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*Nizami Gencevi*

*Fitne*





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*Nizami Genceri*

*Fitne*







Bahram shah had a round-faced beautiful slave. She was called Fitne.

Fitne was a smart, agile and a sensible girl. Her face was as fresh and tender as the paradise spring. She had a graceful walk as calm as the wind soaring in the green grass. She was shining with kindness. Fitne would dance and play kamancha quite well. She had a sweet and touchable voice as in the nightingale. Her tumultuous voice made the birds to fly down from the sky. She fell in love with the shah. And the shah was also in love with her.

In the music and drink parties and also when they went hunting the shah rested and enjoyed the taste of listening to her music. Fitne's musical instrument was a cheng (stringed musical instrument), but the shah's was an arrow. Fitne used to play the cheng, but the shah used to hunt. One day the shah wanted to go hunting in the field and valley, and on the mountain. He took Fitne with himself and galloped his black and deer nailed horse outside. When he saw the hunt he roared to the

mountains and shot at the gazelles. The shah's horsemen surrounded the field from every side and were driving the gazelles to the direction where he was standing.

Bahram shah was standing in ambush like the lion. His horse was moving in his underneath and his hand rained the arrows to the heads of the gazelles. He quickly emptied the string and filled the bow. The steel end of the arrow now knocked the gazelles down, now touched the stone and shined the fire, as if the fire was in need of cooking kabab. Indeed, the shah cooked kabab from every hunt that his arrow touched. He did not let any hunt to go away. He either shot or caught them. Suddenly some gazelles ascended the mountain from the field. The shah took the arrow like the heated lion and gave the horse his head and when he reached closer to the gazelles he pointed his arrow to them and shot. The arrow went into the gazelle's hip. The gazelle fell down on his mouth and kissed the land. At the end some of the gazelles were killed and some were caught by the shah. His courage astonished the whole reign, but the persons with evil eyes were tormented by him. Fitne kept silent to the shah's braveness and courage. From her cunning or her coyness she never praised the shah for his gallant. The shah became aware of it, but he preferred to keep silence.

Suddenly one gazelle began to run from afar. The shah said:

- You seem to be blind to our hunting prowess. May be you think so, but our courage is much more superior to the praise. Only narrow eyes can't make out it...

-You see, the gazelle is coming. I can shoot at a target wherever you want.

Fitne's delicate lips moved:

- In that case you must show your talent and sew the gazelle's nail to his head.

The shah wanted to fulfill her desire and ordered to bring the arrow. He put the heavy and round string into the arrow and shot at the gazelle. The string heated the gazelle's head. The poor gazelle raised his nail in order to scratch his head. The gazelle fell down on his face. The shah turned to Fitne and said:

-How do I shoot?

The girl answered:

-The shah is in the habit of doing it. The practical skills can not be difficult to bring about. A man can do everything with habit. The shah's



straight shooting comes from his habit but not from his strength and giftedness.

Fitne's answer was painful and sharp as a needle; she wounded the shah's feelings as the sharp axe cut the tree. He became angry. The shah had a grudge in his heart against Fitne.

Every shah of the world takes his vengeance with blood, when he is angry to the hunt they tear up the stirrup of the horse and strip the dog's skin off. Bahram shah thought in the bottom of his heart: "I have to take vengeance on this slave, I must punish her." But he couldn't think to kill her himself, because he considered meanness killing women. He thought no woman could be equal to a man.

The shah had a commander-in-chief. He invited him to the reign, and said:

-Go and cut this slave's head. She is the mischief of our state palace. To repulse the mischief is a sensible thing.

The humble and clever commander took Fitne to his house. He wanted to chop her head. The girl cried and said:

-Look here! Don't deserve yourself such a dirty thing! If you are not the enemy to your honor, don't lay the blameless girl's blood on yourself. I am the closed friend, the interlocutress and selected slave of the shah. He would never be interested in anyone but me in all his parties. It is the petting that deceived me. It is the devilry. The shah disliked my behavior. He became angry and gave an order to kill me. Don't make haste in doing it. Keep your temper for some days. Tell the shah that I have been killed. If the shah be glad to this news, return and kill me. I will forgive my blood to you in that case. But if the shah becomes sad of my being killed, don't be afraid, nothing will happen to you. You will be escaped from the shah's rage and I will be rescued from the death. It's true, I don't worth to it, but one day I shall pay for your goodness. I shall not be obliged to you.

