

# **TURKISH FOLKTALES** In Turkish

**Edited by Ahmet Uysal and Warren S. Walker**

**Crazy Mehmet and the Three Priests**

**(Deli Mehmet ve Uc Rahip)**

**As narrated by Erdal of Ankara, Turkey**

**The Golden Candlestick (Altin Samdan)**

**As narrated by Bikmen Gurun of Iskenerun, Turkey**

**FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9922**

"SCENE OF MAGIC", MINIATURE PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO MEHMED SIYAH KALEM, 15th CENTURY / COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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1 program notes (8 p.)

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## THE GOLDEN CANDLESTICK

Narrated by Dikmen Gürün of Iskenderun, Turkey, Summer 1964

Although it may not be immediately recognized as such, this is one of the hundreds of variants of the Cinderella and Cap of Rushes tale, Type No. 510 in the Aarne-Thompson index, The Types of the Folktale. In the folktales of the Old World it is one of the most popular types. The present version includes a number of motifs that occur frequently in a number of folktale types:

M255 Deathbed promise concerning second wife

H363.1 Bride test: wearing deceased wife's clothes (or accessories)

T411.1 Lecherous father

T311.1 Flight of maiden to escape marriage

N712 Prince first sees heroine as she comes forth from her hiding box

The numbers are those assigned by Stith Thompson in his monumental study, Motif Index of Folk-Literature.

Once there was and once there wasn't, a long time ago, when the creatures of God were many but it was a sin to talk too much--<sup>1</sup> in that time there was a very rich merchant who lived happily with his wife and their daughter. Time come, time go, one day the mother died--May God grant long life to those left behind!--and the father and daughter were left alone in the house. Well, that's life! The father decided to marry again, and so he sent an announcement all around: "My wife--May she rest in peace!--wore a bracelet and whomever that bracelet fits I shall marry." When they heard these words, all of the maidens in the country rushed to try on the bracelet--this one and that one and another one--but it didn't fit any of them.

Finally, one of those days, the merchant's daughter tried the bracelet on, and it fitted her snug as snug. In the evening when the father came home and saw the bracelet on the daughter's wrist, he said, "It is the will of God, daughter, that I marry you."

Although she said, "Are you mad? What sort of talk is that?" he did not heed her.

"You saw what happened," he said. "This bracelet went all around the country and it didn't fit anyone. It fits only you. According to the promise I made your mother, I am to marry only the person whom this bracelet fits, and so I shall marry you."

"What sort of talk is that?" the girl repeated, not wanting to believe him. "My father, don't ever let your mouth repeat such things. In what book can you read of a father's marrying his daughter?"

But the very next day he started at it again. This went on for three or four days, and finally, when she saw that he was determined, she seemed to give up hope and said, "All right, if you wish it so, it will be that way but only on one condition."

"What is this condition?" the father asked.

"You will have a large golden candlestick made for me."

"All right, if that is what you want," he said, and he went to a jeweler's shop. The girl followed her father and watched where he went, and the next day the girl herself went to the shop and ordered the jeweler to make the candlestick large enough to hold two people inside it.

When the candlestick was at last ready, the father said, "The candlestick is finished, and it is now time for us to be married."

The daughter had a friend who looked very much like her, and that day the poor girl hid her friend in the candlestick, and she also stored a supply of food in it. Then she prepared for the wedding, putting on her beautiful silks and placing the bride's crown on her

head. When the father entered the room and saw the girl, beautiful as an angel--he had no fear of God, the dog!--he said, "Let me go out and lock the door, and then I shall come back."<sup>2</sup>

When her father left the room, the girl rushed into the candlestick and locked the door from the inside. When the great merchant returned, he could not, of course, find. He looked all over for her; he went upstairs and downstairs; he went left and he went right; but she was nowhere to be found. He looked behind the curtains and under the beds, and he went down into the garden and looked there, saying, "How can it be? How can it be? The winds are blowing in her place."<sup>3</sup>

Finally he said, "Oh, I have committed a great sin against God. How could a father dare marry his daughter? I don't know why I didn't realize this before. I have sinned and God has made her disappear." He continued to search and talk, "I no longer have a place in this world. I do not have a face to show anyone. It is best that I sell everything I own and become a dervish."<sup>4</sup> And so he sold everything that he had, his house and everything in it, until only the golden candlestick was left. Of course, he put the candlestick up for sale too, but nobody could buy it, for it was made of pure gold, Finally the son of the padishah heard of its fame, and this prince bought it.<sup>5</sup> Having sold everything now, the father departed. Now let us leave him going on his way and see what the prince will do.

After the prince had shown the candlestick to his parents, he put it right beside his bed. He placed two candles in it, one made of beeswax and the other of tallow,<sup>6</sup> and admired it.

That night the girls ate the last of what they had stored in the candlestick, and they were satisfied, but the next day they became hungry. There was a small hole in the body of the candlestick, and through this they could see that the tables around them were all covered with food. When night came, the merchant's daughter got out of the candlestick, and when she came upon a tray of food, she became extremely hungry at the sight of it. It seems that it was the custom to leave a tray of food and sweet drinks by the prince at night. She ate some food from this dish and some from that, and she drank some of the sweet drinks; then she took the rest of these back into the candlestick to her girl friend.

When the prince woke up in the morning he saw that all the food was gone and all the sweet drinks were drunk but that everything else was in its place. He called in all of the servants and asked, "Who came, without permission, into my room last night?"

The servants all answered, as if from one mouth, "No, our prince, none of us has gone into your room."

He wouldn't believe them and insisted, "Someone must have!"

The poor servants said, "How could we, dear prince? Which of us would dare do such a thing? Our necks are thinner than a thread,"<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is a standard beginning for a Turkish folktale, a nonsense formula known as a tekerleme. Most tekerlemeler are longer than this example, some of them protracting incongruities for as long as ten minutes.

<sup>2</sup> The tale has apparently been telescoped here by the narrator, bringing the wedding immediately to the nuptial night. Traditionally Turkish weddings take from three to ten days, progressing step by step through a lengthy ceremony; in folktales the length is usually exaggerated to forty days and nights. Here the usual sequence of ceremonial events would impede the narrative line of the tale, and so it has been dropped.

<sup>3</sup> A proverbial expression, elegiac in tone, to indicate someone's absence.

<sup>4</sup> There were many different dervish orders (similar to monastic orders) in pre-Republican Turkey, the best-known being the Bektashi and the Mevlevi (Whirling Dervishes).

<sup>5</sup> In real life the word padishah usually referred to the sultan; in Turkish folktales it can refer to any ruler, imperial, provincial, or tribal. Here the padishah seems to be an important ruler, and so we have translated shezade (son of the sultan) literally as prince.

