

The Awakening

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Tekirdağ Namık Kemal University
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PREFACE

Namık Kemal was born on December 21, 1840 in Tekirdag, Turkey. He is known as a prolific playwright, literary critic, and the poet of “*homeland and freedom*”. He was one of the most prominent political and literary figures of this age and a pioneer of “art is for society” movement.

The Awakening, first published in 1874, has an important place in Turkish Literature since it is regarded as the first Turkish literary novel with its vivid descriptions of the outer world and in-depth psychological analysis of the characters. The first name of the novel was “*Regret*” (*Son Pişmanlık*). Now it is known as “*The Awakening: The Adventures of Ali Bey (İntibah: Sergüzeşt-i Ali Bey or Uyanış: Ali Bey’in Maceraları)*”. The setting of the novel is Istanbul, which is the biggest and the most important city in Turkey. *The Awakening* is a novel about love and jealousy with full of conflicts and surprises the readers with its exciting plot and unexpected ending. The main character Ali Bey is depicted as a coy gentleman who lacks experience in life and love despite his good education. Briefly, the novel reveals Ali Bey’s uncertainty between decency and debauchery.

The Awakening, written by Namık Kemal, is translated into English by Tekirdag Namık Kemal University School of Foreign Languages in an effort to contribute to the publicity of Turkey and Turkish Literature. (1) This book has the characteristic of being the first literary work by Namık Kemal translated into English. We believe that this book will appeal to graduate and undergraduate students, researchers, literary critics, academicians, and writers along with readers of all ages. *The Awakening* is translated by English Instructors of Tekirdag Namık Kemal University School of Foreign Languages with the encouragement of Namık Kemal University Rectorship

and edited by assistant professors from Tekirdag Namık Kemal University Faculty of Letters.

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CHAPTER ONE

*“Come, oh, spring season, you are my source of
entertainment.*

*The friend of memory, the joy of my suffering
heart.”*

Spring days are like the morning of youthful joy in this fierce world. When spring comes, earth refreshes and life is prolonged on earth after death. Those dried up trees revive as if they have reached the rubble. It is so invigorating that it would possible to see life flowing into your bodies if you look at the freshness with a sign. In a state of being, at the highest growth, every part of the universe is supposed to be a soul. It is not an exaggeration to say that the pleasures of spirit are found and even the spirit itself is found in all parts of earth around. The most popular thing in spring is grass. Grass that our eyes we are used to and that we despise ...

Could there be a more beautiful color than green, the softest of all colors in the world? In spring days, the whole earth is roused. (Some men who think of themselves as human beings but as far as the origin is concerned, the only difference between the plants and those men is their being able to go with their own desires whenever they want and wherever they want, and try to accost to the ladies they meet.)

The grass covers all the earth with light and dark colors. Spring rains create waves and temper on the grass. White flowers bloom near the lawn. The sea slightly fluctuates, wind slowly blows and creates curves that resemble lines on a pure forehead. Small waves of water bubbling, falling in front of the wind and gathering around remind of jasmine spills scattered around. At that time, we assume grass to be a sea that cannot move because of pleasure, and the sea to be grass trembling with pleasure.

As roses are seen, many new growing fresh saplings escape from the eyes of strangers, behind the trees, hiding in leaves, occasionally coming out of the place where wind is fairly hidden, with lip and chin with each other. When wind starts to be an enemy and blows from the opposite side, they are drawn to their corners again and gently smile at each other with a longing for reconnection.

(Is it because of being accustomed to oriental imagination? As I talk about rose, nightingale comes to my mind. Actually, I know that a nightingale would not love a rose. But as I gaze at the loving attitude of this poor bird, I cannot help believing that a lofty love is hiding in its tiny heart. If a nightingale is really in love, it is love for freedom. It enjoys flying freely among roses and singing beautifully, but if it is caught and locked in a cage, it is impossible for the bird to ever live.)

As you look at the tulips, it might be assumed that someone drank wine on the grass at night, fell asleep with drunkenness, and left a glass of wine around. Some of the chinks are raised to the air, and some are tilted towards the side. Those having not yet settled in the wind are leaning forward.

It is not something that I can do to describe every joy of spring, analogous to every situation.

Describing every joy and state of spring with metaphors is not something that dreamers, who compare sky to crude and the world to a red egg, can do. Besides, I will not content with the grass, rose, or tulip, which are only parts of spring's beauty.

Have you ever paid attention to the situation when the light is reflected on grass in a slightly windy and cloudy spring mood? With the movement of the wind from one side and a shadow of the cloud from another, does not grass resemble a green circle with waves in different shapes? As it can be seen in the morning, grass is decorated with flowers in every color, and, when the sunlight starts to ripple on them, would it not be as if earth is paved with peacock feathers?

The spring sun does not just hide its light on earth. In the morning and evening, the sky gives plenty of light and makes it colorful. The gladness and sweetness of the colors

in the sky in this season can be seen in the blue eyes of a woman with fair hair and a beautiful face.

May the lightness of the clouds be the reason or not, I would not know, but, in spring, sunrises and sunsets are different from those in other seasons.

The colors, which the rays of the sun create, seem so bright and ornamented that it is supposed that thousands of rainbows piled up all over the sky. It is as if the sky is jealous of the beauty that spring has given to earth, and it tries to make from the horizon gardens similar to our garden. If the wind starts to blow when the sun rises or sets, the clouds are shattered. Some are red, like a newly opened rose; others are green taking the shape of a leaf. Some begin to move comfortably like a lily; others bloom like a hyacinth and scatter horizontally like a candle light. When the view starts to lose itself in infinite dimensions and imagination surpasses the mind, the sky becomes the mirror of the sea or vice versa. Flowers in bosom are reflected in the sky, or clouds on the horizon; in short, it is not possible to be sure that the sky and earth are united.

We should not forget the moonlight of spring. If the moon is in crescent, it is usually surrounded by a full moon hoop that is full moon sized. There are people who believe that moon is also a creature and that some magicians lower it down and milk it. When someone sees

this crescent and the circle, he gets the idea that the creature that is milked is pregnant.

If it is a full moon, there is a circle of light on its face. This time, the circle is yellow. Those who really know the moon, as we do, should not be blamed for thinking that a beautiful girl is hanging down from the window in the sky, spreading her light hair around her face, and watching the beauties of the earth.

The reflection of the moon on the sea should be watched in spring to make it possible to understand the excellence of the moon light on the sea. The air is clear, the water is pure, and the light path is like a naked fairy girl dripped from the light entering the water and starting to swim. Every drop touching her body becomes light. For the flowing of dreams on the sea, a bright street like a real road comes out of the water.

I think we have been through too much. Our aim is to benefit from the beauty of spring to tell of Çamlıca and to proceed with our novel. But, like lovers gathering flowers when going to their meeting place in summer, we would not like to ignore the fresh dreams. We apologize if we bore our readers.

Now we can start our novel.

CHAPTER TWO

*“O wise passenger wandering in the world of
dreams,*

*Have you ever seen spring take the shape of a
beautiful mansion?”*

Those who are familiar with Istanbul know that Çamlıca Köşkü is not different from spring in terms of pleasing a person greatly. The location of the mansion as well as the mansion itself is the most exceptional point of Istanbul. As the poet Nedim said, “It is a single piece of diamond between two seas”. Istanbul has such a beautiful sea that it is enough to prove that the beauty of the sea that flows only by running to the shores is not like any other in the whole world. There is only one place where you can see all kinds of rare beauties in Istanbul and it is called Çamlıca. There is not a big forest or a small gulf in the Bosphorus that does not have a view under Çamlıca's gaze! Like our capital, Beyoğlu, like Galata, like Babiâli neighborhoods, Beyazıt, no matter which corner of them it is, cannot hide itself from Çamlıca. Are there any old and famous buildings in Istanbul that you cannot see from Çamlıca?

Çamlıca is such a noteworthy place that in the spring season, when a person goes up to the fountain and looks up and looks around, he or she is faced with another

universe full of natural or artificial beauties and the eyeballs become a map containing all the beauties. If you want to look downward, like a honeybee flying among flowers and fruits in a garden that collects all kinds of flowers of the world, you may be tired until arriving at the sea shore.

It would not be wrong to call amlıca a part of heaven on earth. If God, who gave abundance, wanted to give immortality elixir to only one place on earth, this would be amlıca.

About eight years ago, I watched the sunrise there. I thought the light was pouring on earth from the sky.

I do not like resorts. On holidays, I don't understand what kind of pleasure people get from just becoming effeminate by wearing ties like an executioner's rope and narrow shoes. They wander behind the car from morning to evening and pick up hopelessness and then they moan with the torment of callus or tonsils. On Friday and Sunday, renting a boat from Unkapanı and hitting eighty lanes on the road, passing ninety dangerous whirlpools and then going through dangerous Kağıthane Creek, resembling a witch-shaped figure carrying the grave on her shoulder and lastly calling these situations entertainment are not understandable things for me.

