

# ATPZ

MAD WOLF



NIHAL ATSIZ

**BERSERKER**

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**BOOKS**

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## ESRARLI KADIN

A covered cart was slowly moving in the darkness the night. It was after the year 1403 and the wind was blowing in the darkness. 6 A brisk and walking horseman, following his mule's horse, doring **Kurds** who were going to go by him, and there and then he was shocking in the field of the whippoorwill.

in a state of agitation. Every once in a while he would look behind him and stare into the pitch darkness. Şuydgn he was spiteful.

The road was muddy and the snow was constantly falling.

The rider, who had the arm's kpcncçğins gar\ntzş, was disgusted by the fast pace. As a person who had become accustomed to going fast every time on a horse, who had found a way to walk quickly even in knee-deep snow, he could not do anything. I've already done it, it was pilli. '/'enin The me. Fuat bee him this al'-n. Go on. first d "fn htr kngniyi a\* Ms' -'1= e.miliği was not 6 -.r'id ge.le.c.e.k and you could tell he was afraid of someone. He was too afraid to protect himself He very, very, very careful not to let the bowstring loosen under the oil-oil water-suppressor. he was holding the sodo-hood and the bow with a stick under the kepensls.

At one point, seemed to hear voices from the ship. **He stopped** the car so that the squeal of the wheels would not interfere with good listening. **6arileri was listening. is lanig took a seluk. At the same time**, a woman's sausage was heard from inside the ward.

- Akar Aga I

dt' bigiikbirsoyg ijeknrSÜ'tvendi :

- Nede-n dunduk 7

He thought for a second. He did not say 'I thought I heard a sound'. It was obvious that he did not want to talk about the danger. In his 6ür voice:

- I've fixed the stirrup gate on my horse, my Sulton. There a silence. Then I'll be back again. Idi -

- Are we going to go to the baho too î

Veryr, with his eyes roaming the sky, said:

- It's past midnight. I'll be back before dawn.

## **WOMAN WITH HASHISH**

A covered cart was moving slowly in the darkness of the night. It was late 1403 and a freezing wind was raging. A young and robust horseman rode in front of, behind and beside the cart, leading the oxen, occasionally cracking his whip on their backs.

He looked sceptical. The fact that he looked behind him every now and then and fixed his eyes on the pitch darkness showed that he was afraid of something.

The road was a foot deep in mud and it was snowing sleet all the time.

The horseman, wrapped in his thick cap, was disgusted by this slow progress. Always fast on horseback

As a person who was used to travelling, who had found a way to walk quickly even in knee-deep snow, it was obvious that he was overwhelmed by such a slow journey. But what really depressed him was not the slowness of the journey, the darkness and cold of the night, his inexperience in taking a cart for the first time in his life. I could tell he was afraid of someone coming from behind. He was wrapped in his bonnet to protect himself. there was a sense of trying to keep the bowstring from loosening under the incessant rain.

He carefully kept his quiver and bow under his bonnet.

For a while, he seemed to hear voices from behind. The creaking of oxcart wheels is good.

he stopped the car so he wouldn't interfere with the eavesdropping. He listened in the background. There was no sound. He took a wide breath. At the same time, a woman's voice was heard from inside the cart.

- Cakir Agha!

The horseman responded with great respect:

- Yes, sultan.

- Why did we stop?

Cakir thought for a second. He didn't say 'I thought I heard a sound'. It was clear that he did not want to mention the possibility of danger. In a loud voice :

- I fixed the stirrup strap of my horse, sultan, he replied. There was a silence in between. Then the woman's voice came from inside again:

- Are we going to go more?

Cakir, wandering his eyes across the sky, said:

- It's past midnight. We'll be there before sunrise, sultan.

The woman in the cart had a very smooth speech and a harmonious voice. Cakir waited for a few seconds. When there was no sound again, he moved the cart, but he couldn't help looking back once more...

It was obvious that this young horseman was afraid of a bandit attack. In such a winter

In his day there were no bandits in these parts. It was clear that he was worried about a greater danger. It was obvious that the horseman travelling alone with the woman in the cart on these endless roads, at this time of night, would not hesitate to enter into a life and death clash with them, no matter how many of them might come across or follow him. He was not thinking about himself but about the woman in the cart.

The sides and top of the two-quarter-length poles at the four ends of the cart are tightly packed with thick felt.

was sealed off. The woman inside, sitting in a tiny room with felt walls and this Snow and cold did not penetrate into the room from outside. Thick mattresses were placed on the floor of the cart and carpets were placed on it. The woman, with pillows on her back and sides, was travelling from the unknown to the unknown on this cold night. There were woollen covers on her shoulders and knees. In this way, one or two trunks and one or two bags of food filled the rest of the carriage room where three people could sit crampedly.

As time progressed, the wind increased. The watery water a little while ago had now turned into cubed snow.

The oxen, who had been walking continuously since noon, started to show signs of fatigue. For the first time in his life, Çakır was driving a cart and eating oxen. As the animals slowed down, or it seemed to him that they were slowing down, he lowered his whip,

Sometimes he even kicked them from his horse. However, the oxen did not deviate from what they knew, and continued on their way with their eternal and eternal weights.

Cakir's eyes seemed to see a faint light ahead for a while. Then he reached for his bow under his cap. Drawing an arrow from his quiver, he fixed his eyes on the light.

The light had disappeared.

Then he appeared again, but this time from a different vantage point. Cakir was frowning.

The light disappeared again. The third time, not one but many lights appeared at once. While two of them were shining, the others were extinguished, sometimes they all shone at once, then disappeared together and lit up again.

Cakir smiled. He realised, there was no light. He was sleep deprived. lights appeared in his eyes. He remembered that this had happened several times during the sleepless and tired war days.

Now he was tired and sleepless. He hadn't slept the day before. This was the second and the night was approaching morning. Exhaustion and the weight of the sadness caused by thinking about the woman in the oxcart

the anger of the oxen that didn't walk fast had worn him out.

Now there was no trace of the lights of before. The whole plain was covered in snow. They were travelling through an endless white. The trail was lost, but there was no way they could get lost. In these places, which he knew inch by inch, the horse would not get lost even if he got lost. With this thought, he stroked the wet mane of his beloved horse, his life companion.

Although it was not yet dawn, Cakir realised that morning was approaching. A little while ago, they had passed by a mound and three trees on it, and they realised that they were about to reach the village.

that he was going to tell her the good news. He was tempted to give this good news to the woman in the caravan, but he immediately backed out.

He could have fallen asleep. Or he could have been excited by his own voice.

Cakir now the oxen to walk more slowly. Because the wheels did not squeak if travelling slowly. Cakir's journey to the village and I could tell he wanted to get there noiselessly.

Probably after three thousand, maybe four thousand steps, they would reach their destination.

The impatience of those who were nearing the end began to grasp Cakir's heart. He decided to count to a thousand... He counted.

Another thousand... But this time he lost count before he reached five hundred. His brain was overflowing with thoughts. He looked at the sky and the horizons. He saw a vague the bleaching had begun. Suddenly he came to life and smiled. He jumped from his horse with an agile movement. He went in front of the cart. He grabbed the horns of the oxen with one hand. Now he was making them walk more slowly, trying not to make a sound.

The horse following its master with spontaneous and docile steps. At this time, the woman in the cart called out softly:

- Are we here, Cakir Agha?

Cakir replied with his eyes fixed on a village house:

- We're here, sultan.

This word 'sultanım' was spoken very slowly. The house they were standing in front of alone, at the very edge of the village. It was fifty steps away from even the nearest house. The real village started a little further on.

It was a village of forty houses.

Çakır stopped the cart by bringing it close to the door. After looking around, he rattled the door. He waited.

There was a deep silence in the whole village. Impatiently, he struck again and with more force, and listened.

There was movement inside. He struck again. The footsteps of someone walking came closer and a woman's voice was heard.

- Who is it?

Cakir replied by moving his mouth closer to the door:

- Open up, mum, it's me...

- Cakir! Is that you?

The door opened and a middle-aged woman, after looking at the young man in amazement, saw the cart and asked

:

- A guest, Cakir? Why have you come at this time?

Cakir put his hand to his lips, signalling silence, then slowly said: Turn on the light and come to help.....He said.

As the woman entered the house, she approached the cart and opened the felt curtain at the back. After taking off the kepi on her back and throwing it on the snow, she grabbed one of the trunks in the cart and placed it on the kepi:

- Let's go in the house, sultan.

The woman inside, with movements, approached the felt curtain over the mattress. Cakir held out his hand:

- If you press the ballot box, my sultan.                      He said.

Using the chest as a ladder, the woman took Çakır by the hand with slow and cautious movements



and he came down. He entered the door in three or four steps. He walked and sat on the sofa with the guidance of the host who lit the candle and lit the place. 'Welcome guest' with a smiling face

After replying to the host saying 'Welcome, sister', he said 'Praise be to Allah' in a voice so slow that no one could hear him.

Meanwhile, Cakir was working with great speed. Firstly, the cart  
He carried the crates and bags to the side of the cedar. Then he pulled the oxen and his horse into the stable.

Satı Kadın lived in this house with her two-year-old son. Satı Kadın, who was Çakır's wet nurse and loved by him as a real mother, had come to this village thirty years ago from the neighbouring Turkmen tribe. She was now forty-five years old, strong, vigorous and kind-hearted. Her eldest son had martyred in the Battle of Niğbolu and her husband in the Battle of Ankara. She had married off her two daughters and sent them abroad, and was left alone in this house with her two-year-old little son Evren. One of her wishes was to make Evren a sipahi. Her husband and eldest son had gone to the army as tormentors and died as tormentors. But being a sipahi was different. In this respect, she adored her infant son Çakır.

While Satı Kadın was thinking about these things, she heard Çakır's voice:

- Ana! We had food, but we've been longing for a hot meal for two days. Can you make us some tarhana soup?

Cakir wanted this hot meal not for himself but for the guest. He was talking like that so that he wouldn't object.

The woman was already preparing to light the stove. She had firewood and kindling in her lap.

Çakır, approaching slowly, said, 'Ana, do your work and listen to me for a while,' and then whispered something softly. Satı Kadın's eyes widened.

- What are you saying, Cakir?, he mumbled.

After saying something slowly again, 'Mother said, "Swear to me on the Qur'an" and took out a Qur'an from her bosom. The milk mother took it and kissed it

his head. They went to the farthest corner of the house, completely hidden from the guest's eyes. The woman swore on the Koran.

Cakir said something again and said, 'That's why I can't stay. I won't even be able to drink the soup. I have to leave before the village wakes up', he said.

Together they returned to the guest. Coyote was in a respectful mood:

- Sultan, he said. 'me. I have to go now to keep everything secret.

she's tight. She is a woman to be trusted. She swore on the Koran. She will fulfil every command.

I'll come back as soon as I can. Goodbye.

He kissed the skirt of the woman whom he called 'Sultan' and asked 'Do you have any orders?

In the flickering light of the candle, this beautiful and very young woman with a pale face and a noble countenance

The woman took out a small pouch from the leather bag beside her and handed it to her.

- Take this, Cakir Agha! He said I might need it. I can't forget your kindness and loyalty. May God help you.

Forgive us your great favour.

These words were spoken with such dignity and sadness that Satı Kadın's eyes filled with tears. Cakir was also sad. He fulfilled her wish by taking the handed pouch. 'Halal olsun'

He said. After kissing her skirt again, he quickly left the house.

Cakir had taken only a small bag of food when he left the house. He walked to the barn with quick steps.

After giving a handful of barley to his horse, which had lingered with some hay since the day before, he pulled it out.

The Sipahi horse could not eat so much feed. The day was dawning and the snow was falling in flakes.

He jumped on his horse with a leap. He headed the way he came, he rode away. he disappeared in the endless plain.

## **BALA HATUN**

The young woman, whom Çakır had secretly brought to the house of her wet-nurse, was hiding like this to prevent a danger. Bala Hatun, who was the little niece of Amasya Bey Şad geldi Pasha, was the harem of Isa Beğ, one of the sons of Yıldırım Bayazıd. In a land where the blood of heroes flowed like a flood, where the Turks

After the terrible Battle of Ankara, when Yıldırım Bayazıd became a prisoner and took his own life, his sons followed the custom of Osmanoğulları and became the rulers of the Sultanate.

They tried to fight against each other, they were against each other. The eldest prince Süleyman Beğ lived in Edirne and the middle prince Isa Beğ

He was in Bursa.

Since Bursa and Edirne were the two capitals of the Ottoman Empire, he could become the head of the state only by capturing these cities. Isa Beğ thought like this. But the thing , they didn't recognise him. They

were desperate to fight.

Isa Çelebi did the same, he fought. But fortune was not favouring him at all. He had very few sipahis, and those of his father's most valuable statesmen who were still alive had stayed with their brothers. The fact that one or two battles ended in defeat, and that he fled from mountain to mountain, almost alone, had created an anxiety in Isa Beğ. He realised with a premonition that fortune would not smile on him. Finally, he gave his trust, he gave his eternal he'd be at peace.

As an Osmanoğlu, he was not at all shy about it. What made him think of something else. Bala Hatun, whom he loved with great love, would bring a child into the world three or four months later. If this child was a boy and he lost the case.

his brothers would not leave this child alive. It was an immutable, merciless law.

İsa Beg was thinking about this unborn child and the terrible grief his beloved sister Bala Khatun would feel if he was killed. He killed him. hide it, secure it. If he did this, he would be able to fight more fiercely, and if he died, he would not be left behind.

Since he was a prince who was likely to become a sultan one day, İsa Beğ had been accustomed to political and cautious thinking since his childhood. He had to entrust Bala Hatun to such a person who was both discreet and bold. and not draw attention to himself. Among his own men there was only Cakir of this calibre. He was still very young, but he was a brave example of loyalty and sacrifice, but he was not well known. In the Sanjak of Karasi with fiefs

a sipah. He was one of the thousands of unsung heroes of the Battle of Ankara. A sniper who could hit even the vague points in the air. He protected himself with his shield against the Chagataians and once saved İsa Beg with his sword in a bloody battle. Especially after the return of Aksak Temür Beğ to Turkestan, when Yıldırım's sons were fighting with each other

the usual fights... It was at this moment that Cakir showed what he was made of. If Çakır had not been present in that unfortunate fight with Mehmed Beğ, the son of Yıldırım Bayazıd, perhaps İsa Beğ

he wouldn't be alive now.

Standing on a wooden bridge, he fought with the soldiers of Mehmet Çelebi alone.

There was one that should have gone down in epics. İsa Beğ was able to get away with his wounded, tired horse thanks to the time saved by Çakır, Çakır threw himself into the water and reached salvation with the help of the current. Cakir was a reliable man.

The days when the fighting subsided and Mehmed Beğ's army withdrew  
In one of them, Isa Beğ called Cakir to him and said with a sad face:

- Cakir! We seem to be out of danger for now. But I have a hunch. I won't end well. I'm not thinking of myself, but of my woman. She's loaded. We'll have a child in a few months. You know the Ottoman tradition. If something happens to me and then this child is born a boy, they will not let him live. Then Bala Hatun will be miserable. This be prevented. That'by hiding Bala Hatun somewhere no one knows about. I've got  
I don't have a place like this.

As the son of Osman, I'm recognised wherever I go. Can't you hide him somewhere safe? A house in the village where your fief is.  
to provide for you?

Cakir thought for a while, then:

- In this respect, my village is not so safe, he said. Because I am also a fief of the village, I am known there. But my milk mother's village is quite deviated. Her house is on the edge of the village and she is a Turk.  
When they're in a jam, they take refuge with the clan. And my  
mother is a woman. Let's take Bala Hatun there.

Isa Beğ thought for a while, then accepted this offer. The two of them were alone together, planning how to kidnap Bala Khatun and hide her. They asked two of them no one else would know. In order to divert attention, Isa Beg would perform a military march and send edicts and decrees to the places under his command in this way.

It was autumn. At such a time when the rains started and the cold increased, it was a difficult task to take a woman who should not be too frightened because she was loaded, to a distant village through the dangers. But it was going to be done.

When Cakir jumped under the donkey, he had with him the sharp and unique sword given by Isa Beğ, and in his bosom there was an edict and a letter. The edict again was a hoax. In order to convince the public that Cakir was supposedly acting as a messenger.

written. The letter was addressed to Bala Hatun. The situation was explained in a few lines and it was said that Cakir would lead her to salvation.

Yeah, just a few lines. ....As you embark on the most dangerous adventure, on your way to death.  
or even a few lines when saying goodbyeOsmanoğulları very much speaking  
They did not like to write long, just as they did not to write long. The Osmanids did great deeds, but they did not talk about it.

Cakir covered the cartone village with thick felt in another village by spending from the purse given by Isa Beğ. In a third village, Isa beğ  
He loaded flour, bulgur and apples into the bullock cart as if it was for himself. On the way to a fourth village, he threw the flour sacks into a stream and took some clean mattresses and pillows from the village and placed them on the cart. He set off from the villages in the evening, and at night  
changing paths in the darkness, he was moving towards his goal.

The day I reached the village where Bala Hatun lived, at noon, on the edge of a forest, three

a dervish. ....They were strange men with strange faces and strange clothes. Chest in this cold  
they were walking around with their yell open. Both of them theirbeard tangled. Especially one of them was big and scary. Raising his thick stick:

- Stop, Sipahi shouted. Cakir

stopped. At the same time:

- I am not a Sipahi, he replied. The big

dervish said in a voice that howled in the

forest:

- You're a sipah, he said. Don't keep secrets from Bozlak Baba.

Cakir realised he was about to get into trouble. He looked around. He was afraid of any damage to the cart. Derviş thundered again as if he understood what Cakir was thinking:

- Sipahi! Tell me what's in the cart! You can't keep secrets from Bozlak

Baba. Cakir's eyes turned red:

-Who is Baba Bozlak? -he asked.

Dervish, striking his hand on his bare chest with a very hard blow:

- It's me, he said it's me.

- I get it. What do you want?

Dervish lifted his stick and stretched it to the cart:

- What's in the cart?

- Food!

- Give me the letter...

This word spoken out of the blue made Cakir jump:

- You idiot! Are you out of your mind? I tell you there's food, you want a letter. Or do you eat paper food, not rations?

Dervish seemed not to have heard these words. He shouted the following words, which frightened Cakir even more:

- Give me the letter in your bosom

mess. Dervish was a miracle worker. Otherwise how would he know about the secret letter in Çakır's bosom? Çakır felt his knees trembling on the horse. If it wasn't for the cart he was going to put Bala Hatun in and take her to the village of her milk mother, he would have immediately put spurs and galloped away. But this cart was so important that he was willing to die rather than leave it. With this thought, he pulled himself together and shouted:

- Get out of my way, you sore loser!

Dervish was not interested again. He thundered again, waving his club menacingly:

- Isa Beg's sipahi.. Give me the letter in your bosom.

At these words, a lightning flashed in Cakir's brain. These dervishes were the men of Mehmed Beğ, the son of Yıldırım Bayazıd. Mehmed Beğ, the whole Ottoman Just as he had started propaganda by sending people of all kinds all the way to Edirne, so he had brought people to the heart of Isa 's country. This thought erased the fear of Bozlak Baba's miracle from Çakır's heart. At the same time the dervish, holding the horse's bridle, repeated his sentence:

- Give me the letter

The other two dervishes were standing three or four steps behind, motionless as stones. Cakir, in a fit of rage, jumped off his horse and grabbed the arm of the dervish:

- Let go of my horse, he shouted.

Dervish was very tall and burly. Çakır's head was barely reaching his shoulder. Then the dervish put his hand on Cakir's chest and pushed him violently and Cakir took a few steps backwards and fell on his back. It was understood that the dervish dressed as a zebella was as strong as a demon.

Now the arrow the bow. Cakir, who jumped up like a ball, threw his cap off his back with an agile movement. He drew his sword with lightning speed. He leapt forward like a tiger and swung his sword.

he swung. This was a complete sipahi blow. He struck so skilfully and with such speed that the dervish fell to the ground like a log, after which his head rolled away from his body and stayed a few steps away.

Then something unexpected happened. One of the friends of the dervish who died and the one who stayed behind

With agility, he threw his abaya off his back. Another sipahi came out from under the dervish abaya. He too drew his sword with lightning speed and :

- Davran bre Isa cavalry!" he shouted and threw himself on Çakır. Swords clashed in the air. Separated, they clashed again.



There were no more secrets. Both of the two sipahi who were fighting knew this with their shouts. Çakır, while swinging his sword, shouted 'Al! For the sake of Isa .', while his opponent was making a move, he was shouting 'Al! For the sake of Mehmed Beğ! It was as if they were not two fiefs but two armies fighting from the edge of the forest. They were swinging their swords with such zeal and eagerness and fighting with such stubbornness that one would think that the outcome of a field battle depended on the fight of these two men.

As the battle dragged on, the two sipahi began to boast and tease each other. Cakir twirled his sword in the air and brought it down on his enemy:

- 'They call me Barakoglu Cakir!' he shouted. Beriki dodged his move, then attacked himself and said:

- They'll call me Çapanoğlu Çakır! he shouted. So they were namesakes.

Barakoglu Cakir strikes again:

- He thundered, "What a namesake you are! The other immediately retorted:

- Change your name if you don't like it.

But there was no need to change the name. Cakir of Isa Beğ knew how to touch his sword to Cakir of Mehmed Beğ. Caparoglu, who received a sword between his neck and shoulder, first stood upright. Then he raised his face slightly to the sky. Then he fell down with his sword gripped tightly.

Before Çakır had time to look at his fallen namesake, he turned his eyes to his horse with a bitter horse neigh.

This is what he saw. The other dervish was riding on Cakir's horse. He was trying to get away from there with a skilful riding, but the faithful horse did not want to go and was neighing and neighing.

Dervish was hitting the horse, which he could not lead with the bridle, with his thick stick to drive it. The horse, which was in pain, ran for five or ten steps, then stopped and turned again, neighing and resisting.

Cakir didn't think much. He ran a few steps throwing his sword. He drew an arrow from his quiver, placed it in his bow and travelled, an arrow whizzed between the horse's hoofbeats and neighs. Behind him, it was seen that the dervish pierced by the arrow rolled on the ground.

The faithful animal came running to its owner. Cakir was tired, panting. For a minute he leaned on his horse and breathed widely. Then he stroked him approached the sipah. They took their weapons

he collected it. He frisked him. In the leather bag tied around his neck inside his pocket He found a rolled up paper. This an order of Mehmed Beğ. Cakir's own man to whom the paper was given

that he was the one who was in charge, and what he wanted was to be done. It had his tughra on it and his signature underneath. 'Çakır'

Cakir was pleased to see his name written in the order. The paper given for the other Cakir could be useful for him. He placed it in his bosom.

After looking at the dead bodies of the two dervishes and the sipahi, he muttered, 'For the sake of Jesus. .' he muttered. Jumping on his horse, he started to move the cart and travelled towards his target.

## **BARAKOĞLU ÇAKIR**

Cakir was twenty years old, a sipah from Karas. He had a small fief. The income of the fief was enough to keep two cebeli ready for war besides himself.

He only been a fief owner for two years. When his father was martyred, the fief was left to his uncle because he was young, and when his uncle died, it was passed to him. His father and uncle

Their grandfathers had served in the army of Osmanogullari and their grandfathers had served in the army of Karasioğullari. Barakoğlu family was a very old, small beğ family. They had been sipahi since the time of Seljuk sultans.

that I'd been told.

His mother died in childbirth, so he was nursed by Satı Kadın. She had raised Çakır as a robust child with her milk. What a pure-hearted woman this Turkmen milk mother was! She was ignorant but well-mannered, naive but wise, bold and resourceful. She cherished Çakır like her own son and Çakır loved and respected her like his own mother.

Çakır was raised like a valiant man by receiving sipahi upbringing from his father and uncle and Turkmen upbringing from his mother. He started by playing steel-rod Life then with wrestling, horse riding and javelin, followed marksmanship with arrows and sword training with a stick.

He took reading, writing and Qur'an lessons from the hodja and listened to stories of heroism and Battal Gazi on winter nights.

When I was 12, they used to play terrible games in the winter. The cauldron was boiling. The essence of the game

was to dip your opponent's hand in boiling water, and not to shout if your own hand went in.

How many times had he dipped his friends' hands in boiling water, how many times had his own hand been dipped. There was ready yoghurt there, and yoghurt was immediately applied to the burns of those who were scalded by dipping their hands in boiling water.

They wouldn't say a word. The first night the scalded hand would burn until the morning, but they would not give up. Once they were offended because one of them shouted in pain when his hand was scalded, and they were offended because

they didn't look at him for months because of this behaviour.

Once, while fighting with a strong friend, both of them had their hands in the cauldron. On one occasion the cauldron overturned, scalding the legs of many of his friends who were watching the scuffle on the other side.

These were terrible games. But with these horrible games you learn to endure pain, to be agile.

learning, sharpening their willpower. They were not going to eat, drink and have fun alone like the Greek boys...

When his uncle was a sipahi with fiefs, he had taught Çakır the Turkish style of slapping. This slap, which landed violently on his opponent's face and then wiped him off, was a devastating thing. When he used to train by slapping tree trunks, he didn't realise how tough he was, but one day, when he fought with three boys from a nearby Greek village, he saw what an object he was. So much so that when one of them, the biggest of them, was slapped and knocked over, the other two ran away, the fastest among their peers.

Cakir, who was a child, couldn't catch up with them. In fact, there was no way to catch up with the fleeing Rum. It was God's gift to them.

Cakir's opinion about the slap in the face was later matured when he fought with another sipahi boy. This time it was he who was slapped.

First they slapped and punched each other a few times, but they couldn't quite land. Soon the slap exploded in Cakir's face, and when the dazzle passed, he found himself on the ground. In any case, this slap must have been exactly in accordance with the description of the slap, as he was the only one who had been slapped. not only knocked him over, but also made the tip of his lip swell and

bleed. That's how Cakir grew up.

When he was fifteen or sixteen years old, an event that happened to him, or rather a danger he survived, introduced him to Jesus:

One day Cakir went to the forest to buy honey. Somewhere in the forest, the bees had settled in a big crevice and were making honey. He took his wand, honey pot, face cloth and incense to drive the bees away.

Cakir, who dived into the forest, waited for a long time at some distance from the split tree, and after seeing the bees moving away, he covered his face and softly approached the tree, burnt the incense, drove away the last bees, and made the flower-scented honey.

quickly slashing away with his knife. If the bees came in clusters and saw that their honey was low, they would attack the ones next to them. Cakir knew this, so he was taking quick steps.

Suddenly he saw five people standing in front of him. They were sullen and disguised. But they were armed to the teeth. One of them, skinny, tall and very dark, asked with a disgusting grin and an ugly voice:

- What's in that cauldron, lad?

Cakir was not afraid of anyone as long as he had his knife with him. He answered defiantly:

- It's none of your business! Who are you to ask? The guy with the pointy ears grinned widely:

- What kind of bravado is this, Wajzade? Don't you recognise Mistik the executioner?

When the executioner said Mistik, Cakir understood. This guy was going to be Gypsy Mistik, the one who kills people on the road.

He asked bluntly:

- Or are you Gypsy Peanut? The other

one laughed:

- How did you know! As you know that, you know that I'll ask for the cauldron in your hand and the money in your belt.

- I won't give a boiler to a filthy gypsy! Peanut started

mocking:

- Wow, my dear... You despise the gypsy too? Isn't the gypsy a man?

Then suddenly his face changed. He became horrible. He commanded one of his companions in the manner of a gypsy:

- Ulan Ibo! Take the cauldron from this crazy Turk and teach him a lesson so he'll realise what the world's coming to!

Ibo throwing one hand on his knife, walked towards Cakir 'Teach him a lesson' meant kill in the language of these gypsy bandits. But something unexpected happened.

Deli Turk's slap landed on Ibo's face with lightning speed and the sound of the slap echoed several times in the whole forest. Cakir did this job  
As he did so, he slid the cauldron he had struck on his shoulder with his stick, threw it on the ground and grasped his stick with his left hand.

The gypsy was lying unconscious on the ground. After a moment of confusion and silence, Executioner Mistik's deep voice rang in the air:

- Kill him!

At these words, the nearest gypsy was seen to throw his attack, flashing it in the air.

Cakir passed the stick in his left hand to his right. After the wand turned round in the space, it landed on the gypsy's head and made a sound. This stroke was a stroke made to protect against wolves and bears attacking on the mountains and slopes. Even the fiercest hungry wolf would die when he got this hit on his head. Of course, the gypsy bandit was not as tough as a wolf. He was also unaware that Çakır had been practising with a stick since he was seven years old. Ibo, who had just received a slap on the wrist, maybe a few  
and after a few minutes, he came to his senses. But the second gypsy was already in hell.

When Executioner Peanut saw that two of his men had been knocked down in succession by this immature boy, he realised the seriousness of the situation and went berserk. Ominous owl  
he shouted and attacked Cakir, provoking his men. They had drawn their machetes and their assault rifles.

Cakir's wand found its target with unerring descents. But it was not as effective as before.

The gypsies realised that the stick was talismanic. They tried to drop the machete and the stick, but they failed.

Cakir was spinning like a pinwheel, trying not to be surrounded by three Gypsies. One or two strokes

and even dropped someone's machete, but he managed to pick it up again in the melee.

He was getting tired. He was big, but he was a child after all. If they came one on one, it would have been easy, but it was not less tiring to hit him one after the other in order not to be surrounded, and when it seemed to be surrounded, it was not less tiring to move five or ten steps to safety.

He was breathing widely. Moreover, Executioner Mistik's machete had opened a wound on his cheek, and warm blood began to seep into his neck.

After running away from the bandits again for a while, he turned back and saw that Mistik was a little further away from the others. This was the opportunity. If he struck him down with a killing blow, his squire would either flee or be defeated. He swung the staff in the way he had learnt from his ancestors. A whistling sound was heard in the air, followed by a crack. Alas!... The staff was broken by the collision with the machete, leaving a stubby piece of about three inches in Cakir's hand. At the same time he reached for his knife but before he could draw it, Gypsy's machete landed on his shoulder.

Cakir took a step back, grazed his knife and looked at the others with his eyes lightning with the pain of the wound on his shoulder. He could not believe his eyes: A company of Ottoman

the horseman was standing and a voice:

- "Hold the unholy ones," he roared.

He looked round and realised the situation. There were about twenty horsemen...A few of them landed on the ground and three

he had caught the gypsy. He took a big breath. He forgot his pain. He had escaped.

The man who gave the order to keep the gypsies was a very young, handsome man, probably a favourite.

His dress and lurkers attractive. One of the dismounted men, approaching Cakir to see his wounds, slowly said:

- He said, "This bey you see is Isa Beğ, the son of our sultan Yıldırım Bayazıd.

Jesus asked, smiling very faintly, vaguely:

- I saw how valiantly you fought. Who are you?

Cakir bowed with his hand in his bosom:

- My name is Barakoglu Cakir. I am the son of  
Sipahi, beğ! Isa Beğ pointed to the Gypsies with his  
head:

- And what's your case with them?

- I have no case with them. They're Gypsy sodomites. And their head is that executioner Mıstık...

- They wanted to rob you?

- Yes, like it!

- Did you get those guys on the floor?

- Yes, like it!

Isa Beğ turned to Mıstık. His brow was furrowed:

- You unholy bastard! You dare to rob the son of a Turkish sipah, regardless of his gypsy status?

Mıstık was in no mood to answer. He was shaking under the paw of the soldier who had grabbed him by the shoulder.

After looking at the gypsies lying on the ground and the captured ones, the prince gave his order:



- Hang the dead and the living of the unholy ones on those trees, so that the whole world may see what it means to insult the son of a sipahi.

The order was fulfilled.

İsa Beg returned to

Çakır:

- Barakoglu! You will become a sipahi one day anyway. Do you want to be one of my men until your fief is empty?

Çakır, hitting one knee on the ground, pressed his hand to his bosom:

- You have saved my life, O my lord! I would be grateful to be one of your servants, he replied.

This is how Çakır met İsa Beg and entered his retinue. In fact, he sacrificed enough to deserve the bread he ate. When his uncle died and when he was left to himself, he did not leave İsa Beğ's side again. He became not only his servant but also his closest friend.

Çakır was a tried and tested man. He was a first-class soldier, a loyal comrade. He was a true Turk.

Maybe he did not recognise any law or custom in his time, but he could die for this cause, considering a commandment of İsa Beg, to whom he was faithfully attached, as the greatest law. He was not spoiled by the trust shown to him.

He never crossed the boundary between them. There were days when they drank wine opposite each other and saw the world smoky, but even then neither İsa Beğ broke his heart nor Çakır aroused the slightest discontent in İsa Beğ. The prince's upbringing and the sipahi's upbringing never

and it went together without a hitch.

This closeness had reached its highest point in the Battle of Ankara. In that marketplace of life and death, in that chaos of life and death, in heroic field where human blood was cheaper than water, they were inseparable again. Çakır did not forget that he was alive thanks to İsa Beğ and was ready and willing to risk death to save him if necessary. İsa , on the other hand, was so

He was protecting her more than himself, thinking that losing a loyal and dear friend was worse than death.

In that unprecedented war, they had come to the brink of death or captivity many times, but they had found a way out.

Here was Çakır, this Çakır, and now he was showing that he was the trusted man of Isa Beğ, who was fighting for the throne with his brothers. He was only twenty years old, but the life he had lived, the battles he had fought had cooked and matured him as much as an old man.

Now, while riding on the snowy roads with the peace of mind of having secured Bala Hatun, he felt neither tiredness nor hunger, and no other desire concerned him.

## **WILD WOLF**

Ten years have passed...

Çakır was only able to visit his own village and fief five or ten times in these ten years.

He got into such worldly fights and went through such things that even he himself wondered how he was alive.

After Isa died, things got worse. He was in danger of death several times. At that time, he saved his life with the decree he found on the other Çakır, Mehmed Beğ's decree. That is how God had ordained it.

Mehmed Beğ, the youngest of the brothers, became the of the Ottoman Empire, and the other brothers retired from this world.

There was no more internal strife in the country, order was established, and he himself became one of the sipahis of the Ottoman Sultan Mehmed Beğ.

In the midst of all these turmoil, shootings and dangers, he loved a girl from Bilecik, married her and two daughters. Now Ayşe was five and Fatma was three years old.

Çakır was going to his birth mother's house for the first time in ten years.

It had become an unbearable desire to find Bala Hatun and fulfil her wish, to see the child of Isa Beğ. Only twice in this ten years he could send money and news to the milk mother, but he did not hear from her.

he couldn't get it. Every now and then a chill would come over him. The reason for this chill was the possibility that Satı Kadın was dead. What would Bala Hatun do then?

The milk mother was not one of those people who would die so quickly, but couldn't one of the accidents that happen to every human being have happened to her?

Çakır spurred his horse to leave behind the bad thoughts that wanted to settle in his brain. Ten years ago, under the light of the spring sun, he entered this village, where he had come to this village secretly like a traveller with a bullock cart that could not move forward in the darkness of the night.

When a horse stopped in front of the house, Satı Kadın appeared at the door. He was fifty-five. But still vigorous

and handsome. His face was still unwrinkled. She was a Turkmen girl, not a pipe.

He looked at the horseman coming in front of his house. The frown of his eyebrows, the hardness of his gaze passed.

Smiling:

- Cakir shouted, "Is that you? Cakir

jumped off his horse.

- It's me... You almost didn't recognise your son...

They hugged. He kissed his birth mother's hand. The woman looked longingly at her infant son.

- I don't recognise you. Ten years ago you were a 20-year-old kid. Now you're a big man...

- I'm not just a big man, I'm a father. Soon your grandchildren will come to kiss your hand.

Satı Kadın's eyes filled with tears of joy:

- Oh, my God! How many grandchildren do I have?

- You have two grandchildren. Ayşe and Fatma. But I never had a son.

- God willing. That's okay, too.

They were silent. Ten years of longing could not have ended with these three or five words. But both of them, when another subject came to their minds, cut the word here, as if they had agreed, and looked in front of them.

The first to speak was Satı Kadın:

- Get your horse in the stable

and come in. Saying that, he

went into the house.

Cakir was aware that he was feeling sad. For Isa , who died ten years ago, he asked Bala Hatun ten years later

It is difficult to say 'I'm sorry for your loss', to watch her tears that will surely flow again.

would be. With this in mind, he tied his horse, keeping his hand as heavy as possible. He put on his kit.

and put some straw in front of him. He came to the door with slow steps. After standing for a second or two, he went inside. Sati woman was standing waiting for him. This was not the smiling, sweet looking woman of the past. She had a strange look.

Cakir, looking around, asked in a slow voice:

- Where is she?

- No chicks!

This answer was given in a very bitter voice. Cakir's eyes widened:

-Did he leave?

- No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!

- What happened?

Satı Kadın turned her head sideways to the sofa where Bala Hatun sat on the first day she came to this house. Slowly

with sound:

- She'll last you a lifetime. He said

Cakir, who was face to face with Azrael, carrying the traces of death roll calls on his face and body, felt a lump in his throat and a twisting sensation inside. He murmured:

- May God have mercy on you...

It was unheard of for a fief sipah to be tired without being hungry or sleepless for two days.

But now Cakir felt tired even though he was neither hungry nor thirsty nor sleepless.

He walked with exhausted steps and sat on the other end of the sofa. As if Bala Hatun was there, he sat down with a respectful posture and looked at the face of his milk mother:

- When did Hatun die?

- Five or six months after receiving the news of Jesus...

- What about the kid?

Satı Kadın answered from the open door of the house, at the countryside as if she was looking for something:

- A child was born. He named him Murad. Four months later he learnt of Isa Beg's death. Suddenly her milk

he stopped, and he became stagnant himself. I found a wet nurse from our tribe. She stayed here for two months and nursed the child. Hatun no longer cared for her child. He couldn't see, he could only think with his eyes on the floor, and sometimes he cried. He wouldn't eat or drink, even though I begged him. She was fading day by day. One evening she asked to sleep with her son. I was glad that she was coming to her senses again, because she had left the child completely to me. That night she loved and kissed her son. He spoke to her. When I woke up the next morning, I saw Bala Hatun

I found him dead. He was lying next to her, his head resting on Muradcık Hatun's outstretched arm, and his mother's cheeks and hair

and called 'Ana, ana', caressing her. She had tears in her eyes. Hatun also had tears in her eyes. It was obvious that mother and son were crying. Murad was one year old at that time.

When I hold your face in my arms.

He turned to his mother, pointed to her with his hand and wept bitterly. He had no fondness for his mother.

She was more used to me, but she that this was the real moment, that she was leaving never to meet again.

I think it was born in his little heart. We buried her. We don't want her grave to be lost.

Since that day, every Friday, summer and winter, I read a Fatiha at his head.

Sati Woman was silent. She was crying. Çakır was trying hard not cry like a child.

Suddenly he asked :

- Where is Murad?

- They've gone herding cattle with Evren. They'll be back

before sunset. The black news made Cakir forget about Evren.

- Have they grown up?

- Evren at twelve, Murad at ten. They grew up like brothers. Only on God's day they wrestle and get bruised and battered.

The milk mother had crushed plum pulp for Çakır. The sherbet made with water cooled in a jug would add life to life. After Çakır drank the bowl to the end, he said, "Thank you, mother" and with the purity of the face of children who want something untimely:

- He asked, "Can you show me Hatun's grave?"

On the way to the grave, acquaintances on the road greeted him. Cakir received the greetings but did not recognise most of them. His mind was elsewhere, in other things.

The cemetery of the village was in a deviated place. Suddenly Satı Kadın said, 'This is the place'.

They were in front of a heap of earth. There was a broken piece of wood on her head. It meant that Bala Hatun, the noble and beautiful woman, who was the sister of Isa Beğ, the son of Yıldırım Bayazıd and the niece of Şadgeldi Pasha, was lying under this unpretentious pile. Like all cemetery visitors, Cakir became philosophical.

