

The Beautiful Dunja

An Uzbekistan fairy tale

Told to Gustav Jungbauer by a peddler in the bazaar of the town Kibraï
near Tashkent in August, 1892

Translated from the German of Gustav Jungbauer¹
by Roy Freeman in 2013

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In times long ago there once lived an old king who had three sons. One day the king became very ill and as he felt his death coming close, he called his three sons to his bedside and spoke to them. "Dear children! My life has come to its end. I will soon depart from this impermanent, transitory world, and enter again into the permanent, eternal world. After my release from this life you will take my place on the throne and will reign over my kingdom. Rule wisely and judiciously. Be honest and correct, do not oppress the people, command a capable military presence, and support and nourish free commerce and fair trade. If you want to hunt, then go hunting in the western regions of the realm, avoid the eastern regions. There the paths are very dangerous. Never has anyone returned who found themselves in that region! Listen carefully to my words and heed my legacy!"

Soon thereafter the king died and was buried with great honor. By general request the viziers and high court officials chose the eldest son to take the throne. A time of good reign came and went. Then the new king needed to refresh himself and recover from the hard duties of governing. He gathered his entourage and set off on the hunt. For two days the new king enjoyed the excitement and pleasure of the hunt in the wide forests and great fields of the western regions of his realm. He and his companions killed many deer and animals of prey and the hunters were already on their way back home. Suddenly a saiga ran by and the king immediately took up the chase. The saiga ran in the direction of the eastern parts of the land. In the fever of the hunt the king forgot the warnings of his father and followed the saiga into the forbidden eastern region. It was not long until he had caught up to the animal and set aim at the wonderful saiga. Just then she jumped over a thicket that ran around an enclosure and disappeared inside. The king did not want to let his prey escape and followed the saiga into the enclosure. But in the middle of all the greenery and the many thick trees, the saiga had vanished without leaving a trace. The king looked everywhere, but could find no sign of the wonderful saiga.

After investigating all corners of the garden, the king came upon forty kettles filled with shurpa and meat. Next to them stood a horrible looking old woman, a witch. Before the king's very eyes she gobbled everything up in all the forty cauldrons. Then the witch spied the king standing there and stared at him with an evil mien. The king bowed deeply before her. The old hag watched him and then spoke, "Aiy, you descendent of Adam, if you had not greeted me so respectfully, I would have swallowed you too up in one gulp. Who are you? Why have you come in here without my

¹Jungbauer, Gustav, *Märchen aus Turkestan und Tibet*, Die Märchen der Weltliteratur, Verlag Eugen Diederichs, Jena, 1923, pages 59-74.

permission? How could you dare to enter into my garden? No bird flies over this place, and no human has ever walked inside. Were the birds to fly over, their wings would catch fire and were a human to walk in here, his legs would be burnt to cinders.”

The young king retorted to the threats of the witch, “Dear mother, I am the ruler of this kingdom. I was out hunting and chased a saiga who ran into this garden. Here she disappeared from my eyesight.” Now it happened that the beautiful saiga belonged to the old witch and she was mightily angered that the king had dared to hunt her favorite animal. She asked the king to wait until she returned, she was going to fetch some soup for him. Naturally she cooked up a very poisonous broth and soon came back to the king with a bowl of her brew. She invited him to sit down and enjoy a bite to eat, surely he was hungry after his hunting expedition! Indeed the king was ravished and suspected no evil. He took the spoon she handed him and began to savor the soup. But after the very first sip, he fell over dead to the ground.

The king’s entourage waited many days in the field where their lordship had left them standing. They looked everywhere but could find no trace of their ruler. After waiting several days more, they returned to the city in great mourning with their sad news. The viziers and high court officials had to assume that their king had perished during the hunt and then named the second prince to be the new king. They brought a white blanket, set the prince upon it, heaved him up in the air, and proclaimed him to be the new king. The second prince ruled well and tirelessly. Soon, as was custom, he decided it was time to relax and go off on the hunt. Like his older brother, he enjoyed several days with his companions in the far western reaches of his kingdom. On the third day, he spied in the distance the same beautiful saiga that his brother had followed. Again, this saiga bounded off into the forbidden eastern regions with the king pursuing her alone. He chased this same saiga into the same garden where his brother had died, and then he lost sight of his prey. There he met the same old witch who was sitting by her forty cauldrons and swallowing up their contents, one after the other. They had the same conversation, and after the first sip of her brew, the second prince fell over dead.