Except Fridays and Sundays, no matter if it is sunny or cloudy, I love almost all of the Bosphorus trips and especially Çamlıca in spring.

However much a person can benefit from what is called civilization, one cannot give up the pleasure of traveling around the countryside! Now it's time to sit near a pond or on a lawn or under a tree at sunset time and to watch that magnificent sickness of nature. It's more preferable than any other entertainment in the city. Who does not want to get away from bad weather and the ugly images of crowded cities from time to time, and breathe that sweet scent of flowers? What kind of eye does not desire to stare into lawns which have hundreds of colors and different shapes?

The desire to travel, which generally exists in all human beings, also exists in Ali, of whom we will tell about below.

CHAPTER THREE

“The morning of the youth day started to bloom.

The days of turmoil have come. Enjoy your new troubles.”

Ali Bey was a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two from a wealthy family. Since he was the beloved son of his mother and father, and especially because his father was the one who really knew the value of the child, although he was living in Istanbul, Ali Bey was educated in institutions where the royal classes attended.

At an early age, when he was considered a child, he spoke a few languages and was considered one of the most talented young people among literary figures. The rare softness and compassion of the father, which was rare in our lands, gave him the strength of purity and grace in his heart, so that those who looked at his behavior and his good manners, thought he was an angel.

Nevertheless, his poor father had always been greatly anxious about his beloved son throughout his life. With the influence of compassionate behaviors, because of the fact that the child was cowardly, too nervous, and the blood was also fluctuating with it, although he seemed he could overcome the anger in his nature, it could be easily understood that he was a bit too addicted to something

which he was busy with and also his desires. Whichever subject he was interested in, he put everything aside and just lost himself in it. If he wanted something and encountered an obstacle, no matter how small the thing he wanted, he would not step back from any sacrifice in order to gain it. Even when he fell into despair for a small request, he would get sick and sad, cry secretly.

And since his father could not get the stubbornness away from the nature of the child, which was the cause of the great virtues and the biggest deficiencies in the world, he wanted to provide a benefit to his son by always guiding these tendencies by education and manners.

So Ali Bey, in his father's health and especially after he entered the age of fourteen and fifteen, was unable to find anything else to talk about and desire apart from education in the realm. If there was something that he was busy with that made him forget about the world, it was his lessons. If he had to make a big sacrifice for a small purpose, he would buy the copies of the very rare books by paying forty or fifty times more money. If he got sick, he would get sick because he got defeated in a bet. If he cried, he would cry because he faced a difficult situation in the texts he read and he couldn't deal with it.

However, since he could not determine what was to happen in the world he created in his imagination, just

after the child entered his twenties, and when his father, who is the reason of his being and thoughts died, Ali Bey's life began to change dramatically and many troubles started to occur.

CHAPTER FOUR

“Why should we feel ashamed of love in the age of youth?”

That extraordinary state called love is a necessity for youth days.”

Because the child had the ability to love with his full heart, the manners from his education, and the sentimentality in his character, and because he gave more importance to his feelings of conscience, and because his father was the cause of his life, apart from the fact that his father's life was more precious than his own life, he was always a worthy friend, counselor, he devoted all his ability to love to others. While there was no such thing in his mind, when he lost that saint's existence, who was his everything, in such a way and his sudden absence could not be compensated for, he lost the meaning of life together with his loss. He was looking at his books, which were friendly to the soul and he got bored as if he had the companion of people who had evil souls and bad morals. He turned to the pen, which was the place of the wanderings of his thoughts, and he suffered as if he was in a dungeon. The only thing he was doing was sitting at the corner of his room and shedding tears like an orphan. His state gave his mother more concern than her husband's death.

Although Ali Bey's mother was not a knowledgeable woman like the women of the nations who received education, because she was an intelligent woman, she could observe the truth in the situations she heard and followed her husband's lead, after her husband's education for twenty-five years. Therefore, she kept much sadness and grief in her heart, because, besides being separated from her lovely husband she was losing her beloved son, with an extraordinary effort, she was keeping all the grief in her heart, knowing that becoming unable to see those who are alive by crying for the dead is a grave for the ones still in this world and useless for the ones in heaven. So she tried to hide the most grievous thing as crying for her husband's death and wanted to suppress her pain by cheerful smiles.

She did not forget Çamlıca, which was close to their home, while she was looking for thousands of ways to save the child from melancholy he had fallen into. Finally, on a Wednesday, it was the beginning of May, the sky was like a mirror made of emerald. A very white cloud covered her as she was covered by a wire above. The light of the sun, was lighting the places it was touching but did not burn, like the glitter of a gentle beauty of a polite mannered person. As she moved from the shadow of the trees to the countryside, they had a solid state as if they were looking from above in a despising way. The wind was lighter than

the breath of a mother who kept watching over her sleeping child in her breast. When she saw this pleasantness of the weather and the countryside, she begged Ali Bey to go to Çamlıca.

On the first day of the trip, that place seemed very strange to the child. Even for the second, and the third time, the child had to be forced to go to the countryside. However, Ali Bey gradually began to get used to Çamlıca. If he did not go to the moorland for a couple of days, he would get bored.

Man is like a toy in the hands of nature. While Ali Bey was saddened by the death of his father, who was the most precious being for Ali Bey, despite everything, he wanted to wander around in the countryside which was a visible example of death, because many bodies were hidden in every piece of land.

In any case, Ali Bey accepted to go to Çamlıca every two days because of the addiction in his nature and the absolute necessities of his life. But since the aim of the trip was running away from the crowded places, on his days off, he delayed having fun in order to finish the work piled up on the week days, so he accepted Friday and Sunday as his work days unlike other people.

One day when he mentioned his love for Çamlıca to his co-workers, his friends wanted him to give them a feast

there. He said, "I am glad ... Come tomorrow". As the next day was Tuesday, his friends started to laugh. Ali Bey didn't understand why his friends were laughing and asked. He understood that it was not possible for his friends to enjoy there because of the desertedness of Çamlıca except on Fridays and Sundays. Since their idea of fun was watching the crowd, they tried to convince him that when there are Istanbul and Beyoğlu streets, it was not really necessary to go to Çamlıca on a Tuesday. Nevertheless, Ali Bey persisted on his invitation on Tuesday. When some of the coworkers, who were seemingly sincere in their appearance as a result of the custom there and whom he hardly met in reality, said some sarcastic words about interpreting his insistence on a quiet day was to escape from giving them a feast, Ali Bey had to postpone the feast to Friday although he didn't want that at all.

Ali Bey told his mother about this feast. How could the woman know that a day of fun for her son would cause disasters in the future! When she saw his willingness to spend time among people, she was as happy as if her dear son came to world again.

As agreed, Ali Bey's friends went to Üsküdar at about 10 o'clock on Friday. After breakfast, they took the two cars which were already in Ali Bey's house and set off for

Çamlıca, which they decided on as their place of entertainment.

For some time, they had fun until about half past seven or eight o'clock, sitting beside the fountain there, Ali Bey enjoying a hundred thousand kinds of beauty of nature, while the other men were viewing the ladies with their colored faces and colorful dresses, who looked like a garden whose trees began to shake with the wind.

At that time, since it was Çamlıca's most crowded hours, the roads were like a fiery flood remained in foams because of the on-going crowd. Men left their places, and mixed with ladies. Each one of them started telling all the cold lies in the world, such as there was no possibility to love anyone other than her and that he would be grateful to die for her.

Ali Bey was saddened by this entertainment, which felt like a disaster, because it was opposite to the training he got and to his nature. But we know the state of our country! It is acknowledged as a necessity of friendship not to reveal sadness of your heart among friends. That's why the poor boy did not find a solution other than following the majority in order not to reveal his situation. He waved his hand to a car passing by too, as he learned from his friends, while he was walking around without paying any attention to those who sat inside. But when he could not

see a response from the car, he got all red because of the embarrassment as if he had caused disturbance.

Because it was not possible to apologize by words in such a situation, in such a place, he tried to express his apology with a sad look. Just after he separated his lashes and looked at the side of the car, the car's curtains opened and closed with a sign the meaning of which was unknown to him.

You also know that serious situations all begin with very simple things. So, how could this poor young man know what he did in order not to hurt his friends, would cause him in the future?

The movement which was made by the woman in the slow-moving car, to him a sign of love with honor, occupied his mind, his heart so much that in a few minutes his only aim in the world became to learn the meaning of the sign.

