

Kadir Has University
Khas Writing Center
Creative Writing Competition



Fall Semester, 2010 - 2011



2010-2011 Fall Semester

Khas Writing Center
Creative Writing Competition

First Place:

Şirin Seitz, THE STORY OF THE TALEMA WHO WENT
OUT IN SEARCH FOR HIS NAME – REKAR

Second Place:

Sema Yazgan, NOTHING IS SOMETHING

Third Place:

Aslıhan Alptekin, GUILTYNESS OF AN INNOCENT SOUL

Honorable Mention:

Nora Malhasoğlu, GENETIC DESTINY

Honorable Mention:

Gamze Özpirinçi, SUNSHINE

THE STORY OF THE TALEMA WHO WENT OUT IN
SEARCH FOR HIS NAME
– REKAR by Şirin Seitz

The day when the red snow fell, he was born. His mother left as he arrived, she didn't have the time to name him. He was born one of the Talemah, a Nameless One. His father who was a blacksmith raised him with great love and care, but still he had a hard time in the House. They never talked about him, for he had no name, and they never called for him, for there was no name he could answer to. When he asked why he didn't have a name to the sky watcher of his House, Dioneth, he just said:

"Your mother lost it at your birth, when she died, so she couldn't give it to you." He was gazing the sky through his glass-eye, not looking at the Talema.

"Lost? I can find it then?"

Dioneth turned away from the glass eye. "Sometimes I find stars in the sky I never saw before. It is not very possible that I might have missed them, and it is not possible at all that they appeared in one night," he said, half to himself. "Maybe they were just hiding behind some sort of a big cosmic cloud." He looked at him. "I am sorry, friend, but I have to investigate this matter," and he walked out of the room, leaving the Talema behind, puzzled.

So one spring, when the birds wandered off north, Talema wandered off with them. He left his House in search for his name. He crossed the sea of mountains, traveled through thirsty deserts until he arrived at a river with many branches and her waters ran deep. She was crossing his path, he wanted to cross her.

"Greetings, friend," she burred melodiously.

"Where are you headed?"

"East," he answered. "And you lie on my path."

"You wanted to step over my bed?" she mocked him sweetly. "My name is Khûst," she added when he didn't say anything. She flowed for a while, but he didn't answer. "What is yours?"

"I don't have one. It is lost, and I am in search of it."

She laughed and her waters overflowed. "A Talema? Friend, I am afraid wherever it may be, it is not in the lands beyond me." She laughed again and he saw some fish bouncing out of the water, and then falling back into the river again.

"You have many branches," the Talema answered, "and they go deep into the land. Your reach is far."

"Farther even than you think," she agreed. "But how will you cross my waters? You could swim over me, but how will you do that without getting driven away? How can you even get in me when you don't even have a name? I would pull you into my depths; my arms will grab you and drown you. You will never reach your goal like this. You would forget about yourself, and you have no name that would remind you of it."

Her words shook him deeply.

"Don't you have a name for me?" he pleaded.

Khûst slowed down for a moment. "No," she said, "I don't give people names. You have to find it yourself."

The Talema didn't talk to her any further, and Khûst also stood silent, flowing peacefully.

He decided to sleep at her side for that night. He built his camp and didn't talk with her. But although her streaming sounded like a sweet song, he could sleep very little.

The next day he found a wood block and he worked all day to turn it into some sort of boat. Then he went to Khûst with it.

"What is that?" she asked, surprised.

"A boat," he answered. "I have made a decision. If I can't cross you, I will let myself go adrift and will be contented with it."

She laughed in delight. "So be it, friend"

He traveled many days and many nights, not knowing where Khûst was leading him. The birds returned from the distant north and leaves bled and fell. The path Khûst chose for him ended in a forest, at the foot of mighty mountains.

"This is where it ends," she said, her voice was nothing but a whisper now, like the rustling of leaves.

"Thank you," said the Talema.

"You are wise," said Khûst. "I hope you will find what you seek and I hope we will meet again."

"I am sure we will," he said and jumped off his boat, going deep into the forest. It was an old forest; the trunks of the trees were broad, their roots went deep, and their branches reached high. It was hard to find a path in it and when he could find one it was hard to follow it, for all kinds of plants and bushes grew there wild and directionless and made it hard for the Talema to pass. And when he cut his way free, the plants almost instantly grew back, blocking once more the way, and made it very hard for him to go back.

The day moved on faster than the Talema moved forward, so very soon, night came by. While the Talema tried to choose a proper spot to set his camp, he saw a man sitting comfortably between the roots of an old tree. The man looked very strange, not like anyone the Talema saw before. His hair was thin and very white and it went down to his shoulders. His face was deformed with deep wrinkles, so that the Talema at first thought that he must have cut himself terribly in battles. He was pale, bony, and his skin was spotted. There was something wrong in his pose, he sat like a bundle, and his shoulders were stoop. The Talema tried not to show hesitation, so that the stranger wouldn't think he got disturbed from the man's looks.

He started to cackle as the Talema approached. "There he comes, another lost traveler" he said rocking back and forth. He nibbled at the little bone he held in his hand, probably the bone of a little bird, or maybe a squirrel.

Not knowing how to answer this, the Talema just

said, "Greetings." The eyes of the man were out of focus. It was hard to look into the man's eyes. The Talema wondered what kind of sorrow could misshape someone like this.

The man cackled again. "My name is Gaerkomkan."

"The Man Who Doesn't Die?" A little chill went down the Talema's spine. "That is a curious name!"

"Ah, yes, but true, as every name is."

The Talema wasn't sure if it was polite to ask, but he did anyway. "Will you not die?"

"Now, everyone dies when their time comes." Gaerkomkan grinned showing his only two teeth. "Everyone, except me."

The Talema sat down and untied his bundle, taking out some of his provisions. "Then it shouldn't be impolite to ask your age?"

"I do remember neither the House I grew in, nor the centuries which have passed since I left it. I do remember neither the touch of my lover, nor the sound of my mother who named me." He grinned again, carelessly. "So, no, it shouldn't be impolite to ask."

The Talema did not want to know. He didn't say anything, but reached Gaerkomkan some of his bread and cheese. Gaerkomkan grabbed the food greedily, throwing away his little bone, and said nothing until he ate it all up, which didn't took too long.

"I do not know your name, young friend," he said then.

"I don't either," the Talema said abruptly, still eating his meal.

But it had been years since Gaerkomkan hadn't heard the sound of another person's voice, and he didn't understand that the Talema didn't want to talk with him. He laughed, slapping his legs joyfully:

"Oh I know why you're here! I know the likes of you! They all travel this way, always get lost in this forest, the lost ones, the young travelers. The vines entangle them, the paths hide from them, the mists swallow them... The wilds scare them; how it hunts, and catches its prey, dragging them to the deeps, devouring them, forever, until there is nothing left." His voice went grim, like his looks.

"I am not lost," the Talema snapped, "and not scared either." He sank into his blankets, turning his back to Gaerkomkan. "Goodnight." And the night covered him with sleep, and the morning took it off.

He went to look for some food for breakfast. He found some eggs and mushrooms and turned back to the camp to turn them into a meal. Gaerkomkan ate in silence, only chuckling once when he saw that some bird of prey hunted down a little bird. After a while the Talema spoke:

"Have you seen other people like me who crossed this forest?"

"I have. Why, I have seen many young Talema in the last centuries, searching for the Nightless Lands." He smiled a smile that made the Talema think Gaerkomkan wanted something from him, which made him feel un-

comfortable.