After long but fruitless searching, his entourage had to return again to the royal city with their sad news that their new king had also perished. Again the viziers and dignitaries convened and decided to raise the third son to the throne. They again brought the white blanket, set the prince upon it, heaved him in the air, and proclaimed him to be the new king. This new king also ruled fairly and worked hard, and as was custom, after a while he too gathered his entourage and went off on the hunt. The same thing happened to him as with his two elder brothers. He chased the wondrous saiga into the witch’s garden and came upon her at the forty cauldrons. She asked him what had brought him to her realm and he explained about the hunt and the saiga. Again, she asked him to wait as she brewed up her poisonous broth. But this king was more suspicious than his dead brothers. He suspected that the witch was up to no good with her dubious hospitality. When the old hag had brought out her soup and offered the king a spoon, he responded: “Dear mother, never have I seen a guest eat before their host. If you would like to cater for me, then, as the lady of the house, you should dine first, and the guest afterwards!” The witch, whether she liked it or not, had to try her own dish and show the guest the proper hospitality. She believed, of course, that she was immune to her own poison and would thus come to no harm. But after the

first sip, she too immediately fell to the ground, dead.

The young king decided then to look a little closer around the garden. Suddenly he was surprised by a strong whirlwind coming his way. He looked and in the distance and saw the figure of a most beautiful virgin, the daughter of a div. But just as quickly as she had appeared in the whirlwind, she disappeared. However, the image of her was burned into the mind and heart of the young king and a passionate love fire kindled in his breast. He began to search all over the garden for the beautiful maiden. In doing this, he fell upon the house of the Red Div. Yelling cries of outrage, the div lunged out after the intruder. But the king grabbed the div by the belt and began to wrestle with him. They fought day and night. Finally after days of battle, the young king conquered the div. The defeated div capitulated to the king and converted to the Muslim religion.

The king then asked the div which way he should take to find the beautiful virgin. The div answered, "Oh King! The girl is named Dunja² and is the daughter of a div. But I do not know how one can get to her. I have an elder brother, the White Div. He surely knows and will advise you on how can find the beautiful virgin. But be careful! The White Div is much stronger than I and if you lose to him, he will surely kill you!

The young king then went off to find the White Div, trusting in the help of God. As soon as the White Div saw him coming, he threw himself on the young king and they began to wrestle furiously. They fought for nine days. Finally the king defeated the div. He asked this div for advice on how and where he could find the beautiful Dunja. But the White Div replied, "Even I do not know this! But I have an elder brother, the Black Div, he knows more than I and can surely give you helpful counsel on how to find this maiden you seek."

Thus our hero made his way off to meet the Black Div. After many days of searching, he finally found the monster. The young king could barely believe his eyes! The Black Div was so huge that one can hardly describe him; his legs were like poplar trees, his mouth was like a huge cave, his nose was like a long trumpet. But the young king had to swallow his fear. If he wanted to get to his beloved Dunja, then he had to take on this terrifying ifrit.³ He stormed upon him and they began to wrestle. The fight continued for fourteen days. On the fifteenth day, the king gathered all the strength he had left and lifted the ifrit with both hands up in the air and heaved him as far as he could. The div flew twenty fathoms⁴ and fell half dead to the ground. In this moment our hero jumped upon the div and put his dagger to the div's throat. The div had to surrender and subjugate himself to the king. He too, converted to the Muslim religion after this.

The young king then explained his wish to find the beautiful Dunja, and asked the conquered div for help. This one answered thusly, "Unfortunately I can not help you. My mother lives nearby, however, and she can help you. But do not start a fight with her! You will never be able to win, for she is not only very strong, but she also knows the ways of magic and can transform herself into anything she wants. If you would like her to help, then you must humble yourself and treat her with utmost courtesy. Ask her what you can do for her and she will answer that you can cook

²Can also be spelled "Dunya." The word can mean "treasure," "wealth," or also "world," "universe."

³A supernatural creature like an infernal jinn (djinn), noted for strength and cunning.

