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TELLS THE STORY OF WILD
DUMRUL SON OF DUKHA KOJA,
O MY KHAN!

It seems, my Khan, that among the Oghuz there was a man they called Wild Dumrul, son of Dukha Koja. He had a bridge built, over a dried-up stream. He took thirty-three silver pieces from all who crossed; those who did not cross he beat soundly and took from them forty silver pieces. Why did he do so? Because he said, 'Is there a man wilder than I, braver than I, to come and fight me? Let word of my manliness, my heroism, my courage, my gallantry, spread abroad as far as the land of the Greeks, the land of the Byzantines.'

Now one day a portion of a tribe encamped on the slope of the bridge. In that tribe a fine handsome warrior had fallen ill and by God's command he died. Some mourned their son, some mourned their brother. Great was the black lamentation over that warrior. Suddenly Wild Dumrul hastened up and said, 'You mourners, what are you bawling about? What is this uproar by my bridge? Why are you weeping?' 'Lord,' they answered, 'a fine warrior of ours has died; we weep for him.'

'Who has killed your warrior?' said Wild Dumrul. 'By Allah, O Prince,' they replied, 'it was ordered by God Most High, Azrael, 4 of the red wings has taken that man's life.' Said Wild Dumrul, 'And who is this person you call Azrael, who takes men's lives? Almighty God, I forbid you by Your Unity and Your blessing to show me Azrael, that I may fight and struggle and wrestle with him and save that fine warrior's life - and he will not take any more fine warrior's lives.' Then Wild Dumrul turned away and went back to his house.

Dumrul's words were not pleasing to God Most High. 'See, see!' He said, 'this crazy pimp knows not My Unity, he shows no appreciation of My Unity. Let him swagger and want himself in My great court! Then He gave orders to Azrael: 'Go, Azrael, appear before the eyes of that crazy pimp; turn his face pale, make his soul yelp and bring it here.'

As Wild Dumrul was feasting with his forty warriors, suddenly Azrael appeared. No steward or gate-keeper noticed him. Wild Dumrul's eyes that saw ceased to see, his hands that held ceased to hold. The wide world became dark in his eye. Wild Dumrul stood aghast and dejected; let us see, my Khan, what he declared.

'Say, what dreadful old man are you? The stewards did not see you, the stewards did not hear you. My eyes that saw have ceased to see, my hands that held have ceased to hold, my soul is trembling and convulsed, my gold cup has fallen from my hand, the inside of my mouth is like ice, my bones have turned to salt. O white-bearded old man, bear-eyed old man, what dreadful old man are you? Tell me, my doom, my punishment will smile you this day."

So said he, and Azrael was answered:

'You crazy pimp! Does it then displease you that my eye is black? Many souls have I taken of lovely-eyed maidens and bride. Does it then displease you that my beard is white? Many souls have I taken of white-bearded and black-bearded warriors. That is why my beard is white."

Then he said, 'Now, you crazy pimp, you have been boasting. You have been saying, 'Should red-winged Azrael fall into my hand I would kill him and deliver the soul of the fine warrior.' Now, you madman, I have come to take your soul. Will you
The Book of Dale Furhat

give it up or will you fight me? 'Are you red-winged Azrael?' said Wild Durnmul. 'Yes,' said he, 'I am.' 'Is it you who takes these fine warriors' lives?' It 'a', said he. 'Gain-keepers! Shut the gate!' said Wild Durnmul. 'Now, Azrael, I was looking for you in the open; can it be that you have fallen into my hands instead? I shall kill you and deliver the fine warrior's soul.' He drew his black sword and lunged at Azrael. Azrael became a dove and flew out of the smoke-hold. Wild Durnmul, that dragon of the sons of Adam, slapped his hands, laughed out loud and said, 'My warri-rors! Terrified Azrael so much that he forgot about the wide door and fled through the narrow chimney; for he turned into a bird like a dove and flew from my grasp. But I shall not let him go without calling my falcon on him.' He rose and mounted his horse. He took his falcon into his hand and followed him. He killed a dove or two, then turned back. But, while he was on the way home, Azrael showed himself to his horse. The horse started and threw Wild Durnmul to the ground. His dark head was stunned and he was in pain. Azrael settled heavy on his white breast. At first he groaned, but then he began to howl:

'O Azrael, mercy!

There is no doubt that God is One!
I did not know that you were like this; I never heard that you were the steady taker of souls.
Mountains we have, with mighty peaks; On those mountains we have vineyards; In those vineyards there are grapes in black clusters; Men press those grapes and the red wine comes; Those who drank of that wine became drunk; I was full of wine; I was out of my mind; I did not know what I said: I have not tired of being a prince; I have not had my fill of being a warrior. Do not take my soul, Azrael, mercy!'