<sup>6</sup> No special significance should be attached to the use of candles of two different substances. They involve a typical play on sounds common in Turkish folktales. The words used here for beeswax and tallow are bal mumu and yağ mumu, rhyming and highly euphonious.

<sup>7</sup> A proverbial expression of subservience to indicate how easily a subject of a sultan could be beheaded.

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and, furthermore, you always lock your door from the inside."

"The sweet drinks are drunk and the fruits are gone," he said.

"If this is repeated, you can be certain that you will all be beheaded."

The next night the girls were hungry again--of course they became hungry!--and the merchant's daughter came out again in the dark and took some of this food and some of that. But the prince saw everything this time, for he had decided to stay awake and watch in order to find out who was coming to his room. When he saw the beautiful girl coming out of his candlestick, with silver tinsel on her hair and a gold tiara on her head and all dressed up like a bride, he jumped up and caught her by the wrist. In her surprise the girl could not get away to get back into the candlestick. "Are you a genie, or what?"<sup>8</sup> the prince asked.

"I am neither genie nor fairy. I am a creature of God, just like you, but, my prince, don't tell anyone that I am here." That night they stayed up and talked until morning, and when dawn came, she got back into the candlestick.

When the servants entered the room, they asked in fear, "Was your food eaten again, our prince?"

The prince answered, "No, I must have dreamt that the other night. Everything is in place, so don't fear. You may go."

The visits of the prince and the girl went on every night for some time. One night when the prince and some others had gone hunting she came out of the candlestick and was eating alone. She looked up and saw a poor dervish at the door, and she recognized immediately that it was her father. She filled a bowl with walnuts and took them to him.

The man didn't recognize his daughter, and he said, "Oh, my girl, what good are walnuts to a dervish?"<sup>9</sup>

At that, the girl said, "Ya! What good is a girl to her father?"

On hearing that he said, "Oh, could you be my daughter?" Then he placed a curse on her, saying, "May God turn you into a deer, and may you live in the forest for forty days!" And what he said came true.<sup>10</sup> Now let us leave them here and go back to the prince.

The prince was ignorant of all this, of course. Now every night the other girl came out of the candlestick in place of the merchant's daughter and talked with the prince. And the merchant's daughter spent her time in the forest as a deer, jumping from one stream to another. One day the prince decided to go hunting in the forest. There he saw a beautiful deer which he wounded with a shot in her front leg. Since, in reality, the deer was the merchant's daughter, she began to scream and cry, and she did so in such a fashion that the young man took pity on her and decided not to kill her. He tied up her wound with his handkerchief and let her go.<sup>11</sup> In the evening when he returned to the other girl, he said to her, "This morning I shot a deer, but it cried so that I took pity on it and let it go."

As the days passed and finally the fortieth one came along, the deer became a girl once again, and she returned immediately to the padishah's palace and hid in the candlestick again. That night she came forth as usual, and as they were talking about the weather and other things, the prince noticed his handkerchief tied around her arm. "What is my handkerchief doing on your arm?" he asked. "Where did you get it?"

The girl sat down then and told him her whole story from beginning to end: how her mother had died, and how her father had wanted to marry her, and how she had played the trick on her father with the candlestick--and she didn't leave out anything. "And who is the other girl?" asked the prince.

She answered, "She is my best friend." And so for years they lived together spending the nights visiting with the prince and the days hiding inside the candlestick.

Finally war was declared, and the prince had to go to battle. Before departing for the war, the prince got an audience with his parents<sup>12</sup> and said to them, "I am going to the war. Grant me absolution from all my offenses against you."<sup>13</sup> If, during my absence, my bed someday gets cold and the full tray of food that is left by my bedside is not eaten at night, you will know that I am no longer alive. Please do not neglect to place sweets on the tray every night and have my bed kept warm. And one more thing: Don't ever take the candlestick from my room. It is a very precious candlestick, and ordinary hands should not touch it. Don't take it out of the room." So saying, he kissed the hands and skirts of his parents, mounted his horse, and rode away.

Because of what he said, his aunt became very suspicious, for the prince was engaged to her daughter, his cousin. She said, "There is something behind this. He was supposed to marry my daughter, but he keeps delaying the marriage. There must be something to it." She had also heard rumors going from ear to ear for some time that he had a certain candlestick in his room and that there was something strange about it. After hearing what the prince had said that day, the mother and the daughter went to see the padishah and they said, "Our majestic sultan, we are having a reception tomorrow. Will you lend us our prince's candlestick for just two days?"

The padishah and his wife both said, "Oh, no! Our son told us firmly that it was not to be taken out of the house, not even out of his room."

But the aunt begged and begged, and finally the padishah said, "All right, all right, take it! It is yours for two days. I hope that our son doesn't hear of this." And so the aunt took the candlestick happily and started on her way.

No one knew what caused it but during the reception a fight started outside all of a sudden. Of course, whoever was there dashed outside to see the fight. "This is my chance," the merchant's daughter thought to herself, and she got out of the candlestick to get food to satisfy her appetite and that of her friend. The room was filled with perhaps a thousand kinds of sweets and fruits. She took a taste of this and a taste of that . . . but, by an act of God, there happened to be a mute woman in the room, and she saw everything as it happened. When the fight was over and everyone else had returned to the room, the mute woman pointed to the candlestick and said, "Mmmmm, mmmmm, mmmmm!" The girl had entered the candlestick in such haste that a bit of her skirt had caught in the door. The others now saw that the edge of a skirt showed, and the prince's fiancée said, "Oh, so that's what it was! That's why he didn't want to marry me!" So angry she

<sup>8</sup> In a folk culture, where the supernatural is immanent, such a query is commonly put to anyone who appears unexpectedly or under strange circumstances.

<sup>9</sup> Dervishes normally begged for their food; being ascetics they ate only simple fare, not sweets or nuts.

<sup>10</sup> In Turkish folktales parental curses, no matter how unfair or outrageous, always work.

<sup>11</sup> The sentence in brackets does not appear in either the Turkish printed version or the recording. The narrator inadvertently omitted this but agreed later that it was necessary for the sense of the tale. It should be noted that motifs as common as this one are frequently unmentioned but nevertheless understood, both narrator and audience taking them for granted as natural steps in a given sequence of motifs.

<sup>12</sup> No one, not even his children, could come into the presence of the Turkish sultan without prearrangement.