He thought about the emptiness and meaninglessness of the world and life. He remembered Jesus and sighed.

He opened his hands and recited a Fatiha. He repeated that death, early or late, is unchangeable destiny. He left the cemetery with a little relief in his heart. They returned home.

Satı Kadın was rolling out phyllo dough on the dough board to make the pastry that her baby son loved so much. Çakır, after looking at this skilful and quick work of his mother for a while :

- Ana, what speed is this? How do you thin the dough? I couldn't do this job if I tried for forty days, he said.

Satı Woman smiled:

- I can't swing a sword like you. When the world was created, the work was divided...

At this time, was a noise in front of the door, voices were heard, and Cakir, whose back was to the door, said that the milk mother :

- Here comes the Mad Wolf, he heard you say.

- Mad Wolf?

- Yes!

- Who's that?

- Who will it be, Murad?

- Why do you call me Mad Wolf?

- I'm not saying it, the villagers say it, but it's not unbecoming...

There were footsteps at the door and Çakır turned his head. The two robust boys were standing still, looking at him and Sati Kadın.

Sati Kadın became serious. She called out to her son:

- Evren! Why are you standing like a savage? Here's your Cakir Agha. Kiss his hand.

.

The universe moved forward with a little timid steps. He kissed hands. The woman looked at Murad this time.

- 'Crazy Wolf!

Go on and kiss Uncle Cakir's hand, son. ....! The boy went ahead recklessly. After kissing Cakir's hand, he looked at him closely:

- He asked, "Are you a Sipahi?

- I'm a sipah!

- I'll be a Sipahi too!

These words were spoken with such great seriousness and with such a charming manner that Cakir smiled; he embraced her and kissed her forehead:

- I hope you will be...

Then he looked closely at Murad's face. He was a miniaturised version of Jesus Same eyes, same



nose, even the same posture... His insides ached again. In his patched, tattered clothes, with scratches and abrasions on his forehead, face and hands, it was obvious that he was a son of a beğ, an Osmanoglu. However, no one knew this truth, or rather this terrible truth, except his mother and himself. And they would not know... Even Murad himself did not know who he was. Just now, when Satı Kadın was rolling out phyllo dough, she told him with what kind of indoctrination she had raised him.

he told me. Mad Wolf knew himself as the son of a man named Osman. He also knew Osman as Çakır's uncle. He recognised his mother's name as Ayşe. He went to her grave from time to time.

He asked, looking at Çakır's , knife, sword, quiver and bow hanging on the wall:

- Uncle! At what age can I become a sipahi?

- You could be 18 if it suits you.

Murad could not understand what it meant to come in this form. After a brief calculation in his mind:

- In eight years I will be a Sipahi, he

said. Looking at Evren, he added:

- You'll be tormented too! The

universe doesn't like it:

- Why am I being tormented?

-You don't know how to ride a horse...

- I don't know how?

- Of course you don't know. Didn't you fall the other day?

Murad was really Crazy Wolf. He had a crazy speech that Cakir liked very much.

Sati Woman intervened:

- When they can't overcome their ambition in wrestling they compete... Evren fell off his horse once or twice, but Mad Wolf didn't. He's already a master rider...

In fact, both of them were skilful riders. They both had Turkmen blood. They had learnt to ride horses and loved horses when they were friends with the children of the Turkmen tribe in the neighbouring plateau.

The reason why Murad was called 'Mad Wolf' was his excessive love for horses. When he got on a horse, he would go crazy and make dangerous rides. He could pick up sticks from the ground while galloping better than all Turkmen children. He was not afraid of anything. Even when he was alone, he would not hesitate to attack ten people. His madness, which started when he was five years old, had reached its final stage at the age of ten. In fact, the nickname 'Mad Wolf' suited him well.

## **DREAMS**

Cakir his dinner with a sorrowful joy. He was enjoying seeing two children who were grown up and would be brave tomorrow. But when he looked at Murad thought of İsa Beğ, or when his eyes fell on the sofa where Bala Hatun was sitting the more he touched it, the sadder he got.

If fortune had worked otherwise, İsa would not be a prince for the throne, but an Ottoman Beğ sitting on the throne...

And then...

Then, that boy who was now eating in a poor village house, sitting in front of himself, that is to say, Mad Wolf Murad, would not be a Murad living in such trinkets, but the prince Murad dressed in glazed clothes.

At that time, Bala, who now lies in a village cemetery without even a stone Hatun will be the owner of the palaces of Bursa and Edirne, who knows what good deeds she will do and what else she will do besides Murad.

She would give birth to Mehmeds, Süleymans, Mustafas, Orhans, Kasıms, Osmans.

Now it was all a lost dream.

When the meal was over, Cakir talked for a while. He had learnt that there was a good teacher in the village.

I'm gonna get Evren and Murad to stand up to him:

- 'To be a good sipahi, it is necessary to read and write,' he said. Tomorrow I will take you to the teacher.

You will learn to read. You will also learn the conditions of Islam. You will go every day, take your lessons and then go out to play.

Since reading and writing was one of the conditions of being a Sipah, Deli Kurt would not have objected to this. As a matter of fact, he accepted Çakır's offer wholeheartedly. However, Evren did not like reading, especially going to the teacher every day and learning boring things that did not resemble wrestling and racing. Nevertheless

and he didn't object. Even if he could have objected, he wouldn't.

Because Mad Wolf had agreed to study. He couldn't stay behind him.

When the children are asleep and it's time for the adults to go to bed:

- Ana, she said. I hadn't eaten such good food for a long time. We saw nothing but roasted meat and boiled bulgur. Tonight it was as if I was at a feast. To complete the enjoyment of this, I'm going to walk outside for a while. I want to see the beauties of the world under the bright moonlight. We have stayed up under many moons like this, but who was looking at the moon because of worrying about life and watching the enemy... It's not like that now, Tarhana soup, meat pie, pestil paste and then a moon walk...What do you say, mother?

Satı woman had always agreed with her infant son. She did so again:

- Do as you like, Cakir, he said. I'll prepare your bed. You can come and sleep whenever you want.

There was a beautiful light and a refreshing breeze outside. The hills and pine forests were as glamorous as the lands in fairy tales. Cakir was walking by looking at all these beautiful landscapes, but I guess he was not seeing the beauties he was looking at.

Those who spend their lives in the whirlwind of life, who do not have time to rest in a shade, who are friends with dangers, have such a temporary peace.

When they meet, they reckon with their own hearts, they remember the past. Then the measure of everything grows and memories become beautiful.

The people of the past have been stripped of their faults and offences. He is a more loyal to a friend, more attractive to a lover, more compassionate to a mother. In such moments, one is ready to forgive even

one's enemies.

Cakir was now thinking of his own mother, the woman who died giving birth to him. I wonder what she was like, what was her face like, what kind of speech did she speak? Suddenly he felt an unbearable desire, an indelible longing to hear the voice of this mother he had never seen. At the same time he was surprised at himself.

Don't you ever think about this mother in your childhood, in your youth. After you've matured, after you've seen all these turmoil, after you've fathered two children, remember him and sigh... It was a very strange thing.

Cakir was thinking about the dead tonight. Now he was thinking about his father and uncle. Why did he always think of the dead but couldn't think of the living? Perhaps the dead were forcibly reminded of themselves, perhaps on such nights their spirits flitted about and saw those who remained on earth.

Suddenly he found himself in front of the cemetery and without hesitation he walked towards the grave of Bala Hatun, whom he had visited during the day, as if he had come here without wandering for hours.

He stood at her feet. His sorrowful face was visible in the bright night light. Not intending to leave that place easily, he squatted cross-legged and gazed at the heaving earth. Maybe even Bala Hatun's bones were not left. As if talking to a living person:

- Forgive me for being so late, sultan. I hadn't forgotten, but I couldn't come. He took his hand to his bosom and took out his Qur'an, which he always carried on his chest. He was going to read for Bala Hatun's soul. Suddenly he saw a ghost at the head of the grave, three steps ahead of him: This was Bala Hatun. She was looking at him with her noble and beautiful face of ten years ago, smiling.

Cakir felt a wave of excitement, a beautiful and sweet chill pass through him. He had heard that ghosts disappear quickly. But it was not disappearing, it was getting more and more beautiful. Cakir saw a movement on the ghost's lips and heard a very slow voice saying 'Do your rights Çakır Ağa'.

he heard her say. Just like when we parted ten years ago.

He was afraid that the ghost might disappear if he spoke loudly, so he said in a very light voice, 'Halal olsun sultan'.

The ghost to speak. He addressed again with a sweet wind voice:

- I can't forget your loyalty. I'll give you a big favour.

Cakir was mesmerised. He felt no fear, he did whatever he wanted, looking at the ghost in divine pleasure:

- Well done, sultan.

Suddenly Cakir's eyes seemed be dazzled. He did not see his surroundings for a moment like people looking at the sun on a summer day. Then, when he turned his eyes to Bala Hatun, he saw her and a second ghost that had just appeared next to her.

he saw another one. This was Isa Beğ. He was smiling at Cakir with his noble, heroic and handsome face:

- We're out of danger now. You're forgiven.

something mesmerising in the voices of these ghosts. Cakir had never heard such a harmony on a bard's kopuz:

- You're forgiven.

Cakir did what the ghosts wanted, but he did not dare to ask them anything.

Bala Khatun whispered again:

- Murad is entrusted to you...

Pearls reflected by the moonlight shone under Bala Khatun's eyes. So the ghost was crying. Even if she was dead, even if she was a ghost, she was a mother. She would cry for her orphan son. She looked at Cakir with luminous eyes:

- Raise Murad.

Isa Beğ repeated it:

- Raise Murad!

Cakir heard a third voice:

- Remember me, son!

Next to Isa Beğ, this new ghost was Cakir's mother. But she was not as specific and clear as the others.

She a veil on her face.

Cakir got excited:

- Mummy! Is that you?

This ghost spoke more slowly:

- My son. Don't forget me...

The great sipahi began to tremble with longing and excitement. Here he heard his mother's voice. But why was her face covered? Couldn't he have seen the face of this woman who had reached the rank of martyr because she died while giving birth to him?

? Wasn't it his right to know the face of his mother, whose ghost he had seen for the first time in thirty years? He was emboldened by this thought:

- Mum! Show me your face. The

ghost he didn't hear.

- Mummy! Show me your face!

The ghost of her mother shook her head slightly. That meant no.

Cakir insisted:

- Mum! Let me see your face.

The ghost whispered:

- No ....

- Why not? Am I not your son?

- I'm not on leave, I can't.

Coyote became tearful. The three ghosts suddenly came a little closer to him. Bala Hatun whispered:

- No! People will not know everything. Jesus

continued:

- It is not possible. People will only know what they see and see what they know. His mother completed it:

- It won't happen. People will always long for something. Two new whispers were heard:

- It won't. People will not know.

These two ghosts who appeared behind Isa Beğ, and these ghosts were Cakir's father and uncle.

This time they all called out at once:

- Don't forget us.
- You'll understand us.

His mother told him alone:

- Death is not so hard. Forgetting is hard. His father whispered:

- The real death is to be forgotten. His uncle added:

- To forget is to die.

Jesus continued:

- Life is a few memories.

Bala Hatun finished.

- Life is the beginning of death.

Without realising it, Cakir opened the Koran in his hand. Then all five ghosts repeated:

- As long as a person is remembered, he is alive.
- As long as he is remembered, he is alive...
- 'It means he's alive .....

Suddenly the ghosts disappeared. Then Cakir, who bowed his head with great trepidation, saw that the Koran was opened and his sharp sipahi eyes touched Yasin in the moonlight. He began to read.



He sensed that spirits were moving around him. He was filled with great emotions.

He did not realise how much time had passed. After closing the Qur'an and putting it on his bosom, he opened his hands and prayed. The hands he rubbed on his face He was wet. This Turkish sipah, this tearless Ottoman soldier, whose heart was hardened at the sight of blood and death, wept as long as he read the whole of Kuarn.

Now he felt a refreshment inside him. When he read the Qur'an, he opened up and threw away his sorrows. He got up. He left the cemetery with heavy steps and walked towards home.

When he entered, the milk mother had got up and started the preparations for that day. When she saw Cakir, she only said, "Are you here?". She did not ask anything else. She was an understanding woman. Cakir said, 'Let me rest a little, mother. 'You can wake me up.

Soon he was sleeping the most comfortable sleep of his whole life.

## **SLURP OF TONGUE**

The days in the village of the milk mother were full days for Cakir. There was joy, hope, sadness, everything in these days. But the most important thing was dealing with Evren and Murad.

He talked to the village teacher and started the lesson the next day. Every day after the morning prayer, they would have some lessons. During the five to ten days he would stay in the village, Cakir would help the children.

Apart from reading and writing, he taught them what he really knew. They started shooting arrows in the countryside. The children had a great talent for soldiering. They shot their first arrows with a mastery not inferior to Greek soldiers. It was obvious that they would become snipers in two or three years.

He also taught them some of the tricks of black lap wrestling. Then it was time for a slap in the face.

They already knew how to use the cane.

Cakir was also used to being called 'Mad Wolf'. It would have been appropriate to call the other one 'Mad Universe' because of their temperament and assertiveness, but for some reason, the people only

He labelled Murad insane.

Çakır, who was obliged to go to the wars with two cebeli soldiers due to the income of the fief, had already set his eyes on these two children.

If they grew up a bit, he would take them as cebeli. Because they were big, they could join the army at the age of fifteen or There was always room for such crazy eyes in the army.

For Çakır, Deli Kurt had another meaning: He was an orphan entrusted to his care by Isa Beğ and Bala Hatun. The ghosts were not talking for nothing.

From time to time they would go to the neighbouring Turkmen village. Evren and Murad were friends with all the boys of the neighbouring village. Although they were fierce rivals in their own villages, they united against the Turkmen boys when they went to the obaya. What ambitious wrestling they were! Çakır was also caught up in the excitement of the wrestling. Especially one day, the comfortable life in the village

Forgetting everything in his laxity, he shouted 'Long live Osmanoğlu' to Murad, who himself was surprised how he had done this absent-mindedness...

There was only one Osmanoğlu family in the country. When Osmanoğlu was mentioned, only the family of the sultan to mind. When Çakır shouted like this, Murad stopped wrestling for a second and looked at him in amazement, then started again.

Çakır resented himself for this slip of the tongue. In order to correct his mistake, he said a little later, 'Hurray, son of Osama... If your father was alive and saw you, he would kiss you on the forehead'

He confused 'Osmanoğlu' with 'son of Osman', and thus, he made a dialect called 'Osmanoğlu' and 'son of Osman'.

to forget his father's name. Murad knew his father's name as Osman.

Deli Kurt knew only Fatihayi from the Qur'an until he started lessons with the teacher. Satı Kadın had made him memorise it. Now the hodja had taught him Surah Ikhlas. Murad came to Cakir and asked him to test him on Ihlas. With the help of Cakir, he had learnt it well. This enthusiasm

Çakır realised the reason after two days. As he passed near the cemetery, his eyes involuntarily fell on Bala Hatun's grave and with his sharp eyes he saw Murad standing there at a distance of a few hundred steps. His hands were open. Suddenly his heart ached and he remembered the ghosts.

It was obvious that in addition to the Fatiha, the child was also sending the newly learnt Ihlas to the soul of his mother.

Çakır bought the best fabrics woven by Turkmen women one day when they went to a Turkmen oba and brought them home, and gave Evren and Murad new clothes. to sew a dress for children. The children had changed a lot with their new clothes. With the belt they wore around their waists, they became Sipahi candidates. Especially Deli Kurt had become so different, so dignified that Satı Kadın had to sew a blue bead on his shoulder to prevent the evil eye.

With this situation, Çakır saw him completely differently. He almost thought that he a prince's weapons teacher and llama. The fact that Deli Kurt was more eager to read than Evren was not to be overlooked. It was obvious that this boy had set his mind on becoming a good sipahi, and Çakır's words about the sipahi's ability to read had been deeply ingrained in him.

Mad Wolf was very careful and calm when he was trying to read. There was no trace of the mischief he showed when he was practising weapons or wrestling and competing.

So one day Cakir asked him

'Well done Murad,' he said, 'you are as at reading as you are at being a crazy wolf. If you continue like this, you will be a good man in the future.'

One day, they all went to a Turkmen obah. That day, there was going to be an ambitious competition between Evren and Murad and the rival boys in the oba. Not only the children but also many of the elders of the oba had come to watch. Turkmens could not remain indifferent to the competitions managed by a sipah.

First there was an exciting horse race. Deli Kurt, who took the lead in the first moments, gradually gained more and more distance and came first. Turkmens came second and third and Evren was the last one. Cakir was very pleased with the way Murad rode like a sipahi for forty years and his movements were flawless. Turkmen

Evren and his children were also good, but something different about Mad Wolf, which must have been God's gift.

Arrow shooting was more exciting and competitive. As Murad was the youngest of the four boys, he could not be expected to achieve much success. But to the amazement of Çakır and all the spectators, he showed that he was a sharper marksman than the other three boys. One more thing caught Cakir's attention. Deli Kurt was shooting arrows just like his father Isa Beğ. Since they had fought many battles together and shot many arrows side by side, Çakır knew how Isa Beğ stretched his bow. He would grasp the bow by holding his left arm taut, hold the bowstring with his right hand, aim, then slowly bend his left arm to bring the bow closer and release the arrow. Murad was doing the same. Cakir remembered the past again. If the situation was favourable, his eyes would have been diverted and smoked.

As for the wrestling, it was very tough. Evren won his own wrestling match. But Murad was defeated. His opponent was a Turkmen boy two years older than him, a head , robust and strong as a rock. According to their appearance, no one could expect Deli Kurt to win in this wrestling match. Even so, he had such a wrestling behaviour that appreciated by all Turkmens.

Cakir was heartbroken again. Because he remembered Isa Beg's desperate battles.

His efforts against such superior forces were made with a labour that was above human strength.

Mad Wolf wouldn't accept defeat in a fight. But wrestling was not like that. It had rules and a referee. The referee would say, "You're beaten!" and that would be the end of it. Murad was never

he wasn't. He was very respectful to elders, especially to the words of elders. When Cakir told him that he had been defeated, he was very sad but did not show his sadness.

Nevertheless, was the hero of the day. He had won two of the three competitions and had come first among the four children. Murad received the prize that Çakır had put forward. This prize was a beautiful knife made in Bursa.

After the knife was placed on Deli Kurt's waist, the head of the Turkmen tribe gave a feast to Çakır and his two students. The delicious Turkmen sheep meat cooked in the earth, which was cooked in the embers, and the delicious Turkmen meat that added life to life.

Buttermilk, flour halva made with molasses and honey sherbet, then all kinds of good fresh and dried nuts were worth the tiredness of that day.

The Turkmen bey was a , bearded, fifty years old, good-looking and flamboyant man.

He spared nothing to welcome Cakir. His tent was also rich and decorated. Cakir had never seen such a tent even in Isa beğ. The beauty of the Turkmen carpets hung on the walls of the tent was beyond words. Various weapons were hung on the hooks of the tent poles.

I like it, pointing to one of these:

- This sword was given to my father by the martyr Murad Beğ. My father martyred in Kosovo, he said. Cakir, to talk about the Ottoman dynasty he didn't want to. He was worried that if this bet was opened, the identity of the Mad Wolf would be revealed and a major disaster would be caused. In response to the words of the Turkmen beğ so he did not say anything. But he continued to like it:

- Together with my agha, I participated in the Battle of Niğbolu under the command of the late Yıldırım Bayazıd Beğ.

My agha yred there. Since he had no son, it was my turn to be the head of this clan.

Cakir was bored, but the landlord was a like, he could not say to him, 'Don't talk about this bet'.

After a while, beğ started to tell about the sons of Yildirim Bayazıd and entered a more forked subject. Fortunately, he was talking about the elder prince Süleyman Beğ and Mustafa Beğ, who had been captured by Aksak Temür, who was more dangerous.

he wouldn't go into places. But what Çakır had in mind was not late to happen to him. Suddenly the Turkmen leader said:

- When I saw this Mad Wolf of yours, I remembered the deceased Isa Beğ whom I had seen once in my childhood. He poured a brazier of fire on his head, as if saying, "How similar he is. He felt his temples throbbing. He looked at Murad, who was sitting at one end of the table with Evren and the Turkmen beğ's young son.

Murad's gaze did not change. Only, he was listening to the bead with his eyes fixed on him. Cakir forced a smile:

- They say that people are created in pairs for resemblance. It is possible that the Mad Wolf is the likeness of Jesus, he replied and immediately added to change:

- Mad Wolf decided to become a squire. And with today's result, he's shown he can be, hasn't he?

What do you reckon?

He already him. He did not withhold his appreciation. He responded with the habit of being a member of a family that has spent lives for hundreds of years:

- Of course they will... I hope they will fight in many wars with my sons and become veterans or martyrs.

Turkmen Beyi wished this ten-year-old orphan, who was a guest in his tent, one of the two greatest and most superior ranks in Turkishness.

The day before Çakır left the village, he saw the teacher and talked to him about Murad, and paid in advance for a year of lessons. The teacher was pleased with his student. Of the six children he was teaching, he liked Murad the most. Evren and the others were so-so. He had no hope for one of them.

Then he took Evren and Murad before him and talked to them. He gave them advice. He knew that he would be the father of two fatherless children as long as he survived. If five or ten more years passed and they became Cebeli, the rest was easy, but it was a matter of surviving those five or ten years. Cakir had no confidence in five decades. He had tried what could happen in five or ten years. What happened in the past years will happen in the future.

It could have happened in years.

At one point during the lectures, he said 'Ottoman soldiers speak little'.

- Why, Agha?

- The giaour has a friend. If he conveys what he hears from the soldiers to his own army, the Ottomans will be harmed.

- Who can hear us when we're alone?

- No one hears you when you are alone, but the one who is accustomed to speaking little even when alone is discreet. He won't blab in a crowd.

- How do you like the chachis?

Çaşıt can be from Rum, Firenk, Çıfit, but you cannot recognise him. Because he disguises himself as a Turk.

These conversations were taking place between Çakır and Evren and Murad was only listening. For the first time he intervened and asked :

- Do I talk a lot, Uncle?

The question was asked with great sweetness and with the seriousness of a great man. Cakir was found empty

again and :

- No, my prince, he replied.

Murad's eyes were fixed on Cakir, and Cakir as much offended by the pine he had knocked down as if a pine had fallen on his head. Deli Murad asked in his usual well-mannered manner:

- Why are you calling me that, uncle?

Cakir had recovered himself. He

answered:

I'm joking, Mad Wolf! The little ones don't do it to the big ones, but the big ones he jokes with the little ones from time to time. Once the regiment's chief teased me.

He called him Khan.

The matter was closed, but he was very annoyed. While he was telling the children about the evil of idleness, his own chattering was unbearable. What was happening to him? He never did that.

The other day he slipped his tongue and shouted 'Osmanoğlu' at Mad Wolf. Whatever If so, it would be very good for him to leave this village. Otherwise, if they continued in this heedlessness, one day they would make an irreparable blunder and make a mess of things.

The next morning, he kissed the hand of Satı Kadın, his milk mother, and embraced her. Then he said goodbye to the little ones:

- I will see you as a gallant valour in my next visit. I hope you will not disappoint my hope, he said.

Sipahi jumped on his horse with agility. Looking at the woman and children for the last time, he said his last words in a full voice:

- Goodbye!

He lifted his horse to the quilt. He did not look back.

While he was walking away and shrinking in the eyes, Satı Kadın was pouring a pot of water into the soil after him with her moist eyes.

## **FIRST BATTLE**

Days followed months, months followed years.

Six years have passed. It is easy to say...Evren and Murad brave men. Evren was eighteen and Murad was six years old. But in terms of height, size, strength and power, they were inferior to the young men of their age.

they were not. As for boldness and fearlessness, they had few equals in the world.



Evren and Murad were living the sweetest and most blessed days of their lives. Cakir, who was obliged to raise four cebeli because his fief had grown, had taken Evren and Murad as the new two cebeli, so they had achieved their wishes more quickly than they had hoped.

Satı Kadın, who was now in her sixties, did not want to live alone in this house when her son and Deli Kurt, instead of her son, separated from her, so she closed her door and returned to her Turkmen oba, her original place of origin. She had relatives and relatives there, and now she had a great reputation among the Turkmens, as she had been among the sipahis and had been involved with them for many years.

Evren and Murad came to Cakir's village, the head of the fief. This village was not so far from the village where they were born, it was only two days' journey. But since Sultan Mehmet Beğ had ordered everyone to stay in their places and be ready immediately when the order came, all the sipahis and cebelis were at the head of their fiefs.

There was unrest in the country. Some rumours were circulating from mouth to mouth. It was said that soon a saint with a miracle would come out and over the state, unite all the people and drown everyone in wealth and blessings. Sometimes they even went further and said that a new Prophet would come.

Some dervishes had revolted in the Aydin region. These dervishes had even killed Suleyman, a Bulgarian convert, who was the Bey of Aydın, and had corrupted Kara Temürtaşoğlu Ali Beğ, who was the Bey of Manisa.

The Sultan was enraged by this and sent his son Murad Beğ and his vizier Bayazıd Pasha against the dervishes with a large force. Çakır and his cebelis were in this army.

Mad Wolf was pleased to see so many soldiers together and asked Cakir how many there were. Cakir said indifferently:

- When he said, 'There are twenty thousand people', he stopped and could not say anything.

Mad Wolf had never dealt with big numbers until then. The biggest number he knew was 'thousand'.

Now, when he was told about twenty thousand, he felt the astonishment of a person who had never left his home in his life and then looked at the horizons from the peak of a mountain. Twenty thousand... I wonder how they counted?

They came to Akhisar plain with a very tight march and stayed overnight. That day, Şehzade Murad Beğ and Bayazıd Pasha gathered in neat ranks and inspected the army that saluted them, then they met with the Sanjak beğs. They formed a war council and decided on next day's march.

Before going to bed for the night, the Universe snuggled up to Mad Wolf:

- Mad Wolf, he said. Did you take a good look at Murad Beğ when he passed by us today? He was sixteen years old, both your namesake and your age mate.

Crazy Wolf answered:

- I saw him, he looked like a very smart person. They say he was a heroic prince, but why the sultan didn't come himself but sent him with Murad Beg:

To this question of Mad Wolf, Cakir, who had approached them at that time, replied:

- Our Sultan Mehmet Beğ is ill. During the siege of Konya, he got wet from the downpour and caught a cold.

They said that his lungs were blistered. Before that, he fell off his horse in Edirne and hurt his bones.

Çelebi Sultan Mehmed was not old, but he had so many on his body that they say that he had turned into a calf. That's why he couldn't come, but he sent Bayazıd Pasha with the prince.

ran...'

Çakır, as was his custom, did not talk much about the sultan and the Ottoman dynasty. He started talking about himself to change the subject:

- When we besieged Konya, it rained in such a way that our rations were ruined and most of our horses were flooded. There were a lot of casualties. If I was not a good swimmer, I would have drowned too. The turbid flood water is not at all like the water of our streams. Not at all like a lake or the sea. . If it was any other time, I would have suffered a lot from hunger, but this time I didn't feel like eating at all. I swallowed half an ounce of mud as I struggled through the flood. I swallowed half an ounce of mud.

I was so sick to my stomach that I sick when they said food. I could digest half an ounce of mud in three days. My advice to you. If we're hungry and there's no chance of getting food.

eat mud. You'll last for days. Honestly, it's just a shit to eat and swallow. No, but if you make an effort and send it into your stomach, you won't be hungry for three days.

Cakir stopped for a while. He turned towards Konya as if he could see it with his eyes. He completed the following words with the same seriousness to the young Jabalese who listened to him with great seriousness:

- Just make sure the mud you eat is clean. I was caught in the water where the horses were, so the mud I swallowed was of the dung type.

Early the next morning army marched southwards. They were divided into two columns. Deli Murad was in the second column and this column was marching towards Manisa. All his troops were under the command of a man called Torlak Kemal.

He had learnt that the dervishes were to be fought. Evren and Deli Kurt could not believe it when they heard during their first break that Torlak Kemal was a Jewish convert.

Mad Wolf had never seen a dervish, but from what he had heard, he had an opinion that dervishes were good men, Muslim men. To Cakir:

- He asked, "How can these dervishes go after a Çıftı?"

Cakir's opinion about the dervishes was not favourable at all. He could not forget the dervishes he met on his way to Bala Hatun:

- Dervishes are unpredictable, he . They do whatever their sheikh tells them to do, they oppose the state and the sultan. Torlak Kemal's crowd are Muslims in it, as well as Giaours and Gypsies. Do not look for religion, religion, lineage. There are treacherous people among them as well as there are selfless islands. In short; They are not people who can reason and mystery.

The break was very short. At noon they were close to Manisa. The march was stopped with an order.

With the second command, he entered the line. The dervishes appeared.

There was a great silence in the Ottoman army. The ranks were straight as if cut with a knife. If the horses did not occasionally nod, neigh and neigh, those who saw it might have thought it was an army of statues.

The dervishes were approaching with a great noise, raising dust in the air and shouting and shouting.

Crazy Wolf was standing upright on his horse, trying to understand what the dervishes were repeating from one mouth to another. When the dervishes came a little closer, he seemed to understand what they were saying:

They were shouting 'La ilahe illallah' and after that they were saying something . And after that

It have been 'Muhammadan Resullullah', but it didn't look like it. Crazy Wolf paid attention.

The dervishes came a little closer. Then it was realised what this second word meant. They were shouting 'Baba Rasûlullah'. What kind of a Muslim was this? Who was this 'Baba'? Mad Wolf then agreed with Cakir. These were not Muslims at all, they were some crazy punks. Otherwise, would they have followed a Jewish convert?

Suddenly a sharp trumpet sound was heard from the centre of the Ottoman army. This was followed by trumpets sounded from the right and left flanks. This meant to be ready for battle.

The dervishes were approaching. They were in a flurry of arrows and some of them even started to shoot. One or two arrows fell into the Ottoman ranks, one or two struck the armour and shields of several soldiers, and one arrow lightly pierced the left arm of a grey-haired sipah with a moustache.

But the grey-haired sipahi did not care, he only pulled the arrow from his arm and threw it to the ground.

The dervishes did not have a proper gait, orderly ordering and behaviour. They were moving randomly.

Soon they were within striking distance. A second trumpet sounded in the Ottoman ranks. All of them suddenly took up their bows and started to shoot arrows. These arrows were not like the arrows of the dervishes. They were not like the dervishes' arrows.

to them fall to the ground in a heap. When many of them were knocked down by the first volley of arrows, the dervishes stopped shouting.

they increased the number. In the meantime, when the horse of the sipah next to him was hit by an arrow, Mad Wolf looked sharply across.

He threw it and saw that there were some people among them who shot arrows and looked like sipahis.

The third trumpet sounded in the Ottoman army and all the horsemen rushed forward with the company chiefs in front.

Mad Wolf, as they had practised and trained many times before, after shooting an arrow at the enemy while galloping, he put his bow on the quiver and went for his sword, and he covered a distance of two or three hundred paces.

and dived at lightning speed into the dervishes.

The dervishes, some on horseback, some on foot, and mixed in their first march, were the Ottoman

when they came face to face with his army.

Mad Wolf, after the first dervish he met with a great rage and shouting "Baba Rasulullah!", deflected the mace that the dervish swung at him with his sword. Then with a sharp poke he wounded him in the centre of the chest and threw him off his horse, at the same time he was wounded by another dervish and his own horse collapsed, leaving him on the ground.

The dervishes were fighting with great ambition and stubbornness, and at the same time they were shouting 'Baba Rasûlullah! Mad Wolf did not understand the meaning of this, but 'father'

This statement, which showed that they recognised their sheikh as a prophet, was grasped by many sipahi and infuriated them causing them to rush madly at the dervishes. This was not a hand-to-hand battle, but a scuffle.

Mad Wolf lost none of his speed after he fell to the ground. On the contrary, he became more aggressive.

He started to swing his sword like the whip of death. At a moment of confusion, he struck such a blow that his sword penetrated the neck of a dervish and then penetrated down to an inch below. The man's body did not come out of it and fell to the ground with him and escaped from his own hand. Before he had a chance to pull out his sword, he was attacked by a new enemy.

This was an ugly man with a centipede face and a treacherous look. He had a long knife in his hand, and he said the dervish saying 'Baba Resullullah' in a strange way. he was shouting in that way. However, he was not as aggressive as the others. He did not show any sign, he pretended to attack by waving his knife only two steps away, but he could not take a step forward in the face of Murad's fight-ready state and shouted all the time.

Crazy Wolf didn't hesitate. He quickly overcame the two steps in between. Using his left arm as a shield, he pushed back the swinging knife and gave the famous slap with his right hand.

Murad, as the centipede-faced man collapsed with a slap that was heard even amidst gunfire and war cries, a pain and wetness in his left arm

he heard it; he was hurt. He bent down in anger.

As he was about to give a second slap to the guy he had grabbed by the collar and lifted him up, he heard a loud voice next to him:

- Don't hit me, brave!" heard him shouting. This troop leader was Karaca.  
He said to him:

- Take him alive! He's the head of the infidels.

Mad Wolf took a look around. The Dervishes were defeated, the war was over. With a slap  
He tied the hands of the dervish head who was stunned. He waited even though blood was oozing from his arm.

Cakir the first to approach him:

- Hooray for you, Mad Wolf! Did you hire this torlak?

- Yes, Agha!

Cakir's eyes fell on Murad's arm:

- Are you hurt?

- Yes.

Cakir became serious. He two wounds of that kind, but he didn't care. He took off Mad Wolf's pocket. He rolled up his shirt sleeve. Finding some water from someone, he wet the area and wiped the wound.

Then he tied his arm tightly above the wound.

This had just finished when a standard-bearer appeared with soldiers behind him:

- Is this what they call Bre Torlak?

Lighter answered:

- Yes!

The standard-bearer commanded his entourage:

- Drive him to the others!

Then he asked, moving his eyes over Cakir and Mad Wolf:

- Which one of you hired him?

There was silence for a moment. Cakir's voice was heard from behind:

- Crazy Wolf's got it.

While saying this, he was pointing to Murad. The standard-bearer, after looking at the young man shown to him, said:

- Come behind me, he said. Prince Murad Bey and Bayazid Pasha will see you!

Saying this, he started walking towards where the prince was. Mad Wolf was following the standard-bearer three steps behind and there was no trace of panic or excitement on his face.

It was someone else who became agitated and excited, whose heart began to beat excessively.

Ottoman

Cakir, who did not like anyone from his dynasty to see the Mad Wolf, was in a bad mood again. At that moment, while many thoughts and possibilities passed through his mind with lightning speed, he even regretted that he had taken Deli Kurt as his pocket. He remained in such a state of confusion until Murad returned. Crazy Wolf with a joy that wanted to hide

When he came, he felt a sense of relief and immediately asked:

- What happened?

- I appeared before the Prince and Bayazid Pasha.

- And then?

- Then Murat Beğ asked me how I was holding the torlak.



- And then?

- He asked my name, my father, where I was from.

- What did you say?

- You know what? I've said it all.

- You said the whole what?

Cakir's last question an air of rebuke. Mad Wolf looked at his face in astonishment:

- I told him that my name was Murad, my age was sixteen, my father's name was Osman and that I was from Karas.

- 'What did the Prince

say?' Mad Wolf looked

in front of him:

- My namesake! In return for this favour, we will soon make you a sipahi. Do you have other wish?

Cakir took a wide breath:

- And then?

- I said my grooming should be close to my agha Çakır's grooming.

Cakir returned. His heart was still pounding. It was unlikely, but Prince Murad Beğ, looking at Deli Kurt's face, seemed to say, "'t you the son of Isa Beğ?"...

## **TIMARLI MURAD**

It was in the middle of 1422. The Ottoman Sultan Mehmet Beğ had died of a stroke, his eldest son Murad Beğ had become the Ottoman Sultan under the name of Murad II, and Mustafa Beğ, who had been taken captive to Samarkand after being taken captive by the Aksak Temür Beğ in the great Battle of Ankara about twenty years earlier, had become the Second Ottoman Sultan.

Murad's uncle appeared and to claim the sultanate, and again there were many battles between them.

In the battles that led to the elimination of Mustafa Beğ, Mad Wolf  
After the death of Mustafa , he had been given a fief and made a sipahi. The young sultan kept his promise in the battle with Torlak Kemal and gave his namesake a fief neighbouring Çakır in accordance with his wish. This was a small fief and had no cebelis.

A new era was beginning in the life of Mad Wolf. Because he had married a little while after he became a sipahi, he had taken his teacher's daughter Angel and brought her to the village where his fief was located. This Angel, whose name was

She was a girl with an angelic temperament and she could read and write because she was the daughter of a teacher.

Mad Wolf, now 19 years old. He was all over the neighbourhood. He was also a strong wrestler...

He had wrestled one or two ways in karakucak wrestling at weddings and had won all the wrestles he held. He was a good-hearted, open-handed person. He used to help the poor, orphans and widows as much as he could.

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One day Cakir showed up:

- Mad Wolf, he said. 'Murad Beğ has one month's leave to the sipahis. In this one month we can leave our fiefs and go wherever we want. Do you want to go to the Turkmen oba and honour my milk mother?

Ask her? Big Gran would've been pleased.

Mad Wolf was ready for this job yesterday. After making a quick preparation, they took Evren with them and set off. In the evening of the third day, they reached the obaya.

The Turkmens recognised those who came. They all invited them to their tents. But could they go anywhere else when there was Satı Kadın? He was now sixty-four years old. Even though she was like this, she had not lost any of her vitality and strength.

He had not lost, only his face was a little wrinkled. She embraced her baby son, son and sonship with a tear in her eye. She was saying: "I am now old, my heart is soft". Cakir started to joke:

- What a big mummy! If you were a man, by God, you would still wrestle and beat many young men. You know me: My brother-in-law Çakır...This is my son Evren...Now I'd like to introduce you to the father among us.

The other three looked at Cakir to what he meant. he continued:

- The brave you see is Deli Kurt Murad Agha, the sipahi who captured the Jewish convert Torlak Kemal!'. .

The joke was understood. Sati Kadın's eyes widened with joy:

- So you've become a sipahi!... God's work. seems like yesterday when you couldn't cross the threshold. How quickly life passes. What can I say? I wish you good luck, my son.

Good news Evren. Cakir

gave good news:

- The Regimental Lord told me. Soon he will

be too! The universe smiled:

- Are you telling the truth, Agha?

Cakir didn't get angry, but his

voice stiffened:

- Of course it's true! Would the Sipahi lie?

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The next day two sipahi and a cebeli visited all the familiar tents. In every tent they were so entertained that they almost cracked. When Cakir said this, a Turkmen laughed:

- Cracking is not for our village, Çakır Agha, he said. There is a spring there, if you eat a lamb and drink its water, you will soon eat the second lamb.

They went to the spring. They bent down and drank. It was ice-cold, sweet water. Turkmen had told the truth. After a while they felt hungry. Then Turkmen told the tale of this spring: Once upon a time, in a very old time, there a tent of a walker in the place where this obla is located. The Yoruk, who lived alone with his woman, had no children, and he was sad and worried. One day a white-bearded, tired, miserable traveller came and asked them to host him for a night. They did.

They had a bowl of milk, they gave him to drink, they had a slice of bread, they fed him. They made him sleep in the tent where two people could hardly fit and they themselves slept in the open. The next day, when the old guest was leaving, they saw him off at the foot of the hill. Then this pine forest you see

there was none. The land was barren. There was no spring either, everything was dry. At the foot of the lonely hill there was a stunted tree without nuts. When they stopped by that tree, the old man said: "Your right

"You have a problem, what is it?" he asked. They told him. Pointing to the fruitless tree, he said, "Pluck that apple. They were surprised. When they look at the tree as if to ask which apple, what do they see? On a branch of the fruitless, stunted tree, a large, rosy-cheeked apple is not dangling?

