

HOT ICE

AHMET GÜNGÖR

translated by MAHMUT KAYAALTI

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Uncle Hakkı, who was sipping his well-steeped tea on the corner of café that was on the street facing the municipality park, put the slender glass on his hand in hurry. He yielded to İsmail standing near the tea servery.

- Look! The juvenescent I mentioned you recently is just walking towards to the post office.

İsmail raised his head, responded to Uncle Hakkı:

- Whom are you talking about? Who is that juvenescent?

- He – as the most though one - is the son of our Baki, who retired from municipality. He is the child, who quivered his high school, technical school!

İsmail put his glass over servery. After he made his hands dry with the towel on his shoulder, he took a chair and sat near Uncle Hakkı; asked him:

- Is he the one who is wearing leather jacket?

- Yeah. This is Devrim studying his senior year in high school. He doesn't seem to pass the university exam. Kürşad is his elder brother, two years older than him, and Aydın is the one who is elder than Kürşad.

Curiosity of café owner İsmail had raised still more. He turned to his errand boy:

- Sonny Hasan! Prepare us two cups of coffee. Don't forget to make them mild. Uncle Hakkı; which one of them was leftish, rightist and supporter of Erbakan?

Uncle Hakkı took a deep breath and started to count his beads on his hand loudly.

- That juvenescent Devrim is the one supporting rightists. Kürşad is leftish. And Aydın supports Erbakan.

- How weird it is. His name is Devrim, he himself is an idealist; the other one is Kürşad, but supporting left side.

- İsmail, it would be better if weirdness remained with this only. When Kürşad was born, his name was put in order to make him idealist by his uncle as he once was a supporter of rightist. And Devrim was put by his mother's brother, you know he is in the part of leftish. He got involved with lots of cases while he was studying agriculture in Ankara. His photos appeared in newspapers.

Kürşad is close to his mother's brother rather than his uncle. Unlikely, Devrim feels closer to his uncle than his mother's brother. As you understand, things planned by uncle and mother's brother didn't work out as they calculated.

Father of those children, Baki agha, had had his brother and brother-in-law to study in Ankara. He supplied everything from their food, clothes to pocket money.

Both of them appeared undutiful. Baki agha is in law for one, and elder brother for other. They never come from Ankara and inquire after Baki agha, they are so disloyal.

I have known Baki agha very well, he had been retired five years ago. He is a gentle and good-tempered man. He is always with his own business and never gossips other people. Even his father was a man who was afraid of giving harm to an ant. It has been said that he blinded his livestock when passing near other people's fields, gardens because they might eat something from there

which leads him to be a sinner. And those are the grandchildren of such a good man. It is almost impossible to believe they are his grandchildren.

After he had pulled his ear, he knocked to the wooden table for three times.

- Hakki agha, what happens if so? His children have never been in the intention of hurting other people's honour, goods, lives.

- İsmail, don't say so. Such children just would be wished on my worst enemy. They don't gather together on the same table, under the same room, in the same house. They don't even salute themselves. It is ambiguous not clear whether they are brothers or enemies. I feel pity for Baki and his wife Mrs Şehriye. They would sacrifice everything they had so as to see their three children with altogether in on a feast day (a religious holiday). However, Israel and Palestine would come together one day, but they never.

- Look at my children, Hasan and Hüseyin. I warned them many times saying that politic never gives utility, just keep away. One of them studies law, while the other is on economy. Possibly, the elder one will be completed his within this year.

While İsmail was sipping noisily his coffee that his boy brought:

- Time (era) is not fine. We have been living some hard days. Most of the adolescents have guns or knives on their waists. We all have been waiting wonderingly whether our children will come home without any trouble. They filled the streets. The youngster, who should have had his school bag, pencil, asks: "What view are you in?" Saying 'rightist' is just as bad as saying 'leftist'. You know too, we just close

down our shop before five o'clock in the winter time.

- You are right, dear İsmail. Politics is just on us like grindstone. It grinds human just as flour. I hope upcoming days just be fine for our children.

- I really hope so my dear uncle. My children are still young, studying in secondary school. Therefore, they are not too far from high school.

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Mother Şehriye felt light pain while she was hanging the clothes that she washed during day without stopping. Then, she started to rub her painful part with her hands; and tried take her breath by moaning.

Her husband mattocking plants in the garden run next to her woman hurriedly.

- Wife! How many times should I tell you to do it with resting? Do you intend to harm your live? Give it up! Do the rest tomorrow. You have lots of days in front of you to do.

- Don't worry my Husband! It will abate soon.

She stood up with the help of her husbands from the place where she sat. She went again straight to the laundry pot as if nothing had happened. Uncle Baki shook his head.

- You are a stubborn goat! You are doing it deliberately, aren't you?

- Don't shout at me. Now that you can't bear seeing me in

this situation, then make Aydın and Kürşad get married.

- Yeah. You are talking as if they were eager to get married. Do you really think I don't want them to do so? I wish we have grandchildren, hug and kiss them with love. One of them adds five more to his five times pray, the other two are willing to save their homeland. They pay visit from one city to another, from one meeting to another. They behave as if we were not their parents but Ecevit and Türkeş (two political leaders).

- Don't complain about them. All in all, thanks to all.

- Surely, thanks a lot for having them. But, do they have any favour to us? When we ask their help in gardening, none of them appears. Indeed, those children were indulged by my and your brothers.

- Again you have started talking endlessly. Take that hoe and plant those tomato seedlings before it becomes late.

Uncle Baki shook his hand up to air unwillingly. He made for the seedlings standing near walls. He was murmuring silently in order not be heard by his wife while telling 'surely, you don't make gossip about your sons'.

He went down on his knee. He dug the seedling that he took into soil. The seedling he dug will grow tall and take root within two or three months, first it will produce green bumps, then bear scarlet tomatoes.

Earth mother was generous. In exchange of its generosity, it was demanding interest and respect. He dug shorty seedlings with his corny hands. While he was supporting the sides of each seedling with humid soil he dug, he was absolutely sure about being careful with the water and climate of those seedlings. If only people would be mellow and generous as much as earth without

expecting any return. If only they would love, share and learn how to live in a world without fight, noise.

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I am a dog! Yes, you didn't mishear. An ordinary, having nothing in special from other dogs in the street, a random dog. However, I should not do myself injustice excessively. I have a place to stay; and a bone to eat in the morning, afternoon and evening. I sometimes give myself treat from lung, meat and giblets that are scattered to me. From this aspects, with an endless thank, I believe I have a small difference from other street dogs. However, of course there is price of keeping this comfort and peace. Otherwise, just might be thrown to street abruptly, digging rubbish bins all day, being contented with the food that is enough not to die. Heavens no! It gives me goose bumps.

In order to evaluate this chance, I am doing my best. I get the smell of house's little child even before he gets in from the gate. Suddenly, I raise my ears which are enough to sweep floors, stretch my waist, and make my tail upright. I try to look like the wolf in Devrim's room which was brought by him and hanged on the wall. I can't claim I have a high level of resemblance. If my fellows saw me in this appearance, they would die laughing. Yet, it is fact that it works for me. He swiftly goes through the fountain, after he washes his hands-face, he looks for me by his eyes. I don't act quickly when his eyes catch me, my staid posture without doing anything feels him so fine. Then, he comes near by fast, pours the lung covered by newspaper which he bought from butcher Durmuş. I don't attack at once so that he doesn't think that I am greedy. Or else, is there any dog that wouldn't shake its tail upon this? I show patience. As a response, he pats my head, climbs up the stairs with his egg heel shoes, then disappears after he enters in the door.

There is another son of this house, Kürşad who is just two years older than Devrim. My attitudes towards him are totally different. When he comes, I run to him with an instant velocity if I am unchained, encumber to his feet, put my tongue, which is like a shoe, out, and shake my tail. While I am playing on his all sides, he likes all my tricks, and takes me on his lap. I destroy all the packages containing pies with meat that he has brought for me. My messy manner in eating food makes him extremely contented. While he is washing his hands and face on the fountain, he pays attention not make the newspaper called Cumhuriyet in his pocket wet. Like his brother Devrim, he goes into the room slowly.

Speaking of their elder brother, Aydın. I am sick of him. All my struggle I did to make him happy failed. While he was coming or going, I jumped into his way many times, I leaped around him, but he didn't show any interest. After coming out of my kennel, I sat down on my two back feet and barked in order to grasp his attention. I tried to make strange noise, even meowed like a cat. It was no use! However, I found the solution eventually. Not to appear in his sight! Whenever he comes or goes, or gets out from the room for lustration, I keep myself in my kennel. I follow his actions out of the corner of my eyes.

He leaves the house silently with a turban cloth on his head and pray on his tongue. I used to quiver in my kennel specially in the morning times because I would be revealed due to the barking of my fellows. There had been some times when he opened and scolded me. "Shout up sluggish animal! Don't disturb people with your barking!" I couldn't courage to come out of my kennel, let alone barking. With the fear of being scolded and kicked me away from my kennel due to his excessive anger, I had had a lot of sleepless nights. Briefly, the only person whom I am afraid of is Aydın. He is calm in appearance, never reflects his emotions out; however, he is a kind of person who is no good to any person when he furious. He is somewhat like "quiet horse has more kicks than other horses".

However, the time when we as dogs blow off our steam and find peace by barking in the form of choro is towards to morning azan. God has given countless talents to human: reason and intelligence. Except from them, he had given one important organ that I highly respect is thumbs on his both hands. By means of them, humankind has formed a lot of materials and passed through the corridor of civilisation gradually. From cave hallows to houses protecting humans from rain, winter and cold; to vehicles that enables places from far to close, to phones... And, what about we, I mean creatures with four legs, reptiles, and winged? We remain same with how we were even one thousand years ago. Nothing has changed!