After saying these words, the girl opened a small parcel. She put 7 precious stones in front of the commander. Every stone's value was equal to one country incomes. The ocean income was not value to the half price of those stones.

The commander listened to the clever girl's advice and did not kill her and said:

-For God's sake! Don't tell anyone about it, and don't call the name of the shah anywhere. Let everyone know you as a servant in my house. Be busy with your own work. If I am lucky, I will put everything in order.





They took an oath and promised to this agreement. The commander escaped from the oppress action and the girl escaped from the chain.

A week passed, the shah saw the commander and asked him about Fitne:

-What about the moon?

The commander answered:

-I committed the moon to the dragon, but her blood was washed by my tears.

The shah became sad from the girl's death news and his eyes watered. The commander became glad to see the shah in that condition and became calm for not killing the girl.

The commander had a village with good amenities far from the city and a high pavilion in it which head was in the seventh heaven. The commander chose the place for Fitne in the 60 stepped palace porch. Fitne always lived there. The commander's cow calved a pretty calf on those days. Fitne loved that calf. Every day she put the calf on her neck, pressed his feet to her breast and carried her up the steps to the porch. The calf was fattening and growing day by day. But Fitne got into habit to carry him. One day the calf grew older and became a six year old ox. Fitne used to raise the ox from land to the roof, but as she grew the habit in doing it, she did not feel his weight and did not have any trouble. The more the ox became fatter and fatter, the more Fitne became stronger and stronger.

One day Fitne and the commander were confiding their sorrows to each other. Fitne put 4 gems off her ears and gave them to the commander. She said:

-Take and sell them. Buy rose water and irrigated sheep and everything you specially desire and want to eat and drink: candle, wine, sweets. Then organize a big and beautiful party like a paradise garden. And when the shah comes to these places invite him to your palace. He is a kind and a noble man. He won't refuse your offer. By his coming to us, he will hold our heads high. In our high quest palace we will offer him to drink milk and wine. If it realizes as we think, everything will be ok.

The commander approved her advice. But he didn't take the gems, because he had got thousand such jewels. He opened his hidden treasure and prepared everything in luxury for entertainment. It was a magnificent table deserving to the shah. There were different kinds of things: bird, fish, different delicious meals prepared from the ram meat, juices, aromatic sweets, and decorative flowers.

One day Bahram shah again went hunting. He traveled and hunted a lot, but soon you will learn how Fitne hunted the shah.

When the shah outdistancing the village where the commander's palace situated, he noticed a very convenient place to rest. Everywhere was shady and covered with green grass. The shah asked whom that place belonged to. The commander bowed and caught from the stirrup of the horse and said:



- May the shah live a long life! It is the village that you presented to your slave. If the shah loves this village, he will hold his slave's head high and if he entertains at his slave's house he will hold my head at the very highest place of the world. Thanks to you I have got a palace which is on the seventh heavens. It is surrounded with the thick gardens, flowers and fruit trees. The Garden of Eden and paradise rooms are beyond comparison with my palace. If the shah wishes the wine there, the stars will kiss my threshold. The shah's visit will make me lucky, splash ambergris fragrance to my house and my fly will give the honey and ox the milk.

The shah accepted the commander's invitation and said:

-Go and get ready for my visit. When I return from hunting, I will call on you.

The commander bowed and returned his palace joyfully. He spread the floors with the precious carpets and decorated the palace with Romanian cloths and Chinese red calicos. The palace was glimmering brightly.