? They cut it. That man cut the apple in half. He fed half to the walker and half to his wife.

He said, "You'll have a child" and it a secret. Turns out that man was Hızır. They had a daughter

and she was born. She was so beautiful that they named her Gökçen. Gökçen grew from one year old to five years old, from five years old to ten years old, from ten years old to fifteen years old. She became a beautiful girl. The minds of those who saw her

Those who heard of her beauty would cross high mountains to see her. Shepherds pushed him, he consented.

It didn't happen, the aghas wanted it, they didn't agree, a prince hunting in one of the princes came running there after a deer. Gökçen appeared when Yürük was giving the wounded deer that fell in front of his tent to the prince. The young prince was shot at that moment. He could not return. He pitched his tent and stayed there for days.

The sultan had his son searched and found. He brought him back. It turned out that the prince, who had fallen in love with the Yürük girl, was newly married to a radiant sultan. Days passed, months passed. The prince could not stand it and came to Gökçen.

He said let's get married. The Yürük girl also had her eye on him, but because she was kind-hearted, she did not accept it so that the sultan would not be upset. She had her eyes on the world.

The prince, who could not see and was infatuated, resisted and resisted. Gökçen girl looked at girl and said, 'I a condition'. He asked what it was. The girl said: 'We will race horses with you on that plain.

If you pass, you get me. If you can't pass, you'll settle for your fate.' The prince immediately agreed. He thought that he could pass a girl anyway. However, the girl was a great rider. She had a horse that no one could pass the prince. They came to the head of the plain. The prince rode his steed, and the Gokcen girl rode her fat horse. They raced. The girl beat the prince by a horse length and won the race. The prince was surprised. 'How come, you caught me by surprise. Let's race again,' he said. They raced again. This time the girl beat the prince by two horse lengths. The prince was mad. 'The game of right is three. Let's race again,' he said. In the third race, he passed three horse lengths. The prince could not say a word. He went crying and crying in a miserable state. When he left, the girl also leaned. He fell into the mountains out of grief. He did not speak to anyone, came to his tent at night and talked to the wolf and the bird during the day. One day Hızır came again.

He talked to Gökçen under the stunted tree. 'Cry and your troubles will melt away,' he said.

Girl

'I can't cry' replied. Hızır pointed to the stunted tree and said, 'Pluck that pomegranate'.

He plucked it. He cut the pomegranate in half. He fed half of it to the girl. 'Cry, your tears will melt everything,' he said. 'I will feed this half to the prince. Your troubles will end, you will be reunited,' he heralded, but he could not feed half of the pomegranate to the prince. Because when Hızır reached the prince, the prince was dead. After Gökçen ate half a pomegranate, her eyes widened. She cried like that

that the stones of this barren hill have melted, everywhere has turned green and become the forest you see. When he was about to melt his troubles in his heart, the news of the death of the prince came. That night, he cried until the morning at the place where this spring was and became a secret himself. This all-melting fountain boiled from his tears. O

A long time has passed since then. When autumn comes and the tribe descends from here to winter, lovers come to this spring. They pray until the morning and beg for their wishes to be fulfilled.

\*\*\*

Mad Wolf was hearing such a tale for the first time. He listened to it with his own ears, almost memorised it. the tale was over, he felt an emptiness inside and felt like waking up from a dream.

While Turkmen was telling the tale of Gökçen girl, the listening crowd had grown considerably.

This fairy tale in the obada

who didnt know about it. Even so, whenever it was told, they would listen to it again with great pleasure. It had become the tale of the obah.

When Turkmen stopped talking and Cakir's eyes wandered around, his gaze fell on someone.

After a careful look:

- Aren' you the little wrestler who defeated our Mad Wolf in wrestling nine years ago?

The boy of that time, now grown up and flourished, now a fine young levent, smiled:

- How do you recognise Çakır Agha?

- I recognised you because your face hasn't changed a bit. How would you like to wrestle Mad Wolf to a who's who?

- I'll hold it

- When?

- Whenever you want.

Coyote looked at his surroundings and then at Mad Wolf:

- No time like the present, he . The people there immediately turned the ring on the plain.

Murad threw away his shirt and belt. He came to the centre and stopped.

The Turkmen was still taller than him, but the Mad Wolf had broad shoulders and strong he looked more solid with his arms. Under Cakir's refereeing, the wrestling began. Crazy Wolf had learnt many tricks since then. Even if he did not have iron wrists, he could have won the wrestling match with these tricks. But Turkmen was also empty

he wasn't. He was agile like a pars and strong like steel. Even though they had met, they were jostling and looking for a game. Deli Kurt, entering like lightning, grabbed Turkmen's waist, lifted him up and hit the ground. Turkmen, like lightning, turned round and grabbed the hand of Deli Kurt, who was charging at him. They struggled. They stood up.

This time the Turkmen took advantage of his tall stature grabbed him, tripped him and knocked him down. Mad Wolf was on his side on the ground and it was very dangerous. Coyote bit his lip.

But he was afraid. Mad Wolf got rid of the other's arm by using his great strength and got up.

They were reunited. Although they beat each other with very hard sieves and scythes, they could not suppress each other.

They split up. Murad dived like lightning and caught his opponent by both legs. Turkmen could only turn round, but he could not cut the yoke. On the ground there was a motionless clash of forces. Both of them were exerting all their strength, one was trying to turn and the other was trying to get rid of the yoke. It was such a struggle that one would think that their bones would break.

The Mad Wolf was slowly turning the Turkmen. The spectators were looking at the wrestling with curiosity, but without making the slightest noise. Turkmen shrugged, made a hard movement and made a move that no one knew or understood. and he got up, throwing Mad Wolf off him. It was a terrible trick. Murad would have broken his arm if he hadn't untied the yoke quickly.

They fought again on their feet. Deli Kurt tripped Turkmen with a trip, but he did not reach him.

He was afraid of falling for the same trick. Turkmen understood that. This time he went on the offence.

But he couldn't get it removed.

was getting longer and more exciting. Mad Wolf tripped Turkmen again with a trip like lightning. He didn't take it personally again. He didn't say anything. Çakır understood what he was planning, and even seemed to sense what he wanted to do. He as he thought; after giving Turkmen the impression that he would not reach him when he tripped him, he tripped him again and knocked him down. But he caught Turkmen, who was slow, thinking that he would not be thrown, by surprise. He brought his back to the ground in an instant.

Cakir pulled his hand out. The wrestling was over, Deli Kurt had won. Turkmen stood up:

- You're very skilful, Mad Wolf. He said you deserved it. They kissed.

\*\*\*

A few days later they were returning to their grooming. Cakir's and Evren's spirits in place. Only Mad Wolf looked a bit thoughtful. Coyote couldn't help teasing:

- Have your armies broken down along the Danube, Mad Wolf? In one's home does he brood like this when he's on his way back to his family? Look at us !... Wrestling

We didn't win, but there's not a drop of worry in us. What are you being like?



Mad Wolf was asking himself the same question. What had happened to him? He didn't know what had happened, he didn't know that fate had set a trap for him, but he felt a strange distress because he had left this Turkmen tribe.

## **SECRET JOURNEY**

They had returned to their fiefs, but they still had fifteen days of leave. For Murad and Evren, this was not an issue. Cakir, on the other hand, thought differently. He was thirty-nine years old and he knew how to have a good time and steal the day when he had the chance. While he was preparing for such an orgy again, everything was turned upside down with the news brought by a scoundrel.

The man who brought this unexpected news to Cakir was , curly-haired, dark, fat and cross-eyed.

was one of them. His name was Ilyas the Bastard.

Bastard Ilyas was a convert. His original name was Ilya, but it was changed to Ilyas after he became a Muslim. But it was not clear whether he was Greek, Venetian, Bulgarian or Serbian. He was Çakır's sidekick. Although he was thirty-five years old, half of his hair had turned grey. He knew many languages and spoke Turkish very well. He was certainly a liar. Cakir had interrogated him a few times to find out who he was and asked him about his lineage, Ilyas had asked him every time. he told me differently every time.

One day Cakir got angry when he told about his father with different names, and his lineage and profession in various ways:

- You bastard! How many fathers do you have? Are you a bastard?

Ilyas stood up and spread his hands:

- Bless your ancestor, Çakır Agha! How did you know? He replied, so his name is 'Bastard Ilyas'.

as a woman.

The bastard Ilyas was supposedly a Muslim. No one ever saw him pray. He pretended to fast during Ramadan, but he ate secretly. He was too gluttonous and filthy-mouthed to endure hunger for even an hour. He was a notorious liar. He had no sense of honour, decency or decency.

He did not steal or immoral acts because he was afraid of Cakir, but he was ready to do them at any time. He had only one virtue: Whatever Cakir commanded, he would always fulfil it.

While Çakır was preparing for a party, the bastard İlyas, who hadn't been seen for a long time, came from wherever he was, said something to his master secretly, and Çakır called his cebellisi Evren:

- Now get on your horse. Gallop to reach the Mad Wolf. He said, "Come here together again at a gallop without stopping.

What he said was done. Deli Kurt, the sipahi of the fief neighbouring Çakır's, came with Evren in the evening and they exchanged greetings.

Cakir, after taking them to a secluded corner, said in a very serious voice, which surprised them both:

- I'm leaving tonight with Ilyas the bastardI'll sneak . You, Evren!

Since you will soon become a sipahi, I am leaving you in charge so that you can get used to being in charge of the fief.

Crazy Wolf! You'll come with me. Evren will go and deliver the news to your house sometime, and see if there is any grooming work. We'll stay in Istanbul for two days. We'll be back here in fifteen days at most. And you should know that this is a secret.

She was silent. They looked at each other... They didn't understand anything, but they accepted because the order came from Cakir...

\*\*\*

As night was falling, three horsemen were riding towards Marmara. Bastard Ilyas couldn't go very fast, so Cakir and Crazy Wolf had to follow him.

without speaking.

They were on the road to Edincik. Although the two sipahi had some rusksimet and some mulberry kakı on their sides, they had not eaten a morsel yet. Bastard Ilyas, on the other hand, had hung two bulging bags on both sides of his horse, and almost without interruption, by dipping his hand into one of them, he was taking something out and stuffing himself.

Cakir had realised:

- Cant you rest your throat a bit?" he asked. Ilyas the bastard

replied by swallowing his last bite:

- You are right, Agha, but...

- Yeah, and then?

- My horse is a bit tired, so I'm trying to lighten the bags to reduce the load.

Cakir both smiled and got angry. After he uttered a curse inside:

- He said, "Let's take a break over there. We approached the sea.

They got off their horses. They walked a little to relieve the numbness in their legs. Bastard Ilyas didn't care about such things. He was already born from his mother. Now he took out a thin copper bucket from one of the bags, filled it into a bowl and drank from it.

High five:

- He asked, "What is it?

- Molasses, Agha!

- Fine... Give us half a bowl each!

Çakır, saying this, took a bowl out of his pocket and handed it to Ilyas. After drinking a few sips from the half-filled bowl, he suddenly said

he asked, pulling out:

- What kind of treacle is this?

These angry words frightened Elijah. He answered with his tongue wandering:

- For Jesus Christ, pekmez aghaam! Cakir was

completely enraged:

- Bastard! Aren't you a Muslim? Why don't you swear on our Prophet, but you swear on Jesus?

Elijah's eyes were completely bewildered:

- Oh my Agha!.. Do you doubt my being a Muslim? I couldn't swear on our prophet for one reason.

- What's the big deal? Didn't you say it was treacle? Ilyas

stammered:

- Molasses for molasses's sake, but... A little too fermented...

- Call it wine...

Bastard Ilyas threw his hands in the air:

- Bless your ancestor, Agha! How did you

know! Cakir's anger had subsided:

- Are you so daft you don't know wine from treacle?

- No, Agha! I'm the smartest man on earth after Plato.

in my haste, I bought wine instead of treacle. They're very similar in colour, as long as they're both grapes. It can't hurt.

Cakir was not a man who didn't drink wine. He resented the bastard Ilyas' deception.

His resentment was not going to continue after the mysteries were solved. After finishing the rest of the wine in one gulp, he held out his bowl:

- Fill it up, he said. After drinking it, he poured another one. He handed it to Mad Wolf and said, 'It's good wine, you drink it too.'

\*\*\*

The reason that drove Cakir to Istanbul in such a hurry was important. The late Isa Beğ, the Ottoman throne

He had once been forced to take refuge in Istanbul while fighting with his brothers for the sake of his brotherhood. At that time there were a hundred Turks settled in Istanbul. Some of them for trade, some for the Ottoman

They had fled from the Ottoman Empire and came here. were also those who came to serve the Ottomans and settled in Byzantium. Turks, with whom Isa Beğ had established a very sincere friendship, were also here, two of them were acquainted with Çakır. They had exchanged letters once or twice. Their letters

Ilyas the bastard would bring them back and forth. Since these letters were written in a language that only they could understand, like a cipher, even if they were intercepted, they could not be understood by others. Both Cakir and those in Istanbul never trusted Ilyas Bastard because he was a convert. But when he finally escaped. He would accomplish some tasks that he could not do, for example; he would cross the Byzantine outposts in any way could. When there was an interest at stake, he would even risk his life, and he was very good at bribing people. The last time he met with a Turk in Istanbul

He had brought news to Cakir: 'I lost my money, if possible, send some'. In reality, there was no money lost, nor did Cakir have the wealth to help someone else at a moment's notice. These words were the motto. 'I lost my money' means

'I will leave Istanbul soon' meant 'I will leave Istanbul soon' If possible, send some money' meant an invitation to Cakir.

A little after midnight, a small Greek schooner docked off the coast of Edincik and departed for Istanbul with three passengers. The horses and heavy weapons were left in the care of a Turk.

Mad Wolf was travelling by sea for the first time in my life. Although he didn't know why he was going, he liked it, looking at the waters, listening to the gushing of the waters in the silence of the night.

There were four Greek crew on board. Ilyas, the bastard, was chatting with the captain on the one hand, and on the other hand, he was taking things out of the bags and eating them.

Cakir and Mad Wolf were sitting cross-legged on the small deck at the back of the ship, looking around in silence. Bastard Ilyas approached:

- I spoke to the captain, Agha, he said. Tomorrow we will reach the islands and wait until night. We will enter Istanbul at night.

- Is that all?

- That's it.

- Has it been that long with the captain?

- Yes.

Cakir did not hide his astonishment:

- To speak Greek is to be a prat? With so many words a fairy tale could be told !...

- I didn't speak Greek...

- And what language did you speak?

- I spoke Genoese.

- Why?

- So the crew wouldn't find out. .

- What if they find out? Won't they realise we're going to Istanbul anyway?

- They will not see...

Coyote stopped:

- Blindfold him?

- No! We'll leave these islands and take others! Cakir smiled:

- Well done, bastard! You really... What was that? You said the name of a clever giaour...

- Plato?

-Yes! You're as smart as that Plato.

Mad Wolf, who had been silent until then, intervened:

- You said you spoke Genoese to the captain. Isn't the captain Greek?

- Greek but from Lesbos. He was very much in the service of the Genoese princes in Mytilene.

They didn't say anything after that. Bastard Ilyas passed out in the wine. Both sipahi lay down and took a nap. This was a complete Sipahi sleep between sleep and wakefulness.

That's what they used to do in the wars. To avoid a raid, their eyes were asleep and their heads were awake.

dawn, the Mad Wolf watched the landscapes passing through his brain without dreaming.

Satı Woman... Çakır's lessons... The universe... Cakir's joke... 'Yes, my prince'. . The Turkmen tribe... Sipahilik... The tale of Gökçen Girl... Gökçen Girl... Gökçen...

He and Cakir woke up at the same time and exchanged glances. Both of them had one hand on their knives. They sat up and sat down. Mad Wolf was looking at the sea. The sea was not as beautiful in the daytime as it was at night. Now it was just a big, churning water. It was not as beautiful in the darkness it looked different, little lights flickered in and out of it.

They reached the islands that Ilyas the bastard told them about. The ship dropped anchor. A boat was lowered into the sea. The captain and the crew got on and went out to the island.

Ilyas had woken up quite late that day with the intoxication of last night's wine, but as soon as he woke up, he started to eat. Now he was in front of them with a his hand, which the sipahis did not understand what it was. He was eating and talking at the same time:

- The captain will leave his crew on the island and get new ones for a few days. And he'll bring back the essentials.

Cakir asked :

- What are the essentials?

- First, a dress for both of

you... Mad Wolf's face

changed:

- Are we going to dress up as giaour?

Bastard Ilyas hurried up with an answer:

- Oh my Murad Agha!... Is it possible to enter Istanbul in such a sipahi dress? Mad Wolf asked by looking at Çakır's face:

- What happens if it's entered?

To this Elijah replied :

- What's it gonna be? The Emperor will get to Yani's heart.



Coyote put his hand on Mad Wolf's shoulder:

- Don't be afraid! We won't disguise ourselves as giaour. But we will change our clothes a little to avoid alarming the Greeks.

Then turning to Ilyas the Bastard:

- What else did you order?

- I ordered other, most necessary food. And...

He was silent. He couldn't follow up. Cakir understood. The guy had definitely ordered wine. As if he was angry because of this drink that was thought out of place:

- Tell me, what else did you order?

When Çakır was angry, Ilyas was scared out of his wits and his eyes used to squint. It was like that again:

- Well, he said. I ordered treacle!

- What kind of treacle?

- Too much fermented treacle!

- What else?

- I didn't order anything else to save money.

Ilyas the Bastard was silent, but Cakir sensed that there was something under his tongue. He asked  
:

- What now?

- Nothing will happen, but maybe it will.

- What happens?

- The captain will be pleased.

- How?

- Thanks to you,

Agha! Çakır

understood:

- So you want money?

Bastard Ilyas threw his hands in the air and said:

- Oh my God, my brother! How did you know?

Coyote was already prepared. reached into his belt. He took out a few Ottoman akças and Venetian florins and handed them to him.

Ilyas was in a good mood.

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They left for Istanbul at dusk.

## **HASAN CELEBI**

Çakır and Deli Kurt, guided by Bastard Ilyas.

After walking for a while in the streets, they stopped in front of a big house. The door opened into the garden. Ilyas banged

the knocker.

A servant with a lantern opened the door and as soon as he saw Ilyas, he said slowly :

- He asked, "Who's here?"

It was obvious that Ilyas the Bastard was a wolf in this business. After saying something secretly to the servant, it was seen that he looked at Çakır and Mad Wolf and lifted the lantern and said "Here you are!". They passed through the garden and entered a large room. In the room illuminated by large candles placed on candlesticks

They sat on the sofas and waited. And they stood up and saluted when an elderly man with a pleasant face, dressed as a Çelebi, entered.

This man was the landlord Hasan Çelebi and had been living in Istanbul for many years.

I told the Sipahis

and then he turned to Elijah.

- Ilyas!" he started to speak with a gentle manner. Aghas will be my guest tonight. You make your preparations until tomorrow evening and come again at this time and take them to the ship.

A money pouch appeared in Hasan Çelebi's hand and Ilyas saw it first. When there was money, Ilyas would see it even if it was in the chest, under the shutter, beyond the wall. A certain hunger

he took a few steps towards the pouch.

lighter would have been angry at such behaviour. Hasan Çelebi only smiled and did not say anything until Ilyas left the room. It was only after he left that he showed a seat to the sipahis and sat opposite them and asked Cakir, looking intently at Deli Kurt:

- Your friend is Sipahi Murad Agha, isn't he?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Hasan Çelebi looked in front of him, and just then servant came in and offered the sherbet he had brought on a tray to the three of them.

The landlord gave the following order to the servant who was waiting to take the sherbet bowls:

- The Aghas are tired. Prepare their beds so they can rest as soon as possible.

Mad Wolf didn't say anything, but he couldn't find an answer to a question that was going through his mind: 'We travelled by night and came to Istanbul secretly Since we will return tomorrow evening, why are we retiring to our beds tonight? Why did we come here if we are not going to do anything?'

\*\*\*

They had prepared a room for Mad Wolf in the centre of the three-storey house. As a matter of fact, he soon fell into a deep sleep due to road fatigue and fell asleep. The room prepared for Cakir was upstairs and although he had retired to his room, he did not sleep.

Because he was waiting for Hasan Çelebi. After some time had passed and the landlord was sure that everyone was asleep, he noiselessly entered Çakır's room and down in the light of a candle opposite the waiting sipahi. Saddened

and he had this look about him. The first words were:

- He said, "There is such a resemblance. As soon as I saw it, I thought Jesus had risen and I was sick.

Cakir kept his eyes on the ground:

- I brought it for you to see this resemblance, Çelebi.

Hasan Çelebi looked at me with awe:

- What if I do?

- You'll believe me

The smile on the landlord's lips disappeared:

- What kind of words is this Çakır Agha? If I had not seen Murad, would I not believe your words?

- Çelebi! I brought Mad Wolf because you trust me.

and you think it's too much for me to show you some evidence?

Hasan Çelebi smiled again.

- You say it well, Cakir Agha. But before I get to the point, let me say that this resemblance frightened me. Those who knew Isa Çelebi could swear that Murad was his son if they saw him.

- I know that too, that's why I try my best not to be seen by the vizier, pasha, admirer, whoever of Mad Wolf's old men.

They kept silent. These two people, who were trying to forcefully forget the possibility of danger that came to their minds, were two loyal men of Isa Çelebi, two loyal friends who could not forget him even after his death. During the very short period of Isa's rule in Bursa, Hasan Çelebi had been his kazaskeri.

He was a scholar, a poet, and a man of great virtue. He started to speak with that indelible smile on his lips:

- Cakir Agha! I've sent for you for this reason. I 't stay in Istanbul anymore.

- Why?

-Sultan Murad Beğ's men have discovered my location. Emperor Yani will receive an envoy soon.

- What are you going to do?

- I'm leaving Istanbul. Tomorrow the men will come. I'll sell the house, the furniture, everything. The day after you leave, I'll leave the cities.

- Where will you go?

- To Kastamonu... Candaroğlu also a friend of Isa Beğ...

They fell silent again...

Hasan Çelebi felt a restlessness. This restlessness, the relic until gave it to his owners and left the city himself. Nevertheless, he continued his words with his wise smile

:

- The money, which was the trust of the deceased Isa Beg, was bequeathed to you and his son.

It's just that this much money might seem too much for him and he might get suspicious.

I thought. I'll give him half the shares. You half... You can give it to him on some pretext in the future.

Cakir immediately reminded :

- Mad Wolf knows his father's name as Osman and Osman as my relative.

- It's fine. I'll take it from here.

Hasan Çelebi dozed off for a while. He remembered the noisy and dangerous days he had spent with Isa Beğ. When things went out of order, exciting conversation that Isa Beğ had with him was never far from his mind. The unfortunate prince thought not of himself but of his child to be born, and when he was about to be left alone with his fate, he gave all the money he had left to Hasan Çelebi he said these words that penetrated his brain and his heart:

- I know that my end is near. God knows that I have to worry about but Bala Hatun and my child to be born. We don't need to worry about our lives. Hasan Çelebi! My loyal and valiant sipahim Çakır hid Hatun in a village. You send this money to them from time to time so that they do not suffer from poverty. If my child is born a boy, he will never know who I am!

Hasan Çelebi was only able to send money to Isa Beğ's wife once. Then he himself was forced to go into hiding and fled from city to city. He settled in Istanbul. He had made a living by trading and had not touched the money left by Isa Beğ. Now he saw that he had lost his peace here too. Murad II, the Ottoman Sultan, was almost the ruler of Byzantium.

Those of his men in Constantinople had taken the Greek Emperor and his government under their influence. In some respects, the Ottoman government he was certainly sceptical. Since Isa Beğ's wife was not captured, he suspected Isa Beğ's men. This woman might have given birth to a prince, this unknown prince might one day cause trouble for the state.

When Murad Beğ's servants saw Hasan Çelebi in Istanbul after many years, they immediately reported this and caused an alarm in the Ottoman Palace.

The Ottomans were neither afraid of the United Crusaders nor alarmed by the appearance of a new Aksak Temür Beğ. But an Ottoman prince  
They felt great uneasiness at being thrown into the square. The Ottomans were only afraid of the Ottomans.

Hasan Çelebi not terrified of being caught, but of being called upon to swear on the Qur'an if he was caught. What would he do if they said, 'Isa Çelebi have a son?'  
Would he lie even though he had sworn on the Qur'an?

It wasn't like him. He'd have to hide, and if he was busted in his hideout.

he was going to die. It was befitting of Isa Beg's kazasker.

That night, two loyal men of the unfortunate prince Isa Beg, a scholar and a soldier.

and they talked about it till the wee hours.

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The next morning Hasan Çelebi and the guest sipahi had breakfast in the garden. It was a beautiful, heartwarming Turkish garden. Hasan Çelebi was going to leave his garden tomorrow, which he had laboured for years to make it what it was. This was not a breakfast, but a farewell ceremony. His young and very well-behaved servant

Ahmed put pillows on the mat and brought trays of fragrant fresh bread, milk, honey, cheese and nuts. the usual smile on the face of the host, but there was a forced sorrow inside. He was going to leave the house and garden he had laboured and got used to. Separation is a bit like death  
wouldn't it look like?

Now, while the two sipahi were eating the crunchy fresh bread and drinking the milk, Hasan Çelebi was drinking the greenery of the garden, the appearance of the nut trees and the fragrance of the flowers. He had been educated in Iznik madrasah. He was not only knowledgeable with what he learnt, but he was also a moderate person in his actions. He did not get angry, he did not rejoice too much, he did not get upset too much.

At one point, looking at the Mad Wolf:

- Murad Agha! He started talking. We were friends with your father. I had some of your father's money left.

I'll give it to you today.

Mad Wolf was surprised and asked "Akça?" and looked at Cakir's face. It was one of those difficult moments. Cakir ignored his look and ate to take it.

Hasan Çelebi continued in the same soft voice:

- Yes, maple. Maybe I'm guilty of putting this off so long, but I just couldn't get round to it.

'I never knew my father had money,' said Mad Wolf and looked at Cakir again.

Cakir intervened this time:

- How would you know? I didn't tell you... Then he jokingly added:

- If you were going to trade, of course I'd tell you right away.  
What's with the map? As long as your belly is full, your back is strong, and your compasses are complete. .

Murad, although he found this father's legacy, which suddenly appeared, strange he did not dwell on it more because there was a lighter in between, he kept silent.  
After breakfast  
Then he took the money Hasan Çelebi had brought in two bags without saying anything.

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They spent the day in the garden. In the afternoon, Ilyas the Bastard and a few Greeks who had spoken to Hasan Çelebi about buying the house and furniture visited.  
No other event disturbed this quiet, outwardly, but inwardly anxious sitting.



As night fell, there was another knock on the door and Ilyas the Bastard appeared, this time alone. They said goodbye to Hasan Çelebi. Hasan Çelebi, who still smiled but his voice was sad, said:

- We'll never meet again. We'll all go our own way to our fate, he said.

They left. Again passing through those crooked roads, they found the boat of the ship that had brought them to Istanbul.

Soon they were on board. They sailed towards the islands. Coyote and Mad Wolf

They wanted to reach the Island as soon as possible to get rid of the strange disguise. They anchored in front of the island around midnight with the ship dragged very slowly by the light wind. As the captain left the crew he had taken from here and sailed to pick up his main crew, Çakır and Murad first put on their sipahi clothes. Then they sat cross-legged on the small deck at the back of the ship, prepared for the journey.

As they travelled towards Edincik, the sipahis began to think and Ilyas the Bastard began to eat and drink.

Although Çakır and Deli Kurt occasionally interrupted their deep thoughts, Ilyas' eating and drinking continued uninterruptedly until he reached the Ottoman land.

## **TEN YEARS LATER**

They were drinking wine in Evren's garden.

Ten years had passed since the secret journey to Istanbul. Now Evren also a fief sipahi. He had shed blood and worn out his life in the wars against Hungarians and Vlachs in Rumelia and Karamanoğlu in Anatolia.

After confronting Azrail in many life bazaars, when the opportunity arose, it was their right to steal a day from the catastrophe, as Çakır put it.

There was a lot of smoke.

Cakir the need to talk tonight.

- This wine doesn't last as long as it does in a jug, he began. How quickly this thing you call life travels like a Greek horseman fleeing from battle! You were both children born into my hands. You were both born into my hand. Would I have thought that you would be a sipahi in the days when you were rolling? I am forty-nine years old now, and all these years of work flash before my eyes as if it were yesterday.

Cakir, who was cold-blooded even in the bloodiest days of war, was very excited.

- And you, how old are you, Universe?

- Thirty-one.

- You Mad Wolf?

- Twenty-nine.

- Do you realise how all these years have passed?

No one answered this question. Cakir continued:

- Maybe you didn't understand because you were at an earlier age. What about me? I don't understand how forty-nine years have passed. If I live another forty years, I won't understand it either. I wonder if our

Did Ana understand? Cakir

was calculating something:

- My milk mother is twenty-five years older than me. So she's seventy-four now. Would you like us to go and ask her? Let's see if she realises how long life has passed.

The universe was silent, the mad wolf slowly 'Let's ask'. Cakir smiled at this situation and took a few more sips of wine:

- 'Crazy Wolf,' he said. 'Those who see you talking so softly think that you are the novice of the Kadi of Bursa, but they do not realise what a madman you are. He will not even think that you are a crazy-eyed sipahi, that you hold your arm like a shield against a swinging sword, that you send a giaour to hell with a slap.'

Mad Wolf looked in front of him and Cakir suddenly fell silent. As he was drunkenly talking wildly, he thought 'maybe I'll blurt something out' and realised that it might be dangerous to say too much. If he accidentally said something like 'prince' or 'Osmanoğlu' again, he would have to call Deli Kurt

It would not be easy to deceive him by saying 'I misspoke'. Cakir saw that Isa Beğ's son was superior not only in bravery but also in intellect. It was obvious that a great intelligence was hidden behind his calm demeanour. For this reason he changed the word immediately:

- soon as tomorrow. We'll go to the Turkmen oba and kiss Mother Sati's hand and ask for her favour.

She is the birth mother of one of us, the milk mother of one of us, and the mother of one of us, but she loves all of us without discrimination, and it would be pleasing to her heart if we go.

The three sipahi set off before sunrise the next day. Since it was not the time for leave, they would stay in the oba only for a night or two and then return. That's why they were galloping. They made one or two short breaks and raced in a place where the road was smooth.

They reached the obaya at sunset. They found Sati Kadın in front of her tent. Cakir called out:

- Ana! How many days will your stay last?

Sati Kadın turned in the direction of the voice. Despite her seventy-four years, her posture was still vigorous. Only her face was well wrinkled and her movements were a little heavy.

It was obvious that his eyesight was not what it used to be. After keeping his gaze on the three people for a while, he recognised them. He answered with a smile:

- If it is in the state's almshouse, the stay is three days. If it's in a Turkmen obla, it's as long as you want.

Then he embraced three sipahis in order of age. Cakir started to joke.

- Ana! Are you saying that because you realise we're staying for two nights?

- Two nights? Two nights with your mother, whom you come to see once in forty years?

- We would like to stay with our mother more, but will our state father let us go?

- If you stay, will the government say anything?

- He doesn't. Only the father of the state is never short of expeditions; all of a sudden he suddenly says, "Here, let's go to war". He counts his sipahis. When he can't see two crazy ones among them, namely Murad and Evren, and one smart one, namely Çakır, he says goodbye my lions and takes our fiefs and gives them to someone else...

The saleswoman made a joke out of it:

- Not bad? I thought you'd get rid of him, settle down in this lodge and live out your days.

- Ana! It's nothing to be a fief. It's also nice to live in an oba. However, they say you ran away from the war. If we are called a coward after all these times we have fallen in love with Azrael, you will be the first to drive us out with a stick and we will lose our only mother on earth. .

When Satı Kadın couldn't get a word in edgewise with Çakır:

- God bless you, he said. You've become a big talker since I haven't seen you. They should have made you the Kadi of Bursa with this pedantry, not Sipahi.

Then he took them to his tent and offered them a bowl of buttermilk in the first mouth. She was a fulfilled woman.

Her son Evren also became a sipahi, raised the orphaned child of Bala Hatun, the guest of God, and raised a warrior like a lion. She used the time left over from housework to recite Yasin for her martyred son and martyred husband, Evren, Çakır and

He spent his time praying to Murad. To become a butterfly and fly for three or five days.

He would wait for his three sipahis with the patience of a silkworm weaving a cocoon for months, rejoicing when they arrived and not showing his sadness when they left.

- So you're staying for two nights? Then you'll always stay with me. There's no guest house.

- We'll stay, mum! As long as you...

Cakir said this and the others repeated it in their hearts.

Satı Kadın started to prepare dinner for her three sons on the spot. Despite her seventy-four years, she was still that skilful woman. She knew what they liked. He did something different for each of them. At nightfall he showed me the food he had packed in two bags and a tub of buttermilk:

- Come on load them up, he said. Cakir,

who was very hungry, asked:

- Oh, Mother! Weren't we supposed to eat this food?

-We'll eat.

- So where are we going?

- Are we going to the spring?

- Which spring?

- To the spring of the walker.

Coyote suddenly stopped, not understanding. Crazy Wolf asked:

- Gökçen Girl's spring? Cakir

remembered it too:

- He said, "I forgot about Gökçen Girl.

- Can Gökçen Kız be forgotten? Her spirit is still wandering around here. When someone falls in love with someone in this obada, light descends on the spring.

The universe intervened:

- Are we going there to see the light? The

woman pointed to the horizon:

- Look! The moon is about to rise. The light descends on dark , not on bright nights like this. We go to the spring not to see the light descending, but to drink its sweet, cold water.

They came to the spring without speaking. The whole clan used to get drinking water from here. But the real flavour of the water was when it was drunk from the spring.

It was a beautiful night. The obans who always lived in this beauty did not realise it, they did not think of sitting in the moonlight and diving.  
At night, no one could be seen.

Even the dogs were silent. Only, in a while, a bird would be heard. When Satı

Kadın spread the food, Cakir, despite all his hunger:

- He couldn't help saying, "Isn't this too much, mum? She

laughed:

- I don't get full easily, but I brought plenty for myself.

The meal was being eaten with appetite. Satı Kadın filled her large copper bowl from the spring and handed it to Çakır

:

- He said that this meal would be savoured with the water of the spring, drink it. Cakir, while eating his mother's good food under the moonlight and drinking the spring water, he realised that living was also a pleasant object. Three in this pleasure

He had eaten the daily meal all at once. As he withdrew his hand because he was too full, Satı Woman handed him another bowl of water:

- Drink this and lie on your back for a while.

That's what Cakir did. Evren and Mad Wolf sat cross-legged. Satı Kadın, about half of them

after taking a look at the uneaten food:

- Since you are a sipahi, you can endure sleeplessness. Since I am an old man, I don't sleep easily. The less we sleep, the more we can talk and commiserate. Come on, tell us what happened to you and let us listen, he said.

The Sipahis were silent. He repeated:

-Tell me! Or are you sleepy? When there was no

sound again, he turned to Mad Wolf:

- You're the youngest, Murad. Why don't you start so they can have their turn?

- But what should I tell? I have nothing to tell. Satı

Kadın looked at Evren's face. She was reluctant too:

- We didnt see anything, he said. 'Çakır Agha has seen the most succinct and sweetest of the world fight. O

"Is it our place to talk when there's no one

else to talk to?" The woman agreed:

- They're telling the truth, he said. 'It seems they won't open their mouths until you speak. Go on, start and let them have their turn.'

Cakir was listening to them from where he was lying on his back. Which one of them should he tell what had happened to him?

Their places and times were different, they were all different, but they were still similar to each other. He had already forgotten most of them. 'Tell me about the wars you fought' was saying 'tell me about the food you ate'. What a strange question that milk mother had asked on this bright night.

But he couldn't break her. He had to say something. He got up slowly, sat cross-legged and said:

- When we were at the Battle of Ankara. he started to speak. He started, but his silence one one. There was nothing left for him to knock a pine again. Was this the time to talk about the Battle of Ankara? What devil had poked him again? her wet nurse's husband had been killed in the war. He was going to remind her of her ashen grief. Furthermore, she had been side by side with Isa Beğ from the beginning to the end of the Battle of Ankara and had seen the face of death together with him. She was about to continue, 'When I was with Isa Beğ'.

When he interrupted her and couldn't finish, she asked him:

- Yes, I did. What happened while you were at the Battle of Ankara?

Cakir could not find anything to say. Finally, as if a great burden had been lifted from him, he said in a very serious but very slow voice:

- So what? We're beaten, he concluded.

Mad Wolf and Evren exchanged glances. Sati Kadın's eyes widened in surprise. Çakır sensed that an icy atmosphere had descended on the place. He was angry with himself as to why he had done such a stupid thing. He was so angry:

- God damn me, he couldn't help shouting. This was such a shout that Evren and Mad Wolf kept their eyes him. Sati Kadın was quite frightened:

- What's going on, Cakir? he asked. Cakir's eyes were fixed on the leftover food:

- He said, "What about me? I'm hungry. If our regiment leader saw me so hungry, he wouldn't take me on an expedition.



After all, Cakir was an old wolf. He knew how to fix things that were broken. And the wet nurse was pleased.

- He said, "You're going to eat the food you just found too much.

Cakir said he was hungry. When he took the first bite, he realised that he was really hungry. While eating the food one by one, he asked with the naivety of a child:

- What happened to me

like that? She was

laughing:

- Don't worry, he said. Nothing to you. The spring water you just drank made you hungry like this.

Cakir in a good mood. While he was eating, he had a dangerous experience he to his senses. He was going to fulfil his mother's wish by telling this incident, which had nothing to do with either the Battle of Ankara or Isa Beğ. But he couldn't. Because just as he was starting to tell, his eyes touched the Mad Wolf, and his eyes were very hard.

He saw that he was looking somewhere ahead. Cakir also turned his head in that direction to understand who and what he was looking at. Under the moonlight, a thin, long shadow was coming towards the spring with heavy steps.

## **GYCE GIRL**

When he saw that they were both looking at one place, Evren did not delay to follow them. When they all stopped talking and started to look at the same place, Sati Kadın asked :

- What are you staring at?

Cakir answered again:

- Let him come.

- He walks funny. Like he's floating, not walking. He looks like a ghost. He remembered the ghosts he had seen at night by Bala Hatun's grave. Sati Kadın said indifferently:

- He said he's not much different from a ghost. He always travels at night.

- You're talking like you know me.

- Wouldn't I recognise him?

- Who is this ghost?

- Who will it be? Sky Girl! You better not look at her face. It's not Tekin.

Mad Wolf, who had been quietly listening to these conversations until then, suddenly shuddered and asked :

- Gokcen Girl?

When he was asking this question, he remembered that he had listened to it many years ago and had not forgotten it, and that for some reason it had touched him very much.

Gökçen remembered the fairy tale. On the way here, his mother had unknowingly remembered him, and Mad Wolf had always thought of the girl from that fairy tale at the spring. This fairy tale had enveloped him so much

He thought it was not a fairy tale but a reality, and he pitied the unfortunate prince and the unfortunate Yoruk girl.

The Gokcen girl was approaching and taking shape. was no way she could see the four people sitting in the shadow of a large rock looking at her without getting closer. She was a tall girl. What a glide.

that the Mad Wolf, who could hear his own heart beating, did not hear his footsteps.

There was a sound. The ghost girl was getting closer and her face was becoming visible.

Twenty paces away, he thought, 'What a beautiful two'.

Fifteen steps away, he asked himself, "Is this the light that descends to the spring?"

At ten paces, seeing his face in the moonlight, he became speechless and his thoughts became inoperative.

Five steps away, he turned his head slightly, locked eyes with Mad Wolf and stopped.

