Once there was and once there was not a family with three brothers. After they had all reached maturity, the oldest and the middle brothers got married, and then it was the turn of the youngest brother. He picked up a stick one day and threw it into a stream, where it hit a fish girl. The young man hunted and hunted in the waters of the stream until he found the fish girl. When he had finally found her, he placed her on a horse and took her to his village. The fish girl never spoke a single word until they had been married.

One day the two older brothers invited their father to visit them, on two different days, so that they could show him proper respect and hospitality. Then it was the turn of the youngest brother to host their father. He said to his wife, "We too should invite my father to our home."

"Bring him here, then," his wife said. So the youngest son went and invited his father to his home just as his elder brothers had done. While he was away, the fish girl filled the entire room with food simply by climbing into and then out of a large cooking pan. When the men returned
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She served them. They ate and drank a great quantity of the food and beverage she had provided. And when they were departing, the fish girl gave each of them a large package of food to take home with them. The dishes upon which she had served the food were made of gold. When the men saw this, they asked each other, "What should be done about this fish girl? What should be done about this fish girl?"

Then they advised the youngest son, "You should skin her out and burn the skin." When the young man had done this and burned the skin, the fish girl turned at once into one of the most beautiful women in the world. Right away everyone in the village knew about the great beauty of this girl.

A short while later, the youngest brother was ordered by the villagers to come to the village room. There the villagers said to him, "We are going to scatter a sackful of kernels of corn on the ground tomorrow. If you can collect every single grain of corn in a certain prescribed evil will-scatter -- impose seemingly impossible task -- on youngest brother that
in order to take from him his beautiful wife: recovering -- in

The narrators of Turkish folktale usually, as this prescribed time one does, call an unusually beautiful girl literally "a young kernel of world beauty."

Every Turkish village has a community room or one-room building. There guests to the village are housed, and there the muhtar (head man) convenes the village council for deliberations. The room is called the oda, which means simply room. But this room is the village room.

Evil villagers -- account, evil must be scattered on ground -- in prescribed time -- every kernel of corn scattered on ground. Super natural helper.
time, then you will have no difficulty. But if you should fail to do this, then we shall take your wife away from you."

The young man returned home in deep dejection. Noticing this, his wife asked, "What happened?"

"What did you expect would happen? They told me, 'We are going to scatter a sackful of kernels of corn on the ground tomorrow. Either you will collect every single grain in a certain amount of time or we shall take your wife away from you."

The girl said, "The solution to this problem is very easy. Go to the stream where you caught me and shout, 'The daughter of Hatma! The daughter of Hatma! This is what will happen to my wife.' They will help you collect every grain of that corn."

The boy went immediately to the stream and shouted exactly what his wife had ordered him to say. A voice rose from the stream answering him, "You go away now and leave the rest to us!" When the young man went to the oda

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3This is a most unusual variant of a very common tale type: Aarne-Thompson No. 465 Man Persecuted Because of Beautiful Wife. Usually the key motif is H931.1 Envious king covets wife, and then he gives impossible tasks to husband--H1211.

Here, however, it is not a single man, a wicked king, who covets the wife and seeks an excuse to kill the husband, but an entire male population of the hero's own village!
the next day, the villagers scattered the sackful of corn on the ground, but almost immediately the grain was all collected and back in the sack.

The next evening the villagers asked the young man to come to the oda again. They sent word, "O Fisherman of Beauty! O Fisherman of Beauty! Come to the oda again!" He went and heard what they had to say, and then he went home very worried.

"What are you worrying for?" his wife asked him.

"How can I avoid worrying? Now they are demanding that build them a palace on top of the rock that is opposite our house. If I cannot do that, they are going to take you away from me."

"Go to the stream and ask again for the help of Hatma's daughter," she said.

He went to the stream and shouted, "This is what they are going to do! This is what they are going to do! They are demanding that I build them a big palace."

They gave the young man two chunks of mud from the bottom of the stream and instructed him: "You will spread one chunk of mud on one side of the rock and the second chunk on the other side." When the husband returned and did as he had been directed, the big palace appeared on the rock right away.

The following evening the villagers summoned the young man again, and he went to the palace where they were gathered this time. They said to him, "You must make a
It was almost impossible that a forty-day-old baby should speak. The youngest brother returned home and began thinking very seriously about this task.

His wife said to him, "Go and say so-and-so to the daughter of Hatma, and ask her to give you such a baby.

He went to the stream and explained the situation: "If I do not bring into their presence a forty-day-old baby that can speak, they will take my wife away from me."

They answered, "Wait! The baby is only now being born!"

When the baby was finally delivered, they washed it and dressed it, and then they handed it to the young man.

He accepted the baby and started toward the village, but he was greatly worried. "How could a forty-day-old baby talk, let alone one that has just been born? They gave me this new-born baby, but how could this baby possibly talk?" As he continued toward the village it started to rain.

When the rain first splashed on the baby, it said, "Brother-in-law, if you do not hurry, we shall get wet. Brother-in-law, walk a little faster!" When the youngest brother realized that this baby really could speak, he grew more cheerful.

The baby was clutching three eggs in its hands. At
the stream, they had told the young man to take the baby and lay him down at the center of the palace, to untie its clothing, and then to get out of the palace at once and leave all the rest to the baby.

He followed these instructions, taking the baby to the middle of the palace and unfastening its clothing. The baby sat up and said to the villagers, "You have done this to my brother-in-law, you have done that to my brother-in-law, and in all of this you have tortured him." Then the baby broke one of the eggs on the threshold of the palace, one in one of the smaller rooms, and one in the large hall of the palace. The palace then began to collapse, killing all of the villagers. After that, the young man took the baby and returned with it to his own home