⁴About 20 x 6 = 120 feet or about 36 meters.

her meals in the forty kettles and sweep out her courtyard. For this task, take a planes tree⁵ as a poker and tie a bundle of brushwood onto the end. With this you can poke the fire under the kettles and also sweep out the courtyard floor. Thus you can show her your willingness to serve and your humility. One day she will acknowledge your eagerness and diligent work and will ask you for the purpose of your coming and willingness to working so hard for her. Answer her and she will wonder if you have a wish or desire anything. Tell her your story. Only in this way will you reach your goal.”

After the young king had heard this speech of the Black Div and without waiting one instant more, he set off to find the old woman. Following exactly the directions he had received he soon found the monstrous hag. He offered his services, she accepted, and he served her long and worked hard. At the end of each day he would wait to see if she noticed his work and would speak with him. But no, she said nothing and just demanded that he continued to work. Finally, one day after he had worked extra hard, the sorceress was in a good mood and came closer to the king. She looked him over and expressed her pleasure with his diligent work. “Why have you, descendent of Adam, come here?” She asked. “What moved you to come so far and carry out these tasks for me? What do you want from me?” Then the king brought forth his reason for coming and his request. The witch answered, “Oh, human! It is very difficult to reach the beautiful Dunja. Even if the city in which she lives is not far from here, it is impossible to see this wonderful virgin. But perhaps, oh human being, I can be of service to you. I will guide you there and then will tell you what you must do to get on with your difficult project.”

Together they traveled through many realms and kingdoms and finally came to the walls of the city in which Dunja lived. The mother of the div taught the king how he could get into Dunja’s bedroom. “She has a stable,” said the old one, “and in there is the horse luz-At.⁶ Wait until luz-At is not around, then dig a hole in its stall, sit in it with your head poking above ground. luz-At will come see you and neigh. Dunja will be asleep because she sleeps forty days and forty nights and no one can awaken her except for luz-At. But now when luz-At neighs, Dunja will awaken, get up, and come to investigate why her beloved horse is disturbed. In this time, you must hide yourself. When Dunja comes to the stall, she will look around and convince herself that there is nobody there, and then she will return to her chamber and lie down to sleep. Poke your head out once again and luz-At will whinny again. Dunja will wake up and come again to see what is disturbing her steed. You must hide in the ditch! Finding nothing, Dunja will return again to her chamber. Once more you must show your head and luz-At will neigh, hide yourself, and Dunja will come. But this time she will get angry at finding nothing and nobody, and determine not to mind the horse’s neighing again. She will go back to her bedroom and sleep soundly. This time you can climb out of the hole and enter her castle and find her sleeping chambers. When you enter the bedroom of the beautiful Dunja, go up to her and immediately grab all the forty braids of her beautiful hair and do not let go! She will awaken and promise to be your wife and will swear by Allah that this is true. But do not trust her one bit! Continue to hold onto her braids. She must swear by her forty braids that she will be your wife, only then can you believe her and let go of her hair.”

⁵*Platanus.*

⁶Literally, “Hundred Horse.”

The young king did all that the old witch had explained and indeed, it happened just as she had said. The beautiful Dunja promised by her forty braids and gave herself to the young king. On the very next day she called two master builders and ordered them to build a magnificent palace for them. Then she called a mullah and asked that he marry them. Thus the young couple began a happy life together.

After a while, the king wanted to do something for his health and take in some fresh forest air. And so he went out hunting. In his absence, Dunja went to the river Darya to wash her hair. At the river while washing her hair, she saw her hunting husband on the other side and they called out to each other with joyful greetings. In this moment a hair from Dunja's head fell into the river and began to be wafted down in the current. Dunja tried to retrieve it, but the swift waters took the strand of hair and carried it away. She called to her husband to help, but he too could not catch the hair. Dunja was very upset over the loss of a strand of her hair and the king tried to comfort her and calm her down, "Why all this fuss over one small hair?" She responded, "It is an evil omen. I am afraid we two and our kingdom will meet with misfortune. My heart is heavy and I sense disaster coming from this." Together they returned sadly to their palace.

Here I will leave off telling the tale of the beautiful Dunja and turn to story of the emperor of the kingdom of Tchín-Matchin.⁷ This ruler had for a long time been in love with Dunja, whose beauty he had heard of from foreign travelers and legends. He had a proclamation read throughout his kingdom that whoever could give him true information about her whereabouts, or bring him one hair from her head, would receive a huge reward. This he did because his soothsayers and sorcerers had told him that one day the beautiful Dunja would loose one of her hairs while washing in the river Darya. They further prophesied that to whomever's hand this hair fell, so too into those hands would Dunja herself fall.