We have some type of talents that humans don't have. Ability of smelling and seeing. Those are capabilities which are unapproachable by humankind whatever the technique and technology they employ. I can easily recognise the smell of person entering this house even far from one kilometre. What about sight? People can only see concrete materials, can't go beyond. Yet, we can see creatures that are beyond the eye and light. Even more beyond the lights people called as x-ray and ultra-red.

As I mentioned just now, a kind of heavy traffic begins at the time of morning azan which has two directions; from sky to land and from land to sky. At is exactly similar to the traffic density in big cities. It is the colourful sparkling beano of existences, which are beyond the material. During this light harmony, we live happiness, sorrow and ugliness simultaneously. At the time of our experiencing this fear and joy, our barking may be regarded as crying for some, while some other people may regard it as the statement of tears of joy.

I know a person who carries this superior feature of dogs among humans. She is the grandmother of those children, Mr Baki's mother, Grandmother Menava. While Grandmother Menava was playing with other children near fountain when she was just a child: "It is said that those dogs can see the things that we can't at

nights. Let's find a puppy, take crust from its eye, and spread it over our eyes. Accordingly, we can learn what the things are happening at nights" said she. Her other friends didn't find her idea so attractive. Upon that, he had applied her plan on her own; found a dog and did spread its crust on her eye. Grandmother Menava died at her 82. It is said that she didn't open her eyes at nights during 75 years of her life. Whenever she opened, she witnessed unseen existences. While she was visiting her neighbours in the evenings, she was being carried by other two people as she closed her eyes. She was able to open her eyes barely under the light. Her eyes had been closed all the time in the dark places.

It is not possible to understand why mankind is not contended with the things given to him. Have you ever witnessed a dog standing on his two feet, playing and running? Honestly, I am really surprised with the fact that the human's having such an excessive greediness and passion.

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He took a deep puff from his Maltepe cigarette that he lighted near the mulberry tree. The smoke hurting his nasal cavity come out through his nose and mouth with a continuous cough. He threw the cigarette away grass. He stood up fiercely and began to shake the girl by holding from her shoulders.

- You girl! Do you want to kill me? How can I bear you? I started smoking because of you. It seems that I will began visiting bars.

After she brandished her hair, the girl saved herself from the hands gripping her shoulders; and turned in a fury to Devrim.

- I really hope you die! At that time, both of us will be

released. I became ashamed as much as I could to people because of you.

Devrim got bewildered upon that harsh response. He tried to hold Nesrin's naïve hands. Spoke silently:

- What happened? What did I do again?

- Shout up! What would you do more? You pounded my elder brother with your ganf while he was coming from school. Besides, you stone CHP district centre. OK, maybe I can accept all, but what did you want from my father? He just passed out with a stone targeted to his head. He was taken to hospital at the last minute.

While Devrim was fondling Nesrin's hair, he was asserting his cute sentences one by one.

- My honey! Your older brother did pound Yusuf with his gang last day as well. They destroyed his bag, notebook, books. What was the fault of Yusuf? He is never interested with left or right issues. What was the point of beating him because he just greeted us? If they dare, try to beat me! Regarding your father... Sorry for him. How could we know that he was in the building at that time? Tell him not sit near the window.

Nesrin did not want to hear Devrim. Her lips were trembling due to her fire. She couldn't prevent the tears coming from her eyes drop by drop.

- Tell me how the ending of this fight will be? And our end? There is you on one part., and my father and my elder brother are other part...

Nesrin tried to wipe her tears with a tissue she got from her bag. Devrim, by patting her slim, white hands:

- You know how much I love you. Tell me what you want me to do.

- You aware that university exams are on the verge of appearing. Lessons are not applied due to the boycott. You never show interest to even open your book's cover. How do you expect to pass the exam?

Devrim came a bit closer to Nesrin; took her both hands into his palms, smelled and then kissed them.

- Let's imagine we deserved to study in political science which we dreamed about. Do you think that the heaven is waiting for us there? Before the students, the instructors in those universities are militants. Do you suppose that they will make me live there? Don't you see my uncles?

- At least, we can move away from here. Don't you think it is worth-trying?

He took a deep breath from his second cigarette. With a hopeless, exhausted and upset expression:

- Surely we can move away, but ... The thing that is difficult to you is more difficult to me. However, I promise to get prepared for the exam. And just for you I will get right to study in the university. Let's make your sweet face smile.

Nesrin's sorrowful face hardly smiled. He grasped the Devrim's hands tightly. They started to walk up to Samsun's road from under the mulberry tree with their hands knitted.

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- **C**omrades! It is high time for protest. We can't handle those high schools, this city's streets to fascists. A message came from Ankara. In our case of communism, there will be no house and no street that we are not in to talk about communism and no person whom we don't mention communism.

He scanned teenagers, who were listening to his speech carefully and enthusiastically, one by one by his eye. He was excited, as much as his listeners. He was about at his forties. His life was spent in protest walks, meetings, prisons and police stations. He filled the flower-spot glass standing on his front with water. He drank it suddenly and went on his speech.

- You all know that next week is May 1 – Labour Day. All preparations and activities in high schools will be organized by our young comrade Bülent. Lessons will be boycotted. Within this week, Cem Karaca is going to give concert in Uğur Cinema. According to the latest news come us, fascists are going to mob in the cinema and throw a bomb.

He took a deep breath. He patted the shoulder of a young standing his nearby by ceasing his speech.

- Required precautions are going to be organised our comrade Kürşad. This, at the same time, will be the greatest public demonstration of Dev-Sol (Giant-Left) in the district. We want a such a show and program that will be never forgotten.

Somebody, whose moustache has just started appearing, broke in his speech by standing up.

- Comrade! We always regard you and Kürşad as communism's real matter leaders of this district. However, we have one request from Kürşad for the sake of himself and

our friends. We want this friend, who believe communism with his total soul and body, to change his fascist name. Or, if he gives a name for himself fitting our struggle for communism, we will be so glad.

Kürşad stood up from his place slowly. After he scanned every corner of the saloon with his eyes:

- Comrades! First, I thank to my friend due to his complimentary sentences. A person's birth, death and name are beyond his power. However, that person can help himself with directing his own life. There are requests of my friends in changing my name. As a person, he devoted himself to this matter, I am proud of being called as 'Özgür' (free, liberal). The struggle of Özgür in the path of freedom will surely find its meaning in Turkey and in the world when this working class get its own freedom. Thank you.

The saloon was filled by claps of people. The head of district's youth branches, Haydar, started to speak after him.

- Well, you heard our friend. This struggle will be Özgür and the symbol of freedom. After he stopped claps in the saloon with his two hands, the head went on his speech.

- The next issue is writing graffiti in the streets. Till the next week, there will be no place from walls of fascists districts to their homes' gates where our graffiti are not written. The responsibilities of this mission stay here, other comrades can go.

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After Mother Şehriye did her morning prayer in awe, she started praying by raising her hands to air. Beyond praying, it was

a begging. Her voice was reaching to Uncle Baki who was lying sick on his bed.

- Hey my God! I am opening my hands and begging you. Give our faith and Qur'an (holy book of Muslims). Don't give harm to our society and state. Don't make the enemies of this state laugh. Give kindness to our children. Don't make sibling to play off against to another sibling. We are living such days when our children are going to their schools in the morning it is not certain whether they are able to come back to their house in safe. Protect all community, children of Muhammed (prophet of Muslims) from accidents, troubles. Don't make their parents cry! Dear God, protect my Devrim, Kürşad and Aydın. Amen!...

Her voice and hand started to shake at the end of her pray. Two drops of tear came from her eyes witnessing the bitterness of tired years. She raised her hands and patted her face. After she picked her prayer rug up, she went to her bedroom. Her husband, whom she turned bitterness of years into honey- and slept at the pillow with, had just slept due to his pains that he felt during the night. She raised the head of her husband, fluffed the pillow, and then put it again under the head of his. Since her wedding, she has never received not only beating but also a sentence containing any insult from her husband.

However, at some times she was getting angry with his personality that was naive and mild. Yet, she was totally in aware of that her husband was like a lion when somebody behaved unfairly to an oppressed. For lots of times both herself and seller men in the bazaar had witnessed that. Perhaps, it would be better if he behaved little bit more strictly to his children. At that time, both children and father would love and show respect to one another. However, she herself had faults in having such situation. She had indulged them a lot; even their mother's and father's brothers. When they were even in primary school, their uncles (from mother's and father's sides) used to take her dears (sons) to Ankara in their vocation time. The smell and ink of politics there

had contaminated them. She shouldn't have allowed it; however, what's done couldn't be undone...

She climbed the stairs of second floor; opened the door of young Devrim on the right. He was in deep sleep. She kissed him from his forehead, pulled the quilt on him. Then, she closed the door and fronted to the room near the tandoor. She opened the door of her Kürşad, which was also a morning tradition of Mother Şehriye. His room was smelling alcohol and cigarette. He patted the hair of his son who was snoring. He re-covered the quilt fallen from the bed. She had always inveighed his son's father whenever he said: 'Wife! Does this child drink alcohol? There is bad smell inside the house'. "Husband, you are speaking as if you didn't know our neighbour. Is there any day when he comes sober? The smell is coming from there. Don't say it again and again" said she, and she used to forswear by saying 'God forgive' as she included their neighbour into that.

After then, to the Aydın's room having small windows...As happened every morning, she used to find him having prayed, and counting his beads near the window. While Aydın was patting his black bushy beard, his mother used to knock his door and come in, then he tidies him. Mother Şehriye sits near his son on the coach, and with her kind voice:

- Did you pray my son? May God accepts it.