<sup>13</sup> When a Moslem approaches death or engages in a potentially dangerous activity (a long journey, for example, or a war), he asks his family and friends to grant him *helâl*, forgiveness for any offenses he may have committed, deliberately or unwittingly, against them. Offenses of which he has not been absolved will, it is believed, obstruct his entry into heaven.



was screaming and tearing her hair, she finally ordered her servants to make a large fire and place the candlestick in the middle of it. As it grew hot, it made the girls inside uncomfortably warm, and when they finally realized that they would be roasted in it, they jumped out of the candlestick in order to save their lives. The whole household rushed after them with sticks and stones in their hands, but no one could catch them, so the guests all came back empty-handed. God knows what happened to her girl friend as they escaped. But our girl met a shepherd to whom she said, "Dear shepherd father, I have nobody in the world. If you will take me to your home, I will be your servant and do all your work. I won't be a burden to you, for I will work and earn my living. It would be a sin to leave a girl like me in the mountains alone." It seemed that the shepherd did not have any children of his own and he lived alone with his wife, so he happily granted her wish. He took her to his home and he said, "Look, my woman, what I have brought to you. I have brought a girl as beautiful as the full moon."<sup>14</sup> From now on, we have a child too."

Right away the woman put the girl in a bath and cleansed her, and she gave her clean clothes to replace those she had gotten dirty as she had run away. The girl lived there and embroidered. The man took her work to town and sold it, and she earned money that way. She made lace too. That is that, and now let us go back to the prince.

As soon as the prince returned from the war, he ran to his room and he saw that the candlestick was in its place, bright and shiny, but he saw also that there were a few dents in it. He immediately looked inside and found the wind blowing in the place where the girls should have been. Of course, he ran to his mother in one breath. She knew what had happened earlier and she said, "When I discovered that your bed wasn't warm and the food wasn't eaten, I knew you were in trouble."

He was very angry, and he said, "Didn't I tell you not to give that candlestick to anybody?" He shouted and shouted until he fell ill and went to his sickbed. In this love sickness the prince grew worse every day, and no one could find a cure for his trouble. He became as thin as a thread but no doctor could restore his health. Finally, in accordance with his wishes, the padishah sent criers all over the country announcing, "Hear! Hear! Everyone is ordered to make some soup and bring it to our prince for his health." The prince didn't even taste the soups that people sent to him but just dipped his spoon into each bowl as if looking for something. The shepherd and his wife heard this announcement too, and the girl said immediately, "Please, father, allow me to make a bowl of soup for him, and then please take it to the palace."

"Oh, no," said the father. "It is said that all he does is dip his spoon into the soup, and he doesn't even drink it. He is that sick."

"Please, father," said the girl, "please allow me this once. Never mind even if he doesn't drink it. Let him have the pleasure of knowing we sent it." And then she set about it and made a very tasteless soup and she put her ring into the soup. She told the shepherd to take it to the palace and not to give it to anyone else but to give it directly to the prince. The shepherd went to the palace wagging his long beard, a bowl of soup in his hand, a tray underneath.

"What is it?" they asked him at the gate.

"This?" said the shepherd. "It is for the prince's recovery. We heard that he was very ill."

"Oh!" they said, and they laughed at the old shepherd. "Rows and rows of bowls of soup came, and he didn't drink any of them. What

makes you think he will drink yours, father?"

"Please, please--let us try once," the shepherd said. "Let me take this to him, and if he doesn't drink it, I'll come right back. To try won't cost me my road back." So, on this, they let him in.

When the shepherd went to the prince's room, he saw him all pale and faded to the stem and lying in his bed. After greeting him, the shepherd said, "I have brought you soup. I have a daughter and she made it for you."

The prince dipped his spoon into the soup, and when he saw the ring, he took it out. Then he gulped down the soup and put a great quantity of money in the empty bowl. He took the ring into his hand, and then he said to the man, "Shepherd father, your daughter did not make this soup."

Why should the shepherd hide the truth? "You are right, my prince. This girl is not my real daughter. I found her on the mountains one day and I made her my daughter."

The prince said, "Shepherd father, won't you give her to me as my mate by the will of God?"<sup>15</sup>

"What would be easier than that?" said the father. "If you want her, I'll give her to you. I'll go and get her right away."

"Oh, no," said the prince. "No one must see her coming. Now I'll give you a golden candlestick to have repaired. Put it in a cart, and after having it repaired, put the girl inside the candlestick and bring it back to me."

"As you order," said the shepherd.

After taking the money he had been given, he rushed home like a wind and said, "Daughter, daughter, I have sold you to the prince! He wants to marry you." And he showed the daughter and his wife the money that he had been given by the prince. "I'll take a cart to the palace and put the candlestick on it and have it repaired, and after it is repaired, I'll put the girl inside it and take her to the palace. That is the way I'll do it."

"Oh," complained the wife, "is that the way to give a girl? Where is the wedding?"

What could the shepherd do? "But that is the way he wanted it done," he said. And the next day he took an ox cart to the palace and brought the candlestick home. They had it repaired and they polished it. Then they hid the girl inside it and took her to the palace.

After finding his love again, the prince told his mother all about the affair. "I'd never marry that cousin of mine if only she and I were left on this world. She did too much to me. Instead, I am going to marry the one I love. But just for revenge, I want you to notify my aunt that they may start the wedding preparations."

Word was sent to the aunt, and both mother and daughter began to prepare hastily. Foods were cooked, baths were heated, clothes were made, and a wedding was prepared with all its splendor. And in the prince's house similar wedding preparations were made.

When the wedding day came, they brought the bride seated on a litter--that was the way they used to bring brides--<sup>16</sup> and proceeded toward the palace. The prince gave orders to have the oven heated. They heated the oven until it was very hot, and then the prince said, "I'll burn you just the way you burned my sweetheart in the candle-

<sup>14</sup> The strictly literal translation of the Turkish would read as beautiful as the fourteenth of the moon, the fourteenth day of the moon cycle, just as it is verging on fullness.

<sup>15</sup> The hand of a girl is asked for in Turkey by a matchmaker known as a *dünür*. The *dünür* always asks for the girl "in the name of the Prophet and by the will of God." Here the ritual of matchmaking is missing but part of the traditional dialogue is retained.

<sup>16</sup> In Turkish villages brides are still carried in carts or litters to the homes of their bridegrooms.

stickli" He threw her into the oven and turned her up and down and had her well roasted. Then he took her out of the oven, loaded her on a tray, and gave orders for her to be taken home to her mother.

The prince made a great wedding and married the beautiful girl in a ceremony that lasted for forty days and forty nights. They found their happiness. Let us go up and sit in their seats.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>17</sup> This is one of the standard formulistic endings for Turkish folktales.

#### Altın Şamdan

Bir varmış bir yokmuş, evvel zaman içinde, Allahın kulu çokmuş, çok söylemesi günahmış, memleketin birinde çok zengin bir tüccar yaşamış. Zaman gelir, geçer. Bu adamcağız da karısıyla ve kızıyla mesut bir hayat sürermiş. Ama Allah geride kalanlara uzun ömürler versin, bir gün tüccarın karısı ölüverince baba kız bir başlarına kalıverirler. Eh can bu; günlerden bir gün tüccar yeniden evlenmeğe karar verir, ve dört bir yana haberler salar. "Rahmetli karımın kolundaki bilezik kimin bileğine uyarsa onunla evleneceğim." Bu haber üzerine memleketin kızları akın akın bileziği denemeğe gelirler, ama gel gelelim bilezik ne buna uyar ne ona, ne de ötekine.