Along with that, he did not reveal this excitement in his heart to his friends. All day long in Çamlıca, if you looked at him, you would assume he was having fun with the rest; but in his mind, to solve the meaning of that sign, he was trying to decipher all the signs, and analyze every situation, like the scholars who try to read the old Egyptian writings without the alphabet in their hands. But the more tired his mind got, the more complicated the situation

became, and when it became more complicated he felt more and more exhausted. The mind kept moving between these two states in a confused manner.

Fortunately, while they were on the way back in the evening, he saw a sign that was exactly the same as the one before, and he was able to ask one of his friends the meaning of the sign he received, as if he was advancing his knowledge in a newly entered profession, and learned that the sign meant "it is not right to correspond when others are around".

After Ali Bey learned this, his belief in the honor of the signer began to find a force. (How could such an inexperienced child know, a woman with honor cannot be informed about those signs?) Ali Bey came to his house with this thought, put the lady in the car into thousands of shapes in his mind until morning, and could not see the representation of the desire in his heart in anyone of them.

In the morning, he decided to pull himself together due to the solid understanding he had in himself and get rid of the anxiety in his heart which might make him leave the crop of such long years on such a day. Even while he was going out of the house, he was filled with this decision. Even while he was on the road, he was not looking at the side where Çamlıca lay.

But what could the poor man do? The day that he went with his friends, it was his will's dying hours and perhaps his tomb was dug there. Mankind tries to move away from the grave with every single step he takes, but gets a little closer with every step. As a matter of fact, he takes each breath to prolong its life, and again with each breath, breathing time is reduced from his life. Whenever Ali Bey changed his way to stay away from Çamlıca, he ended up in a short cut to go there.

Finally, he couldn't help himself to get the terrible result which was natural for such concerns. Instead of dealing with the imagination of the lady in the car, he decided to go there and find her. One morning when he was going to work, he found himself in Çamlıca without knowing how. It seemed that the distance to it shortened or that he walked there while he was asleep.

CHAPTER FIVE

“My eyes are like two rivers flowing because of separation.

I have been looking for my beloved one for a long time.”

Ah! How many of the dreams that fill our hearts every day end up with victory? Ali Bey did not find anything else than a sad reminder of the sign that was given to him that day in Çamlıca. No one ever thinks of going to the office in such a situation. Ali Bey did not think of it, either. He pulled a chair under the tree next to the fountain. He spent some of his time stunned like a lover who saw his beloved one on someone else's shoulder. Then suddenly his face began to flush, and his body trembled. He suddenly got up from his seat and began to wander around fast, like someone who was too late to meet his lover this time. His face was burning in flames, as his heart was beating with all the speed. Looking at him, it would be assumed that a lightning in the form of a human being struck.

While Ali Bey was still thinking of finding the woman she was looking for and then going to Istanbul, a darkness started to fall from the horizon towards Çamlıca. It was a darkness that slowly came like suspicion which is natural

to emerge as time passes for every human being; with every moment it was approaching, however.

Ali Bey thought that he blacked out as he saw the darkness. Finally, like a dove's breast, the signs of the sunset began to appear with its beautiful colors.

Humans are such strange beings that they get used to everything. They are afraid of everything they are not used to, though. Sometimes they are so afraid that they prefer death to (for example) leaving happiness, which is known to be the most temporary thing in the world. (Probably the reason for the fear of death is for everyone is that it is not possible to get used to death because it only comes once.)

Ali Bey reached his house with the sunset. His face looked like the setting sun. Both in flames and yellow ... As soon as he entered the house, he met his mother before everyone. Poor woman! She was taking a step like a gazelle which was looking for its baby, and then she turned and looked around. Instead of being angry when she saw Ali Bey, she showed such great joy that she might not have loved him so much the first day she took him in her arms. With so much joy, she couldn't help herself but to reproach him:

“Where have you been, my dear Ali? I have been worried about you for hours.”

When she said these things, she was kissing his face and eyes. Ali Bey: “Don’t worry, mommy! Let’s go upstairs and I will tell you why.” However, because he didn’t know what to say, the stairs seemed to him like gallows. Due to the pain in his heart, he suffered more than all of the sorrows he had suffered until then. Because he could not think of an excuse for his sorrow to persuade his mother, other than to resort to a lie which he had never done until that time. In his eyes, it was a more painful punishment than death to lie, and to deceive his mother, who was like a saint to him. Yet what would he do? How could he tell the truth to her mother, throwing aside his shame? How could he tell her of this catastrophe he had fallen into, considering her mother's naturally sensitive concerns? He abandoned his shyness, of course, preferring not to upset his mother, shuddering, and uttering the words "Telling lies in good faith is better than the truth that brings everyone into chaos", pouring out his mouth, said:

“We had a lot of work in the office. That’s why I missed the ferry. Tomorrow I might be late again. Don’t worry about me for that reason.” he said. However, he regretted as soon as he said that. Since his father always says:

“How come you don’t feel shame to doing something that you are ashamed of telling people? Are you such a vile

person that you are ashamed that other people know what you have done, but you are not ashamed of knowing the things you have done?

Once he said:

"If you do not want to upset the ones you love, do not hesitate to tell the truth. One day they will learn about that secret from someone else and they will get upset more than you are afraid of."

Unfortunately, in our country, it is believed that, mostly by women, being a great man is only possible by working in a government office. As soon as Ali Bey's mother heard that he had a lot of work to do, she considered it to be a right step for the promotion of his son and joyfully:

"May God increase your fortune! I'm willing to wait for you at nights if it helps!" she said.

These words were all new for Ali Bey. Since he always did his job with great responsibility, he had never thought of being promoted or being an important man at work. Until then, within a day or two, when he came across three strange things such as going after women, lying, ambition for promotion, naturally, he turned into a ship in a violent wind, swaying from side to side, but actually headed nowhere.

It would be best to tell the truth to his mother. However, the fever of love revealed its absolute victory. Ali Bey, who started to come home late, thanks to his permission from his mom, and sometimes never came home so he could never tell her the truth.

CHAPTER SIX

“There is a disagreement between the night and the morning.

They keep fighting. Their bizarre soldiers attack us.”

When it was bedtime and Ali Bey was alone, the blood in his veins started to run in the speed of electricity. Every single vein was like a telegraph wire that scattered lightnings from his brain. He closed his eyes, wanted to sleep, but he couldn't. He wanted to think, but he couldn't. His head was empty. Twenty years of life experience sounded like a dream to him. The things he saw in two days were so strong that his mind was upside down, and he couldn't decide what to do. It was as if he was sleeping while his eyes were open. He was dreaming while he was awake.

I wonder whether you have ever noticed. Once the darkness falls on your face, the doors and the windows are closed and the brutality of loneliness prevails the thoughts, there is no difference between the world and a man. No matter where you look, nothing can be seen or heard, and there is no difference between a friend and an enemy anymore. If man can overcome sleep, by repeating Belig's remarks “By dying, I got off this world,” he feels as peaceful as those who are six feet under. He dreams at the furthest. It takes two hours no matter how tough the

dream is. However, once he loses his sleep, his body turns into a grave and he starts to suffer in it.

I wonder if one has reveries in his mind. Is there anyone who wants to speak willingly with the angels? I wonder, when a man were to be turned inside out, if the reveries that he had when he was alone would seem ugly to him. Who, in this world of trouble, one night alone; loses his sleep because of an anxiety, thinks about the whole world, his soul, his actions, his past and facing the opposition of the greatest rationalizer of our nation, the one who is the greatest thinker and says "Alas, you were right. I regretted when I was born to this world, too."

We all know what a terrible world we live in. There is no need to describe how weak a human being is, either. We described Ali Bey's morality, decency and the anxiety over him. Now put yourself in his shoes for once. For the first time, be too anxious to sleep. (Let us put aside the thoughts which are too embarrassing to speak of) There are things and dreams such as knowing alchemy, doing chemistry, having an extraordinary power to adapt the world to your own mind, finding a treasure, reigning over a rented flat, and you look for possibilities in all of them. In the end, you still seem helpless; your heart begins to desire nothing more than death. When a man looks at his bed and bed sheets, he sees that there is no difference

between his bed and the ground and a shroud. He wants to waste himself, but he can't. Helplessly, he decides to wait till the end, doesn't he?

Ali Bey was in this situation. He visualized all the thoughts and dreams that he had, but all of them were sweet like sleeping and dark as night.

The morning of such a night was a Sunday. That day, because Ali Bey had a chance to find the car which he wanted to get, he leaped out of his bed like a man buried alive and got dressed. He ran straight to Çamlıca even without having had breakfast. As soon as he arrived there, he sat down in the corner where his friends stayed. Hardly had two hours passed when the car he waited for began to appear in the opposite direction. It looked as though all of the poor boy's hopes had taken the form of the car and approached him. The boy who was ashamed of saying a word freely to his father and mother while meeting them at the door began to run impulsively when he saw the door.