Now it happened that this hair from the beautiful Dunja that had fallen into the river Darya was carried down into the realm of the Chinese emperor. There it came into the hands of an old sorceress. The shrewd old woman immediately recognized that this must be a hair from the head of the beautiful Dunja. She made her way to the court of the emperor and announced that she had found the hair. The Chinese emperor was most pleased to hear her news and heaped the promised reward on the old woman. He then gathered his army and made off to the city where Dunja lived. After many days of travel, he arrived with his troops at the walls of her city. When Dunja saw the vast army of the emperor, she saddled up *luz-At* and rode out alone against the besiegers. With her sword she slaughtered many of the enemy and trampled hundreds more with her horse, but at the end of the day she was exhausted and returned to her house. The next day she rode out again and like a brave knight, slew most of the enemy but could not defeat them all. The next day she saddled a second horse, *Dija-At*, and set upon the enemy with renewed force and power. Her attack was so strong and violent that no one could resist. The emperor from Tchín-Matchin retreated and conferred with his remaining troops to find a strategy against this blazing Dunja warrior. His advisors suggested that he announce to all those in her realm that whoever could help him win the beautiful Dunja would receive piles of gold and wonderful cities as reward.

⁷I.e., China

Now in the kingdom of Dunja there lived another old sorceress. When the notice of the emperor of Tchín-Matchín came to her ears, she made her way to his presence and spoke, "Oh King of Kings, emperor of emperors! Even if you are the strongest, you will never win Dunja by force and violence! You must retreat behind the Darya with your troops. Camp there and wait. I will see to your wish and bring the beautiful Dunja to you."

The Chinese emperor did all that the old sorceress had advised. The old woman made her way to Dunja and entered into employment as a servant. One day, Dunja spoke to her husband. "This old woman who serves me, I do not like her at all. I am afraid she means evil with us. I think it would be better to remove her." But her husband did not share the same opinion. He tried to calm his wife and said, "Why chase the old one away, she works diligently and seems like a trustworthy servant. What evil could she do?"

One day when Dunja's husband was out hunting, the sly sorceress went to Dunja, bowed low, and remained standing in front of her. Queen Dunja offered her something to eat and the old one accepted and began to speak of life and all manner of things. Then she turned to the queen and began to speak to her personally, "Daughter of the great div! You have married someone, but do you know who this person really is, and from which family lineage he comes?"

Dunja replied, "Until now we never had the need nor the occasion to speak of this." The old witch then suggested slyly, "If you would really like to learn the whole truth, then I can tell you how you must proceed to find out all of his secrets. When he returns from the hunt, you must act very sad, as if something is deeply disturbing you. He will notice your melancholy and anxiety, and ask you the reason for your distress. Speak to him with a sorrowful voice, "Oh, my dear husband, we have been long married but I have never ventured to ask you who you are and from which family lineage you come. Since I am so often alone here in our palace, I am very troubled and concerned." If you answer his question in this way, he will surely tell you everything.

The next day the king returned home from the hunt in a good mood. But when he saw his wife so depressed and worried, he became quite distraught and asked her what was the reason for her distress. Dunja then spoke to him just as the old woman had taught her. To her question he responded, "I am the king of a foreign realm. I left all my dominion, my money, everything I had, my honors and my troops, and abandoned my kingdom with only a horse, a whip, and my dagger. This dagger houses my soul. As long as it is in my hands, no one can kill me nor take me captive. But if my dagger were to be taken from my hands, then I will die on the spot."

During his speech, the witch had slipped behind the door and overheard everything that the king said. She waited patiently until nighttime and then snuck into bedroom and stole the dagger and threw it into a well out in the royal courtyard. The king fell into eternal sleep, even the queen did not suspect his death. Early the next day, the witch put on some magic clothes and went to the queen and said, "I see that you, oh Queen, are sad. Would it not be pleasant to take some air and walk along the Darya with me? As long as your husband is sleeping, we could and enjoy the first air together!"