Mad Wolf was startled like a warrior who was hit by an arrow in the chest at close range. Then, with his dazzled eyes, he suddenly became terrified, unable to see his surroundings. Closing his eyes with one hand, he couldn't help but jump up as if he had been bitten by a snake. When their eyes met, he saw a green light emanating from her gaze, and when his eyes, dazzled by this light, could not see anything, he jumped up, thinking that he was blind. Was he crazy? He took his hand away from his eyes and cautiously looked at her. She was standing where she was, but not looking at anyone. Her head was bowed and her eyes were on the ground. Mad Wolf then came to his senses and turned his face towards them to see what effect his frantic leap from the ground had had on his companions. They had also got up.

Even Satı Kadın was on her feet.

He again broke the prolonged silence between the five people:

- Were you out sightseeing, Gökçen?

- I've come to the spring, Satı Ana!

The mad wolf himself shivering again. such a melody in the girl's voice that it penetrated the heart in the silence of the night.

Satı woman realised that there was a disturbance:

- We were about to leave. He said, "Sit down.

The three sipahi, who stood like idols and looked at him, listened to the following answer in a beautiful voice that was not found in the strings of any instrument:

- Don't go for me. I didn't come to sit, I came to get water.

Then they saw that he had a jug in his hand. He filled it with his head always bowed down.

Then he disappeared on the goat path with a ghostly, gliding gait, his steps inaudible.

Mad Wolf was mesmerised.

- Sit down, Crazy Wolf.

Cakir was saying that. This girl had an incomprehensible effect on him too, but Murad had such a look at the road where she disappeared, such an ecstasy that it was clear that if he was not warned, he would remain like a stone for a long time.

He sat down.

All three of them looked at Sati Kadın. She told them:

- He walks around like this at night. She is not seen much during the day. when she does, she wears a veil.

- Why?

-To avoid showing your face.

- Is she crazy? The old

woman smiled.

-I wish he was crazy, son. He wouldn't have harmed anyone!

Cakir and Evren were also listening with curiosity, but not as attentively as Mad Wolf. I wonder what harm

What was it? The universe asked me that:

- What's wrong with who, Ana?

- Sati Kadın's voice rose from pitch to pitch.

- He's evil to anyone. But those eyes of his, his eyes?...From them comes a wretched light, which leaves no good in whomever it touches. God forbid! You didn't look at his eyes?

The mad wolf trembled. He looked into her eyes. Or rather, he could not look, his eyes were dazzled, the world seemed dark to his eyes. But he did not say 'I looked' and gave a lighter answer to Satı Kadın:

- He wasn't looking at us... He was always staring at the ground.

- She is; she doesn't look. In the daytime, if he goes out sometimes, he wears a veil. But if he accidentally looks, he's finished.

- Ana! Did you see that girl's eyes? The

woman got flustered:

- God forbid, son! Would I have survived if I had seen

it? Mad Wolf trembled again and Cakir asked again:

- How do you know whoever he looks at gets hit?

- Don't I know? Only two years ago, Uzguroglu Ahmed lost his mind and died. And the son of the Sanjak of Karasi disappeared less than six months ago!

- Ana! Will Gökçen Kız be blamed for every disappearance? was excited:

- What a bunch of impatient, impatient children! Let me finish.

The son of the banner chief heard about the beauty of Gökçen Kız and came to the obaya. What to do?

He was a brave, handsome man. I saw it with my own eyes, I thought the mountains would collapse, but I didn't think he would collapse. The son of the chief caught Gökçen with a veil. He said open your veil, show your face. She didn't. The son of the lord said, "Go away you'll get into trouble, I don't want to do you any harm". This is the heart, the fire will fall.

Let him see, will he listen to accident and trouble? He resisted and resisted to open his face. The girl did not open her face again. Then the son of the beğ tried to use force. Gökçen Girl

If the other one is Ottoman, this one is Turkmen. He immediately drew his knife. I'll shoot him, he said. When his favourite son took a step, he stabbed him in the chest with his knife. The father said.

I said he was a brave young man. He laughed. Your eyes are not sharper than your knife, he said, pulling the knife stabbed into his chest and throwing it on the ground. He tore off the veil of Gökçen Girl.

He snapped it off, but the moment he looked at her face, sighs and collapses. They tried hard to sober him up. I saw it too, his look had changed. He got on his horse and left. No one saw him again. The banner beeg sent men everywhere to look for his son. Not even a trace of him was found...

- What happened?

- It's not clear...

They were all under a strange influence. It was as if Satı Kadın wanted to get it off her chest. She was attentive

Looking at the three sipahis, he continued his narration:

- This Gökçen Girl is a scary girl. Even wolves, birds, snakes and centipedes are afraid of her. The dogs of the oba cannot come near her. Wolves run away from her. I saw with my own eyes she strangled a huge snake of two cubits in length with her hand after making it faint with a glance.

The universe intervened:

- Mother! And you made a monster out of that suna-sized, nightingale-voiced girl! Satı woman scolded her son:

-Hush, playboy!... If only it were a monster, it could be dealt with. But it's not clear what she is. Some say it's a fairy girl.

and some say it's a genie in human form...

The time was late. But Gökçen Girl's curious story had enveloped them so much that they could not even think of returning to the tent.

Cakir asked :

- Ana, who is this girl?

- That's not clear either !...

- What do you say, Ana?

This oba is not Bursa or Edirne, so that there would be unknown people in it. In an oba of four or five hundred tents in total, would it be possible for a girl who is so well-known to be unknown?

Shaking her head like a teacher who can't teach a lesson to mindless children, the woman started to explain again:

- Son, this girl was a little thing when she came to the land...

Cakir interrupted his mother:

- So this girl came from outside. Then she's not Turkmen...

- Turkmen for Turkmen, but not from our clan. He's from the Varsak tribe of Karaman. One day, ten years ago, he came with his father and took refuge in the obaya! According to the rumours, her father had killed one of Karamanoğlu's men and fled, and her brother had died on the road while walking through the mountains and slopes, so she took her little daughter.

He came in the forehead. He was taken in because he was a guest. He was a good man.

She endeared herself. Although this girl was small at that time, she used to wait for sheep and cattle alone in the mountains. We've never seen you lose a sheep to a wolf. It turned out

already scaring wolves with her eyes, but what do we know? We couldn't see her eyes either. She had so much hair.

who used to cover his eyes. He never went out in public anyway, he travelled in the mountains. The day's

A man from Varsak married a woman from our clan. The girl was ten or twelve years old at that time. Then we saw that Gökçen Kız started to walk around with a veil on her face. It turned out that her stepmother was scared when she saw her eyes and made her wear a veil. She was a very docile girl. She never disobeys anyone, especially the elders.

Time after time, Gökçen Kız's father died. Forty days after his death, she had a son.

Gökçen Kız been working as a shepherd since that day so that his widow would not be troubled with the little child. She takes whatever they give her and takes it to her stepmother. He's got a knife in his belt and a stick in his hand, but with those eyes, he doesn't need them. She shepherds the flock  
his head. The shepherd won't take the dog. Dogs run away from him anyway. And he plays a beautiful pipe that no shepherd can play. He always leads his flock to that hill  
behind him.

Satı Kadın was pointing to a flat hill in the west with her hand. Çakır and Evren looked at it and then returned to their mother. Crazy Wolf's eyes stayed there for a long time.

He had never listened to anything so curious, so attractive. They were so engrossed that they wanted to ask, to deepen, to learn. Cakir:

- Okay, Mummy, he said. You've never spoken to this girl's stepmother?

- What?

- Whether she's a fairy girl or a genie.

- It was her stepmother who said she was a fairy girl. At first she was afraid to sleep in a tent, but now she's used to it.

- What else does it say?

- He doesn't say much of anything. Only one day he saw her sleeping without a veil, and then the fairy girl

was. She was that beautiful. And those eyes? They're trouble... They kill whoever you look at. .

Cakir smiled:

- Ana! You've made me curious with those words, she said. I can't help seeing that girl's eyes...

Saying this, he stood up. But before he could take a step, Satı Woman grabbed him by the arm:



- He shouted, "Sit down, you lunatic! You thirst for his blood?"

- No, mum! I'm thirsty for spring water. I'll drink water, he said. The woman left Cakir:

- I thought you were going to the girl.

- Let's not go to the girl, let's go to the tent and go to bed. Before going to bed, let's drink the water from the spring so that we will be hungry and have appetising meal.

He filled his bowl and drank. He gave it to Evren. He drank too. Crazy Wolf did not take the water. He looked at the spring and the flat hill with a calm gaze.

They returned to the tent. It was too late. Cakir and Evren couldn't resist eating a bowl of yoghurt.

Murad didn't eat yoghurt either.

Satı Woman gave each of them a felt. They shared the corners of the tent. Their felt would be both a bed and a quilt. They wrapped themselves up and slept.

The encounter with Gökçen Kız at the beginning of the spring must have upset Satı Kadın's nerves that she could not fall asleep quickly despite her tiredness and the delay of the time. It was not clear whether she could be comfortable even after she slept. It seemed to her alone that although Çakır and Evren fell into a comfortable and deep sleep, Mad Wolf could not sleep and turned from right to left and left to right in an uncomfortable bed until the morning...

## **BEHIND THE FLAT**

Mad Wolf really didn't blink until morning.

He was thinking of Gökçen Girl. He was thinking about her eyes. They said that anyone who looked into those eyes once would die. He had looked eyes with Gökçen, but he didn't die. Was he going to die soon?

Or would he go mad like Ahmed, son of Uzguroğlu, or become a secret like the son of the Sanjak beğ?

He was not dead, but he remembered that his eyes were dazzled and he could not see anything for a while. Why was it like that?

Mad Wolf, in the long time that lasted until the morning, always remembered the short time he met Gökçen.

he thought.

He caught a glimpse of her eyes. No, no, that wasn't seeing. He hadn't. He remembered a green, very bright light emanating from her eyes. And then? He couldn't remember

he couldn't think of it.

Or was this girl a witch? If she was a witch, she would have done evil to people. She didn't, so she wasn't. Then what was she? Her stepmother said she was a fairy girl. If she was a fairy girl, would she be travelling in public like this?

But all this was not so important. The important thing was that Deli Kurt felt a heaviness in his heart and felt that the desire to see Gökçen was burning his whole being. He got up at dawn. He came out of the tent. It was a cool and beautiful morning. Despite the coolness, Deli Kurt felt his insides burning. He was thirsty. Such a thirst at such an early hour?

Until the people in the tent woke up, he thought, I'll go to the spring and cool down and come back. He started walking.

By the time he reached the spring, it was a little darker. He drank a lot. He washed his face. He sprinkled water on his head and burning forehead. A redness appeared in the east.

, with a sudden impulse, he turned his head back and looked to the west, and his heart ached as he saw Yassı Tepe in the dawning day.

An irresistible force was pushing him there. He started walking. He was curious about that place, the place where Gökçen Kız lived with the sheep every day. It couldn't be like everywhere else. There to be something extraordinary there. It had to be a mesmerising place. Because there was Gökçen there.

He was walking. He forgot the world and time. Everything was erased from his eyes. He could not see anywhere else but Yassi Hill. Since he did not know the way, sometimes he would descend to a stream to lengthen the way, then climb a slope and head towards Yassi Tepe again.

It was dawn. He could not reach the hill. But as the road got longer, his speed and strength increased and the urge inside him increased.

As he approached the top of the hill, he suddenly stopped. He heard the sound of a pipe. Then his heart began to beat with excitement. , Gökçen was there. But when had she arrived?

The sun was high in the sky. Crazy Wolf felt his face burning.

He came here to see where Gökçen was spending time. Now he was going to see himself?

Suddenly he remembered last night. Seeing him...those green lights... The Mad Wolf trembled... He decided to turn round. He turned round. But he couldn't walk...What was happening?  
Was he bewitched?

The sound of the pipe was getting louder and more beautiful. It was this pipe that pinned him where he was. It was as if it was calling him.

He turned again. He was a few paces from the summit of Flat Hill. He ascended slowly and from this place, which overlooked the back of the hill, he gazed at the view below.

Gökçen Kız was sitting in the shade of the only tree there, with her back against it, playing her pipe.

His back was turned towards Mad Wolf, so he could not see him. His long hair was hanging down to his waist in a messy manner from underneath the scarf on his head. He was wearing Turkmen clothes and Turkmen boots on his feet. Only their dishevelled hair was not Turkmen. Turkmen girls wear their hair in braids.

and let them go.

On the green hillside, hundreds of sheep were grazing, and a thin stream of water flowed below.

Mad Wolf stopped listening to the kaval from a distance of thirty or forty paces. He had listened to many kopuz and kaval until he reached this age, but not like this. He didn't remember the effective one, the one that took place in the heart. What of breath was this girl's breath that made the pipe moan without getting tired and penetrated the heart with its smooth melody?

Fearing that if he took a step, maybe there would be noise and this beautiful sound would be disturbed, he stood still where he was, not taking his smoky eyes off the girl, who could no longer see anything else.

The sun was rising, the piping was going on, and the Mad Wolf stood mesmerised. He felt an irresistible desire in his heart to see the girl who had dazzled him last night up close, to look at her face, even if it meant death.

Unable to overcome this terrible desire, he began to move forward with slow steps. As he walked step by step, the sound of the pipe was getting louder and the shape of the girl leaning against the tree was getting bigger.

When he was ten paces away, he saw her hair. This unkempt and long hair. There was such a reflection in the hair that it caught Mad Wolf's eyes and made him involuntarily think, 'What I could see your eyes?' He paused, startled by this thought. Now another call from within

he could hear. This voice said, 'Aren't you Murad, the Ottoman sipah, the Turk who looks at the arrow and the sword without blinking, because you don't know what fear is?

"Didn't they call you Mad Wolf?

He pulled himself together. It was unmanly to be afraid of a girl, whether she was a sorceress or a fairy. He started walking again. There were five steps left. From behind her, but a little to the side, he stopped again and involuntarily, seeing for a moment her cheek and chin, her lips and eyelashes. She had long eyelashes, the redness of her lips and the

Her pinkness, without the need to see her eyes, told that she was a beauty of the world.

Mad Wolf gathered all his strength and was trying to close the gap of five paces when suddenly the sound of the pipe stopped. It was seen that the girl was doing something with quick behaviour. As if smoke was rising behind her, she stood up and turned her face to the Mad Wolf.

Thinking that he would be dazzled again by the green lights, Murad was prepared not to stumble.

But he didn't get what he feared. Because the girl had a veil on her face.

They were staring at each other at three-foot intervals. He hadn't been wrong last night. She was tall and very shapely.

His dark auburn hair half on his chest and half behind his back. A long knife was hanging from his belt. He held his pipe with his left hand.

If he didn't play that creepy pipe, his killing eyes, his suna height, his mind-blowing hair but that posture alone was enough to mesmerise the Mad Wolf. He was bewildered. He didn't know what to say, what to do, he just stood there. It was as if he was petrified. He didn't realise how much time had passed.

Suddenly, he heard Gökçen speaking in a voice like the sound of water pouring from a high place onto a rock, but much more beautiful than that:

- Aren't you the squire I saw at the spring last night?

The Mad Wolf was ecstatic and could only say a short "Yes!". The second question made him completely ecstatic:

- You left before sunrise. Why are you so late?

That's how the fairy , Gökçen, knew everything. Crazy Wolf answered after gathering all his courage and throwing away his insecurity:

- Are you a fairy girl? You know everything like that.

- I know because I've seen you travelling in the dark.

Mad Wolf felt a sigh of relief. But why hadn't he said 'I'm not a fairy girl'? He would ask again. There was no time left. Gökçen girl, with her magical voice:

- Sipahi! Why did you come here?, he was saying.

- I've come to see you

- For this alone?

The Mad Wolf felt faint inside and :

- I came to see your eyes, she could say.

Gökçen looked at the Mad Wolf for a long time. It was clear that he saw him from under his veil. With his pipe, he pointed past the place where he had just been sitting:

- You wasted time and got tired by extending the road three or four times. Sit down and rest, sipahi, he said.

It was clear that he considered himself the sole ruler of these places. Slowly he sank down again at the foot of the tree.

Mad Wolf sat cross-legged on the ground two steps away from him. They sat in silence for a long time.

Then the girl asked:

- What's your name, sipahi?

- Murad!

- Why do they call you Mad Wolf?

Mad Wolf shuddered again at this question. Now he knew everything again.

- That's my nickname. How do you know that? That

question remains unanswered.

Murad intention of staying here for a long time. He had come without informing his friends and Mother Satı. He would return after seeing Gökçen's eyes. With the habit of a sipahi who wanted to reach the result directly:

- He asked, "Why are you veiled?"

The girl was silent. Mad Wolf insisted:

- I came all the way here to see your eyes!

Gökçen put down his pipe on the grass and turned his face towards Murad. After a long look

:

- You can't stand it, Mad Wolf, he said, Mad Wolf's drunkenness was increasing:

- He asked if I'd die.

- You don't die...you get worse...

As Murad was ecstatic with this answer, Gökçen reminded him of last night.

- Weren't you dazzled last night? That girl knew everything.

- You won't show your eyes to anyone?

- No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!

- The man you're going to marry?

- No man wants me. And I don't want any man. The mad wolf had forgotten that he was married.

Taken by these words of the girl, he asked :

- Why wouldn't you want to?

- I want a man whose arrow exceeds me, whose horse surpasses me, who can beat me in wrestling. Mad Wolf's admiration was increasing:

- What if a guy like that comes along?

- I'll marry him.

- Can you show me your eyes?

- I'll show you!

- No harm will come to him?

- I'll get used to it.

They fell silent. Gökçen girl touched her pipe:

- He said, "Let me play you a Varsak run. The running of the offspring who couldn't get together and died..."

He started blowing. At first there was a very light sound. Gradually, the sound became louder and clearer, and the sound that spread over the wide meadow began to flow into the heart of the Mad Wolf.

Now it was as if he was seeing the young ones who had made love and couldn't be reunited. The girl was so expressive with the kaval that it was impossible to understand the meaning of her melodies. How was she able to make so many sounds from thin to thick?

? He stared at the pipe. Her fingers moved so quickly over the holes of the pipe that no one else could do it.



He played, he played...He played as if he had given all the excesses of his own soul to the kaval, hearing, exhilarated, knowing.

Crazy Wolf could no longer see Gökçen, the green slope or the sheep. One It was as if he was lost in the most beautiful harmonies in the sound world. He was about to fall into a sweet sleep and pass out when he suddenly felt a new chill. He looked at Gökçen. Now he was not playing the kaval, he was singing a folk song with a magical voice, with a voice that was more dizzying than the sharpest wine: My heart is the oak of these mountains,

My heart is a bottle of  
crystal! The burn has  
penetrated into the bone,  
my heart of fire, my heart  
of the knife, my heart of  
the sword, my heart of the  
sword !...

The girl fell silent. But Mad Wolf still heard the folk song in his heart. What kind of a sound was that? Could he who heard it once forget it again?

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The sun was high overhead. He hadn't even heard how the time passed until noon.

Gökçen opened a leather sack lying on the floor beside him. He took out a small bucket and a big copper bowl. He transferred the buttermilk in the goblet to the bowl and handed it to Deli Kurt:

- Drink, he said.

Mad Wolf took the bowl. But she didn't drink it. She had no other buttermilk. But the buttermilk he gave her

he couldn't refuse:

- Split it, he said. You drink first, leave half for me.

Gökçen took the bowl. Raising her veil a little with one hand, she brought the bowl closer to her lips and Mad Wolf saw her lips from two steps. They were one were the lips of the beauty of the world. While drinking half of the buttermilk touched by those lips, Mad Wolf was really drunk, not in words, not in metaphors...

## **SON OF OBA BEEG**

Mad Wolf does not remember what happened after that, how he returned to Sati Kadın's tent in the evening.

he didn't know. In front of the tent, he saw Cakir:

- Where were you, Mad Wolf? Did you get mixed up with the forty? There only one thing he vaguely remembered. As he left Gökçen and travelled away from Yassı Tepe, someone had stared at him. It was a horseman. A horse. . Yes, this horseman was the son of the oba beğ.

He didn't realise whether he had said anything or not. He only remembered that he was looking at him. These looks were not friendly.

Why did he look? He couldn't think of it.

Evren laughed and said something. Sati Kadın, on the other hand, remained silent, but looked deeply at Mad Wolf with anxious eyes. The experienced mother heart had sensed something bad.

That evening they would have their dinner in the tent. Sati Woman was tired of the spring. Three

sipahi, since they will set off early the next day, they should not go far, they should go to bed early.

I had to.

He had prepared good food for them again. Instead of spring water, there was Turkmen ayran. Çakır and Evren were in good mood. It was the herbs that talked, the others were silent.

Towards the middle of the meal, Universe:

- He said, "Ana! You won't be able to feed me tonight either!"

- Why?

- Do you have a reason? Did I drive too hard looking for the Mad Wolf?

His mother didn't want the conversation to come to this. She tried to shut it down. She thought she had closed it. But a little later Evren came out of the blue:

- When he said, "I also visited Gökçen Kız's stepmother," he felt a deep distress in his heart, and he did not miss the fact that Mad Wolf, who had been eating his meal very calmly and quietly until then, suddenly became lively and even blushed. He was going to say 'Talk about something else' to his son. Before he had time to say, Cakir's voice was heard:

- Since you dropped by, you should have learnt something about the Gokcen Girl...

- I've learnt...

Mad Wolf had an excitement that he could barely conceal and Cakir:

- He praised him, saying, "Evren, you are a man who will be the head of the company.

This evening, Evren also seemed eager to talk. He started to talk:

- Gökçen had a stone. He could make it rain whenever he wanted! Cakir was a man of experience. He did not believe easily. He asked:

- This girl came to the lodge when she was very small. Who taught her how to make it rain with a stone?

The universe answered:

- That's what I asked. Before Gökçen's father died. a woman came to their tent. This woman was Gökçen's aunt. For a few days a tent. He didn't want to be seen by anyone. He only spoke to Gökçen. He taught him secret knowledge. He also gave him the stone that makes it rain. Then one night she left again. That woman had eyes like Gökçen's.

When she talked to them in the tent, she wore a veil over her face.

Evren was telling them by drinking plum pulp paste. Cakir was listening while eating flour pudding. Sati

The woman's eyes were on Mad Wolf, his eyes were on Evren. He was listening to the narrations with the buttermilk bowl he held in his hand without drinking for a long time, without thinking to drink.

Having finished his plum sherbet, Evren continued:

- Gökçen's family was called Tümenoğlu in his hometown. Her stepmother told me one more thing. Her husband was killed by that guest woman, Gökçen's aunt. During the last two days of her stay, Gökçen's aunt and her father were always arguing and talking. One day, as she was entering the tent from outside, her husband said that he could not come and shouted after her, "Don't look at me like that".

she heard. When she entered the tent, her husband was lying on the floor, covering his eyes with his hand. He couldn't get rid of the disease. He died a few days later...

Mad Wolf put down the bowl of buttermilk in his hand. Sati Kadın was aware that she was getting more and more devastated with every word spoken. Now she had to close the subject of Gökçen Kız:

- He said, "Evren, stop with the Gökçen fairy tale. You'll be back tomorrow. We still have a lot to talk about.

The universe smiled.

- There's one more thing. I'll say that and hang up. She's very upset. She both loves Gökçen because he provides their livelihood, and she is afraid of him. She says there's a calamity in the neighbourhood.

This time Sati Kadın was worried:

- He asked, "What's the disaster?"

Evren was drinking ayran. The time that passed until he drank a bowl of ayran seemed too long to Satı Kadın. She repeated her question:

- Tell me, what is it?

- A man has set his heart on Gökçen Girl.

Satı Kadın was going to ask: 'What does this matter to the obaya? Before she could ask, the full and even angry voice of Mad Wolf, who had been listening alone without saying a word until then, was heard:

- Who is this man?

The universe replied with an indifferent look:

- The son of the Oba beğ. .

Crazy Wolf didn't understand what was said next.

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For the second night in a row, Mad Wolf lay awake, thinking and feeling acry flowing through him.

Tomorrow morning they would set off to return to their fiefdom. His sister Melek and daughter Zeynep were in the village. He would meet them. There was Gökçen here too. He would leave her.

Is that why he was bored and losing sleep? 'What is Gökçen to you?' he asked himself.

Nothing...A strange girl, a shepherdess...This overwhelm could not be for Gökçen. Crazy Wolf was trying to find a reason, trying to extinguish the fire gushing out of his heart. Was he sad that he would return without seeing her eyes? Yassı Tepe was always passing in front of his eyes.

Sheep with the greenery...The sound of the pipe, which is a delight to taste...Then Gökçen's question: 'Why late?

you stayed?'

Thinking of this moment, Mad Wolf heard the girl's voice again and with the same beauty, and he sat up in his felt bed, writhing in unbearable agony. This Without answering the question in his mind, "Can I endure the pain?", he suddenly sensed that a light filled his whole being. He understood. He couldn't hide it from himself anymore. He

was in love with Gökçen.

For a moment, with complete peace of mind, his eyes wandered around the tent. Mother Satı and the others in a deep sleep. At that moment, a gnawing inner pain the place of the previous peace of mind. Tomorrow he would leave this girl he loved. Would it be possible to see her again, what could he do?

He came out of the tent again, not knowing what to do. This night clouds were running in the sky and covering the moon.

The village was in darkness. Occasionally, as the moon got rid of the clouds, it would light up and then it would be dark again.

Suddenly it came to you.

When they were telling about Gökçen in the fairy tale, the Yürük girl Gökçen, they said that the lovers prayed by that spring. Now was the time for prayer. Prayer, more than itself.

to whom would suit... He loved her. He loved her even though he was married. She loved him even though she was married.

even though he killed her.

He should have prayed. Maybe it would help him.

He started walking towards the spring. He was refreshed and looked like a patient who had found his cure. The cool wind hit his face, he was walking a little more revitalised with every step. He reached the spring with his heart full of hopes. He bent down, drank. He wet his forehead. Then, coming in front of the rock where he had dined with Satı Kadın and the sipahahis the night before, he sat cross-legged. He opened his hands. Turning his face slightly towards the sky He started praying.

How much he prayed. How much he said. He did not realise. As he finished his prayer and rubbed his hands on his face, he heard the sound of footsteps coming from the opposite side.

A shadow was approaching from the way Gökçen Girl had come. Mad Wolf trembled.

He came to the spring. He bent down and drank water. He stood up and stopped. Since the moon was behind the clouds, he could not see who he was, he was seen as a shadow, there was no way he could see the Mad Wolf at the bottom of the rock.

The figure was seen raising its hands to the sky. It was praying. Mad Wolf's heart began to beat rapidly. Who was it? Was it Gökçen?

It couldn't be. Would Gökçen pray? But why wouldn't she? No, no she wouldn't. This spring called Gökçen Spring, named after Gökçen, the daughter of a walker. only lovers and the hopeless pray at the spring. Gökçen is not a lover.

Crazy Wolf was trying to choose who this shadow was by looking at it with a sharp gaze from the rock base where he was sitting. Otherwise, the moon was not visible at all, and the clouds running after each other always left him behind. preventing a shaft of light from descending to the earth.

The praying one was still there. Crazy Wolf would have thought it was a boulder if he hadn't seen it coming on foot a moment ago. It was so quiet and still.

As the time was getting longer and the darkness made it difficult to distinguish whether it was a man or a woman praying at the spring, his curiosity was slowly beginning to be aroused.

, unexpectedly, the moon broke through the clouds and shone its light for a very brief moment or two.

was enough for Mad Wolf to see who was praying. Even as the moonlight hit him, the stone

This shadow, who did not change his posture, looking at the spring and continuing to pray, was the son of the oba beğ.

At the same time, a dark place in Mad Wolf's brain lit up, and he realised that the day before, he had been

As he was returning after Tepe, he realised why his son was looking at him with hostile eyes.

Two boys in love with the same girl.

Mad Wolf was offended by this. It was like having a partner in love, like revealing something that should be kept secret. There was also the fact that the son of beğ had revealed the horror of his love by immersing himself in such a long, endless prayer.

Mad Wolf could not accept anything better than his own heart burn. Suddenly he jumped up, holding madness. He walked towards the spring to settle accounts with the son of the Oba beğ.

But he was gone. He looked to the right, to the left, to the front, to the back, the way he had come, under the moonlight pouring down again.

It was not there.

He started walking towards the tent with heavy steps. The wind had increased. But his burning face

and he it because it cooled him off. It had another pleasant side. It was coming from the west, from Flat Hill.

As he entered the tent, he trembled as he heard a sound. It was the sound of a pipe. But it was coming from so far away that it was not clear whether it was really the sound of a pipe, or whether he heard it in his heart.

The west winds must have brought him there.

Mad Wolf was mesmerised again. He was at Yassı Tepe as if he was looking at a dream. Again a nudge started inside him. There was no way he was going to go. After Gökçen Girl was there at midnight ...

Just as I was starting to walk, a voice:



- "Are you sleepy, Mad Wolf?" he whispered softly. Mad Wolf turned quickly. It was Satı who said that.

It was a woman.

He answered with a dry 'Yes'.

- I'll give you some fresh buttermilk. It'll cool you down and make you sleepy.

Satı Kadın, sensing the danger, woke up, and when she looked outside the tent, she heard the sound of a pipe coming from Yassı Tepe. In the obada, there was a belief that fairies played that pipe at night, and those who went to its sound would never return.

Although everyone knew that Gökçen played the kaval, it was believed that the kaval played at night was the work of fairies. Satı Kadın also more or less believed this. When she heard footsteps outside the tent, she realised that Deli Kurt had returned, but when he did not go inside, she got curious and went out again. This exit was just in time, she called out, realising that Deli Kurt was heading towards the sound of the pipe.

He filled a large bowl from the buttermilk he had left outside the tent by putting it in the davgana and handed it to him. These davganas kept the water or buttermilk so cold that the person who had a davgana and drank a bowl of it in summer would be happy.

Crazy Wolf drank the cold buttermilk with great appetite. He asked for another one. After drinking it, he felt a relief in his nerves and fell into a deep sleep in his bed, which he entered shortly before morning.

Sleep was deep, but not comfortable. In his dreams, he was always passing through the mountain ranges, he saw horsemen looking at him from the hills. All of these horsemen were the sons of the chief of the oba.

After getting up early in the morning and saying goodbye to their mothersthey rode eastwards, going slowly at first. The more they made noise with their hoofbeats. They did not want to wake the sleeping Turkmen. After travelling a long distance from the yurt, they galloped off. It was quite light. This was  
Meanwhile, Crazy Wolf, whose eyes were fixed on the hill on the left, saw a horseman looking at them from there. This was the son of the chief of the band, just as he had seen in his dream.

## THE UNEXPECTED

Mad Wolf wondered how he had made it through the winter months. The months seemed as long as years. He thought that the snow blocking the roads with an endless whiteness had separated him from Gökçen forever. He thought that he could no longer navigate in these gloomy days when the snow was constantly falling and neither the sun nor the moon could be seen in the sky. Crazy Wolf felt himself alone in this big world.

He was busy with Gökçen everywhere and all the time. Gökçen was so much in his heart that one day he even addressed his sister Melek Hatun as Gökçen, surprising her. Oh this woman, this Melek Hatun...It was tearing him up inside. This woman, who was so good, loyal, faithful, loyal, and beautiful

While he was standing at the head, the fact that his heart was far away disturbed the Mad Wolf, and frankly, he felt remorse. His eating and sleeping had also deteriorated. In the winter months, the sipahis would recover because there was no campaign, they ate, drank and rested alone. This winter, on the contrary, Deli Kurt had become grey and withered.

He wondered how he had survived the winter under all these bad conditions.

But winter had passed. The paths and directions were now clear. Crazy Wolf felt a sweet flutter in his heart.

he could hear it. This time he would really listen to the sound of the pipe, which had awakened him from his dreams many times in the winter nights.

While he was dreaming so sweetly, one day a galloping messenger announced that an expedition would be organised.

reported. When war was mentioned, Crazy Wolf forgot Gökçen, Yassı Tepe, the spring and everything for a while. He rejoiced. This joy lasted until they gathered under the command of Çakır, who was the head of the company in those days. Evren was among them.

They learnt from Cakir where the expedition was going. They were going to march to Karaman country.

While the Hungarians repelled the raid of Ali Beğ, Evrenuzoğlu Ali Beğ and marched towards Güvercinlik castle, İbrahim Karamanoğlu İbrahim took advantage of the opportunity and attacked and captured Şarabdar İlyas, the Hamideli Banner Chief. This Karamanoğlu was always like this. He and Osmanoglu were never in good terms.

they could not make peace. Even though there was kinship due to the exchange of daughters, enmity could not be reconciled.

that they could not be erased. But this time the enmity overshadowed the previous ones. Because

Karamanoğlu was attacking the Ottomans by uniting with the giaours, which un-Islamic.

Sultan Murad II was very angry at this, and even asked Egyptian scholars to turn the country of Karaman upside down and to take a scythe to its people. he was rumoured to have received a fatwa.

The beginning of the march took away Deli Kurt's joy. Because he was now immersed in the crowd of the army, he was going in the direction commanded by the company heads and regiment chiefs, and his horse knew where he was going, leaving Deli Kurt no need to see and think about his surroundings. Therefore, while his body was flowing towards Karaman Ellin, his brain was wandering in a distant corner of Kkarasi Ellin and he was drinking water from Gökçen spring with his imagination.

The Ottoman army was advancing at lightning speed. Breaks were few and short. Such a walk

It was obvious that the Karaman army could not rally against him. As a matter of fact, it was so. However, small Karaman troops were fought in two or three places. But Deli Kurt almost got into trouble.

When the Karamanids missed them in a short battle in front of Akşehir, Deli Kurt was in the rear, among the reserve forces. When he came to the battlefield after everything was done, his eyes suddenly caught sight of a group of men standing together.

five or six people. In the twilight of the evening, he seemed to pick out a few people among them who were not soldiers, and he rode his horse there with curiosity. This was the most extreme part of the battlefield. There was a heated conversation.

When he arrived, the talking suddenly stopped and Deli Kurt saw the situation. A soldier from Karaman was lying wounded on the ground and a janissary and four Akşehir villagers were standing.

He asked them all at once, 'What is going on?

The oldest of the villagers turned to Mad Wolf:

- Aman Agha! Whatever happens will be from you, he

begged. Crazy Wolf asked:

- What's gonna happen?

The peasant pointed to the janissary and the wounded and complained.

- This friend of yours wants to take our wounded and kill him. We ask him to spare us, he won't.

But Agha! Be an intermediary and save him. We'll give you money and goods.

Mad Wolf was offended by this offer and suddenly he shouted with blood jumping to his head:

- What do you take me for? Can't you see I'm a sipahi?

And amidst the astonished looks of the villagers who were frightened by his rumbling, he finished his speech by pointing to the janissary with his hand:

- They're made to work with money and goods. To these Devshirs...Do you understand? The new çeri was as if he was going to rage:

- What a fief! You don't like the Janissary? I'm the sultan's door servant! Do you think I'm a makeshift soldier like you?

Mad Wolf's voice sounded like thunder.

- Janissary! Does being a door servant save you from being the son of a Giaour? Who are you to kill this wounded man?

The janissary who was insulted in the presence of the Karamanites almost went mad. He responded to insult with insult:

- I thought you were Ottoman. Turns out you're from Karaman! Let me finish him off first. Then I'll deal with you. .

The janissary had no weapon with him. Pulling a knife from his waist, he made a move to kill the wounded Karamanian. Mad Wolf had no time to get off his horse. He drove him on the janissary with a spur kick. That's when it happened. Realising that the horse would hit him, the janissary-

With the fury of a wild animal that has missed its prey, he stabbed the horse with his long knife, and the horse reared up with a horrible neigh, and then, as if it had hit the ground

he was seen to fall. If any rider had been on the horse during this fall, his bones would surely have been broken. Only Turkmens like Deli Kurt were saved from the fall.

who had learnt to ride between the two of . And so was. With a skilful leap, he dismounted and stood one step away from the janissary.

He stopped. But all his madness had taken hold. To kill a fief sipah's horse was the greatest insult.

- 'Behave, Janissary!' he shouted and rushed at him. And the janissary shouted, 'Behave, sipahi!

and charged at the Mad Wolf. Suddenly they came face to face. With a lightning-like dash, the Mad Wolf reached out his left hand and grabbed the janissary by the collar, and with his right hand, he slapped his head

to the level of horse. The janissary acted just as quickly, grabbing Mad Wolf's hand holding his own collar by the wrist with his left hand, and covered it with the horse's blood.

right with the fried knife in his hand

and brought his arm up to the level of his head. Both of them lowered their right hands at the same time. While the sipahi's slap slapped the janissary's face, his knife made a strange sound and plunged into the place where the sipahi's left shoulder met his chest.

It a curious fight. Even the Karaman wounded had straightened up leaning on his elbow to see better at dusk. It was incomprehensible that he did not draw the knife on his waist but responded to the enemy knife with a slap. But the Karaman wounded and the villagers soon realised this incomprehensible act.

Although the knife of the slapped janissary fell to the ground, the sipahi raised his right arm again. After giving a second slap to the face of the janissary, whom he was holding by the collar with his left hand

He let go. After the sound of the slap, which was more violent than the first one, the sound of him falling lifelessly to the ground was heard.

Mad Wolf looked at him and then turned his eyes to Karamanli. This is and he frowned and gritted his teeth as he felt a great pain in his left shoulder. Blood was flowing on the ground. Looking at the villagers, he wanted to ask something. He couldn't.

He fell with his eyes glazing over.

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When he opened his eyes, he found himself in a place he did not recognise. It was bright and no one with him. A pain starting from his shoulder was going down to his chest and back. His shoulder was not aching but almost burning.

turned his aching head left and right. , he realised he started to remember. He distinctly remembered fighting a janissary. Then... Then some strangers picked him up and took him somewhere. Mad Wolf stared at the ceiling, trying to find out who these strangers were. Yes, these strangers were Karamanites. Karamanites who asked him to save the wounded Karamanian from the janissary... They had taken him and the wounded Karaman soldier away from the battlefield. After that it was horrible. In a room, in the light of sooty kindling, Karaman The wounded one cauterised himself by touching a red-hot arrow to the wounds on his leg and arm, without even grimacing. Then he turned to Deli Kurt and said, 'Sipahi Agha, your blood has not stopped. From the cauterising there is no other way. "Mad Wolf, the Ottoman physicians

he knew they treated him differently. He had never heard of cauterisation. He had asked in the midst of the incessant loss of blood: 'Will the blood stop if it is cauterised?!

Karamanli, showing his wounded, replied: 'We always do it like this. The blood stops. The wound heals quickly. Here, no more blood is leaking from me...!

The Mad Wolf said, 'Well, go on,' and the Karaman soldier, who was brought closer to him with the help of the villagers, ruthlessly pressed the arrow, the tip of which the villagers had heated, on his wound.

If he hadn't seen the Karamanids cauterising him without blinking an eye a moment ago, Deli Kurt would have shouted out in his pain. But he could not do that in front of a soldier of the enemy army they had fought that morning. He gritted his teeth, did not shout, but fainted from the pain.

Then he remembered a conversation. They had made him drink something. He could hear but could not speak, feel pain but could not make a sound. And then everything

erased. He was flying in an endless and dark void. This flight seemed to him like an end, an annihilation. He didn't remember anything after that.

I wonder if it was the morning of that night. He didn't know anything. Who knows How long had passed like this, the door of the room opened and someone came in. Mad Wolf saw the old Karaman villager

recognised him. The peasant had a bowl in his hand.

- Get well soon, Agha! He asked, "How are you?"

Mad Wolf was not about to talk about his pain with a stranger:

- He answered the question by saying,

"Where am I? The old peasant said briefly:

- He said you're in our village.

The Mad Wolf had not yet realised whether the person he was talking to was good or bad: He continued his speech:

- Doesn't your village have a name?

- His name is Black Salur.

- Why did you bring me here?

- You were badly wounded, we brought you here to mend it.

