

ALF SF

SPIRIT MAN



BERSERKER

BOOKS



1

When spring came to the country of Kamlanchu and the birds started to sing, flowers bloomed on the trees and on the ground, Captain Burkay came to that big pine tree again. He saw the bright-eyed, moon-faced girl there. A fire fell in his heart. The earth became dark to his eyes. He approached her and said:

"Your face like the moon.

*Your eyebrow like a
bow. Your eyes are
green. Your hair is like
a lion's mane. Your
walk is like a crane.*

*Your swaying is like a
sunna.*

*From which place, source are
you? From which tribe are you?"*

The bright-eyed, moon-faced girl did not say anything. She only raised her eyes and looked at Burkay. This look made his blood boil. It moved his heart, wood fell into it. The earth became dark in his eyes. He said to the girl:

*"Is your gaze light?
your hair ivy? Are you a
star or a sun? Are a
flame or a fire?"*

*Why are you silent? Why
are you burning for me?
Every part of you is like a
cheque. Tell me, what is
name?"*

The bright-eyed, moon-faced girl did not say anything. She looked at Burkay with a smile. He blew his mind with this look. It made his heart troubled. Odour fell into him. The earth became dark in his eyes. He said to the girl:

*"Why are you upsetting me?
You're staring. Your
razor blades tear. Your
gaze hurts. Your colour
seems to be Czech. I
don't know which
colour? Be offended
angry.
Say your one name, girl!"*

The bright-eyed, moon-faced girl fixed her eyes on Burkay's eyes. She said in a voice more beautiful than the sound of the water pouring from the rocks, the wind blowing in the countryside, the birds singing in the forest:

*"I was born in Beşbalık, but I am a Karluk girl.
I am a hidden pain in every man's
heart. If a fire has fallen on your heart,
force it out.
Who knows, name: Openma-Kün. Don't
come near me if you don't want to die.
My trouble is many, it touches your honour unseen..."*

Burkay's heart was filled with wood. The earth became dark in his eyes. He was a good-hearted person. He had done no offence against God or man. He went to the temple and begged God: "Lord! Put out the fire in my heart."

For forty days he went to the big pine tree. Every time he went there, he saw Açığma-Kün there. Every time he went, the fire in him burned. Every time he returned, he begged God at the temple. After each supplication, he decided not to go to the pine tree again. But with each new sunrise, he could not bear the girl's longing. He forgot his decision and came to the pine tree. He was mesmerised and mesmerised by the girl's green hazel eyes.

When he came to the pine tree on the forty-first day, he could not find the girl. His eyes were blurred. His heart burned. He was filled with distress. He waited until sunset. When the day did not come, he asked the pine tree about her. The tree sighs and cries:

"I'm waiting for him too. He won't come and lean on me anymore!" The leaves fell and dried up. He saw a peregrine falcon flying and asked him. The peregrine falcon sighs and cries: "I am waiting for him too, he will not come and take me in his arm any more!" His wings did not flap and he fell on the grass; he died. He asked the green grass. The grasses sigh and cry: "We are waiting for him too. He will no longer come and trample us!" they said. They burned and became smoke.

Burkay got tired and returned to his homeland. He didn't think of anything else but Açıgma-Kün. He went to the temple and begged, to no avail. He drank sour koumiss and got drunk, it didn't help. He drank sweet wine and passed out, to no avail. When the kagan declared war, he also joined. He rode his horse without armour to die. Arrows flew from his right and left; not one touched him. He fought without shield and tulga. Swords passed from his right and left; not one hit him.

He went back to his homeland. He began to think of nothing else but the Open-Agma-Kün. His skin turned yellow. He fell ill and fell into bed. Burkay had a good-hearted wife. She sent for readers, carers, kams, bakshis to make him well. No medicine, no prayer, no magic did not help. Day by day he melted, withered and died. He became dying. One night, when he called out the name of Açıgma-Kün, the woman realised it. She sent men all over Kamlanchu. They searched and searched for forty days. They could not find Açıgma-Kün. One day an old, ugly came. "Only Kilimbi can cure this problem. He is the smartest of the devils!". She took Burkay to Devil Kilimbi. Burkay opened his heart to him. He told him about the girl he loved. "If you give her to me, I will be a soldier in your army." Kilimbi shook his head: "Your heart is in great trouble. It is difficult to get rid of it. If anyone can find a cure for this, Madar, the Head of Devils, will find it." They went to Madar, the Head of Devils. Burkay opened his heart to him. He told about the girl he loved. "If you give her to me, I will be a soldier in your army." he said. Madar shook his head. "You have put your heart in great trouble!" he said. Burkay burned inside. His eyes smoked. "Is there no remedy?" he asked. Madar shook his head. He opened his hands: "There is!" he said. "If you take your brother and offer him as a sacrifice to Naranta, the King of Dragons, you will find Açıgma-Kün where you lost him."

Burkay accepted without thinking anything. His eyes were filled with love, madness was in his blood. He sacrificed his sister to Naranta. Naranta killed and ate her. As the woman was dying, raised her hands to the sky and cursed: "Burkay!

You've done evil to goodness. May God make you miserable. May your soul churn in agony every time you come to this world until the Day of Judgement!" God accepted this wish.

Burkay went to the pine tree after doing what Devil Madar said. The pine tree, whose leaves had fallen and dried up because the girl had left, was green again, and Açıgma-Kün was leaning against its trunk. Burkay approached and said:

*"Where have you been, moon-eyed?
Why did you leave, my
dear? I fell ill for you.
I've travelled far and
wide. Won't you come to
me now?
't you give me a drink?
Come, be my cheeky face!
My silk hairlight eyes!"*

Azigma-Kun did not say anything. He looked at Burkay with magical eyes and smiled. Burkay's mind blown. He almost melted like koumiss. He approached the girl and held her tightly. He kissed her flower-smelling face. He brought her home and made her his wife. But his troubles did not end with this. He loved Açıgma-Kün more and more every day. He could not get enough of kissing her. He could not be fooled by love. He was jealous of the flying bird. He was thimble by the breeze. "You are not human. You are the fairy Kan Katun." His love did not cease. His desire was unbroken. He was not fooled by kissing. His love unquenchable. "You are not Peri Kan Katun. You are God Katun." One day the old, ugly sorceress came again. "Only Madar can cure this problem," she said. They went to Madar together. Madar laughed. "You have fallen into the hell of Nızvan. If he says I love you once, you will get out of it."

Burkay returned to his homeland. "Do you love me?" he asked Aigma-Kun. She wrapped her hair around him and made him forget what to ask. A month passed. "Do you love me?" Burkay asked again. The woman squeezed him with her arms and made him forget what to ask. Another month passed. Burkay asked again, "Do you love me?" She kissed him and made him forget what he was going to ask.

So months passed. Years passed. Burkay went crazy with love. Suffering after suffering, grief after grief. Physicians came, could not find a cure. Bakhchis came; could not cure. "Only death can save you. They said, "Your death is God's punishment for you. Burkay in great agony

he died. As he was dying, he asked again, "Do you love me?" She wrapped him in her hair, squeezed him with her arms, kissed him. But she didn't say anything. When she saw Burkay dying, her eyes teared up. Tears flowed like pearls. "I'm suffering!" she moaned. But he did not say, "I love you too."

Burkay did not get rid of his suffering by dying. Every year when spring comes and flowers blossom, his spirit wanders around the pine tree where he saw Açıgma-Kün and loved him, moaning "I am suffering, do you love me too?". Although a thousand years have passed since that day, Burkay cries there every spring. "Hush, hush, I am also in agony," said Açıgma-Kün, who was standing next to him. But he doesn't say, "I love you too," and so the years pass by...

*

* *

The woman sitting in front of the writing desk reading this tale raised her eyes. She walked around the big room with steady steps and asked the man who was listening to the Uyghur fairy tale: - What do you think? Do you like it?

The room was brightly lit and the whole wall was filled with bookshelves. The clock on a small table showed that it was close to midnight, and next to the clock was a decanter filled with a strong drink and a goblet. The man drank the goblet he had filled and with a disdainful face: - "Fairy tale," he replied.

The woman, a little offended but not showing anything, asked again: - Yes, a fairy tale... A fairy tale written in the Ninth Century, at the latest at the beginning of the Tenth Century... But don't you find a literary side, an artistic element in it?

This time the man turned sarcasm into ridicule: - I cannot comprehend such high values as the literary side, the artistic element. If it has a value, tell us and let us learn...

- Then tell me what you think of the translation...

The man stopped with a sharp movement in the room he was walking through: - "Translation?" he said. You said it was a Uyghur tale. Isn't the language you call Uyghur Turkish?

The woman replied with forced silence: - Uyghur is undoubtedly Turkish. But it is not like the Turkish we speak today. The tale I read to you is a translation of the Uighur text into today's Turkish. I wanted to know your opinion about whether I succeeded in translating it or not...

After drinking another glass, the man said with an attitude that could not be recognised whether he was serious or mocking: - Not bad, he said. But no translation can preserve the beauty of the original. If there is beauty in the original...

And before she could reply, he added: - "For me to speculate on such matters is undoubtedly a sign of ignorance. Because I don't even have the most rudimentary knowledge about when novels are considered valuable..."

She interrupted him in a heavy and serious manner: - It's not a novel. The tale...

The other replied with a very bitter smile: - Is that so? I apologise for thinking that a novel and a fairy tale are the same thing. It turns out that there are important differences between them...

He took another drink, looking intently at her face: - But what's the point? I also mix apricots and zerdalis. As long as humanity is not harmed because of this great mistake of mine...

The woman became a little more serious: - These tales, which have no value for you, have importance for the connoisseurs. You may confuse apricots and zerdalis, but the greengrocer does not.

- So the greengrocer was a superior person to me...

Saying this, he poured another glass. Passing it towards the woman, he said in a very serious manner: - "Here's to the greengrocers who are superior and smarter than me!" and he put the glass he had finished in one gulp on the table with a very hard blow and continued his wandering around the room. They did not look at each other for a while. Then the man stood in front of the table and said: - "Would you please tell me a few words about the value of this tale?"

The woman showed no sign of offence: - First of all, this tale is an almost complete Uighur text. Only one or two lines are missing from the beginning. Then, in terms of language, it is an example of Uighur that has not been exposed to foreign influences. Another important feature is that it bears traces of Buddhism, Manichaeism and Shamanism at the same time. It also has an honour: It is the first Uighur fragment found by a Turk.

The man asked indifferently: - By whom were the previous ones found?

- Especially by the Germans... But the pieces they found and published were purely religious in character. Although there are traces of religion in this one too, you can see that it is more secular in character and written with a moral purpose.

- Like what?

- The thesis of the work is based on the punishment of evil. Furthermore...

He interrupted her:

- Yes, but he also invented a love myth to teach a moral lesson. It seems to me a very primitive idea to make such an unlikely love the basis of a fairy tale. And for a man to be tormented until the end of time... And suffering after death... What marvellous lies these are... Especially that woman... That woman with the look of light... What was her name?

- Open-Unfold.

- Yes, Openma-Kün... What kind of woman is she? Is it possible to find such a woman, such a powerful woman in reality? When such a fabrication comes together, it should be thrown into the garbage bin, but you are praising it by talking about its literary value. I think it is wrong to fill people's minds with sophistry.

The woman was not angry at these words, which were spoken in a very harsh manner. She responded in the same calm manner: - Literature is the embellishment of truths with imagination. Like all fairy tales and epics, it is possible that this one hides an ancient truth...

This time he's genuinely interested: - Really? What truth is hidden in this fabrication?

The woman smiled:

- Since the tale was written at the beginning of the Tenth Century at the latest, and since it states that a thousand years have passed since the event it describes, it means that it brings us a love story from a very ancient time. If we accept the thousand years preceding the date of writing as the truth, we are faced with a literary exaggeration of an event that took place more or less around Christ.

- With which telescope will we see and discover the crumbs of truth among so much exaggeration?

- We don't need a telescope. We will only look through the lens of reason and science... The elements of shamanism contained in the tale also prove that it belongs to a time before the Tenth Century. Because shamanism was no longer alive among the Uighurs of the Tenth Century. The fact that the hero of the tale is a captain also hides the traces of a very old period, perhaps the age of the Huns. In the tale, which has certainly changed a lot during its transmission from mouth to mouth, and which was given the character of Buddhism when it was written down among the Buddhist Uighurs, despite everything, the memories and crumbs of shamanism and very old times have remained, thanks to which it is possible, with some error, to understand the period to which it belongs. The man drank another glass. He looked at her sarcastically: - If I had the talent of a greengrocer, I would undoubtedly understand important truths, find literary elements and perhaps live in peace for a few minutes by indulging in literary dreams. I would be lying if I said that this poor unfortunate Captain Burkay did not interest me. However, I cannot accept that an officer should be ruined by being so close to a beautiful girl when there are great military and patriotic ideas. I beg you very much, whatever the truth of this tale is or could be, explain it to me as much as you understand and in a simple language that I can understand, so that the knots in my head can be untied.

The woman was still calm. She explained, following with her eyes the man who was pacing the room and not looking at her: - The truth may be this: Maybe two thousand years ago, a well-known officer in the army of the then Turkish state committed a great crime or a great sin. The reason for this sin was a very beautiful woman. This officer paid for his crime or sin in a very expensive way, with great material or spiritual suffering. But this was such a case that people could not forget it for centuries. Since the public conscience did not consider the punishment suffered by the officer sufficient, it wished that his soul would also writhe in agony and that the same punishment would be repeated every time he came into the world. Since the punishment was so severe and the tale is set two thousand years ago, this incident could have happened in the time of Mete. In the time of your beloved Mete...

The man's eyes lit up at the mention of Mete's name: - I would rather have been born in the time of Mete than live in this disgusting century.

She began to joke at his naive desire: - Who knows? Maybe you lived in that time too. Just as there are traces and elements of the Mete era in this tale, there are certainly many things belonging to that time in you...

The difference is that in the tale the things of that time are in the form of crumbs, whereas in you the Twentieth Century lives as crumbs. It can be said that you are an officer of the army of Mete who has reached today without ever growing old. Those who are looking for evidence in favour of the doctrine of the flesh should see you. Anyway, that theory is not an idea that can be rejected so casually...

The man smiled: His face, flushed with drink, now had the purity of a child. He filled his glass: - "Let's leave aside the myth of the flesh and blood," he said.

Then, with a sharp movement, he took the main position. With his left hand glued to his trousers in accordance with the description of the military drill, he raised his right hand holding a glass: - "To the immortal memory of the great soldier Mete!

The woman smiled and bowed her head gently: - "Bon !" she replied.

The last glass was drunk. There a long silence in the room.

2

The principal of the GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL rang the bell and waited for the janitor to arrive, while carefully reading the paper in front of him. After ordering the janitor to call the headmistress, he dived into the paper again. She was a painted, fat, very old woman. The anguish of not being able to marry even though she had reached this age and the torment of a secret jealousy arising from being in the middle of hundreds of young, beautiful, cheerful girls and thinking that they would get married tomorrow was read on her face. The chief sergeant who entered the room showed a seat to the lady:

- Come in, Mrs Faika.

Since Mrs Faika was one of the girls who had stayed at home and was worn out like him, the manager loved her with feelings whose source he could not understand. He looked at her with a worried face: - "Finally, what I feared has happened to me," she said, trying to dispel the scepticism in the chief deputy's eyes: - Literature teacher Ayşe Pusat is coming again. I tried so hard not to send this woman here, but to no avail. I think someone in the ministry is holding her back.

- I don't think so, sir. Maybe they reassigned him here because of his academic success.

The manager became irritable:

- My dear sir, what do we care about his success? As long as he's capable of poisoning the students... Isn't the negative influence of his surname enough?

The chief sergeant used to know Ayşe Pusat. He said that she not a bad woman at all, that some things had happened to her only because of her husband.

he knew. But for her sake, he didn't see the need to quarrel with the manager, so he preferred to keep silent. The principal had never seen Ayşe Pusat in his life. When he came to the high school as principal, Ayşe Pusat had already been removed from there. But he hated her because all the newspapers had written articles against this surname for months. Moreover, it was rumoured that this woman had reduced the authority of the high school principal to zero, that she had endeared herself to the students, and that she had thus made the suggestions she wanted. The principal did not know exactly what these suggestions were, but he had no doubt that they were harmful. Finally, even his national and patriotic feelings were enough reasons for him to be against Ayşe Pusat. With a serious demeanour, he started to give instructions to the head assistant: - Mrs Faika! Ayşe Pusat left here three years ago, didn't she? That means that her students, who were small then, have grown up now. I don't think they would have forgotten her in three years. I cannot allow the students to upset the authority of the administration by making a demonstration of love on the day she arrived at the high school. These are children after all. They cannot distinguish between good and bad. On the day she arrives, you should take Ayşe Pusat to all classes and introduce her, and I ask you to do so in a very stern manner. Neither the students nor Ayşe Pusat, what's her name, should be spoilt and indulged. Then... Yes, then tell your teacher friends too. Let them know that this woman is not a very reliable creature. Don't have too much contact with her.

The chief sergeant objected here: - "Oh, madam manager, how can I say that? Maybe there are his friends and acquaintances among them. They would say, "In what capacity are you saying this? It would be better for you to tell them. Besides, the teachers' friends cannot oppose you.

- Okay, okay... Leave this to me, and only explain this to the class representatives in an appropriate language and ensure strict control during the breaks after Ayşe Pusat's arrival. Especially on the days when she will be on guard duty, prevent her from having any personal contact with the students.

- Yes, sir.

*

* *

On the same day, Literature Teacher Ayşe Pusat was on her way back to the high school from which she had been forced to leave three years earlier. This return would be her

It was a very important event for her emotional and romantic imagination. This high school, in which she had once been a student, was like a semi-sacred place, overflowing with all the memories of her youth. After graduating from the Faculty of Literature, she had worked as an intern in a secondary school for a year, and then she had been appointed here and had taken up the job with all her love and enthusiasm, all her energy and good intentions. He worked well and was very successful in training students. He loved his students very much and was loved by them. The sincerity he was able to establish without being frivolous and without abandoning seriousness yielded fruitful results. Making students work without boring them too much, making them listen with curiosity by explaining the lesson very well, and making them respect her by treating her very well were among the achievements of very rare teachers like Ayşe Pusat. She acted with restraint in everything. She also learnt about the special situations of her daughters, asked questions and took these into account when grading them. Unlike many other teachers, Ayşe Pusat would not bother a student who could not prepare her lesson well due to unfavourable conditions at home, but would try to find favourable conditions for her.

Among all the female teachers at the high school, she was the only one who dressed plainly and did not wear colour. She was married and had a small, cute and robust son named Tosun. She spent most of her life between her home and high school, and as she managed her home skilfully, she got along well with her friends and students at school and worked well. She was an energetic and strong woman. Her thick, dark hair fell over her shoulders, her eyes were smiling, and she made a good impression immediately with her smooth speech. She was satisfied with her life and her duty. She had not neglected a single lesson until now.

If it had not been for a great mishap, a great misfortune, or even a catastrophe, this happy and calm life would have continued unshaken, and the three years that were filled with such material and spiritual losses would not have been wasted. Ayşe Pusat did not hold grudges, she was quick to forgive and forget the wrongs done to her. However, she could not forget the treatment of her husband, she believed that her own happiness had been shaken to its foundations along with his great hopes, and she could not forgive the unprincipled people who had caused this.

Three wasted years... But like every human being, he was not late in finding a consolation. These three years had given him the opportunity to get to know people better. Those who had turned a matter of opinion and conviction, which should have no importance in the course of life, into a nationwide issue, those who had acted out of personal grudges and hatreds, had tried to destroy her husband's future, but in reality they had destroyed their own happiness.

It was not easy to live with a man who disgusted people and began to see everything as ridiculous and everyone as insulting. It was also unpleasant to be constantly scrutinised with timid and suspicious eyes. Her husband had been in and out of prison for two years, but the nature of the crime was not understood by many. Along with murderers and thieves, people of opinion and conviction also went to prison, but the masses could not distinguish between these two groups or did not see the need to do so. The false publications of the newspapers were always against him, so that the name Pusat became public enemy number one.

Although there were those who knew the truth of the matter and showed friendship. But these were so few that it was not possible to guide the multitude to the right path with these few.

Ayşe Pusat was religious. She had always believed in divine justice. Although she was not religious, her husband, who used to respect her religious feelings, was now indifferent to this, which offended Ayşe. Although her husband did not say anything openly, Ayşe perceived a hint of contempt in the lines on his face or in his gaze when these matters were discussed. Now the only truth her husband believed in and respected was death. He used to death, he used to find a unique beauty and greatness in dying for the sake of duty, for the sake of ideas. Now, although she did not accept any discussion around it, seemed to miss death. It was not lost on Ayşe that he read and reread articles about those who had died heroically. Although he seemed very material, he was living in a mystical state of mind, in the midst of a sense of death, not living, but dying.

Ayşe Pusat had always found her husband excessive. Although she had liked this excessive behaviour of his at the time of their marriage, she had hoped that it would subside in time, but her hopes had been in vain. There was a fire coming from hidden sources in this man that always drove him to extremes, danger and self-expenditure. Her husband, who was as naive and uninformed as a child in all matters outside of his own convictions, who was easily deceived, who believed in everyone and everything, was now a terrible disbeliever. It was no longer possible to deceive him. However, Ayşe Pusat was deeply saddened when she realised that this was like gradually losing interest in life; she thought that her husband, who had lost interest in life and everything, had also forgotten her, and this belief gradually turned into faith. Her efforts to keep him alive were in vain. However, she also realised that her husband had not yet made a final decision, and that

He knew that a terrible struggle was taking place, and he feared the outcome of this deep struggle with a keen intuition. The end of the fight in the soul of a man who had never known what it meant to go back and regret all his life was truly feared. Her husband had drawn so much enmity and hatred against her that the boundaries of this hatred had expanded and extended to Ayşe Pusat. For this reason, she had been dismissed from the high school where she had been doing her duty in peace and pleasure, taken under the ministry's orders, and even interrogated and forced to testify against her husband.

She endured all these difficulties with great fortitude, met the material hardships with patience, applied to legal means to seek her rights, but she could not get her rights. Although the deprivations of little Tosun were very painful, she overcame them by relying on God, and finally, long after her husband's conviction was completed, she was reinstated to her old position.

As he returned to his post with a sad joy after three years of separation, he knew he would not be well received. He was nervous. But his heart was full of gratitude to God. After getting off the train, he looked at his watch. It was recess time. The children were in the garden and she did not want to enter the school in front of them. She felt a strange shyness towards her students of three years ago, who were now grown up and had become young girls. Maybe these young girls would have turned their heads away, maybe even... maybe... maybe they would have said insinuating words to the wife of a traitor, like her good day friends who did not look for her when her husband was a prisoner and she was penniless and helpless with her small child, let alone looking for her and helping her. Or maybe they wouldn't do that, they would shout with joy as they had cried the day she was expelled from high school, they would come to her and put her and the school administration in a difficult situation. Ayşe did not want any of this. She found it right to linger for a while in the waiting room of the station.

It was a beautiful, sad, cool day of autumn. Clouds were rushing in the air, the wind was blowing caressingly, and the sun occasionally came out. The wind coming in through the open door of the waiting room reminded Ayşe of a day three years ago, and with a spiteful and disdainful smile on her face, she saw her handcuffed husband walking among the bayonets. When the caution brought her here, she suddenly recovered her composure. He thought that this might end in tears. With the shake-up of people who have had a fearful dream, but know that it was a dream, she shook off the bad memories.

threw it. He left the station looking at the clouds flying in the sky. He took the road to the high school with heavy steps.

He was excited when he came through the garden gate. The unknown always gives us excitement. He was also excited because he did not know how he would be received, he forced himself to be stoic, as he always did in difficult moments, and he was successful in this. He knew that the administration would not take it well, but he was not too upset about it. The real issue the attitude of the students. The fact that girls who were still in the spring of their lives, who had not come into contact with the ugliness of the world and life, had no trace of loyalty left in their hearts was probably something that would make one sad. Old people were deteriorating as they saw the evils of life; they were losing their purity of heart and all the good aspects of human emotion. Maybe this was normal, but it was horrible that young girls, whose hearts beat only with goodness, who thought that there were only good things in the world, were also caught up in bad feelings.

The doorman was the same doorman from three years ago. Looking ahead of him, he moved towards Ayşe, who wanted to walk with quick steps. He greeted her with a naive smile and said in a sincere voice: - "Welcome, Mrs Ayşe," he said.

Ayşe suddenly stopped. The kindness of this simple, poor peasant gave her chills. Favour and kindness coming from unexpected places shakes and shocks people more. Ayşe was shaken with the same feeling. Her black eyes shone. She drank two drops of tears into her eyes with great effort and extended her hand: - "Welcome Hüseyin. How are you?"

The doorman shook Ayşe's hand respectfully: - I pray, sir.

Then, bowing his head, he added: - I was very sad, but what could I do? Other than prayer...

Ayşe immediately changed the subject: - it been long since the lesson?

- They just went in, sir.

Ayşe wanted to say something nice to this kind-hearted man, but she couldn't find it. Undoubtedly, this doorman did not know that silence is sometimes even better than beautiful words. Therefore, she to say something. With this thought: - Thank you, Hüseyin. May God bless your heart, he said and walked quickly towards the school gate.

The school bell had just rung and teachers had not yet entered many classrooms. Ayşe sensed that many heads had gathered at the classroom windows. She heard slow and excited whispering, her name being called several times.

When he entered the principal's office, there was no trace of excitement left in him. The principal, who was reading some documents with his glasses on, never looked up. Ayşe knew very well that this was how she would be received. She did not get angry or upset and waited for the principal to finish his role.

One, maybe two minutes passed. The five or six lines of paper the manager was reading, no matter how intricately worded, could have been read several times in that time. But he was stubborn not to lift his head, perhaps to show his authority or to insult Ayşe by making her stand.

Finally, the reading of the six lines was finished. Lifting his eyes from the paper, the manager looked at Ayşe with a grimace. He recognised her because he had seen many of her pictures. Nevertheless, he said in a stern voice: - What do you want?

Aisha was very calm. She answered without a line on her face, without any change in her gaze: - I am the new literature teacher at your high school.

The manager, like all people who want to appear unimportant, supposedly couldn't remember Ayşe's name: - Oh... You , aren't you?

- Yes, I'm Ayşe Pusat...

And after saying this in a very serious, heavy, crushing voice, he took the chair in front of the table and sat down without any offer from the manager.

Here, everything the manager had heard was true. This insolent woman proudly called herself Ayşe Pusat and dared to pull up a chair and sit down without showing her a seat. It would be very appropriate to teach her a lesson, to intimidate her. Grimacing as if disgusted, he took off his glasses. Looking at him with his sternest look: - "I made every effort to prevent you from coming here," he began and fixed his eyes on Ayşe's eyes to see the top-down effect these words would have. But astonishment!... There was no change in Ayşe's face. She was as silent as a stone, motionless and frozen.

- Because, as a principal, I am justified in not wanting a teacher who propagandises students and leads them to negative paths.

The manager stopped saying this. He could not follow up his words in front of the coldness of the other person. The literature teacher made a vague

with a smile: - May I know what this propaganda is? Has an official complaint been made against me?

The director became agitated:

- No, no, no. There are no official complaints or investigations against you.

- What then?

- You are so skilful in your propaganda that it is impossible to catch you.

- What was my propaganda?

- If I only knew that... If I'd known that, would I have let you in here?

Ayşe Pusat looked at the old woman in front of her with pity, even contempt, and thought of her husband's words during the trial when he had exclaimed, "A state that puts incompetents in positions they do not deserve will sink!" and she agreed with him. Such a simple-minded woman was going to be her supervisor, she was going to determine her own destiny by writing secret reports on whether she was successful in her studies or not, and she was going to ensure that hundreds of young girls were raised with strong character and morals. I couldn't help but smile: - "Principal, how can you make a judgement about something you don't know?" she asked.

This question surprised the other. It was certain that when they were surprised, they would turn to one of the ways of lying or rationalisation, as all administrators, all chiefs do: - Everyone says so, sir... And of course, there are some things I know too! he said, and knowing that he could not deal with this woman in a duel of words, he pressed the bell on the one hand and gave his definite order on the other: - I ask you to stop the propaganda and to change your previous method and engage only in your lectures.

3

When AYŞE PUSAT came to the teachers' room with the head teacher, she felt tired. There no one in the room except a male teacher sitting in front of the window reading a newspaper. The head teacher looked at the syllabus on the wall: - "Today you only fourth and fifth hour classes. You will wait for two hours, he said.

Since the most difficult thing for teachers is to wait for free hours, Ayşe Pusat was hoping for a complaint from Ayşe Pusat. But she neither objected nor complained... The head teacher looked at Ayşe timidly for a while and then said: - "I'll introduce you to your classes when it's time for your lessons," he said, and in order not to leave any room for her objection, he addressed the teacher who was reading his newspaper in the corner: - Rıza Beğ, look, Ayşe Pusat is here.

The algebra teacher Rıza Beğ was one of the old teachers of the high school. He was a tired and talkative man, like all teachers who were nearly sixty years old. He had once taught Ayşe Pusat as well. After putting down his newspaper and looking at it, he got up from his seat with joy: - Ooooo. Welcome, my daughter... Welcome Ayşe... I swear I missed her, he said and walked towards her. He shook her hand fervently.

The Chief Sergeant had saved him from the trouble. She left the room silently. After a quick glance around, Rıza Beğ, seeing that they were alone, leaned towards Ayşe and lowered his voice: - "What about your husband? Did he get out of prison?" he asked.

A sad light flickered in Ayşe's eyes. Most of those who were kind enough to ask about her husband did so secretly, when they were alone, by lowering their voices. Like people who are obsessed with a particular idea or an event, Ayşe was also caught up in this, thinking that those who asked secretly would do better not to ask at all, she was angry, but she did not show it. If the man in front of her now was not her own teacher, maybe she would not answer. Nevertheless, she did not refrain from listening to the voice of rebellion inside her and agreeing with her husband, whom she had always criticised to his face, with all the sincerity of her heart. At the end of one of their discussions, her husband said in a melancholic manner: "Are you talking to me about people?" "People are in the past and among the leaves of history. What you see is nothing a caricature."

While Ayşe was thinking about these things, the old algebra teacher, with the enthusiasm of his habit of talking a lot: - "My daughter, Ayşe," he said. I like you, you know. I also admire your husband very much. But what can you do, you have to go with the times a little bit. One cannot tell every truth straightforwardly... She shouldn't have been so aggressive. Isn't a pity? His whole future is ruined.

These were the words everyone said. I was tired of listening to them. Truly, these people were very miserable creatures. Believing in the superiority of their own intellect, they would not stop giving advice to others, but they could not realise their own ridiculousness and patheticness.

Ayşe had already come to the high school today to pass a nerve test, so she was standing in front of the old algebraist with a very dominant stance. I think the other one was aware of this and realised that he was poking at a dangerous subject. Ayşe forced a smile: - He got out of prison, but I wouldn't be lying if I said he didn't. Because he imprisoned himself at home. She doesn't go out anywhere.

- Why?

- He loathes people. He can't stand the sight of anyone.

The old teacher, with a strong intuition, took a share from these words. He sat down in his seat with a deep sigh, as people who are supposedly grieved do. He dived into his newspaper. Ayşe was pleased. She didn't want to be disturbed by anyone either. She was tired of others being preoccupied with her. She retreated to a corner and Abdülhak Hâmid's *Makber* from her bag. When she left the house this morning to come to high school, she put it in her bag.

this book: Why did he choose *Makber*? He did not know this, he had read this book a few times, maybe he knew half of it by heart, but with an unconscious movement taken out *Makber*, although there was nothing unknown to him. Who knows, maybe he preferred it because it was a elegy. He started to read it. But at the second verse he suddenly stopped:

My heart full of âh u zâr...

Suddenly he realised that the sadness in this verse penetrated into his heart. What was it about this verse *of Makber*, which was the most ordinary and even linguistically rough, that penetrated him so much? Or was he himself in a romantic moment?

He thought a little about when poems are effective. While the impressions were dragging him far away with lightning speed, he felt as if a point in his brain was illuminated: People could take pleasure in a verse or a couplet that suited their own situation, and they could feel sadness and grief. Ayşe examined her own heart: This heart was full of âh u zâr. The difference was that while Hâmîd could hurl his own âh u zar as a storm cry to the world and times, Ayşe's âh u zar was doomed to remain imprisoned within the confines of her heart. I think it was probably a problem that touched him so much

He had no partner, not even a stranger to hear his troubles. After discovering this, he dived into the book again: *My heart remained full of âh u zâr...*

Those who were at ease could not understand what it meant for a heart to be filled with âh u zâr.

*

* *

The sound of a bell ringing throughout the high school woke Ayşe from her daydreams. How had fifty minutes passed? She was still on the first page of *Makber*. When she looked up, she locked eyes with her algebra teacher and realised that he had been checking her the whole time. The old teacher was going to say something to him. But before he could say anything, the door of the room opened and one by one the teachers came out of the classroom.

Most of them were the same people from three years ago. There a hidden artificiality in the way they greeted and welcomed Ayşe. Some of them acted as if nothing had happened, as if a three-year period of disaster had not come and gone, and as if so much suffering had not been endured. It was noticeable that those who had met her husband did not ask anything about her. Fortunately, this ceremony of boredom did not last long. The formality of her demeanour drove them away from her and Ayşe was left alone in her chair by the window with her *Makber* in her hand.

He heard the voices of children coming from the garden and recognised some of their names. If he stood up and looked around the garden, he would surely recognise many of them. However, he did not stand up, afraid to show himself, and he was immersed in looking at the sky and horizons from where he was sitting. The mental activity he had been doing for three years had awakened subconscious movements in him. She could think of two things at once, and the second thought, which she had not realised at first, would come to her consciousness in all its brightness. "My head is busy with something," Ayşe thought as she looked at the horizon, and soon realised what it was: For a minute or two several girls had been entering the teacher's office, pretending to ask one the teachers something and looking at her. This trick was always done when a new teacher arrived. But this behaviour, which was always done out of curiosity, had a different meaning today. Ayşe thought about this meaning. She found it too: It could be longing or hatred. She suddenly felt an irresistible desire to find out. With this desire, she turned her head and looked towards the door: Three young girls were talking to a teacher and looking at her without showing it. Ayşe put on all her courage as she wanted to understand whether she would be greeted with longing or hatred. She looked at the girls in black coats and white collars and made eye contact with them. These gazes were very cute and joyful. The literature teacher, whose heart was full of âh u zâr, felt that a shutter opened in the dark cell of his soul and light and coolness poured in. He ran his eyes over the faces and hair of three beautiful girls. He immediately recognised those standing to the right and left. These students, whom he had left as little children three years ago, had developed into slender, beautiful, meaningful, well-built young girls. She could not remember their names, but all their behaviours, their diligencemischiefeven the places where they sat in the classroom were like a film strip.

as if it was going through her mind. The two young girls smiled slightly and nodded to Ayşe as if they were thinking the same thing at that moment.

The girl in the middle looked at her with a shy smile and occasionally bowed her head. Ayşe was trying to recognise her, but she could not. As she racked her brain, sometimes she seemed to recognise her, but she could not find out who she was. There was something about this girl, who was as beautiful as a poem with her violet eyes, the colour of which could not be discerned from a distance, her lush and light auburn hair, but especially her shy smile, itself apparent as she looked at her.

While Ayşe was looking at him, or rather examining him, as if she wanted to understand what this characteristic was, their eyes met. The violet eyes, which had been timid and evasive a moment ago, changed their meaning. They became predatory. But Ayşe, who had become a psychiatrist over the past three years, was quick to realise that this ferocity was not directed at her. These fierce eyes were challenging the surroundings. When Ayşe Pusat saw the violet-eyed girl smiling at her and greeting her with an attitude that had no trace of timidity in it, she suddenly felt an affection for this unknown girl. He smiled himself. In the same open and sincere manner, she received the greeting.

Only Rıza Beğ, the algebra teacher, had seen this secret conversation that took place in a few seconds. He looked at Ayşe Pusat and the girls, saw everything and was pleased with the result. With an involuntary movement born of this satisfaction, he stood up and approached Ayşe. With a casual demeanour of a former teacher: - Ayşe! Do you have a class for the seniors?" he asked.

- Yes, sir.

- It's very good. You'll be especially pleased with the science department.

Ayşe smiled, remembering the literature-science dispute that was the subject of endless dispute in all the teachers' rooms. Rıza Beğ understood the reason for this smile: - No, no! I'm not saying it for that, he said. You will be really pleased with this class. It is a marvellous class of ten people. Especially Ayadolu, Güntülü and... and..."

These names were not unfamiliar to Ayşe and she liked them. Taking advantage of the algebra teacher's difficulty in finding the third name, she interrupted him: - Did you say Ayadolu and Güntülü?

- Yes.

- What beautiful names! they brothers?

- No, he's not a brother. But closer than brothers. They have another friend: Nurkan. These three are inseparable. They were here a while ago. They were supposedly asking something to the physics teacher, but in reality they wanted to see you and welcome you...

Suddenly, a knot untied in Ayşe's mind. She recognised two of the three girls by remembering the names of the ones standing on the left and right. The one with blonde hair like the sun was Aydolu, and the one with chestnut-coloured, braided hair was Nurkan. And the violet-eyed girl in the centre? She was probably Güntülü: - I couldn't remember the girl standing in the middle, is she Güntülü?

- He is... You're excused for not recognising him. Because he wasn't your pupil. He came after you left and immediately merged with the other two. These three are the pride and honour of their class and the high school. But they're like this in all subjects.

Then he turned it into a joke:

- I hope you won't immerse them in poetry and make them neglect science lessons...

As the bell rang signalling the start of the new lesson, Ayşe was again immersed in her inner world. She felt a deep sense of comfort. The behaviour of the three best students of the school showed how she would be received. So the sense of loyalty had not been erased from the hearts of the young girls. Especially Güntülü, even though she saw him for the first time, greeted him in the most sincere manner, she did not care what the people around her would think when she greeted him, she even challenged them. Just as those who think themselves lonely and desolate feel a sense of relief when they see friends around them, Ayşe felt the same, and although her heart was full of âh u zâr, she tasted the pleasure of living.

The thought of the pleasure of living suddenly reminded Ayşe of her husband and she felt a pang of regret that he had lost this pleasure for ever. Like disasters and sorrows, happiness and joys were also temporary. The feeling of relief was followed by a darkening of her heart, and so on and so on. I wonder what her husband was doing now? He must have been gazing melancholically at the horizon from a corner of the house. Or he was walking around the room with regular steps. Perhaps he was bent over books on the history of warfare.

Ayşe suddenly felt filled with compassion: - "Poor Selim!" she said.

Until three years ago, Selim Pusat had been a good captain in the army and was in his last year at the War Academy. He had accepted military service not as a profession but as a belief. He did not think that anything other than military service, which he had inherited from his father and grandfather, could exist. According to him, people consisted of those who commanded and those who were commanded, and life was nothing more than wearing a bayonet and marching in the fighter line. Selim Pusat was apparently destined for a bright future. He ruined himself because of his excessive thoughts and his perseverance for the ideas he believed in. Because he was a supporter of royalism and did not care about the dangers of being a royalist in a country governed by a republican regime. He had thoroughly penetrated the history of warfare and this penetration had led him to royalism.

Captain Selim Pusat did not reveal his heartfelt favouritism to anyone, nor did he hide it from anyone. According to him, the main goal was the art of war, and he considered the kingdom as a good environment for the development of the art of war. Since he did not like to speak unnecessarily and to express his opinion without being asked, he could not find the opportunity to say that he was a kingmaker. However, since he had nothing secret from anyone, he did not see the need to hide it. In fact, there were probably many other professions that could have been chosen after telling a lie that would never suit a soldier.

The thing that prepared Selim's disaster a sentence he used in one of his duties in the History of War. For Gazi Osman Pasha, the Hero of Pilevne; *"He is the last great figure in the history of Turkish Warfare."* His statement had created a storm.

The colonel, who was their teacher, had strongly criticised the idea in this sentence during the discussion of the duties, in a way that demeaned Gazi Osman Pasha, and in a language befitting a politician and a man of a party, not a soldier, he had publicly demanded that this sentence be corrected. Captain Selim Pusat was sincere in his opinion. He understood the absurdity of making a man change his opinion with a warning. He had never turned back in his life, had never regretted even when taking a step towards trouble, and was strongly attached to principles such as military morality and military thinking. What astonished him was that the colonel, whom he had hitherto recognised as a soldier, had suddenly become a rogue, a propagandist. He rejected the request for him to change his mind with a stern voice and a harsh gesture that was never out of military decorum: "Yes, Colonel! The last great work of military art is the defence of Pilevne!"

The colonel was furious. He didn't hesitate to use the usual tactic to catch him by the collar: - Don't you remember Gallipoli and Sakarya?

- Çanakkale is the victory of the soldiers, Sakarya is the victory of the officers. In these battles, the art of command played a minor role.

- you thought for a moment what would have happened if these two had been lost?

- I thought about it for more than a moment, Colonel. Çanakkale and Sakarya were important not for their military results, but for their political results. Pilevne, on the other hand, had a military outcome. Since our lesson is the art of war, I think it would be right to make our judgements with a military mentality!

The class of thirty people was listening to this quarrel with great attention. Although they did not make a sound, it was clear from their faces that some of them agreed with the colonel and some agreed with Selim Pusat.

The conversation between the captain and the colonel ceased to be a discussion and turned into a war of words. Although it was permissible to express opinions and objections on a scientific issue in the lecture theatre, this much was against military discipline.

Selim Pusat would meet every attack without hesitation. Because of this fighting spirit, which had been dominant in him since his days as a military high school student, many people, even some of his relatives, did not know his real name, and referred to him only as "Pusat". Now, while the colonel in front of him was dragging the discussion into a different direction, he also accepted this, and he did not hesitate to immediately take a counter-attack and counter-attack from whichever front the attack came from. Starting with the comparison of Pilevne with Çanakkale and Sakarya, the furious conversation extended to Mohaç, Çaldıran, Kosovo and Niğbolu. Then the colonel, in anger and sarcasm, said: - Staff candidate! How much you long for the era of the sultanate. Although you have sworn an oath to this regime, you speak like a kingmaker!

Pusat's classmates were quick to realise that his answer would be his undoing. Selim, still in his original position, said in the harshest manner: - Yes, colonel, although I have sworn an oath to this regime, I am a royalist in my mind, because first class soldiers only come out in kingdoms. You, too, seem to be a republican today, even though you had once sworn allegiance to the kingdom!

This answer was enough to break the military discipline that had lasted until that moment. The whole class stood up, consciousness stopped and anger took its place. Harsh words were exchanged. The situation was very grave.

A few minutes later, the general, who was the Commandant of the War Academy, heard about this situation; the general came to the classroom with a bayonet-wearing team led by a captain, listened to the incident from the colonel, imprisoned Captain Şerefi, who had been the most favourable to Captain Selim Pusat in the dispute, and banned him from any interaction, and put eight officers under surveillance and made the matter official.

The Colonel gave a very exaggerated account of the incident. If he was to be believed, Captain Pusat would have to be considered a traitor. As a matter of fact, this the general opinion. He was an arrogant, a traitor, perhaps a spy. In order to be so daring, he had to rely on an external force. The large number of his supporters in the class the existence of a secret organisation a certainty for the wise. Their destruction was a national and patriotic necessity...

4

Lieutenant Commander PUSAT was detained in a room for days without being questioned. When the first of the month came, they did not give him his salary. They did not let him meet with anyone because he was banned from any activities. They also prevented him from reading newspapers and books. He did not care about these things. What really upset him was decline in military decency. Among the officers who were in charge of the detention centre, those who were junior to him in rank did not greet him when he opened the door, and even the bayonets showed the same disrespect. In the midst of this anxiety, he had no time to think about his wife and son. Ayşe came every day and brought him a piece of food, but there was no chance to meet.

One day a package of laundry brought by Ayşe was the death blow for Pusat: The laundry was wrapped in a newspaper from three days ago, and although he was forbidden to read newspapers, the guards had somehow failed to notice this. It would not have been a bad thing to linger by reading the newspaper until the advertisements, or even to do the crossword puzzle at the end. But there was no time left for this distraction, because the title "Selim Pusat Matter" in large letters in the centre of the first page suddenly caught their eyes.

As he read the lines, he was surprised at first. Then he became enraged. The blood rushed to his brain, burning his face. Then he fell into great pessimism. He must have been drained of blood because he was cold in this warm spring weather.

The lines that the newspaper enthusiastically reported as news from credible sources all lies, slander and falsification. Pusat,

Doubting himself for the first time in his life, he read the newspaper again to see if he had misunderstood. No, he had not misunderstood. He had even misunderstood it. Because this newspaper was talking about a treacherous attempt to change the regime of the country, about collaboration with foreigners, and it named Captain Selim Pusat as the ringleader of this sinister attempt and Captain Şeref as his closest friend. Many other names, known and unknown, were mentioned and it was mentioned that many houses were searched. At the end of these news reports, it was reported that Ayşe Pusat was also interrogated and her position at the high school was terminated.

Pusat threw the newspaper on his bed and wandered round his small room. Like many men, he could think better when he walked around. But after a while he painfully realised that despite all his wandering, he could no longer think, he incapable of reasoning. This unexpected blow stunned him and numbed his brain. Then he remembered that he was a staff candidate, that it was forbidden for a staff to be surprised, and after looking deeply at the horizons through the small iron-barred window: - "What can a staff officer do when his own army is on the side of the enemy with all its troops?" he thought.

*

* *

The next morning, made an attempt no matter what: He paid one of the soldiers to buy that day's newspaper secretly. With this, the coup was complete. The hope of dismissing the lines he had read yesterday as a shameless journalistic charlatan was completely dashed with the official notification that he was a traitor. When Pusat read this, he looked up to the heavens like someone who had been mortally wounded in the most intuitive place and searched for God. There was nothing but emptiness. He felt raging emotions rise up inside him and he felt a terrible desire to fight rabidly alone against millions of people. Alas, he was deprived of the happiness of being able to fight... He heard a great humming. Like the sound of many engines working together, this humming almost him. In order to understand where this sound was coming from, he looked at the whole field of vision through the window. There was nothing. This noise was caused by the collapse of three great structures like humanity, manhood, military service and

and the sculptures of honour and dignity under these piles were crushed to dust and disappeared.

He was not sick. But he had a fever in his head. He was walking with regular steps without thinking about anything. He was not thinking, but his brain was getting tired from constant activity. This feverish activity of his mind continued even after he went to bed late at night. As the hours passed between sleep and wakefulness, tiring as she lay there, the door slowly opened. Ayşe came in dressed in white and holding Tosun's hand. She could not be seen well because of the shadow on her face. Pusat opened his eyes, filled with sadness.

Birsâm-ı bliss appeared a little more and then gradually disappeared. Then he felt an unbearable longing for Ayşe and Tosun and was startled by his loneliness, thinking that he had no one left in the world but a woman and a child.

When the lieutenant of the MP who had come to the room that morning greeted Pusat with a military salute, he was no longer a captain, but a man wounded, disgusted and filled with hatred.

- Any orders, captain?

- I beg you, Lieutenant, don't call me that anymore and don't greet me!...

Saying this, he pointed to the newspaper. The lieutenant, realising that he knew everything, was a little surprised and at a loss for words.

Pusat handed the lieutenant his well-branded gold watch: - I ask you to have it sold and bring the money to me, not the captain, but a prisoner whose fate is known.