The host splashed many jewels to the shah's steps. When the shah went up 60 steps he saw the sparkling beautiful porch that was in the seventh heaven. There was a jolly party in the palace. They ate and drank different victuals. After drinking one or two glasses the shah was in a good mood. He turned to the host and said:

-Look here, the owner of the golden porch, my hospitable commander. Your palace is quite large and very pleasant. But tell me please, how can you climb to this porch? Its head touches the sky. You are in your 60, aren't you?

The commander said:

-May our shah live a long life! My moving up and down is a small wonder. I am a man and I don't get tired on the steps. But it is very astonishing that my round faced girl notwithstanding her being thin and tender can put the ox looking like a mountain on her neck and take to the porch to feed him. What a big ox he is! He is like an elephant. I can oath that no one in this troop can lift him at one breath. But the girl climbs these 60 steps as the arrow leaves the bow and she never stops to breath on her way. This is the real surprising work!

The shah was surprised to the commander's words:

-How could it be? I can not believe if I don't see it with my own eyes.

The shah demanded the commander to prove his words. The commander went down the steps and told everything to Fitne.



The round faced girl used that good opportunity and got ready beforehand. She dressed up her Chinese decorations, smoothed her face, painted her eyelashes with antimony and opened her musk fragranced hair which bordered her face beautifully. She wore a red dress and looked like a tulip. She put her pearl necklace on her silver neck and looked pretty like a moon. When she smiled her pearl teeth were sparkling. She spread her ambergris hair to her shoulders. Her black hair looked as if was preparing to fight with the Indian carpet. The mole which was above her date lips raised her beauty once more. The gem on her head was twinkling as a star. Her ghovhar (kind of precious stone) earring was the most expensive gem of the lovers' bazaar. She hid her round face under the white scarf like a lilac bush. And as she had completed her decoration with the 7 adornment, she went towards the ox with coyness. She bent her head and put the ox on her neck. She went upstairs like lightning. She came closer to the shah's throne and stood on her feet courteously.

As Bahram shah saw the ox, he stood up with a great surprise. He did not recognize his ex slave. Fitne put the ox on the ground and said:

-I showed this heroic deed in front of you and in front of everyone. If you are able to find a strong man in the world who can carry the ox downstairs, so do it.

The shah said:

It does not show your strength, you can do it because you are in the habit of doing it. It is not courage. You have been getting this habit for years, so it is not a trouble for you.

The round faced silver body Fitne bowed and prayed the shah. She said:

-It is so strange that the ox is a habitual work, but the gazelle is a courage work. Why is my ox lifting considered to be habit, but the man who called the "habit" the shah's shooting gazelle was punished?

The shah recognized Fitne by her dropping hint. He came up to the girl, opened her veil and looked at her beautiful face. He embraced the girl and cried. His eyes filled with tears and flowed, rolled, streamed down his cheeks. The shah begged her pardon. Fitne's narcissus eyes were tearing rose water. The shah took her to the secret place and found a suitable time to complain her about himself:

-I beg 1000 times you pardon. Forgive me; I did a very foolish thing. I got into the fire that I'd burnt myself and suffered a lot. Thank God that you are safe and sound.

The shah showed her place to sit and put his arm round her neck. Fitne also displayed her frank words:

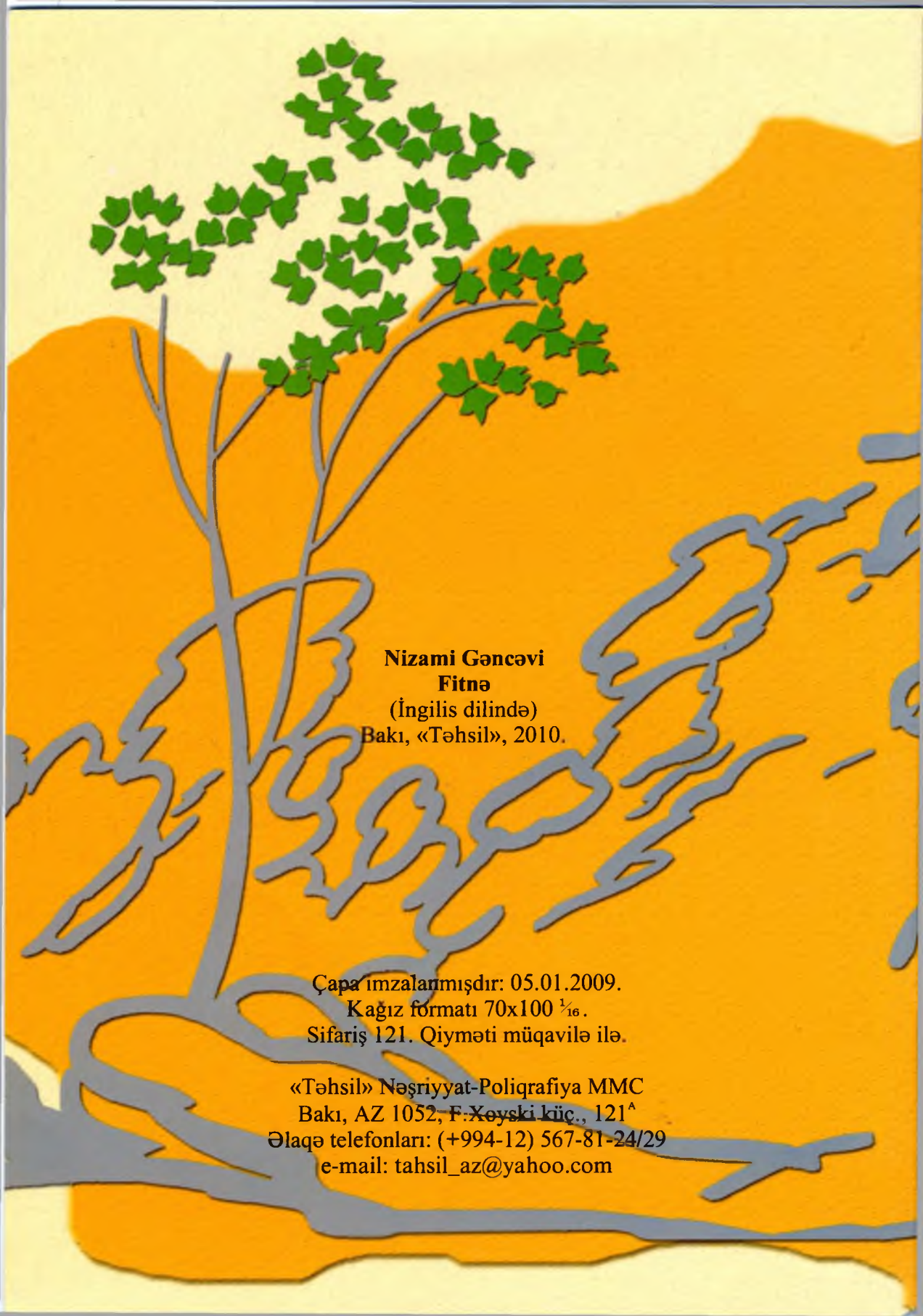
-My dear shah, you killed me by abandoning and brought to life again with you kindness. I melted as the candle melts. To grieve wounded my heart. I was nearly to die from my love for you. When you sewed the gazelle's nail to his head, the Earth and the Sky said "bravo" to your courage. I was intentionally late to praise the shah, I had been patient. To remove the evil eye away from the shah I didn't praise him. The praised thing always attracts the evil eye's attention. But what can I do? The fate has willed me the trouble and reprimand instead of my love. The shah approved Fitne's words and said:

-You are quite right! I believe your faithfulness. The girl who possesses this courage has no equal in the world. If the commander had not protected my lover, the stones would have split my jewel into pieces.

The shah called the commander and thanked him very much. He put his arm round the commander's neck and presented him many expensive gifts and cherished him a lot and also presented The Rey estate to the commander.

The shah returned to his own city joyfully and invited sweet talking poets to his party. He also invited the confessors to the party and registered Fitne's and his marriage. Both of them began to live with delight.





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(İngilis dilində)  
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