Aydın does not stop his beads, but he used to greet his mother with his head. Mother Şehriye used to stand up from coach, leave the room's door open and goes out to the kitchen so as to make tea, and prepare the breakfast.

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At the week of Cem Karaca's arrival, the centre of district turned into a battlefield. While the leftist and rightist groups were attacking each other with sticks and stones, seller men, who were late to close the shutters of their shops, witnessed with a bitter expression how their shops' windows were broken by the groups. Some of them were watching the fight on the square with fearful eyes behind the packages of goods.

Leftist guys used to gather in groups from the parquet-stone road that goes up from centre to Başıpınar region, and move down till Çarşıbaşı Mosque by shouting slogans. This road was coming to end at the beginning of the crossroad in the city centre. While stones, sticks were flying in the air, leftist group used to hide themselves in the narrow streets crossing this main road. Rightist group known as enemy by leftists used to take their place on the pavement opposite to gas cylinder seller, ice cream shop and stationary. After leftist used to throw in the pace of rain whatever they had on their hands from stone to stick, they had places to flee and hide though the other group didn't have. Thus, they had no way but to eliminate the attacks coming to them. They were a clear target at the open field.

Within that week, street weeks went on with two days-interval. Police and police soldier were frustrated anymore because of that.

Some conflicts on a small scale were broken out just at the beginning of Cem Karaca's concert that was to start at nine in the evening in Uğur Cinema. By means of police's effort those conflicts were suppressed. A great deal of mixture of high school-teens including males and females came to the concert, which lasted for two hours, in company with international march and with their left hands were in the air, afterwards they went their home back after the concert with the same excitement.

After all these conflicts and fights, the prominent leaders

of both sides were brought to police station and taken into custody. At final, they were released after the common questioning. Devrim and Kürşad were not in among them.

Devrim used to take part forefront though he was weak in terms of agedly and physically. Regardless of the stones raining on him in these fights, he used to attack on leftist group by taking the belt on his waist and making some curves with it in the air. Accordingly, leftist group used to response to assault of leftist group with chains, stones and stick on their hands after seeing Devrim. This fight used to result is with people of two groups, whose face were with full of blood and taken by their other friends; and others used to be picked by ambulances waiting there ready. The chain that Devrim wrapped on his waist was famous in high school. If there was a chain flying in the air at the moment of school's finish time, it was the signal of a fight was fired there.

He used to stand alone at the gate in front of the stairs when the moment of its end time, and repulse leftist students like a frightened covey of birds on his own. Perilous tools such as knife and stick could not deter him from his fight.

In fights, Devrim had never come across with Kürşad at school gate or in the streets. Some different predictions used to exist among the seller men, students, teachers and the both sides of groups. A prevailing belief in that brotherhood was more supreme than politics, was common among again seller men, students, jobless people. According to another view, Devrim and Kürşad would not deter from their political beliefs though their brotherhood. There were even people who used to bet on it. The destiny did not come them together face to face till then. What would they if they came across? It was also in the agenda of city people.

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Today is eve (pre-day of a religious feast day). Bazaar places in the city are full of people... Comers from neighbourhood villages buy clothes for their children, dress, shoes from the shops. It is one of the days in which all seller men from confectionary, bakery, café owner to hairdresser have a smiling face. People are rushing around in a hectic shopping traffic. Kilos of feast day candies on the shelves are being run out of in a very limited time as if they are being looted. Muffins and desserts are being baked in the houses, the smell of hot oil coming from tandoor is mixing with the air. All the girls and daughters in law are filled by turmoil of feast day cleaning; the brooms are moving on rugs and carpets whole day.

After the noon prayer, olds and teens of the district were setting off to cemeteries with Qurans (holy book of Muslims) to wish merry holiday to their relatives in the grave life. Meanwhile, Aydın was rushing from one shop to another with a shopping paper on his given by his mother to buy flour, sugar, detergent, meat... Whenever he found time from the weight of net on his two hands, he used to respire and wipe sweat on his forehead with the back of his hand.

Till the last two years, his younger brother, Devrim used to go shopping for household items; because he hated shopping. Previously, his father, who was fine in terms of health once upon a time, used to see off to bazaar at the time of morning prayer, and come back exhaustedly with a coach of pack before he was captured by the heat of afternoon. Both health and sickness are for human ... there is nothing to do with them. When his father was taken ill, it was time for taking the responsibilities. Since last two feast days, Devrim and Kürşad had been to meeting in the neighbourhood cities. It seemed like yesterday. He had beat them a lot when they were kids. After imam's (sect leader) beating due to faulty memorising of sections in the Quran, he himself used to beat his children at home. Because of the fear trouble, they had memorised almost all the small short sections in the Quran.

What nice those days were. For morning prayer, he used to pound at their door, hold their hands forcefully and take them to the garden, make them perform ablution, and grasp their hands to take them to the mosque. Devrim had fallen asleep for many times. He used to take him on his lap, carry until the home, then get him to lie his bed.

And now? Kürşad was saying: "Religion is opium, drug. Religion is the main reason of underdevelopment." Thanks to God, the other was at least going for the Friday Prayer. He attempted to beat both of them for several times, but both Kürşad and Devrim became steep to him. His brothers were not they were used to be. They grew tall and became strong, wiry young men. Then he understood beating and shouting would not be effective any more. He thought those things while he was resting and sitting on cement edging of small pool at the middle of old marketplace. He was grazed from his thoughts when he heard the voice of small, tiny shoeshine boy calling 'Gentlemen, shall I shine your shoes!' He washed his hands and face with water pouring up reluctantly from the middle of the pool. After he made his hands and face dry with his handkerchief, he looked at the melon peels and rotten tomatoes standing at the bottom of the pool. Cleaning was a totally different issue. It was not enough for a human or society having the tag of 'Muslim' to clean at all. However, there were tens of verses in the Quran and Hadiths (prophet Muhammed's sentences) related to cleaning. He deemed: " Teaching cleaning, firstly making it a habit is really difficult!"

He raised the packages on his hands for the last time and headed towards the butter standing on his front. He would be clear of from shopping trouble after he bought minced meat. Meanwhile, the noddle soup that his dear mother made in the feast day morning appeared on his mind. It would be extremely delicious with the combination of bonny and fatty meat. He increased the frequency of his steps. The time was almost midday. He had to be ready for the noon prayer that he would do with crowd.

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At the eve night... Sharp medicine smell, thick air made him bored. Mother Şehriye fluffed bed again and again in the afternoon and evening, made her husband lie down on it. She opened and closed the window of the room for a while so that pressed air spread. Last moments of autumn. Uncle Baki had started being weak thoroughly. He was in need of his wife's help any more in order to meet his needs. The poor woman was linking his arm, and taking him to the toilet in the garden by going slowly down the wooden stairs. Uncle Baki, who once got never tired of working day and night, weakened a lot. While he was lying on his bed that night, he wanted from his dear wife to put one more pillow to under his head. After his brokenly breathe, he called for Aydın. Mother Şehriye was too miserable. Her sidekick, husband was melting in front of her eyes like a candle. She left the room, climbed down the stairs, and went to Aydın's room near the tandoor. She said his father wanted him. His father would not call him easily/always, so he became panicked. However, he had visited his room one or two times on order to learn how he was... He headed to door after he put his prayer-beads by saying 'Hayırdır inşallah' (a phrase meaning 'I hope all is well'). His father had never stated a comment on the decisions of his and his brothers' behaviours till then. Moreover, he had never witnessed his father slapped him or his brothers. As a result of their faults, their mother was reproaching: "Master, don't you say anything to those children for heaven's sake?" He used to response: "Wife! They are children. Human finds the correct from his mistakes. Beating does not fit the human. Even so, Aydın was still offended to his father. When he said to him "vote for Erbakan's party", he didn't give any reply. He was sure about he didn't vote leftists party. In that case, he must have voted either Devrim's party or Justice Party. He had pretended to be unaware till then.

He came to the door of his father within those thoughts. After he knocked the door for three times, he came in. He greeted

his sick father standing on his bed. His father took his greeting by his head. He wanted his son to raise little bit the pillow giving him support. Without making his words replication, he first straightened him by grasping from his both shoulders, then he placed the pillow little bit upper position by fluffing. He wanted him give a half-glass of water. He drank from it forcefully, then Aydın took the glass from his hand and put it on the table.

Aydın was seeing his father for the first time as weak and exhausted. Without waiting and helping his curiosity:

- You have ordered me, my father. I am listening to you.

His father raised his right hand and swept the sweat on his forehead. He started speaking slowly.

- Tomorrow is sacrificing holiday, isn't it so my son?
- Yes, father, if God so wills...
- Where are your brothers? I can't hear their voices for two days.

This was the hardest question for Aydın. It was not possible to pass it off. He was helpless in front of his father's insistent glance.

- Uh...father... They both went to meetings. Kürşad went to Amasya, and Devrim moved to Samsun.

- Son, do you think they will be here in the feast day?

Aydın was saying "I wish" from his inner. He wished they could arrive. Sentences produced by his lips were different from he wished from his heart.

- They will be here, father, with God willing.

His father closed his eyes for a moment; opened his eyes

and breathed deeply. Aydın deemed: "His sentences that he is going to tell should be very long and important."

- Son. Where did I make mistake according to you?

Facing such a question made him bewildered. His farther demanded him to tell his faults, falsies till now. How would he dare saying: "You did...?"

- Please don't say such a thing daddy. How can you say that?

- No, no. Sometimes, I have to face with realities. Now that I have had some mistakes in my life, God is applying my examination in this way. You are my eldest son. I expect you to explain truths and say them to me directly.

