural being?"

"I am neither a jinn nor any other supernatural being but

\[2\text{If a person appears suddenly in an unlikely place, the viewer quite understandably becomes wary of the true nature of the intruder. The formulaic query in Turkish is İnmisin cinmisin?--are you a jinn or other supernatural being? In some early interpretations of the word, in it seems to have meant human being, and so the response then is "I am human and not a jinn." But in most uses of this expression in Archive holdings the question seems to be that given in the text above, for otherwise the response "Neither" would make no sense.} \]
a creature of Allah. I came down here to get some water for myself and my two brothers, as well as for our horses, but there seems to be no water down here at all."

When he opened the second door, he found another beautiful girl sitting inside. When he opened the third door, he found a third girl sitting inside it, and this girl was even more beautiful than the first two. They all talked together for a few minutes, and then the girls showed the youngest son where he could get some water down at that level. After he had passed up water for his brothers and the three horses, he called to his brothers at the top of the well, "I have found three beautiful girls down here. The oldest girl will be yours, oldest brother. The middle girl will be yours, middle brother. And the youngest girl will be mine."

When the oldest girl was pulled up to the surface, the oldest brother saw that she was indeed beautiful. He admired her beauty, and he was satisfied with her. When the middle sister was pulled up on the rope, the middle brother agreed that she too was beautiful, and he was satisfied with her.

3There is a serious omission from this tale. Why should three girls live at the bottom of a well? **Answer:** They have been abducted by a giant and held captive there. The type of which this tale is a variant has such a giant who is killed by the protagonist.
When the youngest brother was about to tie the rope around the waist of the youngest girl, she said to him, "Don't have me go up before you do. If I should go up first, your older brothers will probably think that you have cheated them by keeping the most beautiful girl for yourself, and in retaliation for that, they will leave you down here."

"No, my brothers would not do such a thing."

"Well, just in case anything should go amiss, always keep these two feathers with you. When you strike them together a phoenix will come and carry you back up to earth. Without its help, you will never be able to get out of here."

"All right," said the youngest brother, tying the rope around the girl to have her pulled up.

When she reached the top, she was greatly admired by the older brothers. The oldest brother said, "This is the most beautiful of the three girls. Our youngest brother tricked Let us not pull him up but leave him down there at the bottom of the well." The older brothers took the three girls and left, and the youngest brother waiting below learned that

Folktales of the Middle East frequently include giant birds capable of carrying human beings on their backs. These are variously called roc (rukh), simurgh, and anka. In Turkish tales it is usually the anka, often referred to as the Zümrüdü Anka (Emerald-Green Anka). In those rare occasions in Turkish
the youngest girl had been correct in her prediction.

As the older brothers drew closer to the palace, news of their approach reached the padişah. It was also reported to him that they were bringing three beautiful girls with them. The padişah was delighted at this news, and he ordered that a celebration be prepared to welcome his sons home.

When they reached the palace, they greeted the padişah and said, "Father, we have brought the special leaves with which to cure your eyes."

Attendants immediately began to grind the leaves into a fine powder. When this powder was sprinkled on the padişah's eyes, his vision was quickly restored.

"We brought these girls home to marry them," said the older sons.

"And I intend to marry the most beautiful one," added the oldest son.

"That will be entirely acceptable to me," said the middle son.

Then the padişah said, "My sons, have you seen your young brother anywhere? He left here to search both for the magic tales where the giant bird is said to be a phoenix, there is no reference to that bird's purported ability to die and be re-born in flames."
Story 1300

leaves and for you

"We know nothing about him. We did not see him in any
of the places where we traveled."

After inquiring further about his youngest son, the padi-
şah concluded that there was nothing that could be done to
find him. The father was grateful that he had at least re-
covered two of his three sons. He therefore gave his atten-
tion to arrangements for the weddings of the two who had re-
turned. It was a very large wedding celebration that was to
last for forty days and forty nights.

Now let us turn to keloğlan again. He could not endure
the thought that he had rescued his older brothers only to

The youngest son was not a keloğlan, as the definition
of that term demonstrates. There is a tendency in Turkish
tales to transfer the term keloğlan from a definite and readi-
ly recognizable folk type to any poor, shabby, and unfortunate
young man, especially if he is a youngest son.