He had walked towards the car in the past, but it had escaped out of his sight. It was as though he had been the desirous one and the car had been his ambition. They left the crowd step by step. The car stopped under a tree which was nearly ten minutes away from Çamlıca. What could he do at that moment? Human nature is ever the same! He

runs after his goal, but he cannot know what to do when it comes to him. Ali Bey walked around for about one and a quarter hour without knowing what to do. While he was walking in surprise, the taffeta curtains that were made, inspired by the color of dawn, were withdrawn. From the inside, a sign whose meaning he didn't know was given. This was another ambiguity for Ali Bey. He interpreted the sign, which he took in accordance with the desire to transform everything a man doesn't know after many thoughts, suspicion and indecision, as a kind of invitation. (To his surprise, he was right). He shyly approached the car. In fact, each movement of his eyes, eye brows and all his organs looked as if they asked for permission in order to fulfill his desire. After he approached for ten or fifteen steps, both doors of the car opened. A woman with ferace got off from one door while two concubines got off from the other. As the concubines and the stableman stood at the one side, the woman with ferace began to come towards Ali Bey.

As it is widely known, the veil on faces of such ladies which are made to be used while wandering are not meant to hide the faces but they are meant as ornaments. Maybe, its basic quality is to reveal the heart which flies, a light mind and dishonest courtesy. The conscience that captured Ali Bey's mind for several nights caused his dreams of his beloved to come back in front of his eyes,

and the power of the thin veil was ineffective like a breeze in hiding this face which is worth being mentioned as very beautiful.

Ali Bey, like a spall that is pressed between two magnets, neither acted without feeling shame due to his good manners nor defied demands in his heart, but he at last overpowered his silence and forced himself to succeed in lifting his head and saw: a beautiful woman that was sculpted by a master sculptor, a body that was more shapely formed than icons, long hair which verged on black, thin and straight eyebrows, green eyes, long and black eyelashes, ruddy cheeks, largish nose, small mouth (it is a sign of lust) dark red lips, standing forward as if she had wanted to hug whoever met her and looking as if she had got inside the heart of a man.

What could a boy, who minded his manners at a time at which each kind of lust attacked, do other than being astonished in front of a beautiful lady who was the beloved of his heart and the dream of his soul and whom time rarely brought up? In such an astonishment, which is so difficult and impossible to reveal such effects or to be hidden in the heart, when Ali Bey couldn't do anything apart from biting his lips with fear and hesitation while wanting to utter his demand with a word, desiring to give away his secret and suffering from the torture of not being

able to save his eyes from daydreaming her, the lady began to talk.

CHAPTER SEVEN

*“O my beloved, who burns the hearts, you have
burned my already burning heart.*

*You have given my self-depressed heart new desires
and aspirations.”*

The name of the lady was Mahpeyker. Unlike Ali Bey, she was brought up in a vile and corrupt family and was involved in disgraces in which the most wicked wizard fell behind when she reached puberty. As she engaged herself with reading and writing a little and spent most of her time in famous hussies’ meetings, her intelligence of trickery had such strength that if she had been created as the devil that was as beautiful as a nymph and skillful as Haccac, it would have been uncertain that it could be as capable of directing any man as this woman. Also, she was overwhelmed by her lust, being eager to keep men she loved under tyranny and even having achieved what she wanted concerning her related attempts.

She loved beauty just as a snake loves a flower, and twined a man just as a snake does. She hugged just as cemetery does, and didn’t want to bring happiness.

As Ali Bey was so handsome that he could seduce the most intense desires of beautiful women, Mahpeyker couldn’t prevent herself from falling in love from the first

moment in which she took the first sign. She came to talk even if he was poor and bad-tempered without feeling the need to inquire the compulsory morals. When she approached Ali Bey, she gave him the eye, understanding that she didn't have the power to speak because of her grief and anxiety and saying naively: "Gentleman! You seem to be a well-mannered man. You came here on Friday. You gave an improper sign to my car. Then, I gave you the sign that meant "keep away from the crowd." Until that day, you didn't come to wandering places, but you came again today and sat down in your previous seat. As soon as my car appeared over there, you fussed a lot as if your close friend had come. All the society stared at us. With the fear that inconvenience could occur, I gave you the sign pointing you to come after. But you glued yourself to the car. You lost yourself. I cannot explain your situation. Why do you disturb me in such a way? What would the society say? What can you gain if you taint my name?" While saying these, Mahpeyker discerned the strong shame and sadness in Ali Bey's face and that the heart was open to every kind of influence in an excited way, starting to talk sadly after a silence in which she waited as if she expected a reply: "I am a bit beautiful, God knows, you are really handsome. If you are interested in me, so I can fall in love with you. Then, what would happen to us?" After that, Ali Bey lost his self-control.

Poor boy leant toward the tree nearby in order not to collapse. With paleness that appeared as a result of excitement in his heart, he was dumbfounded like a sculpture made of wax.

CHAPTER EIGHT

*“The heart showed the lover the scar on the chest
arrogantly.*

*I was so embarrassed that it became a shirt of fire
on me.”*

Due to her skill of seeing the depth of human heart, Mahpeyker tried to save Ali Bey from his state of sorrowful shock by feeling sorry for what she had said and trying to hide the disguised satisfaction of making a hint about her love for him after remembering Ali Bey’s feelings. In this way, a red color that was as slight as rose-colored veils began to spread over his face slowly. His body moved a little. Words came in pieces as if they had separated from his heart in a broken manner:

“I don’t know how to thank ... I don’t deserve your love ... If your purpose is to honor this poor man and then deride, I am even willing for both.” Mahpeyker, having the very skill of imitating every situation that articulates feelings, said by smiling painfully as if she tried to shroud her sorrow with an artificial joy:

“Sir, women know their owners and masters! We never venture to make fun of our masters. Our only job is to be their fun. Did you think that I supposed you are crazy about me when I said if you were interested for me? I

know this, men come here to spend time. Just as they amuse themselves with everything, they also amuse themselves with women. How can I be bored? You didn't invent anything unusual! You carry out a convention."

As the woman uttered these words, blood in Ali Bey's body turned into a fire with rage and shame, and he said with enthusiasm of his feelings: "What do you mean by desire and fun? ... How can we ignore your beauty? ... How can you think in such a way? Since the day on which I took your sign, I have been enslaved by my dream of you. I wandered here yesterday from morning to night. For two nights, I haven't slept a wink. Fun? I have seen just once. However, just as a person who was born blind loves the sun after being treated and seeing the colorful ornaments, I love you so. (He was looking at Mahpeyker's face timidly, but was not sure how she would reply.) Alas! Sorry! Did I irritate you? Did I make you feel degraded? God knows, I know neither what I said nor what to say. As I lived nothing as such so far, I cannot act properly. Why do you frown at me? Your face looks pale. When did I make fool of you and why do you say bitter things? Alas! I feel tired because of exhaustion on the one side and sleepiness and excitement in my heart on the other side. It looks as if all my organs in my body fell apart! I came here with the expectation that I can get your compliment. You reprimanded me for coming after you and took offense.

When he said these things, a drop of tear that shone in his eyes gave a certain beauty to his face as it fell down his cheeks.

CHAPTER NINE

"I'm still wondering how I have not gone mad since I heard you say "I love you"."

Great sorrow can only be overcome with great sadness. Mahpeyker knew this very well and had been long expecting it to come. Sarcasm only increases the intensity of the most serious words. The lady knew this truth very well. For this reason, with a sad expression composed of over excitement and impatience, Ali Bey, with the heat of his conscience, felt like a melted mine, and when she saw she could mold him the way she wanted every mold available, and she looked even sadder:

"Well, did we come to protect ourselves from the attacks of the gentleman? If we did not want to talk to him, we would close our car window tightly, we would go for another ride. We come to him, but the gentleman does not open his mouth and say a word! To start a conversation, I ask "Why are you wandering around?" however, he misunderstands me. You know that everything has a way to do it. If you are in love with me, will I call myself a preacher too? Do you expect me to say it this way and do it like this? On the contrary, you said that "You have fun with me." "No, you have fun with me," I would say. Is it possible to make such jokes to the gentlemen? He started to complain as I scold him like it is the end of the world.

Ali Bey, as each word of his sentence was over, was preparing to beg, appeal, answer, but Mahpeyker did not move her eyes from the ground, so he could neither make an appeal nor could he dare interrupt her.