"I have never heard of it. I was cast adrift, that is how I came to this forest."

Gaerkomkan's smile grew bigger, and the Talema turned his eyes away from him. "The Nightless Lands lie in the mountains beyond this forest, and is a place with a strong and strange spirit, so they say. It is said that it gives wisdom. Many Talemah who have heard of it looked for it."

"And have they found their names there?"

"That I do not know, friend. I am not a Talema and I never was in the need of additional wisdom." Gaerkomkan laughed. "I only saw them passing through, and talked to them, just as I did to you -for I grow lonely in this wild forest- and that was what they told me." He saw the disappointment of the Talema and went on. "But as I said, it is said to be not too far away from here. You may find it if you look for it. I could accompany you; it has been many years since I last went to a journey with a fellow traveler."

The Talema didn't know how to turn down an offer of fellowship, so he just said, "Then let us take off, and not be late. The forest is rough, and not much progress can be made if we sleep till noon."

Gaerkomkan agreed, and they started traveling together as fellows. They traveled for many days, without really having the feeling of moving forward. It was not like the forests around the House in which the Talema grew up. This forest gathered itself around them, and moved away from them. While the trees were getting away from them, their branches and vines reached towards them, and the bushes seemed to grow right in front of them, hiding and blocking the paths to mislead them. It was as if the forest was unkind to them, an unfamiliar feeling which the Talema found very disturbing. Gaerkomkan didn't notice the attitude of the forest at all.

As the moon went thinner they came to a fork in the path. One path was stony and free of plants; the other path was as wild and chaotic as the path behind.

"Which path do we take?" asked the Talema.

"Let's take the first one, the clearer one," said Gaerkomkan. "We have been struggling since days to get through the vines and bushes. I am tired, my bones are aching. This plain road will be soothing for me."

That sounded reasonable to the Talema, and so they went on, following the stony path. Soon it started to move upwards, towards the mountain, and the trees and plants slowly disappeared. The path became broader as if it was trying to make room for itself and not even a piece of grass grew on it. The forest slipped away, as if it was a silk cloth, and rocks lay like naked corpses on the road-sides. They traveled many days and many nights, so that the days and nights stopped following each other and melted away completely. It seemed to the Talema as if time had become one single day, which didn't get darker, but brighter. The light exhausted the Talema, but it didn't seem to affect Gaerkomkan negatively, if not positively. He asked very rarely to rest, and walked before him, leading the way as if he knew where he was going.

“There is only one way, isn’t there, my fellow traveler?” he would say when the Talema asked. “Now move quickly, before it gets dark.”

But it didn’t get dark.

The Talema didn’t like the way Gaerkomkan mocked him. Suspicion in him, that Gaerkomkan knew the Nightless Lands better than he claimed to know, grew bigger. As they traveled without rest or sleep, the Talema often thought about killing Gaerkomkan. He had not got a good night’s dream for some time.

When they arrived at the top of the mountain, even the mild breeze, that should’ve been a tempest at that height, died. There was no meadow and not a sign of snow. There was no sun in sight -for the sun makes the night possible- but something else that was the source of the light. There was a thick feeling the Talema sensed. He could not see why this place should give someone wisdom.

“This isn’t the place where I can find my name,” the Talema said flatly.

“No, come,” Gaerkomkan said pulling the Talema from his sleeve towards the peak, where the light shone brightest.

“Let go!” the Talema said angrily, unloosing his arm.

Just then he saw a rusty dagger in Gaerkomkan’s hand which was not holding him. Gaerkomkan growled and simultaneously lunged at the Talema. In a flutter, the Talema had unsheathed his knife, and threw himself on Gaerkomkan. Gaerkomkan missed, cutting the Talema below his armpit, and the Talema stabbed Gaerkomkan somewhere soft -he couldn’t see. They fell, rolling downwards, from the side of the cliff.

The fall was long. The Talema lost his consciousness halfway, and found it again in a dream. He was in a cave. The walls of the cave were covered with the thick ores of gemstones, reflecting the little light that entered the cave in a variety of colors. He walked through the cave, touching them, shades of red, blue and yellow reflected on his face.

He woke up in the cave. It was dark, cool, and, the Talema realized, he was lying comfortably on moss. It was a very big cave and a little underground river flowed peacefully a little ahead. Gaerkomkan was nowhere to be seen.

The Talema washed his face and drank some water, and went to explore the cave. Snakelike tunnels stretched out through it. He took a turn, and went through a hall and saw strains of ores reaching out of the walls, just like he saw in his dream. The dim light gave him a soothing feeling and the cave a sense of belonging. He looked at an ore of brilliant, and saw his own reflection in it.

“That’s it,” he said, “that is my name. Rekâr. The Ore.”

It felt right. He had found what he looked for. It was time to leave the cave.

And so Rekâr, having found his new name, broke out to the world and went wherever his travels led him.



NOTHING IS SOMETHING by Sema Yazgan

This is the story of two friends whom we knew as Something and Nothing. Something was everywhere while Nothing was nowhere, yet they were always seen together until one day Nothing got lost. At first no one noticed that he was lost. Someday, Something was walking happily in the Secret Garden, with her golden locks surrounding her heart-shaped face. Then suddenly she saw Hansel and Gretel, sitting in front of the House Made of Ginger Bread.

“Greetings!” she said.

Gretel said to her brother “Look! There is Something.”

“She really is something,” said Hansel. Then he asked Something, “Where is Nothing?”

“He’s here, look, just next to me. No, he’s behind me. No he’s not here. He’s not here! Where is he? Ah! Nothing is gone!”

The children started laughing, making fun of Something.

“You lost Nothing, Something? That’s really funny.”

“I need to find him before night-time. I don’t know why, but it has to be before night-time. But I don’t know where to look. Can you children tell me where to look?”

“All we know is that you should really leave now,” answered the children. “Otherwise the Witch will get you and eat you.”

“Oh come on, witches don’t eat something like me,” protested Something.

“Witches eat everything!”

“Oh! I’m wasting time here, I’ll start looking for Nothing.”

She left, not knowing where to go. She started looking at every inch of the land and behind each tree one by one, in the Secret Garden. Nothing was nowhere! Soon she realized that she needed help in finding him, so she started asking whoever she came across about him. But no one other than her seemed to care about Nothing. First she saw the Prince with the White Horse.

“Greetings, Prince with the White Horse! I am looking for Nothing, have you seen him lately?”

“Oh my lady! I haven’t seen anything other than your lovely being lately. Would you be my princess and live with me happily ever after in my father’s kingdom?”

“No! No sir, I just want to find Nothing.” She hurried away and saw the Musicians of Bremen. They

were singing a song.

“La la la what a shiny day this is.” They saw Something standing in front of them, looking at them. Then they continued. “What a lovely lady la la la is looking at us la la la.”

She clapped her hands, smilingly looking at them, and waiting for them to take a breath, so that she could ask about Nothing. Then she asked.

“In a pretty day la la la like this” they answered with a song, “No one cares about nothing, let’s la la la think about something! La and la la.”

She was desperate, losing her nerve. Then she went back to the starting point: where she first lost him. Oh what was going on with the house made of ginger bread? It had collapsed, the sugary parts had melted! And the Witch was sitting in the yard alone, looking really pissed off.

“Curse the heavens! Curse the heavens! Hansel and Gretel disappeared, there is no prince in the basement that I can turn into a frog! The house is melting down! What am I gonna do now? Oh there a pretty girl comes, maybe i can do something with her! Let’s see, let’s see.”