The lieutenant was sympathetic. He gave her an answer that wouldn't upset her: - Yes, sir....

- Also, when my wife comes, tell her not to bother to carry me food every day, that my needs are provided for here.

- Yes, sir!

- Thank you.

- You're welcome, sir.

When he was alone, Pusat felt a change in himself. For the first time in his life he was thinking about himself. He was as hopeless as a man overboard in a raging storm. But he was not going to surrender himself to the treacherous waves, he was going to take exhausting strokes to reach the land far away.

And Ayse? What was she doing? What was her offence that she was dismissed from her job and left in the lap of misery with a small child? By what right, what conscience, what law, what logic were these things being done? Pusat again thought about money for the first time in his life. He had been unjustly and arbitrarily denied his salary, and his wife had been unjustly and arbitrarily dismissed from her job as a teacher. Under these circumstances, the need for money suddenly manifested itself and being in need of such a despicable object as money hurt his pride.

When the MP lieutenant sold the gold watch and brought back the money, he asked him for an explanation about Ayşe's situation. He learnt what it meant to be "placed under the order of the Ministry" and that Ayşe would receive a pension of one-fourth. He gave some of the watch money to the MP lieutenant and asked him to take it to Ayşe and not to mention that the watch had been sold and that she was not receiving a salary. But this tactic was also in vain. The lieutenant brought money back. Ayşe informed him that she did not need the money and that she would come back every day.

Ayşe knew everything and was also aware that Pusat was not getting paid. Then Selim lay down on his cot with the silence of people who had nothing to do and were waiting for their fate. He wanted to rest and recover, cursing the fate that had brought him into the world in a century when people had become so ugly. Since he was being trained as a staff officer, he knew how to make a quick decision. As a matter of fact, he had made his decision a little later and therefore found peace.

When the door opened and a major entered, Pusat was lying on his cot with his feet propped on the bedposts, whistling softly. When he and the major locked eyes, he did not change his attitude. Until a few days ago, this disrespectful behaviour towards a superior officer was something he would never forgive, not even himself. However, after military service was dead and a soldier like him, who would have been willing to die for his country without blinking an eye, was labelled a traitor, military decency, superiority and subordination could no longer be considered meaningful concepts.

The major realised that he was insulted. But the spiteful light in Pusat's eyes and the audacity in his gaze forced him to remain silent and said briefly: - Get ready! You will go up to the general!

At any other time, in order not to keep a general waiting, he would get ready with the greatest speed and reply, "I am ready, major". Now, perhaps with a deliberate heaviness, he was getting ready and whistling the Cadet School Anthem while doing this preparation, which consisted of wearing a jacket and a cap. When everything was completed, he and the major exchanged glances. There was not even an iota of goodwill in these glances. They were like two enemies ready to throw themselves at each other. Pusat walked ahead in an arrogant manner without a word.... and the major was to follow him. A man in a machete and two bayonets were following behind them.

The greeting of the Army Inspector when they entered his room, which was devoid of any trace of military spirit and sternness, was given not to his rank as a general, but to his age. The old soldier was looking at him with his sullen face and furrowed eyebrows, waiting for him to click his heels together and take the main position. He would have been soft towards this captain if he had not shown disrespect to his person. But the other one was looking at him with belligerent glances as if he was summoning trouble by force, not gathering, not into account the great difference in rank between them. The general was really furious. He was offended to be disrespected by a captain in the presence of the chief of staff and the major. In a stern voice: - Captain! Straighten up!" he snapped.

Pusat ignored this warning. He responded by fixing his eyes on the general's eyes.

Sometimes what cannot be expressed in words is expressed with the eyes. Now they were at such a moment. Sometimes eyes that are respectful even though they look hard can sometimes insult with the kindest glances. Now they were at such a moment again.

The general, annoyed by these soft but insistent looks, shouted in a harsher voice: - I'm talking to you, captain! Straighten up!

Pusat replied in a soft, calm voice: - There is no room for improvement in my situation, general!....

This behaviour and this sentence had enraged the Inspector of the Army . To himself

He addressed me as "General" when he should have said "General" and said it as if he were a civilian talking to another civilian.

After taking a violent step forwards, he cried out, his face red: - You insult me! Take the main position!

- Don't expect respect from a traitor, General!

After this response in the same calm voice, he took out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. Despite all his calmness, drops of sweat were coming down from his forehead. In the face of the captain's increasingly vulgar attitude for a moment what

The Army Inspector, who did not know what to do and even thought of drawing his pistol and shooting him, was suddenly caught by the words "traitor". Although he saw a very guilty officer in front of him, he had never taken into account the treason. For him, neither the publications of the newspapers nor the official communiqué of the government had any meaning. It would all be settled at the Court Martial. Now this young captain

When he said, "Do not expect respect from a traitor!", the general suddenly got stuck on this and asked: - What traitor? What do you mean?

Pusat couldn't keep his cool when it came to this. There are some things that even the most tolerant person cannot accept. Calling a person who had lived all his life for the notions of homeland and honour a traitor meant driving him mad, causing him to deny everything, causing him to bear a grudge against everyone, including those who remained silent in the face of this great slander. Yes!... He could no longer keep his composure. Gone were the days when he would speak with his hands clinging to the waistband of his trousers. He stretched out his finger threateningly towards a newspaper on the general's desk and thundered in a harsh voice: - Didn't you read the newspapers, general?

The general had lost his restraint. He was surprised to talk to a subordinate whom he could not manage, outside of military discipline and decorum: - "What do you care about the newspapers?" he retorted.

Pusat smiled bitterly: - Yaaa... So I'm not interested in my own honour! After that official communiqué I realised that humanity and honour are empty concepts. That's why I can't stand in front of you as you want...

Saying this, he increased his arrogance a little more. After wiping his forehead again with his handkerchief, he clasped his hands behind his back.

The general was obliged to ignore it. Because in front of him was a madman who had accepted everything and risked every consequence. But he did not wonder what was going on inside this captain: - You, he said. If you are so attached to your honour, why are you being a king?

- Is being a king dishonourable? Then you and all the senior officers are dishonourable. Because you had once sworn loyalty to the king you are now against. I don't know that a person who was dishonourable once in his life can become honourable again. I have come to this opinion out of professional necessity. I have revealed this opinion only because I was asked, out of concern not to lie...

The general was infuriated by these blunt words. He shouted in a terrible voice: - Behave yourself, captain! Do you thirst for blood? Don't forget you're still a soldier!

Pusat has raised his voice: - Soldiering is dead, general! I can't call sneaky politicians soldiers just because they are in uniform! Teach the MP lieutenants and privates waiting at my door that they are soldiers. They do not salute me, Lieutenant Commander Selim Pusat, because of the indoctrination they received from uniformed politicians. First Lieutenant Selim Pusat does nothing but to pass on the lesson he has learnt from them.

It was useless to talk too much. Pusat was sent to his room and from that moment on harsher treatment began to be applied to him. They put him in a smaller room, in a hole so narrow that it could be called a cell. It was a stuffy, sunless, filthy place. After these treatments and the total treachery of the people, his soul was dead. It was not worth feeling sorry for a soulless corpse.

Despite the strict control, he read what was written about him through the newspapers that came from time to time, and he wondered how he had not been able to understand the existence of so many dishonest people and dishonourable pens until now. This turmoil, this storm arose because he revealed a personal conviction, those who slandered him were applauded by many with hypocritical gestures and he was wanted to be drowned in a deluge of lies, slander and allegations.

Pusat was standing tall. Although he was pale and weakened, he was ready for a death-defence fight alone with this whole mob. But he could not find this opportunity.

At the beginning of the hearings at the Court Martial, handcuffs were placed on his hands in retaliation for the harsh dialogue between him and the Army Inspector. Carrying the handcuffs like a medal of honour on his wrists, with a vindictive smile on his lips and a cursing gleam in his eyes, he searched around with his gaze as he entered the courtroom. Ayşe was there. She was looking at him with a sad gaze, and with the reluctance she showed against the mass of enemies surrounding her, she was indicating that she was on his side.

Captain Şeref looks away with a very heavy and serious face, indicating that he has been insulted just as he has been insulted.

the eight officers, on the contrary, seemed more worried. Because they had as much chance of winning as of losing.

The trial was supposedly public. But no one was admitted except the wives and mothers of the arrested officers. The audience was made up of MPs, senior officers and generals hostile to the royalism, as well as civilian police and National Police officers.

It was a windy, cool, gloomy day. The breeze coming in through the open windows of the courtroom alleviated the oppressive spiritual air. When the prosecutor read out the indictment, which was full of unthinkable fabrications and accusations, the defendants learnt that they were accused of forming a secret society to restore the kingdom in the country and making the army an instrument of it. Interrogations were conducted quickly. Selim Pusat and Şeref gave precise, short, harsh answers, did not evade, and did not show the respect required by military decorum. The other eight people obeyed the requirements of military decorum.

The prosecutor had already put forward mitigating circumstances for them. The sentence for Selim and Şeref was too heavy.

Three times a week the hearings were marked by fierce arguments between the prosecutor and Selim and Şeref, and the judges, forgetting their impartiality, intervened in favour of the prosecutor. Sometimes an academic discussion on the kingdom and the republic would start, and then the two traitorous captains would put the judges and the prosecutor in a difficult position. They admitted everything, but rejected the accusations of restoration of the kingdom, secret society, co-operation with the enemy with vehemence, irritation and insulting behaviour towards their opponents. Selim said to the judges: "I am sure that you, who were brought up with the upbringing of royalty and swore an oath of loyalty, are still royalists at heart." Şeref concluded: "To be a royalist, it is enough to think once about the most honourable figures of history." The discussions sometimes got out of hand and got bogged down in details, and the judges' attempts to catch the two captains at their weak points went on and on.

Ayşe listened to all this with excitement, but she was modest because she knew that it was impossible to dissuade Selim from his idea. She knew which questions Selim would answer and how he would answer them. What interested her was the end of the hearings.

The end was disastrous not only for themselves but also for justice and morality: Selim and Şeref were sentenced to fifteen years each, the other eight

Some of them were given light sentences, and two of them were acquitted. Before the Military Court of Cassation had even ratified the sentence, their epaulettes were removed in a hasty and deliberate ceremony and they were taken to their dungeons.

But I don't know how it happened, I guess it was an intervention of God, the Court of Cassation overturned the decision.

At a retrial before other judges, which was quickly concluded, the two captains were sentenced to two years each for extreme indiscipline and acquitted of treason. But they were no longer happy about this either. They had spent more than two years in prison and had left the prison as soldiers without a profession.

After the two of them had met a few times but said nothing and remained silent with pensive looks, Şeref, who had no one on earth, committed suicide one day by sending a short letter to Pusat. The paper he sent read: "*T yatro b tt . I don't see the need to wait!*"

Pusat did not organise any ceremony for his friend. He personally took his coffin the nearest cemetery by joining three people he had hired with money. After the coffin was placed in the grave, he left a small flag and a book on it. After filling the soil of the grave by himself, he erected a piece of wood at the head end. On it were engraved the words "*My friend Honour*".

5

When AYŞE stopped imagining the past passing before her eyes like a cinema film, the bell rang for the fourth lesson. The head teacher appeared beside her and said with a forced smile: - "Let me introduce you to the class".

Then, feeling the need to make a few remarks to Ayşe: - "Now you have a class in the Science Department. You will be very pleased with this class. They are very good girls. They are not busy with anything else but their lessons, she added.

Ayşe Pusat realised that she had been warned by these words not to make propaganda against her husband. Although she had nothing to do with such affairs, the traces of the allegations made against her husband were still lingering in the minds, and even though he had been imprisoned for other reasons, everyone blindly believed the propaganda against him.

Ayşe ignored the headmaster's insinuation. Together they walked towards the science department of the senior class.

All ten girls stood up. They were all cute and serious girls. But their eyes were smiling. The head busboy introduced Ayşe in a sullen manner: - Your new Literature Teacher... Study hard and make use of her...

How cold and rude this introduction was. The new teacher's name was not even mentioned. The girls waited in silence for the head teacher to leave and stood until he did so. Then Ayşe signalled for them to sit down and

The girls, who had been smiling with their eyes since before, smiled lightly and gently with their lips this time.

Ayşe looked round the class. Nine out of ten were students from three years ago. Aydolu and Nurkan, sitting next to each other in the front, not only the most beautiful but also the most diligent. After looking at the others one by one and remembering their names, he stopped his gaze on Güntülü, who was sitting alone in a row at the back, and admired her thin and meaningful face framed by lush and light auburn hair. It was obvious that this girl had a friendly heart towards him. Where, why, how? He did not know these things, nor did he see the need to know them. Ayşe needed friendly hearts. She longed for people who did not wish any harm for her. A person with such a heart was acceptable even if he was a student. As long as feelings of friendship without benefit...

Güntülü looked at him with shy smiles and her face turned pale. Her eyes, which looked like violet in the morning, were now hazel.

In this first lesson, Ayşe asked them literary questions without lifting them from their seats in order to understand their learning situation, both to learn their level of knowledge and to enjoy the pleasure of teaching a class in her high school, which she had been longing for for a long time.

The answers she received were of a nature to please even the most demanding teacher. Although these girls were science students, they knew literature well, understood aruz, enjoyed poetry, and had a well-founded opinion and conviction about literature. Especially Nurkan and Aydolu, the class representative, were exceptional.

Now it was the turn of the last one, Güntülü. The hazel-eyed girl with the coy smile stood up when she was addressed, and Ayşe wished she would sit down and answer like all the others, she did not say anything, lest she blush.

- do you feel about literature, Güntülü?

This question was not one of the usual questions of the literature teacher. He had asked such a thing because he found this girl original. He liked the answer he got: - I like her very much, sir, both as a lesson and as an art.

He pronounced "s" with a slight lisp and this slight lisp gave beauty to his speech. Her voice was also very mysterious and penetrating to the soul. Ayşe was skilful at picking out the beauties with her talent as a literary scholar. Smiling, she asked again:.

- Why do you like it, Güntülü?

Güntülü, marvelling at his teacher, blinked his eyes several times and replied in the same mysterious voice: - There is no reason for love, sir... If I think, maybe I can find a reasonable reason. But this is not the real reason. Because we love first. Then we try to find the good sides of what we love. And that's born out of our hodgepodge, sir.

Ayşe Pusat was engrossed in the girl's sentences: She spoke in very smooth, grammatically correct sentences. Especially now, her eyes had changed again and she had become pensive. Their colour was probably green. It was not clear where she was looking, but she had a great power of spirit. The whole class listened to him with admiration and especially his close friends Aydolu and Nurkan showed their satisfaction with this beautiful speech with their facial expressions.

Aisha was delighted to have such a student. She renewed her question with increasing curiosity: - Güntülü, can you name some of your favourite poems among the poems you know?

The young girl raised her head a little and thought. Then, looking at her teacher, she slowly began to explain: - Sir! Among Fuzûlî's poems:

Don't give your life to love, for love is an evil deed; It is famous that love is an evil deed.

c inn.

Fuzûlî's most beautiful poem is undoubtedly not this one. But I prefer it because I can understand it and I am drawn to its harmony. Since I have no knowledge of Sufism, I cannot understand many of his poems. I understand Nedîm more easily, but contrary to the general opinion, I do not enjoy his songs.

Consider the spring of this city as a little cheer, Keep the leâlezâr for a sâgar-ı kesîde.

Although Namik Kemal's famous Vatan ode is beautiful, it seems to me that there is no unity between the couplets. Each couplet is beautiful separately. But the composition is not strong. Therefore, among Namik Kemal's poems:

Are there immutable sciences, are there any fixed items left?

As for Hâmid, I have seen and read very few of his works, some of which I have never understood.

I think it's good that he's talking to Alexander.

When they got here, Güntülü suddenly stopped talking. However, Ayşe wanted her to keep talking. Sometimes beautiful scenery is seen while travelling fast on a train. The traveller feels sad knowing that this view will soon change and be replaced by a soulless view; he wishes that the beautiful view will never end. Like him, Ayşe wished that this girl would never stop talking, that she would always talk. The greatest pleasure for a teacher is when a diligent, intelligent and insightful student answers the questions. She asked again, wishing for this pleasure to continue: - Don't you like any of the poems of those after Hâmid, Güntülü?

- I have, sir. I've been thinking to make a choice. I've read many of them. I have many of them memorised. It's difficult to make a choice among so many, sir. If you allow me, I'll tell you the name of the poet, not the name of the poem: I like Yahya Kemal's and Faruk Nafiz's poems first, and then Ali Mümtaz's. Besides these, there are some pieces I like very much from the works of many well-known or unrecognised poets. Sometimes a single poem by an ordinary poet, sometimes a quatrain or couplet of a poem, sometimes a single verse makes a strong impression on me. I have many verses in my memory whose owners' names I do not know. For example, there is a verse that I have forgotten who the poet is and I do not remember where I read it, which I like very much:

What binds us to the earth: the need to create...

Maybe there is nothing superior in this verse in terms of poetic art. But I like it very much, sir, because it gives a good reason for living.

Güntülü fell silent again. Ayşe was smiling in appreciation: - "This verse is by Osman Faruk Verim. This is the first verse of a small collection of poems called "Connecting Us to the Arza", she said, and she liked her even more, thinking that even in her time, when stronger students were being trained than today, there was not such a distinguished girl.

The whole class was looking intently at Ayşe. They were searching for the traces left by three years of anguish. The white strands in the hair falling on the shoulders of their young teacher had increased to the point of being noticeable. These whites, which were more easily visible on black hair, were the memories of three years of ordeal.

Aisha could almost understand what was in their hearts. At that moment, her heart was so full of compassion for them that while she was busy with questions, she said: "O Lord! May none of these girls' fate be like mine!" she prayed.

Güntülü, standing next to her desk, ran her hand over her face, smoothed her hair with a graceful movement and looked at her teacher with that embarrassed smile. Ayşe did not stop her questions: - Which novel is your favourite Güntülü?

- I think I'm a bit picky about novels, sir. Since the verses are short, their effect is instantaneous and strong. Since the novel is long, any defect in any part of it removes the effect of its strong parts, and since I act emotionally, I deny its beautiful and strong parts. Therefore, the novel I liked the most, sir, was a work by a woman novelist who was not so well known.

Güntülü paused for a moment and Ayşe felt her insides twist with sadness. She was afraid that Güntülü would make a childish choice and sing a mediocre work by one of the mediocre novelists. She had liked this girl so much at first sight that she didn't even want her to unknowingly like a bad novel. He regretted asking this question. He was afraid of the answer he would get: - Can you tell me that novel, Güntülü?

- Safiye Erol's *C ğerdelen*, sir. I don't know if he'll agree with me. are you?

Ayşe took a big breath and laughed: - I completely agree with you Güntülü. I also agree with your opinion, she replied.

The young girl showed her joy with a beautiful smile and turned her violet-like eyes towards Ayşe Pusat and waited for further questions.

Ayşe was pleased. She thought that if this girl was brought up, she could fill one of the chairs of the Faculty of Literature with great competence, and with the enthusiasm of this thought, she suddenly asked: - "Güntülü, where do you plan to go when you finish high school?" she asked.

He replied, his face slightly pink: - I want to be a paediatrician, sir.

- I guess you can explain why you chose this profession, Güntülü...

The young girl smiled: - No doubt, sir. I'm very fond of children. I can afford a long type education to be useful to them.

Like all teachers, Ayşe wanted her talented students to enter her profession. She had many words to say to Güntülü and a lot of advice to give, but she did not want to take the intimacy further in the first lesson. Thinking about the principal's behaviour this morning, he felt like losing his joy. But she had learnt to fight her emotions. Overcoming the sorrow that was about to fill his heart, he asked: - Do national epics, which are full of supernatural fairy tale elements, have anything to do with the truth?

- There probably are, sir. Even today, epics being formed. But the cases, the people, the characters of the people are changed so much that it is difficult to understand the truth, sir.

At this point, the whole class realised that a wave of grief was sweeping over Ayşe Pusat's face. Güntülü continued: - For example, the conclusion that we can draw from the exaggerations and marvellous things in the saga of Oğuz Han is that a personage named Oğuz Han in the saga made great conquests. It may even be that Oguz Khan was not really a single person but several successive rulers. It may even be that none of these rulers was named Oğuz, but this name was introduced into the epic by the epic writers of later centuries for religious reasons or social necessity. In this respect, as well as describing the past, they also envisage and predict the future. Of course, the imaginations and predictions about the future are vague and unconscious.

- You told it very well, Güntülü. Now tell us a little bit about your thoughts and opinions on verses.

- I like aruz better today, sir. But I can answer why: It has matured in the hands of greater masters. I think that in the future, syllabic will surpass aruz in terms of harmony, but the great poets who will develop syllabic will benefit a lot from the harmony, the mu- sikîs of aruz. Perhaps a new verse will be born from the fusion of syllable and prosody, and this new verse will combine the rhythm of prosody with the freedom of syllable, which is essential for the strength of meaning. I do not like what is called free verse today, and I think that it would be more appropriate to call this kind of writing not free verse, but unrhymed. In my opinion, free verse is the combination of verses with each other, provided that they are still in rhythm.

It is the fact that it is free and not subjected to any rules. For this reason, the müstezads of Divan poets can be considered as the first examples of free verse, as well as Orhan Seyfi's beautiful poem "Fırtına ve Kar" and Enis Behiç's His poems such as "Sailors" and "Cavalry" are new and beautiful examples of free verse. For example, in the poem "Cavalry":

*O homeland!
Beautiful Turan!
We're sacrificing for you.
Son of the enemy, come out!
We'll know when it's heroic.*

The gradual increase of syllables in the verses is not arbitrary, but according to a rhythmic law. However, this law is felt rather than expressed. In the new writings in so-called free verse, however, this rhythm is absent, so they do not qualify as verse.

As Ayşe listened with pleasure, she was really regretting that this girl with such a strong literary taste was going to enter the medical profession.

- Well Güntülü, I would like to ask you a question about yourself. Although you are a science student, this is the result of a decision made by you in the last years. Before that, like many other students, did you have the desire to write poetry, did you write poems?

- No, sir. Although I have always loved literature, I have never tried or thought of writing verse.

Ayşe looked at her wristwatch. The lesson was almost over: - Lastly, I will ask you some verses written in prosody, and you will find out their metres, Güntülü.

- Yes, sir!

Ayşe wanted to start with simple and easy phrases so that this girl, whom she had warmed up so much, would not leave any question unanswered. She started to ask by searching her memory: - *Now the moon is in the water.*

- Fâilâtün fâilâtün fâilâtün fâilün.

- *I'm a sad loser of the night.*

Güntülü thought for a second and immediately replied: - Feilâtün mefâilün feilün, she replied.

Ayşe was trembling inside, as if she were being tested herself. Nevertheless, she did not hesitate to go to verses that were considered more difficult for students: - *We were thrown into the neighbourhood like lightning from seven arms.*

After repeating the verse, Güntülü turned her pensive gaze to Ayşe and again smoothed her hair with her hand and said the verse: - Mef'ûlü mefâilü mefâilü feûlün.

Ayşe was pleased. She would no longer be upset if she did not know the last verse. She did not hesitate to ask the most difficult verse of aruz: - *The first sorrows of my youth with its first longing O aruz that laughs and cries on its rusty strings!*

Güntülü's face suddenly turned a sweet pink. She repeated the first verse to herself once or twice. As she repeated it, she tapped her fingers lightly on the desk as if she was playing a tambourine. The other girls were trying to find the metre among themselves. A few of them even wanted to find the meter by drawing lines and dots on the paper. But Güntülü found it before them: - Mef'ûlü fâilâtü mefâilü fâilün.

- Well done, Güntülü...

The whole class was pleased and satisfied. Ayşe had nothing left to ask. But since the bell hadn't rung yet, she didn't want to stand idle and asked her last question: - Until now, I had sung the verse and you had found the metre, Güntülü. Now I will tell you the metre and you will find a verse in that metre. Can you find me a verse in the metre "mef'ûlü mefâilün feûlün"?

Güntülü raised her head slightly again. It was certain that she had many poems in her mind. It was unfair to question her so heavily in the first lesson, but with this she would already have her number at the end of the year. Her friends also turned their faces towards her with curiosity. Güntülü gave her answer without realising it: - *My heart full of âh u zâr!*

The smile on Ayşe's always smiling face was suddenly wiped off. The young girl was aware of this. In a panic: - "Did I say it wrong, sir?" she asked.

The teacher forcibly smiled again: - No, Güntülü. You said it very right...

And the bell ringing at the classroom doors the end of the lesson.

6

When AYŞE came home, Selim was busy at the table with books on the history of warfare. He had been writing military articles for a newspaper under a pseudonym for some time, trying to lighten the heavy burden on Ayşe's shoulders. But it was obvious that he was doing all this with a forced labour, by boring himself. Selim, who used to be so active, had now become a quiet, thoughtful, depressed man. The hours he spent gazing at the horizon from the window, the weeks he spent without laughing could have been the signs of a great indecision as well as a spiritual crisis. He did not complain about anything, but he did not like anything either. He had lost the ability to enjoy life. He did not go out anywhere, did not go to any entertainment, did not call anyone, did not look at the faces of those who visited him. He spoke very little.

He used to drink often, and when he did, he was very cheerful and joked with his companions. Now he drank more. But despite his excessive drinking, his face did not smile, on the contrary, it became darker and sadder. He had acquired strange habits: On such nights, he would put on his officer's uniform with his epaulettes removed and his boots, and he would walk around the study, the largest room in the house, at a steady pace. When anthems were played, he listened to the radio; he drank and drank, sometimes to the point of staggering, but he did not cheer up.

While walking around the room, he sometimes stands in front of the books, pulls out a volume describing one of the great battlefield battles, and puts it on one of its pages or on one of its pages.

and then put it back after looking at the map.

Selim Pusat was also preparing studies on the history of warfare. It was evident from his face that he was in a relaxed state of mind while he was busy with these. In particular, his study comparing Mete and Hannibal according to their wars of annihilation was original. But he left it unfinished.

Mete was one of his favourite great soldiers. Because he was both a soldier and an organiser. He was the man who created a nation, not an army. He analysed the campaigns of Bilge Tonyukuk and Kül Tegin on the maps he had made by working for months and admired these two commanders. He admired Çağrı Beğ of the Seljuks very much, but he used to say "He is a hero rather than a commander". He pitied the lack of information about Afşin Beğ, who won every battle he fought.

He had studied great commanders and great wars of extermination and had entered into the philosophy of war and command, and had investigated the conditions under which great soldiers were raised. His conclusion was this: Great soldiers grow up in kingdoms.

Since Selim Pusat was a soldier, he did not think about regime, which was a political issue. According to him, the regime was more or less the dress of nations and societies. Just as there were healthy and unhealthy clothes, those that suited and those that didn't, there were regimes that suited and those that didn't. The Republic was perhaps a very beautiful regime. But it was insufficient in terms of raising great commanders.

This was just like the fact that white, light, linen clothes, which were very healthy for hot climates, were harmful and lethal in Siberia. When he thought of the injustices and slanders he had suffered because of this conviction, he was shaken with a mad rage, and blood welled up in his eyes. Because he was always extreme, he gradually extended his hatred towards those who were hostile to him to other people. As he saw the evils, he accepted that one could not remain virtuous in life, and since he could never take this path, he became cold from living and became a robot. It could be said that there was no trace of love left in Selim's heart, it was replaced by hatred and disgust. This was the point that upset Ayşe. What could her husband who had no trace of love left in his heart give her? She had searched in vain for the old light of love in his eyes. This man, who had once been so vivid, now wandered like a shadow, a dream, a spirit. However, Ayşe had not yet lost all hope. Every now and then she saw in him traces of humanity from this world,

he could see the sparks. One night, as the anthem "Old Friends" played on the radio, his eyes first sparkled with energetic joy and then moistened slightly. Another day, he asked Ayşe about the gharâmî poets of old literature. Engaging with ghāmî poetry was like a sign of coming back to life. Ayşe wanted this so much that she was even willing to let her husband love someone else in order to rekindle the fire in his heart.

Occasionally, when he saw him relatively calm and mild, he would start a quarrel, insist that he cheer up a little, go out, go travelling, but he was met with silent and insensitive resistance. Pusat no longer believed in anything, he saw everyone as disgusting, found every pleasure vulgar, and mocked everything.

He was a wounded person. He was devoted to military service in his heart and feelings, but he was hurt from the deepest part of his heart when he realised that even some soldiers had lost their military spirit in this ugly century. While he was being drowned in the mud of the most vile slanders, while he was being subjected to unprecedented injustices, God did not help him and did not even pour out a drop of His mercy. He had seen morality, justice, humanity, friendship, everything, and learnt through bitter experience that these were mirages. How could he consider himself safe on a rickety wooden bridge with a cliff underneath? If not for Ayşe and Tosun...

Then he remembered his friend Şeref: "The theatre is over. I see no need to wait..."

What was he waiting for? There was an inexplicable feeling inside him that told him he was waiting for something. He was thinking what it was. Sometimes it was as if he heard a voice saying to him, "You are waiting for trouble!" and then, with a voluntary effort, he would get rid of the effect of this and dive into the history of warfare, his wandering or his grief.

When Ayşe entered the room, Selim looked up and met her smiling eyes with a sad look. Ayşe was happy today. She would be even happier if her husband was a little cheerful. She wanted to say some things to Selim because she knew that happiness was temporary for others. She had stopped saying "How are you?" to him since he got out of prison. Her husband was not well and Ayşe, who knew that he was not well, was furious that he asked her how she was. Therefore, it was necessary to say something different to him every time they met.

- He asked, "Did you study well

Pusat, after making a gesture of dissatisfaction by twisting his lip, got up from the table; he started to walk around.

Ayşe used to commiserate with her husband, telling him what she had seen during the day that she found interesting, and waiting for him to tell her.

But Pusat no longer listened to such things. Even when he seemed to be listening, his mind was always occupied with something else. Ayşe, knowing this, felt the desire to say something that would interest Selim: - Not everyone in the world was bad and unfaithful. There were also those who were friendly to us... she began. With this statement her husband's face became a line of intelligence.

Aisha immediately in order to prevent her sarcasm from turning into words: - If you'd seen the way the girls greeted me, you'd agree!

- How do the boys you call girls know who you are?

- Almost all of them are my old students. The new ones have learnt who I am from the old ones.

- Can these old loyal boys remember the incident three years ago?

- Remember what? 's three years?

Pusat was walking around and not looking at Ayşe. It must have been a joke: - "Congratulations on having students with such sharp memories!

In the past, Aisha would have been offended by these words from the bottom of her heart. But her heart had been broken into dust and there was nothing left to break. A heart that life had filled with âh u zâr was not going to be offended by the jokes of someone who had also been offended by life, someone very close to her. He already knew that he was now a carer. But such a caregiver that the patient's problem was not understood and the patient did not complain. She tried everything to involve Selim in life, but she was not successful in any of them. If it wasn't for her persevering character, she would have given up long ago, leaving her husband to his own devices, and she herself would have given up on life. Although she sometimes felt tired, she did not give up her efforts, she tried to find new ways to keep her busy and to discover things that would give her pleasure. Knowing that Selim liked courage, she talked about the courageous behaviour of her daughters: - They were not afraid of the neighbourhood. Despite the obvious pressure the administration, they did not hesitate to show their feelings of friendship. There was especially one of them...

Ayşe fell silent. Not with an intention, remembering Güntülü, thinking of her sometimes pensive, sometimes predatory, sometimes embarrassed gaze and her colourless eyes, as if she heard long and neat sentences she became silent. Pusat

he asked, continuing his wanderings: - Yes, what did that one do? Did he say he was the kingmaker?

Selim talked like that all the time, everywhere. He was mocking. Or he was sincere, but it gave the impression of mockery. Ayşe was used to it. If it wasn't for the strong bonds of the past, if it wasn't for the common disaster that had brought them closer together, she wouldn't have tolerated him even for a single moment. But the bonds of the past and the hope of the future drove her to endure and she endured everything like an unselfish dervish. As a matter of fact, her husband endured the hell of life for an unknown thing, the nature of which was very curious to Ayşe.

- Of course, he did not say that he was a kingmaker. However, although he was not a former pupil of mine, he came to the teacher's room before the class and greeted me defiantly.

- Great heroism! She's a girl worthy of applause.

These words were spoken with great seriousness. However, they contained so much humour that even Ayşe could not tolerate it. She was going to rebel. Afraid of offending a patient, she put up with this mockery as well: - I have an exceptional class of ten people. Especially three of them are very rare children. Their names are also very beautiful...

- I know. It's either Oya, Birsen, or Fügen...

Ayşe smiled. For all her humour, it was something else for her husband to talk so much: - "You didn't know!" he said. It's not one of those fashionable names. Look, you'll like them too: Aydolu, Nurkan and Güntülü.

While Ayşe was saying the girls' names, Selim was leafing through a volume on Napoleon's wars. He quickly turned his head: - "Did you say Güntülü?" he asked.

- Yes.

- What a strange name! What were the others?

- Nurkan, Aydolu.

Pusat put the book back where he had taken it and started to walk around. He looked very absent-minded. Again without looking at Ayşe, he asked: - Don't you see a weakness in these works?

Ayşe was surprised:

- What artefacts are you talking about?

The other one smiled slightly: - I apologise. I confused Napoleon's work with your beloved heroic daughters. I meant to say, don't you find something linguistically unnatural in their names?

- No, no, no.
- Oh... What Nurkan mean?
- Nur means bloody.
- And Aydolu?
- The 15th.

Pusat shook his head: - It's a forced appellation. It should be a full moon. But if you say it is, it is. According to the sarf lessons I studied in the past, it is a second type of isolation compound. Although it is not a day, it is grammatically correct.

Aisha was pleased. She continued with a joy she had not heard for a long time: - You'd love them too if you could see them. They are very clever and knowledgeable girls. And such beautiful things... Like a poem...

- As beautiful as a war of extermination?

Ayşe was accustomed to such oddities of his, but she could not help looking at him with a look of amazement that took away her joy: - Even if the war of extermination is beautiful, how can you draw a similarity between him and the beauty of a girl?

- You compared the beauty of girls to poetry...
- Yes?

- Since poetry is one of the fine arts, you likened the beauty of poetry to the beauty of girls. Warfare is one of the finer arts. The best examples can be found in wars of extermination.

Ayşe protested, trying not to offend her husband: - I agree, but this fine art is full of blood and death. Is it similar to the beauty of a young girl?

- Poetry is full of tears, war is full of blood. When you compare the beauty of the girl to poetry, what do you find similarities between the girl and poetry? Poetry is thin, the girl is thin... The poem is pleasing, the girl is pleasing... The poem makes you shed tears, and the girl sheds tears, doesn't it?

Ayşe nodded her head in agreement, not knowing what the outcome would be. Selim continued by walking around the room and not looking at Ayşe: - "If you accept a girl who makes a few people shed a tear as beautiful, why don't you call a girl who can make a crowd shed blood very beautiful? The war of extermination is a work of high and subtle art, a work that has been created by using the yeast of courage. Its capital is life. A girl who resembles a war of extermination is undoubtedly more beautiful than a girl who resembles poetry. Because in a war of extermination there is a definite result. In poetry, nothing...

Ayşe smiled tenderly. Selim was overdoing it again: - Be careful, he said. When you belittle poetry so much, you forget that you are a poet yourself.

Her husband suddenly stopped. He looked intently at Ayşe, trying to read the meaning in her face: - "As a teacher of literature, would you consider me a poet?" he asked.

Ayşe replied seriously: - Of course. Some of your poems are worthy of being included in anthologies.

Selim Pusat had been writing poetry since he was a military high school student. This curiosity continued at the Military Academy, and he found time for poetry during his service as an officer. However, when he entered the Military Academy, he left everything else and accepted the art of war as the most serious of the arts and the highest of the fine arts. Among the poems he wrote, there were a few lyrical verses that were the product of his exuberant temperament. However, he never considered himself a poet, and later on he hated poetry. After the disaster befell him, did not remember that there was such an art as poetry in the world, he completely forgot that he himself had once written poetry.

When Ayşe reminded him that he was a poet, he tried to find his old writings in his memory:

*With your love, you have been our tears flowing for you
waterfall, blood will extinguish our unbreakable black love...*

What was in these? Nothing... Selim found these verses, in which there was nothing but the harmony of aruz, ridiculous.

*I fell in love with the love of such a coy girl whose fanciful and beautiful
eyes pierce every heart...*

Selim didn't want to remember the rest. He hated Nazlı girls. He wanted all women and girls to be as energetic and strong-willed as Ayşe. Suddenly the memories of his time as a student flashed through his brain and the images of a few girls flashed in his mind. Now they seemed to him as empty and soulless as the names of foreign dead people. There was no beauty in these verses written in aruz. Suddenly he felt a disgust for aruz and likened it to a woman who hides her ugliness with paint.

Now he was trying to remember the verses he had written in syllabic metre. Some vague couplets seemed to come into his head and all of them were

it looked like: Love, love, love. "So much love..." he muttered to himself. "It's obvious that it's a lie."... Suddenly two verses gently fell from his lips:

*O unrivalled self-sacrificing, chivalrous friend!
've made us jealous, look how glorious your death is!*

When the glorious death was mentioned, Pusat became excited and started to think about when and for whom it was written. Two more verses came to his mind:

*On the brave and glorious chest of our friend, the glory of the Shah is a red
rose.
opened...*

Selim looked out of the window at the horizon and thought of his friend Şeref. Were these couplets parts of an old and forgotten poem? Or were they spoken spontaneously now, remembering Şeref? How strange!.... Again something strange was happening in his mind, taking him back to ancient times. In recent days, a strange state had emerged in him. An event or a word would make him think of a time or a person centuries ago, and it was as if he had been there at that time and remembered that event or person. Now again, there was a distress inside him, the roots of which were very old. This was not the result of an anguish of three years ago. Suddenly, he looked at Ayşe, and involuntarily recited the verse he had disliked a moment ago:

Blood extinguish our unbreakable black love...

SELIM PUSAT was used to walking for kilometres around the room. Walking was a beautiful thing. He liked walking because he was an infantry officer, and then it had become a habit for him. When he was in prison, he used to walk for hours within three metres of the cell, strolling until he was exhausted. Now, when he was walking back and forth in the room, which was as wide as a training ground compared to that cell, he was undoubtedly more satisfied. But he no longer understood anything from joy and sorrow. The sadness he was used to had become his main nature.

Occasionally he went to Çamlı Koru, but he chose the evening hours when no one was around or rainy and windy weather. It had not escaped Ayşe's notice that he had been going somewhere frequently lately. At first, she thought that he was going to the countryside and hills as he sometimes did. Then she discovered that these visits were not to the deserted countryside, but to a more deserted place, to Şeref's grave.

Selim had nothing to do with the living. He could not be considered alive either. Among the concepts he believed in, there was such a thing as friendship, which he found in Şeref's grave and went there as if he was going to a living person. Anyway, according to Selim, living was just living; death was living in memories, in hearts, in nature and in eternal darkness. Or it was to live only in memories, in nature after being erased from memories, in eternal darkness after being disintegrated in nature. How beautiful it was to be lost in that darkness, to be forgotten! There was a great sacrifice in saying goodbye to all the beauties of the world, and like all sacrifices, it was a marvellous thing. Ayşe

If not for Tosun and Tosun, Pusat would have long since sunk into eternal darkness. As he wandered around Çamlı Koru alone, he would think about death and realise its deeper meaning in the face of the meaninglessness of life. Since people clung to this meaningless life, it was impossible for Selim to get along with them. Therefore, he used to go to Çamlı Koru when no one was around. There was the place where the lovmakers roamed. The plain beyond was the corner for mothers with small children. Below, the old and the sick would wander around.

It was a very windy evening. Occasionally there was a drizzle of rain. The chilling sound of the wind hitting the branches was more beautiful than the most majestic music. Selim Pusat was wandering alone, trying to cool his chest, which was burning with an incomprehensible fire.

To think, to hear, to be alone with nature, all alone like this, loneliness... But Selim sensed he wasn't alone. There was someone calling him. But from where, how? He didn't see the need to look around to understand these things. He was in the habit of not paying attention to anything. As the night was getting deeper, he sat on a wooden sofa where the wind rang most harmoniously. The cool wind enveloped him like a caring mother, took the heat from his forehead, caressed his face and offered consolations in a language that not everyone could understand. While Pusat was lingering with these consolations, he was listening to the voices coming from far away, from the wind or from within, and he was enraptured as he listened:

*His heart beating in his chest and shattering, his hair is blood, his eyes are sharp
and the other one's gone.*

*Now it will be over, this evil that shakes
your soul. Z ra his hair is bloody love's
sm eceld ...*

While Selim was enjoying this sound like a death-thirsty volunteer, he suddenly woke up from his reverie by remembering Ayşe and felt a deep resentment towards his wife for preventing him from hearing such a sweet and divine sound. But he quickly forgot his resentment. The voice was coming so close that if he turned his head, it was certain that he would see its owner. Even so, he did not turn his head with a strange feeling, he was listening to the voice. This voice was a mysterious, soul penetrating female voice:

*You drank the poison of death with your own hand Which distant
shadow is still in this heart?
waits?*

Look, he cries out, "Hopes are vain," say the gloomy dogs who compose sorrow in the darkness.

Selim shuddered and felt something similar to fear. Selim Pusat, who had never known fear in his life, was now going to be afraid of an unknown, mysterious woman in the dark? Never! The feeling in his heart was not fear, but something strange that resembled a shiver of pleasure. He had heard this woman's voice calling him to eternal darkness somewhere else. But now he couldn't tire his mind to remember where he had heard it. Because he was immersed in the beautiful harmony of the voice:

Listen to the spirit of Adam's country: Inviting you from place to place, look, you're thousands embraces...

Those who wander silently like a secret, like love One day they will find you lying in the grass...

He was shuddering and trembling at this whispered voice. The woman in the darkness was very close, right beside him. Selim heard her heart beating as well as his own. Why didn't he turn his head and look? Because a force from within was ordering him to do so. The voice of this unknown woman was now stronger, more chilling, more mysterious and commanding:

*I want your heart to be mine, because it is destined...
Isn't your skin enough for you? Quickly rip out your
heart and give it to me! There is no place to be saved in
the afterlife!
You'll love me for sure, you can't escape it...*

Selim suddenly remembered an old forgotten lover. The voice was his voice. With an energetic mental leap, he thought of all the lovers he had been more or less close to in the past. This voice was not any of them. But he was so sure that he recognised it that he could not be mistaken. He brought his hand to his forehead with the distress of people who think of a name they want to remember, cannot find it, cannot say it even though it comes to the tip of their tongue. Yes, he knew... He knew this voice very well. He even remembered the place where he had heard it. But a strange feeling inside him was taking the time of this knowing and remembering to very old, unbelievably old times. While his hand on his forehead was wet with rain, the voice started to address him again:

Obey me, and your soul enter a new realm...

*Fate has written : my love last a lifetime!
know it with your mind, your consciousness, your imagination: You will
absolutely love me, you can't escape it...*

Selim was now in incomprehensible agony. This agony, unlike any material pain, could drive a person mad. Despite the mysterious voice that bound him there, he stood up with a stiff movement. He was going to leave Çamlı Koru and go home. Suddenly he stopped: At the other end of the wooden sofa, a young woman was sitting and looking intently at him. The fact that someone else was standing next to him bothered him strongly. He would have walked. But when he saw her looking at him like a close friend, he hesitated for a moment. The woman smiled slightly and said: - "Please, don't go!" she said.

Selim was sure that the words he had just heard were not spoken by this woman. There was nothing marvellous, nothing mysterious in her sad voice that said "Please, don't go!". In a cold voice: - "How long have you been sitting here?" he asked.

The young woman looked at him with sorrowful, perhaps even a little moist eyes: - "I came just now," she said. You got up as soon as I sat down.

Pusat then looked at her as much as the darkness allowed: It was a very young woman with a fairy face, even a girl. He asked again in the same cold voice: - Who are you? Why do you want me to stay?

He smiled with a sincere smile: - Don't you recognise me Selim Beğ?

Selim took a step closer and looked at him carefully and with cold indifference: - I see you for the first time, he .

- You'll have forgotten.

Selim Pusat was now like a captain commanding his company. In an upright voice: - OK! Suppose I forgot, what is it you want from me?" he asked.

The girl stood up. She pointed somewhere ahead: - I don't want to meet him, can you take me home?

Pusat looked in the direction indicated, and saw, in the light of a lamp, a very ugly-faced man with no clothes and a very ugly face limping past, looking at them. Although there was a considerable distance between them, he felt so disgusted by him that he was furious: - Who is this abomination?

The girl seemed to be afraid. With an involuntary movement, he took Selim's arm and snuggled up to him. The trembling of her body showed the degree of fear or excitement.

but Pusat could not justify being so afraid of a man who should be loathed: - Get off my arm and walk. I will take you home!

These words were spoken in a rough and commanding manner. But the girl did not obey. On the contrary, she held Selim's arm more tightly and said: - "No!" and looked forwards.

Selim turned his head to where he was looking with an automatic movement. Surprisingly, he was now seeing the same scene as a moment ago: Under the light of the lamp, a disguised and ugly-faced man was limping past, looking at them. He should have already passed the short distance illuminated by the lamp by now. The time he talking to the girl he didn't recognise was enough for that. Even so, it was strange that he saw the same thing twice in a short time, like watching a film twice. In order to complete this strangeness, Selim couldn't help repeating what he had just said: - Who is this rascal?

- The worst man in the world... I often come across him and he tells me...

The girl did not finish her words and grasped Selim's arm again strongly. Pusat did not understand the meaning of her words. Because at that moment his mind was occupied not with her words but with her voice. This voice was not that voice. It did not have that creepy and mysterious harmony. When he knew this for sure, he carefully examined her face. It was a beautiful face, but without any particularity. The voice of a girl with such an unremarkable face could not be marvellous either. Selim suddenly felt a sudden hatred towards her and he could hardly resist his inner desire to "shake her off his arm". He felt no pity either. He was going to fulfil the wish of someone who asked him for help, as a habit from the old times. That's all...

They were walking. Selim, disgusted by all forms of fear and cowardice, was tormented by the fact that this strange girl was clinging to his arm, and he thought of nothing else but to take this creature, who disturbed the sweet chill his soul felt from loneliness, home as soon as possible and leave her. When he reached the lamp, under the light of which they had just seen that disguised and ugly man, Selim Pusat looked around for him. He was not there. Although it was not possible for him to get so far away in such a short time that he could disappear from sight with his limping steps, he did not marvel at this either. In a stern voice: - "Where are we going?" he asked.

The girl was still trembling. Wiping her moist eyes with her hand, she smiled slightly: - My house is not far from you. We are not strangers either. You will recognise me.

When he didn't get an answer, he continued: - I am a student of Mrs Ayşe...

Selim looked at him with a stern gesture worthy of those who turn their heads to salute at a parade. He stared at him for a few seconds. Then he asked her with a line of intelligence on his face: - Aren't you one of those heroic girls?

- Which hero girls?

This question was asked with such a strange naivety and the foreign girl looked at Selim with such astonishment that he could not help smiling and replied with a sneer in his voice: - "Girls who have a weakness for royalty in their names..." and while he was still staring at her with a puzzled look, looking carefully at her face, all the lines of which were well visible under the light of the lamp: - No! According to Ayşe's description, you cannot be one of them. Because you are not as beautiful as a poem!