Mad Wolf realised that he was among the good people, not the bad ones. But he was not at peace again. He was separated from his army and stayed in a Karaman village. These Karaman people were his enemies. He couldn't think of saying 'Where is our army' to them. In order to learn something :

- He asked, "What happened to your wounded? The villager smiled:

- He's already healed. Only one of his wounds is in his leg, so he walks with a crutch.



Mad Wolf was going to say he wanted to see him. He couldn't bring himself to do it, so he kept quiet.

The peasant, as if he realised what was in his heart:

- You drink this sherbet and I will call him for you, he said and handed me the bowl in his hand. This was a honey sherbet. It was drunk for the quick closure of wounds and the recovery of the weak. It was used to treat a wound.

When there was no red-hot iron to cauterise the wound, they would put honey on the wound.

Mad Wolf drank the sherbet and finished it. Karaman started to wait for his wounded.

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A little later, when the old peasant and the Karaman soldier came in, they first looked at each other. They were seeing each other for the first time. This Karamanli, who was walking with limping steps relying on his staff, was a big man, a valiant man of twenty-five, thirty years old. He had a hard look. The thing that caught Deli Kurt's eye the most was his long hair spilling from under his börk to his shoulders.

He had never seen anything like this before. In a

loud, booming voice:

- Get well soon, agha, he said. Mad Wolf said in the same voice:

- Thank you! I wish you a speedy recovery, he replied.

When Karamanli came and sat down on the ground beside him with slow movements, he also made an effort, got up and sat cross-legged. He relieved the pain he felt in his shoulder by gritting his teeth.

Karamanli's face never smiled, and I guess he didn't know what was called smiling. But he had an open-hearted manner that gave confidence to Mad Wolf:

- He said, "Agha! You saved my life. Can you tell me who you are and your name?"

Crazy Wolf answered:

- My name is Murad. I'm a sipah... from the Sanjak of Karasi!

- My name is Tümenoğlu Balaban. I belong to the Varsak tribe...

## **DEMON MOUNTAIN**

Varsak length and Tümenoğlu family...

For a moment, Mad Wolf wondered if he had heard correctly. This clan and this family was Gökçen Kız's clan and family. He was looking at Balaban with attention and astonishment. Balaban continued without realising that the person in front of him was confused:

- Murad Agha! You will be able to ride a horse in three days. I'd like to take you to my own neighbourhood and make you my guest. Our hands are beautiful. There are many deer in our mountains. We can hunt and have a good time...

Mad Wolf didn't answer.

This time the old peasant intervened:

- Murad Agha! We have seen with our own eyes what kind of a brave you are. These Varsaks are the most elite troops of Karamanoğlu. They would like it very much if you spend a few among them...

The Mad Wolf was still silent. Balaban asked:

- You killed one of your own army. Doesn't that do you any harm?

- Is that janissary dead?

- He's dead! What kind of slap was that? We've all been slapped like that. if you're hitting, you might as well wear a suit of armour so that the sword doesn't penetrate and fight with a slap...

Crazy Wolf, he changed the word:

- What did he have against you?

- I don't know him either. I was lying wounded. After the war was over, he came up to me and tried to kill me.

The old peasant had seen what had happened. He told him:

- He obviously wanted to extort money and goods from us. The battle was close to our village and we had come to the aid of the wounded because ours had been defeated,

The janissary came at us demanding the tribute. We told him we had no money, but he wouldn't listen. He would have killed us all if you hadn't come.

Balaban asked the same question as before:

- Isn't that gonna hurt you?

Mad Wolf answered, although he always had Tümenoğlu and Varsak in his mind:

- He'll come if they realise I killed him.

The villager interjected again:

- At dusk we lifted him up and buried him. Your people did not see because they were absorbed in their own affairs.

Hearing this, the Mad Wolf made a brief calculation in his mind:

- He said, "I'll go with you, Balaban. I have heard a lot about the Varsaks. I would like to see them with my own eyes.

After looking in front of him for a while and thinking, he concluded his words as follows:

- You saved me from death with that branding. Now we're mates and friends...

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Balaban right. Mad Wolf was able to ride a horse in three days. His shoulder still ached and he could not make quick movements, but the villagers of Kara Salur took good care of him.

he was much improved, his strength was much restored.

Now the fire of longing for Varsak El was burning in him. Varsak El, that is, the people who were the descendants of Gökçen... What about Balaban, the one with the smileless face, what was he to him? Mad Wolf's brain was struggling with this riddle. Tümenoğlu... They could even be brothers from far to near.

Suddenly felt strange inside. He remembered Yassı Tepe, the sound of the pipe. The desire to go to Gökçen's homeland filled his whole being.

The villagers found two horses. On the morning of the fourth day Deli Kurt and Balaban set off southwards. The old villager told them that the Ottoman army had moved away from this region and that they would not come across them in the places they would go.

They could not go fast because they were both wounded. But as they crossed the roads and crossed the hills, they opened up and forgot their wounds. Forgotten wounds heal faster. That's what happened to the two friends.

First they passed through the foothills of Sultan Mountains. Then, in order to avoid the Ottoman army, they curved westwards and came to the western shore of Lake Beyşehir. While passing through Çiçek Mountains, Mad Wolf was almost drunk. This mountain was really full of flowers. A beautiful and refreshing floral scent filled the lungs. Balaban showed a yellow flower scattered in heaps to Mad Wolf :

- Our Varsak women mix this flower with mare's milk and make an ointment. It is better than cauterising arrow and sword wounds, he said.

They spent that night in a field of flowers at the foot of the mountain. The half moon illuminated the scene so beautifully that they both sat for a long time and watched this scene without speaking. Crazy Wolf no longer felt the pain in his shoulder. He felt as strong as the day he went into battle.

On the tenth day of their journey, Balaban pointed to a high mountain:

- Here is the Devil's Mountain, he said

And he told his friend who was looking at the steepness of the mountain:

- This mountain a tale. The devil was jealous of the beauty of Varsak girls and decided to seduce them. At that time, there were seven beautiful girls in Varsak.

The devil came among them disguised as a handsome valour. He had a golden baglama with silver strings. He played so beautifully that it was impossible to listen and not be smitten. Every time he played, he gave a string of pearls to the girls. These pearls were also magical. The one who wore them around his neck would fall in love with the devil. One by one the girls fell in love and killed themselves. Nothing happened to the seventh girl.

The pearls given by the Devil turn into pebbles on his neck, and as he gave them back, the Devil go mad. When this continued for days and nothing happened to the girl, this time Satan fell in love. He started to beg and plead. He had no effect on her. One night he tied

one of the strings broke while he was playing. He couldn't replace it. On the second night, another string broke. He couldn't replace it. On the third night, she played so beautifully with one string that all the wolves and birds listened and cried. Nothing happened to the girl again. Seeing this and despairing, Satan hit the string so hard that the last string broke. He also broke the binding when he hit the ground in anger.

When the seventh girl laughed at this, the Devil was completely . He took his head and fled to this mountain.

Satan has been crying on this mountain ever since. He can be heard crying at night. But because he is an ill-tempered creature, his crying is in the form of laughter. When he cries a lot, laughter is heard. Everyone wondered about the talisman of this girl who was not defeated by the devil. It turned out that the girl had no heart.

Mad Wolf listened to the tale with eager ears. When Balaban saw his interest, he said:

- That's all I can think of. The Black Shepherd knows better.

- Who is this Black Shepherd?

- Chief shepherd of the Varsak beğ. Together with his squire, he looks after the herds of the beğ. It extends from our hand to Mount Çiçek. He knows the ins and outs of the mountains so well that he hides twenty thousand animals and no one can find them. Once Ottoman horsemen came and could not find a single sheep.

The Mad Wolf was always listening. Balaban pointed to a goat path:

- Come, let's go up a bit from here...If we find the Black Shepherd, we will stay with him, he said.

They started to ascend. It was a mountain full of all sorts of oddities. It was a place fit for the devil. Some of them

there dense woods in places. Some parts were barren. Water was pouring down from the cliffs and birds were flying out of the caves. At one point Balaban stopped:

- He asked, "Do you hear the sound of a pipe? There was a deep, deep sound of a pipe. So, the Black Shepherd was here.

They walked on. The sound of the pipe could be heard better. After crossing a hill, they came to a wide plain.

Thousands of sheep, cattle and horses were grazing and the sound of a pipe was echoing from rock to rock. Balaban brought both hands to his mouth and said in a very loud voice:

- Hey, Black Shepherd! he shouted. The pipe was silent, silence covered the place. There was no sound from the animals either. Balaban shouted again:

- Hey, Black Shepherd! A guest has come for you !.... A voice no

less loud than Balaban's answered:

- Hey, traveller! Who are you?

Balaban introduced himself:

- I am Balaban, son of Tümen. I a friend with me...

The shepherd invited me:

- Welcome Tumenoglu !... Come closer...

Suddenly they saw someone getting up from behind the sheep and coming towards them. It was the Black Shepherd.

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In the evening, one of the shepherd's assistants brought four sheepdogs on chains and released them after showing them to the guests. They were to guard the herd until morning.

Another squire slaughtered a sheep, roasted it over a fire and prepared a meal.

The Black Shepherd was a husband of sixty. But he was a very vigorous and strong man.

He and his four henchmen

Together with the two guests, they ate the fried meat with appetite. After drinking a bowl of molasses, to talk. The Black Shepherd pointed to the Mad Wolf and asked Balaban:

- The Agha looks like a foreigner. Is he from German?

- No, Ottoman!

The shepherd's eyes widened:

- What? Ottoman?

- The Ottoman Empire...

The Black Shepherd didn't believe it:

- Tumenoglu! Are you crazy? What's the Ottoman doing here? Aren't we at war with him?

- We are fighting.

- So how did this Ottoman get here? Is he a prisoner?

- He's not a prisoner. He saved me from death. We've become friends. I'm taking him to my own Obama guest.

The Black Shepherd, looking intently at the face of the Mad Wolf, gave his opinion:

- never thought the Ottomans would become men like us. I thought they were monsters.

Balaban answered :

- If killing a man with a slap is monstrous, what you say is true. As for friendship, Ottomans are reliable people.

With this, the Ottoman promise was closed.

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The night was cool. Mad Wolf and Balaban were dressed in the kepeks given by the shepherds. The Black Shepherd gave an order to one of his squire:

- Goccenoglu! Play the kopuz so we can  
listen to it.

A young shepherd put his kopuz on his knee and started to play lightly. In the silence of the night, each tune of the kopuz was growing in pitch and pitch, striking from rock to rock. Goccenoglu slowly

he went wild. He started to

sing: Hey, hey, hey, Devil

Mountain! Do your rocks

make a sound?

If it lands once, does it

trouble, does it give

adornment? To the one who

makes the hearts burn,



To the one who brought  
down the golden kopuz, To  
the one who deceived the  
golden girl Does the seventh  
girl mourn?

Even if there is a gale at its  
peak, even if the loving heart  
is a kindling, does it give soot  
from the tinder? Gücenoğlu!

What wound is this? It as if  
the sun has risen. Buncalayın  
troubled soldier

Does the Almighty give us us?

The Mad Wolf listened again to the tale of the Devil and the Seven Girls told by  
Balaban on the strings of the kopuz. The Black Shepherd:

- How do you like it, Agha?

- Good!" and then he asked a question as if the devil had poked him:

- Isn't there a name for the seventh girl in the fairy tale who deceived the devil,  
the girl without a heart?

The Black Shepherd, turning his face to the sky as if looking for something, replied:

- In fairy tales and in reality, all girls without a heart are called Gökçen!....

## **VARSAK OBASI**

Although it had been two days since they left Devil's Mountain, Mad Wolf kept repeating Black Shepherd's words. 'In the fairy tale and in reality, all girls without a heart are called Gökçen.....'

He had already come here to know and learn about Gökçen. Strangely enough, even in the most unexpected places, he was forcibly reminded of her.

Mad Wolf didn't realise what steep places they were passing through. He did not know how much time had passed. At one point he was distracted by Balaban's voice. His friend was saying:

- This is Mount Haydar. That goat path leads straight to the Steppe...

Crazy Wolf realised that they were approaching the place of the Varsaks. There was something in him like curiosity or joy or excitement. He was no longer absent-minded.

it started to work.

Balaban's homestead between Karakuş Mountain and Geyik Mountain. They were sitting in their hair tents. These tents were small, but very strong. They were made for mountainous places. There was no way for wind or cold to penetrate inside.

In a short time one had heard that the Mad Wolf had arrived. What interested the Varsaks was not the arrival of a guest, but the fact that he was an Ottoman. The Varsaks had fought with the Ottomans for fifty or sixty years and had learnt their strength. However, these Varsaks, who were actually hard looking, had a friendly look.

Mad Wolf spent the first night in a hair tent, where he was hosted with good food, very comfortably and got rid of all his travelling fatigue. The next morning Balaban gave the following news:

- You're the guest of the whole clan. You go to whomever you want and eat you want. That's our custom.

Mad Wolf liked this custom of the Varsaks. This way he would quickly learn what he wanted to learn.

He started to wander. The appearance was very similar to Satı Kadın's Turkmen obah. This resemblance

so he didn't feel any awkwardness. Towards mid-morning, an old woman attracted the attention of the Mad Wolf, so he almost reluctantly walked towards her and greeted her:

- He said, "Good luck, Granny.

The Mad Wolf had likened this woman to his mother, Satı Kadın, and suddenly felt a sudden love for her.

The woman turned her head round and looked at him:

- Welcome, son. He asked if you'd be my guest at noon.

- I will.

- What do you like? What can I do for you?

- Do whatever you want, mum. Your sweet tongue will help.

The woman looked at the Mad Wolf again, from head to toe:

- How obvious that you're Ottoman! Only they know how to talk so subtly.

He said, and showed me a seat opposite him.

Mad Wolf sat cross-legged and started to talk about the Varsak woman. The woman was rolling out dough and preparing round pitas. Soon she would light a fire and cook these pitas on a hot stone. She asked while she was doing her work:

- How did you find our home, Ottoman?

- I like it. You're good people, too.

- But we're mountainous. We're a bit wild. You'll forgive us.

- What do you mean, Mummy? I like you.

- Have you ever seen a Varsak before?

The moment Mad Wolf had been waiting for had arrived. Although he didn't show anything from the outside, his heart was pounding:

- I saw, he replied. We a girl from Varsak. The woman was interested.

- Who was she? An Ottoman bride?

- No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! He came when he was young. She settled with her father in a Turkmen clan in our Karasi El. Now she is a big bride, but she is not married yet.

The woman had quit her job:

- He asked, "Who's the father?"

- I don't know his father's name. He died recently. According to what I heard, he fled because his father killed one of your favourite's men. He lost his brother on the way to our hands.

and came to the Ottoman country with his motherless daughter. He had married a woman from a Turkmen tribe, but the world was not good to him and he died.

The Varsak woman was listening to these words with her ear. Crazy Wolf, seeing this interest of hers, did not delay to reveal all he knew:

- The girl's aunt secretly came to the Turkmen obak and talked to your Varsakli, but no one knows what they talked about...

The woman asked, shaking her head awkwardly:

- What's that girl's name?

- Gökçen...

- Tumenoglu Gokcen?

- Yeah...

- You never told Balaban about this girl?

- I didn't.

The woman fell silent and started working on her pita bread again.

Mad Wolf sensed something was fishy. But he didn't push it.

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The pita bread cooked by the woman from Varsak on a hot stone very good. The buttermilk was mixed with some fragrant herbs. She also boiled bulgur, and melted butter in it: Mad Wolf ate and drank it all with great appetite. And at last:

- "Thank you, mother, God bless you," he thanked her.  
how to get back on the subject. This dive of his did not escape the old woman's eyes:

- Why did you dive in like that, son? he asked. Crazy Wolf didn't see the need to hide it.

- I'm thinking about Gökçen Girl, Ana.

- You've set your heart on her?

Crazy Wolf is like boiling water:

- Since Balaban was also a Tümenoğlu, I wondered if they were related.

- You know it well. They are brother and sister. Gokcen's father was Balaban's uncle.

After all this talk, Mad Wolf was hungry. He did not hesitate to go towards the goal:

- And why did Gökçen's father kill the men of your beloved and flee to our hands?

The woman smiled:

- Gokcen's father didn't kill anyone, son!
- Then why did he run away?
- He ran away from his brother-in-law.
- He ran away from his brother? Didn't his brother die on the road?
- No, he's alive. He's here.

There was a surge of curiosity in the Mad Wolf:

- Why does a man run away from his sister?

The woman replied, lowering her voice as if she was saying something dangerous and secret:

- It escaped from your eyes, son, from your eyes....

Mad Wolf's gaze hardened. Frowning, he asked :

- What's in your eyes?
- You don't ask, I don't tell...

The Mad Wolf was now hearing Gökçen's pain in his heart. So that's why that deadly

He had got the sharp light from his mother. He knew that he could no longer learn anything from the old woman who hosted him, that he could not talk about Gökçen. However, talking about her now was a need like breathing. After sitting in silence for a long time, he asked for permission.

He's come to find Balaban.

Balaban was going to ask him where he went. Mad Wolf was quicker:

- Balaban, he said, did you know that you have a relative in our hand?

Balaban replied his usual stone-like face, not giving out his insides:

- No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!

- Your uncle's daughter Gökçen lives in a Turkmen obla in our Karası. It was clear from his voice alone that Balaban was interested in her:

- And my uncle?

- Your uncle is dead.

Balaban stared at the Mad Wolf with a child's naivety in his very stern eyes.

In short:

- Tell me all about it, he said.

- Your uncle married a Turkmen woman there. This woman raised Gökçen. Gökçen grew up to be a beauty of the world. Because no one could look at her eyes and because those who did died, she travelled with a veil. Then one day Gökçen's aunt came.

He spoke to your uncle about something. Your uncle died a few days after that conversation.

- Balaban shook his head as if to say 'No!'

- Gökçen doesn't have an aunt.

- And who was that woman?

- His mum...

Crazy Wolf was surprised:

- Whose mummy?

- Gokcen! ...

The two exchanged a long look. An Ottoman sipah, accustomed to settling matters with the sword

It was impossible for a Turkish fief to comprehend such a complicated task.  
Looking at the ground :

- He said, "I don't understand.

Balaban replied in a sad voice:

- Let me tell you. Gökçen's mother was not actually from Varsak, but from Çağatay. There was a tribe called Uyghur in Chagatai. They were not Muslims but they were very knowledgeable. One of these Uighurs fled from his sultan and came to Karaman. lived here by getting a livelihood from the likes of Karaman. I saw his son Uçkara Bahşı. He used to give news of the lost and make it rain with a stone in his hand. Uçkara Bahşı's daughter Esen Börü is my aunt and Gökçen's mother...

Mad Wolf was like a man with the veil lifted from his eyes. But he could not yet see what he wanted to see in all its nakedness.

- He asked, "Why did your uncle run away from him?"

- He was afraid of Esen Börü's eyes.

- Didn't she see his eyes when we got married?

Balaban looked up at the sky with a sigh. It was obvious that he was full of many memories. He replied:

- Uchkara Bahshi was a man of honour. He said that he would not give his daughter to anyone other than the highest noble.

In Varsak, there were three most famous beğ families after the Varsak beğs. One of them our Tümenoğlu clan. Esen Börü was so beautiful that the likes were fighting to get him. Uchkara Bahshi

she chose my uncle as her groom. My aunt had bright, luminous, beautiful green eyes.



She became a legend, minstrels sang sayings and runs for her. We all admired her beauty. My uncle, who was very happy, very happy at first, changed after a while after marriage. She became skittish. At the same time, my sister-in-law started travelling with a veil.

seen. My uncle was silent, but there was a rumour that Esen Börü's eyes had lighted up. The fact that my uncle, a son of Tümen, had become a timid and sickly man drove all the Varsaks crazy. They called this woman a sorceress. They almost called her they were going to kill her. But she was not afraid of anyone, she walking around with a veil. One summer, an unprecedented

there's been a drought. The springs dried up. Animals, then people started to die. That's when Esen Börü took out the Yada stone left by his father and made it rain. He saved Varsak.

Then, when he healed the son of Varsak Beg's son who was wounded and brought half dead, his thoughts changed. When the Varsak beeg summoned him and asked him what he wished for, he said that Varsak should not look at me as an enemy, but something else. I don't want to, he replied. Then there was a decree of the chief that Esen Börü should be respected. Varsakli also showed real respect. O

he wasn't spoiled by it, but my uncle melted day by day. Finally he couldn't take it anymore and ran away...

- How did this woman cure your honour's son?

- He has an em made by mixing the yellow flower in the mountains with mare's milk. He both rubs it on the wound and drinks it. How many people has he saved that way.

- Why did your uncle run away from such a good woman?

- My uncle didn't believe he was good. He said if he was good, God and the prophet would recognise him. He said she was a sorceress. He told my father that one night he pulled a huge viper snake out of his bosom. Furthermore, a green light came out of her eyes....

Crazy Wolf didn't understand anymore. It was as if he was being told about Gökçen. He was feeling something similar to the drunkenness he had felt in the Turkmen obta, behind Yassı Tepe.

When he got rid of dreams and memories, he looked at the horizon. The sun was setting.

Balaban's tent

they were standing in front of him. Big Varsakli, with his stony face:

- You're my guest tonight, he was saying.

### **MOTHER OF GOKCEN**

Towards the middle of the meal Balaban shook a large bucket and poured a white, buttermilk-like drink into the bowls of Deli Kurt and himself.

Mad Wolf who mistook it for buttermilk and felt the old burn in it again, drank it in one gulp to cool down, and became strangely dizzy:

- What is this? he asked. Balaban said briefly:

- Our koumiss, he replied.

- Cum? I've never heard of it.

- You don't know this. Karamanites don't know it either. It's made in Varsak.

- Why is it done?

- It's mare's milk.

Mad Wolf didn't ask anything else. He handed over his lonely bowl. The second and third bowls were drunk and his head

felt good. He felt a sense of relief. He had no inhibitions. It was sheer intoxication.

- Bre Balaban! He asked, "Does this kismet make a man drowsy?"

- I'll tell you how...

When he learnt this, he passed his bowl again. Balaban was pleased with this appreciation. He both offers it to the guest

and he was drinking it himself.

Crazy Wolf realised that he was now in a fog. Because he saw Balaban behind the fog and felt a senseless joy in his heart. After he drank the last bowl of our kisins, as if out of the blue:

- Take me to your aunt Balaban, he said.

The stone-like, inwardly and outwardly dull face of the big Varsak man became confused. I think he was surprised for the first time in his whole life. He shouted:

- What do you say, Mad Wolf? he asked.

The other was smiling:

- Take me to your aunt.

- Are you crazy? Did our cum hit you in the head?

- I'm in my right mind...

- You'll die if you go there....

- Let the death of the horse be the death

of barley... Balaban, after a long look:

- Or do you have a crush on Gökçen?

With this question, Mad Wolf couldn't help but jump to his feet. What kind of people were these Varsakla?

Big granny had asked in the morning and now Balaban was repeating it:

- Gokcen?

Mad Wolf's ecstasy was increasing. What about Gökçen... He loved Gökçen and he was going to see her mother. The curiosity in him would be calmed down a little bit and he would learn a little bit about Gökçen's mysterious Balaban, whom he could see as if from behind a cloud:

- I've decided to see her, he said. If you don't take me, I'll go myself. If you show me the way, I won't be tired for nothing...

They got up. They started walking in the darkness of the evening. They passed the tents one by one. For some reason, this journey seemed too long to Mad Wolf. They stopped with Balaban's will. He was pointing to the tent with his head. This tent was bigger and different the others.

Crazy Wolf, without thinking, made a move to reach the tent. But Balaban caught him by the arm and stopped him. He called towards the tent:

- Sister-in-law...

A voice answered from inside the tent:

- Balaban! Is that you?

- It's me. I brought you a guest...

There was no sound from inside for a while. Then Esen Börü's question, which sobered up Mad Wolf a little, was heard:

- From the Ottoman Empire?

Balaban responded by making a behaviour as if he was regressing:

- Yeah...

- Here you go...

Balaban, slowly to his friend:

- Come on in. I'm not coming, he said. He turned and walked away with quick steps. To the Mad Wolf, whose eyes were fixed on the tent, it seemed that his friend was trembling.

His eyes were on the tent door. He thought a woman with a veiled face would come out of there. Suddenly his mind

and he went on, picking his head. He came to the door and called inside.

- Shall I come in, sister?

The order from inside:

- Get in!

Mad Wolf, in spite of all his boldness and even ecstasy, sensed a discouraging harmony in this voice, and after a moment's hesitation in front of the door Then he opened the felt door of the tent by saying the besmela and entered.

In the centre of the tent, in the middle, in a large hollow stone, a light he had never seen before was burning, and from its smoke a beautiful floral scent wafted into the tent. At the very back of the tent stood the ghost of a tall, slender woman, whose face was covered with a thin veil, which the light made more spectacular.

When Mad Wolf looked at her, his drunkenness suddenly passed and he had a slight tremor. Because this woman...this woman...I think it was Gökçe...

He bowed his head with his hand clasped in his bosom and said:

- Forgive me if I have disturbed you, sister, he

said. The woman replied:

- You are the first guest to come to this tent for years, Ottoman!... Welcome. .

Mad Wolf was like a groom coming to see his mother-in-law. He went forward. He respectfully kissed her hand and sat on the mat she showed him.

Until then, Gökçen Kız's mother, that is, she will meet her mother-in-law tomorrow.

The thinking Mad Wolf realised that he was now in the presence of a very fresh woman. Voice separation

otherwise she would call it Gökçen, but Gökçen's voice...That mesmerising voice...

Mad Wolf was sitting there, not knowing what to say, while Esen Börü, who was sitting in a higher place opposite him, was looking at him from behind his veil. With a strange excitement, he seemed to come to his senses a little, but the intoxication of the drink had not yet passed. Not knowing where to start the word :

- Your daughter Gökçen is sitting on our banner, he could say.

The woman was looking at him without moving, and this look was making the Mad nervous. Suddenly:

- You love Gökçen but you are married, she said, and Mad Wolf felt himself shudder. This woman knew everything. He was confused for a moment. He did not know what to do in confusion. Then he pulled himself together and started to speak:

- He said, "You know it well, sister. I'm married and I love Gökçen. I can marry him too. Our religion allows it. But what is this light in your eyes? Why do you kill what you look at?"

Why do you run away from people? How do you know secret things? How do you make it rain? Are you a sorcerer? How do you scare snakes and monsters? Or are you a fairy and not a human? Will I not be able to meet Gökçen after I've given my heart so much to him? If I get married  
Can't I look into your eyes? Will I die if I do?

- The woman replied:

- You won't die...

- I won't die? How did others die? How did your husband die?

Esen Börü was still standing like an idol. He said in a calm voice:

- If you love each other, you'll look each other in the eye. Nothing happens. When love grows dull, the eyes start to weep.

At these words, the Mad Wolf felt an affinity for the woman:

- Why did Erin die, sister? Did she fall out of love?

At this question the woman's voice rose. But this rise was not anger or threat, but anguish.

There was.

- Ottoman! You look like you'll be my moth. From far, far away now that you've come this far, there's nothing to hide from you. We used to make love before. He used to look at my face. Then one day a faki from Karaman came and seduced my husband. This faki instilled in my husband that I was an infidel and if he did not convert me to Islam, he would sin and burn in hell.

My husband forced me to pray. He didn't pray himself, but he wanted me to. Even though there were not many prayers among these Varsaks, mine stung them. He became afraid of me. And so my eyes began to bother me. So I was hypocritical and didn't pray, even though I didn't feel like it. Our ancestry is Uyghur. We have been like this since the Kamlanchu country. My husband, who did not accept this, ran away one day, taking our daughter with him. I was very sad.

I cried a lot that he left me even though I was a close servant of God. I missed him and my daughter very much. After years, I learnt where he was with secret knowledge and travelled on the road. I travelled far and wide.

He had married another woman and had a child. I pretended to be Gökçen's aunt so that everyone wouldn't know. I asked her if she didn't love me and ran away. She said, "No, I love you, I ran away because of your irreligion. I said, "Is your love true?" She said it was true.

I opened my veil. If he had love, nothing would have happened. It turned out he had no love. She couldn't stand my gaze. She died a few days later. I didn't bring Gökçen here. One load on the wagon was enough. I taught her our lineage and secret knowledge and returned.

The woman was silent. But it was obvious that a great sorrow was hidden in this silence! Mad Wolf's astonishment was as great as Esen Börü's sorrow. He had never heard of the Uighurs. He asked by making an appellation:

- Sister! Are these Uighurs the Chagatai?
- The ancestors of the Chagatai...
- Is the Kamlanchu place so far away?
- In the east, far away...
- And from whom did you learn this secret information?
- This is the knowledge of our lineage. They call us Irkılığlu. The stone that makes it rain is also from our ancestors.

As the woman showed great sympathy and answered every question, Mad Wolf's confidence grew.

He asked the question that was knotted inside him:

- Sister! Are you really not a Muslim?
- Son! Do you Ottomans meddle with the object in a man's heart like the Karamanids?

Why do you ask me if I'm a Muslim? Isn't it enough that I'm Turkish?  
?

- Don't misunderstand, sister. I'm not asking why you're not a Muslim. I'm asking if you're not a Muslim, and if not, what are you?

- I am not a Muslim.



- What are you?

- I said I'm Turkish..

- I am a Turk but I am also a Muslim ... I want to know your religion. The woman was silent for a while and then she replied:

- We don't divide people according to their religion, but according to their ancestry. The Mad Wolf has gone no further and got to the point:

- Sister! Should I be hopeful of your sympathy? Will you give me Gökçen?

Esen Börü did not answer this question and signalled Mad Wolf, 'Come closer'. He grasped his wrist and could count the beats of his heart. In his other hand a scapula with strange inscriptions on it. The woman was looking at these writings.

A time that seemed a long time to the Mad Wolf passed and the light in the centre of the tent gradually went out.

They were in pitch darkness. But Mad Wolf was aware that Esen Börü still hadn't lifted his veil. At some point he let go of Crazy Wolf's wrist. Then these words were heard in the dark tent:

- Ottoman! Gökçen a heart for you too. If I know that your love won't diminish in the future.

I'd say get it already. You're a match for each other. She's beautiful and valiant, and you're handsome.

and you are very valiant. As he came from a great lineage dressed as a shepherd, you are dressed as a sipahi.

you're a descendant of a great Taste. But I can't see your end, Sipahi...

What did that mean, a descendant of a great one... Mad Wolf he didn't think of that.

Because Esen Börü got up and went to a corner of the tent and turned round, saying, 'Let me offer you some kırmızı, sipahi'. There, bending down to the ground, he lifted his veil while taking a bucket.

She recognised his shadow and, with her back to him, she seemed to see a green light shining on the pot on the ground. When the woman turned to Mad Wolf, her veil was down. She was offering him a large bowl of koumiss. He drank it with great pleasure. Because Gökçen's mother had said 'Gökçen has a heart for you'. In the midst of this joy:

- He said, "Let me go.

The woman replied, 'Come and see me before you go back to your dormitory.

Mad Wolf kissed his hand and when he came out of the tent and looked at the sky, he found the world very beautiful.

## **PAVAL AND SWORD**

Crazy Wolf did not remember how many days and by which routes he returned to his homeland. Esen Börü

He visited Balaban again, said goodbye to Balaban and talked to a few people in a flowery place.

But that's all... Only Esen Börü's words were in his mind:" Gökçen a heart for you too. You are equal to each other. What did he want to say when he said: 'As he comes from a great lineage in the guise of a shepherd, you come from a great lineage in the guise of a sipahi'? Then... Why didn't he see the end of the matter?

Mad Wolf's consciousness, which was far away from him all the way, can only be seen by Cakir:

- Crazy Wolf! I had given hopeyou, he said in his voice, he turned back to himself again and Çakır seemed to have collapsed and looked like an old man.

Mad Wolf was returning after two months and no one had seen him alive or dead in these two months.

At a time when he believed that he was dead, he searched him a little, but when he found him alive, Çakır was so happy that he almost had tears in his eyes.

He didn't ask much why he was late, where he was staying. There always two doubts in him. That he would find out who the Mad Wolf was and that others would find out who the Mad Wolf really was.

Judging from the face of his young sipah, these dangers had not materialised. Anything else would have been too much. The mad wolf in a nutshell:

- I was wounded. That's why I couldn't come,

Agha, he said. Çakır said:

- How did you spend it, he asked:

- The villagers drove the labour, and this matter was closed with the answer.

Now there a nudge inside the Mad Wolf. This impulse led him to Yassi

He was pushing it behind the hill. He was going to go there. The joy of going was infinite.

But why was there a strange fear in him? Was he afraid of Gökçen?

The Mad Wolf sensed a mad fire coursing through his blood and remembered the words of Esen Börü:

- I can't see your end, sipahi !...

What could be the unseen end? Isn't all endings black earth?

Mad Wolf spent three days hard. On the nights when the moon rose late, he would reach the back of Yassı Tepe and meet Gökçen and

he would talk and return. Neither Cakir nor Evren would know about this departure.

Crazy Wolf did as he thought. Galloping in the darkness, he reached the oba late at night. Passing far away from the tents, a very heavy and marched Yassı Tepe. But it was dark. He had difficulty in finding this place where he came months ago.

As he was saying 'What would happen if Gökçen Kız played the pipe pipe', he shuddered with a sound coming from far away. It was

was the sound of his pipe. The Mad Wolf was getting louder and louder and louder he was saying something to his heart. He thought he must have realised that I had come, that I could not find the way. Both his mother and himself were such hard men that they saw the darkness, knew the past and understood the future.

The sound began to penetrate the Mad again. This beautiful voice dominated the stars, the sky, the earth, everything. This voice doesn't speak, but it says a lot he was saying. He got off his horse. Even the horse, if it understood something from this pipe, was moving forward without making a sound, without stretching its head to a grass.

Mad Wolf heard his heart beating fast and when he came to the top of the hill, he saw Gökçen's shadow under the tree that looked like a shadow. The shadow was getting brighter because the moon was rising over the horizon.

The girl played so beautifully and the Mad Wolf walked so hesitantly that this twenty or thirty paces seemed endless to him.

There was about ten paces between them when Gökçen suddenly stood up. He turned round and came face to face with the Mad Wolf. He was veiled. With a voice that made hearts flutter:

- Welcome, sipahi! I was playing the pipe so that you could find your way easily, he said, and the Mad Wolf shuddered:

- Did you know I was coming?

- I knew it.

The great Ottoman sipah was trembling in the excitement of love. He was going to say that he loved her and wanted to buy her. But before he even started to speak, the girl's crystalline voice was heard:

- Sipahi! Give me my mummy's trust..

Mad Wolf was struck by lightning and took a step back. He was afraid of the thin and light-eyed girl who was the owner of this beautiful voice. How did he know that he had his mother's relic? Even Mad Wolf had forgotten it, now he remembered it. When he went to his tent for the second time, Esen Börtü

He gave her a small bag wrapped in an embroidered circle and told her to take it to her daughter. When Gökçen asked him to do so, he reached for the saddle on his horse's back and handed it to her.

Now they were facing each other. The Mad Wolf was watching him. Again he was wearing a scarf on his head and his hair

down his shoulders. A knife was hanging from his belt. Under the moonlight, he was so heart-catching and dazzling that the Mad Wolf started to feel intoxicated again. He was about to say 'I've set my heart on you Gökçen' when he was stopped by a painful neighing of his horse and turned his head. This neighing was enemy news. At the same time, at the same place he had just come from, namely Yassı Tepe.

He saw a statuesque horseman on the summit looking down at them. His own horse was digging the ground with its front foot, ears pricked up.

The foreign rider looked at them for a while and then dismounted with an agile jump. He approached on foot with quick steps. When he stopped three steps away, Deli Kurt recognised this tall, sword-wielding person. He was the son of the chief of Oba.

.

Then a lightning flashed in his brain and a dark place lit up. This beğ also loved Gökçen. In the silence of the night he shouted in an angry voice that thundered like lightning:

- Sipahi! Don't you have a fief? What are you doing here?

Mad Wolf responded to this heavy word:

- Are you a banner-bearer, you ask?

The son of Beğ was in no condition to negotiate. The harshness of his voice increased and he cut it short:

- I love Gökçen.

Even though this was a known fact, the Mad Wolf was shaken:

- It is the heart, he replied. Turkmen's

fastidiousness was increasing. He cried out:

- You're married. Get out of the way, leave her to me...

Mad Wolf's blood is boiling. What that rude Turkmen is saying, He was insulting Gökçen by looking at her as an inanimate thing, a commodity. When in fact this girl was now a blessed possession for the Mad Wolf.

was attached to her with all his heart. No matter how patient he to be, he couldn't bear it. He shouted:

- Let the swords tell us who must retire.

There was a sharp clatter. Mad Wolf had drawn his sword. There was another clatter. Turkmen's sword

glowing in the air. What had been done hundreds of thousands of times since the world was created would be done again, two men would fight for a girl. By mixing the right of the heart with the right of the sword, an average result

would come out.

The Turkmen Beg and the Ottoman Sipahi did not move forward or backward from where they were, but clashed their swords twice, once from the right and once from the left. Its just a lunging exercise to get the arms used to it. The real fight

would start now.

The son of Beğ started to circle around the Mad Wolf with terrible swings. The Mad Wolf deflected these swings with such a swing that those who saw them would have thought that the swords would immediately break and fall. But the swords didn't break, but in the silence of the night they were making harsh clanging sounds like wild music.

It shone in the air, and under the moonlight, the troughs flashed and faded from the collision of the steels.

One of them was an Ottoman sipah. He could kill a man with a slap and decapitate him with a sword. The other was a Turkmen favourite. He could crush a bull with one punch and cut the iron shield in two. But their swords did not break. Because their swords made of double quenched steel were made by the greatest masters. One was a Turkmen sword, one was an Ottoman sword.

Under the moonlight, on this plain behind Yassı Tepe, two braves, whose faces they had never seen.

for a girl, for a fairy girl. As time passed, the madness of the Mad Wolf increased, as if the other had no sword in his hand.

He was dashing, seeing that he was the only one hitting. On the plain where a moment ago the most beautiful piping had been heard, now the clatter of swords, horrible but not inferior to it in beauty, was heard.

Gökçen was three or four steps away and watching the two batsmen from the side. Although it was the first time he had seen such a thing, he was in a very unhurried state and under his veil he saw every behaviour.

his waist was fine. He realised from the stains on his chest and arms that both of the combatants had received several wounds. These spots were growing rapidly. Then he realised that he was getting closer. Indeed, a little later, he saw that the swords clashing in the air bent to the ground and both warriors fell to the ground holding their chests.

They were both badly wounded. Having been wounded many times in bloody games, they realised that there was no way out. Both of them thought the same thing at the same time and turned their heads towards him, wishing the last image in their eyes would be Gökçen. The son of Beğ went further and said in an anguished voice:

- Gökçen! Open your veil, she moaned. She wanted to die seeing those divine eyes of terrible beauty.

Mad Wolf was thinking the same thing, but he could not bring himself to reveal it. In the midst of these few moments, Gökçen's sweet voice was heard:

- You will be saved ...

Moving quickly, he knelt between the two wounded. Turning first to Mad Wolf :

- Close your eyes, he said. It was a command. Mad Wolf . The girl lifted her veil and with great swiftness drew her knife. She tore the wounded man's shirt and opened his chest. There were several wounds.

But one of them was so big and deep that the blood flowed like a gutter. He opened his mother's bag, which he had just been given. There was a bowl the size of a fist.

He rubbed the putty-like substance in the bowl on the wounds and, searching his surroundings with his eyes, plucked a thorny grass. Just as quickly, he pulled out a few thorns from the grass and joined the two ends of the Mad Wolf's big wound with these thorns and stopped the blood.

While these things were happening, Mad Wolf felt both the greatest joy and the greatest pain.