Mahpeyker remained silent for a minute or two as if she struggled against her heart's desire for a while and then suddenly turned towards Ali Bey's face with a very gentle glance and leaned towards him as if she was going to embrace him:

"Here I said everything I would say. Are you content? Here I open my heart, what I have inside is all front of you! You made me forget femininity and manners. Not enough? I do not know how to say it more clearly. I just love you! What can I do? I cannot prevent my feelings! She began to speak in a non-stop manner, fondling the heart of Ali Bey, I love you more than my fate, my dignity, my body, my soul, my world, my chastity! "

Every time the sentence "I love" came from her mouth, her lips were tinged with lust.

CHAPTER TEN

*“You do not just watch the beauty; you also stretch
your hand.*

*You, the lover, who has been in many a trouble, do not be
content with what you already have.”*

Faced with this deceptive attitude of the woman, Ali Bey had almost passed out. He could not even find strength to move a hair in his body let alone talk. In order for a person to understand the intensity of excitement that he or she feels in his or her life, you need to get inside the heart so that you can understand how delicious these sensations are.

As he recovered himself, the topics that Ali Bey opened with thanksgiving, joy and happiness, were so amorous, poetic and gained strength especially with his face and stance that it is neither possible for writers nor painters to transcribe it on paper with all directions.

On the other hand, since Mahpeyker loved and desired Ali Bey in a sensual manner and in a very severe degree, when he saw that his love was so beautiful, he gave a brilliance to the freshness and dialogue that emerged in face and language with the effect of the radiance spreading from his heart and opened up Ali Bey as he opened himself

and provided a pleasant conversation for two hours so that he could address the assemblies of the angels.

The two hearts that had fallen in love with each other described in detail to each other whatever they felt about the beauty of the place, the fruitfulness of spring, the fun of traveling, and the taste of being away from the eyes, the effects of love and their state.

Ali Bey was trying to hide his opinions whose enthusiasm had recently been enflamed, consisting of big dreams of a fresh passion under the curtains of poetic veracity, naively and freely. Mahpeyker was also learning to feel the feelings of Ali Bey, rejoicing in an unfit state and trying to conceal her voluptuous wishes inside, dressed in a mask of shameful shyness.

While Mahpeyker made a couple of relieving remarks saying that he would become a shareholder after his taste of life, Ali Bey was sorrowing for his life which has spent without Mahpeyker until that day.

In a time when both of them were busy with their dreams and words of love and desire to spend time in their hearts, Ali Bey suddenly took a very serious attitude in an inspired way:

"Why should two people created for each other remain separate? You have a beauty that will please not

only an ordinary man but also the sultans. Even if I cannot make you happy, I will be your servant, slave forever, and I will do everything you say without hesitation. Even your smallest fun will be my greatest pleasure in the world. I have only a mother in this world and she is a really good-tempered person; of course when she sees my interest in you, she will respect you more than I do.”

On hearing of marriage Mahpeyker’s expression suddenly changed. A slight despair was playing out in the face of innocent freshness instead of darkness. The spoiled smiles of the mouth, the gnashing of the gristle around it, the sobriety of searching, the confusion of a recession. Spoiled smiles on his mouth, a dignity among cartridges around him, and a stagnation blended. She tried to keep her innocent composure and said:

“How did we come to this topic? Please do not open this subject again, do not get into marriage dreams. I have such a cataclysmic catastrophe in front of me, and it is never possible to cross it and unite with a man. She closed the subject saying “If you talk about marriage again, you will not see me again, ever.”

The cunning woman was considering the future. If she were to accept his proposal, his family would look into her past and she would lose the man she loved forever since he would never marry a woman whose past was so

shady. On the other hand, Ali Bey was in no position to comprehend what was going through Mahpeyker's mind. He was quite shaken by this unexpected reply. : for fear that he would annoy the woman he loved he asked hesitantly:

"What were the graces I just saw? Now why is your reaction to my rightful proposal?" He was just going to say: "What kind of disaster was there that would keep us apart?"

Mahpeyker replied in a sarcastic and calm manner:

"If I knew you were a questioning officer, of course I would be afraid of you. I could not have dared to be sincere," she said and started laughing in a meaningful way.

Ali Bey was so astonished that he was in no position to understand the delicacy in these expressions despite his intelligence:

"I am not a questioning officer. I am a clerk in Babiâli." Mahpeyker continued to smile.

"Are the secrets of everyone in Babiâli investigated in this way? I saw a polite, delicate lady from Leyla's students. (She was a poor lady! What an intimate one, she taught lessons with a crazy, mad girl like me.) I heard from her. It is accepted decency among Babiâli clerks to hide the

secret they have learned and not to ask about the secret of anyone else. Is it wrong what I have learned in this matter? "

Ali Bey, finally understood the sarcasm in Mahpeyker's words and was embarrassed to receive a lesson from a woman his age and especially the woman he loved. He also could not help but admire her for her wit and knowledge. He realized arguing further was unnecessary and even dangerous:

"The command is yours! He did not do anything other than saying, "However you wish and kept repeating the same words over and over again.

Since Mahpeyker did not want to leave her lover in such despair, she again faked an innocent expression and by changing the way she speaks:

"Why did I get angry? Who am I to give orders? How can a woman, a woman who has fallen in love with her whole being, submit a man to herself? I ask you only, do not repeat your previous offerings, apart from these, whatever you want I am ready for your service she said and looked at Ali Bey's face with a very lustful and affectionate look and added to her words" whatever you want ... " he wanted to tell Ali Bey that he would take all the words of his expression out of all his violent desires, say it with a very heavy style and take it to the extent of

tolerance. However, as Ali Bey has never experienced any such thing, the boy has interpreted Mahpeyker's last words to be voiced only to make him feel good, because there are no points of pleasure and entertainment, which are summarized by Satan's contrived movements, as a gentle compliment, and therefore in response he said,; I want you to always come here on holidays, at least I can see your face. "Do not deprive me of your conversation. I'm willing to accept this." By saying so, he revealed the purity of his heart and the beauty of his morality in Mahpeyker's eyes.

The girl took on her sarcastic attitudes on this naive treatment:

"You want a lot. But besides following your orders, am I able to do anything else? Thank you. It's also not appropriate for moral women to be here frequently. Fortunately, everybody comes on holidays, so we can meet and talk in a friendly manner. I hope we will meet as brother and sister and have fun for hours," she said and looking at her watch she added, "It has been late, I have to go back". She went to her car and said goodbye amorously.

When she got in her car, for five to ten minutes, she considered the difficulty of being able to tell her desire due to the naivety of Ali Bey. However, because she was confident of his passion for her beauty, his being defeated by her fraud and experiences, and sure of the fact that

every relationship that begins will consummate, she believed she would fulfil her desire at the earliest opportunity to be revealed and she went to her mansion in complete joy and safety. Unlike the woman, Ali Bey stared at the direction Mahpeyker was going with sorrow and amazement like a desperate man grieving over his past life. When the car disappeared, he made many comments about why she turned down his marriage proposal and reacted to it, and he got lost in sore thoughts.

He thought Mahpeyker did not love him. Among the miserable ideas that he had fallen into with her influence, when he remembered the behaviors he had just seen, he could not possibly believe that his delusions could be true. Why would a woman who doesn't really love act with coyness and entreaty first time with a young man who points to herself and pursues her car? For a moment, he thought the girl loved someone else. With the influence of this idea, his heart was infested with rivalry fury and amorous jealousies, but he was not able to see it as possible recalling the compliment Mahpeyker made. Could a heart really love two people at once? Why would a wretched girl who falls in love with someone look for another love in promenades?

In short, wherever Ali Bey directed his mind, he could not see anything other than astonishment,

impossibility, and hesitation. Finally, as an essence of intense thoughts, he interpreted Mahpeyker's behavior as cautiousness due to embarrassment in order to cover saucy frivolousness in her words of love, and made his way home full of hope to fulfill his dreams the shortest possible time.

For the first time since his father's death, he fell into his mother's arms with happiness and excitement.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

*“If the comb damages a piece of your fringe,
I will burn out the fields where the boxwood tree
grows.”*

It is strange that no matter how young, how inexperienced or how embarrassed a man is, when his secret is out or an attempt is made, he immediately gets rid of his childhood and becomes masculine. He sees a license, a power for almost everything, wants to get involved in every job, and does not evade taking a stand.

As a result of this unchangeable rule, after Ali Bey warmed towards Mahpeyker, he was totally free from innocent occupations and worked diligently and skillfully in his house and office like an experienced old man. On stroll days, he destroyed all kinds of excitement and influence of his heart by trampling them in front of the delicate walk of his lover. At nights he consolidated his ideas with a bright dream of her and during the day he worked with a sincere and extraordinary effort to consummate his love.

When he was far from worries about future and progress at work, ranks, salaries, reputation and dignity fell into his lap. When his mother, whose only aspire was to see the apple of her eye smile, saw and heard that Ali

Bey was so joyful and happy, especially on the way to progress, she was filled with joy as if her husband, who was the real cause of her life, came back to life.