The queen thought this a good idea and made herself ready. Accompanied by the sorceress they went out of the city and came to the river Darya. Here the witch spoke to Dunja, "Would you, oh

Queen, like to cross the Darya, just like I do, on a dry path?" Dunja became curious. What could this old lady mean? She asked to be shown this wonder. Then the old witch walked across the surface of the waters just as if she was walking on land. She crossed over the river and on the other side turned around and then came back to the queen just the way she had gone. Dunja was quite amazed at the arts of the old one. The witch then asked her, "Would you also like to walk over the waters?" Dunja wanted to try it too. The witch took off her magical clothes and put them on Dunja. Then Dunja crossed the river just as if it was solid ground. The old witch also crossed and continued walking with Dunja along the other side of the river. She lead her in the direction of the camp of the Chinese emperor. A soldier standing guard at the camp caught sight of them, rushed out, captured Dunja, and brought her to the emperor. He was overjoyed and generously rewarded the old witch with gold and jewels. Then he broke camp and returned with Dunja and his troops back to his own country.

As soon as they arrived at his palace, the emperor of Tchín-Mitchin immediately asked his beautiful captive to become his wife. Dunja was greatly concerned and worried about her husband and asked for a grace period of six months. She had the feeling that she would certainly see her husband again and she hoped to escape from the Chinese emperor. This one granted her request and had her shown to special rooms in his great castle.

Let us now return to the fate of the dead king and his three servants, the Red, the White, and the Black Divs. After he had conquered them, each one had given him one of their hairs with the words, "If you ever need my help, then burn this hair and I will immediately come to your aid." On his part, the king had pointed to a star in the night sky and said, "When this star disappears, then you will know I am no longer in this world." Now when a long time had passed with no word of their king, the three divs gathered together and decided to search the heavens. They could not see their king's star and decided to make their way to the kingdom where he and Dunja lived. They wanted to know what had happened. In the palace of Dunja they found the queen missing and the king dead in his sleeping chamber. They quickly noticed that his dagger was gone and went to look for it. With their magical power, they found the dagger in the well and brought it up and laid it next to the dead king. Immediately he recovered and stood up as if awakening from a deep sleep. The divs told him what had happened and without a moment's hesitation, he decided to go to the kingdom of Tchín-Mitchin and bring back his beloved Dunja.

He traveled through many lands and many kingdoms and came to the capitol of the emperor of Tchín-Mitchin. He entered the city and sat down on a sidestreet to rest. A dirvana⁸ came by. The king asked him about news in this town. The divan explained, "Our king has brought back a woman named Dunja from a foreign land. She is the daughter of a div and of exceeding beauty. He wants to marry her but the beautiful one does not want to marry him, and asked for a grace period of six months. This our emperor granted her. But very soon the six months will be over." Here our hero turned to the divan with the following request, "Kaljandar!⁹ Here, take my royal robes and give me your mendicant's clothes. The kaljandar agreed readily, removed his clothes, and gave them to the king. The king disrobed and in exchange, gave his vestments to the kaljandar and put on the dirvana's shabby vestments. Thus clothed, the king made off to

⁸A mendicant dervish.

⁹This is what dervishes were called, especial in Buchará.

the palace of the emperor. Coming to the garden near where Dunja lived, he sat down on a low wall.

A maiden came out into the courtyard carrying a copper washbasin. She scooped water out from the *arüt*¹⁰ and turned to go back inside when she heard somebody calling out. The maiden looked to the side from where she heard the sounds and saw a man in the shabby clothes of a *kaljandar*. The look of this man was so commanding that the girl had to follow it and went closer to the streanger. The *kaljandar* asked to whom was she carrying the water. When she answered that she was carrying the water to Dunja, the man began to question her about this queen. As they spoke together, he moved closer and, without her noticing, he dropped his finger ring into the copper washbasin. He then continued to speak to her, "When you pour water over the hands of your mistress, pour at first only a little water out. She will become angry with you and tell you to pour out more. Do not be afraid! Then pour all the water out at once! When you do this, you will will become the most trusted servant of your mistress!"

The room maid did everything just as the mendicant had said. When she poured the water out the second time, the ring fell and bounced jingling on the floor. Dunja immediately recognized it and asked the maiden where the ring came from. The girl fell into confusion, but then told queen Dunja all that had happened by the *arüt*. Dunja rewarded her and went herself out to see this dervish. As she had suspected, he was indeed her husband. She was overjoyed to see him again and thanked God, who had once again brought her luck. Then they planned their escape. Dunja spoke, "In the night come here and wait. I will pack some clothes and gold, hang a rope over the wall, and let myself down." Then she returned to her chambers and prepared her flight. When night came, she packed the necessary things and let herself down over the wall with a rope.