Only for a moment, his slightly opened eyes touched Gökçen's eyes. Although these eyes were not looking at him, but at his chest, the Mad Wolf was still able to see the green lights.

and he was dazzled and ecstatic. He realised that the great agony that there was nothing more beautiful in the world than this.

When Gökçen had finished, he quickly turned to Turkmen and ordered him to close his eyes.

But his eyes already closed. Because he fainted. While he was doing the same to her, Mad Wolf was watching Gökçen from where he was lying and looking at



and how it heals wounds by illuminating them.

When she finished, she put on her veil again and stood up. In a voice that sounded like a healing to Mad Wolf, he asked :

- Sipahi! Are you in a lot of pain?

- It's not!

Apart from the four wounds on his chest, the scratches on his arms and face were to make even the toughest man groan. But the touch of Gökçen's hands on him, his voice and his eyes

had made me forget.

Deli Kurt's admiration had increased several times when something happened to increase it even more. Gökçen taking the unconscious son of the Turkmen beg's son in his arms. He was holding this burly young man as if he was carrying a lamb. Turning to Deli Kurt:

- He said, "I'll take this to your tent and come back.

Crazy Wolf thought about how to take him without saying anything, and his astonished eyes saw Gökçen approaching Turkmen's horse, take him by one arm, press the stirrup and slowly

He saw that as he rode slowly, he lifted the wounded man with one arm and took him in front of him without shaking him. Even the strongest man could only do so much.

The horse carrying the two men disappeared with agait over Yassı Tepe and Mad Wolf was left alone in the intoxication of the green lights he heard in his brain, not in his eyes.

## **LOVE**

When Mad Wolf opened his eyes in great exhaustion, the moon was overhead and his head was resting on Gökçen's knees. He quickly remembered what had happened and realised  
he was relieved to see that he had returned. Gökçen:

- Have you sobered up, sipahi? he asked, taking a bowl in his hand:

- You'll drink this, she said. Her face was veiled again. He lifted Mad Wolf's head on his arm and lifted it a little.

He brought the bowl to his lips and drank the contents. It was a drink with a strange flavour, a drink he had not known until then. He didn't ask what happened. He didn't ask what Gökçen

he had confidence that if he did it, he'd do it well.

Now she realised how much she loved him. 'Gökçen! If I only knew how I fell in love with you.

he was going to say. He couldn't. He could not bring himself to say it at a time when he was so helpless and in need of her protection. He forced himself to say it...But in vain! He wasn't going to say it.

He couldn't help saying this, but he couldn't deprive himself hearing Gökçen's voice...

- He asked, "How did the Turkmen son become?

- He's fine. He's sleeping in his tent now. But you'll be up first. The Mad

Wolf was mesmerised by this voice. There was a talisman in that voice, it penetrated one's heart. If this voice had said 'get up', Mad Wolf would have gotten up even in this half-dead state. But something caught his attention in this drunkenness. Gökçen did not believe in fate. I wonder if he was not a Muslim like his mother. He asked:

- How do you know I'll be up before then?

- Of your wounds and the fact that I've put ointment on you before.

Gökçen right. This was a matter of opinion, a matter of calculation. Even so, Mad Wolf couldn't help asking again.

- Doesn't God know who will get up first? Gökçen answered

after a long silence:

- God doesn't deal with all men, one by one.

- How do you know that?

- I have a feeling...

They were silent. Mad Wolf had not even imagined such a fortune, let alone dreamt of it. He was lying on Gökçen's knees, listening to her voice. Gökçen was the beauty of the world and he was bound to this beauty with an indissoluble love. If he was healthy, would he be able to rest his head on such a pillow? If he was not injured, would Gökçen work to repair him? Suddenly, he felt a closeness to Turkmen, who had prepared these opportunities by injuring himself, and asked with the interest of closeness:

- Isn't Turkmen's father on the case?

- He won't say anything to anyone.

- Won't the son of the lord tell me what's going on?

- He won't say anything to anyone.

- How do you know?

- That's what I told him.

There was such a sharpness in this statement that it was like saying, 'I commanded him, he will not tell'.

Crazy Wolf realised the true meaning of the word. Yes, he couldn't say it. Because the son of the Turkmen chief also loved Gökçen.

He thought for a while, fixing his eyes on the sky. The sun would rise, the beauty of this moment would be gone, and even worse than that, there would be people who would see him in the light of day. Gökçen seemed to understand what was going through his mind:

- I brought you a tent, Sipahi, he said. You will enter it before sunrise and stay in the tent until the sun sets. Daylight is not good for you.

Saying this, he put Mad Wolf's head from his knee to the ground; he got up. He had some stakes and ropes and a tent. He set up this little tent a little beyond where they were. He spread a felt on the ground.

He had brought all this on his way back after taking the son of the Turkmen beğ. Gökçen ran very fast and never got tired. In order to get back to Deli Kurt as soon as possible, he came to Yassı Tepe with these heavy loads on his shoulders.

After setting up the tent, he gave Mad Wolf a few more sips of the strange drink. He applied ointment to his wounds again. Then he put Mad Wolf's head on his knee:

- You will enter the tent at sunrise and sleep all day. In the evening you will get up and walk, he said.

After Gökçen said these words, he started to play the kaval. He played very lightly and this time the melodies were not like anything Mad Wolf had heard before. This time the sound made him feel good inside.

Now he began to feel something else, a sweet numbness. What talisman had this sorceress used again? Here his eyes were closing, he felt as if he was passing into another realm. Was this pipe singing a lullaby to him?  
? Would the great sipahi sleep like a child with a lullaby?

Realising he was about to fall asleep, he tried not to sleep. He realised that if he fell asleep.

He wouldn't have the pleasure of lying on his knees, but this pleasure alone was enough to take his consciousness, to make him pass out. In addition, the sound of this magical pipe was taking all his will.

Mad Wolf couldn't stand it any longer. He reluctantly closed his eyes. But he could still hear the sound of the pipe. The sound was getting louder and louder. It seemed to come from behind a curtain. It was getting more and more beautiful, creating heart turbulences. Crazy Wolf wanted to cry with the most blissful feeling. As the sound of the pipe was going away, felt a fear in his heart of the possibility of its disappearance. He was going to say 'Let the pipe not rest'. But he could not afford to say it. Suddenly he felt pity seeing himself in a black endless void. Then he was relieved to realise that the place was filled with a green light. Green was everywhere.

it illuminated everything, it began to show everything. Everything illuminated by the green was also green. The Mad Wolf lost everything in which he felt an indescribable pleasure.

When he opened his eyes, it was dim. He saw that he was lying in a small tent and remembered everything. But he did not know how he got into this tent. It was obvious that Gökçen had carried her here putting her to sleep with em and kaval. That thin, tall young girl was strong like steel.

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Mad Wolf began to examine his narrow tent. The ceiling was two cubits above the ground. It was solidly pitched. He was lying on a thick felt. A thin felt was covered on top of him.

And what about his own condition? Mad Wolf felt he was fine when he examined himself. There was a very slight tingling in the wounds on his chest. If it wasn't for the weight on his head, he would have judged that he was fine. But this weight was taking away all his strength.

At some point, the tent door slowly opened and Gökçen appeared. Her face was veiled.

- Are you awake, Sipahi?

Oh this voice, this indescribably beautiful voice... That sound could revive even the dead. The Mad Wolf felt very strong and tried to get up.  
:

- I just woke up, he said. Gökçen's

short command was heard:

- Don't get up!

Then he handed me a bowl:

- Drink this

The Mad Wolf felt a refreshment when he drank it and waited for Gökçen to speak. Every time he spoke, the charm of his voice and the love of the Mad Wolf and

His admiration was growing, and strangely , he felt a desire that love should increase, that it should become a burden he could not bear, that it should crush him.

Mad Wolf's secret wish was fulfilled. Gökçen was asking:

- Do you feel yourself getting hot, warm?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

- It's not long till sundown. When the sun goes down, you'll bathe and recover.  
!

He was so used to seeing extraordinary things around this girl that he didn't ask anything. only realised that there was a great fortune in him.

As it was getting dark inside the small tent, Gökçen dismantled it with great dexterity. Mad Wolf then saw that his faithful horse was waiting for him a little behind. Gökçen knelt down and took Deli Kurt's head in his arm and lifted him up. The heat and heat that had just started had increased. The girl, holding the big sipah by his arms with both hands, stood him up like a feather. Mad Wolf realised that he was not as strong as he had hoped a moment ago. His head was spinning. He leaned against Gökçen.

With his help she took a few steps closer to the horse. He did not know why he was approaching, he only obeying Gökçen. He realised that he would be put on the horse. But no way, he could not do it, he would be ashamed. What a pity for a sipahi not to be able to ride a horse!

That's when another extraordinary thing happened. Crazy Wolf, whose head was spinning a little, thought he was falling and felt himself rising. Before he realised what was happening, he found himself on his horse. He put one hand

Gökçen, who was supporting Deli Kurt's back, was giving him the reins with his other hand. This means that this suna sized girl tricked Deli Kurt into riding the horse.

without hurting the wounded man in any way. Now he was leading the horse, which he had grabbed by the bridle, slowly towards a place.

Crazy Wolf did not know where he was going and did not ask anything. In addition to the love he felt for this girl in his heart, a respect had been added for two days.

This veiled girl, whom everyone was afraid of as a monster to be feared, was actually a very good person. She was as beautiful as a fairy, as strong as a pars.

but also knowledgeable and meaningful because he didn't show his face.

They stopped when they crossed the mound at the foot of Yassı Tepe. Here, in a place sheltered by three or four trees, a large stone gutter was rumbling. The gutter was wide enough for two or three people and there was a pit like a well in front of it.

Gökçen explained why they came here:

- A water boils from this well, sipahi! It's a cure for troubles. Now I'll fill the gutter with this water.

After washing inside, I will apply ointment once and drink em, by tomorrow morning you will be fine ...

At the head of the well, there was a cauldron carved from a log. Dangling it with its rope, he started to draw water and pour it into the trough. Although he drew water from the deep well fifteen or twenty times with this big wooden cauldron, he did not show any sign of fatigue. When the gutter was full, he quickly turned back and went to Yassı Tepe and after he brought the weapons of Mad Wolf, who was waiting to see what would happen, and put them on the ground

After that:

- Sipahi! Now I'm to go to the lodge. No one will come here, but I'll leave your compasses with you. You'll feel safer with them because he's a sipahi.

Wash in the water in the gutter until I come back. You can dry off with these, he said, and a few

and handed the big circle to the Mad Wolf. Then, after dipping the wooden cauldron into the well again, he untied the rope. With the full cauldron in his hand:

- He asked if I'd let him ride his horse.

- You don't need permission. I'm all yours.

Mad Wolf's voice trembled with the harmony of love and gratitude.

Gökçen jumped on the horse like a skilful soldier. Again like a skilful soldier, he bent down and picked up the cauldron full of water. Crazy Wolf curiously:

- He asked, "Where are you taking that water?"

- To the son of the Turkmen beğ...

Mad Wolf suddenly felt a flame of jealousy burning inside him. If she hadn't fought him, she might have shouted 'Don't go'. Gökçen felt himself a prisoner

lest he should think she was a . However, the sorceress did not understand what was in the sipah's heart.

he wasn't. Perhaps to placate him, he said these words:

- His wounds are worse than yours, sipahi. He can't get into the water and heal quickly like you, but this water

, he'll come round a bit by pouring it over his wounds...

Mad Wolf said nothing and Gökçen, after crossing Yassı Tepe, undressed and went into the warm water.

She was telling the truth. She was noticeably getting better in the water. Even though the water lukewarm, there was no trace of the heat she had felt all over her body a moment ago. The pain in her joints was gone too.

He felt strong. He came out of the gutter and dried with the circles given by Gökçen. Slowly

He dressed slowly. He even put on his sword and quiver. He walked a few steps to test himself.

He was tired and tired again, but he was no longer dizzy and did not look at the world with resentment. He was hungry

too. So he was returning to health.



He sat for a while. Then he got up and walked around a bit. From there he walked slowly and reached under the tree where Gökçen always sat and sat down.

The sheep had also collapsed and spread out on the plain below. He started to wait for Gökçen.

Until then, Mad Wolf had thought that the sweetest waiting waiting for the enemy. This evening

He realised that it was sweeter to wait for a lover. In the caressing breeze of the night, looking at the sky where the stars flickered, he thought: 'I can wait for Gökçen here until I die'.

## **HOLY NIGHT**

When Gökçen returned, Mad Wolf was as happy as if he had come back to the world. He didn't show it on his face or in his behaviour, but he couldn't contain himself. In the midst of this joy, he realised something new.

He didn't remember many things when he was with Gökçen. It was the same now. He knew that the ointment was applied to his wounds again and that he was made to drink a few sips of that drink. But he could not remember how he had put his head on Gökçen's knees. Had he lied down himself?

or had she put him to bed, he couldn't remember. Was he bewitched?  
? Was he ill?

Something was happening, but he didn't understand and didn't force himself to understand. He was swimming in such a great bliss that he did not see a step ahead, did not think a moment later.

It was a beautiful, cool night. It was dark because the moon had not risen. But Mad Wolf knew he was lying in the light. The moon was behind that hill. It would rise soon.

The green lights, a thousand times more beautiful than those of the moon, were right next to him and separated from him by a veil.

He had seen the lovely yellow bear many times and benefited a lot from its lights. The green lights, on the other hand, he had seen twice, or rather as if he had seen them. I wonder if he would be able to see them to the fullest tonight?

Mad Wolf strong enough to make the journey. Tomorrow he must leave

it was meant to be. That's what Gökçen had said. Although it touched his pride he was aware that he secretly wanted his wounds not to heal quickly in order to stay here a little longer.

Being a soldier, he was used to thinking everything with a soldier's mind. He also thought of his love for Gökçen in a soldier's way. This love was a war. And because it was a war, it was a fierce endeavour.

no matter how strong the side, there to be a fight to the end. Saying you loved meant surrendering. Does anyone ever surrender to defeat without playing their last trump card?

?

Mad Wolf was thinking about these things in the midst of a whirlwind of happiness, but he realised that he could not resist the force urging him from within. Almost involuntarily:

- Gokcen! Oba beğ's son loves you very much, he said.

He said it because he couldn't say 'I love you very much'. I don't know what effect his words had

the girl's magical voice was heard.

- Can't you tell me someone other than the son of the chief of the hut, sipahi?

Mad Wolf trembled with pleasure and excitement. He was drunk again, he was drunk again, and he had the unreservedness of drunkenness. He answered:

- I can tell you!

Gökçen was silent when it came to topics he didn't want to be talked about. This time he did not do so and asked:

- Is that a squire?

- Yes!

- Is his name Murad?

- Yes!

Gökçen stroked the face of the wounded lying on his knee and Mad Wolf was almost ecstatic with this caress. He had never seen such pleasure in his life. He thought he was in heaven. In between a sweet swoon:

- Gökçen, he said, will you show me your eyes?

Mad Wolf had asked this question because he had adopted an ideal. Otherwise, he knew that he could not see those unseeing eyes, that Gökçen would not show them. Then the answer he would get would be a definite 'No'. But Gökçen did not answer 'No':

- Tonight you'll see, he said

Crazy Wolf couldn't believe it, he thought he misheard:

- He asked, "Tonight?"

Tonight, sipahi... Soon you'll get what you want...

Crazy Wolf was exhausted with happiness. To see the eyes of the beauty of the world and die at her knee. He couldn't think of anything else.

After a long silence from Gökçen:

- Sipahi said. What will happen after you see me?

Mad Wolf replied:

- You'll be waiting for me to get better. .

- And then?

- Then you and I will shoot arrows, compete and wrestle. Gökçen's voice was completely mesmerised:

- Your arrow may surpass my arrow. Your horse may surpass my horse. But in wrestling, you'll be defeated.

- Isn't it enough to win two? The rainbow has become a poem:

- Enough for you, sipahi...but you're married..

The Mad Wolf then realised where the pain was coming from and in great despair:

- According to our religion, a man can have two wives, he replied.

The girl asked in her beautiful voice:

- What's your girl back home gonna say to that?

The Mad Wolf did not realise that the beauty of the world beside him had adopted him. He felt such a great fortune that his feelings and thoughts were working in a way unlike any other time. Perhaps he answered without realising what he was saying:

- He won't say anything.

- The sadness?

Mad Wolf then remembered Satı Kadın's words. She had said that Gökçen Kız was very kind-hearted despite all her harsh and wild appearance. It turned out that she did not want someone else to be hurt because of her in such a deep affair of the heart.

Mad Wolf remembered Melek Hatun at home while lying on the knees of a foreign girl on this beautiful night. That faithful and loyal woman, who was really as beautiful as an angel with her temperament and face, made his heart ache. But he was so enchanted, so enamoured by the love of the Varsak girl that he could not think of her any longer. He realised that he was no longer in command of himself. He became the prisoner of this valiant girl who saved him from death. He was a prisoner of this

She was such a girl that had no equal in beauty, strength and courage. Even if you beat me in arrows and races, you will surely be defeated in wrestling.

Was it?

These words were not a boast. He had seen how the chief had lifted his son onto the horse with one arm. He had lifted himself in the same way. The strength of his arm was one thing, but the strength in his eyes. . Mad Wolf was about to pass out in a sweet drowsiness.

He tried to pull himself together and said with an ease that he himself was amazed at how he said it:

- Gökçen, he said. The burn has touched me. I can't live without you. Will you save me from living like a soulless dead as you saved me from death, will you be my sister?

Then, seeing that she was silent, he finished:

- She won't say anything about it, she won't be upset.

A long time passed, a time that seemed very long to the Mad Wolf. Gökçen was not answering. He was about to despair. Suddenly he heard her say in her most beautiful voice, "Yes! As he said this, he saw the face of the Mad Wolf he stroked it lightly.

The wounded sipahi had forgotten everything. He forgot where he was, why he was here and even who he was. He was living in another world with indescribable joyful feelings. The son of a person could only be so happy in Heaven. But in order to reach the end of this bliss, he to see Gökçen's eyes. He knew that those who looked into those eyes were dead. After spending such a blessed night, lying on the knees of the beauty of the world he loved so much, he knew that she was willing to marry him.

what else on earth could he wish for? Death was something he would gladly endure. To be so blessed, indeed. it was worth dying for.

Anyway death was not an object to be feared...He was a sipah with fief and his job was to shop in the market of life. He had faced death a few times, he had not died. He could have died. The apocalypse would not end with the death of a sipahi...

With a voice excited to taste this last flavour:

- Gökçen! Show me your eyes now, he begged.

Gökçen did not say anything. With one hand he lifted Deli Kurt by holding him under his head. were sitting on the grass, facing each other. The crystalline voice of the beauty of the world was heard.

- Keep your head down!

The Mad Wolf turned his gaze to the ground. Gökçen took off her veil and gave her last command:

- Raise your head slowly and look at me!

The Ottoman sipah, who was not afraid of anything, shook his head slowly, trembling with fear and excitement.

slowly lifted. Sensing that a dazzling light would fill his eyes and inside him, he first saw Gökçen's chin, then his lips. When our eyes met, the arrow shaking like he'd been eaten and trembling like a child who'd seen a dragon:

- He could only say, "Oh, my God! He said it very slowly and in a low voice, because all his strength

He was stunned and confused of his mind. If he had had the strength to shout, he would have done so with a roar that would have echoed throughout the neighbourhood. A pair of slanted green eyes glared at him, destroying all his will, dazzling him, making Mad Wolf faint with pleasure and trembling with their terrifying predatory gaze.

Crazy Wolf had never seen such a horrible thing in all his life. He couldn't look, he was shaking with fear.

But he had never seen anything so beautiful. He couldn't get enough of looking at it, he got drunk. And again.

'Oh my God,' he moaned. A faintness had come over him. It was going to collapse. He was going to collapse.

:

- He heard a voice saying, "Close your eyes with your hand," and he did.

He closed his eyes, but the green light emanating from the green eyes of the girl enveloped his whole being so much that he saw a green void even though his eyes were closed.

Suddenly he felt Gökçen's hand on his wrist. 'Look at me,' he was saying as he slowly withdrew his hand closing his eyes.

Mad Wolf looked again and felt an indescribable pleasure fill him. These eyes were unbearable. Slowly:

- I want to die now, he could say. Gökçen smiled. When he smiled, he answered without taking his eyes, which lost their ferocity but their light became stronger, from the eyes of the Crazy Wolf:

- You'll live...

Indeed, the Mad Wolf had begun to feel a different kind of freshness in him. Even so, he could not look into her eyes for a long time and lowered his head. Then Gökçen lifted his head by holding his chin:

- You're used to it now. Don't look away.

Yes, he was used to it. He could look without dying, without fainting, without collapsing. But still, that look

was trouble. To look into such beautiful eyes and not die. . And those lights...

Gökçen said she would get the man she married used to looking into my eyes, and she did. The Mad Wolf will no longer stand up for himself,

he realised he didn't even have the strength to sit down. O

Then Gökçen put him on his knees again with his hand and, no longer looking at Mad Wolf, turned his eyes to the horizon. The moon was rising. She had not covered her veil. Crazy Wolf, without moving his head, looked at both the luminous eyes and the moon, wondering how a beautiful face could have been created. He thought

with his eyes that bring you to your knees and his voice that penetrates your heart. and the greatest witness to its greatness. God had probably created him with thought and praise.

Under her wild and uncaring appearance, this girl carried in her chest one of the most sensitive hearts. She did not know many things that people knew, she knew many things they did not know.

He had extraordinary powers. But she too had fallen in love with the wounded and handsome squire lying on her knees. If it wasn't for that, Mad Wolf, he couldn't stand it, he'd go mad or die like the others.

Gökçen suddenly brought his pipe to his lips and to play something. He always played beautifully and touchingly, but tonight his melodies were completely different.

Mad Wolf, lying on the knees of a beauty of the world on such a beautiful night, watching such a beautiful moon, and yet his terrible beauty staring, listening to the sound of his unique pipe, drinking in the light that shines from his eyes.  
he was enjoying life.

Gökçen played and played. He made Mad Wolf completely drunk. Then he left the kaval and started to sing a folk song with his crystal voice:

The heart is caught in a

trap called fate.

The heart is made of many

emotions and wood.



What is the law, he does not  
understand; He suffers grief,  
he does not moan, The heart  
does not listen to edict,  
Because he has been sold to  
love.

What is pain for the  
heart? Every word goes  
to the power. Into the  
heart

With a little bit of a mist...

Gökçen was telling the truth, on the night of such a great fortune, the Mad Wolf sensed that there was a spot on one side of his heart. But he wiped it out among the superior beauties. He immersed himself in another realm by immersing himself in Gökçen's beauty.

He spent the most blessed night of his life, falling into a state between sleep, fainting and drunkenness.

Gökçen, the beauty of the world, waited for the wounded lying on her knees with the endurance given by her steel-like nature, without moving until the morning...

### **THE MISSING SIPAHI**

Mad Wolf returned to his village with a weary heart. The exhaustion of love and happiness... He was also quite purified and his face was drained. When Coyote saw him:

- Where have you been, Mad Wolf? We knew you were dead, hugged and his hand on Mad Wolf's neck, recognising the wound on his left shoulder through his clothing:

- He asked, "Were you hurt?"

How could Mad Wolf explain what had been going on for six months? Karaman said that he fought with the answer 'The villagers drove me' on his return from the hand, and that he fought in this fight.

the janissary was killed, but he himself was wounded.

Could he say that he had looked after him, that he had gone to Yassı Tepe without informing anyone a while after his return, that he had seen Gökçen there, that he had fought with the son of the Oba Beg, and that he had received his current wounds in this fight? But Çakır would not let go, he kept asking and asking. He was suspicious of Deli Kurt's evasive answers and realised that something was going on.

Çakır did not attach much importance to an affair of the heart, travelling to Karaman country without permission or even killing a janissary. He was afraid that Deli Kurt would find out that he was an Ottoman prince by chance, and even worse, he was afraid that others would know that he was a prince. Because he was still loyal to the memory of the deceased Isa Beg.

When he saw Mad Wolf's wound, he realised that he was hiding something. Because the first wound was not a sword, pike or arrow wound. Moreover it was cauterised... He thought that Deli Kurt had probably been a prisoner of the Karamanids at that time and he did not press any further.

Mad Wolf was returning home wounded for the second time in about six months. He had a new knife at his waist. Gökçen had given it to him. He left his own knife to Gökçen and told him when and how he could come back.

Gökçen, in that crystal clear voice:

- As long as you're alive, I'll wait for you, he said.

Mad Wolf was a sipah. He was an orderly. He could go on such expeditions that he would not be able to come back for years. Thinking about it:

- How will you know if I'm alive or not if I take too long? Gökçen briefly asked:

- I know, he replied.

Indeed he did. Wasn't he a sorcerer who knew many secret things? Then they said goodbye and parted. Gökçen saw him off from the summit of Yassı Tepe. Mad Wolf looked at Yassı Tepe as he rounded the last bend,

Seeing Gökçen standing there, he drew his sword and saluted him, and Gökçen

waving the pipe in his hand. Even from such a long distance, Mad Wolf saw the green lights in his eyes.

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Mad Wolf didn't find this year's harsh winter boring at all. Wherever he is now. full of hope. Gökçen, the beauty of the world, said she would wait for him.

While everything was going on in the village as usual, one point attracted the attention of the villagers.

Murad, a fief sipahi, learns from the old shepherd of the village who plays the pipe well he started to take it. He listened to him play long burning airs for a long time, and then he started to play the simplest melodies himself. The shepherd, who had never imagined that he would be faced with such an offer, taught with joy and eagerness. Crazy Wolf learnt quickly. He liked the kaval so much because Gökçen was also playing it, that it was impossible for him not to become a good kaval player.

Sometimes he went out to the countryside when it was snowing, played his pipe amidst the howling of the storm and called Gökçen.

Gökçen was hearing them. From beyond the long roads, mountains and streams.

he could hear the pipe. Because he had extraordinary powers. He knew the feelings that came out of the hearts and the thoughts that popped out of the brains.

The Mad Wolf began to hear Gökçen's answers to him on the pipe. He was not hearing this by his own power. Gökçen's power was making him hear these sounds.

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As spring came, Deli Kurt's hopes meeting Gökçen were dashed with a new marching order. The Ottoman Sultan Murad II had ordered a march on Semendire. The Serbian hypocrisy was to be punished. After gathering in Edirne, the Ottoman army started to march rapidly.

and took the forces coming from Rumelia and took the Serbian capital  
He started marching on Semendire. Serbian Bey Brankovic knew well what the  
Turkish army was.

For this reason, he could not stay in the city he had fortified, and he left the  
leadership of the Serbian army to his son and fled to Hungary.

Semendire was besieged at the end of June. This Serb was not worth a single coin,  
but he held on because he had gathered his whole army behind a strong fortress.  
Otherwise he would have taken the field as he had done at Kosovo, at the Serbian  
Border.  
if he went to war, he would be finished in a couple of hours, his army would be  
destroyed.

Anyway, which of the nations in Rumelia was durable? But when it comes to  
Hungary

it was changing. Especially the horsemen very fierce and daring. Isn't that why a  
poet wrote about Hungarians:

If there is valour in the infidel, he is a simple

Hungarian, both he himself is a valiant man, and

his horse is a swift and horse.

he said. Indeed, when the Turks and Hungarians clashed, the battle was like a war,  
and it was not to be savoured. For this reason, most of the sipahs and raiders in the  
Ottoman army knew that it would be better to head towards Hungary and fight a  
battle than to linger at the foot of the castle walls.

Finally, on an August day, the army entered Semendire. Deli Kurt was among the  
first to enter the castle together with the Black Sea sipahis. There was a great  
The predictions about a clash proved to be futile, because the son of the Serbian king  
surrendered.

The gathering of the prisoners had just finished, when a news that was churned up  
made all hearts glad.

The Hungarians were coming their king. And they were quite close.

Although the Turkish army was under the command of Ishak Beğ and Osman Beğ He marched like lightning towards the Hungarians and met them on a warm and beautiful day in September.

Çakır Bölükbaşı, gazing at the battlefield where the Hungarians were lined up in rows.

After lifting his vigorous body on the stirrups, despite his hair, and taking a look:

- He said, "This Hungarian is not like Serbian, it will be a hard labour again.

Evren and Mad Wolf heard his words, as did all the soldiers of the company. No one said anything. But they all had something in their heads. Evren I've never met a Hungarian

Let' see these Hungarians,' he thought. Mad Wolf said, 'We should try to stay alive to meet Gökçen'.

Soon it was seen that the Hungarians started to advance in neat lines. At the same time, from the rear of the Ottoman army, the mehter team started to play war songs. These airs increased the desire for war among the soldiers.

Cakir, an experienced war wolf, saw the Hungarian pikes bending and their horses accelerating.

When he saw it, he turned his head back to give the command to be ready, foreseeing that the bugle would soon be sounded from his side:

- Hungarian horses have armoured chests, he said. You will treat the swords by emptying your arrows into their feet.

As he said this, he glanced at the compasses of the forty-man company and saw According to him, among these neat ambushes, he saw the pipe tucked into the Mad Wolf's belt. He was so surprised that he almost rolled off his horse. He shouted with his eyes wide open:

- What's that? If we say war wedding, do you really think it's a wedding with bells and whistles? Are you going to enter the Hungarian war with that whistle?

Mad Wolf's face red. Cakir was also red with anger. Was it the time to see this pipe in the days in front of Semendire and not to see it now?

But before there was time to think more, to say more, to rage, the famous trumpets of the Turkish army rang through the air with a sharpness that drowned out the noise of the Hungarian horses.

Behind him, Ottoman horsemen were seen galloping out.

Cakir's words were too heavy for the Mad Wolf, they had inflamed all his madness veins.

In the ecstasy of surging madness, he rode his horse at the most terrifying speed, recognising no order.

Bölükbaşı passed Çakır. After throwing his arrow, he dived into the Hungarian line, grazing his sword and protecting himself with his small shield.

Cakir and Evren saw him in this madness and wanted to go with him so as not to leave him alone. But when they came face to face with the Hungarians, they lost Deli Kurt and were forced to fight their own battles.

The whole plain was filled with the battle cries of the two armies, the neighing of horses, the sound of swords and pikes striking armour, shields and human bodies. Dust was rising into the air

there was blood on the floor.

Cakir already knew the Hungarians. Evren, on the other hand, realised in the first swordfight that this was not like other enemies. Their faces were also different. They didn't look like centipede-faced Bulgarians or Serbs. They looked more like human beings, They looked like Turks.

Not only Cakir and Evren, not only Cakir's troop, but the whole Sanjak of Karası

They knew and loved the fiefs. He had never offended anyone. As humble as his bravery

He was loved by everyone because he helped everyone who asked for help. When Koç Mehmed, one of his comrades, saw him diving into Hungary alone, he rushed to his aid to prevent any trouble. Koç Mehmed was one of the mighty braves. When he was a little boy, he was a ram in fights.

they called him 'Coach' because he hit his head like that. Although he was thirty years old, he had nine children. Apart from these children, all nine of whom were boys, he had two younger siblings, an orphan nephew, an old

Since his mother-in-law was always looking after him, the income of the fief did not reach him, occasionally borrow money from Deli Kurt. He could never repay these debts, and Deli Kurt would say, "You will pay when your boys grow up", and would give them as gifts from time to time.

Coach Mehmed could not leave such a good friend alone on such a day. He overpowered his opponents and reached his side, and even in that solemn moment he was quick to see that the Mad Wolf was fighting like crazy.

Crazy Wolf was fighting so hard, not protecting himself so much, that if he had the opportunity and opportunity, he would have asked 'Why are you doing this? Since there was no time to ask now, he had to do this protection himself.

As the Turkish horsemen were unarmoured, both were soon shot and the two sipahi found themselves on the ground. Then the cry of Koc Mehmed was heard:

- Behave, Mad Wolf ... I'm with you...

One after the other. They stopped the pokes from the horses with their shields and annoyed the Hungarian horses with their swords. Thus, in short time, they dismounted many Hungarians, who, like them, remained on foot. They fought the Hungarians to the death.

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Evening was falling. The Hungarian was broken and defeated, leaving the field to the Turks.

Cakir , halved

at the head of his company, frowning, some of them. They had found their nineteen martyrs. But Mad Wolf was neither alive nor dead:

- Bre Koç Mehmed called out. You were side by side with Mad Wolf, weren't you?

- Yes!

- Then how did it happen?

Wounded, bloodied and covered in dust and dust, Koç Mehmed was surprised at the company commander.

with his gaze. Cakir was asking this question for the third time. I wonder if his understanding had atrophied? A fifty-six year old man would not be so forgetful, but for some reason he was asking the same thing. Coach Mehmed repeated the same thing for the third time:

- When our horses were shot, we stood back to back and fought against the Hungarians. We angered their horses and fought with the Hungarians on foot for the sake of pir. At first things were going well, but when the Hungarians on horseback attacked again, the order was broken. I was separated from Mad Wolf. I could take care of him because I was wounded. When I was about to lose my strength, I looked around me and saw that two Hungarians in front of me had fallen. The universe had arrived. We looked for Mad Wolf together, he wasn't there.

Cakir turned to Evren. Evren was telling the same thing for the third time:

- When the Hungarians broke down, I saw a couple of men struggling up ahead and I rushed there. Before I could reach them, Koç Mehmed knocked one of them down. I took down both of them. I asked him where the Mad Wolf was. He replied that we were side by side a little while ago. Although we searched there, we could not find him alive or dead.

Cakir gave orders to his company:

- Search the whole neighbourhood.

While the Sipahis dispersed to search for him, he was with Evren and Koç Mehmed. and came to the spot where the Mad Wolf had struggled. He looked at the tracks and came to a conclusion



but was it possible to find a trace in this place where thousands of horses and people were trampling?

Then, looking at the Universe, he asked:

- You don't think he's a prisoner?

The universe rejected that idea:

- Prisoner? In a war where we scattered the Hungarians like a bunch of chickens, would Mad Wolf fall into their hands?

Cakir almost shouted in anger:

- Then what happened to this lunatic?

Evren gave the following answer that chilled Cakir to the bone:

- He's a martyr. If the jackals don't finish him by tomorrow morning, we'll find him dead.

\*\*\*

Çakir returned to his fief with tears in his eyes. The day after the battle with the Hungarians, although he searched the battlefield with all the Karasili people, told the standard bearer, and made the army shout, neither Deli Kurt's dead body was found nor anyone saw him. In any case, it was going to be as Evren said: He was dead.

after their return, when Evren came and asked permission to go to his mother, Çakir

'Let's go together,' he said. They immediately got on the horse and travelled the whole way

Without speaking a word, they arrived at the Turkmen obah. Sati woman was eighty and had grown old. But when she saw only two people in front of her, she became more pleasant.

Without saying where is the Mad Wolf?' he couldn't help asking. Then, with a hard-heartedness accustomed to seeing how many who had left over the years did not return:

- Or was he martyred? he asked. When he saw that the others were silent, two tears fell from his eyes

flowing :

- May God protect the state and the nation, he prayed.

That evening, with an incomprehensible feeling, Satı Kadın took her sons to Gökçen Spring again.

They ate reluctantly. They drank the cold water of the spring. As the weather started to get cooler

those were the days. The Oba would soon migrate to winter quarters.

Suddenly, all three of them were paying attention to Gökçen, who was also coming with a gliding gait. Her face was veiled. She was holding a davgana. the three sitting on the ground, not going to the spring.

in front of one of them. He asked the question that made all three of them look dumbfounded  
:

- Have you heard of the Mad Wolf?

Çakır was going to give a contrary answer, but Satı Woman jumped out without leaving time for that:

- Mad Wolf is a martyr, my daughter.

Gökçen's voice became beautiful and meaningful enough to penetrate the hearts of all three:

-No, Granny Satı! Mad Wolf is alive. He's playing his pipe somewhere far away.

## **DETENTION**

Gökçen was telling the truth. But neither Satı Kadın nor Çakır and Evren were able to make sense of her words and they remained dumbfounded until Gökçen walked away. Çakır came to his senses first. He remembered the pipe he had seen on Mad Wolf's waist, and realised that Gökçen

He connected it with the statement that 'she plays the pipe somewhere far away'. This girl was probably telling the truth.

Otherwise, how else would he have seen the Mad Wolf enter the battle with a pipe? Excitedly:

- Ana! This girl is telling the truth, he said. Satı Kadın said with a behaviour that she wanted to believe:

- How did you know? he asked, and when Cakir told his story:

- Gökçen Girl knows. She's a sorceress, she cut it off.

Gökçen Girl really knew. At that moment, Mad Wolf was a prisoner in Hungary, and as she said, he was playing the pipe in the place where he was imprisoned.

On the day of that bloody battle with the Hungarians, he was separated from Koç Mehmed

A strange coincidence happened while he was fighting, a Hungarian lord named Imre Bator saw that the battle was lost and started to retreat from the battlefield with his men. His path passed through the place where Mad Wolf had fought. The Hungarian chief knew the Turks well, spoke Turkish and valued valour. He was very pleased with this heroic defence of a Turk alone, even though he was surrounded. It would soon be over anyway, but the world would lose a hero. Imre Bator's heart was not content with this.

He ordered his men, 'Catch him alive'. They dropped Mad Wolf with a lasso and tied his hands at once. They immediately put him on a Hungarian horse. They rode with Hungarian horsemen on both sides. This happened so quickly that none of the Turks, who were dominating the battlefield a little later, saw this, not even Koç Mehmed, who was close by and struggling with three Hungarians, did not realise it.

Imre Bator did not speak to the Mad Wolf until he came to his homeland, but only checked his behaviour from a distance. It was clear that this Turk was as tough a man as he looked. For the first two days the Hungarian lord ordered that he should not be given food or water, but he kept his mouth shut.

When he opened it and did not make the slightest complaint, or even looked away from the Hungarians who were eating in front of him, his admiration increased. On the third day he was given food and water, but Mad Wolf did not eat this food like a hungry man, but like a man eating his usual meal.

Imre Bator spoke to the Mad Wolf only when he arrived at his mansion.

- What's your name?

- Murad.

- Where are you from?

- Karasili

- How old are you?

- Thirty-six.

The Hungarian lord took a good look at the sturdily built Turk. Then he made his offer with an open-heartedness that did not see the need to go roundabout ways:

- Murad! If you convert to our religion, we will give you rank and manor here and marry you to a noble Hungarian girl, what do you say?

Mad Wolf's eyes showed a flash of anger and his cheeks flushed. A short, sharp "No!" was heard from behind him.

This "No!" was more effective than a long and noisy speech. The Hungarian lord did not resist either.

Although he was a devout Christian, he was a just and righteous man. He tolerated and even liked this Turk's devotion to his religion.

They locked Mad Wolf in a room on the ground floor of the mansion. They gave him food and sometimes took him out to the garden. But after all, it was captivity and it was very heavy.

Crazy Wolf then clings to the pipe left with him, the four walls of the room where he was imprisoned

calling out to Gökçen, who was far away.

His pipe was beautiful and burnt. Especially the kaval played with the soulful heart in this expatriate was more effective.

The men of the Hungarian favourite also started to listen to the pipe and enjoy it. Deli Kurt's mastery in blowing the kaval had spread to the ears of Imre Bator. Now some nights he would feast in the garden and many Hungarians would listen to the sad pipe of this Turk in religious silence. It was strange for the Hungarians that the Turks, who were such fierce and ferocious warriors, had such a heartfelt, sad music.

Mad Wolf began to win the love of the Hungarians with his dignified silence. After a while they gave him a better room and extended his freedom. But he's never had more than what he's been given.

he didn't want anything. He did not even go out in the city and spent most of his life in the big garden of the mansion. Mad Wolf spontaneously took care of the nut trees in this garden and planted new saplings. and he started to grow it. He knew his stuff.

He was getting weaker day by day. This was not because of captivity, but because of the black love that surrounded him. Gökçen had penetrated his whole being. He would hear her pipe playing and it was as if he would pass through his world.