They continued walking. The trembling of the girl, who still had not left Selim's arm, had passed and was replaced by astonishment and curiosity. Although she did not understand anything, she liked these words.

Selim Pusat suddenly stopped. He was furious. Lately, he had been having such sudden moods, rages and flare-ups due to a state of mind he had fallen into; it was very common for him to get angry for the most insignificant reason, such as a small match making a big barrel of gunpowder shine. Now, again, he had come to that point of crisis with the associations within him. In a stern voice: - What is a high school girl doing here, all alone, at this time?

- Are you telling me Selim Like? I'm not high school that...

Teacher...

Selim again put on his sad seriousness: - Didn't you say you were Ayşe's pupil?

- I'm his former student. Mrs Ayşe introduced me to you. We met a few times.

This girl had no meaning for Selim other than being a former pupil of Ayşe. It was a tedious task to choose one of them and to make it fit the girl on his arm by tiring his memory of a number of girls' names mixed together. He didn't bother: - "Can you tell me your name?" he said.

- Leylâ... Leylâ Absolute...

Selim Pusat looked at the girl again in a state of disappointment, no, not disappointment, but in the mood of a person who hopes for the bad and finds the good. Where did this disappointment or this unexpected discovery come from? Was it the girl's name? Did he think he would meet one of those strange girl names again? Or... Don't... I wonder...

What was the woman's voice saying a moment ago? Selim suddenly: *Absolute you'll love me, you can't escape it*, and he remembered the girl next to him. When she said her name as "Leylâ Mutlak", she combined the harmony rising from her voice with the harmony of the unknown voice.

They stopped at Selim's will. His face hardened, even a little excited. Hal he'd bought it. "Leylâ Absolute"... "The Absolute you will love"... "Absolute"... "Absolute".

That was the voice. Was it possible for it to be otherwise? Looking into her eyes: - "Could you read the poem again?" he said.

Leylâ found the man front of her strange, but she accepted him naturally: - Which poem?

- The poem that ends with "*You will absolutely love me, you can't escape from it*"...

- I don't know this poem... I'm not a literary man.

- No harm done. Repeat the verse!

Leylâ paused and looked at Selim. Selim grew impatient: - Repeat it without any possibility in your mind: *will absolutely love me, you cannot escape it!*

As he said this, his voice was rising pitch by pitch. It was late and the place was deserted. The girl had no choice but to obey: - *You will love me for sure, you can't escape from it.*

- One more time!

The verse was repeated. Selim, who listened carefully without looking at the girl's face:

"No!" he said and thought, "That voice is not that voice..."

Then how did her voice sound like the other voice when she said "Leylâ Absolute" just now? If the woman who recited that poem was not Leylâ, who was she? Selim Pusat's brain was suddenly confused. A revolution that would shake his soul was about to begin. As he always did, he put on his willpower and overcame the shock by using his habit of ignoring it. In order to erase the last negative impressions from his consciousness, he asked Leylâ: - What are you studying?

- History.

- What date?
- General history.

Selim Pusat was in his usual obscene mood: - So you're telling fairy tales to children.

Leylâ changed when her speciality was disrespected: - Do you think history is a fairy tale?

- Completely!

- How can that be, Selim Beğ? I read an article of yours about square battles.

- You have honoured me. Do you take seriously the claim of establishing events of thousands of years with the help of crumbs called documents, while people describe even the simple events they have seen with their eyes in different ways, even contradicting each other? Are you sure of the intellect, vision, and especially the conscience and honour of those who left the documents?

- But the method? The method of history?

- Does your invention, which you call a method, have a rational rigour? Humans are created both to find the truth and to be deceived. As long as there are forty aspects of events and as long as people are deprived of the opportunity to penetrate all forty of them, they will continue to see things from their own narrow frames. You know the story of the blind and the elephant, don't you?

- Then are your pitched battles just rumours and fairy tales?

- Its reality consists in the fact that such a battle was fought in reality or in imagination. Otherwise, the day of that battle, the number of soldiers, the place where the battle was fought, and sometimes even the commanders of the armies are not absolutely certain. Although the part of history approaching half and a half truth is military history, it is certain that even field battles are seen behind a veil of obscurity. Although works describing a field battle are written, sketches are drawn, and the movements of that battle are shown on the map, the value of this is theoretically based on the fact that that field battle took place as described there. If that battle did not take place in that way, but in another way, there is still a lesson to be learnt from it. If the Battle of Malazgird had been fought on 26 March 1761 instead of 26 August 1071, what difference would it have made to the staff other than the fact that it was fought in cooler weather and with some firearms? It is not enough for the staff to study the battles fought in the past in books and maps.

there is no difference between studying battles. The aim is to accustom his brain to function according to possible situations. Military history is important in this respect. Because it is one of the preparatory and educative elements of a single and great art, namely military service. The rest is no different from a fairy tale. You, history teacher! Are you sure, for example, that Yildirim Bayazid was captured in battle and died in captivity or committed suicide?

- Of course I'm sure. all the sources are unanimous.

Selim's face changed with disdain and contempt: - Sources! Those sources unanimously wrote that I was also a traitor. Do you believe that too?

Leylâ was startled by the last sentence spoken in a frenzied rage: - That's different... They slandered you...

Selim fell silent. He found the point that had been rattling around in his brain since a while ago: - I know that I took you to your house because you didn't want to meet anyone, but I don't know the reason why you were wandering around Çamlı Koru on such a wet and dark night by yourself.

- Do a reason?

- No doubt.

- 't that kind of what brought you here?

Selim's face again a look of contempt: - Do you know what brought me here?

- Prediction.

*

* *

They didn't speak a word until they arrived at Leylâ's door...

8

That night, as SELİM began to wander around his study with regular steps, he completely forgot Leylâ and the poem. More precisely, with a voluntary effort, he threw the traces of Leylâ and the poem in his brain to the darkest place at the back of his consciousness, next to other traces that had been haphazardly piled up before.

Ayşe, who had just put Tosun to bed, was at the desk proofreading the assignment. She was going through the papers carefully, underlining some words or lines with a coloured pencil, and after looking at all the finished papers once more, she was putting the student's grade. The fifth paper or the tenth paper or whatever caught his attention and he smiled at a girl's big and childish mistake: - Selim, look: What a student wrote!

Selim continued his stroll without saying anything. That was his habit. He didn't say "What did he write" or "Yes, I'm listening". Ayşe continued to smile and explained: - "I gave a question about the Orkun inscriptions. Do you know what one of the girls wrote? She wrote that the Orkun inscriptions were erected in the sixteenth century in the name of Kül Tegin, the President of the Gök Turks...

- Nice writing! She's probably the daughter of the Foreign Minister...
- Why?
- Only he be so political.

Ayşe was still smiling: - It wouldn't have been a big mistake if he hadn't written Sixteenth Century instead of Eighth Century, but...

- Still, she is not great. After all, she is a girl, and for her the difference of eight centuries in the past is not as important as a day in the future. She is also excused for confusing a prince with a president. What is important for her: The prince of her imagination.

- So?

- Her life mate tomorrow. The man she's going to marry.

Pusat was walking around and talking without looking at Ayşe's face. Ayşe thought it best to turn the conversation round a bit so that it wouldn't become unpleasant: - There's something weirder. The philosophy teacher was explaining: In one of the previous semesters, when asked whether Kant was an idealist or a realist, a girl replied, "Kant is neither a realist nor an idealist; Kant is German."

Pusat looked at Ayşe with a sneer: - The teacher laughed at that, didn't he?

- Of course.

- I find the teacher more ridiculous.

- Why?

- Because being an idealist or a realist are adjectives attributed to Kant by others. In this respect, it is doubtful. Being German, on the other hand, is a definite and unquestionable title given to him by nature. In this respect, she is right.

Ayşe fell silent, realising that she had to keep quiet. Selim stood in front of the table: - Can you tell me the name of the girl who created the Turkish Republic in the sixteenth century?

- Pearl Revolution

- .

- Who?

- of you.

Ayşe looked at me with worried eyes: - Both of us? I don't understand!

- I'd like to congratulate him his faithfulness to his surname. And you...

- Me too?...

- Since this mistake is not made by heroic girls...

Ayşe smiled with an uncertain relief: - The papers I read are from the tenth grade.

Selim started to snicker again: - Yaaa... If the tenth grade reads the Orkun inscriptions, who knows what the last grade reads... Right?

Aisha was fed up with these endless taunts. But she answered with the utmost patience, without showing anything: - "The senior class reads the history of literature after the Tanzimat and engages in contemporary literary genres.

Selim was wandering:

- History of literature... History of literature after the Tanzimat... Can't you teach real history, serious history instead?

- Serious history? I mean...

- So military history... Battlefield battles...

- What good is that for girls?

- To be the mother of a hero!... At least wanting to be a hero's mother... I ask you: Is the piece of stone erected in Kül Tegin's name important, or his battles? Is the dialect of the inscription on those stones important, or Kül Tegin himself? That Umay-like woman, the mother of Kül Tegin, whom we learn from the inscriptions that she raised her son as a hero, undoubtedly did not study the history of literature. But she probably knew the battles of the past. Are you sure that tomorrow's honourable professor or honourable minister or honourable president or perhaps even honourable commander-in-chief will be a man worthy of his position under these circumstances?

Ayşe regretted opening the conversation. It was always like this. She would open a conversation in order to separate Selim from the grave silence and heartbreaking sadness in which he was immersed, but at the end she would regret it by scratching her imagination with his strange ideas and sometimes breaking her heart; moreover, Selim would continue his endless silence and endless wandering by sinking into a heavier, more serious, more grave soul crisis than the one before. This happened again, and not understanding what Selim meant, he was obliged to ask: - Which honourable professor or minister? What conditions?

- Reverend Mrs İnci's child tomorrow... And the upbringing his mother will give him, who has been brought up with this magnificent curriculum...

Ayşe wanted to argue with her husband for only one reason: It would interrupt his deathly silence and Selim would be temporarily kept alive while he defended an idea with harsh epithets and offensive sarcasms. But it was essential not to hurt him. Although he would not react in a way to show that he was hurt, Ayşe would understand him: Then Selim would become quieter, his wanderings would be longer, his dives into the horizon would last longer.

- İnci is a very good girl she said. Only she doesn't learn her lessons quickly.

- Anyway, according to you, there are imperfect people in the world...

- Isn't that ? The main principle of law is: acquittal is essential.

Selim's face changed with a bitter sneer: - Is law also a science? many sciences are there?... I wonder why they put this law in the list of sciences when it has nothing to do with military service?

Ayşe was laughing:

- Selim! You are going too far. It would be unfair to deny the law, which is taught as a science in all universities of the world and has existed since the time of the Romans.

- You misspoke: There was law before the Romans, perhaps even in the age of cannibalism, and that law was undoubtedly a more useful and just institution in its own scope and framework than it is today. Because it was not based on conscience and justice, but on magical and celestial forces. However, in the course of the evolution from that time to the present day, law has remained a work of magic, even sorcery. Law and science. Ridiculous appellation... A unanimous verdict of execution... The Supreme Court overturned it... This time acquitted unanimously... Same offence, same accused, same judges, same book of law, first execution, then acquittal... What good science is this? Have you ever heard of water boiling at one hundred degrees centigrade in any month of any year and freezing at the same temperature a few months later?

Ayşe's smile was slowly fading: - Isn't military service the same? For example...

The word remained on Ayşe's lips and was cut off with a firm "No": - No! In military service there is only one immutable law: The superior one wins. Superiority is the sum of material and spiritual forces. In the battle of Chaldiran, if the Safavid army had been led by Aksak Temir and not Shah Ismail, perhaps the Safavid army would have won. Because Temir's intelligence and commanding qualities would have outweighed the Safavid army. However, the law does not accept that the judgements to be rendered in court may change according to various judges. The judgement is the voice of justice... Besides, you don't need to listen to such a lecture from me... You saw... We saw justice, law, everything together... If you haven't forgotten...

When the conversation took this form, Ayşe forgot where it had started and could not find a word to say. Selim continued: - "As for Mrs İnci, let us leave the judgement about her being a good girl for a little later.

- I've known him before. As his teacher, do you think it's premature for me to pass judgement on him?

- Too soon. Judgement on a man can only be made after his coffin has passed.

Ayşe :

- Nooooo... That's a little too cautious. For historical figures, maybe you're right. But for everyone? No way...

Selim smiled again with intelligence: - Even after death, no final judgement can be made about historical figures. Because time can change their value. You had a poet, what was his name? You told me about him: He was once underestimated in literary circles and then in the twentieth century he was discovered to be a first class poet, tell me his name...

- Yunus Emre

- Yes, Yunus Emre. How many centuries was he?

- He died at the beginning of the Fourteenth Century.

- So it was necessary to wait six centuries to make a correct judgement about the poor poet. Are there no people who will be understood after ten centuries? Are there no miserable people who are doomed to be misunderstood and misjudged for eternity? On the contrary, don't you accept that there may be scoundrels who are deified?

Ayşe was afraid that her husband was getting carried away. In order to placate Selim, who had never learnt the sweet spot between calmness and exuberance: - If the extreme side is removed, your ideas express the truth. You must also accept that there are not many people in history who have been completely misunderstood.

But it was no longer possible to calm him down. There was not much excitement in his appearance. Because he did not show his excitement, sorrow and joy with his gestures and the tone of his voice. Only Ayşe understood him. Only Ayşe knew when he was dying with grief, when his heart seemed to stop beating with excitement and when he was sinking into a terrible melancholy. Here he was raging again. He looked like a river overflowing with greed and hatred, anger and resentment, and the only manifestation of these emotions was his smile. This was not his natural smile.

- So there are no completely misunderstood people in history, is that so? The speaker you call history is not only the grave of people famous for empires, but also the grave of truths. However, the honourable history itself does not exist and we are obliged to listen to it from the mouth of a person who is also a child of history.

Since history created human beings and human beings created history, it means that we are trapped in a falsified circle that will continue for eternity, and the misfortune of history is that it is narrated by people who can deny, deny, distort or negate even the most divine truth when they see the benefit. Without going too far, I will prove my point by giving an example of a situation whose cracks are still heard: Abdülhamid II was a very bad man and his grand vizier Said Pasha was a bad vizier who was an instrument of tyranny, right? This is how history writes.

- Yes!

- Not yes, no! If history had consciousness and conscience, it would not have said this. Because history tells us about Sultan Hamid and his grand vizier through the mouths and eyes of their enemies, the libertarians, and people, who are considered to be equal beings, but in reality are nothing but a herd, accept this wonderful fallacy. You may wonder what would have been the verdict against the liberators if history had been written through the eyes of Sultan Hamid. It is known that the empire that Sultan Hamid kept alive for thirty years without political executions was liquidated in ten years, amidst political executions and horrible oppression by the libertarians. Now, according to this comparison, do not other conclusions follow automatically? If the heroes of liberty had not come to the fore and Abdulhamid had remained in his place, the Balkan War would not have broken out. Even if it had, Abdülhamid's political genius would have created dissension among the Balkans and perhaps attracted one of them to him. Even if not, since there was no freedom, partisanship and disease in the country, the Turkish army would have defeated the Balkans in a few months with its normal strength and as a natural consequence, and Abdülhamid would have kept the Balkan equilibrium in its former state by deceiving Europe by not taking any land from them. Since the Balkan equilibrium would not have been disturbed, the First World War would not have broken out as a result of the disturbance of this equilibrium. Is it a small thing to have prevented the First World War, which had such disastrous consequences for both Turkey and Europeans, and which laid the foundations of immorality and communism? Even if we do not accept them because they are based on a logical series of conclusions, but are ultimately guesses, is not the fact that the Ottoman Empire collapsed after thirty years of its survival by the former and the latter's collapse by the latter enough to demonstrate the falsity and ridiculousness of the judgement of the latter about the former? What disastrous creatures they are that with the cries of freedom and justice and herds follow them

Although they were wearing the colours of the Sultan, after they came to power, they committed the strongest form of tyranny and the worst form of oppression. If history, written with the opinion of these disastrous creatures, that is, if it starts with a wrong judgement at the very beginning, satirises Abdülhamid and his vizier Said Pasha, how can I believe it? Understand the picture well: A king, an emperor, who was delusional, sceptical, but at the same time, a king with a conscience, a conscience and a political genius: Abdülhamid II. He governs a huge country whose weaknesses he is not responsible for. An apocalypse of thirty million people, in which religions, nationalities and ambitions clash, and the number of the dominant element in the face of the fierce gaze of the outside world is not even one-third. Secondly, a serious, sound judgemental, far-sighted vizier who had grown up in the suffering and hardship of the country without the slightest lightness in his ideas: Said Pasha. No, he says, there can be no constitutionalism, this regime is not good for us. Firstly, he fears that if constitutionalism is introduced, the dominant element will remain in the minority in the Parliament. The other fears that a society accustomed to discipline and hierarchy will lose its balance amid the drunkenness of a maverick. The result? The result is obvious: Time has proved that the two people who had been vilified with blasphemies and slander were right. And the heroes of freedom? They are not in the square...

Here Selim Pusat's face changed. He continued with an expression between contempt and disgust: - Because they didn't exist. They never existed. Because falsehood and lies always make cases look bright. Just as it is easier to philosophise prostitution than to defend honour.

Ayşe was overwhelmed. She did not know where this conflict would begin and where it would end. But her husband was quick to get to the point where they had started:

- Now, if I say that after these examples the judgement about Mrs İnci should be left for later, will you not accept it? People are unread books. Even the judgement about the simplest ones should be left until they have been read completely. Those who are a little deeper, on the other hand, should be thought about more or less after they have been read thoroughly.

They fell silent. Ayşe looked at the papers, but did not proofread them.

Inside:

"Oh, God! Why is this man like this? Will he never change now? What should I do to change him a little?" Selim thought and continued his wandering. Pulling a volume of the Mohaç campaign from the library, he opened it. He looked at one or two places and, thinking that the matter was closed, he turned to Ayşe, who was about to begin her task of proofreading again: - Kanunî Sultan Süleyman

what's your opinion about it? Being a literary person, maybe you didn't dwell on it. What is the opinion of those who have? Why do people who have the same information about everything he did have opposite opinions about him? Is he small because he had his son killed? Is he weak because he was a prisoner of Hurrem Sultan? Is he great because he was a man of law and order? Is he a hero because he took countries? Is he degraded because he elevated that tramp and sycophant Devshirme? You see that even for a man under the rays of history, no unchangeable judgement can be made, even though three and a half centuries have passed since his death. Because everyone watches every event only from his own point of view. Was he not justified in killing his heroic prince? Wasn't his captivity to Hurrem Sultan considered natural? Wasn't there a high state policy in raising Devshirme İbrahim first and then executing him? These are not considered as much...

While Selim was saying his last sentences, Ayşe was looking at his face carefully. Selim's voice had become strange. It was not clear whether he was serious or mocking when he said, "Wasn't he right, wasn't it natural, didn't he have a high state policy?" Since Kanunî was a great king, an emperor, it was certain that Selim would not make fun of him. So what was going on? This was something Ayşe had never seen in him until now. She had left her duty correction work aside: - Selim, she said. The deepest motives of events will never be understood. In order to understand them, it is necessary to know the complex mechanism of the human psyche. Since this is not possible, the unknown sides of every event will remain as an enigma for us. If we leave our judgements about people and events to the solution of all these unknowns, no event can be understood. To assert absolutely that..."

Ayşe was interrupted. When Selim heard the word "absolute", he didn't hear her back and looked at her as if scolding her: - "Absolute?" he asked.

Ayşe didn't understand anything: - Yes. Absolute, she replied.

Selim suddenly remembered both Leylâ and the unknown woman's voice in the darkness and repeated the verse that he had forgotten but suddenly reborn in his heart: *"You will absolutely love me, you can't escape it!..."*

9

THE NEXT EVENING Even though it was raining and windy Selim Pusat went to Çamlı Koru again with an inner urge. He felt an unbearable temptation in his heart. He knew that if he did not hear the unknown woman's voice in the darkness, he would suffer from a mental shock like the depression of patients who could not find morphine at a certain time. With his soldier's mind, which looked at the result and did not run away from details, he did not find any unnaturalness in the voice in the darkness, but he understood very well that it could not be mentioned to anyone. That voice, that mysterious voice, had once again made Selim ecstatic. What tormented Selim was not being able to remember the time of that ecstasy. While his mind was busy with this, he felt something indescribable descending from his temples downwards and a subtle and agonising wandering in his brain. During this wandering, from time to time a place in his head would seem to light up, he would almost recognise the unknown voice, and then suddenly darkness would descend again, leaving Selim Pusat in deep pain.

As he was walking without seeing his surroundings, he suddenly found himself in front of the same wooden sofa as last night and sat down in a state of ecstasy, waiting for it to get a little darker and for the unknown woman's voice to start speaking in a mysterious and commanding voice. But before a minute had passed, when he turned his head with the click he heard next to him, he saw Leylâ sitting at the other end of the row, and after a hesitation between disappointment and desire

he overcame his dissatisfaction. Leylâ was smiling: - "I knew you would come this evening too, Selim Beğ," she said, and as she said this, she was drowned in a deluge of sarcasm.

- History, which is to know the past, means that you have developed the ability to know the future.

- Don't mock. I knew you were coming as a natural consequence. I knew it as I knew beforehand that it would be nine o'clock after eight.

- Sometimes an inconvenient hand can set the clock back. Then after eight comes seven, not nine.

This evening Leylâ was in a different mood. She started mocking me too: - But you're an hour that no unseemly hand can reach.

Selim looked at me hard: - At this rate, that hand could be you.

Leylâ Mutlak wasn't angry or offended. She was smiling. She was telling something to Selim with a cheerfulness that could be described as a , even adopting a sincere demeanour befitting old friends. The other was far from grasping the meaning of what was being said. He was only listening to Leylâ's voice, catching the sounds in some syllables of the words he was listening to and comparing them with the voice of last night. He did not realise how much time had passed. When he saw that Leylâ had gone silent:

- He asked, "Do you always speak in that voice?"

The young girl remembered last night: - Yesterday you asked me such strange questions and made me read a poem. Do you recognise me as someone?

- You certainly don't look like anyone but yourself. Alone.

Pusat suddenly fell silent. Leylâ came a little closer and said in the same boastful manner: - "I think we are close to the issue that brought you here!"

The humour that had followed Selim like a shadow disappeared and was replaced something closer than a shadow, a state that we can call his own, sadness. After looking at the darkening sky: - "Aren't you afraid that that lame bastard will appear in front of you tonight?" he asked.

Leylâ was laughing:

- I' got you.

- Don't put too much faith in me.

- Why?

- Humans are not worthy of trust.

Leylâ laughed with a boisterous manner and Selim, who looked at her with sad eyes, realised that the young girl next to him was really beautiful, even more so when she was laughing.

he realised.

- Most people may not be worthy of trust. But you... Selim Pusat... You can be trusted. Because you, if you are nothing else, are in favour of the kingdom!...

Selim was rarely surprised in his life. It had been seen many times when everyone was frozen with amazement, he had attracted astonishment with ice-cold indifference. But now this young girl's words had suddenly astonished him. However, he was a staff member. His astonishment could not last long. Like a skilful warrior who was hit by a blow, he immediately struck back: - Madam (he used to call her that when he was angry)! I thought your real profession was teaching. Your strategic success is unquestionable. But you are a novice in the field of medicine!....

Leylâ's smiling face suddenly changed with sorrow. She looked at Pusat with a tremor of sorrow in her voice: - "You are wrong, Selim Beğ," she said and added, looking at the ground: You have offended me very much.

Selim did not react to those who offended him, nor did he care about those he offended. But now there was a beauty, a splendour in this young girl's grief. She resembled the princesses in the imaginations of men, especially romantic men. If it wasn't for the principle of not asking for forgiveness, he would have tried to make up with her and even given her a tarziye. But to give tarziye, that is, to go back. This was not something he could do. He looked at her carefully again and thought, "A girl with two personalities...". Just as her voice was the voice of two different people from time to time, the meaning of her face showed two different people. It was unbelievable that the last night's characterless girl and this girl full of meaning were the same person.

Selim Pusat, like all people, knew himself a little wrong and a little incomplete. He thought that he only respected strength, but he never realised that he had the same respect for beauty. Since military service and strength are two complementary things, Selim strength and found beauty in the appearance and execution of military skills and field battles. Since female beauty was not related to these, he thought that he enjoyed her only as a man. But he was wrong. He was very wrong. Selim did not enjoy the beauty of women, he respected it. However, the military service that filled his soul had crushed and broken everything else so much that his feelings for female beauty had also penetrated deep into his heart and now he himself was aware of this feeling.

He was used to living unaware of her existence. That's why he thought that the respect he felt for the marvellous beauty of the sorrowful girl standing beside him now was pity and he felt the need to make amends for having offended her. With this desire: - Go on! I will take you home!" he said.

Leylâ's gaze was still fixed on the ground. Slowly raising her eyes, she looked at Selim Pusat. With a strange, unique sadness that made her look surprisingly noble: - "I would be very pleased if he doesn't give you any trouble," she replied.

They started walking without speaking. Selim felt something was missing. After a few steps he realised what it was and got angry with himself: He had expected her to take his arm again, just like last night. After he had thrown away this dream, or rather this hope, he was absorbed in admiring the beauty of Leylâ's face. He was doing this without looking at her. He knew how to see without looking.

He felt an incomprehensible affinity for Leylâ. It was not a love or an interest in female beauty. Selim resented himself for thinking it was pity, but he could not get rid of this strange affinity. With such knotted feelings, he took her home. They parted without speaking anything other than the usual farewell words.

For Selim, this night had no meaning anymore. Although he had come to hear the mysterious woman's voice, he was returning with an incomprehensible feeling towards Leylâ.

As his brain laboured over these relations, he suddenly stopped and was startled. His eyes were fixed with a hard stare and he looked around evasively. Surprise!... He had left Leylâ to return home and thought he was heading home. However, without realising it, he was on his way to Çamlı Koru again and had reached the edge of the Koru, under the big lamp. However, what surprised and startled Selim was not the fact that he had come here without realising it, but the fact that he found the vile man from last night in front of him. Now, with the anger of having offended Leylâ, he was ready to lash out at this ugly and disgusting creature, even to kick him. With this thought in mind, she fixed her gaze on him with a fierce gaze and started to walk with heavy yet determined steps. But he could not fulfil his desire. For the other, when he saw Selim approaching, laughed with a terrible laugh and bowed to him in a miserable manner. Pusat, who was disgusted instead of pitying him, seeing that he was slightly hunchbacked besides his limp, saw that he had a very pale and

While looking at his hypocritical eyes, he carefully searched his face to understand the age of this muskie who was stuck on Leylâ. How strange! There was no way to understand the age of this vile creature. Selim, with his military temperament that marched straight to the purpose and target, was going to ask him: "How old are you, you little creature?" However, the mumbling creature was quicker than Selim: - "May your night be good, Selim Beğ!" and bowed again.

- How do you know me?

These words were spoken in anger and insult. Selim Pusat was about to pounce on the scoundrel. The slightest reason, excuse, opportunity would have been enough to knock this annoying bloke down. But he smiled again with an attitude that accepted every insult, bowed and said: - "it possible not to recognise you because of your fame?" he replied.

Selim directed all his attention to the face of the man in front of him. This face resembled the face of an old man who remained young as well as the face of a worn-out young man. But he had a surprisingly ugly appearance. It gave one an involuntary disgust. It was so disgusting that Selim immediately realised that he could not raise his hand to the man with this face because of the great disgust that the contact would cause and asked with a military attitude: - Who are you? What is your name?

The man bowed slightly, his face bearing all the characteristics of hypocrisy and deceit: - One sir, one me...

Selim didn't understand anything from this "Yek". In all likelihood, this guy was an ascetic who only said his surname. He raised his voice: - "Leave this ridiculous surname and tell me your real name!

The other one bowed slightly again and smiled a little: - I don't have a separate surname, sir. My name, my surname, it's all Yek.

- Yek? you Persian?

- No, sir.

- And what are you?

- I also do not belong to any nation. I am only Yek. Selim Pusat was angry: - Punk! What is a man without a nationality?

Yek hypocritically folded his hands: - Do you have to belong to a nation to live, Selim Beğ?

- Of course. Animals have no nationality!

- What's the point, sir? Mananimal... Even grass and cema... Don't we all come from the same root?

Selim's face mingled with anger and sarcasm: - What profound ideas!.... But they cannot be reconciled with today's realities. Without nations, how will you build armies to fight each other? Will there be people on one side and grass or mines on the other?

Yek replied with another one of his hypocritical bows that infuriated Selim: - Why should armies be formed, why should blood be shed and heroes be laid to the ground when we can enjoy the blessings of this world in abundance?

- And what to do?

- Live, sir, live...

Selim's disgust was evident from the lines of his face and his gaze. Before him was a degenerate whose face was not only disgusting but also his thoughts. One of those degenerates who think only of pleasure and recognise nothing sacred...

He replied with an insult and a sneer: - Yes, let it happen... Let serious intentions be lost. Let's have fun and let rabid dogs molest girls at the age of their grandchildren for the sake of the philosophy of pleasure, right?

Yek listened calmly and respectfully even to Selim Pusat's insulting words. There was a strange sparkle in his deceitful eyes: - "You are wrong, Selim Beğ!" he said. Seeing me with that young girl should not make you misjudge me. I am approaching her for completely different reasons.

Selim started to smile: - Who knows what high and humanitarian aims you have? But unfortunately that ignorant girl doesn't understand this. Especially she doesn't realise what she has lost by rejecting a man as handsome as you...

Selim gave a short, hearty laugh as he said this. This was how he expressed his emotion when he hated. Yek answered by shaking his head: - Whoever saw what I saw and suffered what I suffered would be like me.

These words made Selim more serious than necessary. He said aloud: - "What have you been through? Were you expelled from the army, were you called a traitor? Did you lose a friend like Şeref? What happened?"

Yek was smiling:

- No, Selim Beğ! None of these things. Because our thoughts are different, the things that cause us grief are different. Even so,

Is it a small thing that great sorrows accumulate in me that others cannot understand, and that people recognise me as worse than I am and always curse me? People are strange creatures. Once they get their minds set on something, they follow it to the end. Nothing opens their eyes anymore. They recognised me badly once. Even when I tell them the greatest truth, they do not believe me. You, too, have been recognised as a truthful person because of your whole past and especially because of your words in the court. Now, even if you tell a lie one day, no one will believe it. Even if your lie is proved, they will still not believe it. They will say it is a mistake. They will say there is something in it. But they will not say Selim Pusat lied. You may have noticed that people often say "I wouldn't believe it if I saw it with my own eyes!". What does this mean? If a person does not believe what he sees with his eyes, is there any point in seeing? This is the direct result of remaining loyal to the first belief. In other words, people are kind of sick.

Pusat smiled mockingly again: - What a great philosopher you are. But fortunately, instead of sitting down to write works and enlighten people, you don't do that, but instead fall in love with the enlightenment of your own shrivelled heart, and for this purpose, you make a complete disgrace of yourself by harassing a young and beautiful girl... What does the famous philosopher, who diagnoses all human beings with "the disease of being faithful to the first faith", call this disgusting disease of his?

Yek bowed again in the same hypocritical manner: - You are mistaken, captain! Although love does not recognise age as a barrier, I am not trying to get close to Leylâ for love, but for a completely different and more serious matter than love. But unfortunately...

Selim interrupted him violently: - I can see what kind of a man you are since you consider love a serious matter. The more serious matter than love that you want to talk to Leylâ about is undoubtedly marriage. In fact, at this age and with this face, you would suit her marvellously...

Yek bowed again:

- Don't confuse age, captain. You can fall in love with a girl 25 years younger than you.

While Pusat looked at these words with an angry and mocking look, Yek concluded his words as follows: - And you will be.

Selim's mocking voice rang: - What a gem you are! Besides love and philosophy, do you also know the science of discovering the future? In which fortune-telling book did you see this delusion? Or from which Gypsy wife did you learn it?

Yek answered with surprising seriousness: - I have not read it in any fortune-telling book.

- And how do you know?

Yek replied with a coolness that erased all the lines of humour from Selim Pusat's face: - "I had read it on the Levh-i Mahfuz!" he replied.

A few seconds they exchanged glances. Pusat he understood: This one hunchback he was mad as hell.

Selim's anger to swell it was starting: - To Leyla.
da Were you trying to tell me about what you saw on the

Holy Grail?

- No!

- What were you saying to her that her?

- I anyone. I can't help it.

- But he .

- From my words It isn't, your taste and excitement he was frightened by the size of it.

- Who knows what you were talking about that he didn't know?

- No, no, no, no, no! I was talking about things he knew.

Selim's eyes lit up: - Fool! Does one get frightened when he hears what he knows from someone else?

Yek very he was calm. With a smile bent over:
- Knows from but he was afraid of my advice.

- What were you suggesting?

- I want him to take action...

Yek finished his words as Selim looked on with a vengeful gaze, his anger growing with every second: - Leylâ is the heir to the absolute throne!...

Selim Pusat couldn't tolerate this lunatic creep any longer. With the force of a frenzied rage, he lifted the wooden sofa in front of them and brought it down on his head with terrifying speed. At the same moment, the lights went out all over the city and the place was plunged into pitch darkness. There was no way Yek could have survived such a blow. Pusat looked at the place where the sofa had been smashed under the light of the re-lit electricity. There was no trace of Yek...

10

AYŞE PUSAT could not understand the reason for the worrying change in her husband. Selim's condition was never getting better, but such a rapid change had never been seen before. What she saw from the outside was only an angry silence. This silence had become so horrible that he would not say a word without Ayşe asking him, and he would stand still for minutes with his eyes fixed on one place. These were not good signs. But on the other hand, she was so energetic and combative that it was impossible for her to be a mental patient.

Ayşe thought that loneliness wears a person out, and if she could save Selim from loneliness, if she could get him involved with some people, she thought that she could get rid of this sadness and unexpressed anger. Selim would not refuse his wife's proposals even if he did not like them. Ayşe relied on this: - Selim! Tomorrow both my friends and my students will come. They want to meet you too. You will accept, won't you?" she asked.

Selim looked like an officer who had seen irregular troops: - Are your friends teachers?

- Yes.

- Is there no disciplinary problem in calling teachers and students at the same time?

Ayşe smiled tenderly: - Why should mind?

- Is there a reason? If those who command and those who are commanded sit in the same room and exchange pleasantries, does this not constitute a form of licentiousness?

- We're not soldiers. There is no such thing as commanding or being commanded. There is teaching and learning. Outside the classroom, we talk to our students in a very sincere way, even have conversations with them. We also warn those who show a tendency to be vulgar in a proper way.

Pusat, with an expression of dissatisfaction: - "These are maverick thoughts," he muttered with an expression of displeasure: "Your students must be those heroic girls!" he added.

- Yes, they are. And my friends are physics and history teachers.

Selim felt a strange chill when he heard that his history teacher was coming. For a moment Leylâ Mutlak flashed before his eyes. Then he buried himself as usual: - Okay, he said. Let's meet.

*

* *

The next day, when the doorbell rang, Pusat was talking to his son Tosun, giving half joking, half serious answers to his childish questions. When he heard the bell, he took him off his lap: - "Let's respect the heroes, son," he said.

She was not mistaken. Ayşe was entering the room with three girls. Selim was so tired of the ugly and vulgar girls he saw on the streets and in the vehicles that he was suddenly relieved to see three beautiful and polite girls in front of him and he agreed with his wife who called them "as beautiful as poetry".

Ayşe said in a cheerful voice: - "Let me present my students to you," she began.

But Selim prevented my presentation: - I know them... And while shaking their hands, added: - Your teacher made me memorise you.

However, Selim Pusat had never been interested in girls as beautiful as poetry. He was waiting for Leylâ to arrive. The girls talked little, listened to Ayşe and scrutinised Selim.

The ringing of the bell again gave her a strange feeling and as Ayşe left the room to greet the guests: - "What kind of a woman is your history teacher?" she asked.

All three girls smiled. These smiles had the characteristic of remembering a person who radiated joy to his surroundings. Güntülü answered: - He is very good, sir. He teaches his lesson very well. But the poor thing is very miserable. She lost her sister, husband and child in short intervals.

Selim drifted off for a moment. He wondered if these lonely wanderings in Çamlı Koru were a sign of a young widow's solace. Sounds of laughter came from outside. Pusat immediately put on his sarcastic demeanour: - Is this laughter an expression of great sorrow?

The young girl stared in amazement. Her gaze was beautiful and powerful. But before Selim realised it, the teachers came in. Selim threw a hard glance at the door: Leylâ Mutlak was gone. Ayşe's voice saved Selim's mind from the confusion: -- Physics teacher Leman Pınar... History teacher Kadriye Kozanlı...

Selim could not find what he was looking for. He sat there thinking about Leylâ, not listening to what was being said, answering the questions with a single word. Ayşe realised that he had drifted off again and did not hear what was being said. Kadriye Kozanlı was a very cheerful woman. Perhaps it was the calamity of the disasters she had suffered that had caused her to create such forced cheerfulness. In this world, everyone was going their own way. This unfortunate woman had probably found solace in making misery a pleasure for herself. She was the one who talked the most in the assembly. She told incidents, jokes, made the listeners laugh, and she laughed herself.

Selim forced himself to listen to what was being said for a while. In general, there was nothing appealing in the conversation about lessons, school and school memories. But there was one thing: the girls were very respectful towards their teachers. Selim Pusat liked this state of affairs, and as he was about to get lost in his thoughts again, he realised that Güntülü was watching him in the midst of the teachers' conversations and turned his eyes to her. He knew this girl. But from where? Here again he fell into that strange and incomprehensible trouble. Although these green eyes looking at him were not at all unfamiliar, the impression his familiarity was very old, unimaginably old, was infuriating Selim. Güntülü pointed to the books covering the whole room: - Do they all belong to the military?

Selim suddenly came alive with this question: - What else could it be?... Of course, except your teacher's...

- Aren't you interested in anything other than military service?

- Is there anything noteworthy other than military service?

Güntülü kept silent by fixing her embarrassed and sweet gaze on Selim.
Nurkan asked: - Isn't music also none of your business?

- I love military music.

- So?

- Anthems...

Pusat was full and sharp. Aydolu intervened, smiling with his lips rather than his eyes: - I think you will change your mind if you listen to Nurkan's piano.

- Doesn't Mrs Nurkan play the anthem?

- He also plays anthems, but it would be a pity if you don't listen to Çardaş or Karmen Silva from him once...

Güntülü had her eyes fixed on the books. Without turning his head: - Nurkan also plays the Old Friends Anthem very well, she said. I guess you like this anthem very much.

Selim did not like those who knew his secret or private thoughts, tastes and wishes. He asked sarcastically: - Do you have a miracle?

The young girl turned her eyes away from the books and looked at Selim Pusat: - "It's not a miracle, it's a revelation!" and explained: Since you are a soldier, you like marches. Your preference among anthems will undoubtedly be based on their compositions and names. Don't you agree that there is beauty in the name "Old Friends"? Doesn't the name "Old Friends" bring back many clear or faint memories? Since the most sincere friendship is in military service, is it possible for a soldier who has lived a stormy life like you not to enjoy these words and this anthem?

Selim Pusat thought that these words were a challenge to him. But he did not dwell on it and dived into her eyes. He was trying to remember where he had seen those eyes. Not taking his gaze away from her eyes, which were both gentle and predatory: - "Are there any soldiers in your family?" he asked.

- No, I don't! 's only the possibility of my brother becoming a naval officer.

- Why a naval officer and not a land officer?

- Being a naval officer is more fun, more pleasant...

Selim Pusat suddenly brightened up: - Did you learn from your teachers that military service is a profession of entertainment? Those who seek entertainment should be Holivut artists, not officers. In a way, it seems that the world is full of pleasure-seekers, and soldiers also seek pleasure. But soldiers' pleasures are inferior pleasures.

but the pleasure of sacrifice, of dying for an idea. Do not confuse noble pleasures with vulgar pleasures because they are all pleasures...

Güntülü listened to these words with a gentle smile and attentive attention. Her face turned pink. The teachers, who had been talking among themselves since the last minute, were silent at Selim's last harsh words and listened to him. Ayşe intervened: - Don't scold my daughters, Selim! You will frighten the children with your military thoughts. Don't forget that all three of them will become doctors, the profession of the greatest sacrifice after military service.

Kadriye Kozanlı realised that Selim was angry. She had heard that this man outbursts for the sake of certain convictions without listening to time and place. In order to sweeten the deal, she resorted to joking again: - Selim Beğ, he said. You soldiers and our doctor candidate girls are colleagues. You have a small difference: You kill people in the open air, they kill them under the roof. Neither they nor you are responsible for the people you kill.

Kadriye had softened the hardened air. Selim now listened attentively to her joking jokes and lingered. He even started to smile at the stories that made others laugh. One of the eighth grade girls asked a question about the Tulip Period: "Sir, the tulips bloomed in the Tulip Age." He liked it very much.

When Kadriye Kozanlı saw that her jokes were also liked by this sullen-faced former officer, she became enthusiastic: - Selim Beğ! You will never like our girls in terms of military knowledge, he said. I a sixth grade class. They are tiny girls who have just come from primary school. You cannot imagine what a girl from this class said one day. The girl, who could not comprehend the information given in the book about the army of Alexander of Macedon asked how Alexander had won these victories without killing any enemy soldier. I said, "Where did you get that from?" She thought that the Alexander's army fought elbow to elbow in the books, and that they fought by hitting the enemy with their elbows. And since no one would die with an elbow strike...

As the history teacher's story was interrupted by laughter, Selim's sarcastic words were heard: - The bright future of the countries that will be protected by the soldiers raised by such mothers dazzles one's eyes!

Aydolu objected: - Sir, I'm glad you're not our teacher. If you don't even tolerate sixth-grade children, you will surely keep us in the class altogether.

you would have left.

- Eleven, twelve, thirteen year old girls do not know how a war is fought? These little ones know fashion trends, names of artists, dance styles without anyone teaching them. This is because the spiritual atmosphere of their environment necessitates it. If they had been in a positive spiritual atmosphere instead of such a negative one, they would have learnt what military service is and filled their heads with the principles of true virtue instead of the trivial things.

Selim suddenly stopped. He had come to the conclusion that he was talking in vain and, as always, he sank into his melancholy. He no longer spoke, did not see what he looked at, did not hear what was said. His brain was going back and forth between two points: Leylâ and Güntülü... He did not know why he was thinking about Leylâ. He was thinking about Güntülü's eyes and where he had seen them. These eyes were telling Selim Pusat something, reminding him of something. The sad thing was that this telling and reminding was not clear and bright, but foggy and smoky. At one point, he wondered if he was under the influence of the girl's beauty and he looked at all three of them carefully. No, no!... If that was the case, Aydıolu would have been the first to be influenced by her. Because this girl's beauty was so striking, her face had such smooth lines that it was unthinkable for a man not to like her, not to be influenced by her. And Nurkan? Nurkan's beauty was not striking, it was a penetrating beauty that dazzled the eyes, and the more one looked at her, the more beautiful he found her, and the more beautiful he found her, the more he was under her influence. All the subtlety of the word "girl" was manifested in this magnificent girl. Güntülü, on the other hand, was neither as striking as the first one, nor as penetrating as the other. But she had a strange magic, a strong charm. I think this charm came from the glamour in her gaze. But where had he seen her? Selim felt his face flushing and felt a great distress inside him. He wanted to withdraw from this assembly.

When the girls asked Ayşe's permission to leave, she suddenly felt relieved. Her face lit up like a person freed from a nightmare. Leman Pınar, the physics teacher, had also got up with the girls. They said goodbye.

When Ayşe went out to see the guests off, she saw her history teacher going through the bookshelves and pulling out a book. Kadriye Kozanlı smiled: - I would like to read that book, she said.

He holding Fuzûlî's *Leylâ and Mecnûn*. Selim, with the word "Leylâ" he suddenly remembered Leylâ and realised that people who want to solve a great riddle

with impatient curiosity: - Do you know your colleague Leylâ Hanım?

The history teacher replied by putting down the book in his hand: - Are you asking about Princess Leyla?

Selim surprised: - No, sir. Leylâ, the history teacher...
Leylâ Absolute

Kadriye Kozanlı replied with a coldness that froze Pusat: - Yes! That's what I'm talking about, except you've learnt her name a bit wrong. It is Leylâ Mutlu, not Leylâ Mutlak. That young history teacher. Princess Leylâ...

11

THAT NIGHT, when they went to the study after dinner and Tosun had gone to sleep, Ayşe Pusat was pleased. She was even pleased, rather than uneasy, that her husband had placed a bottle and a glass on the small table. It was an auspicious beginning for Selim to have a few words with the first people he met today on subjects other than military service. If her husband stopped being like himself and started to look like everyone else, if he started to enjoy women's gatherings like all men, if he liked the conversation of young and beautiful girls, he would get rid of the mental illness he was buried in, he would love life and Ayşe would be happy in the family hearth.

Selim ate very little that night, never sat down at his desk in the book room, and when Ayşe went to her desk and spread out the papers, he began his regular, endless wandering. Ayşe took this drink, this wandering, this silence as the beginning of her return to life and wanted to make a new experiment on Selim. After watching her husband wandering for a while without looking at her: - "Kadriye's jokes were very nice, weren't they?" she began.

Selim's answer was a dry "Yes" and Ayşe realised that he had given this answer automatically and that he was deep in thought on another subject.

Selim was with Leylâ, or rather Princess Leylâ, the heir to the throne, Leylâ Absolute or Leylâ Happy.

When that vile Yek called Leylâ "the heir to the throne", Selim had listened to it as the delirium of a madman, or the fabrication of an arrogant person who mocked his royal persona. Kadriye Kozanlı was not crazy either... But whose, what and which dynasty was she the princess of? Since there were no princes or princesses in Turkey, where did this title come from? Surely Kadriye and Yek could not have colluded to confuse her.

Ayşe did not give up her attempts easily. She started talking again: - What do you think of my daughters' intelligence and culture?

Selim drank more and his face was flushed. He answered with an obscene attitude: - I cannot say anything about their intelligence as I have not done an intelligence test. My culture is not suitable for measuring their culture. But I can say that I do not like their mentality at all.

- What did you see wrong with him?

- A mentality that seeks the pleasant and entertaining aspects of military service is, of course, flawed.

Ayşe was used to looking at her husband like a stubborn and innocent child:

- Even if it was a flaw, one of them said it. What makes you think the others have the same mentality?

Pusat took another drink: - If there's enemy fire coming from the opposite bush, there's an enemy to the left or right of it.

Ayşe smiled: - Wouldn't you warm up to them more if you could see only their virtues and not their faults?

- Man is obliged to have virtues. The abnormal: It is a defect.

A soldier is not applauded if he is brave, but he is condemned if he is afraid.

- If you only knew how much you frighten the neighbourhood with your harsh military thoughts. Selim did not answer this. Suddenly, after a long wander: -

He asked, "Is Fuzûlî's *Leylâ and Majnûn* an important work?

Ayşe made a joke out of it: - It is an important work, but there are no military ideas in it!

Selim your eyes To Aisha. sewed it up. Insistently he was looking.

This one Overview not the product of anger, but of hesitation.

Finally, he overcame his hesitation:

- You a student called Leyla, didn't you?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. You know, I introduced you to him.

Selim did not remember this meeting, but Leylâ's saying that they had met: - Leylâ was happy, wasn't she?

- His surname is not clear, it will be Happy or Absolute.