“Greetings, Mistress Witch!”

“Hey pretty something, you look particularly lovely on this nice day. Would you like to have a red apple? I got a lot of them here, you should have one. Hehehe you should have one really!”

“No, thank you. Well I was looking for my friend actually, have you seen him? He is Nothing!”

“Nothing is lost? So it’s all his fault! My lovely breakfast Hansel and yummy dinner Gretel’s disappearance! The prince’s missing! The house! That wretched little brat! It is all his fault! Curse him!”

Something started to be scared of the Witch’s anger, and stepped back slowly. Suddenly she realized that the tales were vanishing with the loss of Nothing. This was a great shock, she had to do something and she had to do it really quickly. She left the Secret Garden, and started to look for Nothing in other places; actually she was looking everywhere she could, a worthless effort. No one knew anything about him, no one had seen him lately. She never gave up, but she started to lose her belief in finding him. Without Nothing, Something was nothing!

Something was getting weak, and becoming pale, as the tales were vanishing, she knew that there was no time. But besides all, she missed him!

She was exploring around, expecting nothing, then she saw Cinderella; there was something wrong with her. She looked so... umm... unusual! She was smoking! Gods, she was smoking! Something approached her slowly, not knowing what to say. In a small voice she then asked:

“Greetings, dear! Is everything all right?”

“Well I don’t know, I think so.”

“Look, have you seen Nothing?”

“No I haven’t. Have you seen my rats and cats and doves and pumpkins?”

“No, I am afraid I haven’t,” said Something,

sadly. She went away, but Cinderella stopped her.

“You know what? That crazy egg might know where your friend is. Oh, I am forgetting names these days.”

“Humpty Dumpty?”

“You know, he sits on that weird wall and watches everywhere and sees everyone.”

“Right, right. Thank you very much. Cinderella.”

She went to find the wall where Humpty Dumpty sat. He looked moody, but this didn’t stop her.

“Greetings, Mr. Dumpty! I’m looking for my friend. People say that you might have seen him.”

“Mr. Dumpty? I like that. Yeah, people should call me Mr. Dumpty.”

“My friend is missing, sir. Have you seen him by any chance?”

“Sir also works. I liked it, I liked it.”

“Please tell me where I should look.”

“You know what? I feel sleepy.”

“You can’t sleep until u tell me where he is!”

“Girl, I can do whatever I want. I am the egg.”

“Sir, please, you are my only chance!”

“Well, well, well... Let me think... Have you looked in A Land Far Far Away? I hate that place, people there are all nosy. They want me to die!”

“Listen to me, if I don’t find Nothing, you are gonna die anyway. We all gonna die for sure. He’s not in A Land Far Far Away. I looked at Secret Garden too. I looked everywhere!”

“You looked everywhere?”

“Yes. I looked everywhere.”

“You looked everywhere to find Nothing? You stupid girl, you should look for Nothing in Neverwhere!”

“Oh, I should’ve known this! Of course! Neverwhere!”

“I feel sick, I can’t feel my ass. Do you think I may fall?”

And then:

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall

All the king’s horses

And all the king’s men

Couldn’t put Humpty together again

Something headed to Neverwhere, but she didn’t know where the place was. So she went back to the Secret Garden to find the Witch. She was also looking weird, her warts were disappearing and she was grumbling to herself:

“Curse the heavens! Curse the gods! I am turning into a pretty princess!”

“I need your help, Mistress Witch! I have to find where Neverwhere is.”

“Why should I help you? Don’t you think I have enough trouble. My broom is broken, my house is gone! I am turning into a damned princess!”

“I know, I know! But believe me it’s gonna get worse. You got to help me! Trust me, everything is gonna be alright when I find Nothing.”

“Okay I will help you, but you should have one

apple, please, I am desperate, and besides witches don't help anyone without getting something in return."

"Fine then, I'll take the apple. Now tell me, how do I get Neverwhere?"

"Go to the Woods, find the Bad Wolf, he shall help you. Now leave! No one shall see me like this!"

Something left the Witch crying and rushed to the Woods. There were fewer trees than she remembered, no bunnies around, no birds singing. The Wolf was slim, hungry and upset. He was weeping for *his* Little Red Riding Hood.

"O my sweet little tomato, how I miss you so, please come back to me, so that I can feast on thee." Then he saw Something and thought, "Okay, she doesn't have that red hood, but she looks tasty."

Something rushed towards him, fearlessly and asked: "Show me the way to Neverwhere!"

"What is the hurry? Look, there are some beautiful flowers you can pick fit for a lovely lady such as you."

"You surely know how to approach a woman, but it's not the time."

"Then I eat you!"

"If you eat me now, I will be your last meal. But if you show me the way to Neverwhere, your Little Red Riding Hood will come to you again!"

"Are you sure? Really? I am so lonely without her. You know, it's not only about eating. I can eat anything."

"I know, my friend. Now please show me the way."

The Wolf agreed and they travelled the west until they reached Neverwhere. Nothing was sitting at the edge of the land, pointing to the sunset. He heard their footsteps, but didn't turn his head. He didn't move at all. He just said: "I thought you'd be late, too late. But there still is time, it isn't night-time yet. Children can still hear tales before sleeping."

She sat beside him, and told him that it was okay, and that she missed him and needed him, and that the tales and everyone in them needed him. Then the Wolf showed them the way back to the Land of Tales. They lived well, and we lived even better.



GUILTINESS OF AN INNOCENT SOUL by Aslıhan Alptekin

The night was as dark as the underground and the weather was chilly. It was as if the wind was capturing my whole soul and it was bewitching me in a sense. I was walking down the street when I heard a creepy voice. I thought it was the sound of the bewitched wind, I decided to walk towards the voice but I didn't know where it came from. I was in the underground and it was as if somebody came to rescue but the voice was like the sound of a wolf. It was smooth but very deep inside like it found a dead body or something. The weather was cold as if my soul was freezing instead of my body. It was cold as a corpse.

I heard a whistle from far away. An old man came from the fog mysteriously. He was staggering and he was talking to himself in a very confusing way. That was the man I saw at the grocery market yesterday. He came near me and said "You know I'm a detective and I'm here to find about your crime." I was bewildered by what he said, I thought he was out of his mind when he pulled a bloody handkerchief from my pocket. I was shocked and didn't know what to do, it must be hallucination or something like that he might even be an illusionist who wanted to deceive me and give me pain. He smelled the handkerchief and gave a sadistic laugh. I didn't know what to do, I could run away and ignore him but his eyes were shining like there was no escape from him. He said "You can talk to me and tell me how you commit the crime." I didn't know what he was talking about and I said "Sir, you must have mistaken me for someone else. I didn't commit a crime." The old man looked at me with his bright icy eyes. It was like his blue eyes turned into ice after the madness.