One day, with the half-assed Hungarian he had learnt in a few months, he asked one of the guards :

- Is there a green, flat hill with few trees near the city? The Hungarian replied with a look of astonishment:

- There's a hill like this. What makes you ask about a hill like that?

Only Mad Wolf knew where it was blowing. Now, on moonless nights, he goes to that hill, plays his pipe, and sometimes he hears the sound that comes to him from afar.

listening to the sound of another pipe.

This mysterious behaviour of the Mad Wolf had troubled the Hungarians. A few of them secretly followed him, watching what he was doing from the hill and listening to his pipe. He played very beautifully. Occasionally he would lie down with his head on a mound, dive into the sky, and sometimes even talk to himself.

Among the men of the Hungarian beg's men there was a man called Miklos, who was good friends with the Mad Wolf.

he had become. He also played the Hungarian saz very well. Some evenings in his garden, they were having saz and kaval competitions and they were going to some hills together. Hungarians called that hill as Kaval Hill.

One night something frightened Miklos. They had gone to the Pipe Hill again the Mad Wolf had organised another pipe band. As always, Miklos was going to play the saz. But as soon as he touched the strings, Murad grabbed him by the wrist:

- He said stop, don't play,

listen. Miklos, confused:

- He asked, "What?"

Mad Wolf replied by pointing with his hand to a place in the south:

- His pipe ...

Mikloş listened carefully. There was no sound of a pipe. 'Which pipe?' he looked at Murad's face as if to say. He was not at all interested. Looking into the distance, he heard a sound. He really could hear. O

Meanwhile, Gökçen was playing the kaval on Yassı Tepe, calling out to Deli Kurt, and with his extraordinary power, he carried the sound of his kaval to his beloved far away.

Mikloş looked carefully at the Turkish sipah and thought: "I think he is crazy". But even though he had been among them for months, he had not the slightest defect.

He guessed that this invisible madman had a secret problem, and his pity and love for him increased.

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The Mad Wolf spent three years in captivity in eternal sadness. One day, something caught his eye and awakened him from his three years of contemplation. The Hungarians were preparing. A preparation for war...

Although he did not want to show it to himself and he was not interested in his surroundings, he understood this with the eyes of a sipahi. He not only realised this, but he also sensed that the expedition was against the Turks.

That night, while he was lying in bed and dozing off:

- Sipahi! Come back now! He jumped at the sound of his voice. He heard it clearly. It was Gökçen's voice, that crystal, that harmonious voice, and it was said very closely.

The sky must have in the room. He lit the candle. He moved it around room. There was no one there.

Mad Wolf sat on his bed and thought about his relatives, from whom he was now far away, until the morning.

When Gum was born, he had made up his mind. While the Hungarian was travelling to his homeland. he couldn't stay here any longer when Gökçen was calling him. Then a veil was lifted from his eyes. How come he hadn't thought about it for three years!

That day he looked at his surroundings in a completely different way. Half a day was enough to observe his surroundings, design the work and take action. He had seen Hungarian soldiers travelling southwards in regiments. This road, which was the shortest route, was dangerous. He decided to go via Erdil and Wallachia.

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As night fell, he jumped on the first horse he found. He had premeditated his direction. He started to gallop.

The Hungarians, accustomed to his going to Kaval Hill at night and staying there until late, would not have realised the escape until the next morning. With this in mind

he was riding fast.

The return was troublesome. This journey, which was made by hiding in forests and streams during the day and walking at night, was also dangerous. As an ambush he found himself a good stick. Once or twice he bought a little bit from the Hungarian peasants and ate it, and then he was content with wild berries and grasses.

One evening he lost his way at the crossroads of three roads. Because the sky was overcast.

There was no possibility of choosing a direction by looking at the stars. Going the other way would have wasted all the efforts spent so far, and him a prisoner again. Mad Wolf stopped for a while and thought long and hard. Very long.

He closed his eyes, leaning his head on his horse's mane because he was tired. He passed out.

Suddenly he opened his eyes with a hand on his shoulder and heard a faint voice beside him.

- Walk the middle path, sipahi!

It was Gökçen's voice. He rested on his horse and looked round. There was nobody there. But

The touch on his shoulder and the voice he heard so clearly that there must have been someone there:

- Gökçen called out. A very distant, faintly audible voice answered:

- Move!

The Mad Wolf did not hesitate. The sorceress, his fairy girl lover, Gokcen, who had extraordinary powers, was guiding him. He felt that all his tiredness was gone. Now he was tearing through the distances, as if he was travelling

He was riding as if he was going to meet Gökçen. It very good that he travelled so madly. Because he not only travelled a long way but also found a lot of food. In addition, he now had an axe with him.

This axe came in handy later. Since he knew a little Hungarian, it was not so difficult for him to pass through Hungarian countries. But things changed when he entered Wallachia. It was not easy for him to pass through the Vlachs who were very rude, wild as animals and dirty as pigs. Several times his head



he got into trouble. He fought with the Vlachs and split his head and eyes. Once he saved his life with a competition that lasted from afternoon to evening. One day he got stuck in a swamp. He almost drowned. The most difficult one was the clash with the mercenaries of the Wallachian leader. After fighting a lot with his axe and knocking down one or two of them, he turned his horse to the south and unbridled. The Vlachs falling behind him shot his horse with an arrow and left him on foot. But Mad Wolf had seen the Danube.

He ran as fast as he could and threw himself into the river. He started paddling, watching his back.

He dived into the water every time the Vlachs shot an arrow. As it was getting dark in the evening, they did not press any further.

Mad Wolf thanked God when he came ashore. Now the Ottoman in the land. He was so tired that he lay on his back and started to breathe deeply. To the soldiers of Niğbolu beğ who came to him and asked who he was:

- First give me some water so I can drink, he said.

Hearing this proper Turkish, the soldiers looked at each other and . One of them said:

- He said he looked like a Turk.

Mad Wolf got up from where he was lying and asked angrily:

- I was going to look like a giaour? One of

the soldiers pointed to his clothes:

- What's with the disguise?

Mad Wolf jumped to his feet:

- What disguise? Prisoner's disguise.

- You can tell them to the likes of...

Saying this, they took Deli Kurt to the Niğbolu beği.

## **WATCHED THE PARADE**

Mad Wolf learnt that he was in Niğbolu when he appeared in front of the Sultan. While he was trying to explain who he was, a soldier who recognised him solved the difficulties. After the Beg of Niğbolu announced that the war with the Hungarians had started again, he found a set of sipahi clothes for Deli Kurt. He gave him an allowance

He did not know the whereabouts of the fiefs of Karası and Karası, so he gave him permission to go to his fief, from which he had been away for three years.

They could have given his fief to someone else because he had been absent for three years.

With this in mind, the same

In the meantime, wishing to see his children and especially Gökçen, he travelled as fast as he could and crossed the sea to Karası.

You were not groomed. Mad Wolf did not know that Cakir had ensured this, and that he had learnt about Gökçen Kız's health by seeing her one or two ways.

He found his sister Melek Hatun pale and weak. Her three daughters had grown up. Especially her eldest daughter Zeynep now twenty years old, a tall and tall bridesmaid. A young village lord wanted her.

When Deli Kurt learnt that the fiefs of the Sanjak of Karası were all on the Danube for war, he hurried to join them.

He stayed in his village only for a week. He organised the affairs of his fief and took his money. He said that he would organise Zeyneb's wedding after the war and set off.

Mad Wolf was running to the front. But before he went straight to the front, he was going to stop by Gökçen's village in a roundabout way. Although he was a forty years old Sipahi, he felt the excitement of a twenty years old young man. He reached the oba faster than he usually did, travelling like a horse cracking. Now the paths of Yassı Tepe had been engraved in his brain.

The heart palpitations of approaching the superhuman Gökçen, who calls to him with his pipe from far away, reminds him he must escape from captivity, and shows him the right way when he is confused at the three crossroads

inside him. But why was there an incomprehensible pain inside him? He realised this a little later when he crossed Yassı Tepe. The area was empty and there was no trace of Gökçen.

He got off his horse. He approached the tree Gökçen always leaned against. This was the first time he had seen him playing the pipe. Where was he now? Was he dead? Would Gökçen die?

He felt a tingle inside him. He put his head against a tree. All this green space, all the way

It was Gökçen's kingdom until the water flowing below. Only his command was valid here, others could not even approach.

He raised his head and looked round. He saw the place where they had fought with the son of the Turkmen beğ.

How they had fought fiercely, how they had received irreparable wounds. Gökçen had repaired those irreparable wounds.

His heart and body were alive thanks to Gökçen.

What about that last night? That blessed night when Gökçen showed her eyes? Oh, this abject captivity...

She had separated herself from her lover of three years, and now she had lost him.

Mad Wolf's eyes suddenly fell on the trunk of the tree. A picture of a tree had been carved here with a knife.

This picture looked exactly like the tree on whose trunk it was carved. Underneath the picture of the tree there an arrow with its shaft pointing downwards, and under this there was a second arrow. Then came a third arrow. But it was a curved arrow. Halfway down, and then the other half

The arrow curves upwards and the arrow's shaft is directed upwards. Above this, there are two arrow images and the temple of the last arrow touches the tree image.

It was obvious that Gökçen did it. What else could he do? What was his meaning? The Mad Wolf did not think too much. The arrows that went away from the tree and came back to the tree showed that Gökçen was moving away from here.

but that he would return again.

His heart swelled with joy and he walked down to the place where he bathed in the healing water. There was the big stone gutter at the head of the well and the big wooden cauldron of water. Suddenly he stopped and looked around in the gutter. Gökçen was around. A small box was standing next to him.

He recognised it too. It was the medicine Gökçen had brought from her mother. He opened the white circle and frowned when he saw red blood stains on one side. He stared at it.

These were not stains, but inscriptions written in blood.

After pointing the perimeter upside down, he read the inscription written in blood: I will come again.

And a signature underneath: Gökçen.

He's gone mad. It's always Gökçen, Gökçen.

where would he get the ink? But he was Gökçen. She knew how to overcome every difficulty. Wasn't the object called ink not paint? Here Gökçen was writing a letter with the most beautiful of paints, with his own blood. Crazy Wolf got excited again and after kissing the place where the surroundings were written with blood, he looked at the ground and said

he started to think. Did Gökçen know how to write?

he didn't dwell on it too much. decided to go to Mother Satı. Taking the environment and the em box, he jumped on his horse.

Mother Satı was eighty-five years old. She had grown old and her movements had become heavy. Her eyesight was not good and forgetfulness had begun. Mad Wolf:

- "Where have you been, son?" he greeted me.

When Mad Wolf briefly told what had happened to him, the old woman nodded her head:

- God's work! That's all Gökçen Girl was telling us.

- How did he know and tell you?

- Son! What do you know about her? I told you she's a fairy girl or a jinn.

How many years ago they shot the son of the chief to death? With those wounds. she wouldn't have lived. This girl did what she did, she kept him alive. They said she had some secret medicine. There was a drought last year. Prayers for rain didn't work.

Gökçen made it rain. All the people of the village could not make it rain by piling thousands of stones, but this girl did it with a single stone. They call it Yada stone, it was a talismanic stone.

It was inherited from the first ancestor of the Turks. Recently he learnt to read and write from the village teacher. .

Mad Wolf's voice rose:

- What? He learnt to read and write?

- He' learnt... The teacher said he'd never seen such a smart girl. Everyone learns in five or six months.

Gökçen realised it in eight or ten days. The teacher was saying that the girl a sorceress. While giving a lesson, the girl would write something in a strange, talismanic writing.

The teacher asked what that writing was. He replied that he was writing what he had learnt. When asked from whom he learnt that writing, he said he learnt it from his mother. The teacher wanted to know what the writing was. He said its name but I forgot it.

Crazy Wolf asked, remembering what he had heard in the Varsak obta:

-Uyghur script?

- Yes. Yes, it's Uighur script. In short, she has such a job that a human can't do, only a jinn can.

- What kind of mother?

- What will it be like? He wears the same clothes in summer and winter, . He bathes by filling the water from the well on Yassı Tepe into the stone trough there.

Crazy Wolf smiled for the first time in years:

- What's wrong with it, Ana? Maybe it's so strong because it's been bathed in that healing water.

Satı got angry:

- What an incomprehensible child you are! Let me finish. You write it alone. Did you think he would bathe in the stone gutter on his day? He does not care about summer or winter, he draws water from the well and fills the gutter, then he gets into it and washes. Turkmen oba Yassı, which takes half a day to go back and forth after landing in the barracks.

He goes to the hill every day. goes there and back in the black winter, when even animals freeze to death. Hed better just wash. Then he goes out and rubs his body with snow.

Even Mad Wolf, who recognised Gökçen as superhuman, didn't believe that much:

- What have you done, Mum? Who's seen this?

- Who will see? Akkavakoğlu Ahmed and Ali, who travelled there in the black winter... They were scared to death when they saw her like that. You should have seen how they came to the barracks!

- Mad Wolf didn't want to prolong the conversation:

- Yes, Ana, he said. Where is Gökçen now?

- Where will he be? He went to Varsak and said he'd be back in six or seven months.

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Mad Wolf, riding day and night, approached the city of Nis when he found his company. The big company chief Cakir immediately grabbed his neck and hung on:

- Where have you been, you joyful man? If you only knew what we've been through... There was a Hungarian archboss called Yanko. He made us suck our mother's milk out of our noses.

Last year he broke us twice in front of Hermanstad and Vasag. In the first one, our chief ringleader Majid Beg was martyred. In the second, our Grand Chief Kula Sahin Pasha was captured. We lost thousands of sipahi and raiders. Where were you? We didn't hear from you for years, but that sorceress said you were alive and playing the pipe.

Cakir, after saying these words, started to speak again as if he remembered something:

- Yes, yes, yes... You were supposed to have a pipe... What did you do?

Crazy Wolf, not answering, showed the pipe attached to his belt. Cakir smiled:

- Good , he said. I don't realise I'm getting older when I see you're still childish. Sixty.

Do you know how old I am? At this age it's appropriate to sit in a vineyard and drink buttermilk, but we're used to war. What do you reckon? Well, it's worse to be used to it than to be rabid...

Crazy Wolf took his place in the series after greeting the company chiefs and shaking hands with Evren.

It was the 3rd of November 1443. The Ottoman Sultan Murad II was at the head of his army to avenge the two previous defeats. The most famous of the Ottoman elites, Turahan Beğ, Isa Beğ, Evrenuzoğlu, Demirtaşoğlu, Ali Beğ, Umur Beğ, Bedi of Sofia, Balaban Beğ, Bedi of Tokat, Kasim Pasha, Bedi of Bellerbeg, Mahmud Çelebi, son-in-law of the Sultan, Davud , Civan Beğ were all at the head of their troops.

At the head of the Hungarian army were King Ladislas and the chief ringleader Yanko Hunyad. Brankovic, the Serbian lord, was also there.

When the sultan's tughkes were raised, the mehter team began to beat the battle watch. The Ottoman army seems to be very ambitious, the Hungarians and their allies, the Serbs,

The Vlachs and Germans also understood this

like the Hungarians were waiting in tight formation. The Hungarians always made the first attack. But today they seemed to leave the attack to the Turks.

Upon Murad Beğ's order, Evrenuzoğlu İsa attacked with the troops under his command. They were raiders. They rode towards the enemy with lightning speed. On the one hand, they were showering arrows.

The rain of arrows had little effect on the armoured Hungarians, who protected themselves with large shields.

The raiders retreated several times and tried to attack again. In vain... They could not dismantle the Hungarian array, moreover, they suffered many casualties from the enemy's arrow shots.

Thereupon the sultan ordered Turahan Beğ to join the attack. Turahan Beğ was an old war wolf. He did not delay to attack the Hungarians with his fierce horsemen. They came hand to hand.

Mad Wolf, with the horsemen of the Karasi Sanjak, was the leader of the left wing of the Ottoman army.

At the end, they were in the second line, waiting for their turn to come. The sultan, from the hill where he was leading the battle, was looking ahead with frowns and stern glances, he did not like the way things were going. Turahan Beğ's horsemen were no match for Magyar either. In addition to the fifty or sixty left-handers at his side, with the janissaries

he gave the order for all troops to march forward together. He had tried Yanko Hunyad as a very skilful chief. Without leaving any room for his manoeuvres, he had to get a decisive result by the evening.

The whole Ottoman army attacked the enemy with battle cries in neat rows.

The Blacks twitched with arrows from the far left, and then dived into the Hungarian knees.

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When the two armies separated at dusk, Murad Beğ said that his army had suffered many casualties, that the troops were mixed together, and that Yanko had not yet played his last trump card.

the same place the next morning. To fight again in the same place next morning would be to lose the army to this cunning fox. No matter what they did, the enemy was receiving news through their messengers. The neighbourhood was full of giaour.

Murad Beğ decided to retreat and the army, exhausted from the battle, began to retreat silently and orderly towards Sofia.



Murad Beğ thought that the Hungarians would not be able to follow him properly, and if the enemy troops were separated from each other, he planned to shoot them one by one and defeat them. However, his hopes were not fulfilled; in fact, the Hungarians and the Vlachs and Serbs and the expedition, which had always been at odds with each other, were fighting and advancing with great understanding.

They passed through Sofia at night and travelled towards Plovdiv. The winter was deep and the snow was all around. Crazy Wolf, the more in the cold He was not even thinking about the wound on his aching left bicep. Such a defeat had not been seen since the foundation of the Ottoman Empire, with the exception of the Battle of Ankara forty years before, against Aksak Temür Beğ. Come on, the other defeat had at least against the Chagatai. They were also Turks. What about this time? The Hungarian was even tougher than they expected. Mad Wolf was angry that his three years of captivity had not been avenged, and he was eating himself because the reunion with Gökçen was delayed.

Sultan Murad Beğ, the Ottoman Commander-in-Chief, was leading his army to the Izledi Pass as the best precaution. This was the most convenient place in terms of defence. Ice barriers could be built against the cold of winter.

Murad Beğ gave a terrible order to his army. One team of soldiers spent the whole night pouring water on the mountain slope to freeze it next morning, while another team piled large chunks of ice all over the pass. These works continued until the morning.  
without a minute's rest. When it was light

At that time, the road on which the enemy army would march for the attack was completely covered with ice. Murad Beğ

he thought well, he did well.

On 24 December 1443 the Hungarians, spurred on by Yanko's bravery, went on the offensive. Ice and avalanches could not stop them. On the one hand, they were breaking the ice barriers with axes, on the other hand, they were advancing by shielding against Ottoman arrows with their shields.

The thirty sipahis of Bölükbaşı Çakır had fallen into a sector where the Hungarians were the last of their fiercest. They were on foot, as it was impossible to fight here on horseback. The Hungarians were also coming on foot and the two sides were getting closer every moment.

Soon they were facing each other. It was a strange battle fought in a place where feet slipped. Hungarian armour was so durable that not even a sipahi shot could cut them easily.

It pained the Mad Wolf to be defeated and to have to retreat all the way here and to pour water on the slope so that the Hungarians could slip. He dived in recklessly. He mad.

He overthrew a Hungarian. The Universe is the same

swinging a sword with daring. They dispersed this first echelon. The survivors returned to the hundred.

But they came more often from behind. They ran out of arrows, so they had to wait for them to come closer.

There was nothing to do but wait. At this moment, Cakir's angry cry was heard:

- If we can't beat the giaour here, may we never return to his fiefdom !...

The eyes turned to the company commander: Blood was oozing from the sword wound on his face. Wiping his face with a new one, he thundered again:

- Come on, sipahis! Hit hard!

The Sipahis shouted 'Allah! Allah!' and just then they attacked the Magyars with a company of Azaz who came to their aid. There was another fierce struggle. They threw the enemy again.

It was noon. The Hungarians marched again. They accompanied by the Poles. Many helpers had also come to the weakened part of the Caracas.

Some sipahi, some raiders, some janissaries. It was clear that this time the last trump card would be played.

For the first time in his life, Mad Wolf sensed he was in danger. They were struggling chaotically on the ice.

Mad Wolf, accompanied by Evren and Coach Mehmed in steel armour. He is sword to sword with the Hungarians like lightning.

ten, fifteen survivors from their fiefs

The men were still fighting in a neat line, with Çakır Bölükbaşı, who had taken over from the slain Sanjak beğs, leading them. On one side a few agile raiders were defending themselves with their long knives against the Serbs who surrounded them, while further away a few Janissaries were fighting for life and death against the Germans using cleavers, maces, knives and machetes.

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The frost had descended one night. The Turkish army lost the battle and was thrown down the Izledi Pass.

Mad Wolf remembered what had happened when he had risen from where thousands of corpses lay. Then a mace hit on his head had knocked him unconscious and knocked him down. He hesitantly brought his hand to his head.

He didn't have his tulga on. So the mace had shattered it. He examined himself. There was no wound to care about. A few lines on his arm, on his face... That was all. There was a movement next to him. In this area where the bright night made everything visible, Mad Wolf saw that it was a Turk.

- He asked, "Who are you?"

- Sipahi Mehmed of Tokat.

- Are you hurt?

The wound on my chest is nothing, but the one on my leg won't make me walk. I'll be in the hands of the giaour.

Mad Wolf thought of Gökçen's ointment:

- He said, "Don't worry, you won't stay. He took the ointment out of his bosom. Tokatlı Mehmed's clothes were already torn from his chest. Then he looked at the wound on his leg. Sword above the knee

he'd eaten. He drove it there, too.

Mad Wolf was feeling strong. He could even carry Mehmed of Tokat on his back.

He could no longer stand here in Hungary. He stood with this thought. Thousands of dead were lying on the ground. Suddenly he felt strange. Because he saw the armoured Hungarian lying right next to him.

recognised him. It was Imre Bator. When his eyes first saw a Hungarian, he thought of the dead from his own army. I wonder who had died, but before he took a step he felt a pang. His friend, brother, company leader Evren, the big brave was lying on his back. He took a step or two. Beride, still clutching his sword

Koç Mehmed was lying with his body riddled with holes. There were so many dead as far as the eye could see that it was impossible that there were no acquaintances among them. He looked around with burning curiosity. Jumping over a Hungarian and a janissary, he glanced further. There it was... What he feared had happened. Koca Bölükbaşı Çakır's prayers had been answered and he had lost his chance to return to his fief because they could not defeat the giaour. The hero's face was turned towards the sky as if looking at God, his eyes slightly ajar. His tulga had also fallen and his grey hair and moustache were covered in blood.

Mad Wolf didn't want to investigate any further. After every martyr had been so gut-wrenching.

As he started to return to the Tokatli, he tripped over a dead man. This Turk, who could not be recognised as a soldier by his clothing, was lying face down. With a curiosity that was completely unnecessary at such a time and place, Mad Wolf bent down and turned the martyr. He was without a tunic. He a börk on his head. When he looked carefully, he recognised this dead man whose face was covered with blood. He was the son of a Turkmen beğ.

He opened his hands and recited a Fatiha. He sent it to the souls of Çakır, Evren, Koç Mehmed, Turkmen beğ and all martyrs. Then, with the strength of having fulfilled this ethereal duty, he took Mehmed of Tokatlı on his back headed towards the area where the Turkish army had retreated.

## **TERRIBLE LIGHT**

Mad Wolf walked steadily until morning and found the Turkish camp, which had retreated further south. The guards took him to the outpost of the his tent. This was Balaban Beg of Tokat. Mad Wolf introduced himself. When Balaban Beğ learnt that he was from Karas, he said in a loud voice:

- All your comrades were martyred, he

said. Mad Wolf said:

- I also brought Mehmed from Tokat Sipahis, he replied.

Mehmed of Tokatlı, brought by Deli Kurt, was Balaban Beğ's favourite Sipahis. When he did not see him after the battle of Izledi Pass, he took pity on him, thinking he had been martyred or captured. He survived.

he shouted with joy when he found out:

- Where is it?

- In front of the tent...

Balaban Beğ called the guard. They took Mehmed by the arm and brought him inside. The sipahi from Tokat had seen all the heroism of Deli Kurt, how he fought, how he did things that one person could not do. After a few words about what had happened to him, he told a long story about Deli Kurt's battle.

Balaban Beğ was pleased. It was thanks to the heroism of such unique braves that this defeat did not turn into a rout. Without wasting time, he went before the sultan and told him

The sultan also gave Deli Kurt the position of company chief. Balaban Beğ, after reporting this:

- You will take all the belongings of the Sanjak of Karası. Çakır's belongings are yours with the command of Murad Beğ, he said.

Mad Wolf returned to Caracas, carrying it like a burden on his back, which he could not find anything to rejoice and boast about. The Ottomans, Hungarians and

While he was dealing with his allies, Karamanoğlu, who did not miss the opportunity again, went on the offensive and captured some cities again.

In the face of this situation, the sultan left most of his army under the command of the likes against the Hungarians, leaving himself with a smaller army. crossed to Anatolia in force. Deli Kurt was dreaming to himself that 'Varsak way was in sight again'. But his delusion was in vain. Because Murad Beğ summoned him to his presence and ordered him to organise the fief affairs of the sanjak until the new sanjak begi of Karası was appointed, and he handed him the order of company chiefship. He also gave him a bag of akça:

- Let me see you, my namesake, he said, you will serve the state more and more, and you will be the regiment bead, God willing.

So when he came out of the otag, he was accompanied by a few tormentors and a few men carrying the belongings of the martyred fiefs.

He set off with a horse and returned to his homeland.

It was the spring of 1444. After staying in his house for a night, he a tour around the banner to fulfil the sultan's order. He was travelling around the fiefs one by one with the azaps and pack horses with him, and he saw the martyred sipahis. If the martyrs had a son or brother over the age of sixteen, he immediately dictated the fief deeds in the presence of the kadi.

At the end of a month of this work, after leaving the purse given by the sultan in the crowded and poor house of Koç Mehmed, he came to his own village and after lying down for a few days and relieving the fatigue of how many months, he got up and started to think about what to do.

His wife, Melek, was pregnant. This time he found her even more pale and pale. A few days later, the Turkmen tribe would go to the plateau. Crazy Wolf would take his children there and write in the summer.

decided to spend it with Ana. Anyway, it was necessary to give condolences to the big mother for the martyrdom of Çakır and Evren.

Mad Wolf had a good cart prepared and furnished with mattresses and pillows. In a second cart he put the tents and belongings. He and his three daughters were to ride horses and Topuz Ahmed was to manage his brother's cart. Topuz Ahmed was about sixteen years old, very loyal and skilful boy.

Ilyas the Bastard, who came out of nowhere at that time, was going to take the car loaded with tents and goods.

Elijah, whose strabismus and the grotesqueness of his face increased as he grew older, became more and more appetising from year to year.

he got all fat and round and round.

It was enough to tell Topuz Ahmed what to do once, he would say 'OK aghaam' and do exactly what he was told. Bastard Ilyas was not like that. When he was told something, he would immediately say 'Can't we do it this way instead of that way?

Because he was never sober. He was drunk even when he couldn't find wine. He used some kind of paste

was rumoured.

The caravan, consisting of seven people, four horses and two carts, counting bastard Ilyas as a man, set off long before sunrise. This beautiful June on the day, walking on mud-free roads.

If they travelled without stopping somewhere, they could reach a Turkmen yurt at night.

No one in the caravan spoke, only occasionally Ilyas was heard shouting at the oxen, as if he wanted to appear to be doing something. Whether he shouted or , the oxen walked as they knew how, but Ilyas could not save himself from thinking as if the order of the caravan was under his control and this control was done by shouting. As was his custom, he was eating all the time.

Behind his seat was a bag and a large jug. He was constantly taking out food from the bag and eating it, and after five or six mouthfuls, he put it in his small bowl.

pouring and drinking wine. Susan was in a good mood among the travellers of the caravan. Every now and then he sang half songs in Turkish, Greek and Serbian, but he could not finish any of them. Mad Wolf, who was bored with his mumbling, asked him by bringing his horse closer:

- You bastard! What are you nagging

about? Ilyas started to stammer:

- Aman Murad Agha! I sing love songs!

- What do you know about love?

- Aman Murad Agha! I am the world's first lover. I was born in love with my mother, the day after I was born I told my mother that if you don't take the neighbour's daughter for me I won't suck your milk...

Mad Wolf's gaze softened at this nonsense. Nevertheless, he commanded in a stern voice:

- Drink more of your wine and from within. It's not nice to think of you and love together...

Mad Wolf's wish was fulfilled, and Ilyas, who soon passed out and lay down on the loads on the cart, was silent.

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They arrived at the Turkmen obah late at night. Deli Kurt did not want to disturb Sati Ana at this time, so he did not wake her up and had their tent pitched close to her tent.

Three girls were to sleep in one, Melek Hatun and herself in another, and Topuz Ahmet in the small tent.

Ilyas the bastard didn't have a tent. He was too dirty to sleep in a tent anyway. He used to sleep here and there in summer and in the stables in winter. After giving his tired and sick brother a drink of refreshing water from the Gökçen spring, Mad Wolf carefully prepared



He laid him on the mattress. After sending his daughters and Topuz Ahmed to their tents, he sat in front of the tent and waited for the morning because of his sleep that did not come with an incomprehensible stubbornness.

Today he was going to have the most difficult encounter of his life with Mother Satı. It was not an easy task to inform an eighty-six-year-old orphaned woman about the deaths of her last surviving son and her infant son.

According to Deli Kurt, the dawn had never dawned so gloomily. His eyes on Satı Kadın's tent. He was feeling bored. It would be better if the morning dawned a little later.

Finally, the moment he had been waiting for reluctantly came. The tent door was opened and Satı Woman came out. Among the stirrings of revival that started in the whole obada, Mad Wolf stood in front of the old woman. Mother Satı could not believe her eyes at first. Then she asked in astonishment:

- What's that? Murad, is that you?

- He took a step forward, kissed his mother's hand and with a feeling that he wanted to prevent her from asking about Cakir and Evren, he pointed to the newly erected tents.

:

- We all moved here, children and children. Melek got very hungry, so I brought him to the lodge to get some things together.

And in a few days you'll have another grandchild.

Mad Wolf, who had made his longest speech, fell silent. Mother Satı was looking at the tents, pointing to the one closest to hers and asked:

- Who's in on this?

- Girls.

- In this one?

- That's my tent with the chick.

Mother Satı became serious. She pointed to the small tent:

- Whose is this?

- The mace is Ahmed's.. My . .

The woman fixed her eyes on the eyes of the Mad Wolf. After a long look without saying anything, she asked:

- Where are Cakir and Evren?

Mad Wolf bowed his head:

- Thank you, Mum. Martyrs!

The woman looked at Murad for a few moments as if she did not understand the meaning of what was said. Then two drops of tears fell from her eyes on her wrinkled face:

- May God protect the state and the nation. How many times I am the mother of martyrs, she said. After wiping the tears in her eyes, which had multiplied and prevented her from seeing well, with her hand, she concluded her words:

- If my own son and my milk son were martyred, may Allah grant life to my son in the hereafter. Saying this, he embraced Mad Wolf and sobbed.

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Mother Satı was taking very good care of Melek Hatun. He knew how to look after a woman who was about to give birth. Thousands of years of Turkmens 'She's going to give birth to a big boy,' she said, based on her experience.

Mad Wolf was in a strange state. It would be a long time before Gökçen returned. He visited the Oba beğ, informed him that his son had been martyred and expressed his condolences, and then started to work on his own affairs.

His duties were to ensure the comfort of his wife and to organise the belongings left to him by Cakir. He had placed these things in two leather bags in Topuz Ahmed's tent.

Now that he had nothing else to do, he was going to look at the bags that had been lying next to him for months but he hadn't had time to examine them.

They were old

but they were beautiful and sturdy sipahi bags. Mad Wolf was going to use these souvenirs from Cakir himself, as he had lost his own at the battle of Izledi Pass.

After sending Topuz Ahmed to Gökçen Spring to fetch water, he entered his tent and opened one of the bags and poured its contents in front of him. Two wooden spoons in a small leather pouch, cleaning in another pouch the clay used in their work, a few circles, a new scarf.

and a Bursa knife that was apparently an heirloom. They were all useful things.

There were similar things in the second bag. There was a divit set and a few pieces of paper. Çakir thought that since he had to keep some records because he was a company chief, he would have taken the divit set and papers. But he was interested to see that some of the papers were folded and written.

Three of them were letters written to Cakir and two of them were signed 'Isa'. Deli Kurt read one of the letters, which he judged to be old because they were worn and faded, asking why Çakir would have kept them: Cakir Agha!

May Allah protect us all from wrongdoing and pity. If you deliver my woman to a secret place, may you be honoured in both worlds. If my child is a boy, my brothers will not leave him alive.

It is up to your loyalty and competence. Hasan Çelebi has all the money. Report that your wife has arrived in good health. Be healthy and well. Don't forget us in your prayers.

JESUS

The name 'Hasan Çelebi', although it contains allusions to some great and dangerous deeds

if it wasn't for Mad Wolf, he wouldn't be interested in this letter. But with Coyote Hasan Çelebi, with whom he secretly travelled to Istanbul and met, and the large amount of money he gave him, saying that it was money from your father.

When he remembered, he thought about it. He found the letter strange. What did it mean, 'If my child to be born is a boy, my brothers will not let him live'?

Unable to answer this question, he read the second letter: Cakir

Agha!

I was glad to hear the news about Bala Khatun. Our work is getting harder and the angel of death is hovering over us every moment. As long as she's safe, I won't worry about it. Allah favours His servants

each their own way. My prayers are with you, you know.

JESUS

Who was this Jesus who was in danger and wrote a letter to Cakir? Bala Hatun was probably his sister-in-law. So, from whom and why was he kidnapping this Bala Hatun?

Mad Wolf searched his memory. He didn't remember that Cakir had mentioned someoneJesus.

Placing the letters in the pouch on his belt, he refilled the bags, put them back in the tent and left.

Melek Hatun's labour pains had started. Mother Satı had brought the experienced midwife woman of the obah and started preparations. Her daughters were running here and there and bringing some things.

Mad Wolf was impatiently wandering around Satı Ana's big tent, praying for the fulfilment of the good news of 'You will see, it will be a boy' that the woman gave every time she came.

He knew that these pains might last for half a day or so, but he was getting impatient, although he did not seem to be in a hurry. As he was wandering around like this. Satı Kadın, who entered the tent at the time, said 'Birth is approaching' and then gave Deli Kurt a large bag attached to one of the side poles of the tent.

by showing :

- Put this down, he said. He lowered the bag, which was too heavy for Mother Satı, and untied it.

- Inside, there will be a box, give it to me.

Mad Wolf took out an ornate object, too big for a box, and handed it to her. The saleswoman smiled:

- Oh, son! I asked you for a box, a box. . Not a chest... You couldn't choose a box or a chest because you wanted to be a father of a son.

Crazy Wolf looked into the bag, saw the box and took it out. Satı Woman was still complaining:

- Oh, like this... Take that box chest too. It was Bala Hatun's chest. .

Mad Wolf was surprised and asked, remembering Bala Hatun in the letter that was found among Çakır's belongings a while ago:

- Whose chest was it?

The woman scoffed:

- Bala Hatun, don't you hear me? Your mother's chest...

Mad Wolf looked carefully at the old woman. Was she senile? What was she saying?

In amazement :

- My mum's trunk? He could only say.

- Your mother's trunk ... Have you forgotten your mother in your joy?

Saying this, he came out of the tent with the box in his hand. Crazy Wolf was dumbfounded. Was this woman really senile?

Satı Kadın had started to forget many things due to her age. In the meantime, she had forgotten the need to hide from Deli Kurt that he was Bala Hatun's son,

the little chest he'd kept for years

and gave it to him. He did not even realise what kind of trouble he would cause to Mad Wolf while he was dealing with the birth of Melek Hatun.

Mad Wolf opened the ornate chest. It was the size of a large box. Inside a silk cloth pouch was hair. It was supposed to be a child's hair. In another pouch an evil eye caught his eye. Then a gold ring with diamonds and a little turtle made of silver...

He was rummaging through the chest in amazement! What was this? Bala Khatun's chest... He said that Bala Hatun was his mother. Until that day she had learnt her mother as 'Ayşe'.

He rummaged a little more and some folded papers. He opened them. Again signed letters. . Just like

It was similar to the writing of the other letters. He took the letters he found in Cakir's bag out of his belt and opened them. He laid them on the floor side by side with these ones. It was written by the same Jesus. He read it: My beloved Bala Hatun,

I praised God that you were safe. I honoured you with the life in your body. If my son is born, name Murad. I honour my grandfather who was martyred in Kosovo from all my dynasty. My prayer is upon you. Don't forget me in your prayers.

JESUS

Mad Wolf's brain was suddenly confused. He read the letter again and again. What did all this mean? When his mother was Bala Hatun, this Jesus was supposed to be his father. Then who were Ayşe and Osman, whom he had been taught as his mother and father? Had this Satı Kadın made it up when she said 'Your mother is Bala Hatun'? If Jesus was his father, who could Murad, whom he said 'My grandfather who was martyred in Kosovo' be? Murad who was martyred in Kosovo.. Oh my God!

... Mad Wolf read the letter again a moment of astonishment as if the world had collapsed around him. This Jesus was talking about a dynasty. The Ottomans had only one dynasty: the Ottoman Dynasty.

... There was no longer any room for doubt that this letter was written by Jesus, It was Isa Beg, the grandson of Murad Beg, the son of Yildirim Beyazit, who was martyred in Kosovo. This Isa Beg was also his own father ...

Mad Wolf jumped to his feet again saying "Oh my God!" and suddenly a curtain opened in his eyes. As the memories passed through his brain with lightning speed, he started to grasp the little things that he could not make sense of before. One day Çakır had called him 'My Prince', then he had made a joke of it, and one day he shouted 'Long live Osmanoglu! So, he was able to understand these things.

he had unintentionally blurted it out. After the battle with Torlak Kemal, Murad II, who was a prince at the time and is now the sultan of the Sultanate, sent Deli Kurt He remembered the haste and meticulousness Çakır showed when he called him to his presence. And who was that Hasan Çelebi? The money given to him could only be the money of a prince. It was that much. Even Esen Börü's saying 'you are from a great lineage' ...

Yes, a veil was lifted from his eyes and he was in the light. But it was a terrible light.

It was illuminating such a marvellous reality with its light that it was impossible not to be afraid.

So, he was an Ottoman prince. So he lived under the sword of the Grim Reaper.

Without realising whether to rejoice or regret this, Mother Satı came in. She was laughing:

- He said, "Good news, son! You a robust son. What should we name

him? Mad Wolf answered like a thunder:

- Jesus!

Satı Kadın's smile froze on her lips. Her eyebrows furrowed. Her eyes fell on the chest on the floor and its scattered belongings. He understood everything. But now there was no way to right his wrong. This chest contained one or two

He knew that the letter was hidden, that there were secrets in those letters that the Mad should not know, but what was done was done. Nevertheless, he did not stop objecting:

- Can't you think of another name?

Mad Wolf seemed drunk. He laughing in a reckless expanse:

- Dear granny! It could have been Mehmed or Musa, Süleyman or Mustafa or Ertuğrul, but they all lead to the same door ...

### **UNFORGETTABLE BREAKUP**

The Mad Wolf, who was so exhausted that he couldn't get rid of his sister, was born on the tenth day of labour. day, he took them to the healing water at the foot of Yassı Tepe. They travelled there early on horses, taking their daughters, Isa and Topuz Ahmed with them. Topuz Ahmed, after putting a lookout on the hill, he drew hot water from the well and used it to

He filled it into the gutter, washed their mother and younger brothers and sisters in the water, dried them and told the girls to bring them under the tree and returned to the tree himself.

The three sisters did the work assigned to them perfectly. Melek Hatun was relieved and opened up

he lay down on the felt at the foot of the tree and stayed there until the evening, and then he saw Sati

She drank the Mother's buttermilk, ate her food and nursed Jesus.

They began to make these visits one after the other. Little by little, she got tired. the purity's gone.