This answer was very interesting. Selim stood in front of his wife: - "How this?" he said. Can a person's name be suspicious? It what it says on the birth certificate.

Ayşe looked at her husband in amazement, wondering why he had brought Leylâ out of nowhere. Selim hadn't moved from the table: - "Well! Where does this girl's princess status come from?

Ayşe's astonishment was multiplied. It was marvellous that her husband was so interested in a person. When Selim started to talk and ask questions, she was afraid of interrupting this external interest in him, so answered him immediately:

- When I was a student, I was always called princess in absentia. I think it was a nickname given to her because of her extraordinarily polite behaviour. This girl had such a dignified and noble appearance that she commanded respect even from the teachers. Her diligence and intelligence were normal. What was above normal was her nobility. She was also a very mysterious girl. But because of the respect she instilled, no one dared to intrude into her privacy.

- As a teacher, would you find Leylâ superior to your students or today's heroic girls?

Ayşe thought for a while: - I taught Leylâ for one year in secondary school. Since seven or eight years have passed since then, my impressions have weakened. However, taking into account the fact that every year the children regress a little more in terms of knowledge and diligence, I can say that my heroic daughters are superior to your Leylâ.

Selim looked at Ayşe: - Why does she have to be my Leyla? Have you started to look at me as Majnun like everyone else?

Ayşe was smiling tenderly again: - "When you become a princess, of course, it will be yours," she said, and after a moment's hesitation as to whether to make the joke she had in mind, she added:

- If you won't take the princess, I'll take her. But if you want to take my heroic daughters... I won't!...

Selim's face turned red with anger: - Princesses are important because they give birth to kings. Since Leylâ Hanım will never have this honour, even if she really is a princess...

The sentence did not follow. Ayşe, who was busy with the papers she had spread out in front of her, raised her head to look at her husband, wondering why he had interrupted her, and saw that he was standing in front of the window. Selim had lifted the tulle curtain and was watching the street with a very stern face. What could Selim be staring at when the street, which was deserted at all hours of the day, should have been completely empty at this night time?

What made him look at the street so intently and angrily was the ominous hunchback limping past. Pusat remembered what had happened two nights ago: He had lifted the wooden sofa and brought it down on Yek's head. What a nimble and agile man this old man must have been to survive that lightning-fast blow. Here, obviously, nothing had happened to him.

Selim had not been so astonished when he saw that there was no one under the sofa after the blow. Now, when he saw the angel again, he realised the astonishing aspects of the incident. The word "Scoundrel!" came out of his lips out of his need.

Aisha was excited. Almost shouting: - "Who are you telling Selim?" she asked.

Selim dropped the curtain: - To whom? He answered, "To that unholy bloke called Yek!"

Ayşe jumped up from her seat and approached the window. The long street was empty. Had her husband seen a ghost? Then a realisation dawned on her. Looking at Selim, she asked: - What did you say? Did you say Yek?

- Yes!

- that a human name?

- He's not humana human waste...

- But there's no one on the street.

- That bastard is like that. He disappears in an instant.

There was a vague fear in Ayşe's eyes. her husband ill? Or was he very drunk? She was trying not to interrupt the conversation with a curiosity to understand his situation. Where did he get the word "Yek" from? Did know the meaning of Yek? With a will to overcome his despair, he was seeking a diagnosis like a doctor. But she did not know where to start, she did not want to ruin her husband's soul with a careless question. It was Selim who opened the floor again: - If Leylâ Mutlak was a true princess, which dynasty could she belong to? Ottoman?

- Since there are almost no Turkish dynasties other than the Ottomans, the Ottoman dynasty may come to mind, but I do not think that the name Leylâ was used in this family. There is also the Genghis dynasty, the Crimean Kireys, but since they have lost the khanate for about two centuries, they may have lost their title.

Selim was drinking: - You mentioned a dispute over the princess's surname. Couldn't the name Leylâ also be a nickname?

- When she was a secondary school student, her name was Leylâ. I don't think a child of that age would have a nickname.

- Doesn't this girl have any parents? Who are they?

- I don't know.

Selim had drunk his last glass. Now his head was all foggy: - "What kind of a teacher are you?" he said. An officer knows all the enlisted men in his company, their lineage, their families. You don't know the father of such a famous girl.

- Not every teacher is involved in such details. However, each class has a special teacher who knows everything about all the students in that class. I was not Leylâ's class teacher.

- Who was it?

- Poor woman is dead.

"Pity!" Selim responded to this news. But in this word there was not pity for the deceased woman, but a feeling of regret for a closed door.

Ayşe was really happy that her husband was so deeply interested in someone else, even if it was a young girl. She was so frustrated by his deathly silence and stagnation that she welcomed even this strange interest.

But Ayşe's relief did not last long. Selim sank into his usual silence and began his regular wanderings around the big room. He was thoroughly drunk. There were traces of a vindictive smile on his face. If he had said something, spoken, even fought with himself, Ayşe would not have suffered so much. This silence, this withdrawnness made Ayşe miserable; her heart was filled with the melancholy of those who were left alone in life.

With her elbows propped on the table and her chin in her hands, she looked like an unfortunate woman who had seen her dead life partner in a film, sighing as she watched her husband walking by without ever looking at her. She was even crying. Two tears rolled down her cheeks.

What was this life? Could Selim be called alive even though he could walk and talk?

Ayşe was deep in her mournful thoughts when suddenly there was a knock at the door. No one came at this time of the night. Therefore, this was an extraordinary event. But something even more marvellous happened: Selim went downstairs to open the door. However, it was not his custom to open the door. Even Ayşe used to enter by opening the door with a key. While she was thinking about how her husband had gone to open the door, Selim went downstairs, opened the door and found the postman. A telegram at this hour... But he was in no mood to think about these things. He automatically signed the receipt, closed the door hard and opened the telegram. The first thing that caught his eye was the place where the telegram was sent. Oh, my God! It was from Erzurum. He had no acquaintances in Erzurum. He read the address so as not to make a mistake. Yes, it was to him, Selim Pusat. Then he looked at when it was taken. It was that day and about three hours ago. He read the telegram with a feeling similar to curiosity and a strange uneasiness:

"Princess Leylâ is a real princess. But her real name is Hanzade, not Leylâ. Other information to be obtained will be reported for your examination. Your respects."

Underneath this marvellous telegram was an even more marvellous signature: "*Yek*". Yek, who passed by Selim's door half an hour ago...

12

SELIM made the morning between sleep and wakefulness. He was filled with anguish. Leylâ and Yek were carving his brain as two enigmas. The only place where he could see and find both of them was Çamlı Koru. His steps dragged him there.

Çamlı Koru had always prepared surprises for Selim Pusat. It was like that this time too. After wandering around for hours, going in and out several times, he found not Leylâ or Yek, but Tahsin, one of his old friends. Tahsin was a lieutenant colonel of staff. He was a joker, a man of his word: - I found you exactly where I was looking for you, Pusat!

- Do think this place suits me?

- It's the perfect place for you. It's a place for lovers, hermits, misanthropes, the irreplaceably damaged. If you want the truth, no one should come here except you, but they do...

Selim smiled:

- According to what you say, on the contrary, only I shouldn't be here. I'm free from the disease called love. I love people. I've even begun to be present in the gatherings of girls and women who are reasonable children. As for the loss, you see that I have no loss. I'm too fortunate to know how to spend my time. That's why I hang around here.

Tahsin was a man of insight. He said, "Pusat. - Pusat, he said. I am now in the Publications Department. We have set up a commission to sort military history documents. We need people like you. Would you accept?"

Selim didn't think about it at all, work, whatever it was, it was better to have a job than to wander around without a job. He accepted.

*

* *

The next day he started his duty. The Historical Documents Commission was made up of a number of old pensioners. Selim did not like the mould of the men. They had no military manners. They resembled the maverick softies. During the introductions, most of them said words implying that they recognised Pusat. This was not what he liked either. After sitting at his desk, he bowed his head to the documents without looking at their faces. As he had been instructed, he started to read them one by one, recording their summaries and collecting the related ones into files.

Selim Pusat was very interested in the papers in front of him. When he became engrossed in the writings on the military in recent history and the subtleties of the art of command, as was his custom, he lost all contact with his surroundings, and he did not even hear his colleagues talking to each other from time to time. They had already sensed at first sight that Selim was not one of them. Moreover, they regarded him as a child, inexperienced and uninformed. They only liked his modesty. He did not interfere in the conversation, did not speak without being asked, and consulted if he had any difficulties.

Selim realised his job in three or five days and started to look around the room. There were eight of them. Apart from himself, all of them were over sixty. There were also some over seventy. But it was obvious that their work was not methodical and systematic. There was also the fact that the subject of their occasional conversations among themselves was not military or war history, but religion and mysticism. Selim Pusat had never discussed religion with anyone before. He could not understand why these men were talking about this. He found it very strange that Sufism, which had no use for military service, was being discussed here.

When twelve o'clock came, the work tables became dining tables, and food was eaten between sweet conversations. Selim did not eat lunch because he did not bring food from home, he continued to work during his lunch break by reading the documents he liked so much. A little later he realised the reason why his colleagues sometimes disappeared from the room in shifts: They were praying one by one in a small room at the front. When he discovered this "Fortunate men!" he thought, and gazed out of the window at the sky for a long time.

On the fourth or fifth day of his employment, his desk neighbour asked him something, and Selim without looking at his face turned his head towards him, seeing that the person next to him was speaking in a foreign accent. At the same time he was astonished. Because this man was either Yek's twin brother or himself. The man kept on saying something, but Pusat never heard what was being said and looked at the face of his table neighbour. Suddenly: - "What is your name?" he asked.

This questioning was done with such harshness, which had never been seen in the room of the Sorting Commission, that everyone stopped what they were doing, turned their eyes to Selim and began to scrutinise him with unfriendly glances. The man answered briefly: - Osman.

- your surname

Yek? Beriki smiled:

- If I were to take such a surname, I would prefer "du", because with a yekle you throw two and one, and with du you throw a double.

As Selim Pusat was about to give a rebuff, an orderly entered the room and said: - Osman Beğ! The director wants you.

As Osman Beğ got up from his desk, Selim was studying him. For all the resemblance of his face, he could not be Yek. He was not taller than him, nor was he hunchbacked and limping. But this resemblance?

One of the people in the room enlightened Selim: - His dialect you as strange, didn't it? He's a Dönme.

- convert? A convert of what nation?

- He was a German Jew. His original name was Oskar, but he changed it to Osman when he became a Muslim.

- What is his surname?

- His surname is Fisher. He did not change it. He started to write only in Turkish orthography.

Selim was interested. He asked: - Why did he become a Muslim? What is his real profession?

- They say he converted to Islam because he was oppressed by the Hitler regime. He was a professor of Oriental studies in his homeland. Since he spoke Turkish, Arabic, Persian and a few European languages, he was taken to the commission even though he was not a soldier.

Pusat disliked changing religion or nationality because he likened it to changing the army. He did not prolong the conversation, the conversation of two officers sitting at the next tables attracted his attention. They were talking about Sufism. One of them brought witnesses from the Qur'an and hadiths and argued that Sufism was the true Islam, while the other, with the help of the same sources, argued that it should be considered bid'ah.

In the meantime, many names foreign or distant to Selim were passing by: Muhyiddîn-i Arabî, Mevlânâ, Kemalpaşazade, Çivizade...

The debaters would occasionally say verses or couplets. One of them stuck in his mind:

Sufism is to be yâr and not be bâr; To be gül- gülzâr and not be hâr

Selim repeated the couplet in his mind, trying to understand whether it was beautiful, deep or shallow: - "Do you agree?" he heard a voice beside him. Osman Fişer was saying this. Selim again lost his peace of mind, likening his eyes behind his spectacles to Yek's, and looking at this old professor, whom he did not understand when he had returned to his seat, he said: - "What matter are you asking my opinion about?" he said.

- Your opinion on Sufism...

- I no idea about Sufism.

Fisher pointed to the others with an obscene look: - Most of them think that Sufism is Islam. However, it is a soup of Buddhism and Mahihaism. As salt and pepper, there is a lot of Christianity and Judaism in it, he said.

Selim Pusat knew Buddhism and Manichaeism more or less in name only, and especially hated Buddhism, which was against war. He found it strange that this idea had entered Islam, a warrior religion: - Was there no one among the Islamic elders who knew this truth? Why did they not prevent it?" he asked.

Osman Fisher's answer was very strange: - These pig Jews introduced these innovations in order to corrupt Islam by becoming Muslims.

- It would be natural for the Jews to introduce Judaism into Islam

Why should they put forward old religions that they themselves do not know?

Osman Fişer

- They did that too, he said. Then he uttered a strange wisdom: To be a good imam, one must first be a good rabbi.

Selim Pusat angry.

- Why are you so against the Jews? Aren't you Jews?

The professor did not answer. The gesture he made with his hand could have meant rejection.

Selim did not stop his interrogation: - And what race are you?

Osman Fisher bowed his head to the papers in front of him: - "From the devil's race!" he replied and remained silent, still busy with the papers.

Pusat thought for a moment, looking ahead through the window of the room at the garden with its trees and flowers, pleasing to the eye and the heart, and then he bowed his head to the document. He was angry with this man, but at the same time he found him interesting. It was strange that he had opened up to him in this way when he had never spoken to anyone.

For the first time since he started this mission, Selim felt an inner distress. He thought about the reason. It was Osman Fişer. He had disturbed his peace by talking about Sufism, Buddhism, etc., and had taken his time with this unnecessary nonsense. But the real troublemaker was that he looked like Yek.

When he returned home that evening, he intended to learn more about Sufism from Aisha. But when he found her upset, he gave up. Tosun was a little sick and feverish. Ayşe always determined whether a doctor was needed or not. Since he did not say anything, the illness was not important.

When Ayşe had finished proofreading her assignments and came to the study room without any worries, Selim Pusat asked a question out of the blue that stunned Ayşe: - What is Sufism?

In fact, it was not a surprising question. However, the fact that Selim wanted to learn about such a subject was, to put it with exaggeration, as important as the opening of a new era in history. If Tosun, not Selim, had asked this question, Ayşe would have been just as surprised. But there was also joy in this astonishment: Her husband was now interested in the affairs of life, he was accepting the realities outside the military service. The first words that came to Ayşe's lips were something like "Where did that come from?". But she didn't say it. It was necessary not to frighten Selim. She was careful to look as if she did not care at all that she was asked such a question: - "It is the philosophy of religion!" and waited for Pusat's sarcastic response.

There was something different about Pusat tonight. He didn't go to the regiment: - Isn't religion just a set of strict commandments and rules? Can a set of rules so rigid and unchangeable have a philosophy?

Ayşe's astonishment was increasing. I wonder what had happened that Selim was asking these questions? Had he been guided? She knew very well that he knew nothing about Sufism, nor did he see the need to know. Selim's idea of Sufism could have been something like "the philosophy of begging". The fact that he didn't say that, but asked her seriously and wanted to learn made Ayşe forget the sadness she felt due to Tosun's illness. She started to explain: - "Religion consists of the precepts, but there may be points that people will understand differently according to their own feelings and thoughts, according to their own temperament, and there may be points where they will quarrel with each other. As a matter of fact, the conflicts between various sects show this. Sufism is a system of understanding man, the world, the universe and God in a broad tolerance without paying attention to details and based only on love and goodness.

Selim Pusat remembered what Osman Fişer had said that day: - "Are there foreign influences such as Buddhism, Manichaeism and Christianity in Sufism?" he asked.

Ayşe was a little more surprised. Hearing the words Buddhism or Manichaeism from Selim's mouth was like Tosun talking about Yunus Emre. Continuing to hide her astonishment, she replied: - Maybe. It exists. Sufism is a philosophy that comprehends all religions and all people.

Ayşe looked at him with a face only fit for a soldier, wondering where her husband, who wanted to know the mysticism against hit-and-run, would lead the conversation. Had Selim begun to soften? She had never expected that. If so, what was it? While Ayşe was thinking about this, Pusat asked again: - Is this mysticism of any use?

Ayşe first thought that he was asking if it was useful for soldiering, for the war, for winning the war, but she quickly realised that it was not so and : - Of course it does! There is no medicine like Sufism in terms of bringing peace to human beings.

- Do you know anyone whose life was chaotic but who found peace through Sufism?

With this question, Selim Pusat wanted to ask a little bit about himself? Ayşe thought for a few seconds and then answered: - History has recorded such people and there are examples in our time. Kadriye Kozanlı's uncle, whom you recognised when she visited us the other day, is one of them.

Ayşe fell silent. It was not clear whether she was trying to make up her mind or whether she could not make up her mind whether to say something or not. Finally she said it: - It is widely rumoured that the father of Leylâ, the history teacher you are so curious about, was a great Sufi...

the opportunity of the BAYRAM days coinciding with the good weather, Ayşe wanted to prepare a countryside outing to provide Selim with entertainment and, if possible, peace of mind. Just like a chief of staff, she thought of everything and made her plan by going down to the finest calculations. After having breakfast in the newly opened teahouse called Huzur, which was always frequented by people of high level, they would go to Çamlı Koru from the coastal road and return at sunset. Kadriye Kozanlı, one or two other teachers and Ayşe's three beloved daughters were to be invited for the outing.

When she made her proposal to Selim Pusat, she had no idea whether it would be accepted or not. Her husband listened to Ayşe in stone silence, and then, with a face that did not show any sign of his outward behaviour, he said: - It would be nice. There is only one thing missing!

- What is it?...

- Princess Leylâ... Leylâ Absolute...

Ayşe Pusat froze for a moment. But she was quick to reply: - If I knew his address, I would have called him too, but...

Selim interrupted him with a voice between humour and sarcasm: - No, my dear... As long as you have heroic daughters, there is no need for Princess Leylâ!

This time Ayşe didn't like the term "heroic girls": - Selim! Leave these heroic girls alone. Since they are not heroes, they seem to me to be belittled by this term. However, I like them very much. So, please, don't use this term.

- What can I say? I was using that expression to mean all three.

When he saw that Ayşe was silent, he put on his sarcastic demeanour again: - "Let's call them light girls, if you like. Light, moon and day... An apocalypse made of lights.

Although Ayşe liked the term "Light Girls": - "Why Armageddon?" she couldn't help asking.

Pusat was smiling: - there a reason? Three lights strong enough to raise the dead. Girls worthy of the apocalypse.

Aisha, speech tasteless one on the road don't spill He said.

more one He said nothing. With a forced smile: - That's when you use your poetry

is an example of success... "Light Girls" is a really nice and appropriate term for them. As a literature teacher, I can say well done to you, he said.

Selim did not answer. Thus, an agreement was made between Aydolü, Güntülü and Nurkan to be called Light Girls instead of Hero Girls from now on, without words, without signature, without ceremony.

The first minutes in Huzur Tea House were very pleasant with Kadriye Kozanlı's jokes and witticisms. This troubled woman, who had learnt the secret of making misery a pleasure for herself, was both laughing and cheering up those around her.

Selim Pusat was also listening to her attentively, although he was not laughing. Ayşe, who kept her husband under constant control without letting him know it, was quick to realise that although he seemed to be listening, he was not listening to Kadriye, that he was absorbed in other thoughts in his own world, perhaps even forgetting where they were. However, she had organised this day just for him.

It was true: Selim was thinking of completely different things at that moment and sensing that he was being controlled by his sixth sense. With a spiritual shake, he got out of the world he was immersed in. After locking eyes with Ayşe, who was looking at him, he turned his gaze to Güntülü under the compulsion of a force he did not understand, and he shuddered when he met her gaze fixed on him. These gazes were the gaze of a horrible parasite, which was not foreign to her at all. But where had he seen it? Here he was starting to fill with pain again.

Ayşe saw that Güntülü was also checking on Selim and, worried that her husband's abnormal state of mind would not be recognised by the girls, she asked in jest: - Selim! Not counting the pleasure of military service, weren't there a thousand flavours in the minutes of this day so far?

- No . Especially Mrs Kadriye's jokes...

Ayşe was thinking, "I wonder if she can remember one of them if I ask her," when Güntülü intervened: - Which one was your favourite?

It was not clear what effect this question had on Selim, but suddenly Ayşe's heart was filled with sadness. She was heartbroken that it would be realised that Selim seemed to listen but did not listen to anything, in other words, that he was abnormal. Güntülü had unknowingly stepped on Selim's invisible wound. That's what Ayşe thought.

However, Güntülü had done this on purpose, not unknowingly. She had been checking this strange man since the minute they arrived at the Huzur Tea House. How strange was he thinking? He couldn't be preoccupied with the disaster that had befallen him. He did not look like a weak-willed man. After becoming the husband of a woman of Ayşe Hoca Hanım's calibre and overcoming the great shock in his life

He should have been a fortunate person living in peace. However, this hardness, this absent-mindedness, this strangeness were not signs of happiness at all.

When Güntülü looked at him carefully, Selim resembled a naïve poet, not a mature officer. It was certain that he did not pay attention to Kadriye Kozanlı's jokes that cheered everyone up, or rather he did not hear them. In order to prove this to herself, Güntülü asked, "Which one was your favourite?"

While Ayşe was worrying, "Oh no, a storm is going to break out," Selim was seen to adopt an attitude that could not be understood whether he was mocking or serious, and from behind:

- They are all beautiful, he was heard to say.

Güntülü was not one of those who let go easily. She asked again: - But of course one was better than the others. When ten jokes come together, one of them must undoubtedly be more pleasing.

Güntülü was going to say more, but Selim didn't let her go: - You are wrong. When many things come together, why should one of them be superior to the others? Trying to distinguish one soldier from the others in a squad that fought a good battle...

This time Selim couldn't finish. Kadriye Kozanlı was laughing and talking: - Aman Selim Beğ!... Don't fill this Huzur Tea House with the sound of rifle shots. Then where will we go if he loses his peace?

Ayşe immediately realised that Selim was getting hard. The tone of his voice indicated it and he responded by looking into the void: - Yes! Let's stop the gunfire and prevent any disturbance of the peace. But I ask you not to be burnt because your eyes are dazzled by the example I am about to give.

Kadriye, the other teachers and the three girls looked at each other, not understanding a thing. Only Ayşe realised what was coming, but there was no time or opportunity to prevent it. Pusat was speaking in a full voice: - We left the soldiers. By the Light Girls, I mean Ayşe's three beloved daughters. I call them the Light Girls because their names are luminous and they themselves are beautiful. Now, if I ask Ayşe, "Which of the Light Girls do you like the most?" Can she answer this or that? She cannot. This means that sometimes it is impossible to make a choice. Why are you denying me this right that I am sure you will grant to Ayşe?

Ayşe liked this binding. But Güntülü to resist: - Hodja's love for us is equal. But this one,

does not mean that she did not make a choice between us. The fact that she didn't reveal her preference is due to her courtesy and the art of being a teacher. Otherwise, it is absolute...

- Absolute?

Güntülü looked at Selim with fear. Because he had become scary while asking if it was absolute. The reason that forced Selim to be so scary was that the harmony in Güntülü's voice when she said absolute was exactly like the voice he had heard that night in Çamlı Koru. He was about to remember how he knew Güntülü. But...

*

* *

When Selim came to himself, he realised that they were on the slope going down to Çamlı Koru. Güntülü was with him. Ayşe and the others were coming from behind at quite a distance. When Selim realised that it was Güntülü, he first paid attention to her voice. Yes, this was the voice that had addressed him with poetry that night in Çamlı Koru: - Would you come to Çamlı Koru from time to time?

- No, no, no, no! I'm coming now for the first time.

He was lying. Could it be that the owner of this voice had never been to Çamlı Koru? Although Selim was getting impatient, he realised very well that it was impossible to learn anything from this wild girl by forcing her: - "Güntülü, can you read me a poem that you like the most?"

When Selim had addressed both Aydolü and Nurkan and Güntülü in his previous conversations, he had always added the word "lady" after their names. This time his address "Güntülü" was a little strange, but since it was sincere, the young girl did not find it strange. She even liked him a little bit in the psychology of young girlhood. However, she found Selim's offer to read poetry, which was not at all expected from his character, strange: "Why did you ask?" she asked.

- From time to time like to listen to poetry. Of course, I prefer to listen to poetry from people who have a taste for poetry. Ayşe is so busy at home that I cannot make her this offer. Anyway, this desire is not something that always arises in me...

After thinking for a while and smoothing her hair with her hand, Güntülü began to recite a poem with her harmonious voice and smooth singing.

It has begun:

Love like a secret ambition penetrated his soul; It is superior and deeper than a dream of pleasure.

The wind come from the sky and blown into your heart; It is a secret that you can never open even if you die...

It is such a moment that is impossible to describe, as if the voice in Hülyad is the purpose of its existence...

Look, he's commanding: Wake up from the world in which you are immersed You will surely love me, you cannot escape it...

While listening to the poem, Pusat, who was intoxicated by the beauty of the girl's voice, which resembled the harmony of the voice in the dark, was struck by lightning when he listened to the last verse and looked like a wounded person who did not want to show his anguish: - "Whose poem is this?" he asked.

Güntülü was smiling her sweetest smile.

- Don't you know?

- I have asked?

The young girl's smile faded on her lips: - Isn't this poem yours?

Pusat stopped in amazement and turned to Güntülü: - Is it mine? When did I write it?

The girl's eyes began to sparkle with wild gleams. While Selim was looking at these sparkles that he recognised very well, while he was overwhelmed in a whirlwind of souls to solve a forgotten point, Güntülü answered with the voice of the invisible woman of that night: - Since you have forgotten, you will have written it a thousand years ago.

A thousand years... The dark place in Selim's brain seemed to light up. "Have I been alive for a thousand years?" he thought. This was a terrible thing... The girl next to him was answering him like a sorceress, understanding what was going through his mind: - Yes! You have lived for a thousand years. Maybe even two thousand years! Since the time when Mete ordered his soldiers to shoot arrows at their lovers, fiancés and wives in order to test their loyalty and executed those who did not shoot arrows because of their great love...

These words and this voice had taken away all Selim's strength, even his will. He couldn't answer. He couldn't think either...

What until that it's going on unpredictable pause, young your
daughter

It ended with him saying, "Let's walk, sir!" The slope is over, to Çamlı Koru

they had entered.

More than the weather of Çamlı Koru, its effect on Selim and the memory of it helped him to come to his senses. He had become a soldier again: - No! This poem is not mine!

- Then maybe it's mine...

It was as if this girl had come to strike blow after blow to Selim. In order not to be completely miserable, she did not delay in putting on her sarcastic attitude: - Have you been living for two thousand years?

- Why not?

Pusat realised that his face was flushed from the burning. Was he making fun of himself? Not being able to cope with a child was like not being able to overcome a squad with a company. But surely such a gentle and well-behaved girl would not make fun of the husband of her beloved teacher. So what did he mean by those strange words? He asked, more eager to listen to her voice than to receive an answer: - What was I two thousand years ago?

- You were probably an officer in Mete's army.

- You honour me with these words. To be an officer in Mete's army is the last frontier of a soldier's ambitions...

As soon as Pusat said these words, he realised that they had arrived in front of the wooden sofa where the mysterious unseen woman, perhaps Güntülü, had recited poetry to him in a talismanic voice. Standing as if he was waiting for those who were slowly coming from behind, he remembered with lightning speed what had happened here.

That voice... Then Leylâ... Leylâ's voice that sounded nothing like that voice, and then it did... Princess Leylâ... Leylâ, the heir to the throne... And then Güntülü... Güntülü, who says she lived two thousand years ago and whose voice now sounds exactly like the voice of the unseen woman...

Ayşe and the others were slowly approaching. Their faces told that they were cheerful. It was obvious that Kadriye Kozanlı was telling another joke. Selim, who thought that this horrible but fascinating conversation with Güntülü would be interrupted when they arrived, asked sarcastically, as if he had drunk the last sips of his drink and was now in control of his will: - Since we both lived two thousand years ago, did we know each other then?

Güntülü replied in the same enigmatic voice and with the same great seriousness: - Of course we knew each other.

- Well... I was an officer then. And what were you?

Güntülü fixed her ferocious pariah gaze on Selim. With an attitude that made him shudder, even mad, he answered with a cold-bloodedness that made him dizzy with astonishment: - One of those who cannot shoot arrows...

Suddenly the world went black for Pusat and he could no longer remember what happened after that.

14

PUSAT had drunk so much that the minutes passed like a disjointed film. He could not remember how he had got from one place to another, then he regained consciousness and knew what he was doing and where he was going. Then it started to get dark again, but Selim did not change his walk towards Çamlı Koru despite everything.

Çamlı Koru was more secluded than usual this evening. But Pusat knew Leylâ was coming. This knowing was a telepathic phenomenon. It happened to him when he was drunk. He was so optimistic, so convinced that Leylâ would come that Leylâ was obliged to come here just because of this strength of belief; that's what Selim thought.

When he came to the bench where he always sat and listened to the mysterious female voice he saw that it was empty and looked around with a despairing and very bitter smile. At the same time, Leylâ's voice said: - "Where have you been? I have been waiting for you for a long time! Leylâ was sitting on the bench and looking at him.

Selim thought, "Am I too drunk to see Leylâ beside me?" But before he had time to take his thought any further, Leylâ stood up, took Pusat's arm and said in a commanding voice: - "You will take me home!

Selim's brain, which was functioning strangely due to the effect of alcohol, seemed to be overwhelmed with associations: Three or four days ago, a high school girl, Güntülü, had dominated him, almost taking away his will. Now a slightly older teacher girl was doing the same thing. He did not like a strange woman or girl taking his arm. But she could not say to Leylâ, "Get off my arm!" How could she, Leylâ was a princess and heir to the throne.

Selim laughed when his thought came here and Leylâ, seeing this, asked: - Selim Beğ. You are a person who does not like to laugh. Then what are you laughing at now all of a sudden?

Selim spoke without answering the question: - Either I have become a child, or I have been surrounded by fortune tellers, sorcerers and those who know the future.

- Am I one of these fortune tellers or sorcerers?

- Yes!

- What did I do to this compliment?

- You know I don't like to laugh, even though we've just met.

Leylâ was silent with this answer. Then suddenly: - "Who is the other fortune teller?

The effect of alcohol on Selim had diminished. Because of his habit of not being afraid of anything, he answered openly: - One of the Light Girls... .

He thought this would be the end of the conversation. But Leylâ continued: - The first time we met in Çamlı Koru, you told me about the Hero Girls. Now are the Girls of Light?

- You have a very sharp memory. That's commendable. The Hero Girls of that day and the Light Girls of today are the same thing.

Leylâ was pushing Selim Pusat this evening as she sensed that he was not as strong-willed as usual: - What secret side of you has one of the Light Girls discovered?

Selim seemed to shine: - Am I facing a court martial again? Why do these questions of the hereafter arise?

- I want to know what effect a girl as beautiful as a poem has on you.

- How do you know it's as beautiful as poetry?

- You told me. You even told me that night, "You're not as beautiful as poetry!"

- Now I don't agree. There are reasons to make you more beautiful than poetry, as beautiful as a war of extermination.

- What is it?

- You are a princess and heir to the throne.

Leylâ had left Selim's arm. They were facing each other in front of an apartment block. Pusat realised that they had come to Leylâ's house: - "I beg Hanzade Sultan's permission!" and his eyes fell on her. This was indeed the face of a sultan. She was looking at Selim Pusat with an extraordinary dignity and dignity: - "You know a lot, captain!" he said. It seems that you have the real skill of fortune telling and knowing the unknown. For this reason, I will need to talk to you for a while before I leave. Here you are.

Selim did not want to enter this house tonight, thinking that he was drunk and out of respect: - Excuse me. Let me come another day, he said.

Leylâ's face hardened: - "I order you. You will come now!"

As Pusat listened to Leylâ's short order, he stood at attention, as was his military habit. They entered Leylâ's flat.

This apartment, which looked like any other house from the outside, was a marvellous mansion fit for a princess. The furnishings and the beauty and opulence of their arrangement were dazzling. An old, vigorous and lovely woman: - "Welcome, Your Highness!" and then turned to Leylâ and said: - "Do you have any orders, my lion?" she asked.

Selim had been living in the midst of so many astonishing things for a few days that the strangeness of addressing a young girl as "Arslanım" did not strike his attention. Or it did, but the feeling of being in front of a sultan covered that strangeness.

- Our guest Selim Pusat Beğ is a captain. He is also the husband of my teacher Ayşe Hanım.

Selim looked intently after this nice woman, who was called kalfa. Leylâ, realising his curiosity, told him about the journeyman who left the room: - Gülsafa Kalfa is my nanny. But she is actually my everything. She is the one who raised me. I was about ten years old when my mother died.

- And your father?

- I only recognised him through his paintings.

Selim Pusat felt the shyness one feels in front of a commander several ranks above him. Leylâ or Hanzade was a true princess in this ostentatious room and was in command of herself. Her posture, look and speech were so superior that Selim realised that he could not ask many things he wanted to ask. But she was a reckless person. Especially when the feeling of hesitation covered his being, it troubled him and he considered this state as cowardice. Cowardice was what he loathed. With military respect: - "Princess!" he said. Why do you call yourself Leylâ when your name is Hanzade?

- My name is Leylâ Hanzade. I use the first one because it's unobtrusive. You should know me as such and address me accordingly. And behave normally in front of my nanny. But how did you find out about this Hanzade, Selim Beğ, when no one else knew?

- I learnt it from that bastard you creeps.

A wind of disgust passed over Leyla's face: - He's a spy, a more cunning, more dangerous man than the demon.

- An agent? Whose agent?

- I don't know for sure, but he could be anyone's agent. He can serve foreigners. It can work both ways.

Selim was in a daze. That night when he lashed out at his angel Yek, he said, "Leylâ is frightened not by my words, but by the greatness of her pleasure and excitement. I advise him to act, because he is the heir to the throne." Pusat's brain went haywire when he remembered this. These words, which he had taken as the rhymes of a madman at the time, were obviously true. But could a woman be the heir to the throne? Especially after the Ottoman Dynasty had been expelled from the country with its men and women, how could Leylâ stay here?

He asked again with the same military respect: - I have not the slightest doubt that you are a princess. But how is it that you stay here against the law and how is it that you are the heir to the throne even though you are not a man?

- Selim Beğ! Think back to the Ottoman history. Hundreds of princes for the sake of the throne or because they were dangerous for the throne. Among those who perished, there were also legitimate ones, those who were in possession of the throne.

- I know only the great field battles of Ottoman history.
I don't know what you mean by that.

Leylâ came to life. Staring at Selim, who now looked very beautiful, she continued to explain: - "You know about the fight of the princes after Yildirim Bayazid. The eldest prince was Süleyman and he was the legitimate ruler. But when he was killed by his brothers, the poor thing was even erased from the list of sultans.

- Yes, I know that much. That's all I know.

- Now let's come a little bit later: There was a Mustafa, the great prince of Suleiman the Magnificent. He was of the calibre of Yavuz Sultan Selim. He, too, was tragically killed by his father, who was caught up in all sorts of delusions. Had he not been killed, he would have taken the throne.

Leylâ fell silent. Selim finished: - But he died...

Leylâ's face an expression of pain that was hard to read: - Prince Mustafa died, but a little son of his was saved from the executioners and lived. As the two most loyal men of Prince Mustafa raised him, hundreds of thousands of people loyal to the prince drowned him in wealth. Imagine the degree of loyalty that not a single one of these hundreds of thousands revealed the terrible secret he knew.

And those who managed the fortune did not touch a single penny of his. The name of this secret son of Prince Mustafa was Süleyman. However, since his men swore an oath saying "We will definitely put him on the throne!", his name remained as "Mutlak" among themselves, and the surname I use today came out of this four centuries old oath...

Selim listened to Leylâ with the naivety of a child listening to a fairy tale. There was such a convincing force in Leylâ's voice and eyes that she had an effect on Selim, but Selim, who was now well awake, did not miss any opportunity to ask questions: - Has your family lived in secrecy for four centuries? Has it never mobilised?

- The secrecy continued. But our suspicion also continued. Only once, when Sultan Ibrahim had no children, the movement was conceived, then it was abandoned when he also had children, and my grandfathers retired from the world one by one, sometimes serving in the state servicesometimes at high levelssometimes in the army. I am the eleventh generation grandson of Şehzade Mustafa. This family ends with me.

- You are a young girl. In the Ottoman Dynasty, there has never been a woman on the throne, nor is it possible to think of it. In this case, is it not legitimate for princes from other branches to succeed to the throne?

Leylâ smiled for the first time since they arrived home: - In the tradition of the Ottoman Dynasty, there is no such thing as a woman cannot succeed to the throne. The rule is that the eldest son always takes the throne. How many Turkish dynasties other than the Ottomans have had a woman ruler? The Ottomans could have had one too. The reason why they did not come is a coincidence and the fact that the Sharia became dominant in time and the state order deviated from its originality. Anyway, I cannot claim the throne. For one thing, there is no throne anymore. It is also impossible for it to come back. My lost right is not the throne, but the deprivation of saying my true identity.

Selim evaluated what he had been told with the quick judgement habit of being a candidate for the army staff, and since he was no longer the least bit surprised or bewildered, he asked Leylâ: - You said that the bastard was an agent. He claimed that he had instigated you to take action. This agent, who you say is as cunning as the devil, cannot think that the action he advised would not have any repercussions you would not take such an action

Is he? Why are you so afraid of him? You were crying the night I met you. Why were you crying?

A great hatred flashed in Leylâ's eyes: - My father did not die a natural death. He was murdered. His contact with two of the Ottoman princes who were taken abroad made him suspicious. Although those princes did not know who my father was, both the government became suspicious and a foreign state determined my father's true identity.

- What's the point? Why would they kill for that?

- My father was also an unknown, but a great a lawyer. He was going to inherit most of the oil.

- In this case, it is not necessary to eliminate the other princes.

Is it?

- No! They are due to great material necessities and sometimes too

they were deceived and sold their shares for nothing. My father resisted because he had no material needs. He found historical records and documents that cannot be denied.

Selim seemed to get confused again: - Then your life must be in danger too.

- Maybe. But I have taken all precautions: Just as the documents are hidden in a place no one knows, the information, files and even photographs that would convince the judges of who would assassinate me if I were to be assassinated are kept in a safe place. There are brave people who will reveal them when necessary.

There was a long silence. Then Leylâ spoke again: - Because you are a kingmaker, I know what happened to you as well as you do. That's why I sympathise and respect you. It is a sport for the soul that I sometimes wander alone in the evenings. I heard from my mother when I was a child how my father was tragically murdered, and because my mother also died with this grief, I feel a great hatred towards that ugly agent. He follows me, hoping that he will trick me and drag me into an improper claim to the throne and thus ensure my destruction. Captain! If you don't count my nanny, I am a lonely person, and despite your circle of friends and your marriage, you too are lonely and desolate. That's why I enjoy talking to you and value you very much as a confidant who won't give me away. I would be very pleased if you would come to me once in a while. I think you would be happy too.

Leylâ's last words were a final judgement. It was true. Leylâ's story had overwhelmed him. But he still felt a sense of happiness he did not know the reason for.

For the first time since he arrived, he looked around with a receptive eye. He was in the house of a millionaire. Something very important came to her mind. Just as he was about to tell this to Leylâ, Gülsafa Kalfa entered the room with her tea table on wheels.

15

SELİM was overwhelmed with troubles. He could not understand and make sense of the fact that learning a historical secret or knowing that a princess was living in the midst of dangers could depress him so much. He had never tasted peace in his life, but he had never seen such exhaustion and depression. Even when he had been subjected to the heaviest slander, even when he had left his uniform, he had never been like this.

He was looking for peace. He realised that he was no longer as efficient in the office as he used to be. He had started to make ridiculous mistakes in the summaries of the documents he examined and in the labelling. However, what kind of peace of mind were his colleagues in? He wondered why they were so carefree. Was it because of their religious beliefs? Or was it mysticism that gave them this peace of mind? Suddenly, Osman Fişer, who was sitting at the table next to him, started talking to him in a low voice as if he had understood his thoughts, which interrupted Selim Pusat's train of thought: - I've been trying to make sense out of this paper and summarise it for an hour. Twice I've torn the receipt I've made. I think you're in the same situation. However, our friends do not have such a concern at all.

- Do they lack a sense of duty?

- No, no, no, no, no, no, no! They don't believe it's their duty. that...

- Why are they carefree?

- Because they believe that all these things they do are delusions and dreams, temporary, deceptive and worthless.

- they crazy?

Osman Fischer smiled wickedly: - The lunatics outside the asylum. They believe in Sufism. They are trying to become mature human beings, to become one with God.

Pusat's brow is furrowed: - One with Allah? What does that mean?

- That is, they want to melt into the being of Allah.

- that why they live in peace?

- Oh, yeah...

Selim Pusat lowered his head to the paper in front of him and stopped talking, but hearing again that Sufism gives peace to people, he lost himself in other dreams.

That evening, after dinner had been eaten, Tosun had gone to bed and Ayşe had sat down at her desk, she noticed something: Selim was not taking his customary stroll around the big room tonight, he was leaning on an armchair and thinking with his eyes fixed on his books. It was the first time she had seen Selim in this state. Thinking that maybe he was resting because he was too tired, and that he would soon start his wandering, he started to proofread his assignments.

When her eyes fell on the clock on the wall, she realised that forty minutes had passed and looked at her husband: He was still sitting still and - Ayşe was sure of it - looking at books without seeing them. "What are you thinking?" or

"Are you tired?" would have made Selim angry. Ayşe thought of a way to make him talk without going down that road. But Pusat, who saw that she was getting up from the papers, saved Ayşe from thinking by opening the floor: - What is this thing called mysticism?

she had heard this question from her husband once before, Ayşe dropped her pen on the table in surprise. Selim, who rejected everything in the world except military service, and who found subjects such as philosophy, mysticism and law unnecessary and absurd, must have had a serious reason for asking this question. Since he had asked it again recently, there had to be a serious reason for his interest. Ayşe knew very well that she could not learn this reason by asking. The thing to do was to talk to her and get to the bottom of her soul, so to get a clue . I wonder if her husband was interested in life

was starting? Aisha felt a sense of joy and gave the same answer as last time: - Sufism is a kind of religious philosophy.

- So?

- In other words, it is a system of satisfying and deceiving souls by taking the feeling and thought of religion further than what religion tells.

Selim, after thinking for a while with his eyes on the books again, asked:

- Sufism deny religion? Or does it find it simple and incomplete?

- He neither denies nor finds it lacking. He only claims that mature people will reach the truth in religion through Sufism.

- This means that religion is understood differently by everyone, even though it is a system of precise and infallible rules.

- Of course... Why were sects born? Sometimes the clash between two sects of a religion has been more violent and bloody than the clash between two different religions. The battles between Sunnites and Shiites in Islam, and between Catholics and Protestants in Christianity are very bloody and destructive. Sufism has tried to prevent this.

Selim was listening with the curiosity of a student learning some subjects for the first time. What he heard was so unfamiliar that he wanted to ask aquestions for each of Ayşe's sentences. But before he could ask, Ayşe continued: - Sufism was also divided into many branches and these branches struggled among themselves, but this struggle remained in the field of ideas, and the great Sufis respected each other despite their different systems.

Selim still hadn't grasped it: - You are welcome: Can you briefly tell me the basis of Sufism?

Ayşe was completely revitalised. She began to explain: - The essence of Sufism is the idea that the universe consists of God and that every being and everything is a manifestation and appearance of this God.

- How did the Sufis discover this great truth?

Selim was asking this question seriously, not in mockery, and Ayşe was astonished that he was not mocking her. He continued his words: - They found this not by reason, but by intuition. They recognised that an infinite and great being like God cannot be understood by reason.

Selim immediately objected: - But don't they realise that they are going beyond religion?

- Some of the religious scholars that Sufis were irreligious. Even some of the greatest Sufis could not escape this accusation.

- For example, who?

- First and foremost Muhyiddîn-i Arabî and Mevlana...

Selim Pusat had heard of Mevlana. He was hearing the other for the first time. He cut the conversation short in order not to prolong it and tire Ayşe out: - Can you give me books or articles about Sufism?

Ayşe got up from her seat. Standing in front of a section of bookshelves, she pulled out a few books, looked at them and then put two volumes in front of Selim: - First read the article on Sufism in this encyclopaedia. Let a scheme be established in your mind. Then read this book. It is the best summary about Sufism. After these, I will give you other books and writings if you need them, he said.

When the clock struck midnight and Ayşe was getting ready for bed, Selim Pusat was still busy reading. Ayşe was pleased to realise that he was in a state of tranquillity, if not peace. Therefore, when she left the room, she did not say anything so as not to disturb his tranquillity and Selim did not realise that Ayşe had left.

*

* *

Hours passed and Selim, unaware of this, was reading the articles Ayşe had given him. For the first time in his life, he was immersed in a subject other than military service with such curiosity and interest. He was like a child reading a fairy tale. At one time, the book he was reading brought him to Hallâj-i Mansûr. Hallâc-ı Mansûr, When he was tortured to death for saying "ene'l-Haq", he begged God for those who killed him and said:

"Forgive them. Do not forgive me. Since You are destroying my humanity in Your Godhead, by the right of my humanity over Your Godhead, I ask You to forgive these people who have thus caused me to meet You."

They tore Mansûr into pieces. The cry of "ene'l-Haq" rose from every part of him. They burnt him. His ashes shouted "ene'l-Haq". They threw his ashes into the river. The river filled with the cry of "ene'l-Haq".

When he got here, Selim Pusat closed the book and pushed it on the table.

It was getting morning and Ayşe, seeing that the light was still on in the big room, got up and came to the door. From a distance, she saw Selim checking her face.

at no time did he show any sign of anger or depression. But when he pushed the book on the table, it was obvious that there was a harsh reaction. Selim could not leave the book like that.

Suddenly their eyes met. Ayşe asked, surprised like a woman spying on her husband and caught in the act: - How did you find him?

Selim had the grumpiness of a person forced to deal with empty things. He answered like a scold: - Is this mad nonsense what you call the philosophy of religion?

Ayşe was even more surprised: - What's ridiculous?

- Where isn't it? Do you look at that rascal called Hallâj-i Mansûr as a great man, a great thinker?

- The man of great faith...

- Belief in what?... He equates himself with God and talks about his right over God. Isn't one of the meanings of Ene'l-Haq saying "I am God"? Asylums are full of madmen who pretend to be gods, prophets and sultans. This will be another example of them left out!...

- For centuries, Hallâj has been recognised as a great Sufi and a great believer and accepted as such by everyone...

Ayşe was interrupted. Selim was disgusted by this "everyone", he could not tolerate the opinions accepted by "everyone".

- The crowd you call "everyone" is just a noise that contains ignorant people, traitors and fools in abundance. Do I have to accept these delusions just because everyone else accepts them? Everyone accepts that our Virgin Mary gave birth to a child as a virgin, without any contact with a man. Everyone accepts that Jesus is both God and the son of God. Because everyone is a herd of animals.

Selim fell silent and turned his head away. Ayşe's eyes moistened slightly. Even though Selim knew that she believed in Sufism and religion, he had not spared Ayşe while raining down this deluge of insults. The behaviours that he had been looking at with hope and joy for a few days as a return to life, a departure from the abnormal air, were over, and Pusat, which had stretched like a tyre and moved away from the point where it was stuck, had come back to its starting point with the speed and hardness of a tyre.

Ayşe withdrew, sad and resentful. She started preparing breakfast. For the first time, she felt a crush of something akin to despair. Until now she had tried with great perseverance, hoping that Selim would return to normal. Now she realised that these efforts were in vain. Although Selim was always harsh and angry, he didn't offend Ayşe, even it was understood that he was careful not to offend Ayşe.