Nihayet günlerden bir gün tüccarın kızı bileziği denemezmi! Aksi gibi bilezik de tıpa tıp uyuverir kızın koluna. Akşama babası iştten döndü de bileziği kızının kolunda görünce, "Allahın emri buymuş kızım, seninle evleneceğim," der. "Aman, baba, aklınımı kaçırdın? Bu ne biçim söz," derse de kızcağızın babası oralı olmaz. "Gördün bütün memleketi dolaştı bu bilezik, kimsenin koluna uymadı. Bir tek sana uydu. Verdiğim söze göre seninle evleneceğim. Bu ne biçim söz," diye kızcağız bir türlü babasına inanmak istemez; "aman, babam, bir daha ağzına alma böyle bir şeyi. Hangi kitapta bulursun sen baba kızın evlendiğini?"

Fakat ertesi sabah baba başlar aynı teraneye. Bu böyle üç, dört gün devam eder, nihayet kız bakarki babanın dediği dedik, ümidini kesip, "Peki, madem sen böyle istiyorsun böyle olsun, ama evlenmeden önce bir şartım var," der.

"Neymiş bu şart?" babası sorar.

"Bana kocaman altın bir şamdan yaptıracaksın."

Baba, "İstedğin bu olsun," deyip kuyumcunun yolunu tutar. Kızcağız da gizliden düşer babasının peşine nereye gittiğini öğrenmek için. Ertesi gün hemen aynı dükkâna koşar ve kuyumcuya şamdanı içine iki adam alacak büyüklükte yapmasını tenbih eder. Şamdan bitince baba, "Hadi bakalım şamdan hazır, evlenme vakti geldi," der.

Kızcağızın kendisine tıpa tıp benzer bir arkadaşı varmış. O gün zavallı kız arkadaşını şamdanın içine gizler, yanına da bir sürü yiyecek verir. Sonra da düşün için hazırlanmağa başlar. Güzelim ipek elbiselerini giyer, başına gelin tacını oturtur. Baba odaya girip de kızını periler gibi görünce--Allahtan korkmaz, gözleri kör olasıca<sup>küpek</sup>--"Aman gidip kapıyı kilitliyeyim şimdi dönerim," diye çıkar odadan. Babası odadan çıkınca kız da hemen şamdanın içine dalıp içerden vurur kilidi. Tüccar efendi döndüğünde kızı bulamaz tabii. Etrafına bakar yok. Yukarı çıkar aşağı iner, sağa bakar sola bakar bir yerlerde bulamaz kızı. Bahçeye iner yok, perde aralarında bakar yok, yatak denklerini araştırır yok, bir yandan da, "Nasıl olur bu nasıl olur bu," diye başlar söylenmeğe. "Yerinde yeller esiyor bizim kızın. Aman Allahın en büyük bir günah işledim nasıl olun da baba kızı ile evlenmeğe kalkar. Ne diye önceden düşünmedim bunu bilmemki. Günahı ben işledim Allah onu yok etti." Hem arar hem devam eder. "Bu dünyada benim yerim yok artık. Ellere gösterilecek yüzüm kaldı bende? En iyisi varımı yığımı herşeyimi satıp bir derviş olup yollara düşmek."

Neyi var neyi yok, evini barkını, satar. Taaki sıra gelir şamdana. Tabii tüccar onu da çıkartır satışa ama kimseler alamaz som altından yapıldığı için. Nihayet padişahın oğlu duyar bu şamdanın namını ve satın alır. Baba her şeyi böylece sattıktan sonra düşer yollara. Biz şimdi onu bırakalım

dolaşakosun, bakalım padişahın oğlu ne yapacak şamdani.

Şehzade şamdani anasına babasına gösterdikten sonra getirir tam baş ucuna koyar. Biri balmumu öteki yağmumu iki de mum dikip seyrine bakar. O gece kızlar son azıklarını da yerler karınları doyar, ama gel gelelim ertesi gün iyice acıkırlar. Şamdanın gövdesinde ufak bir delik varmış, o delikten etrafa bakarlar ki masalar yiyeceklerle dolu. Akşam olup da karanlık basınca tüccarın kızı dışarıya sızılır. Tepsi tepsi yemekleri görünce iyice acıkır karnı. O zamanlar adetmiş şehzadenin odasında tepsilerle meyvalar, yemekler, şerbetler bulundurmak. Kızcağız biraz ondan biraz bundan tadar, şerbetin bir kısmını içer geri kalanları da arkadaşına götürür.

Sabah olup da şehzade uyanınca bakarki odada her şeyler yerli yerinde, ama yiyeceklerin yerinde yeller esiyor. Bunun üzerine bütün hizmetkârlarını çağırır odaya, "Kim girdi benim odama benden izinsiz, dün gece?"

Hizmetçiler bir ağızdan cevap verirler, "Aman, şehzademiz, hiç birimiz odanıza adım atmadık.

Şehzade bir türlü inanmaz bunlara, "Birinizden biriniz muhakkak girdiniz," diye tuturur.

Biçare hizmetkârlar, "Nasıl olur şehzademiz, hangimiz cesaret eder odanıza izinsiz girmeye. Başımız kıldan ince, ama siz her gece kilitlersiniz kapınızı," diye yanılıp yakılırlar.

Şehzade de, "Şerbetlerim içilmiş meyvalarım yenmiş, eğer bu bir daha tekerrür ederse hepiniz kellelerinizi uçmuş bilin," diyip yollar hepsini geri.

Ertesi gece kızlar yeniden acıkırlar--can bu, tabii acıkacaklar-- tüccarın kızı yine akşamın karanlığında çıkar dışarı ve biraz ondan, biraz bundan derken toparlar yiyecekleri. Ama bu sefer şehzade herşeyi görür. Meğersem o gece kendi kendine karar vermişmiş uyanık kalıp odaya kimin girdiğini görmek için. Şehzade güzelim kızın başında gümüş gelin taci altın işlemeli peçesi, gelin elbiseleri ile şamdandan çıktığını görünce bir adımda yapışırvermiş bileğine. Kız şaşkınlıktan kaçıp da şamdana<sup>şamdana</sup> giremez.

"İnmişin yoksa cinmişin?" şehzade sorar.

"Ne inim ne de cinim. Senin gibi Allahın bir kuluyum. Kuzum şehzadem kimselere söyleme benim burada olduğumu," diye kız yalvarır şehzadeye. O gece ikisi de karşılıklı oturup sohbet ederler taa sabaha kadar. Sabah olunca kızcağız geri şamdana girer. Hizmetkârlar odaya girince korku ile sorarlar prense, "Yiyecekleriniz yenmişmiydi yine şehzademiz?" Bu defa, şehzade, "Hayır," der. "Evvvelsi gece rüya gördüm galiba. Herşey yerli yerinde korkmayın."