"You don't know anything my dear child. I was following you yesterday, you seemed to be ignorant about that but you knew that I was there" he said. I wanted to scream and yell at him and to say that there was nothing like crime in my life. I started to walk fast but he was near me when I stopped to take a breath. I thought this old man was something like a nightmare. I wanted to know whether he was real or not so I put my hand on his shoulder? You don't believe that I do exist dear do you? he said. I was confused and didn't say anything. "You have a photograph in the newspaper today." The wild killer hunted a young girl." It was saying in the paper. I said "Sir can you show me the photograph?" He took out a newspaper from his bag and showed the Picture. My head was dizzy when I saw it. It was the Picture of me! How could it be? I didn't understand anything and I said "I think there should be a mistake here." The old man disappeared suddenly and I was thankful that he vanished. I started to walk to my house but I couldn't stop thinking about the Picture. I read all the newspaper today but I haven't seen the Picture. I wanted to drink something so I could just forget all about this nonsense. There was odd looking people in the bar. As soon as I

entered the bar, all the heads turned to me. The people were looking at me and their looks were so deep that they were like bullets to my head. I sat at the bar and ordered a whiskey. The man at the bar came to me and said: "Oh my! Man, this is the man who killed several people." I couldn't breathe for a minute. People started to walk away from me and they left their drinks. Barman came to me with his one leg cut off. "Oh God I was lucky to run away from you, how could you be so professional about killing people ha? You kill them and you wander around like you didn't do anything. Dude, you got to end this or you will end up in prison for your whole life." I said: "What are you talking about buddy? I wasn't even here and this is the first time I say you how could I chop your leg off or try to kill you heh?" He came close to me and took out a knife. "Don't worry buddy we're on the same boat, don't you remember our room with the crime photographs?" The bar started to seem like a morgue, there was no whiskey in the bottle, but there was blood. There was a horrible smell like a dead animal and he just hung the deer in the bar with blood drilling on it. I couldn't understand how I didn't notice these things when I came in. The bar seemed like a film set but the barman was so real I could even smell his horrible breath like he ate raw meat. I didn't know what to do, all these seemed so unreal that I thought for a moment I might not be a real person. I took a deep breath, I wasn't the person they were looking for that was certain but who was this man who has the same appearance? Yesterday I went to Office and didn't know what they were talking about. I called my daughter and she didn't speak in a weird voice, she asked if I will bring her a new toy. It was as if she was the only person who knew the truth that I'm no criminal. God! You know that I'm innocent and I'm no criminal but what are these people talking about corpses, blood that I knew nothing of? Barman came and showed the room, it was all red all the four walls. The room was nearly dark and it was so hard to see. Barman lit a match and opened his eyes wider. "Come look at our memories": he showed me pictures of him and me and some dead people, chopped heads, arms, legs. Some of them were tortured to death, I couldn't open my eyes and look at them. My stomach wasn't very good and I started to vomit. "Hey buddy this is our special room look what a mess you did now" the barman said. I said I wanted to go home and he looked at me meaninglessly. Oh my God! Sacred Jesus save me from all these evils these people were talking about! I don't even chop a tomato how can I chop other people's legs, arms, heads? I was running so fast that I was out of breath. I kept thinking about what the old man and the barman said, but all these were nonsense, my daughter knew that I was no killer. Maybe it was some kind of joke that they played on me. I came to home and looked for my wife. She was in the kitchen drinking a cup of coffee. "Where have you been she said, don't come near me, I found your horrible room in the house where you put the skeleton of the people you killed ,oh God oh God!!! I'm married to a psycho!!" I didn't know what she was talking about and looked at the room she pointed.

And there... there were skeletons everywhere some knives and saw... I didn't know what to do but I said "Dear you don't think that I did such things do you? You know I can't even kill an insect you know that. Please say something... Maybe somebody played a trick on us darling heh? You know I was in the Office yesterday and the day before and the days before that... You know I can't even see blood you know I feel like I'm going to faint. Didn't you remember when your uncle died in a car accident, I fainted when we look at him in the hospital." She looked me in the eyes with tears in her eyes and she was horrified. She said "Don't come near to me or I'll call the police!!" There was no use telling her the facts she believed in illusions instead of me. I went outside and she slammed the door behind me. I started to think in a very slow manner "how could I be a murderer? How could this be? Can all this be true?" I said to myself. I was so tired that I sat on the floor and went to sleep in the cold night air. I opened my eyes with the sun in my eyes. The weather was so nice that I thought I could take a long walk and forget about all of the nonsensical things happened yesterday. I took a deep breath and the air smelled sweet flowers. There was no old man, no fog, no dead bodies... I started walking and I saw a man on a bicycle. I smiled at him and he smiled back at me, it was like there was a new life for me. I was no murderer everybody understood that fact. Suddenly I picked a knife that was on my pocket and my hand was acting independently. I was shocked when I stabbed the man on the bicycle once twice three times, I was shouting for help but I couldn't stop my hand either. I killed the man! I didn't want to and I'm so afraid of the killer inside me... Am I a murderer? No I'm not I'm not... I looked at the blood and fainted. I was a killer who fainted when he saw blood...



Again it is raining like every ordinary day in London. If you look outside at Bromley, lots of people running or trying to drink their coffees when they are walking to arrive their jobs quickly. Like in every country, people want to read news about world in mornings. At Bromley some bookshops sell newspapers and some of them do not. Penny's dad has to sell newspapers to earn money because his bookshop's place is secluded and the only chance to earn money is to sell newspapers in morning. On that Monday, Salvatore had to wake Penny up, because she had dance training at dance club. Every early morning, Salvatore tries to arrive his bookshop early to get newspapers on to the shop's shelves. He had forgotten to wake his daughter up and he ran away from home.

When she was ten years old, she had lost her mother. This means that, Penny knows loneliness very well. Like in every country, fathers are far away from their home at least ten hours a day. However when it comes to Penny's father, he is at least twelve hours away from home every day. Penny had learnt lots of things when she was alone at home. She looked after herself and she cleaned everywhere in the house like maids, and she cooked lots of food for herself and for Mr. Salvatore Prowl. On the other hand, her only weak point is "waking up". Now she is nineteen years old but still she can't wake up by herself. Because of that, she always warns her father to wake her up in morning but Mr. Salvatore always forgets it.

At London, Penny has friends but those always wonder around or participate expensive activities. In addition, she couldn't make successful communication with them. Thus she can't share her problems with others or she can't get help...

Let's think about that morning. If only Penny had a close friend, he/she could help her about waking up and make her catch training. What a pity... She missed out that training and she opened her eyes at 1pm. When Penny woke up, she looked around and she tried to see her father but she thought that it was too early for her father. She went to the bathroom and took a shower. When she got back her room she saw the clock. Penny said only the following sentence, "Dad, you make me crazy, it was the most important training ever."

She called her father and shouted to the telephone. But it could not save her missed training... Penny is an ambitious girl. This property comes from her mother. Jennifer had good career and she grew Penny when she was working at a company. Jennifer promoted to directorate because of her ambitions. She wanted to earn lots of money and at the same time she wanted a girl baby from his lover, Salvatore. But life is so cruel... At spring, Jennifer died because of general paresis.

After Penny called her father, she put on her training clothes. She has hope about her trainer will forgive her and she will learn new figures about dance competition. In London, transportation is perfect, because of this, Penny arrived training area which is at Bromley Dance Center. Henry Lupen is her trainer. He is not a nervous person but because of discipline he has to be a strict personality and enforce strict rules to the dance team. When Mr. Lupen saw Penny at the training area, Penny was feared because she thinks that Mr. Lupen will become angry. At the training area there are 29 people whose are trying to prepare themselves to the dance championship. At that crowd, Penny saw Jack. Jack is her dance partner, and they were working hard for this championship together. Instead of Mr. Lupen, Jack became angry about Penny. When he saw Penny, he started to shout and ran away from the training area.

After this situation, Penny talked with Mr. Lupen and left that place. When she was walking to the underground, she thought about Jack and his behaviour. Penny thought that she had to apologize to Jack...