The word keloğlan means bald boy, but the baldness is not
that 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 un-
cleanliness. In folktales the keloğlan is a definite person-
ality type, a winner, and a sympathetic figure. In tales the
keloğlan image is often used as a disguise. Disguisers hide
their hair by covering it either with a sheepskin turned inside
out or with the cleaned lining of a sheep's stomach.
them abandon him here in the well. He struck the two feathers together to bring the phoenix. That giant bird came almost immediately and carried him on its back up to the mouth of the well. When he arrived there, he found himself still in a very difficult situation. He had had no food for some time.

shoes had been lost in the well. And his horse had been taken by his treacherous brothers. There was nothing for him to do but start walking homeward.

After walking for many days, he at last reached his own country, but nobody there recognized him, for he was hungry, thirsty, shabby, exhausted, and destitute. When he finally reached the palace, where the wedding ceremony was in progress, he was not allowed to enter. "Let me in I am a destitute and desperate man, and I must see the padişah.

He was so insistent that he compelled the servant at the door to go to the padişah with his message. "My padişah, a destitute and desperate man says that he must see you, and he said that if you still have any love left for your youngest son, you will admit him into your presence.

When the padişah heard the words "youngest son," he began to cry. "Bring this person to me," he said. "For the sake of my youngest son I shall see him."
When the servant brought in Keloğlan, the padişah saw what pitiable condition he was in, and he said aside to a servant, "See to it that he is given food, clothing, and a place to sleep." Then to Keloğlan himself he said, "Who are you? Where have you come from? Where are you going?"

Instead of answering these questions, the young man said, "May all go well for you Is there a wedding going on here?"

"Yes, there is a wedding celebration in progress here. My two older sons found girls for themselves while seeking the magic leaves which were used to cure my previous blindness. Because I liked the girls they brought here, I arranged to have them married."

"Ah-h-h! But have they never said anything about having seen your youngest son while they were away from home?"

they never saw him."

"If they say that, then they are lying, my padişah."

"No, they do not lie," replied the padişah.

"If you believe that, please call them so that we might talk together."

"Very well," said the padişah, and he gave orders to have a servant bring his two older sons to him. When the sons arrived, he said, "Here is a boy with whom we are unacquainted,
but let us talk with him for a little while."

After talking for a while about other things, the youngest son asked his older brothers, "Where did you find the girls that you brought back, and how did you find the garden from which the magic leaves came? It must have been very difficult to get those leaves from that garden. Can you explain these matters to me and to your father?"

The older brothers were embarrassed by these questions. At first they did not know how to respond. They simply looked at each other. Then one of them invented a story about how they had found the garden and taken the leaves.

"Don't lie!" said the youngest son. "You never found the garden, and you did not get the magic leaves from it."

Unable to tell a convincing story about how they got the curative leaves, the two older brothers finally had to admit that they had never reached the garden where the leaves grew. "No, we didn't get the leaves," they said.

"Well, then, where were you during your long absence from home? What were you doing during that time?"

When the older brothers again began to tell lies to explain their long absence, the youngest brother felt that it was time to reveal the truth of the whole matter to his father.
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"Father, you have been unable to recognize me because I have walked a great distance barefooted and without food or water. It was that suffering that made my looks change so much. It was I who found the garden and, with great difficulty, took the leaves needed to cure your eyes. On my way home, I rescued my brothers from mistakes they had made. They had spent all of their money foolishly and were reduced to working at lowly jobs in order to survive. One had become a kitchen hand in a restaurant, and the other had become a baker's apprentice. I rescued them, but then they betrayed me, for they left me in the bottom of a well where I had descended to get water for the three of us and our horses. I found the three girls at the bottom of that well—one girl for each of us—but because I had chosen the most beautiful girl for myself, they did this to me. If you do not believe me, then you can ask the girls themselves about what happened."

There was no way in which the older brothers could deny what he had reported to his father, and so they admitted their guilt, saying, "Yes, what he says is true."

The padişah was furious at the two older brothers. He said to them, "I disown you! You are no longer sons of mine!" He then ordered that the wedding celebration be started
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over again, but this time it would be for the marriage of his youngest son to the most beautiful of the girls. After another period of forty days and forty nights of festivities, the youngest son and the most beautiful girl were married.

The newlyweds lived very happily together, but there was one thing that made the youngest son sad at times. This was the fact that he no longer had any brothers. He therefore went to the padişah and said, "Father, my two older brothers made a bad mistake, but they probably would not do such a thing again. Please let them become your sons once again. I should be happier if we could all rule the country together."

When they heard of the youngest son's generosity, his two older brothers apologized to him. He forgave them. They were then married to the two girls that the youngest son had chosen for them. In this way the three brothers were reunited, and they lived happily together at the palace after that.