He recovered, he grew strong, his face became rosy. As for Jesus, he was poor, ignorant of the world, sucking his mother's milk, sleeping a lot, walking a little on his sisters' laps and growing up.



Mad Wolf took his son in his arms a few times, but when he saw his innocent gaze, he felt a great sadness and let him go. Where did this sadness come from ? He didn't want to think about it, but a voice inside him was tearing his heart, 'this child will be unfortunate'. It was certain that he was born unfortunate. It was a real misfortune that a person could not say who he was.

He himself had been born unfortunate, but he had lived until today as an honourable sipahi. Being a sipahi was no small thing. But it was bad to be obliged to call his father and mother by a wrong name.

Crazy Wolf was also thinking about Gökçen. Loving her was both great fortune and an unhappiness. If he was not married and father of four children, there would be no unhappiness aspect. But a sipahi with two wives, even if he was a company chief, was unheard of. Mad Wolf smiled.

'It's just going to be a job,' he said.

Now, on the plain behind Yassı Tepe, he was in the habit of killing the day by sitting under the tree Gökçen was leaning against. The arrow drawn by Gökçen He looked at his pictures for a long time and played the pipe at night.

One evening, after waiting for the darkness to fall by gazing at the horizon with his sad eyes and playing his pipe

After he started to play, he heard someone calling him, he stopped the pipe and turned his head.

A man shouting 'Murad Agha' was approaching with a limp. Crazy Wolf, after standing up and showing his place, shouted 'I am here' and asked, not knowing who this man was, who came as if rolling:

- Who are you?

Beriki answered this question with long words:

- Oh, Murad Agha! How come you don't recognise me? I'm Elias, aren't I?

The Mad Wolf was so full of Gökçen and had forgotten everything else he was suddenly found empty:

- Which Elijah? he asked. Elijah's answer was very nice:

- How many Ilyas are there in the world, Agha? Bastard Ilyas!

Mad Wolf smiled in the midst of his great grief:

- You disappeared. Where did you come from now?

Ilyas approached. He answered by putting the big jug in his hand on the ground:

- The jug was empty, so I went to fill it.

- Why did you bring your test here?

- I didn't bring my test here. I left it upstairs.

- What's this?

- I brought him to you, Agha.

Crazy Wolf, he's getting angry:

- Bre! Who asked you for wine?

Ilyas the bastard replied with a very strange but lightning response  
:

- Sultan Murad Beğ left his throne and retired...

Crazy Wolf got excited:

- What did you say? Murad Beg has withdrawn?

- Yes, Agha. He made peace with the Hungarians for ten years. Efalk was taken by the Hungarians. Serbia was given to the Serbian beğ.

Murad Beğ paid seventy thousand gold coins to rescue his son-in-law Mahmud Çelebi who was captured by the Hungarians. Then he left his throne and retired to Manisa.

- And who replaced him?

- His son Mehmet Beğ ...

- He's just a kid...

Mad Wolf had said it unwillingly. Even Ilyas, still realised the meaninglessness of this statement:

- He's a boy, but he's the son of a beğ. It's not like they are going to put Ilyas the

Bastard on the Ottoman throne ... Mad Wolf laughed:

- You're right, Ilyas. It's a good you brought the wine. Stop by the tent tomorrow and get your money.

But don't ever come here under this tree again ... Ilyas hit his chest

with his hand:

- No Ilyas, bastard Ilyas? Long live bastard Ilyas!... If Ilyas the bastard comes here again

break... May his head fall off ... May he be left without wine ...

Then he moved away in a rolling motion, and Mad Wolf him with his eyes:

- Murad Beg has withdrawn. ... So the burden of the world has become too heavy for him  
he's been told.

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Days were passing by. Mad Wolf gave all the work to Mother Sati, his eldest daughter  
She left it to Zeyneb and Topuz Ahmed. Everything was under Mother Sati's command.

It was going in such an order that there was nothing left for Mad Wolf but to play the pipe on Yassı Tepe.

One evening he came again with his pipe, leaning against Gökçen's tree, waiting for the day to get darker.

He waited, then took up the kaval. He couldn't play as far as Gökçen, but he still showed that he was a master kaval player. These melodies came from his heart, he sang something for his father Isa , his mother Bala Hatun, Çakır and Evren, and then he blew and blew, thinking of Gökçen who made him forget all these.

When his eyes touched the stars while playing the pipe, their brightness immediately reminded him of Gökçen's light

The beauty in the voice of a bird singing in the night made me think of Gökçen's crystal voice. On the other hand, he was playing and playing and playing.

Half the night had passed and Mad Wolf was tired. He put his pipe next to him and leaned his head against the tree.

He stayed like that, closing his eyes as if he wanted to relieve fatigue. This was not sleep. It was an occasional state between sleep and wakefulness.

Suddenly he was awakened by a voice calling him 'Sipahi! He had not opened his eyes:

- Sipahi! Wait for me!

It was Gökçen's voice. It was coming from behind the tree. He turned his head. There was no one there. This time the same voice came from in front of him:

- Sipahi! Wait for me!

It was that chilling, heart-wrenching voice. In short, it was Gökçen's voice. He turned his face. The voice was getting lighter:

- Be sure to wait.. Wait for sure !... Be sure to ....

He stood up excitedly. His eyes were in the direction of the healing water. A pair of green lights were shining there. As he looked at the lights, he suddenly saw that they were extinguished. Then on the right, on the left, near and far, many green lights began to shine and go out.

Mad Wolf took a step backwards with a shudder and felt a crunch under his foot.

he heard it. He looked down! What a pity! He had absentmindedly crushed and broken his life companion's pipe... He decided to return to the lodge. He looked at the tree under the same light. To the tree ...  
Gokcen's tree ...

His eyes shifted to the trunk of the tree, the picture of the tree and the arrows that Gökçen had carved. Hey, God Almighty!

Was he drunk or was he dreaming? He got a little closer and looked closely. In the evening, all the pictures of arrows that Gökçen had made the first time had disappeared and only the picture of the tree remained. Am I seeing it wrong? and he felt it with his hand. He was not mistaken. There was only a picture of a tree on the trunk of the tree. Trembling with fear, he looked around. Neither green lights could be seen nor sound could be heard. With quick steps he took the way to the obah.

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Three days later, a messenger arrived unexpected news. The Hungarian and his followers

They broke the treaty and started to march again, and the young Sultan Mehmed Beğ wrote to his father in Manisa and asked him to come and lead the army. Murad Beğ had left Manisa. He had sent fast ulankal to all sanjaks. He himself was gathering the sipahis, company by company, regiment by regiment, and was coming to Karası with lightning-like speed. From here he was to be sent to Bursa.

Mad Wolf was going to spend his last night in the oba. Early the next morning, he would set off with two sipahi and four çebelis from the people of the oba. He said goodbye to Mother Satı in the evening. He made some preparations in his tent. His father's

He placed his letters in his mother's small trunk and entrusted it to his brother. He tucked into his belt the only letter he had left from his mother. These lines, written in a shaky woman's handwriting, somehow touched Mad Wolf very much. Then he said goodbye to his brother and daughters. He saw little Jesus and petted her for a while. She had grown up a lot, she had become beautiful. She was still looking at Mad Wolf with that sad and innocent look, with a look that hurt him.

He kissed his only son and said 'Inshallah you will be useful for the state and nation' and gave him to his mother. He also said goodbye to Topuz Ahmed. He jumped on his horse.

He travelled around the oba and told the sipahs and cebels where to meet next morning, and then he went to Yassi

He's headed for the Hill.

He left his horse on the grass and crouched under Gökçen's tree. He was lost in thought. He would go to war without seeing the girl he loved. He was going to the Hungarian war, not the pipe. There was going to be no coming. How nice it would be to spend the morning in this blessed place before going.

This was a place full of the sweetest memories of his life. Gökçen had saved his life here, he had slept on Gökçen's knee here, he had seen Gökçen's eyes here. It was worth a lifetime just to hear his voice, or to lie on his knee or to see his eyes. He had tasted all these blessings at once. Gökçen... Gökçen. .

This wasn't just a beautiful girl. She was a , girl. She knew secret knowledge, with her eyes she could kill whoever she wanted and keep whoever she wanted alive,

He could call out to people's hearts from days away. He was strong like a pehlivan, a rider like a sipahi, a shooter, a shooter, a breaker. And that pipe?

Mad Wolf heard his heart beating fast. Suna remembered her walk as if she was gliding with her height, her voice like crystal, her light eyes that drove people crazy. Gökçen's eyes ... Those horribly beautiful eyes from which green lights emanated, which could not be looked at...

Mad Wolf was ecstatic with memories. Then new ones started to join these memories. His father Isa Beğ, his grandfather Yıldırım Bayazıd, his grandfather's Martyr Murad , then his grandfather's grandfather Orhan and his father Osman Beğ...

Mad Wolf started to think about the bitter twists of fate. The twist that made one of the two namesakes of the same blood, of the same lineage, one of them Sultan Murad Beğ, one of them Murda, the head of the company. . God had written it like this. What could be said....

While he was thinking about these things, he suddenly saw a shadow beside him and heard a voice  
:

- Sipahi!

Mad Wolf has recovered. Oh my God!...It was not a ghost, it was Gökçen himself. She was huddled next to him, looking at him from her horse with her bright eyes without a veil.

- Did you come, Gökçen? he called out. He was smiling vaguely, extending his hand and saying 'I'm here'.

Crazy Wolf took Gökçen's outstretched hand, kissed it and put it on his head:

- He said, "Won't you get off?"

Gökçen jumped off his horse with a nimble leap, and, reaching for his sidearm on his rump, said:

- I brought it for you, he said. It was a pipe. Mad Wolf didn't know what to say. There was a short silence.

Then Gökçen's crystalline voice vibrated the air:

- You were going to war again tomorrow, weren't you, Sipahi? I waited four years for you.

I knew you'd come. s plenty of time till morning. I need to bathe in the healing water so I can spend it talking to you alive.

I've been on horseback for days without sleep. You'll wait, won't you?

- Washer Gökçen... I'll draw your water ....

Mad Wolf walked to the well and started to fill the trough.

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Gökçen came to the Mad Wolf really alive. Firstly:

- He said, "My mother will come here and marry us. Then he asked why his mummy that he had gone to her. The Mad Wolf listened to him in amazement and was mesmerised by his green-lit eyes. At one point Gökçen said:

- He realised that he had laid his head on his knees saying "You are tired, rest". Then he listened to his pipe he played until dawn.

He got up as it was getting light. Getting up from Gökçen's knees was even harder than three years of captivity.

But the order came from the sultan and he himself was a sipahi with fiefs, a company chief.

- You made me live, Gokcen! You a great right over me. He said, "If I don't come, forgive me.

- All due respect, but you'll be back.

Saying this, Gökçen gave the emden his mother had just prepared to Deli Kurt. They said goodbye. It was a bit awkward, but Deli Kurt couldn't help hugging the girl he loved so much. Gökçen hugged him too. They kissed.

Crazy Wolf could not forget the taste of roasting with the lips of Gökçen, the beauty of the world, for the rest of his life. This would be the last moment he would remember when he died.

## **BATTLE OF VARNA**

Murad II had been on the road for daysHe had brought his army, which was growing with new recruits every day, from Bursa to Gemlik, and from there he had entered the Kocaeli peninsula and arrived in front of the Anatolian fortress.

While the Crusaders' navy was waiting for Murad Beğ's army in the Dardanelles, Murad Beğ



He had deceived them and brought his troops to the Bosphorus through the steep and secret roads of Anatolia. He had made an agreement with the Genoese on the way. They were Christians too, but their god was the money. When they got the money, their eyes would turn round and they would not think about Christianity. They were going to pass the Turkish army, which had come to destroy the Christian army, to the Rumeli coast just for the sake of the money they would receive.

A bargain was struck. The Genoese would pass every Turkish soldier under a gold coin.

Murad Beğ

He did not hesitate to pour out his treasure. He gave forty thousand gold coins and led forty thousand soldiers across.

A fast march towards Edirne started. The whole Rumelia troops were waiting for the Sultan in Edirne.

Murad Beğ held a short meeting with his commanders and commanders here and after leaving a strong troop in Edirne, he marched towards Plovdiv with 50 thousand people.

The army had received strict orders. They were to march in great silence. There would be no overflows to the left. They were making night marches, taking care not to meet with the Christian population.

Autumn had begun. But the weather very good, very regular. In short, a full march.

and it was war weather.

The sipahis in Deli Kurt's company were all new and young soldiers. The oldest twenty-five years old. At the age of forty-one, Deli Kurt considered himself old among them.

They were going to a tough enemy, but there was no death for him in this war. Gokcen 'You will return'

he said. Gökçen was never wrong. Oh Gökçen...Gökçen. ...It's strange when I mention her name.

it was happening. She wasn't human. She was a fairy girl. She was more than a fairy girl.

was the thing.

Mad Wolf crossed the Shipka Pass with the army, even though it was full of Gökçen. He crossed Tarnova even though he was full of Gökçen. He reached Niğbolu with Gökçen in .

It was his second time here. Gökçen's voice was heard from far away, when he escaped from Hungarian captivity and stepped on Turkish soil here. Now, in the same place, his grandfather Yildirim Bayazid

where he raided their army and smashed it to smithereens.

The Hungarians and their followers had passed through Niğbolu five days earlier. Murad Beğ fell rapidly behind them. He was travelling twice as fast as they were. They passed through Razgard and Shumnu.

On the evening of 9 November 1944, Murad Beğ's army arrived in front of Varna. enemy had arrived a few hours earlier.

and was horrified to see the Turkish headquarters four thousand paces away.

They thought Murad Beğ was still in Anatolia.

That night Deli Kurt travelled around the sipahs of the Sanjak of Karası and reported the Sultan's orders for the next day's battle. There was not a sound in the camp. Even the horses were not neighing. Everyone except the guards were crouched somewhere, some were dozing, some were looking at the sky, some were reading.

Mad Wolf also among those reciting. He was reciting Yasin under a sooty kindling.

The enemy camp was in the light and there noise. The next day there would be a showdown here.

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The night was over, the sun rose. The two armies were to fight on opposite sides. Because the Turks had arrived later and had taken a position in the north of the enemy. O

then the Turks would face south in the war.

By the order of Murad Beğ, a few months ago, a ten-year contract was signed. The treaty was strung on the end of a pike and hung in front of the Turkish headquarters.

Turahan Beğ the right wing of the Turkish army. This was Rumeli sipahis were under his command. Karaca Pasha commanded the left wing. Under his command were Anatolian sipahis, raiders and azaps. The raiders and the chastised were at the left end of the left flank. Öürad Beğ II, who was the chief

and he was standing behind with his captains.

The battle started with the command of Murad Beğ. The scourges and the raiders approached the enemy's right flank in such a way as to turn it. Azaps shot arrows at the enemy.

After being showered with rain, the raiders rushed forward. Karaca Pasha, who was then the commander of the left wing, sent all the Anatolian sipahs under his command.

to the offensive.

Mad Wolf had ordered his company to attack. In a short time

They came face to face with the enemy. He and all the Anatolian sipahis thought that they would face the formidable Hungarians.

but they found the Croats in front of them. The Croats were bigger and taller than the Hungarians, but they were not tough soldiers like them...

Mad Wolf and his company dived into the Croats. They were in deep. His sword was rising and falling, knocking down a Croat with each descent. was his company. Those young soldiers were also fighting with great enthusiasm, scattering and bewildering the big Croats.

Finding himself on a bump in the road, Mad Wolf made a quick move to the right flank.

he threw a glance. Rumeli sipahis also sword to sword with the enemy. The sky was groaning with the clatter of swords and the shout of war.

They were driving the Croats into the swamp. They, too, realised the outcome that awaited them, gathered all their reserve forces and tried to hold on. In vain. Soon there were no Croats left alive.

This is when the Anatolian fiefs got the they had been longing for. Yanko Hunyad attacked Karaca Pasha's Sipahis from the flank, with Bosniaks behind the armoured Hungarians. This attack was really fierce and terrible. Because it was done from the side, it was done by the Hungarians, Ynako Hunyad was in charge of it.

Deli Kurt and his troops were in a group. The Sanjak beğ was also with them.

It was a fierce fight. This was not like the previous war, which was only about breaking the Croats. On the one hand, they were beating the Hungarians and they themselves were falling. They heard the standard-bearer giving the order to retreat to the left of the Janissaries.

Mad Wolf didn't like retreats. He gathered his company, half of which had been martyred, around him. They would retreat with their faces towards Hungary, they would not show their backs to the enemy.

However, the attack of the armoured Hungarians was made in such a way as to break the ranks, in order to prevent this, not only the company chiefs, but also the regiment chiefs, the standard chiefs

They were even fighting on the front line. Soon the Anatolian Governor Karaca Pasha also came face to face with the Hungarians. The Hungarians recognised him by his banner and sword. They were coming towards him. Deli Kurt saw the soldiers next to the admiral falling one by one. His eyes suddenly caught sight of two of his own sipahis and he shouted:

- Bre Dursun... Bre Mustafa... We mustn't leave the Lordship alone!?

They rode towards Karaca Pasha. Mad Wolf first. It was a sipahi shot.

The Hungarian rider fell, even though he was armoured. He followed it up with another shot and knocked a Hungarian's sword

and he dropped it. hit his third shot from the side on the hind leg of a Hungarian horse. Fourth shot

He dodged a sword swung at him. They exchanged swords on horseback with this Hungarian.

A nudge from Dursun

He overthrew him too. But in the meantime, a clash of Hungarian horsemen coming from the rear separated Deli Kurt from his two sipahis and he was surrounded by several enemies.

He was left alone with Karaca Pasha who was still fighting and trying to protect himself. Pasha cried out:

- Behave, Mr Bölükbaşı!..

A few swords touched Karaca Pasha. His armour saved him. The Mad Wolf had to get off his horse.

and raising it up, he gave one of the Hungarians who had surrounded the pasha a sword from the top of his head.

he threw it. And he knocked him down... But the sword of another Hungarian left the pasha without his tulga. Now he was an easier for his enemies. Nevertheless, he was able to come to the pasha.

The Anatolian fiefs were retreating to the left of the janissaries, beating and breaking. But the Adjutant-General Karaca Pasha and the Captain Deli Kurt were left like little islands in the midst of the Hungarian waves that covered the retreating sipahis like a sea. They were fighting desperately.

On this mother and father's day, Mad Wolf didn't even think of dying for himself. Because Gökçen had said so. Gökçen was infallible. All his concern was to save his admiral. Karaca Pasha was poking with his long pike, trying not to let the Hungarians come closer. There was twenty paces or less between them and the retreating Turkish ranks. If only they could overcome this. . But the Hungarian would not let up, attack after attack.

Mad Wolf was protecting his head by using his shield with his left hand because his tulga had fallen off. He was lifting his shield to hold the swords flying one after the other, but then, even for a short moment, he could not see in front of him and left his horse alone.

Again, as he took cover with his shield to protect his head, he felt his horse stumble, and soon afterwards he found himself on the ground. Leaping up, he swung his sword and frustrated the Hungarian's horse, which was coming at him. They were even. But at the same time Karaca Pasha's horse

collapsed, the admiral fell to the ground.

Seeing several Hungarians at Karaca Pasha, the Mad Wolf rushed forward and swung his sword.

and a path for himself. It was the moment of life and death. The Grand Duke made a move to get up.

But a sword to the head knocked him down again. Mad Wolf had seen the Hungarian who hit him. Stooping down, he swung his sword at the level of the horse's foot, and as the Hungarian's horse toppled over, he threw the shield in his left hand, grabbed Karaca Pasha by the shoulder and lifted him up. The major-general was covered in blood. He clutched his carbine tightly.

holding him. He did not hesitate to give a hard poke to the nearest Hungarian. When they were surrounded, Deli Kurt was back to back with Karaca Pasha, as all the soldiers did. He was exhausted.

He was swinging his sword with his arm, trying not to let anyone approach. Suddenly he heard the voice of the admiral:

- I'm done, Bölükbaşı... Save yourself...

Mad Wolf had time to turn his head back for a brief moment in the chaos of the life market and Karaca Pasha falling on his back after taking a sword to the forehead. In his last minute, the great admiral was thrusting his pike into the belly of an enemy horse. He also saw a Hungarian pike piercing his knitted armour and stabbing into his chest. Behind him he heard the voice of the admiral saying 'Allaaah'. Karaca Pasha had been martyred.

Then the Mad Wolf, because there was no more work to be done. to join the ranks of the Hungarians. The Hungarians could not stop him because of his madness. Without tunic or shield, he was making such blows that he could mow down a man or cut a horse in half.

he was lying on the floor. His face was covered in blood and his clothes in pieces. But he had escaped from the enemy and joined the Sipahi ranks.

Although the Anatolian sipahis suffered great losses, they came to the left of the janissaries in a neat retreat and managed to close ranks, but the admiral was martyred.

When they saw these neat ranks, the Hungarians stopped and retreated to organise themselves.

Mad Wolf looked to his right. The Rumeli sipahis were also retreating to the right of the janissaries.

Murad Beğ had successfully implemented the first part of his plan. Not only had he destroyed the Croats, but he had also given the enemy the idea that he had won the first battle of the war by pulling the right and left wings, which he had initially raised to the attack, further back from their starting points.

Murad II was a wolf of war. He knew what kind of a commander Yanko Kunyad, who had defeated him in the past, was, and he was well acquainted with the Hungarian military. In this first battle, the enemy had suffered more casualties and lost the superiority in numbers, but had advanced a little. But there also the fact that, although he had brought his whole force into the battle, the soldiers of the gate servants had not yet joined the battle.

Yanko was deceived here. The sipahs and the he had thrown back were defeated and crushed.

and charged at the Kapikulu soldier in the centre.

Deli Kurt saw the janissaries and kapikulu sipahi retreating after shooting arrows at the enemy. Murad Beğ was again playing the Turkish game called goose wing. The enemy would advance from the retreating centre, so that the right and left flanks would lag behind him, while the right and left flanks, which would advance in the meantime, would encircle the enemy.

As the Hungarians drove the janissaries towards the Turkish headquarters, the attack trumpets sounded from the right and left flanks, and the enemy thought they had run out of sipahs.

The chastisers and raiders rushed forward to encircle the enemy army.

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It was evening. The Hungarian army was surrounded. However, Hungarian horsemen had also arrived in front of Murad Beğ's headquarters. The Hungarian king was at the head of this group and he was attacking towards Murad Beğ with his soldiers.

The most terrible struggle of the war was taking place here. Now fiefs, raiders, raiders, scourges, janissaries were mixed with each other and they were trying to end the war with their last strength.

The Mad Wolf has long been a sultan's ten paces with a few tormentors. ahead of him, they were fighting with the enemy. He was accompanied by one or two janissaries and Sekbanbaşı Yazıcı Doğan. They were fighting with the Hungarians, some on horseback and some on foot, sword to sword. Swords were being chipped, shields were being shattered, tulas were being broken and the breathing of the warriors was drowning out all the sounds.

The Hungarian king was moving towards the sultan, accompanied by a number of his favourites, and the Ottoman soldiers were putting their lives in their hands to stop them. Step by step the Hungarian armoured armour was approaching the Sultan. Murad Beğ saw this, and although he had drawn his sword, he stood in his place with cold blood and gave his orders accordingly, seeing the situation on all sides. Next to him Azap Beğ

There was.

Suddenly an armoured Hungarian raised his great sword with both hands in a terrible with a sword. Sekbanbaşı Yazıcı Doğan was knocked down with this sword and Mad Wolf plunged his sword into the belly of the Hungarian's horse. But the Hungarian king Ladislav was coming from behind. He swung his sword the Mad Wolf's head. If a tormentor hadn't deflected the blow, Mad Wolf would have survived.

there would be none left. This tormentor named Rustam, after deflecting the king's charge, made a swing towards the feet of his horse. The horse collapsed and the king fell to the ground. Mad Wolf facing the king who stood up. At that time there was one to help either of these two, as everyone was dealing with someone else. The two warriors clashed their swords. And then, spinning rapidly in the air.



swords were seen and a sound unlike any other was heard. The king fell, and Mad Wolf was stunned by a scratch on his forehead.

Murad Beğ recognised his namesake although his face was covered in blood. He shouted in a loud voice:

- Bre Murad! Your fight will catch up. We've won the battle. Come here...

When Mad Wolf heard the sultan's voice, he came to his senses and walked towards Murad Beğ. He swung his sword

He took it in his left hand. He embraced it with his right hand and bowed his head and greeted the Sultan. The Sultan smiled and pointed to something with his hand and said:

- He was saying that the enemy could no longer hold on. Mad Wolf looked where Murad Beğ pointed. An old janissary named Koca Hızır had cut off the king's head, put it on a pike and raised it in the air.

By sunset, the Hungarian army was destroyed. Yanko fled with a few thousand Vlachs.

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The night was spent on the battlefield. Mad Wolf applied the emi given by Gökçen to his wounds and the rest for his comrades. It was like there was no one without a wound. Then he fell into a deep sleep where he was. He was so tired that neither the pain of his wounds nor the cold of the night could prevent this sleep.

## **END OF ROADS**

The Mad Wolf was returning to Caracas alone with wounds and bruises. On 10 November 1444, they defeated the Hungarians and their supporters, and next morning they heard that their king was dead and their commander

Not knowing that Yanko had escaped, the Hungarian, waiting behind the wagons attacked and his troops. Two hundred chariots of the Hungarian king were captured by Murad Beğ. Many martyrs were killed, but a great victory was won and Izledi was avenged.

After the battle, Murad beğ was travelling around the field with Azap Beğ and Deli Kurt.

Heaps and heaps of martyrs, heaps and heaps of Hungarian dead stretched as far as the eye could see. It was impossible not to feel pain.

Suddenly Murad Beğ stopped. Pointing to the Hungarian dead:

- Look at them, Azap Beğ said. Azap Beğ gave the answer that history will never forget: - If there was one white bearded among them, they would not have fallen in this state! There is not one old, white bearded person among them.

How's that?

Murad Beğ nodded his head as if saying yes. Then he turned to Mad Wolf and said:

- Bölükbaşı, he said. I saw how you fought today. May the bread of the state be halal for you. I'm promoting you to regimental honour. I'll give you two of my own horses. Do you have a wish?

Mad Wolf's eyes shone and his face flushed. After pressing his hand to his chest and lowering his head:

- My wish is your health, my sultan! If you release me to my homeland immediately, he will grow up, he said.

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Now, with the permission of the sultan, without waiting for the army, he was returning to his village, to his fief, to his children, to Gökçen. With the horses gifted by Murad Beğ

He was travelling at full gallop with the order of the regiment's chief in his bosom.

His heart and brain were full of Gökçen alone. He was so full that sometimes he even forgot who he was. While he was living as Murad of Tımarlı, he was also living as the son of Osmanoğlu İsa Beğ.

Being an Ottoman prince made him a man with two personalities. in a state. If Gökçen didn't fill his entire being. then, what a troublesome object of being a secret Ottoman prince.

that was in danger. But he was so free from every concern except for one thought that he did not realise that he was swimming in dangers.

He wanted to gallop, but the mud of the roads cut the speed of the horses. The eye had started, the rains were pouring incessantly, but he had never seen or heard of such mud.

The roads were getting longer and longer, it felt like it would never end. The roads that were always shortened to bring him to Gökçen had changed this time. 'What if I can't find Gökçen'

He thought, and his heart ached in a way that it could not have ached.

The roads did not end, the roads that eventually led to Gökçen playing tricks on him. He spurred his horse. In vain ... How could the horse ride in two inches of mud?

Mad Wolf had lost all interest in his surroundings. He didn't realise that he was wet even though he had a coat on his back. He also forgot that the animals were hungry. Even in the last mansion before reaching his village, he did not see that a few travellers were secretly talking about something by looking at him while staying overnight in an inn.

He had no regimental dignity or princehood in his eyes. Even Melek Hatun and her daughters,

He wasn't even thinking about little Jesus. He only had eyes Gökçen. He realised that he was caught up in a crazy choice. Gökçen ... Gökçen, the sorceress, the beauty of the world ... The superhuman, fairy girl Gökçen ... Then her pipe... Especially her crystal voice... And her eyes... Her eyes radiating green lights...

Mad Wolf spent the seemingly endless night in great distress. Even in his three years of captivity he had never suffered so much. When he set out early, he saw that the rain and the mud had become terrible and he felt overwhelmed.

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Mad Wolf reached his village in the evening, having travelled a whole day, which he could have easily done in half a day in the rainless, mud-free weather.

Because of the rain, there was no one in sight. He jumped from his horse, feeling a strangeness in him. He knocked on the door.

Zeynep would always open the door and Melek Hatun would stand behind her and look at her with a sad smile. Crazy Wolf realised that it would not be like that this time. Because the gait of the one approaching the door from inside was not Zeynep's agile gait. It was a heavy, lumbering gait. With a premonition, the Mad Wolf did not like it and waited with curiosity and impatience to see who would open the door. Just as the roads could not end and the horses could not walk, the one who approached the door could not reach the knocker. At last he came. He opened the door slowly and when Mad Wolf saw him in front of him, was stunned. Bastard Ilyas was standing in front of the threshold, glaring at him and trying to chew the big morsel in his mouth while puffing out his palms.

Mad Wolf was speechless. What did that mean? What was this filthy giaour doing in his own house? He looked back with his eyes. He had no family, no children. Suddenly blood covered his face. He pushed Ilyas inside. There was a silence of death. There, on the floor, a complicated table was set and it was clear from the big wine jug that this table was Elijah's. He asked in a slow but very stern voice:

- Bastard! What are you doing here?

Ilyas did not answer even though he had swallowed the morsel in his mouth, he was looking at him with bewildered eyes.

Mad Wolf's angry voice rumbled this time:

- I'm talking to you! What are you doing here?

Ilyas the bastard was silent. Although he was thoroughly drunk, he looked very timid and timid. His chin was trembling. When he saw the other person take a step, he began to tremble all over.

He stammered and muttered :

- I've been waiting for you, Agha.

Mad Wolf was surprised again. Elijah, who was not allowed in houses because he was too dirty and always slept in the stable such a house:

- Bre, what are you waiting for me for?

This question remained unanswered. He had a feeling. Trying not to look angry, he asked:

- Where's the chick and the kids?

Bastard Ilyas looked with a numbness that made one's blood run cold, one at the Mad Wolf and one at the wine test, but said nothing. Mad Wolf shouted:

- Are you deaf? Where's the chick and the kids?

His face horrible. Ilyas became frightened and again said nothing and waved his hand westwards.

pointed in the direction. To the west was the Turkmen oba and they had all been there when Deli Kurt had gone on the Varna expedition. But they should have returned to the village when the cold started. They couldn't still be in the plateau, under the tent when it was raining so incessantly... But why was that rascal pointing in the direction of the oba?

- Obadas?

- Yes, Agha!

Suddenly Mad Wolf's madness took hold. This filthy bastard seemed to be making fun of him:

- Bre card pig! Are you mocking me?" he roared and threw a heavy object in his hand at Ilyas' head without realising what it was. Fortunately he didn't hit

But Ilyas' cry rang through the village in the silence of the evening. The Mad Wolf put his hand on his sword.

:

- Murad Agha... Murad Agha came to himself with a voice shouting. Bayram Hodja, the imam of the village, was standing at the door and looking at him:

- Murad Agha! Are you going to get blood on your hands for nothing?

- Is that you, Bayram Hodja? At least you tell me. What's all

this? Imam went inside and saw Ilyas' wine:

- Instead of standing here, he shouted, "Go and bring the agha's horses into the stable. After watching him stagger out:

- Just sit down and take a breath, agha, he said.

It was obvious that Bayram Hodja was going to say something. He sensed that he would say something bitter, but he did not understand what he sensed. He was like between sleep and wakefulness. Even so, he realised that the imam was hesitating and started to speak:

- Bayram Hodja! Don't try to make an entrance. Whatever you know, tell me as soon as possible so I can learn. I'm not a child so you can console me...

The Imam was frowning. He was looking at the ground. He said in a clerical manner:

- Murad Agha! You have to accept the accident. It's the it was meant to be. Your wife deceased.

.

Crazy Wolf suddenly could not understand the meaning of this word. After looking at him with a deep gaze, he suddenly thought that his brother, whom he had taken back to the obah in a weak and exhausted state, had died of illness and asked:

- of thin disease? The Imam

shook his head:

- What the hell... God's disaster has come. The flood . It took everything away...

God's disaster. . The deluge... Mad Wolf remembered the incessant rain and the mud on the roads.

Then he suddenly shouted with a start:

- And the children?

The imam, after a great effort to look at the face of the person in front of him, with the voice of those praying at the grave:

- They died, too, he could tell.

Mad Wolf's face tightened with terror. He cried out:

- And Jesus?

Bayram Hodja's answer seemed to have hit the big regiment in the heart:

- He's dead too

Crazy Wolf, lifting his head up:

- Ouch! My son! He moaned. He was silent. He wasn't crying. But she was dying of grief. Bayram Hodja added to know everything:

- Your Satı woman and Topuz Ahmed were all drowned. Only eight or ten people from the whole clan survived. One of the survivors is my sister-in-law. He grabbed a floating tree and saved his life. What happened

I heard it from him. Ahmed the Mace and the sorceress tried their best to save your Jesus, but the flood swept them away. The Mad Wolf felt like choking:

- Did I say Sorceress?

- Yes!

- Gökçen?

- She's the girl with the veil on her face. She'll be Gökçen.

Crazy Wolf, holding his chest with his hand:

- Allah! I was hit by an arrow,' he cried. If the arrow had hit, he would not have felt more pain than this. He was hit in the heart. His skin was pale. He had no strength left to stand. Bayram Hodja, after lighting the candle and illuminating the room:

- God give you patience, Murad Agha, he said.

The great calamity... There is someone whose sins have overflowed that God has given this punishment...

Someone whose sins were overflowing...I wonder if it was him...He had killed a soldier of the state and sneaked into the enemy country. He had fought with the son of the Turkmen beğ who said 'You are married, get out of the way'. He spent magical nights with Gökçen at Yassı Tepe. Were these the sins that overflowed?

? He's in a great state of exhaustion:

- Bayram Hodja! Who is this person whose sins are overflowing, he asked.

- Only God knows. But maybe it's that sorceress...

Gökçen, huh? That girl with such a good heart was a sinner? Mad Wolf smiled bitterly.

How wrongly they recognise people!

Gökçen and death. . How inappropriate and contradictory it was to think of both of these things. Could Gökçen die? Was Gökçen dead? What about that crystal voice? And what about those sparkling eyes?

He couldn't stand it. He couldn't stand it. After placing the horses in the stable and giving many akça to İlyas who came, he told him to clear the table, take care of the horses and sleep in the stable, and then he started to walk around the room.

He had no one left in the whole world. All sorts of pains mingled together inside him. , angel face

He always thought about Melek Hatun, his daughters, his son, his mother, Topuz Ahmed , but when he thought about Gökçen, it was different.



He was wounded. What did it mean to lose seven or eight people at once? How could he bear this pain? Suddenly, he remembered the terrible battle he had fought against the Hungarians together with his admiral Karaca Pasha and

- 'I wish I had died there,' he muttered. He had not died. But could now be called alive?

The candle slowly went out. Now the room was pitch black. The silent and emotionless walls listened to the sobs of an unholy man, of a sipahi who had become a regiment leader for his heroism, of a secret Osmanoglu, until the morning in this pitch darkness....

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In the early morning, when Mad Wolf brought his most distinguished horse and mounted it, his face was pale and tired.

Ilyas, who was holding the horse, looked at the completely grey hair of Deli Kurt while he was putting on his bork at the threshold of the door. This hair had greyed in one night and that big brave had grown old. After forty-one years of standing upright, suffering mortal wounds and captivity, he had finally become like this in one night.

He was going to Yassi Tepe. He would not be able to see that blessed place, overflowing with Gökçen's memories, without seeing it again. There was a feeling inside him. When he crossed Yassi Tepe, he thought he would see Gökçen leaning against the tree there again.

It was cold. But the sun was shining even though the wind was blowing hard. Wind and sun rapidly drying out the soil. The flood was over after the deluge had done its work: Towards the afternoon he reached the plateau. Nothing had changed in sight. There was not even the slightest trace that a catastrophic hurricane was blowing here. He headed towards Yassi Tepe.

He felt the excitement of his first visit again. Now, when he reached the top of the hill, he would look down and see Gökçen under the tree. He approached. He reached the hill and stopped. His heart beat rapidly. There was no tree.

The terrible flood had washed him away. He felt a great inside him. The tree that Gökçen had leaned against, on which he had carved pictures of trees and arrows, and in the shade of which he had lain on Gökçen's knee, had been uprooted.

He went towards the place where the healing water was. There was none. There was no well, no stone gutter. I wonder if

he looked around, wondering if I should come. Could it be? This was the place he knew every inch.

When he could not find the two mementos of Gökçen, he rode towards 'Gökçen Spring'. In the darkness of the night, he saw him here for the first time and his eyes were dazzled by the green lights for the first time.

The spring was standing as it was. The spring where lovers prayed...He got off his horse.

I've been bending down

He took a sip. He washed his face. He cooled his forehead. Even on this cold day his forehead needed coolness.

Then he stood up and opened his hands. With wet eyes, he prayed, 'Lord, bring me back to Gökçen'.

Tears were flowing profusely from his eyes. He took out a white circle from his bosom and wiped his eyes. Suddenly

He looked around as if he remembered something: This was Gökçen's surroundings. On it was the inscription written in his blood: 'I will come again...'

He had left this at the head of the now vanished healing water. 'I will come again'. When he read the inscription, Mad Wolf's eyes welled up with tears. 'You won't come anymore,' he said, wiping his eyes and added

: 'This time I will come to you...'

Gökçen's two-word letter reminded Deli Kurt of another letter. This letter, which he kept in his belt along with his father's two letters, was from his mother Bala Hatun.

It was not a letter, but a wish scribbled by his poor mother on the night of her death. He took it out and read it with misty eyes:

'My orphan Murad... Soon you will be an orphan. I entrust you to God, my strange and poor son'

His mother and Gökçen... Two great longings... Is that all? What about the others and her son? ... And his father?

... And besides these, Satı Kadın, Çakır, Evren and even Topuz Ahmed..

He had memorialised many dead with stoicism. And now where was this soft-heartedness coming from? Gökçen had taken everything away. Gökçen's death was unbearable. When he started to cry for her, he could no longer show hard-heartedness for any dead person. What was he going to do? What should he do? There was no lighter now, the mind could teach him...

After putting his mother's writing and the surroundings in their places, he got on his horse. He was leaving. He couldn't bear to see this place. Everything here was shouting Gökçen. He looked around with sad eyes and rode away.

Mad Wolf left the village early next morning. Not just the village, but everything.

He was broken, finished, ruined. He was running away. Leaving his fief, his regiment, his house, he was going to an unknown place. He didn't know where he was going either. He would go wherever the roads took him.

There was no sun the day before. It was snowing. He set off without saying a word to anyone.

It was going to be like this until he met Gökçen.

Desolate and silent roads go on and on, and you feel guilty about 'why can't I think of the others?'

Mad Wolf, who had heard of it, was riding over these inexhaustible distances, even though he was full of Gökçen alone.

Every now and then he passed through villages, met people, animals, cars. But he continued on his way without seeing any of them.

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Night descended. The darkness gradually covered everything and grasped the traveller who was travelling on the eternal roads, moaning 'Allah' and shouting 'Gökçen'. This unknown Ottoman prince disappeared from all eyes in the green lights that only he could see, in the great anguish that the destiny of history had drawn for countless Ottoman princes who came before him and who would come before him.

Nothing could be seen anymore, only the hoofbeats of a horse and the sobs of a man could be heard on this storm-torn road.

**ATSIZ**

**Maltepe, 30.07.1958**

# **BERSERKER**

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## **BOOKS**

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