At 9:30pm. Mr. Prowl comes home. He prepares some food for himself and for Penny. At that time, Penny is relaxing at her bedroom and she is listening music with high volume. Salvatore forgot about Penny's training disaster, which was happened because of him. He called Penny to the table for having dinner together. His daughter serves spaghetti and beefsteak to the plates and they start having dinner. Penny is not peaceful because of Jack's behaviour. She wants to explain this incident to her father. She tells her father that she likes Jack so much as friend and they worked hard together for championship he wants support from her father to clear up this incident. Mr. Salvatore remembered a situation from his teenage years. Jennifer and Salvatore created a presentation about graduation ceremony. They had practice so many times with their friends. But before ceremony, Salvatore was late to the ceremonial hall and Jennifer became crazy because of him. After the ceremony, at least two weeks Jennifer didn't talk with him. This memory explains that girls and men or homosexual people can argue sometimes because of their job. Salvatore told this memory to his daughter than Penny become jollier. She thinks that Jack will forgive her and their exercises are not going to be useless.

When Penny talks with her father, her nose starts bleeding. When Salvatore saw this situation, he starts cleaning Penny's nose. This incident isn't ordinary thing but they don't care about this little and simple illness. At that night Penny's mood becomes more peaceful than morning and she slept with cheerful dreams.

When Penny was seven years old, she joined ballet school thanks to her mother. When her ballet teacher saw Penny, she really liked this pretty little princess. Five years Penny learnt dancing at this ballet school and then she wanted to learn different styles about dance. Her mother, Jennifer was glad with her child because Penny could dance better than other children. Jennifer when arrived at home from work, she opened the music and danced with Penny. One hour later after Jennifer, Salvatore came home and they danced together. This little memory explains that, our little pretty princess is good dancer because of her talent and her family exactly because of her mother. At 6 am. Salvatore wakes up every day and he runs to his bookshop to collect the newspapers. And again that morning, Penny wakes up alone. She is excited. Today she is going to have her last training after championship. She thinks that she has to be perfect at training. This championship has importance for dancer's career. If a group of dancers win this competition, that group's members will have good career opportunities in future. But in this championship awarding will not be limited to a group. At this competition personal achievements are going to be awarded as well. Actually Penny wants a personal award. She thinks that it's her duty for her mother. At 2pm dancing training starts. Penny is cheerful and rattling. Jack and her dance together like a daydream and Mr Henry watches them more carefully than other dancers. This dance type is called tango and harmony is important for couples. Jack and Penny lives harmony perfectly. When they are dancing, unexpectedly Penny falls onto the floor and her nose starts bleeding. Other dancers, Jack and Mr. Henry come close to Penny. She can't understand that situation and Penny knows that she doesn't have any illness. Mr. Henry Lupen cleans her nose and says "You can go home, take it easy." Penny agrees but she is disappointed. She changes her clothes than she goes to home. At that night she is thinking about things that happened. Then she tells

this bad story to Mr. Henry. Penny's dad becomes sad. Henry opens telephone to the hospital and he makes an appointment from their family's doctor.

At the morning Mr. Salvadore wakes up and her starts to prepare something to eat for himself and for his child Penny. Mr. Salvadore again forgot to wake Penny up. But if he had visited Penny's bedroom, he would see that Penny hasn't already slept. They eat something together than Mr. Salvadore goes to the hospital with Penny.

Hospitals have same spirit at everywhere. Same smell and same faces.. It does not change in any country. Mr. Salvadore and Penny remembered a memory about this hospital. Many years ago they came to this hospital twice a day because of Jennifer. We can say that Prowl family's half year passed at this hospital. Mr.Prowl thinks about those poor days every day, but he doesn't reflect his emotions to his daughter. However he doesn't know that Penny always thinks about her mother's bad days. They go to the reception and tell to the officer that they had appointment. The officer directs them to the doctor. When Penny enters doctor's office she feels so bad and she feels nervous. She has to join a championship but where this disease came from?

When Penny is thinking about those things, doctor enters in his office and he shakes Penny's and Mr. Salvadore's hands. He asks Penny's problem than he examines Penny. But he can't understand what the problem about this little pretty girl is. He wants some tests. Penny becomes more frightened but what does she can do? They get Penny's test results and again they go to the doctor's office. Doctor looks those results which are reflecting Penny's illness. But there is a problem. Doctor's face become terrible. He looked at Penny than he started to talk. Penny has leprosy. But every people know that Leprosy disease vanished in 1950's. When doctor said that, Penny becomes crazy and she starts shouting. Because she is frightened. She thinks that -and it's really true- championship is going to be a dream for her, because of her illness. Doctor said that they have to analyse Penny's illness and it is going to be really interesting science analyse. But doctor warns Penny's father about her daily life and his daily life. She has to be in hospital and Mr. Salvadore has to collect money for Penny's cure. Mr. Salvadore becomes upset. He looks at Penny's face and he hears her scared voice. What is he going to do? How is he going to collect money for his daughter's treatment? He walks to home with Penny, thinking about all of the possibilities.

When they arrive home, Penny starts crying and hugging Mr. Salvadore. They collect Penny's suitcase. Penny takes her old dancing pictures with her and they lock the door. Bad journey is starting. But nobody is ready for this journey, especially Penny.

The Priory hospital is the place where Penny is going to be treated. Mr. Salvadore and Penny come to the hospital and Mr. Salvadore goes to the reception because he has to check Penny in the hospital. After Mr.Prowl checks his daughter in they go their room. Penny hasn't got any emotion because she can't believe this situation. She is only thinking about the championship. When events developed, doctor enters into his patient's room. He looks Penny carefully. He researches his patient's body and specially her hands and her legs. Because "Lepra" is the illness which is like narcoanesthesia. If you have leprosy, mostly you can't feel your legs or hands like before. Doctor touches her legs and hands and he asks Penny that "Can you feel my hands?" When doctor touch her right hand she can't feel it. When she said her doctor "No, I can't feel your hand," she starts crying. Mr. Salvadore becomes more upset because of his daughter's sorrow. Doctor

asks last question for Penny and Mr. Salvadore because he saw that she can't resist these inspections. Doctor asks Penny that "Is your nose bleeding?" Penny remembered dinner which her father and she were eating together and her nose was bleeding and she remembered the training where she fell on the floor and her nose again started bleeding. She tells these events to her doctor and doctor said that you have to relax and you can sleep until your father come to your room. And he calls Penny's father out of the room.

Mr. Salvadore is angry because of himself. Why is he can't guess this problem before? He thinks that he is guilty. When his daughter's nose bleeding he have to analyse this problem but he did not do that and he thought it was an ordinary problem. Now doctor wants to talk with Mr. Salvadore about Penny's desperate illness. Doctor starts with following sentences "Mr. Salvadore last night I told this situation to my colleagues and they became frightened. Because this illness vanished many years ago and we can't understand that how did she get this illness? Now you have to know that she is not desperate, there is treatment for lepra. But I have to tell you the cost of her treatment's which is important for you. We think that she has to live at this hospital at least three months. And it's not cheap for you. You can have an idea about cost from reception. But I have to tell you that she is not going to walk around and she is not going to be tired. Her nose is going to bleed because of lepra's development. You have to support her and we hope that she will be healthy. Then, you can go to her room."

Salvadore can't believe this situation. How will he find the money and the most important question is how will his daughter become healthy? He goes to her room and he talks with his daughter, Penny asks her father that "Am I going to join championship with Jack?" Salvadore become silent, than he can't say anything to his daughter. Penny wants to sleep and Mr. Salvadore lets her to do that.

