Once there was a keloğlan who lived in a village. One day he took a walk through that village, and on his way, he came to the home of one of his friends. That friend invited him to be a guest at his home, but then he excused himself in order to attend very briefly to some matters of business at a mill in the next village.

Keloğlan and his friend's wife remained there while the husband was gone. The wife said, "You can spend all the time you want with my husband when he returns from the mill." But he did not return before dark, and Keloğlan

1 The 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 attended children of large peasant families. It is encouraged by uncleanliness. In folktales the keloğlan is a definite personality type, a winner and usually a sympathetic figure. In tales the keloğlan image is often used as a disguise. Disguisers hide their hair by covering it with a sheepskin turned inside out or with the cleaned lining of a sheep's stomach.
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decided to spend the night there anyway.

Whenever her husband was away from home, that woman carried on a love affair with another man. She knew that her lover would soon be arriving, and so she told Keloğlan to leave the house. But Keloğlan had been invited by the husband to remain there for the night, and so he did not wish to leave. He said, "I can sleep over there in that dark corner, where I shall not be any bother to anyone." He immediately went into that corner and fell asleep.

Later in the evening the lover knocked on the door, awakening Keloğlan. He observed that the new guest went immediately to the bedroom of the house. Keloğlan waited silently and patiently until all conversation and other sounds ceased in the bedroom. When he heard the lovers snoring, he went quietly to the kitchen, where he heated some water in a kettle. Silently he crept into the bedroom and poured the boiling water into the open mouth of the wife's lover, killing the man at once.

A short while later the husband returned, knocked on the door, and called to his wife. When the wife made no response, Keloğlan opened the door for his friend. Once inside, the husband asked, "What has been going on in here?"
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Without answering that question fully, Keloğlan said only, "He was a guest in this house, but he is dead now."

"No, there is no other guest in the house unless you had arranged to bring some other person here." But when Keloğlan brought the corpse from the bedroom, the husband understood the situation. He said, "Keloğlan, take that dead body away from this house."

Before Keloğlan could carry away the corpse, there was another knock on the door. It was made by relatives of the lover. They said, "We know that our cousin came to this house last evening, but he did not return home this morning, as he said he would. If he has come to any harm here, we shall report the matter to the local judge."

The husband did not permit the relatives of the lover to enter the house. He said to them, "There has been no guest in the house except for my good friend Keloğlan."

After the relatives had gone, both the husband and the unfaithful paid Keloğlan money to take away the corpse at once. Keloğlan put the corpse on his back and, in the dim light of dawn, began to search for a place to leave it. After he had walked some distance, he grew tired,
and so he entered a garden to rest for awhile. He placed the corpse in a heap on the ground, and then he sat down beside it. When the owner of the garden saw dimly the two intruders, he called out, "Hey, fellows, what are you doing there?" When no answer was returned, the owner threw his heavy club, which missed Keloğlan but struck the corpse.

Keloğlan then jumped up and shouted at the owner of the garden, "You have killed my dear friend. What a terrible thing to do! I shall go at once to the judge and report this crime!"

"No, no!" said the owner of the garden. "I shall give you a large amount of money not to report this matter to anyone."

"How much money?" Keloğlan asked.

"This much," answered the man as he handed Keloğlan a bag of gold coins.

Leaving the corpse there to be disposed of by the owner of the garden, Keloğlan returned to his village. There he began to spend money freely. When his neighbors observed this, they asked him, "How did you suddenly become so rich?"

"I heard that in such and such a village there was
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a shortage of cowhide. I killed my cow, skinned it, then cut its hide into several pieces. The people at such and such a village paid me high prices for those pieces of leather."

"Are you serious?" the neighbors asked him.

"Of course I am. You have known me all my life, and you know that most of the time I have been a poor man. Except for discovering some opportunity like this shortage of leather, how could I now be a rich man?"

Several of the men there decided to take advantage of this shortage of cowhide in the nearby village. Each of them slaughtered a cow and took its hide to that nearby village. At the marketplace there, they shouted loudly, "Leather, fine leather for sale!" When no one at the marketplace bought even a single piece of cowhide, those simple men walked through the village, from house to house, trying in vain to sell hide. They finally realized that they had been badly deceived by Keloğlan

Very angry at Keloğlan, they returned to their village and beat him severely. But this punishment not satisfy their continuing wish for revenge. The lagers talked among themselves about this matter. Finally
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one of them said, "We should get rid of him forever before he tricks us in some other scheme. Let us throw him into the sea."

They captured Keloğlan, placed him in a bag, and tied the neck of that bag tightly. They carried that bag to a cliff above the sea and left it there until they had gone home and eaten lunch. They felt that they would enjoy drowning him more when their stomachs were filled.

While they were gone, Keloğlan began crying and shouting, "No, no! I do not want that! I do not want to do it!"

A shepherd herding his flock in a nearby field heard these shouts, and he wondered, "What is the matter with that man?" Going to the bag from which the shouting came, that shepherd asked, "What is the matter with you? What is it that you do not want?"

Keloğlan answered, "I do not want to marry the padi-shah's daughter, but I am going to be forced to do so. Could I ever provide a princess with the kind of life she has lived at the palace?"

"You must be joking," answered the shepherd. "How could any man pass up the opportunity to marry the padi-shah's daughter? I should do anything I could to marry the
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princess."

"If you feel that way about it, then why don't exchange places with me? I could tie you in this bag, and then you would be the one that is carried to the palace." When the shepherd agreed to this, he untied strings that held the bag shut. Keloğlan stepped out of the bag and tied the shepherd inside it. Keloğlan gathered together the flock of sheep and began to lead it home in a roundabout way.

After lunch Keloğlan's enemies returned to the cliff. Two of the strongest among them hoisted the heavy bag above their heads and heaved it from the cliff into the sea below. Feeling fully avenged now, the villagers began walking home. On their way, they were amazed to see Keloğlan leading a flock of sheep. They exclaimed, "What? Can this be true?"

"You threw me from a cliff at a place where a great many sheep graze on the bottom of the sea. I managed to lead forty of those sheep out of the water and onto dry land

"What? Is such a thing possible?" asked the other villagers.
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"Yes. Go and see for yourselves.

The villagers ran back to the cliff and threw themselves into the sea in order to capture some of the sheep grazing beneath the waves. But the surf was pounding so hard against the base of the cliff that no one could survive in it. All of the villagers were drowned.