However, today this rule was broken and Selim insulted Ayşe in the general description without discriminating her.

The moisture in his eyes increased. Two drops of tears rolled down his cheeks. If the woman they had hired to take care of Tosun from morning to late afternoon since Selim had started to work hadn't been coming soon, these tears might have become thicker.

Selim also understood that Ayşe was upset. It had never even crossed his mind to put Ayşe on an equal footing with everyone else while insulting everyone else, but Ayşe had accepted it as such. If he had said, "I didn't mean you with those words," the matter would have been over, Ayşe would no longer be upset, and she would even be happy to hear such a word from her husband. But how strange, Selim could not say that. He couldn't say it not because of his pride, but because he couldn't help it. These two people, who had been life partners for years, who had spent the most unfortunate days only relying on each other, still had unopened sides to each other. Because of this unopenedness, sometimes their words or behaviours were understood with the opposite meaning, and these misunderstandings completely overwhelmed their hearts, which were filled with poison by life and ordeals.

Selim made a move or two to go up to Ayşe and tell her that there was nothing in her words that was aimed at him. But the moment he did, he was nailed to the chair. It was as if an invisible force was pressing down on his shoulders, preventing him from getting up.

He realised Tosun was awake from talking to his mother. This was an early start for him. Maybe he had woken up because of the words he had just said aloud to Ayşe. Thinking like this, Selim was angry with himself this time. There are very few things as exhausting as being angry with oneself. Selim had already been wearing out for years. This wear and tear was something completely different from the wear and tear in everyone in accordance with the laws of nature. It was an overwhelming feeling. Not being able to tell anyone, not even Ayşe, that he was depressed was a different drama.

He felt his face start to burn. His eyes wandered aimaround the room. Then he stuck somewhere and stayed like that. There was a picture of his friend Şeref: A picture of him in uniform, taken when they were studying at the Military Academy...

Şeref, like himself, was a lively captain who had accepted military service as a faith. But after he ended his life by writing that short letter that he could not forget, this photograph started to look like a picture of a sad person to Selim, not a living person.

"T yatro b tt. I don't see the need to wait." What was hidden in these simple five words! Selim could not forget his friend, but he always avoided looking at the picture in front of him, because he was afraid that tears would flow when he looked at it. Now, almost without realising it, his eyes were fixed on the picture, and when they were fixed, he could no longer separate them. He considered it disrespectful to his friend to take his eyes away.

Selim did not believe in an afterlife, he knew that Şeref did not and would not hear anything anymore, but he also accepted that respecting memories was a superiority that made people human.

When his eyes fell on Şeref's picture, he felt as if he was reliving the whole ordeal. Şeref had lived as an orphan and because he was an orphan, he had ended his life to get rid of the evil of people. Selim thought again: "Would I have done the same thing without Ayşe and Tosun?" What about him? Maybe Şeref was not as disgusted with people as I was. I wonder if I would have been consoled if he had lived, or would I have felt the pain of life more when I saw him? These were Selim's thoughts when he was desperate. Again, thoughts started to pass through his brain at lightning speed. How strange!... It was as if these thoughts were not thoughts at all, but words addressed to him. Someone He seemed to be saying, "You didn't do right!" Yes, he hadn't behaved right with Ayşe just now.

Suddenly, he looked at Şeref's picture more carefully. In this photograph, which he was used to seeing always sad, Şeref was now looking at him with a sad smile. However, in that picture, Şeref was actually very serious. He fixed his eyes on the picture with all his attention and it seemed as if Şeref was shaking his head with a gesture that meant you didn't do it right.

Inside, the breakfast table was set and Ayşe came to the door to call Selim. When she saw him in that state, she was surprised again and shuddered. Because Selim was staring at her with a stern gaze and his eyes were teary. Ayşe did not know where he was looking. Crying was a sign of coming back to life. Until now, she had never seen tears flowing from his eyes even once.

Suddenly, he realised that the sorrow in his heart had been released, and knowing that Selim would not like to be seen in that way, he slowly withdrew without saying anything.

16

SELIM had a strange headache. It would not even be appropriate to call it a pain. It was something hard to describe. Everywhere he looked he saw Güntülü's eyes, he knew that he knew her very well, but he could not find out who she was. There was a feeling of a time centuries ago. Was he going crazy? Or was Güntülü a horrible madwoman under that thin and beautiful appearance? Why had she said we met two thousand years ago? Why had she said that she was one of those who were not shot with arrows?

This was such a horrible, exhausting feeling that no heart could bear it. Selim found salvation in drinking. It was not his habit to drink without Ayşe. On this holiday day Ayşe had gone to a relative's house, taking Tosun with her. Selim realised that he couldn't wait for another hour or two and took to drinking, which had become his only solace.

He was overdoing it, drinking too much on purpose. He drank non-stop in order to get rid of Güntülü's eyes looking at him from above, from everywhere, and to get rid of the boredom arising from not being able to find out when he had met her.

He got what he wanted. The green eyes that bothered him disappeared. He felt an inexpressible relief, even joy. It was evening. Çamlı Koru came to his mind. In order not to stagger, he walked slowly and took the way to Çamlı Koru. He did not know why he was going there. He could also see Leylâ there. However, Leylâ had invited him to come to her house from time to time. When he was in a fog like this

He did not think it was right to go to the princess, but he really wanted to meet her in Çamlı Koru. When Selim remembered Leylâ, he felt a sense of happiness enveloping him.

Suddenly, he realised that the road he was on was a detour to Çamlı Koru. It was an absent-mindedness or something else? he saw that the houses were getting sparser and the gardens were increasing. He recognised this place too. Fearing that this recognition, like recognising Güntülü, would turn into an agony of unknown origin, a point lit up in his brain as he carefully observed the surroundings. He recognised it: It was passing in front of Nurkan's house. He was not in a position to guess how he recognised it. It was the sound of the piano he heard that recognised where he was. Nurkan was playing the Old Friends Anthem on the piano with great mastery. Selim remembered the penetrating beauty of that girl. As he struck the keys, she was taking him away from himself, taking him back to the past times, to the days when he was full of hopes. Then suddenly the scenery changed, his friends appeared before his eyes, then these friends merged into a single face and only Şeref was left in front of him: "*T yatro b tt . I don't see the need to wait.*"

Pusat was leaning against the garden wall of the house from which the music was coming, listening to it. In a slow voice: "Why didn't you wait, Şeref, why?" and again gave himself over to the magic of the anthem. Şeref thought that this anthem would never end, although it never left his mind. But it would end. Was there any long-lasting pleasure, any long-lasting happiness in the world? Here he had come to the end. The anthem was about to end. But suddenly, something marvellous, a miracle happened. Nurkan, acting as if he could hear what was in the heart of the man outside at his piano, played the last note and started the march again. Pusat, whose eyes were obviously shining with joy in the darkness, thanked Nurkan from the inside and started talking to his friend again: "Let the theatre end. Was it right to leave me alone, Şeref."

The young girl was not hitting the keys, but as if she was hitting Selim's heart, raising him from a moment of misery to days of bliss and overwhelming him with conflicting emotions.

Nurkan is making the piano talk, Pusat, who has always liked marches this evening the pleasure he has not tasted until

he understood. He'd never realised the music would have such an effect. He was getting drunk again. This drunkenness was nothing like the drunkenness of alcohol.

Suddenly he thought he was in one of the parades at the Military Academy. Hundreds of his friends, whose names he knew or whose faces he recognised only, were marching with firm steps. The band was playing the Old Friends March, and they were marching in neat rows in a formal parade step. The road was getting longer, going on endlessly. Then the band stopped playing. But the march continued. Selim felt a terrible distress inside him. There was no one with him. His friends had disappeared, and worse, Nurkan's piano had stopped playing. The joys did not last long. He turned his head towards the room where the piano sound came from. The room was pitch black.

He started walking. His drunkenness was completely gone, replaced by a spiritual collapse and material exhaustion. Suddenly he remembered Ayşe and thought of the hardships she had endured because of him. She was the mate of his life. But now Selim could give her nothing but sadness. "Poor Ayşe!" he said. "If only I could be as brave as Şeref."

Suddenly he found himself on the ground without realising whether he had slipped, tripped or got dizzy. He must have hit his head on something hard because he felt a pain in his head, and for a moment he lost himself and looked around. Although it was night, he sensed that it was a bit smoky. Before he had time to move to get up, he saw two strong arms grabbing him and lifting him up. An unfamiliar voice: - "Get well soon, captain! Didn't you hit your head on a stone or something?"

Pusat could have fallen again from surprise. Because the owner of the strong arms that lifted him up so easily was none other than that mousy, vile Yek. Selim was so disgusted and angry with that skinny and ugly bloke that he couldn't even think of thanking him for his help. Yek was again in his old hypocritical behaviour: - We have similar tastes, captain. That's why I pass by Karahasanlar's mansion many nights.

Mel'un was talking rubbish again. Moreover, even resembling him in any kind of liking, let alone in taste, was enough to drive Selim mad. He frowned, forgetting the pain in his head and the blood oozing down his cheek: - Who are the Karahasans? Do you have any taste so that we can have a common taste?

Yek bowed as was his custom: - Oh my captain! How can you not know the Karahasans? The beauty of the world, whose piano you listened to in ecstasy, Karaha-

is the eldest daughter of the Sanlars. Wouldn't you agree if I said didn't play the Old Friends Anthem, she sang it?

Selim's anger had dissipated: - What a mine you are! Recognising the Old Friends Anthem, enjoying it, knowing who played it...

He smiled disgustingly: - Captain! Why do you exclusively recognise the beauties of the world? Isn't it also my right to enjoy the anthems? Don't anthems give us the honour and pride of living? Tavern music is enjoyed by the tasteless, Sufism by the insane. We also enjoy military music...

Selim asked sarcastically:

- Who's "we"?

- Soldiers...

- you a soldier too?

- Of course I'm a soldier. Where does my respect for you come from?

- You're not a soldier, you're just a clown. Don't infuriate me by trying to defame one profession just because I'm a soldier. Let's go: Back left, march!...

Then something happened that froze Pusat: Yek, a skinny, hunchbacked man, stood up straight and repeated the order soldierly, like a subordinate who had received orders: - I will march back to the left, sir!

With a harsh movement, he turned back again in a military manner and walked away with military steps. Selim was speechless with astonishment. For a while he thought, "Am I dreaming or imagining?" It was not. Here was the skinny and hunchbacked Yek still walking away in the darkness with military steps.

After staring at him for a long time, unable to make him out in the darkness, he suddenly felt a headache and touched his hand. There was a little blood on his fingers, which meant that the previous fall had not been a light one. This was the trouble called living: He had taken a drink to get rid of the green eyes that bothered him, he had set out to be happy by seeing Leylâ, he had wandered into the streets he did not know instead of Çamlı Koru, he had suddenly listened to the Old Friends Anthem, twice, by the most skilful hands, he had been ecstatic, but while he was talking with the dream of Şeref, who added poison to even this happiness, the anthem ended, for some reason he fell to the ground, and he was lifted from the ground by the creature he detested most in the world.

Even such short-lived happiness ended in disgust. it worth living in such a world? Without Ayşe and Tosun... I'd have seen them

he remembered, he headed home. He was no longer drunk. He was going towards his home in a way that could be called a forced walk. He would even feel peaceful because he was going home, but it didn't happen... That despicable angel, by saying that he was a soldier, had drowned Pusat in the anger of a person whose sanctity had been blasphemed. But how soldierly he was in his stance and how soldierly he was in his return!.... Then he remembered Leylâ's words: - "He is an agent and a more cunning, more dangerous man than the demon.

Suddenly he felt a mad rage overtake him and he realised that he was burning with the desire to go to Leylâ and talk about her again. But he was close to his house. He looked at his watch under the street lantern. It was too late.

Ayşe was waiting for him. When she saw the blood clots on Selim's face, she looked at him with worried eyes and immediately brought cotton wool, rubbing alcohol and tape and dressed him. But she didn't ask anything. The table was set. Ayşe waited without eating. Selim, perhaps for the first time in his life, sat at the table just for Ayşe's sake. Again, for the first time in his life, he mentioned something of his own without being asked: - I fell before I realised how it happened. My head bled a little.

Colour pallor lightweight one of falling, A little bit head
were not the signs of a haemorrhage. There was a strange stiffness in
Selim tonight. It was strange that he kept his eyes fixed on the floor for a long
time and did not hear Ayşe. They sat at the table for a while. It wasn't eating, it
was avoiding a ban. Ayşe, clearing the table for and go to while income
Selim's without moving your eyes he looked at the
spot where he'd planted it: It was a picture of Honour. She felt a twinge inside.
He had long been aware that Selim sometimes went to his grave. Suddenly, fear
fell into his heart. Why was this going to his grave and this insistent look at his
picture? Or did he want to be like Şeref? His fear increased. Life had made him
delusional. Tonight he had no student duties to attend to. He had also cleared
the table.

Although he had to get up early tomorrow, for some reason he did not want to leave Selim in that state and go to bed. He was feeling a distress inside and his anxiety was increasing because he likened it to a premonition. He took a book and went to his desk. He was so upset that he did not know what the book was that he put on the table and opened it to supposedly read.

He was checking Selim. Unaware that he was under surveillance, he stood like a statue with his gaze on Şeref's photograph, and it was clear from the occasional blinking of his eyes that he was alive.

How long was this stony stance going to last? Was he in some kind of agony? He fell, his head hit a hard place. Why had he fallen? What had happened to Selim tonight, who had not fallen even when he was so drunk that he did not know himself?

Slowly but surely, the minutes passed and Ayşe's curiosity and impatience grew. Could the man who walked around the big book room every night and the man who sat and stared at the painting tonight be the same person? Where did this change come from? Ayşe's brain was overwhelmed with a mass of thoughts, far and near possibilities were coming to her mind. She was aware that she was floundering in great indecision. Even though this indecision was a bad thing, Ayşe wanted it to continue, she was afraid that Selim would come to a decision. With an intuition, she believed that if he made a decision, it would be a very bad decision.

Selim's condition also affected Ayşe. She too fixed her eyes on Şeref's picture. At first she was looking without seeing. Then she started to look at it by seeing it. As she looked, she remembered when the picture was placed there. Those photographs had been taken on the same day with Selim. It was a souvenir of the day they entered the Military Academy. In that picture, Şeref was not looking straight ahead but a little to the side and he was standing with a serious soldier attitude. However, now the picture seemed to be looking straight ahead.

Ayşe was probably seeing wrong from the distance where she was sitting. But her curiosity was not aroused. Was this another painting? But how could it be? Ayşe even remembered the dedication written below it: *"Um tl to my friend Pusat at the beginning of the road!"*

Ayşe slowly got up from her seat and put the book back. She approached the table where Şeref's picture was standing. Selim was so distracted that he didn't realise anything. Ayşe walked round and came to a distance to read the writing on the picture. Yes, it was the same picture. The dedication was that dedication. Suddenly sadness came over her. How the hopeful path had ended! How the bright futures of two young officers, like so many hopes, had been wasted for nothing....

Ayşe stared at the picture. The writing and the date were the same, but was this the same picture? The Şeref here was not a man with a serious and military demeanour, looking a little to the side. Here, Şeref was a person looking straight ahead, and strangely enough, with sad eyes. Ayşe had seen these sad eyes of Şeref when she came to visit Selim after the trial and imprisonment was over.

She looked at her husband. His eyes were still fixed on the painting and there was sadness in his gaze. Slowly - Selim! she called out.

Oh my God!.... Selim, who had never changed his stony posture, replied slowly: - Tell me, honour!

Ayşe was no longer afraid, but in pain. Tears almost came out of her eyes. Her eyes fell on the picture of Şeref again. The eyes of the picture seemed moist.

These eyes seemed to Ayşe to be smiling slightly and shaking their heads with the grief of people who have lost everything.

17

Putting her hand on Selim's forehead, Ayşe realised that her husband was very hot and immediately thought of a brain haemorrhage from last night's fall: - I'm going to get you a doctor there's a good internist in the street next to us; I'll get him.

At any other time, Pusat would have refused to bring a doctor for himself with a fever of a few degrees, remembering the winter days at the Cadet School when they went out for training with a fever of 38 degrees. The fact that he didn't answer at all this time startled Ayşe. Was he too ill to refuse?

In fact, Selim did not know what had happened to him, but he realised, perhaps for the first time in his life, that he had lost his energy. He didn't want to do anything, he felt reluctant towards everything, but he was overwhelmed by the boredom of not being rested by lying down.

While he was trying to kill time by looking at the ceiling and the sky through the window, Tosun came in and announced with a seriousness unexpected for his age that the doctor had arrived. Selim did not like this news at all, thinking that the doctor, a stranger, would enter the room and increase his restlessness. But since there was nothing else to do, he reluctantly said "Let him come!" and fixed his eyes on the window and did not answer the doctor who approached him and said "Get well soon!" and did not look at his face.

The doctor first checked his temperature, pulse and blood pressure, as is customary, then made him sit up in bed and carefully examined his back and chest.

he listened. Then he asked some questions. These were the questions that every physician asks to every patient. After these were finished, he said in a calm voice: - "You are fine, captain!" he said.

It was strange that his head was on fire and nothing happened.

- He asked, "What's my temperature?"

- A little 39.

- What's this fire if I'm all right?

- I mean, there's nothing wrong with you physically.

- 39 degrees doesn't come from some kind of bodily disorder?

- No, no, no.

- So what is it?

- Spiritual...

Selim Pusat still did not look at the doctor. Upon his reply, he adopted a sarcastic attitude: - They said you were an internist. Or are you a psychiatrist?

- Both of them...

- It's beautiful! What's the spiritual cause of my fever of 39 degrees?

Upon this question, the doctor, with great composure, gave a one-word, one-syllable answer that froze Selim's blood: - Love!

Selim sat up violently from his position like an infantryman on the offensive, and with his back against the cushions, he looked at this strange, even insolent doctor with a stern look. But he could not see anything. Because that quick take-off had darkened his eyes, and after he had seen nothing for a moment, he was bound to see the things around him in a playful and blurred state. The doctor said in a serious and calm voice: - "Didn't your eyes go black?" and continued without waiting for an answer: You did not do well with the sudden start. Your blood pressure is very high. Until this blood pressure, which is of nervous origin, returns to normal, you will avoid harsh movements, anger and fatigue.

Pusat's blackout was completely gone. But the doctor's diagnosis of love had not yet worn off. When he looked at the doctor to come to that subject again, he was suddenly surprised. He thought he was dreaming and asked excitedly: - What is your name?

The doctor, who was putting his instruments in his bag, replied calmly:

- Selim... We are namesakes...

He was lying. Because this man who said his name was Selim none other than that sinister Yek. Pusat with more excitement: -

"What's your surname?" he practically shouted.

The doctor was calm: - Don't get excited, captain. Excitement is poison for you. You will take everything calmly, you will not be angry or upset about anything.

- I'm asking you your surname.

Selim's face was horrible. But the doctor didn't pay any attention to this: - "Don't you recognise me? I live in the street behind you. I even came to your house once to look after Ayşe Hanım.

Selim was about to jump out of bed: - I'm not asking about that, I'm asking about your surname.

- Oh... About that... I don't understand why you attach so much importance to my surname, but I'll tell you: My surname is Key. Selim Key. It means "good".

Selim was silent and rested. Because this man who advised him to rest, who advised him not to get angry, had exhausted and angered him so much that it was obligatory for him to rest. Then he checked his face again and carefully. no doubt: This man was Yek himself. Only he was pretending, not in his usual hypocritical manner, but trying to act dignified like a doctor.

Selim turned to him when he rested and controlled his will: - To diagnose that my illness is not physical but spiritual is a matter entirely belonging to your specialisation. But what makes you think that it is love?

Dr Key smiled: - That's part of our speciality. Don't you understand the enemy's ability to fight, that is, his morale, as you discover his numbers in war? You do. And we know which mental illness our patients are afflicted with.

Selim came to life at the mention of military service: - The enemy's morale cannot be understood at a glance. In order to understand it, it is necessary to weigh him several times in attack and defence. You, on the other hand, realise at a glance that I am suffering from love sickness. If your name was not Selim Key, I would call you Lokman Hekim, but you are not him. Don't forget that I am a married man. The doctor smiled again: - Captain! What you say is true.

However, if the enemy is more crowded, better armed and better positioned than you, but panics at the first shot, do you need another test to accept that there is a moral collapse in him? If I did not have unquestionable evidence, I would have made this diagnosis.

I wouldn't. And remember, being married doesn't preclude falling in love: In many cases the love of the married is stronger and more corrosive. You have read many examples of this in history. There is a couplet in a common song that is popular today that says, *"The love of the married is stronger than the love of the single"*.

Selim interrupted the doctor with a harsh behaviour: - Don't cite the rhymes of these foolish commoners as evidence. What you call love is a disease of the unemployed, a pastime to pass the time. If your unquestionable evidence is like the song of the commoners, I will say that you have laboured here in vain.

Saying this, he turned his head the other way. The doctor paid no attention to this insult. He smiled again: - Captain, a doctor never use a folk song as evidence. Just as a word reveals the century in which a poem was written, just as a fingerprint reveals who used a weapon, a piece of evidence of this calibre reveals that Captain Selim Pusat is in love with a beautiful girl.

Selim was furious. He found it more convenient to make fun of it: - It is not customary for doctors to give patients very deep information about the disease, but make an exception and me some details about this germ that makes me sick: this germ a girl or a woman? Is it a brunette or a blonde? And how old do you think she is? And most importantly, is this love of mine reciprocated? Since I am sick because of it, it must not be, but is there no hope for the future?

Selim couldn't speak any more. What he said was so strange to him that he started laughing. This laughter, which looked like a nervous breakdown, brought tears to his eyes. It was really a nervous breakdown. He had not laughed like this for years.

The doctor listened to these jeers and laughter in silence and with a smile, and then began to speak in the same calm manner: - Captain! Why do you consider love so small and a subject of ridicule? Although it is a disease, but it is the kind that happens to everyone like some child diseases. And don't forget that marriage is not a vaccine for love, nor there any age or time for it. the great German poet Goethe fall in love with his granddaughter Margaritte, and the great Turkish poet Abdülhak Hâmid fall in love with his granddaughter Lûsyen? How much more so when Esrar Dede says, *"If it were not for love, what would you have done?"*

in its place. Since you are a soldier, your love will be military, that is, very hard and strong, and this soldier love...

Selim interrupted the doctor again and said sarcastically: - Congratulations. You know the soldiers very well. I wonder if you made a separate study on the soldiers?

The doctor's answer surprised Selim again: - No! I didn't make a separate study, I know it because I was a soldier myself.

one surprise after another: - So you were a military doctor?

- Yeah...

- I guess you left the army because of a love...

- You know very well, captain...

Selim laughed mockingly: - Did your lover order you to quit the army?

- Something like that...

This answer turned Selim's mocking smile into an angry one: - Then don't call yourselves soldiers, call yourselves uniformed mavericks. A soldier would not leave his uniform for a girl.

The doctor's calm smile had turned sad: - Sometimes one can sacrifice everything for a lover, captain. One can kill one's friend in a moment of anger, one can kill oneself in a moment of depression, and one can sacrifice one's future, one's state, one's past, one can sacrifice everything in a moment when the disease called love is raging.

Pusat looked at the doctor in disbelief: - It's the weak-willed, characterless and weak men who do these things.

The doctor replied, turning his gaze from the window to the distance: - Even the strongest people have moments of weakness.

Selim did not like long discussions, he did not believe that any knot could be untied with a quarrel. He kept quiet. The doctor was also silent. For a long time they watched the view from the window without looking at each other.

It's Pusat who's back on the subject: - You said that I was suffering from love sickness and that your diagnosis had solid evidence. Since the evidence of this disease can also be understood by non-doctors, I would like to learn about this evidence.

Without saying anything, the doctor went to the other side of the bed where Pusat was lying and took the album that was open in the centre compartment of the bedside table. He put it on Selim's lap: - "Here is my biggest evidence in the diagnosis!

There were three postcard-sized photographs on each side of the open pages, the one on the left showing a young girl.

Selim asked looking at the doctor: - Where is the evidence in this?

The doctor explained in a slow voice: - Five of the six pictures on the left and right show crowded groups. The young girl at the top left is as beautiful as a light that dazzles one's eyes...

Selim was slightly startled when he heard the word light and looked at the doctor: - What can come of this?

- Here's the thing, captain: You looked at this picture for a long time, a very long time, before I came. Looking at the picture of such a beautiful girl for such a long time is born out of desire beyond an aesthetic feeling. This is called love, not admiration.

- What makes you think I've been staring too long?

- The leaf with the young girl's picture is curled at the top. It's curled from the sun. It wouldn't be curled if the album was in the etagere. The sun doesn't get in there. In order for the sun to reach that leaf, you have to put the album on your lap and hold it like that for a long time. The sun is still on your bed. Since the sun coming through the window is more effective, it has penetrated the leaf of the album well. I am not going to give you any medicine or recommend a regime. You will cure yourself. With your will... Time will be your helper. As a doctor, my help will be limited to warnings. Because it's in the beginning, you don't realise your love yourself yet...

Selim stood motionless and frozen, but he terrified.

The picture at the top left of the album, the photo dazzling like light, was Güntülü's...

18

After the doctor had left, Pusat, whose fever had risen above forty and who had even lain unconscious for a while, opened his eyes the next morning in a much improved state, and the first thing he did was to look at the dresser with an involuntary impulse: There was no album.

Ayşe, who approached with a degree in her hand, had a look of great anxiety on her face, but at the same time seriousness. Since the custom of asking Selim "How are you?" had been abolished for years, she only said: - You are better.

Then looking into Selim's eyes: - Last night you were very feverish and delirious, he added.

Selim did not ask, "What was I saying?" But he more or less guessed what he might have said. Ayşe, with an impatience hitherto unseen in her, and not taking her eyes off Selim's, said:

- A few times you talked about how it dazzles you like light. But you didn't answer my questions, he said.

Pusat remembered: The doctor had said that and he had meant Güntülü's picture. The picture Güntülü had given to Ayşe as a souvenir was indeed a dazzling beauty. But the girl herself was even more dazzling and heart-stirring than the picture.

Pusat did not answer again. He wondered if Ayşe suspected something. Why had she put the album away?

Ayşe did not speak any more in response to the silence of her husband, whose face showed that he was tired and weak. She looked at her degree. Telling him that he had dropped to 38, she left lemonade and a few biscuits with him and went to school, saying that she would be back at noon.

Pusat liked being alone, or thought he did. But when he was alone and couldn't devote himself to an occupation with all his being, sad, boring and depressing things always came to his mind. And now the rubbish of that unpleasant doctor who had come yesterday started to haunt his brain: Love... Suddenly the associations took him back to an earlier time: "You can fall in love with a girl who is twenty-five years younger than you!" said Yek, who looked exactly like the doctor, perhaps his twin brother, perhaps even himself, one night in Çamlı Koru. When he remembered this, he suddenly felt bored inside and his head burned. At the same time, the day labourer they had hired to look after Tosun and the house while they went to work appeared at the door and announced that the doctor had arrived.

The word "doctor" almost drove Pusat, who was already at the peak of his anger, crazy. As if it wasn't enough that he had come yesterday and thrown all the rubbish he had thrown at him, today he had come to get on his nerves? As he was about to shout "Get out", a uniformed man appeared at the door and called himself: - Dr Major Cezmi Oğuz!

Selim Pusat was relieved not to see the unpleasant person of yesterday in front of him and he recognised the visitor when he coldly examined him: - Welcome Cezmi! Welcome, but what brings you here? he asked.

He and Dr Cezmi had been together in the past and had become friends. Selim had bonded with him because he was a doctor with military thoughts. Now, when he suddenly saw him, he thought that he had learnt about his illness by a coincidence and came to visit him. Cezmi enlightened the situation: - "I have been working as a doctor for the military offices here for a few months. Your wife telephoned the chief physician's office and reported that you were ill. Since you didn't go to the office, you have to be examined by a doctor and get a medical report. By this means, I learnt that you were working in the Military History Commission.

At last Selim's face was smiling: - I'm glad you came, glad to see you, but I have nothing.

Cezmi laughed too:

- I'll be the judge of that...

He immediately started the examination from the back. This examination was quite different from yesterday's and lasted quite a long time. Then he said; - It is necessary to take precautions Selim! There is stiffness in your liver. You have overworked it. If you continue to drink at the same pace as when you were a lieutenant, this is the main reason.

Selim smiled. Could drinking during his time as a lieutenant be called drinking?

- there other reasons than the root cause?
- It can happen.
- For example.
- Spiritual causes...

Selim's face has changed: - What?

- For example, various troubles...
- love come among these troubles?

It was not clear whether Pusat was asking this question seriously or as a joke. Dr Cezmi, knowing this side of him, answered with a calm seriousness: - Maybe, but love is not a cause, it is an effect.

Selim took care of it:

- Isn't there a state or a disease called love?

- It exists, but as I said, it is a manifestation, not the root cause. Some people are allergic to certain foods. When they eat it, they develop rashes here and there. On the surface, the man has a disease on his skin, but it is not his skin that is sick, but his digestive organ or liver. Love is not directly a disease, but the appearance of a disease.

- What is the real disease?
- The unexpressed feeling of lust...

Selim was silent with a strange feeling, then he looked out of the window at the sky and asked: - Is love for a divine woman or girl ultimately just lust?

- Completely. Love is the aesthetic form of lust. That's why it's more often felt for aesthetic women or girls...

Pusat realised he'd gone too far: - What advice do you have for me?

- No more booze abstinence. And medication...

She took out a prescription paper from her bag and wrote the name of a medicine and on another piece of paper the foods she should not eat: - Rest for a week. Report to your flat

I'll send them. Another important point is to avoid things and people that will bore you as much as possible, he said.

Selim smiled bitterly. How many people were left in the world who didn't bore him?

't his colleagues in his flat enough to drive him mad?

The doctor, who was about to get up, was forced to sit for a few more minutes over the coffee brought by the day woman.

If there had been a time like when they had met years ago, when he was a lieutenant in the army, Selim Pusat would have enjoyed Dr Cezmi Oğuz's conversations. The doctor, a knowledgeable and cautious man, would make witty remarks, would not offend, and when it was necessary to keep silent, he would do so.

Now, whether he liked her saying that love was an aesthetic lust or not, he could not tell, but he found the idea very strange.

The doctor, who was slowly drinking his coffee, came to the subject they had left when he saw the silence of Selim, who was gazing at the window with a sad look: - I think you find what I said about love strange. I suppose you remember the love adventures you had before your marriage and think whether they were lustful desires or not?

Selim liked Cezmi's words. But he didn't show anything: - I haven't had time to philosophise about love, but I didn't think of it in the way you say.

- Not the philosophy, but the recipe... The sight of a slaughtered sheep in a butcher's shop is unpleasant, even disgusting to some. But in the hands of a skilful cook, when it is a delicious meat dish, even those who cannot look at the view in the shop eat it with appetite. Love is also like this. It is actually lust, an animal desire. But a romantic imagination embellishes and beautifies it so much that we believe that love is a divine emotion. Listening to these poetic descriptions for hundreds of years, we have thought that love is something superhuman. In reality, it is nothing but the desire for lust.

Cezmi Oğuz his words after drinking the last sip of his coffee: - A sure proof that love is the same thing as lust is the fact that both are extinguished after the *vuslat*.

- What is love that lasts for years?

- The result of not reaching *Vuslat*, or reaching it too late, perhaps the result of the late cooling character of the lover...

Selim Pusat was slowly revitalised by these conversations: - You always talked about the lover, he said. What is the role of the loved one in this disease of love?

- The more beautiful and attractive the beloved, the more intense and long-lasting the love. Some women or girls unknowingly drive the other man crazy. Some are artistic. They do it on purpose. A woman is a very primitive creature, but she is very skilful in the knowledge of dragging a man. Sensing that the man will get tired of her after the love-making, she shows all kinds of skills that will bind him more and more. Thus love matures. In short, as the poet says: To Majnoon the world seems to be full of Leylâ.

Pusat was startled when the name "Leylâ" was mentioned. His face changed and all this went on without Dr Cezmi noticing: - Lust is the greatest principle of life. It ensures that the human race does not become extinct. Since man is very superior and advanced in terms of reason and emotion, he has matured and beautified this principle. Just as he has beautified his food, clothing and shelter. After lust turned into love, a race started between people, and the minds and imaginations were not fooled by the real beauties and started to invent them. The lover creates the beloved, then worships him. He finds unique beauties and greatness in her. In fact, she is an ordinary girl or woman, but as he deifies her like Majnoon's view of Leylâ, the manifestation called love has begun. However, love is a necessary thing...

Selim Pusat's interest was growing. He asked: - Why?

- It is necessary because it makes life sweet, because it is ambition, and ambitions often lead to bright and positive results. Without passion in politics, science and art, perhaps today's civilisation would not exist. Love is a kind of abnormal emotion, lovers are abnormal patients, but from the point of view of psychiatry, every great human being is more or less abnormal. If all human beings were completely normal, they would be no different from intelligent and conscious animals.

Cezmi stopped talking for a while and looked at Selim Pusat. He wanted to understand what effect his words had on him. Then, with a behaviour born from knowing his mental structure, he brought the subject to military service: - We can take military service as an example. Wars are actually killing, destructive and painful things. But wars are the mother of civilisation, technique, morality and discipline. By honing the spirit of sacrifice, it saves people from being selfish, that is, animals. By teaching that obedience is essential to win, it enables societies to be disciplined, that is, to become superior human beings. Without war, there would be no nations on earth, but gangs of thieves, and there would be no virtues that distinguish man from the animal. I mean to say that some things that seem unseemly and ugly are actually beneficial, but most people do not realise that they are beneficial.

can't grasp it. The child finds the vaccine useless and avoids it because it hurts. Many sane people are afraid of an operation that could save their lives and do not undergo it. So is love... If there were no love, male-female relations would be nothing more than mating.

With the words of his doctor friend, Selim Pusat came into contact with a subject that had never crossed his mind and learnt things he had never known. He had seen a strange animal or flower he had never heard of, and was in the mood of people who had entered a country he had never imagined. There was something like restlessness in his heart. In a serious manner: - You have filled the foundation of the world with dynamite and lit the fuse!

Cezmi asked in the same serious manner: - I don't understand. Why?

- It's this: Love is lust. And lust is an emotion that fades with love. Then people will betray their wives all the time. Is there any pleasure left in such a world?

Cezmi smiled:

- I think this alone will remain as the problem that people will not be able to solve. Do not be frightened by the fact that people will betray their wives. After all, what is the present scene of humanity? Even this betrayal is not mutual?

Cezmi was on his feet: - It's not your custom, but if you read the police cases in the newspapers carefully for a few weeks, you'll find some very interesting examples to justify what I'm saying. Most of them arise from the instinct to create lovers. Such cases as a princess making love to a commoner, an old man to a young girl, will surprise you at first, but then you will get used to them. Even you, with such a serious character and not caring about anything other than military service, may one day fall in love with a girl twenty-five years younger than yourself...

19

On the fifth day of his illness Selim Pusat got out of bed. But he was so weak that he could not do his favourite walk in the big room, he was sitting alone.

Fasting, fever and lack of appetite could not have brought a person down this much. What really struck him was the fact that Yek, then Dr Selim Key and then Cezmi Oğuz said the same things as if they were in unison. Especially Yek and Cezmi Oğuz had also given a number: A girl twenty-five years younger than you...

Selim Pusat made the same calculation several times in his mind: She was 43 years old. If a girl in her last year of high school had started school at the age of 7, she would have reached her last year at the age of 18, provided she did not lose a grade. That is, 25 years younger than a 43-year-old man. That's how much a calculation could cost.

But what's the point? He was not in love with that girl... Suddenly he felt a sense of relief. Because his nerves had broken down, he had been influenced by what was said; he had taken the guesses and hypotheses as facts.

While Selim was thus accounting with his conscience, Ayşe entered the room.

Something had caught Selim's attention recently: Ayşe was looking at him insistently in a way he was not used to seeing until now. This gaze was not a friendly or hostile one, but a curious one that wanted to read one's insides.

Now he was looking like that again, and this look was disturbing Selim. Ayşe, without taking her eyes off him: - "Tomorrow the girls will come to visit you!" and Selim felt a great distress fill him.

- To say get well soon?

- And it is, and it's...

Ayşe didn't finish. Selim didn't ask what happened either. Because he was getting angry at Ayşe's looks. With a cold demeanour: - "Here they are!" and turning his head to the window, he started to watch the outside view as if he was unaware of Ayşe's presence.

*

* *

The next day, on a hot afternoon, when there was a knock at the door, Pusat felt a shiver run down his spine. What was happening? Finally, three children were coming. Then what was this state that resembled excitement, this shivering? He was angry with himself. He knew from experience what a terrible thing it was to be angry with oneself.

When he stood up as the girls entered, he suddenly couldn't see anything. Had the light dazzled the girls? Maybe they would have, but Selim, forgetting the doctor's advice and in the habit of military service, stood up with a stiff movement and his eyes became smoky for a moment due to high blood pressure and he could not see the surroundings. When the smoke cleared, Aydolu and Nurkan were standing in front of him smiling and saying, "Get well soon, sir."

Güntülü was behind them. She was not smiling like her friends, but with a predatory look. When she came in front of Selim, she did not extend her hand like them; but she listed her heartwarming words with a harmony that Selim recognised very well: - We would have been very sad if you had not recovered quickly.

Selim looked at Ayşe for some reason and replied with his usual sarcasm: - So there are some people in this world who feel sorry for me.

Güntülü's predation had increased: - Of course there is, but I wanted to say that we'll be sorry in another way.

For a moment there was a deep silence in the room. Selim felt a chill again. Had this God's scourge come to him to make him angry ? Into a weak state,

in a very upright tone, despite the pale petrol: - "Since you are not upset, there is no problem!

Güntülü did not pay any attention to this harshness: - We want to make you like us a little! We know that you don't like us at all, that you don't value us. Now we have an opportunity: The day after tomorrow there will be a farewell tea and ceremony at our school. We have come to invite you.

He handed me an envelope. Pusat looked at the envelope with a sneer that was not hidden at all: - Are you going to make speeches and recite poems?

- We'll also be doing gymnastic demonstrations. Some of them will be body movements, some of which are also useful for military service.

Selim had found his consistency during these speeches. He began his processions:

- Are you going to paint a parade?

- Yes!

- That's what I'm coming to see. Who knows what kind of parade it's gonna be?

- You'll like it. We have reserved your place in the front row so that we can greet you. But if we don't make you like us, you will definitely like our garden. It's a place full of trees and greenery, just the way you like it.

*

* *

The weather was very hot on Sunday, the day of the farewell ceremony for the senior class. Ayşe realised that Selim, who seemed indifferent, was preparing for this day with enthusiasm. His illness had passed and his report period had expired. Tomorrow he would start his duty again.

At the garden gate of the school, many girls dressed as scouts or in gymnastic dresses were acting as hosts. They showed great respect for Ayşe and some of them whispered something about Selim to each other. After a few steps they were greeted by Nurkan and Aydoğdu. Their athletic clothes suited them very well. These girls had such a gentle smile that it made Pusat think of something strange. He thought: "If all the girls in the world smiled with this talismanic smile, people would be happy." Then he immediately got out of this romanticism and asked with a casualness that did not escape Ayşe's eyes: - "Where is Güntülü?" she asked.

- Over there, sir...

Two young girls were pointing to a tree about twenty steps ahead. Güntülü stood there alone, leaning against the tree with her hands clasped behind her back, looking at them with shy and timid eyes that had lost none of the ferocity they had shown when they had come to invite Selim two days ago.

Meanwhile, something happened that Ayşe had never expected: Selim started walking towards Güntülü without waiting for her, and Ayşe, trying to hide her displeasure, followed him, accompanied by two of her students. Selim shook Güntülü's hand and asked her reproachfully: - Why didn't you meet us further on?

There was now a gazelle where there was a pارسار two days ago. Trying to keep its timid eyes on Selim's hard gaze, it said apologetically: - "I waited for you here, sir," and Selim remembered this voice, this look, and more than them, this leaning on the tree; again he was filled with anguish.

A scene like this had happened once before. It was killing Pusat not being able to find out where and when he was. He seemed to have lost himself. He thought he was lost in the smoke. When the smoke cleared and he came to his senses, that he was sitting in the front row in a place where staggered chairs were lined up, with Ayşe beside him. The manager was talking. Selim was disgusted by this kind of stereotyped speeches. Especially since he knew this woman's feelings towards Ayşe, he looked at her with hatred, without realising what she was saying, and found her very ugly and disgusting. He realised from the applause that the speech, which seemed too long to him, was over and thought, "I wonder what she said that made them applaud?"

Then, when he looked at the invitation in his hand to find out what was going to happen, he felt a strange excitement: Güntülü would now speak on behalf of the students. Suddenly, he saw Güntülü standing right in front of him, next to a tree again, with a paper in her hand, looking at him with great excitement, and a faint smile appeared on his sullen face. Only Güntülü and Ayşe had seen this.

What was the young girl saying? Pusat did not understand the meaning of what was being said, but only the harmony, and as he heard that this voice was the voice of the unknown woman he had heard in Çamlı Koru, he travelled far away from himself. Ayşe, who had been checking herself since the minute they sat in the front row, was aware that there was something strange about Selim. Although her eyes were fixed on Güntülü

that he hadn't seen her. So why was he listening with all his heart and soul?

Selim was startled when Güntülü said that, despite all their troubles, their life at school had been a pleasure "beyond imagination and deep", and he remembered the poem Güntülü had read to him on their way to Çamlı Koru:

Love is like a secret ambition clings to the soul; It is superior even to a dream of pleasure and

I'm sorry.

The wind come from the sky and blown into your heart, It is a secret that you can never open even if you die...

Now Güntülü was speaking completely looking at Selim Pusat and her gaze had become wild again. Selim no longer heard her voice, he only looked at her horribly beautiful eyes. Ayşe was disturbed by this gaze. But after a few seconds this discomfort disappeared in a great surprise. Because at the end of the speech, apart from the students who applauded Güntülü with excessive demonstrations and the teachers who participated in this because they were teachers, Selim Pusat was also applauding someone, probably for the first time in his life, and Güntülü thanked this applause with a nod of her head.

There was to be a parade. Scouts from all classes would march first, followed by this year's graduating class. Under the command of the physical education teacher, the scouts were led by a trumpet squad that organised the march. Young girls, romantic girls, cosy girls and so on, but there should still have been a military behaviour when they appeared in the parade picture with the trumpet. When Selim saw this caricature of a march, despite the smoothness of the steps, he was suddenly deeply disappointed and lost the relief he had felt a moment ago when he had applauded Güntülü without realising it.

Ayşe realised that Selim did not like this gait at all and that he was frowning and looking stern. In fact, Selim was not looking stern, but offended. Even if it was done by young girls, could a military parade be so disgraceful? The parade was, after all, a military march and it had to be done in a manner befitting a soldier. As the thoughts chased each other and debated in his brain, he suddenly snapped out of his reverie and fixed his eyes on the parade: The senior class was marching dressed as athletes. What miracle had happened that the march had turned out so well, or had the girls been touched by the fairy's magic wand? This march was beautiful, perhaps too beautiful.

The Light Girls were in the last squad. Asking himself why, Selim was quick to find the answer: The students of the Literature Department were at the front; the science students were at the back.

Güntülü, Aydolu and Nurkan were side by side in the first row of the last squad. The way they walked without losing elbow contact and the way they turned their heads to salute was soldierly. They were passing four or five steps in front of Selim. Although the girls' faces were serious, their eyes were smiling.

Ayşe, who had been keeping him under surveillance since the last moment, suddenly saw Selim's face turn sour and he became angry as if he had been insulted, and asked slowly: - What's going on?

The question remained unanswered and the parade was over.

Athletic shows and rhythmic movements were starting. Selim did not see this part of the programme which all the guests watched with curiosity and admiration.

He did not realise how many minutes had passed and what movements were being made until Güntülü, dressed in her normal school uniform, appeared and said, "Come in for tea!".

There were plenty of biscuits and cakes on the tables and the scouts were pouring tea into cups. Güntülü asked with her kindest smile: - How do you like the parade picture, sir?

Pusat responded to this in his harshest manner: - Maybe it would have been nice if it wasn't for you.

Ayşe was surprised and tried to intervene, but Güntülü, whose smile did not disappear, said with great composure: - "What was my fault, sir?" she asked.

Pusat had his sarcasm on: - There have been heroes who single-handedly spoilt a team. I think you, too, took a jibe at them and single-handedly spoilt a parade today!

Ayşe lashed out at these harsh words heard by others in the crowd: - Why are you saying that to my daughter Selim? What wrong with her? I have never seen anything wrong with her...

Selim turned to Ayşe: - What else was he going to do? He turned his head to the right as the squad entered the salute field with him at the head...

Ayşe didn't understand anything: - "What happens if he flips it?" she asked.
- It'll be fine. It'll spoil the parade picture.

Ayşe still didn't understand. Güntülü was still smiling. Selim : - Those at the head do not turn their heads so that those next to them can keep in line. Güntülü did.

Ayşe kept silent, knowing that Selim would never tolerate such an offence. But Güntülü wouldn't shut up: - I know, sir.

- Deliberate intent is no longer a defect, it's an offence. Why did you do that?

- I promised: greet you.

Ayşe did not like this turn of the conversation. Selim replied by continuing not to look at Ayşe: - You have honoured me. But you could have stayed away from the squad to keep your promise.

- But then I have greeted him from a distance.

Selim didn't answer that. He was drunk. He lifted the tea glass he had been holding in his hand since a while like a wine glass: - I drink to your honour! he said.

*

* *

They were turning round. There was a scorching sun. Selim's face was very red and his head started to burn again. It would be very unpleasant and even embarrassing to get sick again just as he was about to start his duty tomorrow. After running his hand over his face and feeling the heat, he said: - I think I have sunstroke, he said.

Ayşe was very calm. She gave an answer that Selim could not have guessed even if he thought for years: - You were hit by the day, not the sun.

Selim was shaken. Someone he hadn't paid attention to since he left school, even though he was walking to his left, grabbed his arm and added in a very slow voice: - Güntülü hit you, captain, not the day!....

Turning his head in astonishment, Pusat faced Yek's disgusting gaze. It's here.

In his first days, his duty, which he did with enthusiasm, started to seem and boring to Selim. He first attributed this to the incompatibility of spirit and temperament with his office mates. But he quickly realised that this was a forced labelling. So what was it?

Was he suffering from a disease he did not yet realise? What else could it be but a sickness, that from time to time he seemed to recall ancient times, that strange feelings arose in him about the way he had lived at that time, that when he remembered these things he was driven mad by an indescribable and incomprehensible pain?

It was a fact that Ayşe had been changing towards him for some time. There was nothing visible. Ayşe had made no complaint or criticism. But Selim sensed that something was going on.

He had also stopped his walks in the study. The prohibition of alcohol had taken away some of his energy and he realised that he was much weaker than before.

One evening, while Ayşe was correcting her exam papers at her desk, Selim was looking at a book on the history of warfare at his desk. He wasn't reading. He was engrossed again. He was scribbling something on his note paper without realising what he was writing. At one point, he got rid of his absent-mindedness and looked at the paper in front of him: He had written "KEY" in capital letters. At that moment, the devil poked him or something, he read it from the right: It was "YEK". He thought of the sinister Yek and his lookalike

When the similar Dr Key arrived, he marvelled at this juggling of letters and asked Ayşe with a sudden curiosity: - What does Key mean?