He goes to the outside and he starts thinking. Yes, championship is important for his daughter. But firstly she has to be healthy. Mr. Salvadore can't stand lost her daughter like his wife. He decides that he have to go to the gym and he have to talk with her trainer and her friends.

He leaves the hospital and Mr. Salvadore goes to her daughter's training place. Mr.Henry is sitting in his office and he is listening the music and reading something. Mr. Salvadore enters his office. Salvadore says "Hi Mr .Henry Lupen, can we talk about a terrible thing that happened to Penny?" Mr. Henry agrees and they start talk about trainings and dancers performance. Than Mr. Salvadore tells Mr. Lupen that Penny is ill and this illness is serious. She loves dancing more than everything but her illness doesn't let her to dance and to join this competition. Mr. Henry becomes angry but when he saw Penny's father's face and behaviour he becomes upset. He asks her illness type but Mr. Salvadore doesn't tell him her illness called lepra. Because he doesn't want people gossiping about her illness. If other people learned that Penny was lepra, this would be a part of people's chit-chat and nobody would love Penny like before.

Mr. Henry says that, Mr.Salvador have to tell this situation to Jack. Because they worked hard together and they are really ambitious about this championship. When Jack is going to learn this, He will become crazy. They were good couples. Trainer doesn't say that anytime but he knows that if Penny and Jack join this competition, one of them will win individual award or they together win group dancing award. He was hopeful about it but now this is pointless. At that moment Jack is entering in to the gym. Mr. Salvadore runs in front of him than he tells what's happened to his daughter. Jack is

surprised and he doesn't know what is he going to say to Penny's father. First of all, Jack starts imagine their trainings and their arguments about dancing. Tango is so difficult dance type but Penny and he become good, successful couples in their dancing team. Like Mr. Henry, Jack thinks that Penny and he will win individual award at the championship. But now he knows that, all of nothing they worked together because of dancing championship. But now Mr. Salvadore looks Jack's face and he is waiting a reaction from Jack. But Jack doesn't know what to do or what to say. Yes he is upset but basically he is angry because of Penny. But everybody knows that it's not Penny's mistake. Jack says to Mr. Salvadore that "I'm sorry to hear what happened to Penny, and I will come to hospital with you. Maybe my visit will make her happier." Mr. Salvadore can't believe Jack's reaction and he lets Jack to come with him to the hospital. Mr. Salvadore said goodbye to Mr. Henry and they take a cab and they go to the Priory Hospital together.

When Jack and Mr. Salvadore come up to the door, Penny's voice coming out, and obviously Penny is crying with load sound. Jack enters the room and he hugs Penny. But Penny becomes bewildered and she says only "Hello Jack!". Yes, Jack was true, Penny is happy now but she wondering that is he going to become crazy because of she is ill and she won't join championship with him. Mr. Salvadore goes outside and leave them alone, because he knows that they will talk together so long. Jack touches Penny's hand but she can't feel it because of lepra. But she sees it and she becomes happy. Jack says to her that "Yes, again you make me crazy. but now you didn't wake up late or you didn't miss training. You are ill Penny. And we know that you won't join championship. I know that it makes you upset more than before but you health is important more than anything". Penny thinks that those sentences are formality and he doesn't think like that. But what can she do? Nothing. But she is wondering one question's answer and she asks that question to Jack. "Are you going to join this competition with another girl?" Jack doesn't think about it and he says to her "I don't know, it may be". At that moment doctor enters the room and says that "medicine time please leave this room" Jack says goodbye to his friend and he leaves the hospital thinking that what is he going to do?

Three weeks passed and Penny's illness became more serious. But she can't see her father and she is wondering this situation's reason. Mr. Salvadore working hard every time but now he has to work harder than ever. Hospital isn't cheap and because of his daughter's treatment cost he has to work harder. That's why Penny can't see her father frequently.

When she is awake she wants to learn something about lepra. She opens her lap top and connects to the internet. She starts to read old news about lepra and she sees humans whose are contract leprosy. Their pictures are terrible and she is afraid. But there is nothing to do. At that moment a flower-seller enters the Penny's room and he says that "You have flower posy from dancing team" But she says nothing. Flower-seller puts the posy at the table and he goes out with saying goodbye. She is not happy or she is not wondering how is flower posy smell. When she saw pictures of humans which are contract leprosy, she really knows that she'll become like them. That's why she is upset. But she sees a card in the flower posy. She stands up and takes that card. She starts crying. Because it's the invitation of championship. And it's tomorrow. Obviously her friends don't know that she can't go out. She tells this situation to her father and he becomes more upset because of his daughter.

At the morning when Penny wakes up her room was

empty. Mr. Salvadore is at work again and she is alone with doctors and nurses. She sees that her breakfast is in front of the bed. She eats something and she knows that today is a big day. Or it was big day for her because of championship. She really wants to go that competition and she wants to watch her friends instead of dancing with them. But it's not possible for her. But it doesn't have any importance for her. She is going to die and these days are last days of her. She wears her dancing dress. Her father doesn't know that she takes with her dancing dress. And she wears long jacket and now her dress doesn't appear to others. She opens her room's door and runs fire escape. No-body can see her right now. She goes downstairs from fire escape and she starts run away from hospital to the competition area.

At the entry there is a boy who collects tickets from guests. Penny doesn't recognize this guy. But it's Jack and he recognize Penny from her dress. But Penny has terrible face and terrible wounds in her body. Jack doesn't say anything to her and she goes to the hall and she sits. Jack knows that it's not true and he has to call Penny's father. But competition will start a few minutes later. Jack starts searching Mr. Salvadore's phone number and he finds it! He calls Mr. Salvadore and he says that "Mr. Salvadore, I don't know how she did that but Penny is at the competition hall!" Mr. Salvadore can't believe his daughter and he runs away from his bookshop and goes to the competition area.

First dancers take to the stage and they start dancing. Penny is feeling terrible, she is so upset and she crying softly. She has heart-throb and she is watching competition carefully. A few groups later her dancing team take an area at the stage and they start dancing perfectly. But Jack is not there. She becomes happy but it's bad thing about Jack. He didn't find any girl for dancing because time is over and he decided not join this competition.

Penny feels bad more than before and her nose starts bleeding. She doesn't know what to do. But her heart-throb becomes more powerful and she can't breathe easily. Mr. Salvadore comes to the dancing competition area and he is searching his daughter at the crowded place. He sees that Penny's friends are dancing and he sees a girl in the crowded area who is crying and touching her breast. Yes! That girl has to be Penny but what's that? She wears dancing clothes. Mr. Salvadore can't believe his eyes but he starts run front of his daughter. Penny is crying and coughing. She stands up and looks the stage. Then she loses her feelings and she faints. Her father sees that Penny is falling down he shouts and runs to Penny. He embraces his daughter and now he is crying because of Penny. At the stage, dancers stopped and watched the situation. Jack and Mr. Henry come near from Penny and they help Mr. Salvadore about carrying Penny. They call hospital and they start waiting ambulance. Penny's friends are frightened and they wonder about what is going to be? Championship paused because of an audience became ill and that audience's friends are dancers. This time dancers can't concentrate to the championship very well.