He wanted to speak openly by gaining courage from father's those sentences.

- Father. Till now you have never had us eat ill-gotten food. You have had us study and grow. You always wanted us to be good men. You have done your best as a father. You have never had us leave dependent to other people...

Aydın stopped here for some time. He looked his father's face as if he wanted him to ask a question.

- Son, if that's so, why are not your brothers here? Why don't they inquire my health while I am on the verge of death? It means that I have did something wrong to my father, now my sons are doing the same to me. Nevertheless, God makes them prosperous.

- Daddy, how could you say that? May God ordain it to be late. You are a devout person. Don't worry, be at ease. You have struggled for your sons, family even for

your neighbours and for people who were in need help. However, with regard to Devrim and Kürşad...

His father pricked up his ears, and straightened up little bit from his bed.

- I think you have behaved little bit inattentively to them. No doubt, my uncles; your brothers and my mother's brothers have brainwashed them. The seeds they planted have blossomed poison instead of rose. I think maybe you could have prevented them to enter into this house.

- Aydın, my son. Have you ever witnessed when I dispelled or turned away somebody who were not even your uncles, but someone else including a beggar? Does your father ever behave so?

- Father, I don't want to make you sad. You are ill and tired. Neither your brothers nor my mother's brothers did have contact with you. Even our neighbours are more loyal and grateful than them. Whenever we were in bazaar, seller men did not show any disrespectful behaviour to you. Wherever you go, people are racing with each other so as to serve tea, coffee to you...

However, it is hopeless that both parts of politics' sharp sword is facing us. It can't be said that I have not involved in politic swirl lately. I have a big role in my brothers' being taken with some undesired ways...

His father had got it. His son was trying to say: "Father, your faulty part has a bigger degree in that, you have behaved negligent." He was not in favour of keeping his speech long and making his father more tired. He leant his head against the pillow. He stared at ceiling. He tried talking without looking at Aydın.

I think you are right my son. Sometimes, human finds his right from his recurrent faults. Anyway, we can't change the things what happened in the past. My intention was to ask for your and your brothers' blessings. I give whatever I have for you (things I did for you till now) to your blessing. I have also asked for your mother's blessing. Take care your mother and brothers. You are the eldest member (in terms of governing) of this house after me.

Upon these sentences casted to his heart like an arrow, Aydın jumped from his place and started kiss and smell his father's hands. At that time, his tears that he forgot for a long time were dropping from his eyes.

- What do you say daddy? How could we dare to give you blessing! What did we as your sons give you except trouble and rigor?

- Listen, don't interrupt me my son. Find your brothers wherever they are and take them to me. My wish before I die is to see three of you side by side. This is my biggest and unique desire that I want you to do.

- Daddy, your sentences affect me deeply. Please, don't make yourself tired by talking.

Baki Agha has grasped Aydın's hands firmly with his shaken hands, and has not been favour of releasing them.

- Alright daddy, I will set off immediately in the morning.

- No, son. Go now. Don't be late, find them. Find and bring my sons.

Aydın couldn't resist upon his father's meaningful and persistent stare of his pale eyes.

- Alright daddy. I will find and take them to you. Please, feel yourself at ease. You became tired of speaking. Take a little

bit rest.

His father was grasping his hands and didn't want to release them. He saved his hands hardly, pulled the quilt on him. He kissed many times his corny hands on which his vessels were seen obviously. He waited for a while at the bed side. His father's exhausted body could not resist much to conversation; he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

He left out of the room and entered his own room. He was indulged in deep thoughts. How and where he could go at this time of the day? It was not possible to find any vehicle to neither Amasya nor Samsun. The buses shuttling between Anakara and Samsun were congested with crowd of people. They would not take him even he went to one of the motorway service areas. Passengers were travelling on foot in buses in the eve day. He deemed: "I set off after I pray for morning and feast day." First, to Amasya... After finding Devrim, they would go to Samsun together so as to find Kürşad. He started to count his beads swiftly. There were only four or five hours before morning prayer began. He decided to stay awake till the morning by reading Qur'an and praying.

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The first day of the feast... Baki Agha retired from this world in the midday time. As soon as his 'sela' (a special notification done from minarets upon somebody's death or on Thursday evenings and Friday middays by reading by certain kind of prayer attributed to Prophet Muhammed.) was hearkened, his neighbours, friends, seller men rushed into his house. They left wishing merry feast day undone and sat separately as men and women. The feast house turned into funeral home, laments were going on unceasingly. After 'imam' (the male prayer leader in a mosque) came to home, it was decided to bury Baki Agha into B. cemetery in the afternoon time. However, Mother Şehriye was rejecting this idea insisently. How could she allow it to become

so before his dear sons saw their father's pale face? Her eyes like her hope were on the road. The evening passed with those expectations. Any news didn't come from her sons even on the second day of the feast.

Her bread winner, confidant, sympathizer had passed away, and her audacious sons were nowhere to be found. The poor woman forgotten the fire burning her heart, she had been deeply occupied with her young sons. She asked three of them from their friends; sent constantly her neighbours and their children to district party headquarters and police stations. They were in nowhere as if they were buried into soil. Mother Şehriye was expecting hope even from a bird flying in the air.

The old men of the district stated that it was not licit in terms of religion to make funeral wait for three days; in such a situation both Allah and the dead (corpse) would be displeased. Mother Şehriye maintaining her composure in the face of her husband's death fell apart. There was nothing to do. The funeral was taken from home to mosque. It was put on coffin rest (a big stone on which the coffined corpse is placed during the funeral service) after the washing. People coming for funeral prayer were so crowded that they couldn't fit in mosque's garden and had to stay on the roads. This district had never witnessed before such a crowd in anybody's funeral. It had to be the biggest pleasure for a mortal that being bidden farewell to his last journey by such a big crowd.

However, it was a need to admit indescribable bitterness in that bliss. Everybody from neighbourhood, village to mad of the city was in the funeral; his darling, blood sons, brother and brothers in law were not there.

He was buried into B. cemetery in the afternoon time in company with saying 'Allahuekber' (Great Allah). While one end of crowd was in cemetery, the other end was in İ.P. Region. Mother Şehriye was weeping after her husband in the meantime

she was expecting his sons to come into by opening the creaky gate of house.

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They returned to home five days after their father's passing away. They hugged their mother's neck one by one and cried. People around them were gossiping: "What undutiful sons! Apart from their father's funeral, they didn't even throw a shovel of soil to his tomb. May Allah protect everybody from having such children".

Unfortunately, Devrim two days before the feast day, and Kürşad, on the eve day, had been taken to police station for questioning due to the protests they attended. Their elder brother, Aydın, had found himself at the middle of the protest while he was searching them in Amasya, and had collapsed in a heap because of a thrown stone. When he was awake, he was in police station, too. He tried really hard in order to explain that he was innocent, by relying on his registration police released him. That day was the second day of the feast. When he phoned his home in the evening, one more time he had found himself on the ground due to his father's bad news. He could not recover for a long time. Passers had helped him to stand up. The bitterness of not achieving his father's last desire was smashing his heart. He wanted to cry, but he couldn't. He had to find Devrim immediately. He suggested Devrim had to be either in the police station or on the way to home as a result of protests. All in all, the first thing to do was looking up to police stations. He did so. Soon after he discovered that his brother was in the central police station. He went to the police station quickly, and explained the situation of his brother to police commissar. The situation of their having funeral and had to go to their city as much as possible... Commissar convinced that Devrim had not been involved in event on a large scale; accordingly, they released Devrim after taking a statement down. By saving his

calmness, Aydın told his father's funeral to his brother. Aydın went hot and cold all over upon that. It had to be the worst and most agonizing news that he would ever hear in this world. He couldn't help looking at emptiness, and stayed so for a long time. Aydın tried to make him awake by shaking from his shoulders:

- Devrim, be yourself. We can't change anymore what had happened. May Allah rest his soul. At least, let's try to arrive to throw two shovels of soil to his tomb. Go to the bus station immediately. Take a bus and try to catch the funeral. I will go to Samsun to find Kürşad.

Devrim slapped him for two times upon seeing his somnambulistic condition.

- Come on, don't stop. We don't have time to waste.

He pushed his back, and his brother started walking with unconscious steps. Then, like a mad man, he began running to bus station.

Meanwhile, Aydın took a bus to Samsun without losing time. He arrived in Samsun after a three-four hours of travel. The calm after the storm was prevailing there. The patrols were running wild around the bus station and in the city centre. He went to the party building, but it was closed. He called on the police stations. His brother was not in anywhere.

He searched for his brother from morning to evening that day. He asked the seller men. Everybody was pretending as if they were unaware about what had happened; and some of them were not showing any interest to answer his questions by supposing that he might be a detective or an official. He searched for his brother from the most crowded side of the city to suburbs. His feet had got swollen. He took the addresses of cafes where leftist students spent their time. Nobody was saying anything. Finally, he found an isolated café near the stadium. A young seeming seedy

and whose hair and beard mixed up each other helped him. They were hiding his brother in the basement floor of an apartment – used as a student house - situated out of the city. He had found his brother and Thank God he was alive.

Kürşad got surprised when he saw his brother abruptly. If his brother were there, the issue had to be important. He looked at him with his curious eyes. There were another three people in the room.

- I have been searching for you for a long time. Get ready, we are going home.

It was the first moment after long years when both of them talked to each other. Kürşad couldn't help his curiosity:

- What happened? Did something bad happen to one of the family members?

Aydın gulped; as if his sentences that he wanted to tell had stuck on his throat. He looked first his brother, then his other friends.

- Don't worry, they are my comrades. I hide nothing from them. Don't make me curious anymore!