Şehzade ile kızın sohbetleri her gece devam eder. Ama bir gece padişah<sup>kız</sup> oğlunu ve adamlarına toplayıp ava çıkar. Akşam vakti yine çıkar şamdandan, karnını doyururken bir de bakarki fakir bir derviş duruyor sarayın kapısında. Kız hemen tanır babasını ve bir kâseye ceviz koyup götürür verir adama.

Baba kızını tanımaz, "Aman evlât, dervişin ceviz nesine?" diye dert yanar.

Kız bunun üzerine cevap verir, "Yaa kız evlât babanın nesine."

O zaman derviş hemen, "Ahh yoksa sen benim kızımısın? Hey dilerim Allahtan seni geyiğe çevirsin de ormanlarda kırk gün yaşayasın," diye beddua etmezmi. Dediği de olur. Ne ise biz baba kızı burada bırakıp şehzadeye dönelim.

Şehzade herşeyden habersiz tabii. Bu sefer de öbür kız her gece tüccarın kızının yerine çıkar dışarıya, oturur sohbet eder şehzadeyle; tüccarın kızı da ormanlarda o sudan bu suya atlıyarak geyik olarak günlerini geçirir. Bir gün şehzade yine ava çıkmaya karar verir, ormanda çok güzel bir geyik görürverir birden bire. Bir atışta yaralar hayvanı ön ayağından. Tabii geyik aslında tüccarın kızı olduğu için öyle bir ağlamaya bağırmağa başlarki, şehzade acır ve kızı öldürmekten vaz geçer. Gece saraya dönmüş öbür kızcağıza, "Bu sabah bir geyik yaraladım ama öyle bir ağlayış ağladığı biçare hayvan, sonunda kıyamadım salıverdim gitti," der.

Günler geçip de kırkıncısı kapıya dayanınca geyik yeniden kız olurverir, ve gizlice saraya döndü şamdana gizlenir. O gece yine tüccarın kız çıkar şamdandan eskisi gibi. Şehzade ile havadan sudan sohbet ederken birden genç prens kızın bileğinde kendi mendilinin sarılı olduğunu görürverir. Benim





Bana çok etti. Şimdi ben sevdiğimle evleneceğim ama sırf intikâm almak için halama haber salın düğün hazırlıklarına bağlasın," diye.

Halaya haberler gider ve ana kız başlarlar harıl harıl düğün hazırlığına. Davullar zurnalar çalar, elbiseler dikilir, kazanlar kaynar, aşlar pişer. Tabii aynı hazırlıklar şehzadenin sarayında da yapılır.

Düğün günü gelip çatinca hala kızı allı pullu giyinir, kuşanır, ve tahterevanına kurulur, şehzadenin sarayına gelir. Öte yandan da şehzade fırını yakmaları için emir verir. Fırın iyice tutuşunca şehzade kuzenine döner ve, "Sen benim sevdiğimi şamdan da nasıl yakmağa kalktıysan ben de şimdi seni bu fırın da öyle yakacağım," deyip tuttuğu gibi kolundan fırlatır kızı fırına. İyice kızarttıktan sonra da bir tepsie koyup geri anasına yollar.

Ve şehzade güzel kızla öyle bir düğün yapar öyle bir düğün yaparkı, tam kırk gün kırk gece sürer. Onlar ermiş muradına biz çıkalım kerevetine.

### **CRAZY MEHMET AND THE THREE PRIESTS**<sup>1</sup>

Narrated by Erdal Birkan of Ankara, Turkey, Summer 1964

This too is a variant of a familiar folktale type entitled by Aarne and Thompson "The Three Hunchback Brothers Drowned," No. 1536 B. It enjoys wide distribution throughout Europe, from Finland to Italy, from Spain to Turkey.

In the tale's most common form, a woman employs a drunken man to dispose of the corpse of a hunchback whom, she says, she has accidentally killed. She has actually killed three hunchbacks, and when the drunkard returns from throwing the first corpse into the river, she tells him that it has returned and gives him the second corpse, and then later the third. The woman's husband also happens to be a hunchback, and when the exasperated alcoholic sees the husband, he supposes that the persistent corpse has returned still another time, and so he drowns the husband too.

Once there was and once there wasn't, when God's creatures were many but it was a sin to talk too much--in those olden times there was a rich merchant. And this faithless merchant had a very pretty wife.<sup>2</sup>

One day his wife said to the merchant, "Please give me some money so that I can go to the church and be absolved of my sins and be purified." As soon as she got the money, she went to a church and said to one of the priests there, "Oh, dear priest, absolve me of my sins and I shall give you whatever you want for this."

The priest looked at her and thought to himself about what a pretty woman she was. Then he turned to her and said, "All right, I'll absolve you of your sins." After he had absolved her--God knows how he did it--he said shamelessly, "May I come to visit you in your home at your convenience tonight?"

The woman became very angry. "Go on, you dog!" she scolded the priest, and then she rushed out. To herself she thought, "God knows--probably my sins were not really absolved. I had better go to another church."

At the second church to which she went she offered money to another priest and she said, "Here is money for you, oh priest. Absolve me of my sins."

After he had absolved her of her sins--God knows how he did this--he said to her, "Hey, there! Come on!"<sup>3</sup>

The woman answered, "You dog! Whatever do you mean? I shall tell my husband of this, and he will show you the light of day!"

The poor woman went to still a third church and there, as she had done before, she offered the priest money: "Here is money for you, priest efendi,<sup>4</sup> for which you are to absolve me of my sins."

"Very well," said the priest, "but tell me first--when may I come to see you at your home?"

"What kind of talk is this?" she asked. "I am a married woman. Don't you have any shame?" Then she returned home.

At night, when her husband came home, she complained to him at length. "You should have come to the church with me. I went to three different churches and talked with three priests, and if you had heard what they said, you would have been amazed."

"Well, what did they say?" asked the merchant curiously.

"The first asked if he could come to visit me tonight. The second said 'Heogelin!'--whatever that meant. And the third, like the first, asked when he could come to visit me."

At this the merchant said, "Very well. Tomorrow send the servant to those three churches and have her invite the three priests to visit you at home. The first should come at one o'clock, the second at two o'clock, and the third at three o'clock."

Who wouldn't be surprised at hearing this? "What sort of talk is this? What do you mean?" asked the woman of her husband.

But his answer was, "Don't ask too many questions. Do as I tell you."

