

## **The Kajmakam, his Wife and the Field Guard**

In the time of the Turks, a certain kajmakam went out for a stroll in the vineyards. He had his own vineyard. As he walked there, he came upon the field guard, (beksi in Turkish). But the guard had taken off his pants, he was sunning himself, and his thing was extended. When the kajmakam saw him, he took a switch, cut it, and went up to the guard, measured him, and put the stick in his belt. In the evening he went home. When he arrived home, the switch fell from his belt. His wife asks him:

"Hey, what's this, what's this?"

"Just a stick."

"What do you mean a stick, what sort of a stick is it?"

"It's just a stick," he said, "I was walking today in the vineyard."

"No, you'll tell me what it is it for. Why isn't it longer or shorter, but exactly that size?"

Tell me?

So the kajmakam tells her:

"Well this is the story. Today I was walking in the vineyard and I came upon the field guard, and this is what happened: I measured his thing with this stick."

His wife said:

"Never mind, don't say such things in the house. It's disgusting! Don't say such things!"

Well, after a little while the wife falls ill and says to the kajmakam:

"I feel like some grapes."

The kajmakam goes out and calls the field guard:

"Guard!"

"Yes, kajmakam, sir."

"Today you'll take the basket and you'll go gather grapes. The choicest grapes, and bring them to the house."

"Fine, kajmakam, sir."

The guard takes the basket, goes to the vineyards, gathers some grapes, fills up the basket and brings it home. He brings it and knocks on the door. The lady asks:

"Who is it?"

"It's me, the field guard."

She goes, opens the door, and says to him:

"Come in, come in."

He says:

"I can't come inside. The kajmakam will find out and kill us both."

"Come in, I'm telling you."

"No, no!"

"Come inside, or I'll tell the kajmakam that you tried to get me and he'll kill you anyway."

So he goes inside and she says to him:

"Now you'll do it!"

"Oh no!"

First he'll do it, then he won't do it, round and round he goes. Finally he agrees. But just then the kajmakam comes home for lunch. He knocks at the door.

"Well," he says, "what are we going to do now?"

"Quick, jump into the chimney!"

He jumps into the chimney. There was an iron rod stuck across the chimney and he stood

up in the fireplace and fell asleep. He fell asleep in the chimney. And at one point he dreams: someone enters the vineyard to steal grapes. And he calls out from the chimney:

"Hey, who are you over there stealing grapes?"

And the kajmakam said to his wife:

"Look, look at the kind of guard I have! He's shouting up on the hill, and you can hear him here."

That's all and good, but the guard begins to shout again, shouts a second and third time. The kajmakam figures out that the guard is in the fireplace and at one point says to him:

"Hey, friend, come on down, or I'll take a sheaf of straw and set you on fire. Come down!"

Willy-nilly he comes out, gets down, and stands there.

"So, what's going on?"

"Ah, we have sinned, efendi."

"Huh, how's that?"

"We have sinned."

"Well, now tell me truthfully, did you or did you not make it with the lady?"

"Yes, we made it."

"How many times?"

"Three times."

The kajmakam takes out his wallet, unfolds it, and gives him a silver piece.

"Here's a silver piece for you," he said, "go out, eat and drink. Go with my blessing, it's not your fault. The fault is mine, I brought the measure to my wife."