Ambulance comes and doctors take Penny on it. Her father, nurses and doctors are in the ambulance. When they become close to the hospital Penny's heart becomes slow more than before and nurses trying the solve problem from Penny's heart. But they become unsuccessful. Penny died at the ambulance. Mr. Salvadore sees a car at the back of the ambulance and at that car there are Penny's friends and trainer. He starts crying and they come to the hospital. Nurses, doctors and of course Mr. Salvadore are upset. When they get off from the ambulance Mr. Salvadore sees Penny's dead body and her

friends. When Jack, Mr. Henry and other people see this situation everybody start crying and shouting together.

Mr. Salvadore remembers Jennifer. His daughter died same area with his wife. Yes, Penny has dreams but because of genetic weakness she died. Her destiny is like her mother. And loneliness is the destiny of Mr. Salvadore.



SUNSHINE by Gamze Özpıncı

She was sick of getting at 06:00 a.m. every morning. If only, she was rich. If only, she did not work for a little money of bread every summer and every winter. If only she did not have to come from a continent to other continent.

When she grumbles her common breach of her life, she got up. She washed her hands and her face and wore her only suit that is worn-out. She looked the mirror when she was combing her hair. She thinks her eyes that are big and ebony gone out gleam of hope. Abruptly, she looked at the clock's reflection on mirror; she may miss the bus because she has only five minutes for that bus. She takes her bag and wears her shoes quickly and she left home. As usual, same people lined up at stop. She thought, if only she had a red car. Eventually, the bus comes and the bus was creamed with the people after again carry on travelling.

As usual, an old woman who has a blonde hair, wears glasses and had a long nose is here. Additionally, the girl who listens to her every day is here. She has curly brown hair; blue eyes and a darling dimple on her left cheek. Every day, Ela overheard these two women. Actually, Ela likes this travels with them. Because, the blonde woman is very cheerful and tells a lot of punches every day. Naturally, Ela feels isolated from the world. She finds free from her dissatisfactions, her rebellions and bad thinking. After she does something that is not often recurring for her, she smiles.

Ela works at a publishing house as a general secretary. She lost beloved one the most valuable in the world; her mum. Then, she was depressed a long time. When Ela understand this life cannot carry on vegetating. She must work and earn money. When she understands reality she felt deeply inside and could not express her sadness. She floundered for find a job, but this is very difficult at this serious slump. At length, she saw an ad in a newspaper, secretary wanted for publishing house, but it is in Kadıköy, however her home is in Fatih. She knows difficulties travelling with steamship every morning in winter; but there was no other choice to work. The woman that is blonde is telling a punch as everyday 'Temel and Dursun'*She is telling excitedly and also the girl is listening weary. When punch ends both of them is laughing cheerfully. Drip..Drip..Drip..Drops are hitting windows. Ela is rebelling

again. She got off the bus and began waiting steamship. She bought a simit** from a boy who sells simit and as usual she paid two simit prices. The boy did not want to take money that he does not deserve; but Ela said to him this money is not extra, it is a pocket money as money that an elder sister gives her brother. Ela loves this boy called 'Ali'. Because he is very brave although his age. At last, steamship docked. When Ela is looking at sea she thinks, it is very unbelievable and very different banner then, she looks sky and she thinks, it is bigger than sea and who knows? It shelters how millions Ela in itself. Because of this Ela quailed.

That day, she entered four-table office filled with cigarette smoke. Already, there are lots of files on her table. She set down and began to working. Again and again she complained: What is this? Ha! Is there any life such this terrible life-her life? Every day doing same things, seeing same faces, going in the same line that from a continent to other continent... Sometimes she cannot believe herself. Everybody die one day and him or her relatives and friends will be sad, but he/she off to the world is absurd. She kept mourning and she lives with memory of her mum; then why she cannot to be social? , why she do not care of herself? , why she stay silent to around? She can neither cry nor smile. However, Ali-that little simitçi***-has a big joy of life. Every morning; he hollers with his fine voice: "Simitt ..simitçii.. fresh simit." According to him says after selling simit he goes to school .Then, he goes to a free basketball course of council. When he is going to home he does his homework. He wants to be a doctor. When Ela looks Ali that is very intrepid, she has feeling of inferiority.

Lunch break was given. She took her bag and left the office very quickly. She hates cigarette. Its smoke almost smothers her. She passed the across the road and began to walking the sea. She bought a sandwich and a cup of tea from counter is corner. The rain had stopped. She set down a bank, but the bank was still wet. What was the importance of a jacket for ten years? Ela did not care anymore as of now. She skimmed the paper on sandwich and began to eating it. She is looking steamships on the sea. Suddenly, the sun and a rainbow with were appeared .When the wind is brandishing Ela's short hair, Ela is thinking that life is very short. So it mustn't monotony .There will be some exchanges such as colours of this rainbow in life. She decided to change over her life that time. Hereafter, she threw up .She do not have to get up early. She does not have to refresh a lot of files in that boring office, because she put away for her future. She is going to open a jewellery shop and envisage jewellery .She is going to rent a cosy shop. She will open her shop time that she designates. Nobody smokes cigarette in shop. Before there weren't any colours in Ela's life, but now there will be lots of colours in her shop.

She eagerly drank her tea and nearly came back to home with fist steamship. She felt full of vim. She clears her home up. She cooked some meals that she likes much. She ignites frank incense that is rose aroma and her mum likes very much. First time, she is very happy alone at a dinner.

Tomorrow will be a new day. It despite is not a Sunday Ela can get up late. She woke up happily. She had an excellent breakfast. Then she went to a real estate agent that is back two street. After strolling a few shop, she found a cosy shop has a pink sunblind at nice street in Taksim. Ela rented it.

After three days, Ela feels like in a dream. She cheerfully prepared breakfast. When she is having breakfast, something knotted in her throat. She discerned that she does not eat simit for a long time. Because of this, she does not see her little friend Ali for a long time. She is sad. She missed him. Today, she is going to Tahtakale for buying some materials for her

shop. So she will carry out her shop. She decided to see Ali at the same time. After breakfast, firstly she went to Eminönü. Ali was here there. She loves him as brother and she wants to run and hang on him. When Ali saw her, he feels very happy. He said to her where she did. Ela explained to him what had happened. Ali should visit her and see that cosy world. Ali must go to school now, but he promised to come over there tomorrow. Ela again bought a simit and paid prices of two and left there.

Tomorrow, Ali looked up Ela's shop. Everywhere of shop is colourful. Jade necklaces, sapphire rings and scarlet bracelets... All jewellery were dressed on small statues and were put in order on shelves. Ela ordered pizza for lunch. Ali and Ela had lunch together. When they were drinking juice, Ali asked her curiously why she gave this name for shop, "Sunshine" Ela's face collapsed in a moment of sadness. She began to explain. His father died before Ela was born. He was a very tender and good man. Unfortunately, Ela missed chance of knowing her father. His father always wrote poems. Ela's lovely mother kept these poems and gave to Ela as a memory of her father. Ela's favourite poem is 'sunshine.' Therefore; she gave this name for her new world. Ali must go to school. He apologised to Ela for said and promised for again visiting her. Ela smiled while seeing off him.