But alas! Beneath the wall stood forty thieves and the exhausted husband had fallen into the sleep of the dead right at the appointed spot. The robbers grabbed Dunja and took all her belongings and gold. But then a fight broke out amongst the thieves about who should take the beautiful Dunja. She saw that if this were to continue, all would end in total misfortune. She gave the robbers some advice. "Dear men," she said, "I will take a bow and arrow and shoot the arrow in the air. Whoever finds the arrow wherever it falls and brings it back, he shall have me."

The robbers agreed to her suggestion. She shot the arrow and they ran after it. As soon as they had gone, she cut the reigns of all their horses, took all her valuables, and fled. The robbers chased the arrow the whole night and could not find it. Then they returned to where Dunja had been, and found their horses gone, the gold and clothes had disappeared, and Dunja had vanished. On her flight, Dunja came upon a band of seven thieves. They attacked her, she fought back, killing one of her assailants. Having seen the courage and power of this woman, the others ran away in fear of their lives.

After many adventures and hardships Dunja came to a large city. In this place there was the custom that when the king died, the court officials and dignitaries would let the *humajun* (the kings bird, a griffin) fly free. Upon whomever the *humajun* bird alighted, that person would be

¹⁰Watering ditch, water canal.

chosen to be the new king. Now Dunja had arrived in the city just as the new king was to be chosen and the *humajun* bird had flown into the air. It circled the city a few times and then flew down and landed on Dunja's head. The people chose her to be their new queen.

Dunja ruled wisely and fairly, the people prospered and enjoyed peace and quiet under her wise and kind command. One day she had a court artist paint her portrait and then ordered this picture be hung over the gates to the city. She had a guard stand beneath the picture with the orders to seize whoever stopped and looked at the image in wonderment. One day the forty thieves came to the gates of the city. They recognized the picture to be that of the woman who had escaped from their hands and stood gazing at the image. The guard captured them and had them thrown into prison. A while later, the six robbers came by and they too stared at the picture and were caught and imprisoned. Finally, after endless long wanderings, travails, and fruitless searching, the ex-king, Dunja's rightful husband, came to the gates of the city. He too glimpsed at the picture of she whom he had long sought, and he fell into a swoon. The guards fell upon him and took him off to prison like the others.

One day Dunja called her guards and asked if they had caught anybody staring at her picture. The guards reported about all those they had imprisoned. Dunja then ordered that all the captives be brought before her. She wore a thick veil and asked them, "Why did you stop and stare at that picture hanging over the city gate?" The leader of the first group of thieves replied, "We were forty men and once had a beautiful woman in our hands. This woman tricked us all and escaped. We have looked all over for this beauty, but could not find her. One day we came to this city and saw her face above the gate. We recognized this to be the image of the woman we had been looking for."

Dunja let all forty robbers go free, but stipulated that they immediately leave this land. Next, she had the six thieves and the poor king be brought before her. She asked them why they had stopped and stared at the picture of the woman over the city gates. They answered, "We were seven men, and once met up with a beautiful woman and we wanted to take her, but she fought back and killed one of us. Then we all feared for our lives and ran away. Later the six of us joined up again and we went to look for this beauty. At the gates of this city, we saw her picture hanging." Dunja asked, "Did you at any time use violence against this woman?" "No," they answered in one voice. "Not even her hand did we touch." Dunja let the robbers go free and gave each one a coat.

Then she ordered royal king's garment be brought and had them laid around the shoulders of the poor king. Then with painfully repressed joy quivering through her voice, she spoke, "Now you have heard the stories of the two bands of thieves. They spoke of this famous Dunja. You thought that you had lost her forever, but she did not die. She lived on, she is standing right in front of you!" After with these words she removed the veil from her face and announced, "Here is your Dunja!" They embraced with tears of joy streaming down their faces in happiness of their long sought reunion. Dunja had her husband put on the king's throne and proclaimed to her people that this king was her rightfully married husband, from whom had been long separated by adverse conditions. Now they lived in great happiness together. The kingdom prospered and the people lived long in peace and contentment.