Ayşe was used to his unexpected questions and remarks: - It means very good.

- What about yek?

- It means evil spirit.

- So?

- I mean the devil!

Pusat was very surprised: - The devil?" he stammered.

- Yes!

- In which language these mean these things?

- In Old Turkic dialects...

Selim got up and started walking around. Concentrating his thoughts on Yek, he remembered everything that had happened since the first time he saw him: On the first night they had met, he had said, "I saw in Levh-i Mahfuz that he would fall in love with a girl twenty-five years younger than himself." He had said that Leylâ was the heir to the throne. Another night, he saw her passing in front of their house, and a little later he received a telegram signed Yek and sent three hours earlier from Erzurum. It contained the news that Leylâ's real name was Han-zade. The night he had listened to Nurkan's piano, Yek had picked him up from where he had fallen, and then he had left on foot like a soldier.

All this could only be the work of the devil. Now Ayşe was telling him that Yek meant the devil.

A person who accepted the existence of the devil in the religious books would believe that the devil was haunting him. So, what were these coincidences? Who was Yek?

Then he remembered Leyla's words: She was a very dangerous spy. Maybe that princess could give him some clues. When Pusat thought of this, he suddenly felt a great desire to see Leylâ and spent a very uncomfortable and half-asleep night in his bed.

The next day, when he left his duty and headed towards Hanzade's house, he did not have the desire he had last night. He liked Leylâ, but he was also hesitant. He respected her because she was a princess, and this respect forced him to keep certain records. These conditions were that he should never

that he didn't value her. He did not feel free in her presence.

For years, Pusat had been accustomed to finding people so worthless and vulgar that he felt uncomfortable meeting someone he considered superior. Especially when that someone was a young and beautiful girl, he was almost afraid to approach her. But Leylâ had such an attraction that she drew Pusat closer to her like a moth to a flame.

When Gülsafa Kalfa opened the door and said, "Come in, Captain Beğ!" Selim was very excited.

On this second visit, he found the hall more marvellous. In the few seconds that passed until Leylâ arrived, she quickly glanced around the walls and noticed not only highly decorated swords and knives, but also a painting of Fatih, a sultan or prince she did not know who he was. A map showing the time when the Ottoman Empire reached its last borders attracted her attention.

Leylâ was coming. After getting up and walking a few steps towards her, he greeted her with a full military stance, kissed her hand and waited again in an upright posture.

Leylâ said with a smile that had a great effect on Selim: - I was expecting you earlier, she said, and after showing me a seat, she asked: - Why are you pale? Are you uncomfortable?

Pusat had not realised that the conversation would come to this. In a nutshell:

- I was sick for a few days, he replied.

- What was it?

- I don't know.

- The doctor didn't give you a name?

- He said it was spiritual.

As soon as Selim said the word "spiritual", he thought I did not do well. Leylâ became serious: - "It was obvious that there was a problem you were trying to hide," she began. I don't think it is right to attribute this to what you have been through. You have suffered great blows, but I believe that you have overcome them thanks to time and your endurance. You probably get on well with Mrs Ayşe Hoca. Apart from that, what could be the reason for your misfortune? Are you wounded by a forbidden love?

Selim asked in a harsh voice: - Where did you get that from?

Leylâ spoke calmly, but very eloquently: - Your sadness, the doctor's diagnosis and the lines on your face when you talked about the Light Girls...

If someone else had said this, Selim would have immediately attacked and started mocking. This time he could not do that and kept silent.

He was silent, but inside he admitted it: Leylâ was telling the truth. Until now, she had not even told this truth to her own conscience, had not even accepted the existence of such a truth. Now that a princess had told her, there was no point in hiding it any longer. Even if what Ayşe and Yek had said was not true, Leylâ's was: Selim Pusat had loved Güntülü.

Now, as they were both silent, he was thinking, realising the reason for Ayşe's recent change. It meant that others understood Selim better than she did. So she had not been able to hide this love that should have been a secret. As she made this judgement, she felt her face begin to burn again and was about to say something to Leylâ when Gülsafa Kalfa came in with a tea table on wheels.

Selim could not taste the flavour of this beautiful, strong tea. Leylâ was also lost in thought and had forgotten the presence of her guest.

The dimness of the evening was beginning.

It Leyla who started the conversation: - Which one do you like?

- The most savage.

- this your misery?

- No!

- And why?

- It's indescribable. I feel like I've known him forever.

Leylâ drifted off again. While sipping her tea, her eyes were fixed on the map of the Ottoman Empire on the wall. After a pensive moment: - "Isn't this feeling due to the intensity of your love?" she asked.

- I don't think so. this feeling before I met Güntülü.

- Did you say sunshine? What a beautiful . Delmek is a predatory girl with this beautiful and unheard of name...

Selim looked at Leylâ with a bitter look and then fell silent. He wanted to close the subject, but the other wouldn't let go: - Whose daughter?

Pusat was surprised. He searched his memory. She tried to remember Ayşe's words about the Light Girls. Aydolü's engineer daughter, Nurkan's merchant daughter

about Güntülü's father. But he had not heard any mention of Güntülü's father. In exasperation: - I don't know, he replied.

Leylâ looked at Pusat with a very polite smile: - "So you were so wrapped up in love that you couldn't think of anything other than Güntülü herself!" she said.

This statement was true. But Selim didn't like this scrutiny of his privacy: - "Princess!" he said. Since this is not a matter to dwell on, can't we close it?

Leylâ smiled again: - Is that OK? You are not anybody for me, so let's close this. There is something that gives you anguish. Since we are friends, isn't it my duty to try to remove this pain, or at least to make it disappear?

Pusat was getting angry with himself again. Even if the other person was a gorgeous princess like Leylâ, telling her about his troubles and weaknesses was disregarding the principles he had followed all his life until today. Leylâ was now looking at his helpless state and saying that she wanted to help him. According to Selim, help could only be a duty that should be done to the troops in a difficult situation in war. The love of a married man for a young girl be solved by another young girl. Suddenly he overwhelmed. His face turned red. Seeing this in the dimness of the room, Leylâ asked: - Why did your face turn red? Even if I have bored you, I will not close this subject Selim Beğ. I know that you will not ask for any help from anyone, but as you are not anyone for me, I guess I am not anyone for you either, isn't that so?

- Yes.

- Then don't let me bother you with this. I ask you to allow me to deal with this matter in order to repay you a little for the help I have received from you in my sad and weary moments.

- You embarrass me with this kind of talk, my princess. I'm at your command...

There was another long silence. Now the hall was brightly lit. Gülsafa Kalfa, who had taken the table on wheels, had switched on the electricity at Leylâ's signal.

The nervous tension in Pusat had subsided. There was an air of peace of mind here. Perhaps it was Leylâ's noble and marvellous face and polite demeanour that created this atmosphere. Once, when we were talking about Leylâ, Ayşe

She said that she was called a princess because she was so polite, and that with this demeanour she commanded respect even from teachers. It was true.

Leylâ was thinking. She was beautiful in another way when she was thinking. Pusat had the opportunity to analyse her and compare her with Güntülü. He understood that he had not realised her beauty during his angry and melancholic nights. But when he compared her with Güntülü, the issue was bifurcated. The two of them were beauties from different worlds. It was possible to compare Güntülü with Nurka'n or Aydolu. But it was impossible to do that with Leylâ.

While Selim was watching the beauty of the princess with these thoughts in mind, Leylâ, who suddenly got rid of her absent-mindedness, looked at Selim and smiled and asked: - "Are you comparing me to Güntülü?" she asked.

Selim did not look surprised, but he was genuinely surprised and thought, "Can I read what is in my heart so clearly from my face?" Leylâ seemed to have complete confidence in her own beauty. To tell the truth, she was right.

- He said, "You know it well, my princess. But I couldn't make the comparison because you're not the same species.

Leylâ smiled again and Selim thought, "The Princess is using her weapon well!" This smile was a horrible thing for a man and it was not for every brave man to endure it. That's why, even though he had come here to talk about Yek, he hadn't even mentioned his name, he had fallen under Leylâ's spell. She looked very young. The first night he saw her in Çamlı Koru, he thought she was a high school girl. He wanted to find out her age: - "How long have you been teaching?" he asked.

Leylâ smiled again: - I am twenty-eight years old, captain!

Selim's gaze on Leylâ was now full of sadness. When the things in his heart were discovered, he withdrew into himself and returned to the sadness that had become his true nature.

Leylâ became very serious and started to speak: - Selim Beğ! When I met you five years ago, there was not a trace of sadness in your soul. I was a new teacher, I was experiencing difficult moments in my life, even in danger. When Mrs Ayşe Hoca introduced us, I did not yet know that you were the kingmaker, but you gave me confidence. When I learnt that you were the kingmaker after what you had been through, my interest in you increased and I thought that we could become friends, taking into account our loneliness. Even when you were scolding me in Çamlı Koru, I saw you as a close and reliable person.

I know you and I want to be your support. I need to find a way to save you from Güntülü's clutches. I will think about it. But if you know a solution and I have a duty, tell me and we will implement it immediately.

The heartfelt words of the gorgeous princess dissipated the sadness in Pusat. So he too was in need of a friendly heart: - Princess, he said. There is only one classic remedy. But that remedy has almost always remained theoretical.

- What is it?

- A brighter light to drown out the light.

- there such a light?

- There is. But it's so high up, its crazy to even think about.

Leylâ stared at Pusat for a few seconds. Then, with a smile that made her unbearably beautiful: - "I allow you. You can love me!

21

SELİM looked like a person who had had a long and beautiful dream, he could not shake the effect of the dream.

While Tosun was busy looking at an illustrated magazine, he was killing time by staring at the same page of the book he had opened to read. At one point, the boy approached his father with the magazine in his hand and asked with the sweet naivety of his age: - Dad! Is this baby sick?

He was showing a picture of an advertisement: A chubby child crying for the advertised biscuit.

Selim:

- He replied, "He's not sick, he's hungry!

Tosun didn't accept his father's promise: - But he's crying.

- She's crying because she's hungry.

Tosun a smart arse attitude: - The hungry don't cry. The sick cry.

- How do you know?

- Mum told me.

Tosun's answer suddenly interested Selim. Looking intently at Tosun, he asked: - What did your mum say?

- My mum cried because she was sick.

- When?

- I've always...

Selim frowned. By "always" Tosun no doubt meant "several times" or "many times". It was then that Selim seemed to realise the truth of the recent change in Ayşe. If she had been ill, Selim would undoubtedly have known about it. So she had cried, Tosun had seen her crying and asked her, and she had replied that she was crying because she was ill. In that case, Ayşe knew the storm in Selim's inner world. If she didn't know, would she have said "You've been hit by the day!" on the way back from the farewell ceremony? Pusat suddenly felt his heart ache and looked out of the window towards the horizon in the state of mind of people who had committed a crime.

"Was I supposed to be like this?" he mumbled. Then he asked, "Why did I become like this?"

He was no longer able to make the right and quick decisions in difficult moments like a staff officer.

He got up. He started to walk around.

She didn't realise how much she had wandered. He paused when Ayşe came. He wanted to say something to her, to do something heartwarming. But he could do nothing. He returned Ayşe's greeting very coldly and continued his walk in the room.

He had been like this since he was a child. It was not in his power to give style, to win hearts. He was behaving like this not because he made it a matter of pride, but because he couldn't help it. He was so tormented by the fact that he had hurt Ayşe that he couldn't say a single word to right his wrong. At this moment, for the first time in his life, he got angry with himself, thinking that it was unseemly to do so. As he walked around the room, he felt a dark and confused fluctuation in his brain. He was trying to solve this troubling feeling. And he did...

That vile Yek had said, "You will love a girl twenty-five years younger than yourself!" and Selim, who had mocked Yek at that time, had fallen into the situation he had said.

That evening Selim didn't sit down for dinner. He noticed that Ayşe did not eat either. At night Ayşe went to bed very early, which was not customary.

Pusat was sitting in his dark grief again, sometimes walking around the room a little, occasionally picking up a book, trying to pass the time, trying to get rid of his inner boredom.

It was well past midnight. He was still sitting. Now there was a thick album in front of him. One of the last leaves was open and Selim was looking at it intently with his eyes fixed on the picture at the beginning of the leaf. He was looking at

Güntülü's picture in the corner. She had taken one of them when she was about to graduate from high school and had given one as a gift to her beloved teacher Ayşe.

She had a marvellous beauty. In her gaze, the ferocity of the she-parasite and the sadness of delicacy were combined. At the beginning Selim looked at her as he looked at everyone else, without caring, and he even scolded and mocked her for some of her thoughts. But he never paid any attention to these. She had succeeded in attracting Selim's attention with her curious scrutiny of him during their first visit, her guessing that Selim liked the Old Friends Anthem, and her calling him "a soldier who had lived a stormy life like you". Selim recognised Güntülü's eyes. But not being able to remember where he recognised them was infuriating him.

When they went to the Huzur Tea House, Güntülü again scrutinised him, and when Selim locked eyes with her, he again agonised to remember this girl he had known so long ago. They had argued there. In the meantime, the girl's voice had sounded like the voice of that invisible, mysterious woman in Çamlı Koru. And the journey from Huzur Çayhane to Çamlı Koru. The poem Güntülü recited on the way and the lethal harmony rising in her voice as she recited the poem... And then her telling Selim that she had been alive for a thousand years, two thousand years, saying that she had been alive since then and finishing with "I was one of those who couldn't shoot arrows back then!"... Weren't all these reasons to endear himself to Selim? Selim was beginning to see the truth like a person whose veil was lifted from his eyes. He no longer had any doubts: Güntülü had launched an offensive against Selim, who had already subconsciously forgotten the subject of love, and by using both her beauty and her intelligence, she had made him love her by force, yes, by force.

But why did he do it?

Pusat was looking at the painting intently. It was so vivid that he almost felt like talking. Selim sensed that an anger was bubbling up inside him. He was angry both at Güntülü and at himself for showing such weakness. But despite all this anger, he continued to look at the picture with increasing interest. The girl was beautiful enough to look at for hours.

This time he wanted to match Güntülü with Leylâ. It wasn't working.

They were truly otherworldly beings.

He didn't know how much time had passed; suddenly a hand reached out from his side and turned the leaf of the album. Güntülü's picture was left behind. At the top of the page, which was now on top, was Ayşe's picture.

Selim looked up to see who was turning the leaf and saw his friend Şeref. He was looking at him with a sad smile and showing him Ayşe's picture.

Selim was not scared. Nor was he surprised. He was even happy to see him. He looked at his face. Honour's eyes were wet: - "Şeref, are you crying?" he asked.

His friend unbuttoned his jacket and opened it. He showed his heart. Honour's heart was bleeding. Then Pusat became serious: - "Why, Şeref, why?" he asked.

The wetness in Şeref's eyes increased. In a slow voice: - You have no right, Pusat!

He continued as two tears fell down his cheeks: - "Is this how you were going to be?"

Selim turned red. After closing the album and putting it on the etagere, he stood up: - "I'm in agony, honour!"

Tears were falling from Honour's eyes one after the other: - Is this agony greater than the agony we once suffered together? We were stripped of our ranks, we were dismissed from our military service, we were slandered, what is love compared to all this?

Honour fell silent. The blood of his heart was coming out on his closed jacket and he was pressing his wound with his hand. Selim looked at his friend's bleeding wound with deep sorrow: - My agony is not only out of love!

Honour answered with a definite expression: - I know. You're suffering because you can't remember the past. Weren't you and I captains in the army of Tanrıkut Mete? Weren't you executed then too, because of love, for disobeying Tanrıkut's order and not shooting an arrow at your lover who appeared in front of you in a different guise today? Pusat! What is this ill-tempered impulse coming from within you? Is it befitting for you to live with the same madness after two thousand years?

Şeref's words illuminated a dark spot in Selim's brain and he said to his friend with the relief of a person who had thrown off a great burden: - It is not all my fault, he said.

- It's all you! You equate yourself with that girl? You were a captain and a staff cadet. You were a man of decision and will! And who was she? Whose daughter was she? Did you investigate?

Selim hit in the head. Before he had time to answer, Honour continued: - Pusat! Pull yourself together. Put on your willpower. Use your mind.

With sadness said this from the promises then more
big one with sadness: - Goodbye.

Pusat with moist eyes: - "Goodbye!" he replied. They shook hands.

Honour walked towards the door with heavy and silent steps. He grabbed the knob.

But he disappeared without opening the door.

Selim's eyes fell on the clock on the table. four in the morning. He felt very fresh.

He started to think about the words and accusations of his friend Şeref. It was impossible not to agree with him. At the same time, Şeref had untied the knot that he himself had been unable to untie for a long time, and revealed how he knew Güntülü. So this girl, or the mysterious woman whose voice he heard in the dark, was the lover who had caused his execution two thousand years ago. So he had not fulfilled the order to shoot arrows at her then, and had paid for this indiscipline with his life.

He was thinking: What had happened to him was horrible, but he was not afraid, he felt anguish.

A long time passed with his eyes fixed on one spot. It was morning. Entering the room, Ayşe carefully looked at Selim: - "Are you ill?" she asked.

- No!

- Why is your face so pale?

- Im all right.

Ayşe didn't insist. She headed for the door. But suddenly she turned back and asked curiously: - Are you bleeding?

Selim was furious: - Where did you get that from?

Ayşe was pointing at the knocker: - What is so much blood?

- Blood?

Selim remembered the night and Şeref's bleeding heart. Ayşe repeated with a feeling more akin to fear than curiosity: - Are you bleeding?

- No...

Upon this stubborn "No", the woman looked at her husband with attention and grief, then brought a soapy cloth and started to wipe the blood. At the same time, she was checking Selim and trying to understand something by looking at his yellow face.

and he was working. But no change in him except the pallor of his face.

Ayşe, with a feeling between curiosity and fear, sensing that something had happened during the night, was trying to understand what it could be. With this excitement, he prepared the breakfast table. At one point, she opened

Selim's cupboard in order to solve a point that had been on her mind and checked whether his pistol was there or not. He looked. It was in place and untouched. Aisha this but the blood on the doorknob had touched him so much that even such a frivolous search would have made him feel sick.

he couldn't help it.

Her husband's pale colour and sad look had left a strange mark on Ayşe. Even without that mysterious blood, it was clear as day that he had spent a very painful night. Suddenly she felt a pity for him and wanted to do something to please him, thinking that this man, despite all his faults, was all alone in this crowded world. Selim was very fond of Ayşe's specially brewed tea with lemon. It would take some time, but he did not hesitate and started to prepare the tea.

While all this was going on, Selim was looking at a point absent-mindedly, unaware of what was going on. The vitality of the moment when Şeref had disappeared was gone, and lethargy had come instead. He also felt the need to sleep with the reaction of not sleeping all night. If Ayşe hadn't said: "Tea is ready!" perhaps her eyes would have closed. He reluctantly got up and sat at the table. In front of him the big white cup from which Ayşe had drunk her strong tea when she was at the Military Academy. For some reason, Pusat, who did not value possessions, had become fond of drinking tea from this cup. This morning Ayşe took out this cup, which had been out of sight for a long time, just to please him, but Selim looked at her with dull eyes and remained silent, not saying a word to show that he was pleased, nor did he show a line on his face that Ayşe was looking for. The tea in the cup was so beautiful with its colour and smell that even the most fastidious tea drinkers would envy it.

Ayşe was still eager to do something. After putting the sugar in Pusat's cup, she did not leave the stirring to him, she did it herself and put one of the cookies she had prepared in front of him.

While stirring the sugar of his own tea, he stared at Selim again and waited for him to start drinking tea.

Selim looked at the tea and the cup, paused for a few seconds, and after going back to the past and imagining some scenes in his imagination, he reached his hand to the cup and poured the brew.

tasted the first sip of tea.

At the same moment, Ayşe's eyes widened and her colour turned white and she was heard calling out excitedly to Selim: - Your hand is bloody...

Putting the cup back, Pusat looked at his hand: His palm was stained with clotted blood.

After looking at Ayşe, whose colour had completely faded, he stood up with a sharp movement. He stood for a few seconds, not knowing what to do. Then he smiled bitterly, remembering that he had shaken hands with Şeref, who had pressed his hand to his wounded heart.

AFTER THAT NIGHT Selim became more withdrawn and Ayşe, for whom the blood on the doorknob and on her husband's hand remained a horrible mystery, sank into even greater grief. They were now like two strangers in one house. The anxiety that had been hidden in Ayşe's subconscious for a long time revealed, and she began to seriously fear that Selim would take his life like his friend. She couldn't ask him anything, and even if she did, it went unanswered. Selim did not say anything to Ayşe, but some of his behaviour showed that he was in an abnormal mood: One night, when she gently addressed her husband, who was staring at Şeref's picture, as "Selim", Selim, never taking his eyes off the picture, replied, "Say Şeref!". Then what was the meaning of frequent visits to his grave? What was the meaning of a person who did not believe in anything, neither in the soul nor in the afterlife, going to a grave, even if it belonged to the closest friend, just like going to a living being?

Ayşe also had another emotion or grief that she tried to keep in her subconscious: As a woman, she was disturbed by the closeness Selim showed to Güntülü. It was inconceivable that he would show such an interest in any woman, especially a young girl whom he did not value as a child. Although it could be said that there were no tangible signs yet, Ayşe sensed something with her woman's heart.

He wanted to show Selim to a neurologist and a psychiatrist. But he knew that this was out of the question, he was looking for solutions, wondering if such a

He was thinking if I could show Selim to the doctor without informing him that he was a doctor and make a diagnosis.

Theoretically, as with all theories, it was very easy to do this. But when it came to doing it, things were different. Firstly, it was necessary to find a psychiatrist whom he could trust. He had to find this on his own, without telling anyone. Even if he told it to his most intimate friend, there was a possibility that one day it would spread and Selim would hear it. Even if Selim did not hear it, she knew that such an examination would make her husband look crazy. Hadn't they already looked at Selim in this way even during that inauspicious judgement? Now, causing the opening of a matter that had been closed, at least on the surface, would be nothing more than opening a scabbed wound. Let's say he found the names of psychiatrists by looking in the telephone directory, how would he know which of them was the best, or if he chose any of them, how would he understand their mindset? What would happen if someone hostile to Selim's ideas came along and disclosed the examination that was supposed to remain a secret? Or what could he do if he was discreet but tried to do Selim a favour? If all these obstacles were overcome and the doctor was introduced to Selim as if he was an acquaintance, would Selim not understand anything? Although he was as naive as a child in some things, but what effect would the questions the doctor would ask in order to make his diagnosis or his more attentive looks at Selim's face than anyone else would have?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! It wasn't going to work out. Ayşe was very sad. Because of her religious beliefs, she found solace in making offerings for the time being.

Selim, too, was living on the edge of pessimism. His reluctance had become to the point of disturbing even himself. He no longer wanted to go to Leylâ, with whom he felt peaceful and blessed, but during his work in the office, he was able to forget his grief from time to time and devote himself to the paperwork.

One day, Pusat taken by surprise when he received an unexpected piece of paper. He received an important order from the Caucasus Front of the First World War. This order had nothing to do with the file he was analysing at that moment. Even investigating how it got here could have been a subject of study in itself. But it was so important and interesting that Selim gave himself to it with all his being and forgot everything else. Since the writing was a bit difficult to read, he concentrated all his attention on the writing and lost contact with his surroundings.

This sweet absent-mindedness was suddenly interrupted by the accented accent of the table neighbour.

Osman Fişer: - Here, Leylâ Hanım is here

As soon as Leylâ's name was mentioned, Pusat quickly raised his head and swept his eyes around the hall. He had made a mistake again and forgotten that harsh gestures and quick rebellion were forbidden to him. For this reason, he was unable to see his surroundings for a moment, but this time the malfunction passed quickly and his eyes were fixed on Mrs Leylâ. This was not the Leylâ he had expected, Leylâ Absolute, but an expert who had worked in the office for a while and had come to see her old friends.

Osman Fişer did not miss Selim's quick and interested at Leylâ Hanım. He smiled and asked in a very slow voice: - "Are you Mecnoon?" he asked.

Pusat was frowning: - What do you mean?

- You were very interested when you heard the name Leylâ...

- What's in it for you?

- Such an interest in Leylâ only befitting Mecnûn...

Selim then remembered that there was a novel called *Leylâ le Mecnûn*; in a slow, but very stern voice: - "I don't like such silly jokes!

Osman Fişer cowered, but Selim's nerves were on edge. This obnoxious Jew had annoyed him and disrupted his work tempo. He realised that he could not continue to examine the document in front of him and looked at the wall clock. There were fifteen minutes left before the end of the task.

Just then the janitor came: - Selim Beğ, they want you on the phone, He said.

And that unexpected. As he got up and started to walk, the janitor he called after him: - The phone's in the Headmaster's office, sir.

He was so uninterested in his surroundings that he had not even found out where the telephone of his flat was until now. He entered the room and greeted the director, a retired officer, with a military salute. Director: - "There is a phone call for you, Selim Beğ, come in!" and got up from his desk and left the room. This behaviour was undoubtedly an honour and even respect shown to Selim. But he was also disturbed by such things. He picked up the receiver and spoke: - I'm Selim Pusat! Come in, sir...

- I apologise for disturbing you in an official place, but I had to. You haven't been seen for a while, I was worried.

Selim came to life when he heard this voice and his face flushed. It was Leylâ Mutlak calling him on the phone. In a very respectful voice: - "Excuse me," she said. I am waiting for my weakness to pass for a visit.

- You don't necessarily have to come here for our meeting. Do you mind if I come to you?

- I t mind at all. You do me the honour.

- Is it okay if I come one day this week, after my shift ends? I'm here to see my teacher.

- Of course you can. But I'd appreciate it more if you'd appoint a day.

- For reasons you know, I can't set a date. You'll forgive me, won't you?

- As you command.

- Thank you. Goodbye.

Selim Pusat could not remember whether he had responded to Leylâ's farewell words or not.

When he came home, he had a desire to inform Aisha of Leyla's coming. But when he came face to face with her, this desire faded. As strong as her eagerness to tell him had been when she had arrived, now, with an inner urge, the will not to tell him was just as strong.

Because they were now alienated. This alienation was not an outward thing, but an inward feeling. A feeling similar to that of people who want to run away from a danger in dreams but cannot run...

There were three days before the end of the week. As the working hours were coming to an end, Selim Pusat was coming home with a strange excitement and spending the minutes at home with a strange excitement. He thought about the reason for such a childish excitement. Was it because Leylâ was a princess? Or did he have an interest in her that he had not yet fully realised? Yes, he was. Hadn't Leylâ told him, "You can love me"? But what did it mean to love two young girls at the same time and to be married while loving them? Then he remembered the words of Dr Key and Dr Cezmi Oğuz. So such things could happen. But Dr Cezmi had also said that love was a feeling of lust in aesthetic form. Was it for him to look at Güntülü, especially Princess Leylâ, in this way?

Selim overwhelmed again and his face flushed. How much did he long for the days when he could drink as he pleased? At least then

For an hour or two or for many minutes, he would get rid of this exhausting sorrow, he would dive into other worlds. Now, as if this was the only he had been blessed with in coming to the world, he was rolling towards the unknown in a black sorrow.

When he came home the next evening, he found a compass from Ayşe on the table: She was going with Tosun to an acquaintance and would be back a little later.

As Selim started his walk in the big room, he thought about what he could do and with a feeling as if he was being forced, he went to the etagere and opened the big album. He came across Güntülü's picture at the very first opening. He smiled bitterly. Remembering Şeref, he looked at the door. And then...:

"He's offended with me. He won't come again!" and started to watch Güntülü's beauty. While looking at the picture, his brain was working like an engine. He realised that her beauty could not be compared with Leylâ's. Then he started to compare Güntülü with Aydolu and Nurkan. What was it about Güntülü, in the face of Aydolu's striking and instantly impressive beauty, and Nurkan's gentle and heart-stirring beauty, that made Güntülü so dear to Selim's heart? He was thinking about it and he found it: Güntülü had a beauty that forced itself upon him. It was an assertive, aggressive, even insolent beauty. When he came to this conclusion, he put the album on the big table, closed it and leaned back. He wanted to think for a while. But before he had time to think, the doorbell rang and he had to get up. He walked with a timidity arising from the possibility of finding Şeref in front of him again. When she opened the door, she recovered with a smooth movement: Leylâ Mutlak had arrived. Pusat's eyes were dazzled. Leylâ: - If I hadn't told you that I was coming unannounced, I would have been more upset, Leylâ said, extending her hand to Selim: - "Hodja, aren't they at home?" she asked.

Selim pointed the compass still on the table: - He went to his friend.

Then, realising the meaning in Leylâ's questioning eyes, he added: - I didn't tell her that you were coming suddenly and unannounced.

- Why?

- I don't know why. Probably to keep it a surprise.

As he showed Leylâ to the seat, he took his jacket, hung it up and stood in front of her like a subordinate waiting to receive orders from his superior.

Leylâ was wearing her marvellous smile: - "Won't you sit down, captain?" she said. I don't go out on the street unless I am sure that I am not being followed, except for the obligatory travelling back and forth between school and home. That's why I came without appointing a day.

The conversation had got to the point where Selim was concerned: - Is there no danger in your compulsory exits?

- It is there again. But much reduced. For one thing, I am not alone, as these travels are almost always with others. Even if I am alone, I am the owner of an excellent pistol and a keen marksman, and I have a guard, who is perhaps the best shot in the world and is unrivalled in all methods of fighting. This guard lives close to me and in a place where he can control my house, but I don't even know where he is. At night he waits for me until the morning. He is sleepless. When I am going to stay at home for a long time, I signal him with a sign from the window. Then he sleeps. We don't meet and talk more than two or three times a year.

Selim was listening in amazement: - "I would like to know who this marvellous guard is," he said.

- The current grandson of one of the two surviving loyalists of the murdered Prince Mustafa. He was also an officer. He left the army on the day he graduated from the Military Academy and became a midshipman to be my guard. It was a great sacrifice for him because he was in love with soldiering like you.

Leylâ's eyes were diverted. Then: - There are still knights in the world who make the greatest sacrifice for nothing. It is these brave people who make life beautiful!" she concluded.

They were silent for a while. Leylâ started talking again: - "That guard was ready in Çamlı Koru. But he must not come out unless there is a serious danger, he must not be recognised. That's why I took refuge with you that night.

- And your weapon?

- I carry it only to use it at the last minute and after every precaution has failed.

While Selim was thinking, "She's speaking very reasonably," Leylâ suddenly changed the subject: - Selim Beğ! Can you show me Güntülü's picture?

After a brief hesitation, Selim for the album he had just put on the table. This time, for some reason, he put Güntülü's picture in front of Leylâ, which he found not at the first opening but after turning a few leaves.

Leylâ took the album on her lap and stared at the photograph. She was looking intently. This gaze lasted for a very long time, maybe one, two, three minutes.

Then closing the album, Leylâ put it down on the table, this time looking at Selim with insistent eyes, with a very harmonious voice and a noble calmness:

- "There, now I'm jealous!

23

ONE SATURDAY evening, Ayşe, with a simplicity and sincerity that reminded me of the old days: - "Can't we all go for a walk together?" she asked.

Selim again with the tone of those old days: - "Why not?" he replied.

The weather one of the rare ones that instils optimism in the heart.

They started to walk slowly. Selim and Ayşe were silent, occasionally Tosun was the only one who spoke and Ayşe always answered their questions with the curiosity of a child.

The beauty of the weather must have affected the people too, because the people he met on the street this evening did not seem as ugly and disgusting to Pusat as usual. He wouldn't look at others, but when he was looking ahead for direction, his eyes would inevitably fall on those who were close by, and a half-second glance would be more than enough to set Selim's nerves on edge. Because the people he saw would either be a bunch of fools, hypocrites, or joking losers. Over-painted old women, girls with bird brains who made themselves very ugly and ridiculous by thinking that they were becoming beautiful, young men who were stripped of all human virtues would disgust Pusat.

There were no such people tonight. There were some nice people in their own way. At one point, their eyes fell on two people coming towards them. One was a woman and one was a young girl, and the latter looked at Selim with a smile. Selim

As he did not look at them again, he did not understand the meaning of this smile. But Ayşe's voice said: - "Güntülü is coming!" she sobered up and stopped.

They were facing each other.

Güntülü introduced the woman next to her as "Mum", then introduced Ayşe, Selim and Tosun to her mother and turned to Selim: - "Sir, I've been smiling at you all this time and you didn't even look at me; you pretended not to recognise me!" he reproached.

Selim in his own style: - A smiling girl caught my eye, but I thought she was a stranger as I did not expect to meet you in such calm weather.

Güntülü was surprised: - Why, sir? What do I have to do with calm weather?

- You don't have anything to do with calm weather, .

- I don't understand, sir.

- I did not expect this coincidence, as the calmness of the weather this evening and your irritability do not go well together.

Güntülü smiled. Ayşe breathed a sigh of relief that there was no more unpleasant conversation. Güntülü's mother also looked at this strange man with amazement. Then, moving her eyes alternately from Ayşe to Selim, she said: - "Let's not spoil this sweet family outing of yours, but if I ask you to come to our house, which is very close by, for a few minutes, would you accept?" she asked.

Selim fell silent. Ayşe, looking at Selim: - "At this hour, we will disturb you as a crowd!

Güntülü took Ayşe's arm with an immeasurable sweetness: - Mrs Hodja! Our house is just two minutes away. Why would you disturb us? Why are you crowded? Won't I be offended if you don't come after such a convenient coincidence?

Turning back, they turned down a street and stopped in front of a large wooden house. Pusat, who seemed to have no interest in his surroundings, saw Güntülü bending down at the door and taking out a large door key from a corner of the marble step. They entered the door opened with this key and sat in the guest room downstairs and to the right.

Güntülü's mother was a kind woman who looked younger than her age. However, Pusat's eyes did not miss the fact that she was trying to hide an anguish. Güntülü's room was not in a few minutes Ayşe and two of them her

They talked about Güntülü and Selim learnt from this conversation that Güntülü had applied to Tıbbiye together with her other two friends.

When Güntülü entered the room with the coffees, Selim's face showed lines of humour and when he finished the cup he took with thanks, he asked Güntülü how she liked it: - It's like a parade..., he replied from behind: - "Can't we see your brother who wants to be a naval officer because he has good taste?" he asked.

Güntülü's face turned rosy pink: - "I'm afraid you won't be able to see," she said.

- Why?

- He went to the match.

- So, after the philosophy of pleasure, there's the philosophy of match play... I'm already curious about the naval battles when your brother becomes Commander of the Navy.

While Güntülü's mother was listening to these conversations with astonishment, Ayşe intervened to prevent any unpleasantness: - "Sir, Sel and Güntülü can't get along. When Selim doesn't see his military ideas in my doctor candidate daughter, he criticises her. When Güntülü insists on her own ideas, all hell breaks loose. I guess Güntülü told you about these arguments.

The woman replied in amazement: - On the contrary, sir, she never mentioned it. She only said that she met Selim Beğ and found him very original. That's all...

Selim smiled bitterly as the original word had a strange effect on Ayşe: - Sir, Güntülü is really very kind. She probably used the word original in the sense of crazy or strange.

There was nothing predatory about Güntülü: - You don't know. I used this word in its true meaning.

- What's the real meaning?

- Unlike others, uninfluenced, well-spoken... Selim blushed and bowed his head. Then, perhaps for the first in his life,

Thinking that Ayşe would find this conversation strange, he wanted to change the subject. At that moment he suddenly remembered the words of his friend Şeref: "You a man of decision and will. And who was she? Whose daughter was she? you investigate?"

Although he was intoxicated by Güntülü's last words and wanted to stop here, remembering Şeref's and Leylâ's questions

he did not hesitate to use the opportunity he seized. Looking into Güntülü's eyes:

- "When will your father come home?" she asked.

- My dad's not here...

- Where is it?

- In Mersin.

Looking at Güntülü's mother while these conversations were going on, Ayşe seemed to see a dark cloud passing over her face. Selim realised the same thing without looking.

Ayşe looked at Güntülü with a smile, anxious to prevent a cold air from descending into the room: - So you haven't given up on your decision at the beginning of the school year, Güntülü...

The young girl understood what her teacher meant: - You want to talk about the medical school, don't you, teacher?

- Yes.

- All three of us have applied to become doctors. Let's see what time and life will show...

Pusat's taunts started immediately: - Your use of big words like time and life at your tender age is like Tosun talking about the Serbian Border.

Güntülü was looking at me with her wonderful, shy smile: - My age is not so little as to be called tiny.

Pusat had taken on a vindictive demeanour that he'd seemed to give up recently: - You are under the age of twenty at most. In our age where life spans are getting longer, twenty years of age is not favourable for thefts. Wouldn't it be better if you, as a kind and slender young girl, calculated how many poor people you will kill until you become a good doctor?

Ayşe did not like both the subject and Selim's words of praise while shooting. She intervened: - Selim! You are picking on my daughter again. Why should she kill a few people until she becomes a good doctor?

Pusat sternly without looking at Ayşe: - Being a good doctor for you.

Güntülü immediately took the floor: - I'm very cautious, sir. doctor to be for a few patient life to danger I'd rather remain a mere doctor than throw it away.

- So you'll just be an ordinary doctor?

- Yeah...

- Then you won't be Güntülü anymore.

This kind of conversation, which she had never seen before, seemed very strange to Güntülü's mother. She did not know what to make of these words, which did not resemble a friendly discussion in terms of their tone, and she even sensed some vague lines under this dispute. This man knew his daughter very well. It was unbelievable to penetrate a person so much with two or three meetings, but it was a fact.

Ayşe, on the other hand, found a different kind of softness, an intimacy underneath this seemingly harsh speech and became irritated. She couldn't put down Güntülü at all; she saw Selim as a man who had overstepped his boundaries.

This time it was Güntülü who opened the floor: - Would you cease to be Selim Pusat if you acted cautiously in the face of the enemy in order not to inflict casualties on your company...?

These words were spoken with great simplicity and in the voice of the unknown woman from Çamlı Kuru. Pusat felt pain like a wounded person and with a very serious face, but without looking at anyone in the room:

- When I could command a company, of course I would have left, because a company commander does not think about the individual soldiers in his company, but about the whole of them, the order he receives and the contact with the enemy as soon as possible. But since I could no longer command a company, your question was not appropriate and did not constitute an answer for me.

It was obvious that the last sentence was said with great resentment. Ayşe understood this the most and even regretted coming to this house because she never wanted Selim to be hurt in the most emotional place.

Güntülü didn't seem interested: - I am not interested in the official situation at all, sir. Just as a man whose diploma is taken away for any reason without making a medical mistake cannot be discharged as a doctor, no one can take your military service. How can a soldier as much as you be discharged from military service? That is why I asked you my question earlier. And your answer was as I expected.

Ayşe was very pleased with this answer. Güntülü knew how to caress Selim. But there was no positive meaning in his face. Güntülü did not take Pusat's rank, but the state did, and the word in force was the word of the state.

Selim, on the other hand, goes far away behind a great intoxication with great anguish; he back, even for a moment, he realises his self, where he is.

he was forgetting. A soldier as soldier as you... No one can take away your military service... These were the words that gripped Pusat to the core. And they were spoken in a voice that enraptured him. He was under such a strange influence that he now felt himself as an officer, a captain, he felt that he was free from the heavy burden that had been weighing on his heart for years, and even, strangely enough, he found it sweet to live at this moment.

*

* *

It was approaching midnight. Ayşe and Tosun were already in bed. Selim could not remember how they had got home. There was no open album in front of him now, but wherever he looked at Güntülü, he saw her right in front of him. With her words today, the young girl had aroused and aroused the ashen feeling of military service that had been living in him. He wanted to wear a uniform, hold a gun, command a company. While he was raging with this irrepressible desire, he was searching his memory to see if there was a foreign country where he could volunteer as a soldier.

He hadn't felt so alive and robust for a long time. Had all this happened because of one or two words of a young girl? Or had he become so weak-willed that he could no longer be influenced by children? But could he look at Güntülü as a child or any young girl? Hadn't he lost his life two thousand years ago because he couldn't shoot an arrow at her? Güntülü undoubtedly knew and heard this too. If she did not know, would she have said that she was one of those who could not shoot an arrow on the day they all went to Çamlı Koru together?

Selim suddenly shuddered. He was missing Güntülü. Because today she had looked at him and said, "How can a soldier as much as you be taken as a soldier?" and had applied ointment to his wound that had been bleeding for years. But was that the only reason he missed her? Was there no other reason for this longing?

Of course there was. Selim was now about to choose him between the hurricane in his brain and heart. He was waiting for this raging, uprooting hurricane to slow down for a moment in order to name him, but he did not want it to slow down. The whirlwind was pleasing him, giving him the desire to live, increasing his energy. It was like he was drunk. He was drunk. He wanted this intoxication to be eternal.

His eyes flickered to the etagere where the big album stood. He smiled. He didn't need the album anymore. The album was only a picture of Güntülü. However, he was now seeing Güntülü herself. He was smiling in his white-collared high school uniform with his hands clasped behind his back. But how quickly she was changing disguises. Now he was in a tank top. He was looking like a pars. She had even taken a few steps closer, but at that moment she was now dressed as a young girl with a sad look. She was standing next to Şeref's photograph. Suddenly this dream came to life and pointing to Şeref: "Who is this?" he asked. "My friend Şeref!" Selim answered slowly. "Yes, I know him." Selim was a little surprised: "How do you know him?" he asked. Güntülü fixed her green eyes on Pusat: "I recognise him from two thousand years ago!" He continued by becoming wild: "He doesn't like me at all. But you do. You love me. You love me very much. You adore me... Won't you put my picture instead of his?" Selim was silent. He was confused again. The girl was speaking with a voice like a lethal music:

"You gave up your life for me. Now give up your friend's picture. I don't want a picture of someone who doesn't love me on the table of the man who loves me. How can you offend me? I will remove that picture myself. I see that even though you love me so much, you cannot fulfil my simplest wish."

Saying this, he took another step. He was reaching for the picture on the table. But the vision suddenly disappeared.

Selim Pusat had chosen the real reason for missing Güntülü. The truth was so enlightened that it was impossible not to recognise her.

The time for naming this matter with half-assed interpretations had passed, and Selim had seen the truth he was afraid to admit to himself.

"I love Güntülü. This is the greatest truth of my life and my universe..." he murmured in a great intoxication. Then: "How many times I confessed to myself. I think I've become a fool!" and laughed in a strange way.

Suddenly feeling a great weakness, he walked into the bedroom. Ayşe was awake: - Selim! Were you talking to someone? asked Selim after a few seconds of silence: - I was repeating a poem, he replied.

THE NEXT DAY was Sunday. Ayşe had taken Tosun for a walk as she did every Sunday when the weather was nice. During these outings, she would also make some small visits as a way of avoiding prohibitions.

Selim, not even a little sober from last night's drunkenness, left the house in the afternoon, leaving a note for Ayşe informing her that he would be back late. He walked randomly without any programme. Güntülü coursed through his veins like a flame and flashed through his brain like lightning.

As he was walking aimlessly, suddenly a door caught his attention and he recognised it. This was a pub where people came in their own way. He had come once or twice in the past and liked it very much. The people serving inside were dignified, the appetisers were good, and there was a spaciousness in the neglected dimness. He entered with a sudden decision. He sat in the corner furthest away from one or two customers who had come before.

He started to drink as fast as he had been drinking before the abstinence he started to do with the doctor's advice. Whatever he wanted to think about, whatever he wanted to think about, the associations took him to Güntülü again. At some point, his eyes touched the parlour: The number of customers had increased considerably. There was no noise, even those who came in groups spoke in slow voices. This silence was occasionally broken by people laughing with joy, but these laughs were stopped before they reached a level that would disturb others.

In Pusat, Güntülü's drunkenness was added to the drunkenness of the drink. The crowd no longer bothered her. Even the table next to her was occupied by four or five people. "If everyone was like the people here, I guess there would be no futile agitations and ugly fights!" she thought. He started to see his surroundings in smoke and his consciousness became more alert, as it happens at such times.

Since there was no noise in the tavern, he could hear what the people at the neighbouring table were talking about in a low voice. This conversation suddenly caught his attention because they were talking about love. One of them, who was apparently a philosophy teacher and was addressed as "teacher", was giving examples of great loves in history or novels while defining and philosophising about love, while a vigorous man sitting with his back to Pusat was having a level discussion by asking questions to the philosophy teacher. The fact that the teacher addressed this man as "lieutenant colonel" both attracted Selim's attention and filled him with anguish. This lieutenant colonel was perhaps someone he knew. His voice did not sound foreign at all. The fact that one of the people at the table addressed him as "Kemal Beğ" untied the knot in Pusat's brain. This lieutenant colonel was Kemal Yılmaz, his desk mate at the Military Academy. He was his sincere friend. Although he felt a great desire to talk to him, perhaps due to the effects of alcohol, he did not make any behaviour. He did not know who the strangers were with Kemal and due to his shy nature, he did not want to talk even to a close friend in the presence of people he did not know.

Kemal Yılmaz objected to the philosophy teacher's suggestion that love, like death, was an event that every human being would experience. After a minute or two of conversation, the teacher asked to conclude the discussion: - Well, lieutenant colonel! Do you know anyone who has never tasted love?

Pusat saw that all eyes were fixed on his friend, even though he was not looking at the neighbouring table. Kemal Yılmaz, after taking another sip of his drink, replied: .

- I know them.

The silence at the table and, incidentally, in the whole tavern at that moment seemed strange to Selim and he waited with curiosity for the answer to the teacher's question "Who?". The lieutenant colonel's answer was marvellous: - Selim Pusat!

Someone broke the silence for a moment: - The hero of that noisy case?

The colonel in a very slow voice, saying the words one by one: - Yes! That's him... He's a classmate of mine. Then he said.

we also met on the continent. I have never seen him devote his heart to anything other than his profession.

- Didn't have a secret love?

- He didn't have a secret... He ruined himself because he had no secrets.

Selim laughed bitterly where he sat. Even in this place, which he knew as a place of peace and tranquillity, where the people who came were always well-mannered people, his wound was bleeding and his peace was taken away. He slowly got up and walked towards the safe, it was evening. Just like when he had come here, he was walking without having any idea where to go. How misunderstood people were! While a close friend of his described him as a person who did not know love, he was living full of Güntülü. In reality, it would be more accurate to call it writhing in the fire, not living, but he was being looked at as living...

Suddenly he realised that he had come to Çamlı Koru and remembering Leylâ, he walked with the hope of extinguishing the fire inside him in her presence. The bench where he always sat and where he recognised Leylâ was empty. He thought maybe she would come. But his strong intuition told him that Leylâ would not come tonight and the mysterious woman's voice would not be heard.

He did not wait. He left Çamlı Koru by walking with heavy steps. While he was walking so slowly, his brain was working like an engine. Some of the places he passed were unfamiliar, some were corners he knew. He did not know how long he walked but he was sure that a lot of time had passed. At one point, he stopped and looked up at the sky, and as if it was written in the sky what he was doing and where he was travelling, he remembered that he had passed Leylâ's and Nurkan's houses during this long walk.

Thinking of Leylâ as a saviour, he called Leylâ for healing, came to her house, but left because it was too late; he had hoped for consolation from Nurkan, hoping that he might play the Old Friends Anthem again.

Hopes were empty.

