

## The Divine Wisdom of 10

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See what you are confronted with tonight. During your next visit, beware of the drinks you are offered by Ferruh, if you will ever visit him at all.

Ferruh's place you have been frequenting all too often, for some God knows what reason. Your old friend Ferruh still has some words for your body laying there. He shakes and mingles the following words with beer, in his broad mouth:

"I knew since ten years ago that you were after my wife. I did my best to help you survive, pretending to be unaware. You didn't appreciate my generosity."

Ferruh refreshes his beer, the tenth. An extremely tangled living room, more beer bottles are in sight than the rugs on the floor. Obviously no one has attended to the bottles for days, which could generate capital if resold to the grocer.

"And maybe you started to undress my wife with your dirty glances even before than my discovery of it. You twisted guy, now you are a twisted worm on the floor."

Ferruh is obviously drunk, silence inside seagulls outside. The best alternative might be a baroque CD played at a high volume. "Peasant residents of the city, hopefully won't be deranged - those whose apartments are but control towers for each others' traffic." Ferruh values undoubtedly strange approaches when it comes to social issues and use of neighbourliness. He now tells you more significant facts, accompanied by his burps, as loud as atmospheric movements.

"Ten years ago... You, my wife and I in our flat. I talk of the moment I was in the kitchen and you both were in the living room. Fortunately I heard the line you whispered to my wife. The power-cut, which inspired you, also stopped the music, causing a deadly silence you didn't take into account. "Let's prohibit all the prohibitions in this pitch darkness," ah? I remember those words today, as if your spermatic and sticky voice rapes my ears now. You king of quotations!"

Another beer will be required, since his last sentence forces him to finish the bottle in his hands, instantly. A seagull's laughter is his companion. Bright lights and their reflections on the sea sparkle outside the window. Istanbul looks much better at nights, like all old whores. So you wanted to prohibit the prohibitions once?

"I've decided many times to shout to your face, what a bastard you've been when you were alive. No, not to your poor corpse like I do now. However I couldn't spot another mistake of yours throughout the years. Not until ten months ago, the day I decided to speak to you."

Ferruh and beer, unity.

"If I knew you would apologise for your offence, fight to win her, keep silent to calm me, be offended pretending it was a lie... Or argue, scream as if you were angry, quarrel feeling humiliated, beg me to leave her, threaten me to forget about this, lie simply... Anyway, whatever you would have done wouldn't have caused this. But I knew like the sound of my own name that you would GRIN like an unashamed animal. Intermittent, sticky, growling. And you would shit those too usual words of yours: "don't exaggerate". So I kept my mouth shut."

Back to work. Ferruh should remove your body sooner or later. He will carry you away from his house, inside a stylish package. "But whoever died of one last beer?" Incorrect deduction, since you are laying right in front of him, simply because of some beer.

"I've really been happy the instant you fell down after only ten sips. It was said this poison would make you writhe terribly and in that case; I wouldn't be able to stand to see you in so much pain. To my surprise, dying was not so difficult, how silently you've left this world! Please let me tell you some more details, before burning your corpse downstairs."

Excessive beer. Drunkenness assures Ferruh he is alone, though he has heard some clinking in the house. He talks while dressing for disposing of you.

"Car park. The note you dropped in my wife's car, through the tiny space between the door and the doorframe. September 10, last year when I was in Germany. Yes, I know this too."

Ferruh stumbles and falls down while dressing up. Still very joyful. Another clinking. Ferruh does not care about everything in life, as you know.

"I could never find that bloody piece of paper or learn what you had written. But an inside voice was screaming to my ears that you two were in a painfully clandestine relationship. So I made up my mind ten days ago, the obvious doesn't need proof. And she shakes her legs during ejaculation, doesn't she?"

A large sack. Ferruh wants to test its strength. He conducts some so-called tests, by clumsily trying to tear it. He will put your body inside this sack to carry downstairs. According to his plan, you will be burnt along with the charcoals in the boiler-house of the building.