'You crazy pipsi!' Azrael replied, 'why do you beseech me? Beseech God Most High; what can I do? I too am one of His

Wild Durnmul Son of Duska Koj

lackeys.' 'Then is it God Most High who gives and takes sooth?' 'Of course it is,' said Azrael. He rounded on Azrael and said, 'Then what good are you, you pes? Go out of the way and let me talk to God Most High.' Then Wild Durnmul declared: let us see, my Khan, what he declared.

'You are higher than the high,
No one knows what You are like, Beautiful God!
Many the ignorant who look for You in the sky or seek You on earth,
But You are in the hearts of the Faithful.
Everlasting, all-powerful God!
Eternal, all-forgiving God!
If You will take my soul, take it Yourself;
Do not let Azrael take it.'

Now Wild Durnmul's words were pleasing to God Most High. He called Azrael and said, 'Since that crazy pipsi has recognized My Unity, has shown appreciation of My Unity, led him to find a soul in place of his own and his own soul can go free,' Azrael said, 'O Wild Durnmul, God Most High commands thus: let him find a soul in place of his own and his own soul can go free.' Said Wild Durnmul, 'How am I to find a soul? But I do have an old father and mother; come, let's go; one of them might give his soul, then you take it and leave mine.' Wild Durnmul went off to his father. He kissed his father's hand and declared: let us see, my Khan, what he declared.

'Dear, white-bearded, honoured Father,
Do you know what has befallen? I spoke blasphemy.
It did not please God Most High.
Above the sky, He gave orders to red-winged Azrael, who came flying.
He settled heavy on my white breast;
He cursed and was about to take my sweet life.
Father, from you I ask your life; will you give it,
Or will you mourn your son, Wild Durnmul?'
Said his father,

'My son, my son, O my son!
Part of my soul, my son!
Like the sun, at whose birth I slew nine bulls.
Pillar of my golden-topped tent, my son!
Flower of my swan-like daughters and daughters-in-law,
your son!
There lies my black mound, if need be.
Tell Azrael to come and take it for his summer-pasture.
My cold cold stream, if need be,
Can be his drink.
My stables of lalcon-swift horses
Can be his mount.
Caravan on caravan of camels have I;
Let them be his beasts of burden.
My white sheep in the folds, if need be,
Can be his feast in the dark kitchen.
If gold and silver and pearl are needed,
He can have them to spend.
The world is sweet and life is dear;
I cannot give up my life; this you must know.
Dearer than I, fonder than I, is your mother.
Son, go to your mother.'

Finding no indulgence from his father, Wild Dumril went off to his mother, and said,

'Mother, do you know what has happened?
Red-winged Azrael flew down from the sky.
He settled heavy on my white breast;
He startled and was about to take my life.
I asked my father for his life, Mother, but he refused.
I ask life from you, Mother.
Will you give me your life,
Or will you mourn your son, Wild Dumril?
Will you dash your bitter tears at your white face?
Will you tear your hair, Mother, like reeds uprooted?'

Wild Durn丸 Son of Dakha Kokja

Whereupon his mother exclaimed: let us see, my Khan, what she declared.

'My son, my son, O my son!
Son whom I carried for nine months in my narrow belly,
Whom I brought to the world's face when the moon came,
Whom I suckled in wrappings of fine linen.
Whom I suckled abundantly with my white milk!
Had you been a prisoner in a white-towered fortress, my son,
Had you been a rape in the hands of the infidel of foul religion,
Gold and silver I should have given to his might, and saved you, my son.
You have come to a dreadful place, to which I cannot come.
The world is sweet and life is dear;
I cannot give up my life; this you must know.'

When his mother too thus refused to give her life, Azrael came to take Wild Dumril's life. Wild Dumril said

'O Azrael, mercy!
There is no doubt that God is One.

'You crazy pimp,' said Azrael, 'what are you asking mercy for now? You went to your white-bearded father and he would not give his life; you went to your white-bearded mother and she would not give her life; who else should give it?' 'There is one I long to see,' said Wild Dumril, 'with whom I would speak.' 'Madman!' said Azrael. 'Whom do you long to see?' 'I have a wife,' said he, 'a girl not of our tribe, by whom I have two small sons; there is a trust I would commit to her; and then you may take my life.' He went off to his wife and said,

'Do you know what has happened?
Red-winged Azrael flew down from the sky.
He settled heavy on my white breast,
He startled and was about to take my sweet life.'
The Book of Dede Korkut

I asked my father, but he would not give his life.
I went to my mother, and she would not give her life.
"The world is sweet and life is dear," they said.