The next day the servant knocked on the door of the first priest and said to him, "The lady who was with you yesterday for the absolution of her sins sends greetings. She says that her husband will not be at home at one o'clock tonight and that she will be waiting for you." She then went to the second priest and said, "The lady who was with you yesterday for the absolution of her sins sends greetings. She says that her husband will not be home at two o'clock tonight and that she will be awaiting for your arrival." She then went to the third priest and repeated the same thing: "The lady who came to you to be absolved yesterday sends her greetings. She says that her husband will not be home at three o'clock tonight and that you should come to see her then."

While this was going on, the merchant at home had finished preparations for their coming. He placed food and drinks in the bedroom, and he hid himself under the bed.

At one o'clock there was a knock on the door, and the first priest came. The wife, dressed very attractively and wearing make-up, went downstairs, opened the door, and welcomed him in: "Welcome, priest efendi! My husband is not at home today, and that is the reason I invited you." The priest went up to the bedroom with the woman.

As it neared two o'clock and she saw that the second priest's time was coming, she said, "My husband will be home any time now."

"All right, then," said the priest, "let us go to bed then as soon as possible."

<sup>1</sup> Anti-clerical tales are as common in Turkey as they are in many countries in Europe, and we have in our archive a number of humorous and satirical tales about Moslem religious figures. This tale is both anti-clerical and anti-Christian. The narrator has only a passing acquaintance with Christian traditions, for he is uncertain about just how the wife is absolved of her sins, though the reference is clearly to the practice of confession in the Catholic Church.

<sup>2</sup> In earlier times Turks did not participate often in the business life of their country. The peasants tilled the land and the upperclass Ottomans were divided among three main professions: government, military service, and religious work (which then included teaching on all levels of education). Commerce and industry were carried on by minority groups, primarily Greeks and Armenians, who were Christians. It was almost a foregone conclusion that a merchant would be an "infidel," and it is thus that he appears in most folktales.

<sup>3</sup> The dialectal expression *Heogelin!* is used here. Literally it means "Hey there! Come on!" as we have translated it, but implicit in the Turkish is an overtone of familiarity or intimacy.

<sup>4</sup> *Efendi* is a word of respect, usually added to a person's name or title: *Osman efendi*, or *teacher efendi*. At one time it was reserved for the wealthy or the educated; today it is universally used, much the way *sir* is used in English in such a construction as *Mr. Smith, sir . . .*



"You sit on the edge of the bed and start getting undressed," she said, "and I shall go downstairs and check the doors." She took the lamp and went downstairs.

As the priest was sitting there, waiting in the dark, the merchant crawled from beneath the bed, jumped on the man, and strangled him. Then he pushed his body over in a corner and covered it with a blanket.

"What have you done with the priest?" asked the woman when she returned to the room.

"Don't interfere with my work," answered the merchant. "Do as I told you."

Soon there was a knock at the door again, "Tok! tok! tok!" The second priest had come.

The wife opened the door and said, "Come in! come in! My husband is not at home today, and I invited you so that we could eat and drink together." She took him upstairs too. When the second priest had drunk much wine, he insisted, "Let us go to bed now."

"You sit on the edge of the bed and get undressed. I shall take the lamp downstairs and check the doors and windows. I shall be right back."

As soon as the woman had left the room, the merchant crawled out from under the bed, jumped on the man, and strangled him, sending him to the other world.

"What have you done?" asked the wife when she returned, but she got the same answer as she had before.

They again rearranged the table and replenished the drinks on it, and it was then three o'clock. "Tok! tok! tok!" The third priest had arrived, and the woman went down to let him in.

"Come in! Come in, welcome!" she said. "My husband is not home tonight and that is why I invited you. She took him up to the bedroom. After they had eaten and drunk for a while, the same request came from the third priest: "Let us go to bed,"

"You sit on the edge of the bed and start getting undressed. I shall take the lamp and go downstairs to check the door and windows. I shall be right back."

As the priest was sitting there, ready, waiting for her return, the merchant crawled out from under the bed, jumped on him, strangled him, and placed him by the side of the other two priests.

When the woman realized what her husband had done, she said, "What are we going to do with these three dead bodies?"

He said, "I know what I am going to do with them. Don't interfere with my work." He tied a rope around the waist of the first priest and he dragged him to the door of a tavern.<sup>5</sup> He knocked on the door, "Tok! tok! tok!"

The tavern keeper was tired, so he called his apprentice and said, "It could only be Crazy Mehmet at this time of the night. Go down and open the door."

The merchant had propped the dead priest against the door and had run away. When the apprentice came and opened the door-- flop!--the priest fell on the floor. "Master! master!" cried the apprentice, "this drunk fell dead on the stone floor. What shall we do with him now?"

What could the tavern keeper say?"Drag him over behind this barrel of raki.<sup>6</sup> When Crazy Mehmet arrives, he will take care of it."

By the time that the tavern keeper had gone back to bed and just put his head on the pillow, the merchant arrived with the second priest. "Tok! tok! tok!" he knocked on the tavern door, and he propped the second priest up against one wing of the door

in the same way. When the tavern keeper heard the knocking, he sent his apprentice down, thinking it must be Crazy Mehmet now.

Of course, as soon as the apprentice turned the door knob-- flop!--the second priest fell on the floor. "Master! master!" cried the poor apprentice, "this drunk also fell in on his head and died. What shall we do with him now?"

"Put him behind the raki barrel too," said the tavern keeper, "and we shall have Crazy Mehmet take care of him when he comes."

They had hardly gotten back to bed when the merchant arrived with the third priest and knocked, "Tok! tok! tok!" When the apprentice opened the door a third time, the body again fell into the tavern, dead. They dragged this body behind the raki barrel also, and then they went back to bed again.

Almost at daybreak there was another "Tok! tok! tok!" on the door. This time it was Crazy Mehmet, as the tavern keeper hoped it would be. He was already drunk, but, as always, he wanted still more to drink. The tavern keeper took a body from behind the barrel and said to him, "If you take this body out of here and throw it into the bottomless lake, you may have a whole barrel of raki free."

Crazy Mehmet tied a rope around the priest and dragged him to the bottomless lake. He hurled the body into the lake and then returned to the tavern for his raki. But the tavern keeper met him at the door and said, "What is the matter with you? The priest you took to the lake came back again!"

"It is impossible, for I threw him into the middle of the lake," said Crazy Mehmet.

"I don't know," said the tavern keeper, "but if you don't believe it, come in and see," and he showed him the body of the second priest.

"Very well, then," said Crazy Mehmet, and he picked up the second priest, dragged him to the lake, and threw him in. "Don't you dare come back this time," he said. He hurried back only to find the tavern keeper at the door with a body.

"What have you done, Mehmet?" he asked. "Look--he is back again!"

"It is impossible! I threw him into the middle of the lake."

"I don't know," said the tavern keeper, "but if you want to see him with your own eyes just come here and look."

So, once again Crazy Mehmet dragged a body to the bottomless lake and threw it into the water. In this way the tavern keeper got rid of the three corpses.