Ali Bey's love for Mahpeyker was escalating with each meeting. They sometimes lost themselves in coyness and entreaty, and were together from morning to evening. The girl always tried to stimulate Ali Bey's desire acting with gullible frivolousness and sensual coquetry, whereas Ali Bey, always deeming these attitudes as the signs of the heat of privacy and the pride of innocence, regarded the hope of consummating his love in the future as impossible to give up.

When spending friendly time with his workmates, Ali Bey acted in the manner necessitated by his upbringing, and never violated others' privacy. However, as one of the changes seen in his morals since the beginning of his relationship, he now tried to find a confidant to occasionally bring up his feelings and pour out his soul.

As a workmate he chose Atif Bey, who was at the same age and of the same personality to a certain degree, to make friends with after long periods of time and experience.

The two young men, almost always strolling together, met at each other's house every other day. Even though Ali Bey did not hide any secrets from his friend, and he caused

Atif Bey stay up late at nights with stories related to his love adventure, he never showed him Mahpeyker. He did not even tell him her name. The reason that Ali Bey was so secretive was that he did not doubt even a bit about the morality of his girlfriend. Atif Bey, of course, regarded this as very naturel, as he knew his friend wanted to marry her.

On a Sunday morning two friends met again as usual. During the conversation, Atif Bey stated that he intended to go to Çamlıca that day and asked Ali Bey to accompany him. Ali Bey stated his excuse by saying that he had a date with his girlfriend. Finally, he went to the promenade and Atif Bey left for the same place at about eight o'clock and both of them decided to meet there.

Before Ali Bey arrived at the meeting place, Mahpeyker had already come there and sat with a coy attitude that would steal the world's heart, like a fictitious sculpture on an emerald, on the lawns under the tree which made a delightful shadow to their convivial meeting place since the beginning of their love affair.

The two lovers, like a soul and a body reunited, cuddled and began to converse like a single body. After spending hours discussing the effects and thoughts of their two nights and a day long separation, they began to talk about some of the subjects that would impress the most high-minded people about their show of love for each

other. As it was usual in this talk, it was of supreme pleasures that Ali Bey participated in her charm, while Mahpeyker's interest was of inferior flavors like objects.

After this amorous conversation lasted until half past seven o'clock, Ali Bey remembered his promise to his friend and told the situation with great sorrow to Mahpeyker and asked for her permission to go to meet his friend. She interpreted Ali Bey's behavior, which was the result of his manner of speech, as his losing interest in her and gently expostulated on him. She gave permission to Ali Bey and received a thousand guarantees from him in order not to behave in such a way next time. However, because Ali Bey could not persuade his heart to spend half of the day away from his girlfriend, he asked Mahpeyker in a pathetic way to appear in front of the fountain to occasionally see her beautiful face.

Mahpeyker smiled and accepted these small, touching pleas, which are from the will of an innocent conscience. She promised to go where Ali Bey desired her to twenty, twenty-five minutes after him not to give the public an excuse for gossip going with him. As usual, Ali Bey went straight to Great Çamlıca Hill and sat on a chair under the plane tree beside the fountain.

His friend did not seem to be around anymore. He came across a few people he did not know. Three to four

chairs far from him, there was a dark man approximately in his forties whose intelligence and trustworthiness were written on his face. He was the one who thoroughly supervised the conversation with stories, jokes, propositions, and wits. Admiring his ability of rhetoric, Ali Bey, who was already a smartness enthusiast, started to look for an excuse to join the conversation circle of this gathering whose members he was not familiar with. He even broke into the conversation once or twice thinking of a related matter to bring up. After this easygoing behavior, he was about to mingle with them that a few cars stopped by them. Some of them started rounding on the women.

When Ali Bey, who was a violent supporter of love, saw their behavior, his liking soon turned into a very hostile hatred because he was entirely against the profession of rudeness, which he never knew. Not to break into their conversation, if it were not the meeting place with his friend and his girlfriend, it would have been inevitable for him to walk away from there to somewhere else where he could lose their sight.

Mahpeyker's car began to appear from the other side at the time he was vexed at the fellows on one hand, and on the other hand was suffering from waiting for his lover. When Ali Bey saw the car approaching, he forgot the world and stared at the car. He was waiting for Mahpeyker's

arrival, like the patients waiting for the sun to rise in order to get rid of the depression with the relief of the dawn.

As soon as the car approached the fountain, the dark guy who got the other men involved in the conversation suddenly leaped up and approached the car saucily and in a familiar way and told the girl naturally and expectantly that he desired to meet her before Ali Bey even had time to look at her with love. Mahpeyker, immediately closing the curtains, drove her car to another side quickly. In front of this view, all the blood in Ali Bey's veins scorchingly circulated his whole body in the blinking of an eye like a lightning. As he did not doubt a bit of Mahpeyker's morality, the pain of jealousy did not spread to his heart. The fact that Mahpeyker, who he could not get enough of watching when together, suffered an affront impudently had taken the will of his own entirely, and because she was his fiancée, according to his belief, there was a question of honor, too. Surprised at what he would do with the pressure of all these things, he rose up from his chair, clasped his arms in his chest, put his hands under his armpits, and searched his enemy from head to foot with an angry look.

On the other hand, the dark guy returned to his friends without feeling any despair about Mahpeyker at all:

"These days there must be a new spendthrift fallen prey to her. She does not give us heed! But we'll see each other again," he began to talk jokingly when Ali Bey suddenly interrupted and started grumbling:

"Strange thing! The people of Istanbul have made us rue the day the levents left, and women will not be able to go even to promenades because of their malice."

But when he said these words, because there was a very strong tone in his voice and an influence that would touch the heart, others couldn't help turning to him. The name of the person who talked against Mahpeyker was Mesut Efendi. He started to speak fixing his eyes on Ali Bey:

"It's not the strange thing indeed, what is strange is the twenty-year-old man attempting to be a zaptiah officer."

"Would you be glad if the woman in the car was one of your privates and the attack was made by someone else?"

"So, the girl is one of your relatives?"

"What if she is?"

"One can read nobility in your face, if that is so, one would need to pity you."

“What do you mean? According to your belief, is that woman dishonorable?”

A speech close to fighting began to take place such as, “I am not accustomed to answer questions on command, if you ask in a polite manner, I might indeed give you an answer.”

Atif Bey has come to their side at that point. However, they couldn't see him because of anger and fervency. When the child saw that the debate was about to flare up, he approached Mesut Efendi who was already one of his relatives and said,

“What do you want to do, uncle?”

When he got the answer “Go and ask him. We said a word to a car. If it is within his power, he will cut our tongue.” He tried to find a way to deal by saying “Ali Bey is a well-mannered person. Did I not always tell you that we are like siblings?”

He got a response with an accusation, “How great. You have chosen a nice friend. If he puts his nose to your job every time, you get benefit from your friendship” As Atif Bey gave up hope of influencing his uncle, he ran to the side of Ali Bey and held his hand:

“Come here brother. Let's talk. Tell me what bothers you.” He took Ali Bey away from the neighborhood of his

uncle. While they were leaving, the people were whispering and laughing together.

After Atif Bey quelled his friend by speaking the appropriate words for his disposition both on the road and at the place they were sitting, he tried to say;

“Oh! My brother. A man teased someone in an ordinary car, what do we need to fight for? Are we teachers of morality? Or, we zaptiah inspectors?”

Ali Bey went as red as a beetroot with great anger and started to reprimand the child (as if the act that he complains came from him) shouting at his face by saying;

“What do you mean what do we need to fight for? Do you know whose car he was teasing at? He teased her. He also acted like talking to his forty years kept woman and caused the poor girl to escape. Do you understand now?”

Atif Bey said it sadly in a humane manner by seeing this remorseful behaviour, and, since he really loved his friend, he kept his calmness.

“Mesut Efendi wouldn't make such impertinence. He wouldn't even look at that side let alone making a comment if he knew you and especially your relationship with her.” Ali Bey responded by increasing his wrath one more time:

I asked “How doesn’t he make impertinence? Do you know the girl to be dishonorable?” but he didn’t even want to answer.

As the last part of his words came out of his mouth, his voice began to flicker and a few tiny drops started to flow from his eyes.

Atif Bey was sad about the fact that his friend was in great sorrow and one of his relatives caused it and he was determined to make their peace as well. He said to Ali Bey: “For God's sake, do not be so sad! I go now, bringing the answer to the question you asked him”, and then he immediately rose from his place and went straight to the fountain and took Mesut Efendi by his side. A conversation took place between them:

“My dear uncle, why did you act like that to Ali Bey? You should forgive him for telling you something tough. Have you seen his situation? He is not clear headed. He loves the girl in the car you went to”.