Now,
My black mountains, peak on peak, can be your summits.
My coldest stream can be your drink.
My stallion and falcon-swift horses can be your mount.
My gold-tipped tent can be your shade.
My caravan and herd can be your beasts of burden.
My white sheep in the folds can be your feast.
If anyone catches your eye,
If your heart loves anybody,
Marry him.
Do not leave the two boys fatherless.

Thereupon his wife declined; let us see, my Khan, what she declined.

"What are you saying? What are you telling?
You whom I see when I open my eyes,
To whom I gave my heart and my love,
My heroic warrior, my kingly warrior,
Whom I gave my sweet mouth and kissed;
With whom I laid my head on one pillow and embraced;
Wast shall I do after you
With your black mountains?
If I should summer there, may they be my grave!
Your cold cold stream
If I should drink may it be my blood!
If I should spend your gold and silver may they be my shroud!
Your stallion and falcon-swift horses
If I should mount may they be my bier!
If after you, I should love a man and live with him
May be become a many-coloured snake and sting me!
Those cowards, your mother and father!

Wild Dumrul Son of Dukha Koja

What is there in a life that they could not show you born?
May the Dula and the Throne be my witnesses,
May earth and sky be my witnesses,
May mighty God be my witness:
Let my life be sacrificed for yours."

So she spoke, consenting. Arasal came to take the lady's life.
The dragon of the sons of Adam could not bring himself to let
her suffer, and therefore he supplicated God Most High, let
us see how he supplicated.

"You are higher than the high,
No one knows what You are like,
Beautiful God!
Many the ignorant who look for You in the sky or seek You
on earth,
But You are in the hearts of the Faithful,
Everlasting, all-powerful God!
On the great highways
I shall build hengiers for Your sake.
When I see the hungry I shall fill them for Your sake.
When I see the naked I shall clothe them for Your sake.
If You will take, take both our lives.
If You will spare, spare both our lives.
Most honoured, mighty God!"

Wild Dumrul's words were pleasing to God Most High, and
He ordered Arasal: "Take the lives of Wild Dumrul's parents;
I have granted him and his wife a hundred and forty years of
life." And Arasal straightway took the lives of his father and
mother. Wild Dumrul lived a hundred and forty years more, together with his companion.
It was Dede Korkut who came and told the story and de-
claimed. 'Let this story,' said he, 'be known as the Story of Wild
Dumrul. After me let the brave bands fall it and the generous
heroes of unendurable honour listen to it.'
I shall pray for you, my Khan: may your firm-rooted black
mountains never be overthrown, may your great shady tree
The Book of Dede Korkut

ever be cut down, may your lovely clear-flowing river never run dry, may mighty God never put you in need of men unworthy of you. On your white forehead I invoke five words of blessing, may they be accepted. May He grant you increase and preserve you in strength and forgive your sin for the sake of Muhammad of beautiful name, O my Khan!

different blessing

6

TELLS THE STORY OF KAN TURALI
SON OF KANLI KOJA, O MY KHAN!

In the days of the Oghuz here was a stout-hearted warrior called Kanli Koja, who had a grown-up son, a dare-devil young man named Kan Turali. Kanli Koja said, 'Friends, my father died and I was left; I took his place, I took his lands. Tomorrow I shall die and my son be left. Come, son, the best thing is for me to get you married while my eyes still see.' The young man replied, 'Father, you talk of getting me married, but how can there be a girl fit for me? Before I rise to my feet she must rise; before I mount my well-trained horse she must be on horseback; before I reach the bloody battlefront she must already have got there and brought me back some heads.' 'I see, my son,' said Kanli Koja, 'you don't want a girl; you want a dare-devil here to look after you, and you can eat and drink and be merry.' 'That is so, my dear father,' he replied, 'but you'll go and get me some pretty dressed-up doll of a Torcomen girl, whose belly will split if I should suddenly lean over and fall on her.' 'Son,' said Kanli Koja, 'finding the girl is up to you; I'll see that you're fed and provided for.' Thereupon Kan Turali, that dragon of heroes, rose from his place and took his forty young men with him. He had a look at the Inner Oghuz, but could not find a girl; he turned round and came home again. His father said, 'Have you found a girl, son?' Kan Turali answered, 'May the Oghuz lands be devastated; I couldn't find a girl to suit me, father.' 'Well, my son,' said his father, 'that's not how one goes looking for girls.' 'Indeed? Then how does one go?' Said Kanli Koja, 'My son, it's no use leaving in the morning and coming home at noon; it's no use leaving at noon and coming home in the evening. Son, look after the property; pile it up and I'll go and find a girl for you.'

Joyful and proud, Kanli Koja rose and gathered his white-