He was walking with a great feeling of distress. He was tired. He looked at his watch: It was a little after midnight. "What an infantry officer I am!" he said, mocking himself. When he looked around, he recognised the street and walked a little and turned into a side street: Güntülü's house was in front of him.

Only one room on the upper floor of the dark house was lit. This was Güntülü's room. Güntülü had said so when she and Ayşe had lived in the guest room downstairs in this house.

What was this girl doing so late at night? Maybe she was preparing for her exams for the Medical School or reading a novel. These possibilities seemed very insipid to Selim Pusat and he felt a great curiosity to find out what was happening behind the thick curtains, what Güntü- lü was doing. In fact, this was not a curiosity, but an agony of love in the form of curiosity. With great determination and audacity, he leaned on the steps of the door and took out the key under the marble. He opened the door by inserting it into the keyhole.

At the same moment, someone stopped Selim by grabbing his arm and Selim, who turned his head, came face to face with his friend Şeref.

"You have no right, Selim!" said Şeref, shaking his head slightly from side to side, and in the pale light of the distant street lamp, Selim Pusat saw that his friend's eyes were moist again and his heart ached. "But I love him!" he thought to himself. Şeref, after quietly closing the door and putting the key under the step, as if he understood Selim's thought: - "You still have no right!" he said. You have no right to love him either. Even if you were not today's dismissed captain of the army, you were the captain of the army of Tanrıkut Mete. And who is that girl? Whose daughter is she? Why did you see the dark cloud passing over her mother's face when she said that her father was in Mersin without looking, but you didn't think about it?

Selim was silent. They were walking slowly. Honour was speaking with a very sorrowful face and a sad voice: - Why have you become like this Selim? Don't forget that even if that girl is a princess who has all the virtues in herself, you still can't love her because you are married. The toy thing you call love is only for the unemployed and weak.

Selim's drunkenness had passed. At one point, when he looked at his friend carefully, he felt a great pain when he saw that he was wearing a captain's dress with his epaulettes removed. Because he had not worn the same dress he always wore while walking around the big study room in their house, his own jacket with his epaulettes removed, for a long time. This meant that he had become indifferent to his past and had forgotten his military service.

Honour was walking and talking: - What you will always think about is your military service. They can take away your rank, they can kick you out of the army, but they cannot take away your soldiering. Soldiering is not rank and clothes, it is the soul. If you want to suffer, just think about not being able to command a company instead of loving such a girl!

Şeref's words pierced Selim's heart. He could not answer them. His friend was right, and he continued: - In Tanrıkut's army

You committed the offence in an instant, you were executed because you did not fulfil the order. Today, Selim, you do not commit the offence in an instant, you do it thoughtfully, deliberately, willingly! What a great change in two thousand years? Would you be like this? Was your will to be taken away by a girl who could be called a child? The pain you inflicted on me, your closest friend, at that time was a daily one, and I left the grief behind with great marches in four directions without rest. Now, both my pain is constant, and there is no raid and war to keep me busy. I am no longer an officer. I am nothing. I am nothing... I don't exist...

Saying this, he pressed his right hand over his heart, and Selim, looking at his friend, shuddered to see that his heart was bleeding again.

They were walking. But Selim did not realise that they were passing by the grandmothers, he did not see the places he was looking at. After what seemed like a very long silence, Şeref started talking again: - "Before that, you were drinking and trying to forget your sorrow because they separated you from your military service, that is, from your love and faith. You had the right to do so. Because you are a man who has no hope for tomorrow. And now, why do you drink even though the doctor forbids it, for that girl? Is she equal to your military service and your crushed hope, Selim? Is it befitting you to jeopardise your health for her? Do you live only for yourself? Don't you have a home, a wife, a son? I could die because I have no one, but you can't. Isn't the hope of seeing Tosun as an officer in his place worth keeping you alive? In this world where many people live with crumbs of hope, is the possibility of seeing your son as a soldier like your grandfather, your father and yourself a small thing?

They stopped. With his right hand still on his heart, Şeref put his left hand into the side pocket of his military jacket without epaulettes. He took out a postcard, handed it to Selim and started talking again: - "Right, I'll draw your attention to one point for your judgement: Why can't that girl tolerate our friendship? Even if the two of us are nothing, we have a friendship riveted by the combination of sweltering heat and freezing cold. Add to that your military faith. You get a being as unshakable and indestructible as a rock the size of the earth. Why is that girl trying to destroy it? Why does she think a picture of me on your desk is too much?

Upon the last sentence, Selim looked at the card his friend had given him: It was the picture that Şeref had given him as a souvenir, the one in the frame on his desk. It was the picture that Güntülü's dream had said "I'll get it out of there!" the night before.

He was horrified. Just as he was about to ask how did you get hold of this, his friend started talking again: - Selim! If we meet again, there will be no hard feelings.

I'm afraid it might happen. Goodbye!

Şeref suddenly disappeared and Pusat, who was surprised, felt a blockage full of grief in his heart and his astonishment increased when he looked around. Because he was standing at the grave of Şeref, which was neglected and stoneless. The board that he had written on, which was now very old, with the words "My friend Şeref" written on it, was looking at Selim like an orphaned child with its neck bent.

He left the cemetery and started walking slowly.

He saw himself as if he was alone in the universe. How distant and alien were even the closest and most friendly hearts, Aisha and Leylâ?

How did this evening begin and end? So there would be no peace in the world for him. Under this oppression, he was coming home, not by walking, but by dragging his body. People, after coming into the world with the mountainous hopes of their fathers and mothers, were drowning in despair like the seas. I wonder what kind of a future awaited little Tosun, who knew nothing today?

He felt himself shuddering. He made a mental effort not to think about it and tried to divert his mind in other directions. Even then, the same subject always haunted him: Güntülü... I was one of those who could not shoot arrows... I turned my head to greet you... A soldier as much a soldier as you...

It was almost morning when he entered his house. The first thing he did was to approach the table, the corner where Şeref's picture stood. The frame of his friend's picture was in place. But there was no picture inside. Then he looked carefully again at the picture given by Şeref. Yes, it was him, it was the picture taken out of the frame. He put it back in its place. But suddenly something caught his attention: There would be an inscription of Şeref under this photograph: *"Um tl to my friend Pusat at the beginning of the road"*, but now there was no writing on the picture. There was no way that this picture, which matched the frame exactly, could be another picture. Then what had happened to the writing? What was this devil's work? He realised that he would go mad if he thought about it and he walked quietly towards his bed, which he had seen as a spiritual tomb for years, to sleep. Material fatigue and spiritual exhaustion helped him to sleep. Although his brain was awake, his body was asleep.

When Aisha woke up in the morning, she was troubled. Even though she looked around carefully and did not see anything abnormal, this trouble would not go away. There was no need to get up early because high schools were on holiday. But Selim was going to work. She had to prepare breakfast for him.

As he was going here and there, he came very close to Selim's desk and seeing a disorganisation on the desk that his eyes were not used to, he concentrated his attention on the desk to find out what it was and found it: A picture was not in its usual place. This picture was the picture of Şeref. When he picked it up to put it in its usual place, his eyes widened in astonishment. The dedication to Selim written in a beautiful script under the picture was missing and in its place... Yes, in its place was a thick dried blood stain.

"Oh my God!" Ayşe said, staggering in a feeling she could not understand, whether it was fear or something else. What was the meaning of this?

He looked at the photograph again and was horrified: The photograph of Honour had tears in its eyes.

SOMETHING caught Ayşe's attention: Selim, who had taken his fifteen days' leave, which was given to salaried personnel, was reading all the time without leaving the house. What surprised Ayşe was that this reading had nothing to do with military service. Selim was reading poetry books, especially divans among them, forgetting himself as he read, and sometimes taking small notes.

It was good to recognise that there was a life outside the military and to deal with it. They were signs of returning to normalcy. But diving into the divans made Ayşe uneasy all over again, and she sensed something unpleasant in closing the divans, which were full of love poems, the most beautiful of love poems.

Selim had drifted so far away from literature that he forgot that he had once written poetry himself. Now it seemed strange to Ayşe to suddenly return to literature, especially to divan poetry, which should have been alien to her.

Selim easily understood divan poetry and sometimes looked at dictionaries, but he did not ask Ayşe anything. This not asking was also meaningful. It was a fact that they were alienated from each other day by day, but after all, they were life partners, they lived in the same house and there was no apparent resentment between them.

Ayşe, who still couldn't get rid of the mysterious blood stains, seemed to sense some mysterious behaviour in Selim. Therefore, she had secretly put her husband under surveillance. In order not to arouse his suspicions, she was very cautious in her control and pretended that she was not interested in Selim and what he was reading. In addition to the divans of Fuzûlî and Nailî, she found that he had carefully read two anthologies, but not much more. Only one of Selim's notes, a garamî verse, caught his eye, and he could not understand who this piece of poetry belonged to. The verse was as follows:

I have tasted the pleasure of sinning with the eyes...

This could not belong to divan literature. It had a flavour of Faruk Nafiz, even Yahya Kemal, but it could have been one of the more recent ones.

Ayşe, with her womanly curiosity, did not hesitate to undertake an exhausting task: She went through the two anthologies Selim had read. She could not find such a verse in any poet.

Then he felt the emotion that had been bothering him for a long time rise to a fever pitch: Was this verse by Selim Pusat? Sinning with the eyes... This was how love began in poems and especially in novels. If this verse was Selim's, I wonder if he was on the threshold of a love.... Don't...

Ayşe hesitated to go any further with her thoughts and, dismissing them all as fantasies, began to think of other things. But that verse was stuck in her head and would not come out. Could she find the verses above and below it?

What would happen if he found it? Nothing... Ayşe a sense of relief.

Selim, on the other hand, was busy with something, never realising that he was under surveillance and not even knowing what he was doing. Now he was seeing the world from a different angle, feeling the emotion of people who have the curtain lifted in front of them and are confronted with a new, heartwarming view. There was an impulse coming from within him. He had to put this impulse into writing and into verse, the soldier of writing.

He was writing something, sometimes he broke it, thought about it, rewrote it. It was a poem. It was a love poem and it was written in prosody. After reading it in its entirety, he analysed his feelings. He was not satisfied. Like every love poem, a weakness was revealed in this one, that is, Selim Pusat had broken his own principle with his own hand. Then he remembered his friend Şeref's bitter warnings and became depressed,

But when he saw the green eyes looking back at him, he forgot everything and smiled bitterly, immersed in the poem he had just completed.

Just as a traveller on a dangerous road with snow and a breathtaking blizzard struggles with nature on this road that he has entered once, Selim was going to fight a life-and-death battle with the green-eyed hurricane.

Life was like this. Just as the winds throw a leaf of a tree into a distant water, and just as the leaf turns and crashes and disappears in an environment that does not suit it at all, Selim Pusat, too, had broken away from his own tree, the soldier's quarry, and had fallen into a river with green waves and cascades, and was drifting towards the unknown. He was not only drifting, but also destroying his own health in the meantime. Because he started drinking again, which had been forbidden, and even exceeded his former speed.

Selim was now completely cut off from the world. He forgot many things with the force of his will, thus, the comfort and softness of happy people appeared on his face.

In the last days of his holiday, he fell ill again and fell into bed. The drink had shaken his body again. Selim was lying in bed as if he was not aware of this, continuing his diet and medication. He was so unconcerned with his own illness and health that he did not remember who the doctor was and spent hours looking at the sky from the window next to him, as if he wanted to erode time before time eroded him.

He seemed to see Ayşe vaguely. He hadn't really addressed her even once since he had fallen into bed. The only person he spoke to at home was Tosun. She was answering his questions and looking at the horizons with bitterness in her heart when she thought that this child, who had no evil or hypocrisy in him yet, would eventually get involved in the ugliness of humanity.

The day woman was afraid to come to Selim. He was so grumpy and had such a stern look that she hesitated with a feeling as if she would be insulted or her heart would be broken, and she used Tosun as a messenger when she wanted to ask or consult something. However, Selim's misbehaviour and harsh look was not at her, but at what was going on inside himself. He was waiting for the hurricane in his heart to pass, but there was no sign that it would pass.

It was his last day in bed. Since his leave was over, he would start his duty the next day. Tosun entered the room with his usual innocent demeanour and handed his father a letter.

Selim was always curious about letters. He was in no hurry to read them, he had no desire to find out who they were from. It was like that again. He looked at the writing on the envelope. It was a writing he did not recognise. He opened the letter. What a strange thing! It was a poem and there was his own signature under it. He looked at it carefully: It was written in his own handwriting. He started to read the poem from inside:

*Is your soul on fire, or are those eyes of flame?
I don't know, how did this volcano ignite with
embers? Are your own eyes like a moth to the
flame?
You wanted, that's why this heart was forced to ignite...*

*If the day takes light from you and takes on a colour; If the moon prostrates
itself to your face and crawls on the ground; If only the light of those green eyes
appears while everything is disappearing from my sight...*

*O you who has burnt me to ashes with your irreparable handsomeness,
O you who ignites hearts with every look!*

*When your countenance gave me the pleasure of death for your sake, I
threw it into the raging giant winds in my heart; I tasted the pleasure of
sinning with the eyes.*

*Eyes are a part of you, GodEyes are your most cruelty and weaponStrike
with your glorious weapon, and the heart's property be restoredYou
beautiful when you kill and beautiful when you strike!*

*Another fancy seems to gush out of his face, A face made of a tiger and
sadness...*

*Longing for you, O fresh spring of twenty years, The pain in my bosom
does not cease with your passing.*

*It won't listen! It's the sound of the heart, of
worship, of love! Inaudible! This is the
composition of eternal longing!*

*It was also easy to die for the sake of longing, if it possible to see you from
ukbâdan.*

<i>Tek</i>	<i>Drowning the world bendek</i>	<i>To Judgement den zler extinguishes volcanoes!</i>	<i>return it den zler,</i>
------------	--------------------------------------	--	----------------------------

*"Kaab l" to my soul by hiding in disguise, If it were possible I would be a curtain
for you to keep secret for a whole lifetime.
I'd be everywhere like the earth.*

*Your moonlit face must make God jealous. It'
a beauty that can't be woven out of the
sloppiest of poems.*

*Difficult to approach, difficult to get away from you; This beauty the heart,
invisible to the eye...*

When the last verse was finished, a spot in his brain slowly began to light up. The mists were torn. The shapes that were vague before were revealed and Selim, who remembered everything, smiled bitterly: It was he who had written this poem and sent it to Güntülü. Now he was being punished for this madness: Güntülü was sending the poem back, showing her rejection of Selim Pusat. He smiled again: What was going to happen? Was she going to accept? And why had she done this on purpose? She had to. The adventure of two thousand years ago was being repeated. Fate had already been drawn once. No force could change it.

Selim Pusat went to the office the next day dead. One or two of the people there, looking at his face and his exhaustion, said that he had not done the right thing by coming back unhealed. Responding with short and dry thanks, he bent over his desk and stared at the paper in front of him without reading a single paper until the evening.

He knew that he would overcome this too with the experience of overcoming previous shocks. Gradually, he also sensed that an anger was rising inside him against Güntülü. What was the meaning of forcing himself to this path all of a sudden? When Selim had become a person who lived in his own world and was not interested in anything after he was discharged from the army, why was it necessary to drag him from one end of indifference to the hot end of interest? After doing this, why was it necessary to send that letter back?

When he spent the evening making this calculation in his brain, he realised that he was no longer exhausted. Although there was no diminution or change in his feelings towards Güntülü, he got rid of the depression of defeatism that was about to fill him, and he started to see love as a very intoxicating drink.

On a Sunday morning a few days later, Ayşe said in a rather cold and timid manner: "The girls will be here this afternoon."

he had never done before, without waiting for Selim's answer, he turned and left the room and started to work on his preparations.

Selim, for some reason, did not want to meet Güntülü. He was afraid of making a harsh outburst with the anger arising from the return of his letter. What did it mean to send the letter back instead of destroying it? Wasn't there an insult in this? For a while he thought of leaving the house without saying anything to Ayşe, but this would not be a reaction to Güntülü, it would be an upsetting behaviour to Ayşe.

She was startled when there was a knock at the door. But she was relieved when she realised that it was not the Light Girls, but the teachers. Wasn't Güntülü coming anyway? There was no point in being startled and relieved. With this thought, Selim Pusat found his consistency. The Light Girls came last. But there were two of them. There was no Güntülü among them. This absence suddenly enraged Pusat. It was like sending the letter back. He waited with deep curiosity for the answer to Ayşe's question "Where is Güntülü?" despite his apparent indifference: - "She went to her relatives, sir. They honour her very much. She will definitely be present on our next visit.

Selim suddenly felt his will strengthened and he started to listen to what was being said without speaking himself.

The tea and biscuits prepared by Ayşe were distributed by the Işık Girls together with Ayşe. As he was drinking the deliciously brewed tea with a little lemon, he realised that he was sitting next to Aydolu. Aydolu had been very kind to Selim today, even talking to him from time to time.

While the teachers were engaged in a sweet conversation, Aydolu suddenly and slowly said to Pusat: - Your poem was very beautiful, sir, said Selim, who was caught unawares: - "Which poem?" he asked.

She was smiling with moon-filled eyes and lips: - The poem you wrote to Güntülü.

Selim Pusat reddened with the anger of people whose secret has been revealed and said with a sneer: - So he showed it to you!

Aydolu with the same charming smile and the same peacefulness: - "The three of us read it together, sir!" he replied.

If it was any other time, Selim would have stopped the conversation here and never opened it again. However, he could not help asking the questions that would satisfy his curiosity because he felt a sense of loser inside.

- it right for him to show you?

- What's wrong, sir?
- What could be more wrong than revealing a given secret?
- It wasn't a secret... We knew everything. Pusat frowned: - How did you know?
- I'm asking you to...

The conversation was interrupted for a while. Because one of the teachers asked something to Nurkan, who was sitting next to Aydolu, and Aydolu forced to listen to the teacher. Pusat wondered in his mind how they learnt this from me. Had he shown a lack of willpower to show his interest so much? Or had the girls realised some of the mistakes he had made, even if they were very small? While thinking about these things, he was waiting for the moment when Aydolu would be released. When the moment he was waiting for came, he asked: - How did you learn this from me?

Aydolu smiled again: - I'm very grateful for the different treatment you gave him when we visited you and when you came to school...

- What was the difference?
- You never paid any attention to us, only busy with Güntülü.
- Couldn't it be a coincidence?
- Your poem showed that it was no coincidence.

Pusat fell silent. The girl was right. Although he wanted to ask many more things, he gave up. It was impossible for such intimate girlfriends to keep such a subject from each other. He felt a deep anguish inside. This assembly, these people suddenly began to bore her unbearably and she asked with a stern attitude she had never shown towards Aydolu until now: - Couldn't your friend have been more polite?

- Like what, sir?
- Shouldn't he have torn it up instead of sending it back?

Aydolu became serious: - He thought it would be an insult to tear up your letter, so he sent it back.

Pusat looked intently at the girl's face and felt a weight lifted from him. I guess living was not so unpleasant after all.

SELİM PUSAT was aware that he was burning up missing Güntülü. Weeks had passed, but she had not yet returned from her relatives. On the one hand, he wanted this waiting to continue, because he was afraid of the first meeting that he could not predict how it would be.

Selim Pusat was hesitant, even afraid. He, like everyone else, had learnt what it meant to be afraid. He smiled bitterly when he remembered that he was afraid, and then he remembered the words of Şeref: "Is this how you were going to be? You a man of decision and will. And who was she? Whose daughter was she?"

Then he felt the pain of a weight like an iron lump inside him, and he found solace in the forbidden drink, which endangered his health and gradually his life, like people who took their lives when they had no other choice.

He and Ayşe had stopped even greeting each other, let alone talking. They both knew that one word would create a big storm.

One evening, close to night, when he was alone at home, drinking, there was a strange knock at the door. This strangeness was due not only to the length of the knock, but also to the note of the sound, which he had not heard until then. There was a man in uniform at the door. But Selim was so dizzy that he could not distinguish whether it was a policeman, a watchman or a postman.

The man him a piece of paper: - "Will you sign it

Selim asked:

- What is this?

- Summons.

- What summons?

- You are summoned to court...

Selim was not surprised. But he got angry and asked in a harsh voice: - Which court? In what capacity am I summoned?

The man showed me the paper: - Read it. It's all written...

Selim was so drunk that it was impossible for him to read these writings. He didn't even realise whether he was holding the paper in his hand correctly or upside down. He gave the paper to the man: - "You read it, what is it?" he said.

The man, who never looked at Selim's face, took the paper. Without bothering to hold it up to the light in front of the door, he said to Selim: - You are summoned as a defendant from the Grand Court!

Selim was not surprised again: - What is the Grand Court? This is the first time I have heard of such a court. Is it a military court?

- No, no, no! This is a different kind of court.

- For what offence am I being summoned as a defendant?

The man calmly gave the answer that chilled Pusat's blood, who had kept his composure until then: - Forbidden love....

And he finished his words as if to infuriate Selim, who took a step angrily: - We'll leave right now.

- this hour?

- Yes, at this hour and with me.

Selim suddenly shuddered. Because the man, who could not be recognised whether he was a policeman or a bailiff, was the man who had summoned him to a strange court at night. I mean Yek!...

He smiled: - After being a lover, a magician, a revolutionary, a spy, a doctor, now you're an assistant judge?

Yek, always bent, hunchbacked and limping, was upright tonight. He had the courage to speak: - You can't insult me, captain! I'd take you to court on my behalf, but I don't think it's necessary because you can't take the offence. I'm only doing what I've been ordered to do. Here, let's go.

Selim quickly pulled the door. They started walking.

What drove him was great curiosity. He seemed to have heard of the Great Tribunal before, but since he did not know much about it other than military courts and courts martial, he did not dwell on it much.

The sky was cloudy tonight, so it was not very bright. By a strange coincidence, most of the street lamps were not lit either.

Selim did not even realise where they were going. One point he was awakened by Yek's voice: - We are passing by Princess Hanzade's house.

Selim raised his head. There was no light in the windows. Yek continued: - He is not at home. He will be out to appear in your court.

These words had a shock effect on Selim Pusat. Although he seemed to sober up a little, smoke covered his eyes again and he walked with heavy steps. Only the footsteps of the two of them could be heard on the road, and the echo of these voices came from behind.

Yek has spoken again: - We are passing by the house of your lover, who is twenty-five years younger than you.

Pusat was startled: They were in front of Güntülü's house. His eyes travelled first to the door steps, then upstairs. It was pitch black.

Yek started talking again: - He has left home to attend your trial.

Pusat's already disorganised mind became completely disorganised. How, when and from whom had they heard this judgement that he had learnt a few minutes ago? But he accelerated his steps, considering it too small to ask this to Yek.

He still did not realise where they were going. Then there was the fact that Yek didn't say anything about going this way or that way, he did nothing but walk beside Pusat on the roads he travelled, occasionally saying a word or two. It was like that again: - We are passing in front of the moon.

Selim did not understand anything: - Who is the moon piece?

- Oh, Captain! How can you not recognise the moon?

- I don't recognise him.

- Does one recognise the one who discovers one's own secret?

- You mean Ayadolu?

Yek pointed to the windows without answering this question: - Look! His house is dark too. He is also in court...

Pusat felt something bothering him. There was something he wanted to do. But he was so drunk that he would think of it and then forget it, and he would over-exert his brain to find it again.

As he was taking a step, he suddenly stumbled and was about to fall when Yek took him by the arm and held him.

Then:

- I don't think this place is safe for you, captain! Either there is a hidden radiation hitting you, or you are being influenced by the beauty of the other world without realising it.

Pusat was getting angry: - What's the meaning of this rubbish?

- Oh, Captain! Are you starting to dislike the truth too? Look: Isn't this the house of Mrs Nurkan, one of the world's beauties? Didn't you fall here the night she mesmerised you with her piano? Now that her house is dark, she will have gone to listen to the hearing.

Selim looked around. All the houses were dark. Everyone should have gone to bed at this hour. His anger increased and he shouted with the wakefulness of the slightly decreasing drunkenness: - You rascal fool! Do you want to make fun of me by taking advantage of my drunkenness? What kind of a judgement is it at this time of night? Go away and don't get me into trouble...

Yek took a step back and took out a big whistle from his pocket: - I'm not mocking. We will go to court. If you don't come, I will be forced to call my deputies.

Saying this, he was pointing backwards with his hand. Pusat turned back in a huff. First three or four people caught his eye, then others appeared to the right and left of them. Then a lot of people appeared behind them. People as large as a company were slowly approaching. It was then that Pusat realised that the noise, which he had long thought to be the echo of his own footsteps, was coming from this crowd.

There was no way he could handle this crowd. He walked on and Yek spoke again, as if he understood what he was going through: - Don't make any other meaning out of the fact that all the houses are dark. Everyone will be there tonight.

Selim was walking without knowing what to do under the influence of extreme intoxication that had taken away his will and power of judgement. Although he realised that the Great Tribunal was something extraordinary, something to be wondered about, he had no curiosity and was walking in the mood of a person who had no relationship with life.

For a while, the clouds seemed to recede. The ground became lighter. Then something caught Selim's eyes: On the road they were walking, spots like shadows at regular intervals.

Yek's ominous voice was heard as his judgement, which had been working so illogically tonight, was caught up in this: - "Those are bloodstains. Your friend Sheref has just passed through here to appear before the Grand Tribunal.

Selim heard you shudder. The shiver did not pass. Fear filled him and he began to shiver in the summer night.

Mel'unûn Yek was aware of everything. He said in a very serious voice, but with sarcasm ringing in it: - "What is it, captain? I thought you were not afraid of anything? Were you so scared of the court that you trembled?

Selim Pusat had no strength left to answer. A strange wind was blowing and an even stranger hum was filling his heart. Yek: - "Here we are!" Pusat raised his head and saw that he was in the middle of an apocalyptic crowd and staggered in surprise.

It was an unspeakably wide and big square. He did not remember that the city, of which he knew almost every neighbourhood, had such a square. Where did this crowd, which could not be counted in hundreds of thousands, not even in millions, come from? While Pusat was thinking "I wonder if I am unconscious?", Yek pointed to a chair on the side: "You will sit here, captain!" he said. Despite all his drunkenness, despite all the smoky vision of his eyes, Selim realised that this chair was as ostentatious as a throne and immediately sat down. The previous buzzing had ceased. Everyone in the countless crowd was looking at him. Those behind and those further back seemed to Selim as if they had been looking at him from a long distance for years.

The silence didn't last long. The strange humming that had just begun began again. The clouds in the sky had increased and even descended, and because the moon had disappeared, it was pitch dark.

Suddenly, a chilling but beautiful noise, like the sound of a hurricane hitting a forest of mighty trees, filled the infinite space, and Selim Pusat saw a dazzling, majestic light shining right in front of him, and at the same moment, millions of people in that very large square stood up all at once and looked at the light. A hand grabbed his arm and pulled him his feet, and Pusat realised that he was really in a court of law. So Yek, who had raised him to his feet at the beginning, said in a voice like a whisper: "You are in the presence of God!" and Selim stood at attention. The effect of the liquor had passed, and in its place came another kind of indescribable intoxication. There was not a sound in the square, which was as wide as the world, as wide as the universe.

Suddenly, he shuddered as he heard a trembling and imposing voice calling him: - Selim Pusat! Your trial is about to begin.

Selim came to his senses and put on his will. He saw three creatures coming between him and the magnificent light in front of him and although he met them for the first time, he recognised who they were with an intuition that filled his heart. These were Gabriel, Michael and Israfil.

They looked like people, but they didn't look like people. They were very big, but they looked the same size as the people who filled this large space.

Gabriel began to speak: - Selim Pusat has committed great sins. Although I was an angel whose duty was finished and I had earned the right to rest until the Day of Resurrection, he interfered with this right. I was disturbed by the storms passing through his heart, whereas these storms were heard only when I was bringing revelations to the prophets. He loved a girl twenty-five years younger than himself and, worst of all, he revealed this love. This is the greatest sin for an officer.

The imposing voice asked in the deep silence: - What do you say Selim Pusat?

Selim, trying to look at the light dazzling his eyes, replied with the sternness of his officer days: - It is true!

Michael started talking: - "Selim Pusat has also touched my rights. I make the most beautiful and heartwarming rains to fall as well as the deadly hurricanes to blow, and I make the scorching sun shine with the warm sun. This defendant was so enamoured with such a love that the April breezes blew in his heart along with the winter storms. From time to time he was warmed by the May sun. At times he was scorched by the August sun. He was my rival. He couldn't use his will. This is the greatest sin for an officer.

There was not a sound. The imposing voice asked again: - What do you say Selim Pusat? Selim became harder: - That's right!

Israfil began to speak: - My duty will be on the Day of Judgement. I am obliged to wait for orders until that day. The cries in Selim Pusat's heart were so bitter and loud that if people heard them, they would all die and there would be no need for me to raise my voice. I learnt this when I went to the first cause by searching for his sins. In an age when people were struggling with ideas, he was a supporter of royalty. He did not recognise the laws of his country.

The imposing voice asked for the third time: - What do you say, Selim Pusat?

- That's right!

- Is it all because you're the kingmaker in the first place?
- Yes!...
- you accept that as original sin?
- Never!
- Why?
- You created all those great kings!

The heart of silence was beating in the endless space. Selim Pusat could see the lines of murderous curiosity on everyone's faces from the nearest to the farthest. Deepening his gaze, he tried to find some familiar faces among the crowd. How strange!... Even though everyone here was different, they all looked alike. Before he had time to think about the strangeness of it, he trembled again in a majestic voice: - The prophets will speak about you as a witness.

While Selim was thinking about the prophets in great astonishment, three people came with heavy steps to the place where the angels had just spoken, and with great dignity they greeted the light that Selim could not look at.

One of them went forward and knelt down. Raising his hands: - O Great Light!

O Great Fire! O Ahuramazda! He said, "I am Zoroastrian!"

The majestic voice in the light asked: - Zarathustra! You saw Selim Pusat's whole life from the spirit world. Is he guilty?

Zarathustra stood up and answered: - He is the greatest criminal. Because he fell in love with a girl. All women are servants and soldiers of Ehrimen. To be a slave to a woman means to be a servant of Satan. And this was an officer and he was in his prime. He showed his willingness to join the side of Satan by being a slave to a girl twenty-five years younger than him. I have never seen a more guilty person in my life on earth or in the spirit world.

A voice from the light: - What do you say, Selim Pusat?

- I do not accept.
- Why?
- Why did You create women as Satan's servants? And how did you make a prophet out of those women?

The second prophet advanced. He bowed his head with his palms together. He knelt down:

- O eternal Nirvana! O beginningless, infinite being! I am the Buddha!

The sound of the light became even more majestic: - Buddha! You don't accept evil. Has Selim Pusat done evil? Has he sinned?

The Buddha's slow, soft, smooth voice answered: - He has sinned! Not realising that the realm is a realm of delusions, that love is a disease, he has thrown his soul from the light of peace into the darkness of strife. Thus he has committed the greatest sin by turning away from you, the eternal Nirvana. His soul is worthy to burn in the hell of torment for millions of years. Only then will he attain the tranquillity of people freed from delusion, and realise that the girl he worshipped as an idol was a mere creature, a temporary illusion.

When the Buddha was silent, the voice in the light asked majestically: - What will you answer Selim Pusat?

Selim Pusat was furious: - "All his words are rubbish!" he shouted. This man called Buddha is the prophet of a country of sloths that has never produced a single commander, never learnt warfare, and has adopted foreign captivity as its motto. What is delusion? What is tranquillity, peace? Is it not you who created the world with war? Is it not you who made war the law of creation? Is it not you who created beautiful girls? Isn't it you who gave us hearts to love? Create that beauty. And make me love her. And then burn my soul in the hell of torment for millions of years. Only a child of God can do this, not a God!

Suddenly, as the terrible silence enveloped the place again, the third Prophet, advancing with dignity, fell down on the ground. After rubbing his forehead on the ground, he got up: - "I am Muhammad, the last prophet! According to the eternal Sharia that I brought to this world, Selim Pusat is guilty and sinful. He caused his wife pain by loving a little girl, he deviated from the legitimate path to the illegitimate one, and worst of all, he chased after the dream of a girl when he did not want to, he tried to enter her house at night, and he indulged in forbidden drink. A woman can only be loved. She cannot be enslaved. This is idolatry and the greatest sin.

The light thundering: - What do you have to say, Selim Pusat?

- I've never done evil to anyone. As a person whose hopes were dashed, I found solace in drinking and thinking of a beauty. If drinking is bad, why did you create grapes? Why did you write on the Holy Qur'an that grapes can be used to make liquor? If the companions of the last prophet had not misread the verses while praying, would drinking have been forbidden? Is it the same for a Bedouin in the desert and a staff officer to drink? One can say all sorts of things when he is drunk. The other is cautious and strong-willed even in the last stage of drunkenness. If loving a little girl is a sin, why did the last prophet love Aisha and take her? If such injustices are to be committed in this court where God's justice is administered, throw me into the worst place of hell. Throw me into the worst place of hell so that the last crumbs of human virtue do not disappear in me.

When Pusat said these words, it was seen that the light increased, affecting the eyes and terrorising the hearts, and the majestic voice asked: - Now you show the defence witnesses!

Pusat was surprised:

- I have realised that I am the enemy of all. I do not hope that there will be anyone on earth or in the spirit world who will defend me.

- Can't you show me a single one of your favourite kings?

Selim Pusat became animated and erect at the mention of kings. With the stern voice of his military service: - Listen to the great kings of my nation!

At the same time, two roads were seen to the right and left of the light and many horsemen were seen galloping from these two roads amidst the clattering. These horsemen who seemed to be disorganised, when they came in front of the light, they formed a neat line and suddenly jumped from their horses, knelt on the ground, saluted the light and got up.

The foremost one, after nimbly removing his weapons and handing them to his companion, moved towards the light. After bowing and straightening up, he introduced himself: - I am Alp Er Tunga. The oldest king of Selim Pusat's nation. I am so old that I am lost between history and myth. Selim Pusat does not even know about me. Even though he is a king, he lives unaware of his own oldest king, the king who died in the war. Therefore, I will not say anything about him. The one after me will know him well. I'll leave the floor to him.

Alp Er Tunga, after kneeling on the ground with his flamboyant and heroic behaviour, came to his place and took the weapons he had just given, while the second king, who had given the weapons, with his hair falling on his shoulders, his majestic b rket, and his very stern look, took out his own weapons and gave them to the one next to him: - I am the man who created Selim Pusat's nation. I forgot my original name. Nowadays they call me Tanr kut Mete. Selim Pusat was also a captain in my army. He was a captain named Kay  from the B r  tribe. This captain B r  Kay  was executed because he did not obey my order to shoot his lover with an arrow. A soldier is nothing if he does not do as he is ordered. I see that after more than two thousand years, his spirit has been manifested in Selim Pusat and he has again become a prisoner of a girl. He is guilty. Soldiers are born to fight. Not to be captive to girls...

A voice from the light: - What do you say, Selim Pusat?

Selim Pusat took the centre stage, - I have no objection. My mate's words are completely true.

As Tanr kut took his seat, the stocky, short, swarthy king next to him moved forward and knelt on the ground: - I, like my predecessor, am a miserable man whose original name has been forgotten. They call me Atila. Selim Pusat is guilty. A man of valour is not a prisoner of a woman. I died the night I married a woman of foreign descent at the end of a triumphal drunkenness. But I was a king who had opened countries, defeated armies, and ruled from east to west with a handful of people. Selim Pusat loved a girl even though he was a captain and could not even be a captain. By what right and in return for what? He not only failed to show any achievement that would justify it, but he also defied the law of his time. He is guilty.

Atila took his place. For a while, the kings, who occupied a long row in a single line, exchanged glances. There were many of them. It would take a long time for each of them to come one by one and testify. They agreed without speaking.

A proud man with auburn hair came forward and knelt on the ground: - "I am Istemi Khan, the great Khan of the Sky Turks! When I was defeating Persia and Western Rome, I had under my command great armies that had never been seen before, and thousands of captains in these armies. Not a single one of these captains was ever seen to love a girl over his wife: To marry more than one wife was the right of kings and great men. Selim Pusat has broken this centuries-old law. Breaking the law is the greatest offence. Nations become human beings by laws and live by laws.

The dazzling light no longer asked Selim Pusat what to say.

Yek, who did not leave his side, leaned towards Selim with his usual annoying voice and manner and said in a very slow voice: - "Captain! Things are getting worse!

Now there was a , dark-eyed man talking in the centre.

- "I am Alp Arslan!" he said. If a single one of my captains, who put their lives on the line to win Malazgird, had a trace of a beloved girl in his brain, that captain would not have been able to do his duty as the heavy of the heavy, and perhaps the war would not have been won. Love is the right of the victor after the feast of blood. Does this captain have such an achievement? No. Then he is guilty.

This time there was a more grey, auburn, white-skinned king: - "I am Temüçin Genghis Kaan! In our law, only divisional captains could have more than one wife. Did this captain think that he was a soldier, not having fought a single battle in his army and only listening to the lessons of war? In my army there was a captain Kubudak, who had fought many battles, who could shoot a bird in the eye at a hundred paces, and who was strong enough to cut an armoured body in two with one stroke of his sword. He loved a girl. The girl he loved was not a girl of unknown lineage like this captain's lover, but the beautiful daughter of a Kyrgyz ruler. But he could not take her because he could not rise above the rank of captain. Since he could not overcome his love, he drank the booze and died. This captain with a strange name could have done the same. I've never heard of a captain who was afraid of dying. Selim Pusat is guilty.

As Genghis retreated, a tall, dignified man limped slightly towards the centre: - "I am Lane Temir!" he said. Limping and lame... I have had many brothers and sisters. But I fought in steppes, deserts, mountains, sometimes alone. I inherited the hobbledness and weakness from those days. My life was filled with disasters, and after the lessons I learnt from the disasters, with victories. Selim Pusat disobeyed the orders of his own commanders; he tried to love a girl even though he had never fought a single battle in his life and had not even won a victory. He did not think that he had no right to do so. He is guilty.

As Aksak Temir was returning to his place with heavy steps, a voice was heard from the great light: - You have many kings. Since those who have spoken so far have always found him guilty, I ask a new question in order not to prolong the matter: O kings of Selim Pusat! Let those among you who find him not guilty come and speak!

Selim shuddered again. His eyes turned to the line of kings. Next to Aksak Temir he chose Yildirim Bayazid, then Shahrukh, Ulug Beg, Murad II, Fatih, Yavuz, Babur . All of them are silent and to himself

looking. He could not afford to look at the later ones. So not a single one of the kings, for whose sake he had lost his profession, for whose sake he had turned his life into poison, thought that he was right.

Inside with sadness full Dying he asked for. Brain throbbing, one he could hear nothing. At this moment, he sensed something new from the dazzle in his eyes and was surprised by the sound coming from the light: - Now those closest to you will speak! Pusat ashamed when he saw his father in the place where the kings had just spoken, and next to him his grandfather, whom he recognised only from his picture, in uniform. His father said to the great light: - My son has not lost his human and military honour. But the rights and customs has shown disrespect. He is guilty!

His grandfather spoke more harshly: - I didn't want to have such a weak-willed grandson. A weakling like this should not have come out of the army. He is guilty!

When the man next to his grandfather took a step forward, Selim Pusat was struck by lightning. Because this was Şeref, who was still bleeding from his chest: - "He's guilty!" he began. I had pulled the trigger of the pistol that was shot into my heart, but in reality it my best friend Selim Pusat who killed me. He killed me because he was too weak to endure disasters, too weak-willed to be enslaved to a girl of unknown parentage. He is guilty... The biggest criminal.

Selim realised it at that moment: His friend was wearing a bloody captain's uniform with his epaulettes removed. Suddenly he looked at his own clothing. He was wearing the same uniform without epaulettes. However, this was not the dress he was wearing when he left the house.

SELİM seemed to pass out for a while. It was not possible for even the strongest nerves to endure such an extraordinary scene. The conversations one after the other, the people he recognised from history or on purpose, people with such a clear appearance could not have been a dream. But what was it? What he had not accepted for a lifetime, what he thought was a dream, was in front of him as reality. Before he could think any further, an imposing voice rose from the light: - Whoever will speak in favour of Selim Pusat, come out!

In the midst of the terrible silence, someone was seen moving with trembling and timid steps. Selim, who looked carefully, recognised his mother, whom he had long forgotten to even mention, and sighed.

His mother said in a sobbing and sad voice: - "My son may be guilty, but in the end he is as guilty as any human being. He has suffered a disaster, he has been wronged and most importantly he has lost hope. The hopeless seek help from the flying bird. He is worthy of forgiveness because his guilt remains in his feelings. O great light, O great God! Forgive him!... Mercy is as worthy of Your honour as justice.

The command came from the voice in the light: - Let the curtain of the past be lifted!...

Gabriel Gabriel, advancing rapidly, opened a curtain that no one could see, and those who looked at it were horrified to see the time tens of thousands of years before that day and the people of that time. These are the people who came to speak for Selim Pusat,

they were not as flamboyant, charming and handsome as the kings of my nation. Most of them had an inhuman stance, an attitude close to savagery.

The voice in the light commanded: - All those in favour of Selim Pusat, come and speak. A few seconds as long as the clock passed. No one moved.

The voice in the light commanded again: - Let the curtain of future time be opened!

Behind the curtain opened by Gabriel, there was an area thousands, hundreds of thousands of times larger than the others, and in that area there were too many people to be counted in numbers. The voice in the light repeated the same words: - Let those who think Selim Pusat is right come and speak.

Selim Pusat was shaken and smiled with a bitter smile like poison when there was not a single person who would agree with him among the people who would be born that, until the Day of Judgement: The voice in the light was heard: - I ask you today: What does Selim Pusat need?

The horrible voice of billions responded with a thunderous roar: - Justice!

The voice in the light asked again: - I'm asking yesterday: What does Selim Pusat need? A more terrifying voice buzzed: - Justice!....

The light asked again:

- Tomorrow I ask: What do you need Selim Pusat for?

A noise resembling an apocalypse broke out: - Justice!

- Can I get anything else?

A woman's weak voice this question: - Mercy!

The voice of the light was majestic: - I ask yesterday, today, tomorrow all at once: What do you say?

The terrible noise repeated: - Justice!

This horrible noise and the weak voice struggled against each other twice: - Mercy!

- Justice!...

- Mercy!...

- Justice!...

The weak and single voice of Pusat's mother was drowned out among the loud voices of thousands of billions.

Tears were dripping from the woman's eyes to the floor and these tears were mixing with the blood dripping from the heart of Şeref.

Selim Pusat then wrote about the articles, poems and folk songs he had read and listened to in his childhood, youth and later on about the mother's heart and maternal affection,

He remembered the proverbs and realised that his mother was the only one in the universe who cared about him, and he felt sorry for his disloyalty towards her.

Hundreds of billions, trillions, uncountable numbers of people, not only those who are living now, but those who have lived in the past and those who will live in the future, demanded justice for him and asked for his punishment; against this horrible crowd, only one woman, his mother, asked for "mercy" and asked for forgiveness for the punishment to be given, and the great sorrow of a mother trembled in her pleading voice.

Suddenly, that frightening silence enveloped the place again. Everyone in that apocalypse, every person except Selim Pusat, was silent without breathing, anticipating a voice from the great light.

The voice of light thundered: - Selim Pusat! You defend yourself for your crime! Selim paused at first. Then he looked at the crowd of today and yesterday.

Then, gathering his wits and will, answered: - You defend me!

The light asked with the majesty of a hurricane: - Why?

- Isn't it you who drew my destiny before you created me? If I have committed a crime, isn't it you who made me do it? Who else but you can defend me?

There was an unimaginable flash of light. The whole crowd closed their eyes and covered their faces with their hands. Only Selim Pusat did not do so, but merely bowed his head, and the sound coming from the light made all hearts tremble: - God only creates and destroys. He does not give an account. If among this apocalypse that finds you guilty, there is no one to defend you, even knowing that you are guilty, your life will end in the most horrible catastrophe!

After a short silence, five people were seen walking to the centre. All five came from among the yesterday's men.

The first one knelt on the ground and stood up after saluting the light. He was flamboyant, armed, with long hair falling on his shoulders. Selim recognised him: - "I am Chichi Yabgu!" he began. I am the great-grandson of Godkut Mete and the great-grandson of Atila. my life in a wooden palace fighting against forty thousand Chinese with fifteen hundred men, including women and children. This mad captain, who is my descendant but bears a strange name like Selim, knows me. If you had put him into a battle, his madness would have been a military madness, not a madness of the heart. Instead of punishing him, it would fulfil justice to make him fight with a brave and daring brave.

As the second one knelt on the ground and stood up, he had an attitude that did not shy away even from the great light: - He said, "I am Kur Shad! Gök Turk tegini and one of the most

the head of the mad revolution. If war ceases from the earth, men will be distracted by such unseemly daring. He must not be punished, but must be put to a fight with one of the bravest of my forty friends.

The third one kneeling on the ground had the mature wisdom of a man who had been through many adventures. Selim recognised him too: - "I am Kül Tegin!" he said. Gök Turk prince and commander. This captain has studied my battles and recognised me. If he had been with me in my last battle, when I was dying to protect the headquarters, I am sure that he would have died with me in the same mindset. He is guilty. But he is guilty because he lived in a time when valour was forgotten. Therefore, as my predecessors have said, he must be pitted against a striking hero, but a hero of my time.

Selim also recognised the advancing fourth. He called out to this fourth great light: - I am Oghuz Archbishop Callag Beg. I am as unfortunate as this Selim Pusat. Although I have fought more battles than my predecessors, I died in my bed, not on the battlefield like them. O Great God! You are responsible for this! You have deemed the highest rank too low for me. If this unfortunate captain had fought in the battle of Dandanekan, I don't think he would have been inferior to the other captains. It is best to settle the matter by comparing him with one of the most valiant soldiers of Dandanekan.

Selim Pusat did not recognise the fifth moving towards the great light. He did not have an arm: This man, whose face shone with recklessness, did not kneel like the others when he approached the light. He knelt down and rubbed his forehead on the ground, then got up and introduced himself: - I am Oruç Reis! said he, and Selim Pusat, who had been racking his mind, vaguely remembered that he was a sailor. Oruç Reis was speaking: - Thousands of praise be to you, great God, that I first gave my arm and then attained the rank of martyrdom in the path of religion and expedition! I spent my life among the heroes who ignored death, one of whom was worth three to five. I fought epic battles. I have a feeling that if this captain had been among my levies, he would have fought with a manhood not inferior to them. It will be a pity if he is punished before he has a chance. Let him fight with the bravest of my levies!

As the armless man returned to his place, Selim Pusat, whose mind began to work like an engine, remembered him well: He was Barboros' older brother.

As the atmosphere fell into terrible silence again, there was a fluctuation in the light and the majestic voice echoed in the hearts: - Selim Pusat! The righteous, the innocent

he'll be strong. You'll fight a chosen knight to find out if you're guilty or not.

Selim suddenly felt a sense of relief and asked with the spiritual strength of people who were relieved from a heavy burden: - With which brave?

The imposing voice answered: - You will fight with Captain Kubudak, whose life was similar to yours, but who, realising his guilt, killed himself, and with Mongol Kubudak, the famous hero of the army of Genghis Kaan, the Temüçin you admire so much.

Selim cried out, wanting to get to the results as soon as possible: - Let's fight now!....

- The time will be notified to you...

*

* *

Suddenly he found himself in an unfamiliar street. No one was with him and the road was deserted. As he started walking quite fast with a voice:

He said, "You can't dream while walking!" Then what was that?