“What if he loves her? Isn’t there anybody in the world loving a girl other than him? Will he scratch the person’s eye whoever looks at her, because he loves her?”

“It is not like that, my master! He loves her more than his life! He loves her like he loves human happiness. He will get married if he finds the opportunity.”

“Will he be married? How devoted he is to his honor?”

“He gives his life for his honor”

“If so, this kid is out of his own senses.”

“Why?”

“How come? Lord, has he not ever been involved in public? Has he not ever been involved with a woman? Hasn't he asked anyone about this woman? How could he suddenly want to get married?”

“Why wouldn't he want to get married? What would he learn if he asked? He would learn that the woman for whom he would give his life is a prostitute famous among the whole Istanbul community.”

As the conversation progressed, as Atif Bey was shocked and, particularly perplexed by Mesut Efendi's last words:

“What do we do now?” He couldn't find any other word. As Mesut Efendi has spent time in every kind of civilized society and encountered all kinds of incidents, he has had many experiences about the ills and the celestial diseases that people deliberately made, he was addicted to the curiosity of getting rid of the troubles of people who were oppressed and especially those deceived by evil. As a

result, after Atif Bey learned his friend's habit of not visiting any excursion spots on holidays and not being involved with a woman before and that he was a man of intelligence, ingenuity, discipline and dignity, he said: "I know what to do" and went to Ali Bey's side with Atif Bey.

When Ali Bey saw that his friend came with the mentioned man (whom he regarded as a black trouble standing against his hopes), he was preparing to soothe the fervor with a struggle by refreshing the wounds in his heart. However, since Mesut Efendi was a person who understood the situation, he said without an opportunity for Ali Bey to say a word as soon as he came to him:

"I'm sorry. I have made a mistake by not knowing you or your situation," by starting with an excuse, he forced Ali Bey to meet himself well because of politeness. Then he continued:

"I am deeply grateful that I came here to apologize for my fault. But now, I'm going to make a bigger mistake than before. I hope you will realize that I only have good intentions."

Ali bey interrupted him with curiosity and nervousness:

"Like what?"

He said, "Now I have heard from your brother Atif Bey, and you love the woman whose car I just approached. It is not disgraceful, but in youth, such things happen to everyone. I'll tell you one thing, you love purely. You even had other intentions."

After lying eyes on Atif Bey with a dismissive view because of the indifference that Ali Bey had exposed in revealing the secrets, he snapped at Mesut Efendi angrily:

"What is it to you? He wanted to find an entry into the struggle that he had previously decided, however Mesut Efendi behaved faster.

"Allow me! It is everyone's duty to treat human beings humanly. You can have as much fun with her as you like, nobody says anything. But don't have any other desire like marriage or else it would be a pity for your honor. Do not panic, I will finish and then you will say whatever you are going to say, and do what you will do. They call that woman Mahpeyker, right? She stays in the pink ranch next to that little gulf. Ask whoever you know who is used to Istanbul fun. Here is Atif Bey, and if you have confidence in him, he can describe you as well. Mahpeyker is such a famous prostitute that there are no other young people than you who have not had the same council in this country". Then Atif Bey confirmed:

“My uncle is telling the truth. Was she the woman you were so sad about? Whenever you want, you will reach your aim by spending two golden coins.”

As Ali Bey knew by thousand experiences that his friend is one who was extremely careful about lying for whatever reason, as well as forcing to doubt the sincerity of the statements of Mesut Efendi, he definitely believed in Mahpeyker's ineptitude in a minute or two.

He confined his feelings of heart to his heart again with a courageous effort because of the fear of listening inefficient advice which is a kind of empty talk with his strength came to the level of exhaustion immediately by the impression of this truth taking aim of a horrible death with trepidation and seriousness. He was able to quickly get over the gathering by engaging in small talk after keeping the talk around this subject for a quarter hour and bringing up a subject that his aptitude has become unfashionable when his doubt has been understood and his addiction to the girl was an unawareness came out with an apprehension of innocence with a really cold negligence.

Condescending hypocrisy with the fear of embarrassment, what a great deficiency for the human! It is even a great carelessness to come to the point of believing sometimes in their own lie trying to search for

influential words and shiny fallacies in order to persuade his respondent by creating a lie.

Yet, this situation happens unbelievably frequently. If everybody applies for conscience that conspicuous power appears to be obliged to admit that denial is from an impossible truth. Here, too, Ali Bey, in order to ensure to tell the false provisions that he has arranged to cover up with pride against a man he has never seen until that day, and with embarrassment from his most intimate friend, Ali Bey had reversed his conscience so much that he even believed that his love of Mahpeyker had ended because of his proficiency of exaggeration and the attitude of the other person towards him, had ended the love of Mahpeyker.

Even if Atif Bey left Mesut Efendi, as he was beside him until the evening, to be completely sure that this love was over, Ali Bey needed to find another piece of evidence confirming his quarterly hourly assertion and as his ideas and language increased the skill of his previous words to fully explain his belief that Ali Bey left off Mahpeyker also increased.

CHAPTER TWELVE

*“Somewhere in my body, the lamps of despair
burned.*

Destiny has left my heart in despair wounds.”

After the two friends departed in the evening, Atif Bey met Mesut Efendi. Ali Bey returned to his home alone. On his way, Ali Bey walked in a state of uncertainty as if the body was exhausted from tiredness and indecisiveness and he was completely unaware of the his emotions. Since Atif Bey, being accustomed to sleeping with women, did not have such a violent affair and knew of Ali Bey's violent determination in what he believed in, he was absolutely convinced that he was totally rid of his feelings for Mahpeyker. Mesut Efendi was expressing his concern telling Atif Bey that the subject wasn't closed by repeating the sentence, “Love may suddenly emerge; but will not disappear unexpectedly.”

Although Ali Bey, while returning home, had suffered some complacent and anxious questions from his mother due to the traces of grief on his face, he saved his way very quickly with this lie that resembles the truth, talking about fatigue because of traveling and let himself into his room before 3 o'clock with the excuse of resting.

At night, it was both as distressing and dark as the idea of a black lover. The stars would show up and disappear among the scattered clouds like lights of truth that cast on shadows of doubt. The image of the trees that could be hardly seen in the dark would terrify and the garden would look as if it was full of ghosts. The night that was materialized strangely would hinder the light and the dark mountains surrounding Istanbul would resemble giant ultramarine waves.

Each disease accrues at night. Love, however, is a disease very hard to cure. The love of Ahmet Bey had grown with despair and coincided with a time it reached its peak due to the emergence of his newly encountered bitterness. When the violence of loneliness was added to these two overwhelming feelings, a dullness fell down to his body, stillness to his blood, gloom to his heart, shortness to his breath, and impossibility to his efforts to bounce back. It was as if every side of the universe was full of darkness covered in nightmares which fell on him constantly. The shadow of Mahpeyker, like a devil in disguise, did not stop assaulting his conscience for a minute. Poor thing would do anything to get back his tranquility in Çamlıca. Alas!

Even the wish for tranquility did nothing more than exasperating the excitement of this heart, let alone easing

his mind. Once again, he was convinced by the disclosure of his feelings that his heartbreak was so deep that it was far from being cured no matter how hard he tried to change his mind. Although it was apparent that Mahpeyker did not deserve even a merciful glance let alone affection, he loved her so much that he could forgive all her faults and never abstain from sacrificing his life and even his honor. He was not able to desist from thinking of every nasty reveries and wild desires out there. He would think of executing Mahpeyker for daring to get into a relationship with him despite her unchastely behavior, and especially for not keeping her chastity for him, or the ones who had been in a relationship with her for ruining the happiness he created in his imagination, or himself for not being able to think of a life without Mahpeyker, and could not decide what to do as he found some of these thoughts impossible and others useless. Due to the despair he fell into, he would sometimes shiver, or fall into flames and sweat blood. Even when he intended to sleep to let himself some time to escape the truth, he would awake in nightmares as soon as he fell asleep. And when he woke up, the images in his nightmares would appear in the form of ghosts.

He was getting accustomed to love for some time, and even started to find a taste in its torments. Yet, as jealousy and hopelessness were feelings he was not used to

and there was no point in enjoying these, he could never get accustomed to living with those painful emotions.

Those anguishes that were hard to bare were not peculiar to that night. Whenever he went into his room, his brutal reveries, heart breaking disappointments were reiterated in a more intense way. As his unwell soul reflected in his face, even sleepless nights that cause weakness and silence made him look even paler and as he spent most of the time without blinking an eye he could be taken as a walking dead. Moreover, not to worry his mother and not to be blamed for being weak at heart, at the dinner table or in the office he tried to look cheerful and he would manage to hide his sorrows as much as one could deceive a young man who could exchange glances with an innocent girl.