He got closer to his little brother and fell on his neck. He hugged from his shoulders without looking his brother's eyes.

- I am sorry for our loss. Our father passed away.

Kürşad could not believe what he heard. The tea glass he was holding fell into floor.

- What? What are you saying, brother?

- He had passed away on the first day of feast in the afternoon. I came to first Amasya in order to find you. Devrim had been taken into custody. I was taken into police situation, either. We met a lot of difficulties till we explained the case. Now, your brother is at home. I learned the incident on the second day of the feast. I am not sure whether we can catch the funeral or not. It is just hope!

Immediately, Kürşad took his jacket hanging on the back side of the door and wore it. Tall comrade:

- Özgür! What are you doing? Are you mad? Police are looking high and low for us. As soon as you take a step to out of this door, they get you. Don't go!

He took his friend's hand from his own shoulder.

- What are you saying? My father died. Shall I still hide here like a coward rabbit?

The longer, the squat one:

- Stop comrade! Now that you want to go, I have an idea, then. There are always lorries going from big market hall to Çorum. It is very dangerous going that by bus. You just jump into the haulage of one of the lorries and take a tent on you. Thus, nobody gets suspicious about you. By this way, you get rid of the police stop on the roads, as well. However, the first thing needed to be done is to go out of this house and get to old market hall. The weather is almost dark, wait for a while.

Aydın considered the idea as logical.

- He is right. Let's wait for some time, then take a taxi and go to the old market hall.

Others sat on the floor and began drinking their tea. While Kürşad sitting back to his friends was looking outside from the window, he was trying to wipe his tears secretly.

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Nothing was like before. Anymore birds were not perching on the elaeagnus tree near the fountain in the house garden. Neither was there the taste of golden roasted bread that his father used to buy from Haji (pilgrim) Musa, nor his father's leaving out by making house door creaking in the early morning time.

Two-story wooden house having a large garden seems ruin as if it was abandoned to silence for years. Father has been father. Apparently, his shadow, even his breathe he took when he was on his bed was a source of confidence and life for them... The fear of desolation and orphanage that was not felt in the presence of him but plunged them into deep sadness in the absence of their father...

Kürşad has been thinking those lately. He understood lately that he had loved his father so much. How rough ways had the explanation of love. Who would have thought a person, whose shoulders are falling down gradually, and who is grubbing with his corny hands in the morning; planting tomato and cucumber; has gone ill, die one day? He had died, even silently and secretly...

Had his father loved his son so much? Which of his brothers was his father's most loved? Was it Aydın, Devrim or himself? He thought it had to be absolutely Aydın. Because he was the son who was adding 5 more times to his usual 5 times praying per day, and praying during whole day and night. He had witnessed arguing his elder brother him reproaching his father as 'why didn't you vote for Erbakan?'; and his father had mentioned neither Arab

nor Iranian nor non-Muslim would contribute anything useful to their country. Aydın had lifted up his voice to his father upon those incidents.

As for himself... He had done everything one by one that his father did not enjoy. For many times after vehement the vehement conversation in café, party building, he had found himself in Sarı (blonde) Bilal's pub drinking rakı (alcohol drink peculiar to Turkey), and ambled to his home by passing through narrow streets. His poor mother used to climb down stairs as soon as she heard the door was opened, shoulder barely and take him to his bed. During this noisy confusion his father had to be blind and deaf.

On some days, buddies used to gather in his room, make a protest plan; the smog of cigarette they smoke and the smell of beer and vodka they drank used to fill the room densely, it would even spread to other rooms. He remembered the days on which he didn't come to the house. His father had never face him and gave any advice. All these things flew like a film strip from his mind. Nothing had any value in case of presence. Some values had been realized in the absence. The value of bread in hunger, of water in drought, and of friendship in hostility... Everything would be lack of something if the love were not.

Since his father's death, old Kürşad who was once mad, noncompliant has disappear; instead of him, someone who is cold, calm and pale has appeared. He was frequently thoughtful and calm while chatting with his comrades in the party building and café or street; as if his fast, ardent soul had been stolen, which was not matching up with Özgür's personality. Neither sickness, nor love... His claim, belief in communism; his love, matter, sickness was his family indeed. Such passionate love had turned into Moscow passion. In his conversations with his acquainted leftist elder brothers from Ankara, he was in the intention of going to Moscow at some time, taking training in the origin of communism and instigating his love.

Kürşad's being so calm and passive came to his mother's attention. He was coming to home before the evening, and going his work early in the morning. His alcohol habit had almost disappeared. Cigarette was not standing like nipple on his moth anymore.

There were appreciable changes in Devrim. He gave up fights any longer. Like a docile cat, he was going to his school, listening to his lessons, and wandering in the school garden without making any trouble. Leftists students tried a few times to provoke him by teasing. It was in vain, he paid no attention. That situation was not also pleasant for Nesrin, too. She wished he would be strict, peevish, harsh as he was in the past. Devrim's current condition was not fitting in him. He was not showing any reaction against teasers, and was escaping from everybody like a coward chicken. Nesrin was seized with freight due to the Devrim's new standing. She deemed whether he fell in love with another girl. No, it was not possible. She was thinking that his father's death must have hit him. She tried to snuggle, however, Devrim did not realize her.

She did not apprehend how she fell in love with a guy who had a roving soul and was in favour of seeking for adventure. However, their world views were completely different like day and night. It was what called 'blind love'. There was no description for love, and it was difficult to describe love, either. It was not an existence that could fit in a pot or take a certain shape.

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He had read 'Das Capital' so many times that he knew it line by line, even word by word. He was going on reading his book under the tiny light with a cigarette on his hand. His bed was creaking with his left-right movements. That noise was making

him angry. He was at the middle of the book when it was eleven o'clock. He was too bothered; woke up and opened the window. He breathed deeply. That made him relaxed. After that he laid down on his bed. His father was appearing in his dreams lately – with reproachful manners. He was not speaking, but looking at him with a sad and offended attitude.

Suddenly he jumped out of his bed. He took the ashtray on his right hand, and Maltepe cigarette to his left hand. He would something that he didn't do for a long time. He climbed down through the wooden stairs silently, then stopped on the right in front of Devrim's room. He raised his hand to knock the door. Sound of Mehter (janissary) Anthem was coming from inside of the room. He stood motionless with his hand air to knock the door; then suddenly returned and went down the floor. He would enter Aydın's room. He opened the door fully, which was left-opened, and sat down the couch without greeting him. Aydın, who was sitting near the window and counting his beads, raised his head and looked at Kürşad. Aydın slowed down his counting. They were not talking. The thing disturbing the silence was the sound of breads – whanging. He finished the phase of counting, then prayed by caressing his hands over his face. Reproachfully:

- What's up? What made you come here?

Kürşad pretended as if he hadn't heard; took one another cigarette from the packet and lighted it, inhaled its smoke; and then gave off its smoke through his nose holes like a car exhaust. Turned to his elder brother:

- It has been long time, hasn't it?

- Yes, it has. You were seventeen years old when you came into my room for the last time. A cold March night. You hadn't solved a problem from your math lesson, and accordingly came in.

- Yes, I remembered it right now; as if it had been hundred

years since then.

He didn't reply. He was trying to comprehend the reason of his visit. There had to be reason if his coming after a long time.

Kürşad took a deep breath from his half-burnt cigarette and crushed its stub in the ashtray. He raised his head towards to his elder brother:

- Did he know everything?

- What 'everything'?

Kürşad paused, and slowly:

- I mean... alcohol, cigarette...

Aydın got serious immediately, and stood up furiously.

- Which of them? Drinking alcohol every night and stunk like a polecat? Or, having relationship with city's old prostitutes?

Tone of his voice was getting higher.

- What the hell that married wife? Let's suppose our father didn't know any of them, and our mother hid these faults so that she could guard you. However, you think that all the people out of our house – in bazaar, cafe... - didn't tell them to our father even without adding ten to one?

Aydın was shouting with his full of voice. He couldn't beat his anger, and started crying with husky manner. Indeed, it was a moaning rather than crying. He turned his back on his brother, wiped his tears with a handkerchief. He got relaxed, sat near the window.

- Nevertheless, the things that you did were nothing near

mine!

- Why? You as a purified from his sins are a dutiful child, who will pray after him.

- You still think we are joking, don't you? What can I say you anymore? You, me and goof-off Devrim. We didn't make any nice day in our father's life. Whenever, I talked to my father, the subject was always politics. I choked him with it. I imposed him every time that Selamat Party and Erbakan. I insisted as if the key of heaven was on the hand of Erbakan.

Baki Agha – the man who never fed his family with illicit (forbidden by religion) food, never stood back appearing in front of the cruel, and always supported oppressed.

You were always supporting communism. Now, he is the father of communism. Take his photo and hang it on the wall of your party building so that everybody will see a communist. It was filled by emotion. He got tired of discussing politics with his brother. It made him bored that repeating same things.

Kürşad took the advantage of his older brother's pausing:

- You were with our father during his last times. How was he? What was his last wish?

- Does it have any importance? I argued with him even when he was sick in his bed. I am dutiful son as you said. God damn me!

He cried again over his anger. He gulped and then went on his speech weepy.

- Do you know what his last wish is? Seeing three of us side by side before closing his to this world... Apparently, not only he, but also everybody knew that it was almost

impossible. It was us that didn't know that. We couldn't make his small wish – infect his impossible wish – true unfortunately. What can you do? He died having left seeing us together undone. Moreover, even it was not in our destinies to see his cold face and throw a hand of soil into his tomb.

After hearing these sentences, Kürşad got depressed, he couldn't help his tears come out of his eyes. He tried to hide his remorse tears from his older brother, then stood up from his place and went to his own room.