"Listen man: that last drop finally overflowed the glass. You shouldn't have done that with my mistress at least. No, not with her. Since I knew right from the start that bitch Zehra would lay even under you, I never introduced her to you. You fuc\*ed her at Kempinski Hotel that night, ah? You neglect one crucial thing: that hotel sends the bills

to their customers' addresses. Look at the bill dated December 10, 2001 for example. The invoice that made me decide. And what's the significance of any hotel bill? Insignificant, if the computerised extras of the bill didn't involve my phone number and the time it was called. If Zehra didn't call me by 01.10 a.m. and spoke for a long time. So, she called me while laying under you? Moreover the subject matter on the phone was her feelings of jealousy, as you know. Have you had enough fun of me before the penetration of your... I mean that urinated part of your body, hardly exceeding 10 centimetres."

Ferruh spits at you.

"I bet you wouldn't listen to all I've said but would only wonder the reason you didn't receive the bill. Okay, the reason is, its removal from your post box by me, I mean from the tin can whose content I check regularly, thanks to a spare key you're totally unaware of. And please tell me how the hell you met her."

Ferruh bends down the floor and cuffs you angrily. Your face turns to the other direction, as a brave soldier looks to his commander. While preparing the sack, Ferruh has some more to say to you:

"It wasn't so easy to purchase the poison you drank with your beer, not a very widely distributed product. First, one should find the right address... To buy such a little poison illegally, cost me a fortune. Look, I remember something else: once I caught you with my wife in our bathroom. You were supposedly repairing a tap, which was supposedly out of order. To your health, you poor worker! You've always thought workers impress women. We had a good laugh with my wife then..."

Ferruh first laughs then an expression of sorrow on his face follows.

"...actually that tap would have continued to drip, if you didn't repair it. I felt grateful to you when I didn't hear those goddamn "tap-taps" that night. And we discussed because

of you: my wife wanted me to give an end to my friendship with you. We were at odds that night since she made fun of you, saying that your ears resemble sails. I pitied you."

Ferruh, already forgotten the task, lays back on the armchair and smokes a hashish cigarette. It is really a big fatigue to put you in a sack and to drag the sack downstairs... And without being witnessed. He postpones the pain, prefers talking:

"Please understand me, Zehra was the main cause maybe. But she's really awful loud in the bed, ha? Exactly this sound, as you press: "haggh-haggh." Has she placed her thick and long almond-oiled legs on your shoulders? She must have scratched your back, as if she was dying of pleasure. Did blood appear on your back? You both are so common, curse you!"

The smoke of hashish hangs in the air, accompanied by some Bach cantatas. Divine music, sacred intentions, and high quality drugs. Neighbouring buildings' dark façades are drilled by alighted yellow windows one by one, some are greenish with fluorescent light. City peasants are waking up to have their meals before dawn, for their Ramadan fast. Spiritual and material richness, are mutually exclusively shared by the inhabitants of this town. Land of prosperity for everyone, at least in one sense.

Indeed, her wife has been sweet but the following words Ferruh will tell you now, are bitter since the starring naked actress is your wife this time.

"I want to confess that -this I wouldn't do, we swore to each other to keep silent until the day we die. Since you're dead now, I can speak- I discovered the merits of Kempinski Hotel, years before you. An indisputably luxurious and aesthetically charming residence. I mean, for your wife, and me it was a great discovery ah-ah! Did you stay with my mistress Zehra in a seaside room? I bet you fuc\*ed her in one of the backside rooms, being unable to pull a few of your valuable bills from your pocket. But I treated your wife sweeter than you did. A room with sea view and a big balcony. You've never

honoured her this much throughout your life. She also deserves to be treated like a real woman by you sometimes, not only my mistress."

A tiny head movement of yours. Ferruh thinks he is hallucinating. But he is stunned seeing your eyes move. You are coming round, thanks to the effect of the medicine impaled to Ferruh as a poison, being over. It was not a 100% impale actually, even that medicine may kill someone if swallowed in huge quantities, for example a bathtubful of it. What you last remember is only the beer glass you were handling. Consider yourself lucky for not having heard your friend's speeches.

"W-what happened Ferruh? Why am I on the floor?"

"My God! Aren't you dead?"

"Your God may be dead but I am alive ah-ah!"

You recover so quickly!

"..."