As Crazy Mehmet was on his way back to the tavern, with a raki bottle in his hand, he met a priest, riding his donkey,<sup>7</sup> on the way to his church. The priest rode along rapidly, "Tekker, tekker, tekker."

Crazy Mehmet lost his wits when he saw this and he said, "Oho! so that is how you do it! I throw you into the middle of the bottomless lake, and you ride this donkey to beat me back to the tavern." As he said this, he grabbed the priest, and then he threw both the priest and the donkey into the lake.

<sup>5</sup> Although alcoholic beverages can be bought throughout Turkey, and although there are taverns in major cities, taverns are rare elsewhere. Devout Moslems do not drink, and in rural Turkey consumption of alcohol is very low.

<sup>6</sup> Raki is a liquor made from rice, molasses, or grain. In Arab lands it is known as arrack. Turkish raki has an anise flavor. Mixed with water it becomes milky, and it is often referred to as lion's milk.

<sup>7</sup> The village hoca, the teacher-preacher, commonly rides a donkey, and so his parallel, the priest, is given a donkey. Nasreddin Hoca, the principal hoca image in Turkish folktales, had a donkey which figures in the countless tales about him. On postcards, greeting cards, and various decorations, Nasreddin Hoca is pictured riding his donkey, usually seated on it backwards.



Relieved at last, Crazy Mehmet ran all the way back to the tavern and said, "I have just thrown him into the middle of the lake for the fourth time, and this time he won't come back, for I threw his donkey in along with him."

The tavern keeper could not understand this, but though he was curious about it, he simply said, "All right, here is your barrel of raki. It is all yours." And then he put the whole thing out of his mind. And Crazy Mehmet had all the raki he had yearned for for so long!

#### Deli Mehmet ve Uç Rahip

Bir varmış bir yokmuş, Allahın kulu çokmuş, çok söylemesi günahmış, eski günlerin birinde zengin bir tüccar varmış. Bu imansız tüccarın çok güzel bir de karısı varmış.

Bir gün karısı tüccara demiş ki, "Aman bana biraz para ver de kiliseye benim günahlar temizlenmedi. Böyle bir rahibin yaptığı temizlik sayılmaz, iyisini ben başka bir kiliseye gideyim," diye bir düğünceci takılmış kafasına.

Gittiği ikinci kilisede yine bir rahibe parayı uzatıp, "Aman rahip işte sana para. Günahlarını temizleyiver," demiş. Bu rahip de içi bittikten sonra--Allah bilir nasıl temizledi günahları--dönüp de kadına "Heogelin" demezmi. Kadın da "Seni köpek seni! her ne demekse bu ben seni kocama söyleyeyim de göstereyim sana gününü," diye bir güzel çatmış.

Kadıncağz bu sefer de Üçüncü kiliseye yollanmış. Öbür ikisine yaptığı gibi buna da parayı uzatıp, "İşte rahip efendi," demiş, "Bu para senin ama beni günahlarımdan azad etmen şart." Rahip de "Peki," demiş. gidip günah çıkartayım, temizleneyim." Parayı alınca da hemen kiliseye gitmiş. Rahiplerden birisine, "Kuzum rahip, beni günahlarımdan kurtar, bu iş için ne istersen veririm," demiş. Rahip kadına bakmış, içinden de "Aman ne güzel kadın!" diye geçirmiş. Sonra da dönüp "Peki" demiş, "Elbette temizlerim günahlarınızı." Günahları temizledikten sonra--Allah bilir nasıl temizledi--utanmadan, "Bu gece müsait bir zamanda seni ziyarete gelebilir miyim?" diye sormuş. Kadın da fena halde kızıp "Hadi oradan köpek!" diye rahibi azarlamış ve fırlamış dışarı, ama bir yandan da "Allah bilir "Ama önce şöyle bakalım seni ne zaman ziyarete gelebilirim?" Biçare kadın, "Bu ne biçim lâkırdı? ben evli barklı kadının, hiç utanma yokmu sende," diye söylene söylene dönmüş evine.

Akşam olup da kocası dönünce içten uzun uzun ona dert yanmış. "Kiliseye benimle gelip güreydin. Üç kiliseye gittim, üç rahiple konuştum. Bana ne dediklerini duysan şaşar da kalırsın." Tüccar merak edip sormuş ne dediler diye. "Birincisi bu gece ziyaretime gelebilir mi diye sordu. İkincisi her ne demekse, 'Heogelin,' dedi. Üçüncüsü de birinci gibi ziyaretime gelmek istedi."

Bunun üzerine tüccar demiş ki, "Yarın hizmetçiyi bu üç kiliseye yollayıp üç rahibi de davet edeceksin eve. Birincisini saat birde, ikincisini saat ikide, üçüncüsünü de saat üçte." Kim çağırmaz bunu duyup. Kadıncağz, "Ne biçim konuşma bu böyle! Ne demek istiyorsun?" diye kocasına sormuş, ama adamın cevabı, "Fazla sual etme dediğimi yap," olmuş.

Ertesi gün hizmetkâr birinci rahibin kapısını çalmış, "Dün günah çıkartmağa gelen hanım size selâmlarını yolladı. Bu gece saat birde kocası evde olmayacak sizin teğrifinizi bekliyor." Arkadan ikinci rahibe gitmiş, "Dün günah çıkartmağa gelen hanım size selâmlarını yolladı. Bu gece ikide kocası evde olmayacak sizin teğrifinizi bekliyor." En sonunda üçüncü rahibe aynı şeyleri tekrarlamış, "Dün günah çıkartmağa gelen hanım selâmlarını yolladı. Bu gece saat üçte kocası evde olmayacak sizin teğrifinizi bekliyor."

Öte yandan tüccar da evde bütün hazırlıklar tamamlamış. İçkileri mezeleri yatak odasına yerleştirmiş, kendisi de saklanmış yatağın altına.

Saat birde çat kapı birinci rahip çıkagelmiş. Kadın son derecede şık giyinmiş, boyanmış, süslenmiş inmiş aşağı açmış kapıyı, "Safa geldiniz rahip efendi. Kocam evde yok bugün onun için sizi davet ettim," diye buyur etmiş rahibi. Rahip de düğün kadının peşine çıkmışlar yatak odasına. Saat ikiye doğru kadın bakmış ki ikinci rahibin sırası geliyor, "Aman nerede ise kocam eve döner artık," demiş, rahip de "Peki böylese bir an önce yatalım mı?" deyince kadıncağz cevap vermiş, "Sen yatağın kenarına otur elbiselerini çıkartmağa başla ben aşağı inip kapıları kontrol edeceğim." Lambayı da alıp

inmiş aşağı kadın. Rahip karanlıkta tek başına beklerken tüccar yatağın altından çıkıp rahibin üzerine atlamış ve adamı boğazlayıvermiş! Sonra da bir köşeye itip üzerini battaniye ile örtmüş. Kadın yukarıya döndüğünde, "Ne yaptın rahibe?" diye sormuş, ama kocası "Sen benim işime karışma. Sana ne dediysem onu yap," demiş.