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Mother Şehriye was very pleased. For the first time, the two brothers were together in the kitchen for breakfast. First, Kürşad came to the kitchen, fifteen minutes later, his brother Devrim. They sat face to face on the floor table. However, they both didn't greet each other and speak. All in all, it was enough for Şehriye mom. She felt the absence of this scenery for long years. Eyes and emotions strangely see the things that should happen, and find natural that shouldn't happen. Both brothers were in weird feelings. Mother Şehriye took the tea pot and put it on the table while its steam was crashing onto window glass. She didn't pour their glasses with the intention of maybe they would do it on their own. While she was sweeping the oven, she was observing her sons at the same time. Apparently, the 'difficult' was indeed 'easy'. It would be really nice if their dead father witnessed that moment. She left the sweeping towel on her hand near the oven, and went out of the kitchen. She wished her sons to stay together, to hug each other; just to spite of passing years and loss of past. Her intention was not to spoil that magic moment.

Devrim took the tea pot. First he poured the Kürşad's glass till half of it, then filled his. He completed the glasses with

hot water. Both of them took a spoon of sugar then mixed it slowly with their tea. They buttered their bread, and took some olives. Surely they wanted to speak but they didn't know how to do it. So, they preferred silence.

They remembered their past days while they were having breakfast on the table – when they used to quarrel politics harshly and punch each other. There had been so many times in which they gave harm to one another. These fights had been when their father was not at home. During these fights, Aydın had not done anything to separate them or to be a part of them. They used to fight, punch till their energy depletes, and thus the fight used to end. Their poor mother used to try separating them, however, could not manage it, and not know what to do. At some times, one of the neighbours used to come, and separate them hardly; and dress their wounds.

That day, both of them completed their breakfast and left the table without saying a single word. One of them went to his school and the other one to his party building. The following days just went on so. It was seen they came together in the dinners, too. In the following time they started greeting – Aleykümselam (religious greeting reply) in response to 'hi'. When Devrim said 'Selamun aleyküm (religious way of greeting – used by starter), he used to get 'good morning' instead of Aleykümselam. They couldn't find the common language of greeting yet. All in all, it was not so bad for the beginning of something. Lately, Aydın started to join them, as well. Breakfast, lunch and dinner times were being done at the exact time longer. These silent lunches had been all accepted by home people. Additionally, they were helping in picking up the table and washing the dishes as there was no daughter of that house. Coffee time in front of the television, tea pleasure in the evenings... However, there was something missing, which was conversation, chatting. Nobody was daring to begin a topic and discuss it. The topic would eventually turn into politics and the fight would begin. Just for that reason, they were preferring to stay in silence and not wish to destroy that nice atmosphere.

That's why they had lost their values such as esteem, sincerity and brotherhood. They were earning hard what they lost. Now, although it was late, they wished to take pleasure from what they earned.

From now on, ice parts like mountains started melting. Slowly... The important thing for them to melt indeed. Mother Şehriye was so please, she was always trying to prepare the meals that his sons loved to eat. Her only desire from them was to come together and hug each other. He really missed that.

Latest times witnessed some swaps among brothers such as lotion, shirt, tie. They were cleaning their own rooms, tidying their beds and shopping from the bazaar. Everything was on the way that it had to be so far. Sun was rising differently and the moon was shining extraordinarily over this family and that city. Even their neighbours were amazed by that silence, and did not know how to comment it.

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Mahir Çayan's death anniversary... The tension within the leftist communist crowds was reflecting to the streets. Even to schools, party buildings, seller men, namely to everybody both were related and not related to politics. He was shoot by police soldier as a consequence of skirmish happened in highland. He was the hero of leftist organisation. For rightist, on the other hand, just somebody had been killed. The betrayer, who shot the state's soldier, police, was knocked off. For the supporters of Selamet Party, 'white dog or black dog, they were all same. No matter from leftist or lightest, they were all one for them. Idealists (rightists) were 'puppy', while leftists were godless. Both groups were not on the correct way. It was heedlessness and blindness. For them (Selamet Party supporters) both this country and world they lived in would by totally saved in the time of that blood sea by means

of their prayers that they performed in mosques by counting their beads.

All the safeguards – district police, police and police soldier were on the alert. They started wandering in the city centre and busy streets.

Parents were with full of fear. Some of them didn't want to send their children to school; others, who sent, were waiting their coming in the on the thresholds of doors and windows. A great work had already begun in the café of students of Dev Yol (Big Way). Groups consisting of both males and females were working hard among the tables covered by red flags with sickle and hammer figures, posters, banners.

Kürşad came to the café at the time of evening begun. All the groups working over the tables gave up their stuffs and paid attention to comrade who just came in. The one having beard and relative old comparing to the others said scornfully:

- Oh, Özgür comrade came, too. Welcome comrade!

Kürşad did not give any response to him, instead, he went to the closest table and started nailing posters on the frames. The one with beard approached him. With a manner that all people could hear:

- Özgür, you are our comrade, our best friend, the symbol of freedom for the people of this district. Something happened to you lately. Tomorrow is a really important day for us. We should be more diligent and active for the sake of our comrades who lost their lives for our struggle. It is both our and our dead comrades right to want this from you. Isn't it so, comrades?

That speech brought the house down. The beard man offered cigarette and lighted it.

- There is no way out for fascists!

It shook whole of the café.

- There is no way out for fascist. Long live brotherhood of people.

He came back to home at about twelve. The odour of glue had burnt the back of his throat. Mother Şehriye noticed his coming in. She climbed down the stairs and harsh into Aydın's room; and said anxiously:

- Son, Kürşad has just come to the home. It is said that there will be a protesting in the city centre. Everybody talks about it. They say that every kind of people from anarchist to others will arrive from Ankara and other close cities. What is happening my son? It doesn't seem so well. What about speaking to your brothers in order to avoid from fight and trouble?

- My dear mother. Do your stupid sons, who are not listening to their mother, listen to their elder brother? Don't bother yourself. They quarrel with each other, just throw stones and sticks as always. They, police separate the groups. All the damage happens to seller men's shops. Get relax. Sleep now, please. The morning will take care of itself.

Meanwhile, he got his mother's head to his arms, kissed and smelled it. Kissed her cheeks many times. She had got rid of her anxiety for a while with his son's relaxing sentences. She got out of the room and went to the kitchen.

That's mother heart! She had even omitted her husband's death that she shared her thirty-five years. Her heart beating like the wings of a butterfly pulsate hurriedly for her sons. Strictly

speaking, Aydın had heard there was a great deal of preparation for that protesting. Seller men in the old fruit-vegetable market had decided not open their shops on that day. They hadn't taken down their shutters until the last time for any protesting so far. So, that meeting was different from others. While Aydın was thinking of those, he was going on counting his beads. Everybody would come through their destiny. There was not the point beyond the destiny.

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The cold and frozen face of land had reflected to the sky, so it was so moody. The centre of district kept its silence till the noon. Some seller men from the owners of restaurants, news agent, and stationary were taking their heads out, and observing the outside with their timid looks. There was decrease in the number of costumers. That day the business would go not so brightly. However, if it was to continue in that way, there would be possibility of crowding people.

With their print box on their shoulders - and tins on the hands, the children shoe brushings did not have any job to do.

Stagnation and silence before the storm went on till the noon time. The squares started getting crowded in the afternoon. Some groups consisting of three or five people began gathering in front of ice cream and gas shops. Leftist groups started showing themselves from the streets going up the Başpınar District of city centre. Seller men - greengrocer, shoe-seller, nut-seller - carried hastily all their stuff into their shops and set to close their shutters. At about two o'clock in the afternoon, a group roughly consisting of hundred and fifty or two hundred people started to move from the beginning of the street to Başpınar towards square by shouting slogans. Male and female groups carrying red flags with sickle and hammer and posters of Mahir Çayan had been lined into foremost. They had worn kerchiefs on which Dev-Sol and Dev Yol

was written. They were moving with their left hands on the air in line of eleven, twelve people.

- Damn fascism!

- Mahir, Ulaş; fight till the end!

Parents holding their kids' hands, olds with their bags, and women were passing the road hurriedly in order not stay in the middle of the two groups. Seller men, to protect their windows, were closing their shutters quickly. Pity for CHP and MHP (two of the big political parties) buildings in the district. While those two building were being stoned, the windows and shutters of the shops under them were suffering dramatically from the damage. Rightist groups, on the other hand, created their lines with four or five people shoulder by shoulder. Their number was about hundred and fifty, too. The number of new participants to both groups was increasing in the process of time. Leftist group almost came to the square in the city centre. The distance between them decreases as low as two hundred metres.

Kürşad, again, was in the front line; and Devrim too in the rightest group. He started untying the chain that tied his west like a sash. He wound the chain to his right hand, and stretched it. He was challenging to communists with his elder brothers, who had experienced jails, and got wound from the street fights. He was like a real fighter, who wasn't afraid of anything. Sticks carried secretly were being taken out from the jackets. Stones were made ready and piled up on the grass in front of the gas shop.

Leftist group was prepared, too. However, there were some different faces in this activity. Kürşad did not know them. Although he had been in many meetings from Ankara, Tokat to Fatsa, he had not seen any of them. Once he saw a face, he didn't forget it easily. Those new faces were at the backmost lines. There was no need to become suspicious, thought he. Apparently, they were to be comrades coming from Ankara university. He wanted

to ask about them to the one with beard, then gave up that idea. Comrade was always comrade in everywhere.