Ela got used to her new life and she was very happy. But a thing that disturbed Ela's mind -Where is Ali? - He did not come over to Ela for two week. She is going to see Ali because of the question that gnawed away Ela. That time, Ali has blow into the shop. There was a cold blue on his face. Ela quickly realised this situation. She served Ali a glass of juice and asked why he did not come over for a long time. Why he was sad and was there a problem about his family. Ali began to answering her questions. His father is very old and he cannot work. Her mother is very tired of working as a cleaner. They cannot get by on such a small income. They tired off Istanbul's stressed life. The best solution for them is going back their hometown. Because of this they are going to there tomorrow. As of now, Ali cannot see Ela, his class friends and cannot play the basketball team. He promised to Ela: "One day I will be a doctor and visit you." Ela destroyed .She is crying -first time for a long time. She loves him very much as a brother. May be milestone of life became his joy of life and he gave alteration light of her life .She is grateful to Ali. While she was waving hands, she was crying as she knows she cannot see Ali another time.

*Temel and Dursun: Turkish traditional characters of punches

**simit: Savory roll covered with sesame see

*** simitçi: Somebody who sell simit



Winning Contestants (in alphabetical order)

Aslıhan Alptekin

Aslıhan Alptekin was born in Istanbul on November 14, 1985. She is interested in writing in different genres, from psychological stories to horror stories. In 2002, she won 3rd place in a high school creative writing competition in Sarıyer, with a story titled, "The Doctor who is the Patient." She is also interested in acting, and acted in a play titled "Eight women" in 2002 with her high school theater club. She began her studies at Kadir Has University in 2003 in the Department of American Culture and Literature. She enjoys African American literature and in her last year of study for her undergraduate degree, she became interested in Shakespeare as well, writing an essay about Othello. As she says, "Writing is something that nourishes me."

K. Nora Malhasođlu

K. Nora Malhasođlu was born on April 9, 1992. She graduated from the Armenian Pangaltı Mihitaryan Primary School and then the Armenian Esayan High School. She attended Mimar Sinan State Conservatory for 1 year, and was a member of Armenian chorus and theatre clubs. In 2006, she received an essay-writing award from RTUK, the second person in Turkey to receive such an award. She is passionate about art, music and sports, and she has a KSSK swimming certificate. She is currently a full-scholarship economics student at Kadir Has University.

Gamze Özpırinçi

Gamze Özpırinçi was born in Adapazarı on May 29, 1990. She graduated from Darıca primary and secondary schools. She won an award for the general primary school exam and passed the SBS exam, securing a place at Gebze Anatolian High School. She was ranked 3000 for the Turkish university exam, and is currently studying law at Kadir Has University. Her hobbies are reading books, listening to music, swimming and playing tennis, in addition to writing stories and poems; one of her poems was a winner in a poetry competition.

Şirin Seitz

Şirin Seitz was born 1990 in Istanbul. She is currently studying American Culture and Literature at Kadir Has University. She has won the KHU ACL Best Research Paper award twice, first in 2008 and then in 2009. Her short stories, poems and essays have been published in the university Vajitus zine, which she edits. Her main interests are traveling, role-playing games and peanut butter.

Sema Yazgan

Sema Yazgan was born in Istanbul, in 1981 (yes, she knows what that means). She studied Psychology at Istanbul University (2005), and is currently pursuing her undergraduate degree in American Culture and Literature at Kadir Has University (it would appear she has eternal student syndrome). In 2008, she won the KHU ACL Best Short Paper Award. Her poems, short stories and essays have been published in the university Vajitus zine. She (apparently) likes writing, traveling (preferably alone), witches and cooking. She thinks her cooking skills are better than her writing skills. She also has a secret desire (now exposed) of drawing dresses for women.

Jury (in alphabetical order)

N. Buket Cengiz

Buket received her BA from the Istanbul University Faculty of Letters and her MA in American Culture and Literature from Kadir Has University. She has published columns and articles in various international and national journals including *The Middle East*, *Film International*, *Senses of Cinema*, the *Moving Arts Film Journal*, *Virgöl*, and *TimeOut Istanbul*. Her translations from English and Russian of works by such writers as Edward Said and John Berger and poets such as Konstantin Simonov and Yevgeny Yevtushenko have been published in a variety of journals and newspapers. Since 2003, Buket has been writing for the Sunday supplement of the newspaper *Radikal* (*Radikal 2*), and she has worked for Kadir Has University's Department of American Culture and Literature Department as well as the university's English Language Unit.

Nazlı Karaca

Nazlı Karaca completed her undergraduate degree in the Department of English Language and Literature at Bilkent University in 1999 and her MA in Mass Communications at University College of Kensington in London in 2002. In addition, she obtained her TEFL certification from the University of California in Irvine in 2005. She has worked for language schools for more than 5 years and has taught a varied group of students from high school to adult learners, and for purposes ranging from general English to academic certifications such as KPDS, TOEFL, IELTS and university preparatory proficiency examinations. She has been working at Kadir Has University as an English teacher, teaching academic English to undergraduate students, since 2009.

Mel Kenne

Mel Kenne has a B.A. and M.A. in English and Creative Writing from Sam Houston State University. He has taught at Lamar University, The University of Houston Downtown, The University of Texas, Austin Community College, and Koç University. He is now a lecturer in the Department of American Culture and Literature at Kadir Has University. Five collections of his poetry have been published, one of which, *South Wind*, won the 1984 Austin Book Award. His most recent collection, *Galata'dan / The View from Galata*, was published in 2010 by Yapı Kredi Yayınları. Most recently, he was selected as one of the ten finalists in the poetry competition of the Second Annual Nazım Hikmet Poetry Festival, held in Cary, North Carolina. He co-translates Turkish literature with Saliha Paker, and their translations of Turkish poetry have appeared in numerous international publications. Their translations of the novels *Dear Shameless Death* and *Swords of Ice*, by Latife Tekin, were published in England by Marion Boyars Publications, in 2001 and 2007, respectively. Kenne has also translated the work of a number of Latin American, Spanish and French poets.

Christopher Sawyer-Lauçanno

Christopher received his B.A. degree from the University of California in 1971. Later he received both M.A. (1975) and Ph.D. (1983) degrees from Brandeis University. From 1982 until his retirement in 2006 he taught writing and literature at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is currently Visiting Professor at Kadir Has. He is the author of the first biography of Paul Bowles, *An Invisible Spectator* (1989), which was named a "Notable Book of the Year" by *The New York Times*. Sawyer-Lauçanno's other books include *The Continual Pilgrimage: American Writers in Paris, 1944-1960* (1992); *E.E. Cummings: A Biography* (2004); *The World's Words: A Semiotic Reading of Joyce's Finnegans Wake and Rabelais' Gargantua et Pantagruel* (1993); and *Les Mots Anglais* (2002). He is also well-known as a translator and poet. Among the many books he has translated are works by Rafael Alberti, García Lorca, and Panait Istrati, as well as the ancient Mayan Books of Chilam Balam. His new book of poems, *Mussoorie-Montague Miscellany*, will be published later this year.

Nil Tonyalı

Nil Tonyalı has worked at Marmara University, Bilgi University and Yeditepe University, where she taught Academic and Creative Writing for faculty members and German as an elective for undergraduate students. In 2009, she joined the staff at Kadir Has University, working for the English Language Support Unit. Being bi-lingual in German and Turkish has given her a different insight into how language acquisition and learning occurs. Her teaching philosophy reflects her interests in the Communicative Language Teaching approach and Constructivism in foreign language teaching.

Mark Wyers

Born and raised in California, Mark received his BA in English and Literature from the University of Tampa, and went on to complete his MA at the University of Arizona. He has been teaching English and writing for nearly 15 years, and in recent years he has begun doing translations of Turkish literary works into English as well. His translations have been published in journals in the U.K. and Holland, and he has translated plays and films which have been staged and screened at cultural events and film festivals held in Istanbul.



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