Az sonra "Tak tak tak" kapı çalınmış: ikinci rahip! Kadın tekrar açmış kapıyı ve, "Buyrun, buyrun. Kocam evde değil bugün, onun için sizi davet ettim, beraber biraz yiyelim, içelim diye," demiş ve tabii bunu da çıkartmış yukarıya. Rahip içkiyi biraz fazla kaçırmış ve kadına "Hadi yatalım," diye tutturmuş kadına, "sen yatağa iliş elbiselerini çıkart, ben lâmbayı alıp aşağıya ineceğim kapıları pencereleri kontrol etmeğe, şimdi dönerim," deyip inmiş aşağı. Kadıncağzın odadan çıkmasıyla tüccarın yatağın altından fırlaması bir olmuş. Birincisi gibi bunu da boğazlayıp göndermiş öbür dünyaya. Karısı yukarı gelince sormuş yine, "Ne yaptın?" diye, ama aynı cevabı almış.

Tekrardan masayı temizlemişler, içkileri tazelemişler ve saat üç oluvermiş. "Tak! tak! tak!" Üçüncü rahip gelmiş; kadın yine koşmuş aşağı, "Aman safa geldiniz, safa geldiniz. Kocam evde yok bu gece onun için sizi davet ettim," diye almış bunu da yatak odasına. Bir müddet içtikten sonra bu rahipten de aynı teklif gelmiş, "Hadi yatalım." Kadın da aynı masal tekrarlamış. "Sen yatağın kenarına otur soyunmaya başla, ben lâmbayı alıp aşağı ineceğim kapıyı pencereyi kontrol için, şimdi dönerim." Rahip hazır kadının döndüğünü beklerken tüccar yine yatağa altından fırlayıp bu rahib de öbür ikisinin yanına yollamış.

Kadıncağz kocasının yaptığını anlayınca, "Böyle bakalım şimdi," demiş. "Bu üç böyle ne yapacağız?" Ama kocası, "Ben bilirim yapacağımı, sen benim işime karışma," diye birincinin beline bir ip bağlamış ve sürüye sürüye götürmüş bir meyhanenin kapısına. "Tak! tak!" çalmış kapıyı. Meyhaneci de pek yorgunmuş, çırağına, "Git açiver kapıyı, olsa olsa bu saatte Deli Mehmet gelir," demiş. Tüccar ölü rahibi kapıya dayayıp kaçmışmış meğer. Çırak kapıyı açınca paat diye rahip boylamış yeri. Biçare çırağın ölü patlamış, başlamış, "Usta, usta," diye feryada. "Bu sarhoş devrildi taşların üzerine ölüverdi; ne olacak şimdi?" Meyhaneci ne desin. "Sakla raki küpünün arkasına. Deli Mehmet gelince bakar bir çaresine." Meyhanecinin yatağa girip de başını yastığa koymasıyla beraber tüccar ikinci rahiple eskün etmiş. "Tak! tak!" Yine kapıyı çalıp dayamış bunu da kapının kanadına. Meyhaneci yine Deli Mehmet ümidiyle yollamış çırağı kapıya. Tabii çırağın tokmağı çevirmesiyle beraber paat ikinci rahibin yere yuvarlanması bir olmuş. "Usta, usta," diye başlamış yine zavallı. "Bu sarhoş da düştü beyninin üzerine öldü. Ne olacak şimdi?" Meyhaneci, "At bunu da raki küpünün arkasına Deli Mehmet gelince bakar çerelerine," deyip yatağa yollanmış.

Az sonra tüccar bu sefer üçüncü rahiple gelmiş yine kapıya, ve tabii yine ölü rahip kapının açılmasıyla yeri boylamış. Bunu da raki küpünün arkasına yerleştirdikten sonra meyhaneci de çırak da girmişler yatağa. Sabaha karşı "Tak! tak!" yine kapı çalınmış. Bu sefer meyhanecinin uddu çıkmış, Deli Mehmet gelmiş. Sarhoş olmasına rağmen biraz daha içmek istemiş Mehmet her zamanki gibi. Bunun üzerine meyhaneci ölülerden birini çıkartıp ortaya, "Bunu götürür dipsiz gülden ortasına atarsan sana bir küp bedava raki var," demiş. Mehmet hemen rahibin beline ipi bağladığı gibi doğru dipsiz gülden yolunu tutmuş, ve suya fırlatıp rahip efendiyi, dönmüş. Ama meyhaneci bunu kapıda karşılayıp, "Yahu ne oldu? Geri geldi senin güle götürdüğün rahip!" demesinmi. "İmkânı yok gelemez tam ortasına fırlattım adamı gülden." Ama bir türlü derdini anlatamamış Mehmet. "Inanmazsan gel içeri güzlerinle gör," ve göstermiş ikinci rahibi meyhaneci. Deli Mehmet ne yapsın "Peki böylese" deyip bu sefer de ikinci rahibi sırtladığı gibi gitmiş güle. Adamı fırlattıktan sonra güle, "Sakın haa geri geleyim deme," diye tembih etmiş ama meyhaneciyi yine kendisini kapıda bekler bulmuş. "Ne yaptın yahu Mehmet? Baksana yine geri geldi bu." "İmkânı yok nasıl gelir, gülden ortası budur dedim attım." "Bilmem vallahi," demiş meyhaneci, "ama güzlerinle görmek istersen eğer, gel içeri." Tabii bir kere daha Deli Mehmet güle yollanmış. Meyhaneci de böylece elindeki üç ölüden kurtulmuş.

Deli Mehmet elinde raki şişesi gülden dönerken yolda bir rahibe raslamış. Rahip eşiğine binmiş hızlı hızlı kiliseye doğru gidiyormuş. "Tekker, tekker, tekker." Bunu görünce tepesi atmış Deli Mehmedin, "Demek böyle haa," demiş. "Ben seni kaldırıp gülden en derin yerine atayım sen meyhaneye benden önce varmak için eşşeğe bin!" ve demesiyle birlikte biçare rahibin üzerine atlamış, önce adamcağızı sonrada eşiğini güle fırlatıp atmış. İçi rahat koşa koşa gelmiş meyhaneye, "Dördüncü defadır fırlattım senin adamı gülden içine bu sefer dünyada çıkamaz zira eşiğini de beraber yolladım, öbür dünyaya." Meyhaneci Deli Mehmet ne demek istedi pek kestirememiş ama meraktan çatlamasına rağmen, "İşte raki küpün, Mehmet, hepsi senin," deyip kapamış meseleyi. Deli Mehmet hasret olduğu rakısına kavuşmuş.