"And I can smell some high quality hashish?"

Hashish is one sacred and useful thing of the world, as necessary as women to you. You are raising in front of Ferruh's wide open eyes to ask:

"What's the matter?"

You are suffering a terrible headache.

"..."

"What's that stare and silence? Have you seen a ghost, man?"

A female voice explodes.

"You're disgusting Ferruh, I've heard all you've said. What an animal you are!"

Ferruh's wife! Armed with her colonel father's pistol, she stands there, in the doorway. The woman of your dreams, whose tongue in your mouth made you become slack once, in that damp car park. Her odour was so maddening. How she sighed when you first embraced her. That moment you kept your mouth just ten millimetres away hers, without letting the lips touch. Voluptuous breaths during ten long seconds. Look, her breasts are more than magnificent even now. Her legs from your low point of view are inexplicable. Some saliva pours out of your mouth. Why does any leg turn you on?

His wife points at Ferruh with the pistol.

"So you spent most of our money with that whore, supposedly the wife of this creep, in Kempinski Hotels?"

"I swear to you..."

She fires twice. Neither you have, nor Ferruh has imagined this. Panic. Seagulls escape from the balcony, causing a thunderstorm. But it is totally unnecessary to express how the woman has misfired. No one can be expected to score very high, during her first shooting session. One of the bullets drills a hole on the kitsch vase of already rotten flowers and God knows the other finds its way in which part of the wall. The sound? Such noises are perceived as fireworks by some neighbours or to others, they denote an additional score of the national soccer team. Foreign countries, are but some remote and evil enemies to be beaten in soccer, are they not? Such a natural event in Istanbul as a summary, and no one gives a damn.

Sentimental Ferruh immediately jumps up and now stands next to his wife, bending down to caress her

dark hair. Since the weeping woman has thrown herself on the floor, Ferruh is having a difficult time while performing. The water in the vase has wetted the floor.

In your corner where you hide, you are analysing the last words of that mad woman in your mind. Who says this continuously sexed-up maniac Ferruh has slept with my wife?

Final act.

The morning calls of tens of different muezzins on the back vocals and the soloist of the closest mosque. A chorus of independently performing singers. What they call speech freedom in Europe should be something like this. It is wonderful that during the prayer time, such a happiness scene takes place at Ferruh's place: ten years' worth of rivalries are overcome in ten minutes. All of you are embracing each other, a friendly and happy atmosphere. You must have taken all she has said, as bullshit. "Usual jealousies of every hysterical women." Ferruh, though cannot understand what exactly happens, is able to remember he really has attempted to kill you. Deciding to solve the dilemma later, he smiles. Although he is still puzzled with his wife's presence at home, given the situation, he implements the only strategy that would work: saying everything is alright. The most usual path of all married people, as everybody knows.

Friends apologise, lots of compliments. You speak to Ferruh's wife, with a cute and joyful voice:

"How we were scared! So funny..."

Ferruh looks as happy as you look and gives an end:

"Let's forget these stupidities and embrace each other."

Friends re-embrace with fraternity and amity. Ferruh is unaware of your dirty, hairy and sweaty hand under the shirt of his wife, caressing her meat hungrily. Perhaps he pretends unawareness. But that feeling of stone hard softness increases your breathing. Barbers of various sorts are sometimes very

helpful for all families and households.

Now, the Divine Wisdom of 10.

Forgetting the rest, even Zehra's poisoned corpse found in a crummy hotel's room at 10.00 p.m. -ten days after that long night at Ferruh's place- is solely not enough evidence to this miracle? The reception guys have contradictory testimonies: according to the half blind one's description, Zehra entered the hotel with a guy resembling Ferruh and the other primary school graduate idiot defines the man beside her, just like your figure. The police are not inclined to waste time on an investigation of some immoral woman's deserved death, based on the information provided by some down-and-outs, only to result in disturbing some honourable people. One last bit of advice: your tenth marriage anniversary approaches, beware of Ferruh during your celebration party. He just called your wife's cellular phone, (the second one, which you have not ever seen) ten minutes ago, at 0.10 midnight, while you have been taking a shower upon your arrival from God knows where.