He wondered if he was drunk. He had left the house drunk, but not drunk enough to lose himself. He had never been so drunk in his life. So, was all this a dream? Was it such a flamboyant and long-lasting dream? When his brain began to tingle agonisingly, he stopped thinking as he always did. He set off on his way back to his home, travelling through unfamiliar streets. He looked at his watch: It was well past midnight. Suddenly, he saw buildings, trees and stones that were unfamiliar to his eyes. He recognised the place: He was at the gate of the cemetery where his friend Şeref was buried.

He entered without thinking. As he walked towards Şeref's grave, he noticed a change. After the first graves and the first stones, it was as if it was not where he had always come. Stopping, he looked around and saw that under the light of the moon peeling off the clouds, a part of this cemetery was in a state that could be called ruined for a cemetery, as if the soil had been ploughed with digging machines. With slow steps, he walked towards the place where Şeref's grave was located.

He had been here so many times that he could find Şeref's grave if he walked blindfolded, just as a master machine gunner can disassemble and assemble his weapon blindfolded.

He walked on. He walked a little further and stopped. Here would be his friend's grave. But there was no mound of earth, no dry leaves and flowers that he himself had left from time to time, nor the sturdy board on which he had written "My friend Şeref" with his hand on the day he was buried.

Selim Pusat was completely awake. He asked in a sad voice that could be heard in the neighbourhood: - What happened?

Who could answer this question at this time of night, in this deserted coastal cemetery?

He asked again in a sadder voice: - What Honour's grave?

Suddenly he was seized by a mad rage. Who had disturbed and destroyed this grave, the grave of the only friend he had ever known? As if the enmity against him wasn't enough, now his dead friend was being reached out to?

A rather strong wind started blowing and dispersed the clouds. Now everything was brightly lit. He could see far beyond the cemetery.

- He called out, "Honour!

There was no answer. Did the dead ever speak, expecting an answer? Tonight, more than ever, he needed to talk to her, so he called out again: - Honour!

Nothing could be heard but the sound of the wind. He turned back with great sadness. His head was down, his eyes on the ground. At the first step, a board on the ground caught his attention. He lifted it and held it up to the light. It was a very small and old, piece of wood. He looked at it from the other side and with a heavy heart he read the faded writing on this broken board. This was the board he had sewn himself. But half of it was missing and only the word "Honour" was left on it.

29

It was evening. Selim Pusat was standing in front of the window, looking far away, at the horizon and the sky. A strong wind was blowing, occasionally drizzling rain. He was so preoccupied that he seemed unaware of his own existence. That's why he didn't realise that Ayşe had entered the room and approached him.

Ayşe addressed Selim by looking at the note written on the paper in her hand: - 'You are meeting a friend of yours this evening.

Selim asked, half-understanding his words in the midst of the tremors in his brain: - With whom?

Ayşe answered by looking at the paper: - I think it's a surname, with a guy called Kubudak...

"I don't know him!" Pusat replied indifferently, looking at the horizon, then suddenly turned round with the behaviour of a person who has remembered something: - "Kubudak?

Aisha was looking at him with worried eyes: - Yes, Kubudak.

Selim asked after a moment's hesitation: - Who brought this news?

- Someone who wouldn't tell me his name when I asked.

Then, meeting Pusat's eyes of anger and astonishment, he described the man. This description fit the scoundrel called Yek exactly.

Pusat his ego. Cold-bloodedly: - Where and at what time?

Ayşe was surprised: - "Don't you know?" she said. You had already decided between you. The man who came said he came to remind you because it was very important.

Selim started to look at the horizon again without saying anything. It was getting darker.

When he turned his head, he saw that Ayşe had left and quietly left the house.

The streets deserted as the rain increased and the wind became stronger.

As he was walking without knowing where to go: - "You came out just in time, captain!" he turned his head and saw Yek beside him as he expected. They started walking without saying anything. Yek broke the silence: - You'll shoot at Pine Grove. It's stormy tonight, so no one will come there.

Pusat had a subconscious activity that developed at the speed of light. As he approached Çamlı Koru, he realised that he was wearing a captain's uniform with his epaulettes removed.

As he left the house, wondering when and how I had worn it, he realised something else surprising: In his right hand he was holding a sheathed sword.

When they reached the square in the centre of the Pine Grove, he saw a few people waiting for them. Both from the darkness of the sky and the dimness of the trees, he could see these men only in shadow.

Yek has begun to speak: - By order of the great light, you will fight here against Captain Mongol Kubudak. If you are innocent, you will win.

How strange!... Tonight there was a determination in Yek's voice and he didn't give Pusat the usual disgust. Gradually it began to lighten up. The rain had stopped and the moon was free from the clouds.

Pusat looked at the imposing, hard-looking man standing before him. In addition to the sword in his hand, he wore knitted armour on his chest, which would give him a great striking advantage. Although his eyes were fixed on this armour, he did not say anything. The other one saluted Pusat with his sword: - I am Captain Kubudak! I have armour because I come from beyond seven hundred years...

After unbinding his armour by stabbing his sword into the ground and throwing it backwards he continued his speech : - Our destinies each other

it's reminiscent. Men are born to commit crimes, fight and die. So don't regret your own life.

He drew the sword he had stuck in the ground. Pusat liked his words. He saluted him with his sword.

They were standing five or six paces apart. As Pusat took a step to start immediately, he saw another man with a sword standing next to Kubudak. It was Yek. Angrily: - What is happening to you? You are not fit for this. Get away!" he shouted.

Yek greeted Pusat with an attitude that he knew how to handle a sword very well: - "All accounts will be settled tonight, captain!" he said. Both your insults against me and your disruption of my business will be settled here.

Selim paid no attention to this. But the man with a sword he saw on the other side of Kubudak froze his blood. Because this was his friend Şeref, who was still bleeding from his heart. He was wearing a captain's uniform with his epaulettes removed. He smiled bitterly: - You broke our friendship, Selim! You couldn't use your will. You were disloyal, one of us must disappear.

While Selim was trying to overcome his astonishment, he saw another person he did not recognise beside Yek. This new one greeted him with his sword: - I am the fiancé of Princess Leylâ!

Selim asked sadly: - Why are you on the opposite side on such a day when you should be supporting me?

- Because you've overshadowed my good fortune.

Pusat felt his face burn. He did not know that the princess was betrothed, but such a revelation of the most secret desires of his heart was as effective as the sword of Kubudak.

Now he was resigned to his fate. He was going to fight four of them and no doubt die here.

As he took a step towards them, heart almost stopped. Because a fifth swordsman had appeared next to Şeref. This man wearing a gleaming captain's uniform... Yes, this man smiling vaguely was himself. He was the same vigorous man he had been before the disaster had befallen him at the Military Academy. He saluted with his sword: - "Actually, you're going to fight with your ego! You are a sinner... It is nothing to fall. It is terrible to be unable to get up, to remain down. I thought you were a kingmaker. After having ruined your life for this idea, you've lost yourself for a girl who doesn't even know the name of kingship.

why did you throw him into the maelstrom? What will you live for if even Honour's bleeding heart can't set you straight? Honour isn't dead. It's you who's dead. We'll register it here.

It was then that Pusat realised that living was unnecessary, even ugly, and he drew his sword in an arc in the air and marched them.

Then another strange thing happened: Five people came closer to each other and one. Only the Mongol Kubudak was left facing Pusat. The swords touched.

That Kubudak was a formidable warrior was evident from the very first skirmish. His sword was a little shorter than Selim's, but it was a terrible sword, broad and strong. In two or three seconds, Pusat had become fit, he had lost his tiredness, he had become vigorous and young.

As if to create a décor worthy of this death-defence clash, the wind had suddenly become fierce and the rain had turned into flurries. The wind and the rain were so fast that the sound of the swords striking each other with frantic strokes could not be heard.

For a while, the moon stayed behind the clouds and pitch darkness fell on Çamlı Koru. But the eyes of the two captains were used to it. They saw each other as shadows and continued to shoot.

Selim had just seen his friend Şeref in front of him and had started to fight with the decision to die, so he was fighting without hesitation. A few seconds later, when the moon broke free from the clouds, he saw blood oozing from a thin wound on Kubudak's face, extending from the temple to the chin, and realised that his dash had not been in vain.

He had to win this battle. The realisation of his innocence depended on it. But what was this death wish, this distress inside him? It was as if the distress was spreading from his heart to his arms, cutting his strength. He was tired. Suddenly his eyes fell on the wooden bench behind Kubudak. It was the bench where he sat and rested when he came here and saw Princess Leylâ for the first time.

A pain lumped inside him at these memories and he began to recoil in the face of Kubudak's unbearable sword thrusts.

Time didn't seem to be moving. Or so he thought because it was moving at a dizzying speed. It seemed to him that this fight had lasted a long time, but not even half a minute had passed.

Suddenly he felt an excruciating pain in his side and staggered, his sword falling from his hand. Kubudak's blow had found its mark.

His eyes darkened and he looked for a place to rest. There was neither Kubudak nor anyone in front of him. He was all alone in Pine Grove. Unable to stand, he fell on his knees. His face was turned towards the wooden bench where he always sat. Between the darkness of the night and the play of the clouds, he chose someone sitting on the wooden bench: Who else could it be but Leylâ?

The shadow he thought was Leylâ got up and slowly started to approach Selim Pusat, and behind him, in the light spatters from the lamp in the distance, Selim Pusat realised that it was Güntülü, not Leylâ, who was approaching him.

He wanted to get up. There was no way.

Güntülü had a glass of water in her hand. A glass of life-giving water that Selim was dying to drink at that moment.

The girl was smiling: - "There are soldiers superior to you, sir!

Selim, who could hardly stand on his knees, was waiting for the water to be handed to him. Güntülü, whose eyes were getting more and more wild, did not give him the water even though he took a step closer and asked: - Who did you fight for?

Pusat didn't even have the strength to answer. If he said a single word, he would have collapsed. But she was not interested: - There's a princess, sir? Do you love her too?

When he saw that Selim didn't answer, he became even more ferocious: - Which of us do you love more? I won't accept a rival. Even if it is a princess...

Pusat wanted to get up in the pain of his wound, ashamed to be on his knees in front of a girl. But his behaviour was even worse: He fell again, his eyes darkening and his pain increasing, and this time he could not even stand on his knees and lay down on the ground.

Güntülü made no move to help him and refused to give him water.

When Selim's eyes, burning with thirst, touched the glass in her hand, Güntülü started to speak again: - I brought this water for you, sir, but if you love a princess, wait for water from her. I want to rule the hearts alone. It gives me the same pleasure whether those who die for me are executed or die of thirst.

After Güntülü said these words, she turned the glass and slowly poured the water on the floor, and under Selim's agonised gaze, she carried the glass away.

and threw it towards her. Forgetting his pain for a moment in the face of such heartlessness, Selim wanted to say something to him, but he could not. He would have fainted if he said a single word.

Suddenly a strong wind blew and blew all the trees of Çamlı Koru.

She was all alone there now. Güntülü had disappeared too.

Then he writhed in pain again. For a while he thought of death. How good it would be if he died. Gradually the pain subsided. A heaviness fell on his eyes. He could not see the trees and the wooden bench in front of him well. Was he dying? He felt his brain was about to stop.

Then he couldn't see anything. He opened his palm to see if he was alive. He was still alive. He heard some sounds around him, but he could not understand what they were. I think there were conversations going on. While his thoughts were running at the speed of light, he suddenly remembered his life. When he thought of his son Tosun, his heart ached. Then he thought of Princess Leylâ and her fiancé. Then all of them were erased and only Güntülü remained: "I don't accept rivals. Even if it is a princess..."

He didn't give him the water and poured it on the ground. Was this an enmity or an interest?

He was in no mood to think about it. Güntülü dominated his whole being.

He was probably dying. As he sank into eternal darkness, he could not remain under the influence of such an absurd emotion as pride. Everything was clear as day: Güntülü...

When he opened his eyes and looked around, he did not understand anything. First he realised he was in a room by seeing the ceiling. What was this place? He didn't know anything. He turned his head to the side. A beautiful young girl was smiling. Suddenly he became conscious and realised that this girl was a nurse. He was going to ask something, but his temper prevailed again; he kept silent.

The nurse came a little closer and said in a soothing voice: - "You are cured now!

She was very thirsty. He was going to ask the nurse for water. He could not do that either. But the young girl, after running her hand over Pusat's forehead, asked "Would you like some water?" and without waiting for his answer, she poured water from the jug on the bedside table into a glass and leaned towards Selim. Lifting his head a little with one arm with kindness and tenderness, he touched the glass to his lips with the other hand.

It was as if he'd been revitalised. He thanked her. But he did not realise that he did not say it with his tongue, but thought it with his mind. The nurse, kind and good-faced: - "Do you want anything?" she asked.

Selim was in a strange mood: He understood the meaning of what was said a little late. It was like that again. He looked at the young girl and signalled "No" with his head and the nurse left saying "I will come again".

When he was alone, he began to think better and became serious, remembering his fight with Kubudak in Pine Grove. His torso slightly

He realised that his hand was in bandages. Then, remembering what had happened before, he was troubled again.

He had had no peace for years, but these last months were unbearable. He wanted to leave this life that no longer had any meaning, let alone taste.

While Selim Pusat was thinking like this, he was distracted from his thoughts when a few people entered the room. He waited, guessing that the three people who came with the nurse earlier were doctors. The one in front greeted Selim and took his pulse. On the one hand, he was looking at the signboard on his bedside. He said something in three words to the other two. Selim did not understand what language it was from or what meant. Then the doctor in front whispered something to the nurse. After the doctors left, the nurse said, "Now I will give you an injection!" with the same gentle manner. Selim was so indifferent to the environment and life that he waited without asking anything and after the injection he fell into a deep sleep.

*

* *

When he returned home eight days later, he was very weak. Not walking or standing, but even talking was very tiring. He didn't even want to remember what had happened to him, he wondered what he could do to get stronger.

The big room seemed to have been changed. But he didn't ask Ayşe anything. Her eyes often fell on his photograph on the wall. It was the first picture of him when he was a captain. Life had taken away both his vigour and his high hopes, and he was left with a despondent, sick, melancholic man.

Selim Pusat realised that he could not sit leaning on an armchair and that his nerves would completely break down. He decided: He would get out. First he made a trial. He could walk in the room. Then he tried more frequently. He realised that he could walk on the street, albeit with slow steps.

The sad autumn came and Ayşe started her work at the school.

On a cool day when the clouds were racing, he left the house and started walking with heavy steps. He was walking, knowing where he was going. Inside his brain

If not for the noise of the last days, he would have felt very alive, but this gnawing feeling was not only unsettling but destructive...

When he arrived at the place he had decided on, Princess Leylâ's house, his restlessness increased. He pressed the bell. But the bell did not ring. Thinking that he had come wrong, he looked around and looked at the apartment number. It was right. He pressed the bell again. There was no sound. Was the power cut off? He pressed the night light switch, it was on. So?... He couldn't return because the bell didn't ring. He rattled the door with his hand. There was a deep silence. He knocked again. The door wouldn't open. The third time the knock was very fast. Someone was heard walking inside. Then the door opened and Gülsafa Kalfa appeared: - "What do you want?" she asked.

Selim Pusat was not surprised by this question. Since he had come out of the hospital very weak and suffering, his face had probably changed so much that she could not recognise him:

- I'm Gülsafa Kalfa!

She was about to say her own name when the woman's voice became angry: - Gülsafa Kalfa? Where did that come from? My name is Safa... There is no such thing as Gül or Kalfa!

At that time, Selim Pusat, who was looking carefully at the woman's face, saw strange gleams in her eyes and realised that Gülsafa or Safa, who had been so vigorous before, had grown old to the point of collapse.

Such old age could make a man forget his own name: - I'm Captain Selim Pusat. I want to talk to the princess!

The woman's eyes changed again: - Princess? Who are you looking for?

Selim Pusat was still cold-blooded: - I am looking for Princess Leylâ.

With movements that could be called jerky, the woman looked backwards, into the house, then at Selim, then back again, then suddenly lowered her voice: - The world is full of madmen. My lion is gone because of those mad people!" she replied.

Selim was surprised: - "Where to?" he could only ask.

- He answers to one. No one knows where he's going.

Selim felt the same agony as when he had taken a sword from Kubudak. For a moment his eyes seemed to glaze over, but he recovered quickly. Before he realised it, the door had closed in his face.

Going down the stairs was more tiring than going up. After resting his eyes on the flying clouds by looking at the sky, he started walking. He had only taken a few steps when a familiar face asked him with a serious and sad look: - "How are you, Captain Beğ!" he asked.

How are you? It had been years since that word had left Selim Pusat's dictionary. He was a stranger to the word. He was also an enemy... That's why he looked at the person who asked him this question with an angry glare. The line of a thin wound extending from the temple to the chin of this familiar face looked like a special omen. He seemed to remember something. He thought, "This must not be Kubudak. It wasn't. Then a light went on in his brain: It was the young man who had introduced himself as Leylâ's fiancé during the shootout in Çamlı Koru.

Suddenly his anger dissipated: - "Who are you?" he asked.

The youth's gaze grew sadder: - "The princess's guardian!" he replied.

Selim Pusat, remembering what Leylâ had said about this unknown guard, asked with an excitement he tried to hide: - Where is the princess?

The young man's answer was horrible: - I don't know.

- What kind of guard is this?

The youth looked down: - He did not need a guard.

- What you?

This question remains unanswered.

Shouldn't the guard or the fiancé know where she was going? Then he remembered the strange behaviour of Gülsafa Kalfa. She was so shaken that she could not ask anything for fear of getting an answer she would not like.

They bowed slightly, exchanged greetings and parted. It was no longer possible to illuminate any point.

He's on his way home.

*

* *

Ayşe had been delayed at school because of a programme issue and was late getting home. The day woman was waiting for her to leave. Ayşe asked: "Didn't Selim Beğ come?" she replied with some excitement, mumbling something incomprehensible. This woman was afraid of Selim's sullen gaze, so she did this whenever he was mentioned. Ayşe did not dwell on it and let the woman go. She embraced Tosun and asked her little son the question she had not been able to ask Selim for years: - How are you my son?

- It's good.

- Isn't your dad here?

- My father left.

Ayşe smiled at the little boy's logical answer: - Didn't he come again after he left?

- He didn't come.

They entered the book room. He glanced over the table, hoping to find a compass of Selim's. There was no writing. He asked Tosun, marvelling that he was so late because he had not yet recovered: - Did your father say anything to you?

- He said.

- What did he say?

Tosun probably couldn't remember. He looked at his mother in silence. Ayşe was slowly getting curious. She asked again: - Come on, son: What did your father say to you?

- Dad laughed at me. Then he went downstairs.

- Went downstairs and out into the street?

- No, he didn't. He picked me up.

Ayşe was surprised. On the surface the boy was talking nonsense, but Ayşe was suspicious: - "Son! Where did your father come down from?"

The boy raised one hand to the ceiling: - He came down from above.

Ayşe's eyebrows furrowed. She even touched her hand to her forehead, wondering if the child was sick and feverish. He didn't have a fever, he wasn't sick, but what was this nonsense? Or had his father's state of mind passed on to his son?

She took Tosun on her lap and sat on an armchair. Not knowing what to do, she looked out of the window and stroked her son's cheeks. This time Tosun spoke without being asked: - My father stroked me too.

- Then what did he do?

- He's gone.

- What did he say when he left?

- Don't forget me, he said. Aisha turned pale.

The child was slowly remembering what had been said today, according to the possibilities of his memory. Don't forget me... What did that mean? Ayşe had no judgement left to speak properly. As if Tosun knew: - "Well, why did your father leave?" he asked.

He knew that this was an unnecessary, even meaningless question. But the answer he received completely surprised him: - My father got sick and left...

Ayşe almost speechless: - How do you know she is ill?

- My father cried.

- Do patients cry?

- He cries. You cried too...

A lot of things went through Ayşe's brain at lightning speed and she remembered that months ago she had answered "I'm sick" to her son who had asked her why she was crying.

Ayşe was silent. But Tosun's tongue was now untied: - You were very sick. My father was a little sick.

- How do you know?

- You cried a lot. My father cried...

Ayşe became tearful. Now she was talking to Tosun like a peer: - Is your father coming?

- The future...

- When?

- He'll come when I'm an officer...

Aisha was exhausted: - Did your father tell you all this?

- My father told me.

- How did he say it?

- I looked at him. He laughed at me. Then he came down from upstairs.

He picked me up. Then he caressed me. He said he'd come back when you became an officer. Then he left.

- Where did he go?

- He went through the door...

- Where did it come from?

- Above.

In the midst of all the child's coherent speech, this word "from above" was interrupted and made Ayşe feel uneasy. She came to the window with Tosun on her lap, showed him the roofs of the high buildings and the sky and asked: - From where did your father come?

The kid's getting a little testy: - He's not from up there.

- And from where?

Tosun turned his head back and pointed somewhere in the room: - From up there...

Ayşe turned slowly and looked where her son was pointing. He was pointing to the wall. Then, when her gaze fell on a certain place, her eyes widened in fear: - "Oh my God!" she exclaimed.

It was such a shout that Tosun was frightened and began to cry. Ayşe threw the child in her arms on the sofa, took a few steps forwards, shouted "Oh my God!" again and staggered and collapsed: Only the frame of Selim Pusat's large framed picture on the wall remained, the picture had disappeared.

On one of the few hot days in June, a ceremony was being held at the Girls' High School for the end of the school year.

The girls who had graduated from high school would perform sports shows and national dances, and after the parade, tea would be served to the guests. All former graduates and teachers of the high school and their families were invited.

Girls dressed as Girl Scouts were walking around the large, welcoming garden, showing the guests to their seats.

The students who did not take part in the ceremony were the ones who enjoyed this day the most.

Two young girls were walking slowly towards a secluded corner of the garden and one of them smiled: - "Look, look Beyhan! It seems that Ülker is hearing voices in seclusion again. Do you notice the sorrow on her face?"

Beyhan looked at Ülker wandering among the trees on the big mound ahead: - What a strange girl! I wonder if she really hears voices?

- It's unbelievable, but Ülker has never lied even once. There must be something.

Both Ülker, Beyhan and Emine were girls who were seniors this year. Ülker, who joined them at the beginning of that academic year, was a very quiet, shy, quiet and thoughtful student. She was polite to everyone, but there was something about her that always kept her at a distance from her friends, always keeping her distance from the other.

The closeness and intimacy that the students had with each other could not be established between Ülker and others.

Emine was talking without taking her eyes off Ülker: - I'm tempted to say that Ülker has a secret power. Once she had foretold the danger. In Geography class, when Muallâ was climbing up on a chair to hang the map on the wall, she excitedly shouted, "No, no, don't get up!" Muallâ, who didn't pay attention, fell down with the crumbling and collapsing chair and broke her arm. You were not in that class. After the accident, Ülker's eyes seemed to look into another world.

The two girls walked a little closer to Ülker. I saw him about 15 paces away. remote watching. Face lines very at ease, but his eyes showing a look of uneasiness. He was unaware that his friends were approaching.

A curiosity was aroused in Beyhan: - What do you say Emine? Should we go and talk to her? she asked.

Emine also wanted to speak, but for some reason she hesitated: - I don't know, she replied.

Although the two girls felt timid, they took strength from each other and walked towards Ülker with heavy steps. There were a few steps between them. They stopped. They saw Ülker from the side. Her dreamy gaze was fixed ahead. She seemed to be listening to a distant music sound. When she saw her friends, she turned her head towards them. Emine smiled: - "We are lucky, Ülker!" she said. Since we are not on duty, we are enjoying this beautiful day.

Ülker responded with a vaguely gentle smile of her own.

Emine was about to ask a question that came to her mind and was very pertinent in terms of putting Ülker on the spot, when the sound of music came from behind, from the place where the ceremony was to take place: The National Anthem was being sung with the participation of the students. Beyhan and Emine gathered themselves and began to listen, while Ülker merely bowed her head. While the others stood up straight with pride and excitement, she was listening like a sad and otherworldly person, and even though she was listening, she was probably not hearing.

The sadness in her posture, in her posture, in the way she bowed her head down, had such an effect on Emine that she forgot the question she was going to ask Ülker a moment ago.

When the anthem was over, they took another step or two, formed a group of three and began to talk among themselves, ignoring the distant sounds of the commanding voices of the sports demonstrations.

Beyhan did not like tactics and taking roundabout ways. Although they were not sincere, she loved Ülker and wanted her to join them and get rid of this spiritual loneliness. With the speed of this desire: - "Ülker, my sister," he said. Why are you always travelling all alone, don't you like us at all?

Ülker's sad eyes widened in astonishment: - What does it mean to dislike? On the contrary, I like you very much.

- Then why are you alone?

Ülker thought for a moment, looking as if a cloud was passing over her face, whose slight smile had disappeared. In a barely audible voice: - "Alone? I'm not alone!" she replied.

Beyhan and Emine exchanged glances. They did not know how to respond to this answer. They were completely bewildered. Just then they saw a girl scout coming towards them shouting "Beyhan, Beyhan!". One of her classmates was frantically looking for her without seeing Beyhan and the others who were behind the mound and the trees. Beyhan showed herself by getting out of the trees and asked: - "What is it?" she asked.

- Where are you? The chief sergeant's been looking for you since a while.

Beyhan spread her hands to the sides and made a gesture as if to say that now was not the time, and then she ran after her friend.

Emine looked at her leaving and then turned to Ülker. She had just said, "I'm not alone..." She had noticed that. What did she mean?

Unlike Beyhan, Emine, unlike Beyhan, did not make her intentions abruptly, knowing that this would often frighten the other person. She was the daughter of a doctor. She would talk at length with her father, a psychiatrist, about this curious subject, but she was also interested in literature as a compulsion. Since high school books on literature were not enough for her, she also read and comprehended the publications of the Faculty of Literature. In their class of forty students, there were two other Aminas besides her. Her friends did not use her surname to distinguish her from the others, they called her Associate Professor Emine.

When he was alone with Ülker, he returned to the interrupted subject: - "Ülker! You just said you were not alone. However, we always see you alone, without any friends. What kind of loneliness is this?

Ülker's voice was very slow: - Do you have to be with people in order not to be alone?

Emine became serious: - It is also possible to be with spirits, but this is not for everyone. It requires a special talent.

They fell silent. When Ülker did not answer, Emine finished her words with a timid manner: - "I think you have this ability too, but I'm not sure because you didn't say anything.

Ülker was silent, but there was no sign of dissatisfaction in her posture. Emboldened by this, Emine went a little further: - For example, it is said that you can hear voices. If this is what you mean when you say you are not alone, you are right. But is the company of voices enough not to be alone? Do you also see the owners of these voices?

Ülker's face became even more dreamy. She looked like a sweet and naive little child: - I can't see the owners of the voices.

- What do you talk to them about?
- I'm not talking. I'm just listening.
- these people you know?
- No...

Emine paused. But fearing that Ülker would perhaps be completely silent if the conversation was interrupted, she hurried on with her questions: - Historical figures?

- I don't know.
- So, what's your impression?

Ülker turned her eyes away from Emine. Looking at the ground, then at the sky: - "They are calling from far away!

Emine did not understand this word well: - "Is he from another country?" she asked.

- No, from another time.

Emine is all confused. Another time... What does that mean?

- mean from a time so far away?

Ülker was sad: - I don't know... It seems that way to me, she .

Emine was filled with great curiosity. Trusting the sincere behaviour of her friend who had opened up to her, she wanted to go a little deeper: - Since this distant time cannot be future time, it must be past time.

- Yeah...

- Pleiades! I wonder why someone is calling you from the past. Is your family a historical family?

After saying this, Emine looked carefully at the face of her classmate of nine or ten months: She was a Central Asian type with her clear wheat-coloured skin, straight and beautiful hair, slanted eyes and meaningful gaze.

Ülker asked what came to her mind without answering: - Where are you from? Where is your family root?

Ülker answered in a very calm manner, without any humour: - I am from here, but my family roots are far away, in the east.

Emine, who was told at home that their origin was Khorasan, heard the word "east" and asked: - So in Khorasan?

Ulker shook his head: - What is Khorasan, brother? It's a neighbouring place.

Ours is much further away...

Emine was astonished: - Do you know this from family rumours?

- There are rumours, but I know it from an old genealogical record written on leather.

- Where are you from?

- Kamlanchu!...

Emine was silent. She knew the name, but she suddenly didn't know how she knew it.

The two friends stood in silence for a long time. Gradually Emine began to remember Kamlanchu. This word was mentioned in a Uyghur fairy tale that had recently been published, either a doctoral thesis or a university publication, whatever it was. Associate Professor Emine had bought it and read it with pleasure. Now she saw Ülker as a Uighur girl. This time, as if she wanted to put her to the test, she asked: - Where does this Kamlanchu fall?

- Maybe today's Mongolia.

Emine was astonished. She knew that her friend was not a history and literature enthusiast like herself, and that she only enjoyed philosophy and a little bit of maths. She asked, startled as if it had suddenly occurred to her: - What is the writing on the skin that shows your genealogy?

- In Uyghur script...

- you reading this?

- No, no, no.

- anyone in the family study?

- The men in the family read. My father and my brother...

Glossary

adese Mercek

âfet- can: The calamity of
life. ak de: Principle,
doctrine. alâmet: Sign.

commonplace Ordinary.

publicly Openly.

âm l: One who does a work; one who takes it upon himself; one who is the
cause, the agent.

âm r: One who gives orders; one who commands; a superior; an authorised
official.

asab yet: Irritability; irritability; sense of nationality; kinship, kinship.

nobility: Rootedness, nobility; nobility; behaving in a way to arouse
respect. common: The common people; ignorant people; the lower classes.

fortune favoured The one who gets as much goodness and happiness as he
hopes for.

to be placed under ministerial command: When a civil servant is not wanted to
work for any reason, he/she is taken to the centre.

bâr: Burden; trouble.

bar z: Obvious, obvious, .

unfortunate: Unfortunate, unfortunate; one who has suffered disaster;
unhappy; in sorrow.

bed î: Beautiful, admired; beauty, aesthetic.

acquittal- z mmet is essential: The principle of law which recognises that a
person is presumed innocent until proven guilty.

b d'at: The excesses and innovations in Islam that emerged after the
Prophet.

b especially Especially; most ; especially; all.

b rsam-i saadet: Hallucination; delirium; delirium; delusion; an awake person pretending to see something.

b zat h : From himself; himself.

bud zm: A widespread belief in India and China that instead of a supernatural deity, mere existence appears in man in the form of desire, from which suffering arises; and that in order to get rid of this suffering, one must renounce existence.

depression: Crisis.

ca'li: Made up; fabricated; false.

ce elkalem: In a flash; as it comes to mind.

ceht (ceh t): To endeavour to succeed.

summons: A summons.

cemad: Non-living being; body, object.

cevaz Possibilityprobabilitynot forbiddenpermission.

c het: Direction, side.

Audacity: Courage, valour; reckless impetuosity.

homesickness Homesickness, homesickness felt by expatriates.

del l: Evidence.

profound Deep, inner, spiritual.

d mağ: Brain; mind, consciousness.

convert: A person who changes his religion and becomes a Muslim, a muhtedi.

dubara: In backgammon, both dice come up two.

du: Persian two.

eternal yet: Eternity, eternity.

ehemm yet: Importance, being important; materiality.

ehl yet: Expertise, competence, competence.

essential Most necessary, most essential, indispensable.

artefact Tracesigna writtensoundarchitectural, etc. product

mysterious Having hidden aspects; full of secrets.

asraf-creature: The most honoured of the creatures, human beings.

etagere Movable cabinet without doors, with shelves.

Paper: Foils, leaves; written paper.

False: A misbehaviour; an inaccuracy of notes in the performance of a piece of music.

fas d da re: Vicious circle.

marvellous Extraordinary.

faction Party; military unit; faction; group.

fucun Magic, enchantment.

futuhât Fetihler.

ga et Around and from the end unannounced being
absent-mindedness, lack of intuition; carelessness, idleness;

imprudence.

to prevail To defeat; prevail.

gam-ı aşk: Love sorrow, strangeness: A strange situation; strangeness.

gharâmî: Emotional; lyrical.

gassing out: Out.

gayr ht half: Spontaneously, involuntarily.

unconscious: Unconscious;

unconscious. unnatural:

Unnatural. gülzar: Rose garden.

mob: A group (of people who are disliked).

hadîth: The word or behaviour of the Prophet.

hâ le: Tragedy; tragedy.

insult: Words and behaviour that dishonour and humiliate.

hak r: Despised; ; small, insignificant, worthless. hamule: A
load; something to be carried.

hâr Thorn.

speciality Special; peculiar.

majesty: Greatness, splendour, splendour, majesty, splendour, splendour.

havâd s: Events; news.

airy (airy): Empty; worthless; pertaining to the air:

Having no sense of shame or shyness; shameless.

hays yet: Honour, honour, dignity; status; reputation.

haz n: , poignant.

herze: Nonsense; idle talk; nonsense.

delirium: Nonsense; delirium; confusion of the mind based on unrealistic
thinking; mental ecstasy.

contradiction: Opposite; contrary; contrary; opposition; .

hodb n: Thinking only of one's own interests, egotistical, selfish.

delusion Delusion; dream; blissful dream.

feverish Very strict, active; continuous; fervent; ardent.

aspect yet: Speciality; closeness, familiarity.

sadness (hüzün): Sadness; inner distress; sadness of heart.

anguish A condition that causes sorrow.

To drift: To perceive; understand; comprehend; grasp; reach; attain.

To disclose: To reveal secret things; to disseminate; to disclose.

ft har: Pride, honour.

ğb rar: To become dusty; to be offended or resentful when one does not receive the expected behaviour from someone.

to hfa: To conceal, to hide.

to neglect To neglect; not to do properly; not to pay attention.

htar: Warning; reminder; caution; warning.

Ht lal: Confusion; anarchy; chaos.

ht lattan ht lattan : (For a prisoner) To prevent him from seeing others.

ht mal: Possibility; likelihood; maybe.

to ht va: To include/encompass.

prudence: Caution; prudence.

second kind of noun phrase Second kind of noun phrase.

to kt fa: To be content.

divine Divine; belonging to God; pertaining to God; very beautiful.

ma: Indirect expression, sign, allusion.

nh sar Monopoly.

nkılâp: A change occurring in a short time; transition from one state to another.

nş rah: Clarity of heart; refreshment; inner comfort; relaxation.

nt ba: Leaving a trace in the mind; impression.

nt sap: Joining, entering, connecting.

nz bat: Discipline.

pt da : Undeveloped; primitive.

pt la (bt lâ): Smokiness; habit; bad habit.

rt calen ; spontaneous.

snad: Accusing; blaming; imputing; imputing; slander.

st bđad: Repressive, totalitarian rule.

st dad: Predisposition, understanding, ability, .
 st ġna: Greediness; finding what one has sufficient; needlessness; timidity.
 st: To sink into plunge into drown be drowned be absent-minded be ecstatic.
 to ignore: To treat with contempt, not to attach importance to.
 st hkar: , humiliate; despise.
 inference: Inference; something out of something else; deduction.
 st hza: To mock someone; enjoyment; subtle mockery.
 st kbal: The future; future time; welcome.
 shba: Satisfying hunger; satiation; satiation; state of satiation.
 shm zaz: To grimace in dislike of something; to shudder; to be annoyed.
 t branch Moderation, .
 t yad: Habit.
 tt fak: ; concurrence; concurrence; union; unity.
 relative: Changing according to the object, event or person on which it
 depends; relative; relative.
 zahat Explanations.
 to be available: To be within the realm of possibility.
 Nightmare: A nightmare; a fearful dream or vision giving a sense of
 suffocation, distress and heaviness; a painful event that makes one uneasy.
 Kaff : Enough.
 heartfelt: From
 the heart.
 conviction: To be content with what one has; to be convinced; to believe;
 idea, thought, conviction.
 kat yet: Certainty.
 disgraceful Shameless; shameless; faceless; ridiculous; worthless.
 keramet (miracle): Extraordinary ability; extraordinary talents believed to be
 granted by God to some people.
 To discover: To find something that exists but is unknown; to intuit; to know;
 to understand.
 carat A unit of weight used in the measurement of precious metals such as
 diamonds; quality, level, level, quality.
 insolent: Offending others with one's behaviour and words; setting aside
 any kind of respect; impudent, ill-mannered.
 lād nī: Non-religious.

lahza: The time of a glance; the blink of an eye. laubal l k: To be in favour of, in favour of, in favour of; in favour of; in favour of.

levh- mahfuz: the divine plate on which everything, human destiny, what has happened and what will happen, is believed to have been ordained and written by Allah before the creation of the universe.

favourable: Benevolentbenevolentbenevolentkind courteous.

embarrassed: Shy; embarrassed; covered, veiled.

mah yet: Content.

convicted Convicted; .

convicted yet: Convicted.

Creature: Created; out of nothing; animal.

Prisoner Imprisoned; confined.

private yet: Secrecy; privacy of private life. deprived

yet: Inability to obtain what one wishes; deprivation.

deprived: Sad, sorrowful.

macule: A scientifically classified thing; category; genus, group.

to be a possession: To hold the right to possess something and to acquire it;

Man ha zm: Manicheanism; the view and doctrine that divides all things into two, one of which is spirit, which is wholly embraced and good, and the other of matter, which is indiscriminately rejected and evil.

mazhar yet: Achieving one's goal, reaching one's purpose.

maz : Past tense; past.

excused One who has an excuse or excuse; handicapped, defective.

Channelled: Watercourse; direction and place of flow; the direction of a work.

faceless: Unknown.

concept: Concept; the meaning of a word.

unholy: Damned; cursed.

melâl: Great sorrow; distress; sadness.

melancholy k: One who has fallen into mental and physical depression; infatuated; pessimistic; gloomy; gloomy.

vile: Useless; mischievous; disgusting. menf :

Unfavourable; opposing; negative, minus.

abominable: Hated; detestable.

origin: Place of origin; source; origin.

mers ye: Requiem; rightu.

occupation: Occupation.

famous- c han: Recognised by the world; world-renowned.

fortitude Firmness, fortitude, endurance.

sect: The way travelled; the way held; opinion; understanding; doctrine; religion.

hospitality: The act of entertaining guests; counselling.

m hnet: Suffering, inconvenience, trouble, distress, sorrow, grief.

m nnet: A debt of gratitude for a good deed; favour; favour; favour; favour.

m sk n: Sluggish; ; lazy; incapable; poor; dervish.

m st k: Pertaining to mysticism, withdrawal from the world; one who devotes himself to God; having an allegorical meaning.

temperament: Temperament, character.

morph n: A narcotic alkaloid.

treatment: A way of behaviour; way, method,

procedure. enigma: Something difficult to

understand; riddle. enigma: Determined, decided.

reasoning: Reasoning on a subject in order to reach a conclusion; making a judgement by listening to two sides; reaching a decision; seeking a way out.

certain Its reality is certain; known for certain; not possible to change.

muhassala The thing obtained, the result; the combination.

imagination The ability and power of imagination.

probable Expected to happen or materialise; probable.

mukter s: Over-eager, ambitious, ardent.

mukab l: Against; something done in opposition to something;

response. mukadderat: That is destined; ; God's judgement. mukaddes:

Blessed; blessed, holy.

mukaddesat Sacred things.

comparison Comparison; comparison.

mun s: Tame; .

murabba: Quartet; a verse form consisting of four lines; composition; square.

haunting Hanging; falling on something to the extent of causing discomfort.

customary (customary): That which is customary because it has always happened; usual.

mutasavvif: One who is engaged in mysticism; mystic.

moderate: Moderate, mild-mannered.

muttar d: Going to a level, monotonous, monotonous.

muva ak Successful, .

Equilibrium Balance; equilibrium.

muzdar p (mustar p): ; suffering.

mübalāğa: Exaggeration, overdoing.

mubar z: Fighting one on one; each the combatants.

bailliff r: An officer who summons those whose cases are to be heard to the courtroom.

perpetually Forever; and ever.

institution Institution.

müfteh r: Boastful; boastful.

Representative Representative.

debate: Discussion, .

Relation: Harmony; relationship; connection; bond; interest; correlation.

munk r: One who disbelieves a disbeliever an unbeliever one who denies Allah.

hermit : One who retires to a deserted place and lives alone; hermit; one who prefers solitude.

vague Indeterminate, uncertain.

ink: Compound, combined; formed; a coloured liquid writing material for writing.

tolerance: Tolerance; .

fixed Fixed; unmovable; stabilised.

obscure Taken falsely; false.

obscene: Sarcastic.

müstezad: A type of verse in Divan literature.

manuscript: Draft; writing worked on; scribbling; a person incapable of managing himself.

müşk lat (müşkülât): Difficulties; obstacles; difficulties.

müşk lpesend (müşkülpesend): One the thing like dislike
having difficulties; being difficult to please;

indecisive.

Expert Expert.

continuous Uninterrupted; continuous; .

constant yen: Continuous; unremitting, .

tawakk l: One who leaves all his affairs to Allah, the owner of tawakkul.

music' ğ: Tiresome, tiresome; overwhelming.

rare: ; infrequent; rare.

to nullify To spoil.

nas: Community, people, people; judgement, dogma.

theoretical: Theoretical,

theoretical. nazar ye: Theory;

theory; opinion. naz kâne:

Politely.

Nefer Individual; soldier; private.

neşr yat: Published; printed works.

courtesy: Politenesspoliteness.

n m: Half, half.

to penetrate To penetrate into something; to be effective; to penetrate; to be able to understand, to grasp its subtlety.

wit: A thought-provoking word with subtlety of meaning; humour.

otor te: The power to command; the power to make oneself recognised and respected; authority.

bandolier A strap made of sturdy woven or leathery leather, which soldiers wear around their waist or crosswise across their chest, and which has places for attaching things such as a bayonet and a canteen.

call it a day To stop working temporarily.

peleseng: A word repeated out of place during a conversation.

perh z: Abstinence; protection; abstinence; abstinence from haram; self-restraint; diet.

propeller: A flying insect that spins around a fire and is thrown into the fire as it spins.

To appear: To appear; to appear; to into being.

to be râm: To submit.

formality: A state in which measure form are emphasised in relationshipsformality.

r ayah: Observing the rules; showing respect; ; entertaining. r

yakâr: One whose behaviour does not conform to his thoughts;

hypocrite; . r yaz : Related to maths.

ruh halet : Psychological state.

saadet: Bliss, happiness. loyalty:

Loyalty.

pure yane Very clean, very pure.

pure yet: Purity, cleanliness.

sagar-ı : A lifted drinking glass.

sa k: That which drives, leads; reason, motive.

sarf: The branch of grammar concerned with word structure and form, morphology.

superficial Superficial.

perseverance To keep one's word or place; to carry out a task to the end.

sec ye: Creation, character; temperament; .

celestial Celestial; ; heavenly; divine; divine.

mirage Dream; vision; images of water, oasis, etc. that occur in deserts as a result of light refractions in the atmosphere and can be observed.

serv- s m n: Silver servi.

liquid: Something that flows; liquid.

To draw a line in the sand: To question someone strictly.

s ls le: Chain, chaining; sequence, series; genealogy.

s ma: Face, countenance; type.

s ne: Chest.

SophistMadrasa student adequate knowledge is not in a state A pedantic bigot.

trainee A trainee; candidate.

sûr: The trumpet; the trumpet that Israfil will sound on the Day of Judgement.

Tranquillity: Resting, stopping, calming down; immobility, silence; composure.

personal Personal; belonging to a person.

person yet: Personality.

buffoon: One who does not hesitate to make himself ridiculous in order to amuse others; sycophant.

shaman zm: Shamanism; primitive religion among the peoples of Siberia and the ancient Central Asian Turks in the form of belief in the mediation of sorcerer-herbalist-herbalist clergymen called kam, baksı, and in the forces of nature; kamism.

fervour Excessive desire; enthusiasm.

s ar: Distinguishing feature; document; sign; mark, indication; password.

coquettish: Coquettish; free behaviour (woman).

Attack An attack; an offence; a dash.

tab yet: Nationality; allegiance.

tab eat Placing; preparing; tactical.

tafs lat: Details, subtleties; elaborations.

endure Burdening; bearing; endurance; patience.

imaginings Visualisations in imagination; daydreaming.

To criticise: To be disheartening; to humiliate; to despise; to insult.

tahr f: Changing the meaning of a word; distortion.

tactical manual: A manual booklet containing military tactics and information explaining how each class and weapon in the armed forces will be used in terms of combat and service, and how each class will be trained with what kind of weapons, tools and equipment in order to prepare for war properly.

style: To make amends; to ask for forgiveness; pray.

Sufism: A religious and philosophical movement that seeks to explain the nature of God and the formation of the universe in terms of unity in being; mysticism; Islamic mysticism.

Conception: Design; planning made in the mind; purpose, thought.

to purify: To purify; to extract; to ; to .

tash h: Straightening; correction.

to appoint: To determine, to decide; to appoint.

smile A smile.

tecell : Appearance; emergence; the appearance of divine power in human beings and beings.

tedaî: Evocation.

sorrow To be saddened; to be affected; to be upset.

tefelsüf: Philosophical talk; philosophising; philosophising.

Details: Details; details.

tefr ka: Separation; separation; dissension; discord; a series of articles published in successive parts.

threatening: Threatening; bearing signs of

threat. tekâmül: Maturity; maturation;

evolution. tekerür: Repetition; repetition.

tekl f: To ask for something to be done; suggestion; tax.

telepath : The transmission of sensations, thoughts and impressions belonging to one person to another person by means other than known physical means; remote sensation.

telepath k: A condition related to telepathy.

tel f: To reconcile; to bring together; to fit together; to harmonise; to reconcile; to write a work; a created work.

telk n to One Thought or emotion one no-one to place it in your mind, to instil it.

to contact To touch; relate.

wish : Heartfelt wish, wish.

to provide: To provide, to make believe.

temk n: Dignity; moderation; prudence.

tenasüh: The belief that the soul passes from human to animal, from animal to human, from human to human, soul migration.

tenb h (temb h): Warning, admonition; warning; caution; admonition.

tene base: Breathing; rest between classes.

criticism Criticism; criticism; negative ; criticism.

to prefer: To prefer; to favour.

to abandon To leave; to depart; to give up; to divorce; neglect.

terk p: Combining parts; completion; completion; synthesis.

teşb h: Simile.

Attempt Initiative.

recognise s: Recognise; diagnose; determine what is happening.

teşm l: To encompass; to spread; to extend.

Manifestation into being; appearing; appearing; appearing; arising.

umman: The vast sea; ocean.

public conscience: General opinion, public opinion.

boredom: Tiredness;

weariness; frustration. vahdet: Unity.

wah m: A sad and dreadful situation; dangerous; horrible.

Incident Case.

vâkîf: One who knows how to do something properly; one who endowed, donated his property.

heir s: Heir.

vaz fe: Duty; school assignment.

vefa: Loyalty in love, perseverance in friendship, loyalty.

to imagine: To assume something that does not exist; to fear something that does not exist.

inheritance Inheritance; inheritance.

Incidents Events; things that happen.

vuslat: Reunion; meeting; union. vague: Not
being clear and understandable; unclear. yar:

Friend yek: Persian number one.

to thimble: To regard as a burden; be lazy; to .

zâ r: Visitor.

zel lâne: In a despicable

form. zevc: Husband, male

spouse. zevce: Female

spouse.

BERSERKER

BOOKS