It was about to happen to attack each other. A tiny spark was enough for that, and it did. Stone rain started from the back lines of leftist group. They attacked each other violently and furiously. Stones and sticks were flying in the air. The square became like a battle field in the twinkling of an eye. People who were targeted by stones and sticks to their heads, shoulders, feet were collapsing and wailing in pain. Some were just keep struggling with the tools on their hands although they were badly injured in a welter of blood. No matter what happened, they wouldn't abandon the area. Leftist group started withdrawing upon rightist group resistance. The first thing to do was hiding the narrow streets of main road; and they did so.

Kürşad was holding his head against the impacts coming from all the ways. He soon realized that his forehead was bleeding. He touched it and immediately his head was covered by blood. On the other hand, he was looking for Devrim. What had happened to him? His brother was really agile. He had been involved in many fights, and never had wounds. Though he was extremely brave, he always knew how to protect himself against danger. He was from those called 'şerbetçi' by obscurantists. He couldn't see his brother in the middle of the fight. He wanted to help his wounded friends. A few other friends with him succored others who were waiting for help on the ground. At that time, a gun was shot. He lied down immediately thinking that wandering bullet might anybody in front of it. He had been participated in many fight and that was the first moment that he heard a gun. He checked his sight, and gave his arm to his closest wounded friend. Meanwhile, a bitter cry was heard from the rightist group.

- Devrim was shot! He was shot!

He stopped while he was walking with his wounded friend. He turned back and looked at the square. He noticed a

dead body lying on the ground among other wounded. A guy knelt near him, held his head and put on his knees. There was not any signal of living from the lying body. Without any hesitation, Kürşad run breathlessly towards to him – regardless of flying stones and sticks. He had to arrive him immediately. He had known him from his red shirt. He had given it to his brother last week.

Another gunshot made the square resound. He felt a sharp pain such as a knife penetrating on his back. His feet lost their control. He fell flat on his face, wanted to stand up, but couldn't do that.

Stones, sticks – whatever the groups had were flaying in the air. There was not an end for shouts, crying, and swears.

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Mother Şehriye had started for preparing of dinner from the afternoon time. She would cook Manti (meat pasty) which is loved by her three sons. She was busy with forming dough that she rolled one hour earlier. Her hands and face were covered by flour. Her dear dead husband loved Manti, too. While she was cutting rolled dough in the form of square, she was also putting ingredient into them. She didn't ask for help from her neighbours. She would prepare it on her own and serve it to her dearest sons.

They were still such little babies for her that they were like small children who gave up milk. She always wanted a daughter. God had given her three sons which meant she would have three brides. She would love them as if they were her real daughters. It was OK as long as they were all fine and alive.

Within her that dream, she was going on forming dough, and also listening her fast beating heart. She wished that evening

had come quickly and her sons returned home without any trouble. Meanwhile, she prayed: "Not only my children, but also all Muslim's children return their homes without any danger, in perfect condition. Please forgive my selfishness my God". Accordingly, others' children were not from other planet, they were all little babies of their mothers.

For many times, she had come in Kürşad's room and clothed him while he was sleeping on his bed due to the effect of alcohol. She had kissed him from his forehead without noticing the smell of vodka, cigarette. She was believing that the original smell of children had not abandon his son. She had removed the dust of frames of beard man (Karl Marks) and the handsome one (Che Guevara) hanged on the wall, and placed his books one by one. Mother Şehriye did sometimes complain about those frames. Instead of hanging them, it would be much better to hand Aydın's picture shot while he was doing his military service, or his father's photo. "A crazy boy" said she. Kürşad was such a messy boy.

She cleans everything what there was in her dear son's room, and then leaves them in where they positioned. Kürşad had gathered with his friends in this room for many times, and his mother had serviced tea to them, even upon their persistence - and not to make them offended - she had said "long live brotherhood of people, long live socialism" even without understanding their meanings. Everything she did was for her son. She was loving what and who her sons loved. However, there was one thing that she didn't like in that room. It was the red flag with sickle and hammer figures. Where was the Turkish flag with its moon and star figures? Was there any other flag that was more beautiful than Turkish flag? Mother Şehriye was really upset about it and never told it to her son. She had intended many times to ask "why is that flag here?", however, gave up asking it in order not to make her son sad.

Speaking of Devrim... The youngest one, madcap, quarrelsome, her hectic son. Somehow he always managed to

win her mother's heart, and made her to do what he wanted. Whenever he was broke, he never asked for it from his father, but used to use her mother to get the money from his father. She used to be baffled as to Bozkurt (grey wolf) posters, and couldn't give a meaning to the photos of old Turkish heroes who had thin and long moustache. She used to say: " Why don't you hang your own photos? Take a shot with our Karabaş and hang it on your wall." For her, her dear son, whose moustache has just started sweating (a term used to show the adolescent time begins), was more handsome and powerful than all other men in the photos.

Upon her mother's sincere reproaches, he used to get out of his bed, pinch her cheeks: "Dear mother, those men in the photos are our soul, they symbol of our existence. They are freedom monument of this land and society!"

- Kürşad says the same as you do. What sort of freedom is it? It doesn't bring two brothers side by side. It's all the good. You all know the best!

Devrim: "Never mind it dear mother. You are our mother. It is said that there is no any other lover like a mother, and a land like Bagdad. Devrim used to win his mother's heart by means of such kind of speech. He was the youngest person in his house.

Eventually she finished forming dough. It was late afternoon when it was the turn of Tarhana soup. There was no need to be hurry for Tarhana. She was trying to clear his mind from negative thoughts while she was wiping the kitchen counter. The more you think well, the more it happens well. She was saying that to herself. Her heart like a sparrow did not stop making sound since she started being busy with dough.

- Aunt Şehriye, Aunt Şehriye!

That was sound of blonde Fadime's younger daughter, Selime.

She couldn't help looking at scattered Tarhana on the ground. She hesitated whether to go out or stay inside. She listened her heart's sound, and went out.

- Aunt Şehriye, my Kürşad brother ...

Mother Şehriye was paralysed, couldn't move. She only could raise her hands unconsciously and grasped the girl's cheeks. Her pale face became red immediately. She tried to behave herself, but couldn't.

- What happened to your Kürşad brother? Tell it.

The little girl, who was at her thirteen or fourteen, tried to save her calmness.

- Don't worry aunt. He was wounded, now at the square...

Selime's mother told everything to her daughter but wanted her strictly to tell that Kürşad was just wounded. Her husband was a police force. As soon as he learnt what happened, he called his wife and wanted her to tell it to Şehriye aunt.

A chill ran down Mother Şehriye's back. She immediately went down the stairs and went out even without closing the door. She was praying instantly with her inner voice. She started running to city square hurriedly and unconsciously. Her neighbours:

- Don't worry. He is just wounded; he was taken to hospital.

Mother Şehriye was not hearing those consolation sentences. Bad news spreads fast. While she was running down on the stone covered pavement, she was not even aware of her hijab that flew. Nobody had had heard that tired hair, even her children – except her husband. There was only one thing she focused on, which was arriving to square. She was not thinking anything else except for that.

She turned Hacı (pilgrim) Siddık's corner. Finally, she reached the main road. After that she would come to the square, which was in very close distance to her. She made a last attack without caring the bewildered glances of other people. She had reached to town Governor building. The cross in front of the park, which had return way from both left and right side was the square of the city. She saw group of people rushing around. The siren sound of police and ambulance cars were being heard from everywhere. There were broken windows' pieces around, police and police soldier had blockaded the square.

Mother Şehriye recurred her power. She run towards to the crowd where police mobbed.

People consisting of two groups had gathered on two people. While one the groups was near the mosque, which was located at the beginning of the cross, the other group was at somewhere near the gas shop in front of the monument. Mother Şehriye could not decide which direction she had to go. Then, she headed to closest side to her. She came to the middle by pushing her way through the crowd. She bent forward to dead body lying on the ground, who was covered by newspaper papers. She opened out newspapers with her shaky hands, and they cried out.

- My Kürşad, my dear son!

She hugged her son's dead body and kissed his bloody face. She broke into tears.

- My son, my dear!

Two hands from her shoulder wanted to take her and stand her up, however, her hands were not untied from the dead body.

Her bitter outcry did not run out. The groups encircling her started to step back. Her heart-breaking cry and tears make

people deeply and emotionally wounded. Police Selahattin, who was their neighbour from the neighbourhood, was in the group. He with his head bent crouched near Mother Şehriye.

- Mother, Devrim...

Mother Şehriye bursting into tear looked Police Selahattin's face when she heard the word of Devrim. Her crying immediately stopped. Her tightly tied hands to Kürşad started to untied. She stood up getting support from the ground. "Please my God, please. Nothing happens to him, please!" Her whole body was trembling. She turned back, and run towards to the group waiting in front of the gas shop. People got out of her way. She tried to recognize him from his bloody garment. At one swoop, she turned his facing away body. As soon as she turned him, her whole world came crashing down one more time. She grasped his cheek with her nails, and her bitter cry was heard by everybody. That burden was too much for a mortal to overcome. She overturned her son. The city square had been surrendered by a bitterly crying mother heart. That sorrow view had wounded everybody from police, seller men, to people watching the incident area with their fearful eyes at their gates and windows.

Any other lament, tear come after other dead people had not be so influential as much as Mother Şehriye's in this city. That crowd had witnessed many deaths and tragic traffic accidents. This city wouldn't see any other bitter tear except Mother Şehriye', who was running from one her dead son to another.

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They went... They, like a bird, flew to eternity – on condition that they would not return back. They went with an ending that any other living creature would witness after that time. Whoever heard and saw them cried after them. Even people

whose souls got stone and eyes became dry felt a deep pain on their hearts. The bird flying on the air, the ant walking on the ground mourned for them.

Today is my mourning day. First, the oldest of this house went. Then, two young men of this house, this strict, this city followed him. While they were passing from the street, I heard the young ladies' heart beats for many times from this kennel. I also witnessed desiring on the eyes of other young people, and jealousy sparks on the envious eyes.

They flew to sky. Behind them, the remains were me, who went out on a limb, and Mother Şehriye. Now, who will bring bone to me? Who will pat my head? Who will give liver, spleen? While I am in sorrow for them, indeed I am mourning for myself. All laments and tears are for me actually. The dark days of fate are just standing in front of me line by line. I am so fearful. The think that makes me more fearful is that fear is just penetrating into my body piece by piece. I am fearful for loneliness, being pounded, being wrenched. Feeling that fear makes me more fearful.

Am I sorry for them or for myself? I don't know it anymore. Who will pat my head? Who will give a piece of bread without swearing? I don't want to die near a rubbish. I want an honourable death, and I think I deserve it. I am watcher of this gate for sixteen years. I have never brought home to this home, and never let any thief to come closer. I have done my mission completely during days and nights, in the cold of winter, in the hot of summer, every day and every hour.

Two sturdy men of this house move from this world to another, arh-woooooo.

&

The people of this strict witness for the first time things that were not heard, seen and known before. Funeral prayers of both brothers were done at the same time in the garden of mosque. Their coffins were taken to shoulders in order to be taken to B. cemetery. Kürşad's friends objected to funeral prayer at first. However, they had to step back upon Mother Şehriye and Aydın's strict and determined manner. Their father's and mother's brothers, who didn't come to their father's funeral, came to their nephews' funeral.

There were some other firsts. While two brothers were being taken to B. cemetery on the shoulders, the leftist and rightist groups were walking in silence side by side without fighting with each other. People, who attacked each other relentlessly yesterday, today sending their friend to eternal journey. Among the leftist, there were some young men carrying bandana written 'Dev-Yol' on them. They wanted to shout slogans, however, top lines of the group did not let them. Those firsts would continue in the cemetery.

Groups consisting of males and females came to the gate of cemetery by changing their places while carrying the coffins. The last destination for a mortal would be eventually a cemetery. There were neither saying Allahuekber (Allah is great) nor slogans within the groups. The third part accompanying to that group was silence.

Aydın had gone to grave diggers one day earlier and made them open two graves his father's left and right sides. He had reserved his father's toe part was for his own. He couldn't realize his father's last desire when he was alive. He would at least make that desire come true when he dies. And his father's head side was for his mother.

As soon as they entered into cemetery, rain appeared from the resentful clouds. There were some commenting the setting as

sky was crying after two brothers. They passed through the tombs, and reached the end point on the right. This place had the sight of whole city and Ankara road. Coffins were put down beside the dug graves.

Kürşad would be put into Baki Agha's left, and Devrim would be on his right. Imam prayed with his sorrowful voice by raising his hands. Whole of rightist group, and some of leftist group participated imam's praying with their hands up.

He read some verses from Qur'an relating that every mortal would come and leave this world one day, then he commented them. He gave speech to two brothers' relatives, lovers about condolence and advice.

He gave signs, referring to deaths could be dug into grave. A few people climbed down the grave. Coffins were opened. At that time, Mother Şehriye's voice was heard behind the funeral group.

- Stop!

Imam and other participants of funeral shielded by that voice and stood aghast. Mother Şehriye came through people to imam and Aydın with her slow steps. She was presenting a confident, determined, nonchalant, and dignified stance. She pointed the right grave, dug as much as one and half meter, near her husband.

- Bury my two sons into that grave!

First of all, imam and Aydın, then others, could not believe what they heard and saw. Aydın objected to the idea.

- Mother! What are you saying? Are in your right mind? How is it possible?

- You, quite down my son! If I say they will be dug here, then it will be so. I know what I am saying.

Imam was shocked, too:

- Lady, it is revolting according to our religion.

- You stop, too dear imam. You completed your mission. May Allah bless you.

- Lady, inculcation...

- Imam! I will pray (a special duty done by imam in the cemetery after everybody leaves deaths) for them. Bury my two sons here.

Everybody was struck with consternation. They had neither witnessed nor heard such an incident in their lives. Some thought that Mother Şehriye had gone crazy. However, upon her determined obstinate manner, they didn't give chance that she was mad.

Mother Şehriye stepped back a bit, and came to her husband's head side. She eyed everybody with her frozen pudgy eyes:

- It is very difficult for you, isn't it? To throw a shovel of soil to somebody that you know as enemy, while throwing soil to your friend... Perhaps, it is the hardest thing that you will ever do.

She gulped at that point. She came closer a bit more to the groups.

- Listen, then! Do you know the bitterness of losing two children at the same time for a mother, who carried them

for nine months and ten days, then delivered, grew them up, protected them from blowing wind and flying bird, never slept at nights when they were sick? Whose affection, pain and fair are deeper? Yours or mine?

Mother Şehriye returned back, came to her husband's headstone. She swept the dust on the stone with her hand.

- My husband, with whom I shared same pillow for thirty-five years, died. I lost my husband, who never offended, abused, even never swore to me. I endured. To my children...I don't know how to put up with their pain. I realized that even my husband's photo was not on our wall while I was cleaning the bear-man's photo's frame in my Kürşad's room. As my son loved them, I did so. As my Devrim loved, I also loved the wolf howling at the peak of the mountain. I might be an illiterate person, but there is no ignorance of affection. At least, it is much better than ignorance of hatred. And you? Have you ever tried loving something or somebody because your mothers, fathers, sisters or fiancés loved it? No, you haven't. It is difficult for you because you didn't try. Throwing soil to your companion, and while doing that escaping from it as you think it is a feeling of honour bound to the person you consider as enemy.

Mother Şehriye's eyes got bigger. With a peremptory manner:

- Why do you wait? Do it. Do your last mission for the person whom you think he is your companion! I would like to see that courage in your hearts.

Upon that manner, few boys from rightist group opened the coffin's cover. Devrim's body covered by white cerement was taken out from the coffin, and placed into grave meticulously by his four friends. Then, those four friends got out of the grave. They

put Kürşad near Devrim. People standing out of the grave pulled other four people to get out of the grave.

Aydın standing near the grave took the short shovel sunken into the blocked wet soil. He threw a few shovels of soil by reading verse. After that people from leftist and rightist groups started throwing soil. They were doing it alternately, whenever one threw some, the other was going on the previous' duty.

Within roughly one hour, there was a huge burial mound on the grave. Aydın watered the surface of soil. Meanwhile, he was dashing away his tear with the back of his hand. Kürşad and Devrim's friends were upset, too; some of them could not help crying. They had just realized that their friends, with whom they struggled for almost every situation, were death. Now, they were facing with the harsh reality.

Mother Şehriye came to the headstone after the burial process. She kneeled on the middle of her husband and children's grave. She stroked the soil. Raised her head, and to the groups in front of her:

- Now, you can go. You did what you had to do. Still you have affection seeds in your inside, which will demolish hatred and grudge seeds. Come on! Go now.

To Aydın with a kind tone of voice:

- My son, you leave, too. Now, it is my turn to do my duty.

They were abandoning the cemetery slowly. They had come the graveyard as two separate groups. Now, they were going out as an interwoven crowd, whose heads were bended down. Ardent members of leftist groups had already taken their bandanas on their heads out. The leaving groups had been covered by death silence, and that silence was being cut like a knife by Mother Şehriye's sorrow and emotional laments.

*Imposing like a mountain
My two young sturdies
Departed this life today, alas!*

*Like an eagle, like a hawk
Fluttered to the sky
They flew today, alas!*

*The light of our eyes
Fire of my home,
Died away today, alas!*

*I protected from blowing wind
My violets, my roses
Paled today, alas!*

&

Uncle Hakki, while he was drinking his coffee with pleasure, patted his stomach.

- Look İsmail. Did you see that? Didn't I tell you that one lived by sword dies by sword? Their fates were clear beforehand. Why are you dealing with politics? It is trouble to one's both life and property. You need to stay away. I tried to give advice to deceased Baki Agha, but he didn't listen to me.

Café owner İsmail was not ignoring to replying Uncle Hakki, while he was pouring tea from boiled pot to glasses.

- Uncle, you are telling it right. It doesn't seem that fire will cease. It (the fire) doesn't distinguish houses, it burns everything that encounters.

- Yes, it does so. However, you need to keep away from

trouble. Man takes measures, God disposes. Look at my Hasan. He is going to finish his faculty within a few months, then become a district governor.

- God willing, Uncle Hakkı. Surely I want our sons to be literate and have good positions.

- Amen, İsmail, amen. Give that M. newspaper to look. I wonder what they wrote.

- Pupil! Get that newspaper immediately and give it to Uncle Hakkı. I haven't looked at it, yet.

As soon as the pupil got the newspaper, he put it on the Uncle Hakkı's table. As it was his habit, he started reading from the back pages - sport section - to the front pages. He ordered one another frothy coffee. The news on the bottom caught his sight. His hands shook and he got a lump on his throat. He couldn't believe what he read. He stayed motionless. He was breathing as if somebody was trying to garrotting him. Suddenly, his head fell off on the table.

The news was: The last year student of Law Faculty, Hasan V., was killed while he was waiting for bus in Abidinpaşa ... station last night by the gun attack of unidentified people. There was his son's bloody picture on the news.

Café owner İsmail left his calculation, and was massaging Uncle Hakkı with cologne when the pupil went out to call an ambulance.

The sibling blood had shed for the first time in that city. There was sanguine smog in the air. It doesn't seem that smog will decompose above that city for a long time.

*05.01.2008
Bishkek*