His greatest wish at those times was being with Atif Bey as much as possible, because when he was with him, as he was busy with hiding that unbearable sorrow, he could forget those terrible dreams from time to time.

Among all these disappointments there was only one hope, which was seeing Mahpeyker and breaking up with her saying the most insulting words. Poor thing, making a self-judgment, said: "If the girl denies what is said about herself, her dishonesty; if she confesses, her deceit will be revealed. In both cases, I can find the will to end this

relationship”. But how could he understand the serpent that intruded into his heart was impossible to dismiss. However, he lamented for thinking that on a Sunday night since he could see Mahpeyker on Friday and Friday was not yet to come. For that reason, he felt extremely miserable as those endless minutes lasted like perdition.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

“The veil of virtue cannot resist the power of desire

*The bloom of the rose is owing to the morning
breeze.”*

It was finally Friday. In haste, like going to a rendezvous, he tumbled out of bed before the morning prayer to meet Mahpeyker at the solitude where they usually met.

The wait was so tense that as the time wore on he would rather to be at those nights full of nightmares than to endure this trouble. The girl, on the other hand, due to her innate evilness, had estimated that Ali Bey would learn the truth and an argument could be awaiting, and had taken some precautions.

The situation they were in required beseeching, as one of the precautions she thought of, she left the mansion for Çamlıca half an hour earlier than she was supposed to leave to please him. While Ali Bey was looking at his watch in misery and suffering from despair expecting that Mahpeyker would come in forty minutes, he saw Mahpeyker’s carriage contrary to what he thought.

As the carriage was approaching, Ali Bey was busy with thinking of how to start the conversation. As his mind was working as fast as electric wires, he could find

thousands of insulting words. He changed some of them as he did not like and tried to sharpen some others. At last, he managed to sum up all hastily. At that moment, Mahpeyker got out of the carriage and approached him.

As dressing up was another precaution of hers, she was wearing a white dress embroidered with white rosebuds, white cloves around her hair, and a pearl necklace with a diamond in the middle. The scarf on her head, gloves on her hand, and the shoes on her feet were in the same color of her dress and like a beauty incarnated, she was dressed in white from top to toe. Her face, with the presumption of superiority she was about to gain, looked bright and acquired a mellow color in a way that the way she looked reminded him of the sunrise in a fresh spring morning.

As soon as Ali Bey saw the girl, he fell into the conflict of love and hate that were fighting to overcome one another. When it was time to talk, he could not remember a single one of those words he has improvised before and said gullibly:

“I was not expecting this from you.”

Mahpeyker was not one of those pure-minded women to blaze the flame of anger in Ali Bey’s heart hidden inside the ashes of silence with ignorant questions

and pretensions behavior, so she started the conversation in an earnest way and said:

“You have learned the truth, sir, haven’t you? No worries. Sooner or later it was to come out. I suppose the thing you were not expecting from me was not being courageous enough to tell you all about me. Just turn to your heart. How can one dare to tell such an unpleasant truth? Now that you have heard it from someone else, let me tell you myself. Yes, sir, whatever they might have said about me was not enough. I was born and raised in an indecent household. Before I turned thirteen, my relatives tried to get richer selling by my chastity. How could a child at that age know what being chaste was, what humaneness was, how could one protect oneself? Once you go into that path, you go deeper and deeper like in an endless desert. My fortune led me and I followed. Not much has left on earth I have not experienced. Until the time I saw you, life was only about having fun for me. I would never believe in the existence of love. There was an elderly woman I know called Atike and she used to say: “Girl, we also love and our love is a thousand times deeper than the most honorable women’s”, and I used to laugh. In fact, she was right. Once I saw you, I felt something different in my heart. Like dew drops turning into air under the sun, when you first looked at me, my heart started to rise. I wanted to look back and loathed my past. I considered you the only

person who could ever take me out of that dump I was in. I swear, the reason why I told you to meet in solitude was, whatever you may think, neither because of deceit nor coyness. It was just a precaution in case one saw your affection for a notorious woman and dishonor you. I left here that night and I could sleep neither Saturday nor Sunday. I thought about myself. How on earth could I expect your love and affection? Along with all those anxieties, I could only trust in one thing. I said to myself: “Young men do not fall in love with women in your position, they tend to have fun with them. If I was lucky enough and had your affection, I would be a loyal servant to him, lower in rank than the concubine in the household and higher than the dogs in front of his door. As long as he wanted to see me, I could live. If he became estranged from me, I could die without fear and get rid of the tortures of this life.” The day we first met here, I implied all these dreams. You were so noble in nature that you asked for another kind of relationship. I had been in heaven for a few days. Alas! Those sweet talks and dream like meetings required that you apprehended me like you are. Now, that apprehension changed. For me there is no way but to live with the lovely memories of those few days. Please count in me. I know how decent you are. I am certain that you won’t look at my face again. Ease your mind. The only thing I want is to protect your good name.

The world will not end if Mahpeyker is sacrificed for your sake.”

She gave the most persuasive speech to appeal to Ali Bey’s conscience by gathering all the emotions she felt and the most influential incidences she had been through together, skillfully sprinkling some lies in between to connect them, and implying an inclination to falling apart as a pretext for the trueness of the claims asserted. Poor Ali Bey, whose feelings changed from doubt to compassion and love overcame the gloomy feelings, grabbed her hand passionately and said:

“Is it me that would condescend myself by looking at your face? I cannot convince my heart to leave you. Whatever your past was like, now it is in the grave of oblivion. Let us think about the future. Yet, I won’t be able to have you as my heart pleases. Now I can have you in your way. Do you promise to be only ... only mine?” With his words, he showed the possibility of the realization of Mahpeyker’s wishes. The girl changed her behaviors into a harsh innocence to guarantee the victory which she had begun to gain and responded to Ali Bey’s words saying “No, Ali Bey. For God’s sake, no! It might affect your honor. You don’t think about it, but you want me to promise to be yours. I have just told you. My nature completely changed when I first saw you. Please

investigate me! You won't have any difficulties as I am not a woman who is not very well-known. Please kill me if I had shown my face to a man after your glimpse or if I had gone out apart from the times I came here on my off-days. I'm ready for it. I have contented myself with your image up-to-now. Will I look for another man after I have this beauty now? But, please be careful anyway, think about your honor.”

Indeed, neither did she meet anyone after she had seen Ali Bey nor did she go out of Çamlıca. However, Ali Bey made going out a source of fun, studied only at night and worked only at work time. After the beginning of his desire for Mahpeyker and he got to know Atif Bey, he immediately went out after he had finished housework in the morning, went to places like Beyoğlu and down town, and wherever he went he looked for Mahpeyker without taking his eyes off around but couldn't see her. For this reason, the things that the girl said complied with Ali Bey's experience, and built up trust with the feeling caused by his desires. Protecting the honor, about which Mahpeyker told once again, is not one of the obstacles to overcome love shocks, and became one of the affectation and appeal gossips which lead to be keen on her – not to keep away – when he heard it from her.

When this was the case, Ali Bey, without thinking a minute or hesitating, showed that he was overwhelmed by Mahpeyker's sincere desire saying "Will love give harm only to my honor? The one who will condemn me should correct himself first! Despite everything and in any case ..."

When she heard Ali Bey's words, Mahpeyker – with her astounding quickness to change her mood – pretended to be naive and surrender to Ali Bey, and said: "It's not my fault. I will obey what you say from now on."

While she was telling her words, she threw such a glance on Ali Bey that neither he nor another person could resist. The poor boy completely lost his willpower, and said: "If so, right now." He said the word "now" again and again.

The girl, who achieved her purpose much earlier than she had predicted, had difficulty in hiding her pleasantness and didn't know how to behave. She said: "But, dear, how on earth! You will come to my house for the first time. I need to host you well. I don't want to be embarrassed. Please give me some time until the evening." After a few minutes of talk, they decided to go to Mahpeyker's mansion late at night.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

*“Let it be, let the warbler scream out to its heart’s
content*

I am having a drink with that rose-cheeked darling.”

Their relationship changed and the time for getting together was determined. However, Ali Bey had a problem: how could he explain his night out? It wasn’t possible to tell a lie that he was at work as the other day was an off-day. Because of unexpected events while his mind was busy with this thought, he had to tell and hear lots of lies and learned a lot about lies. Based on his previous experiences, he knew that nobody would believe in an awkwardly-told lie, which was not convincing, so, he couldn’t tell an ordinary lie. Eventually, he found a convincing lie. He said that they were too busy at work, so he had to stay in his manager’s mansion, and asked for his mother’s permission. After he had convinced his mother, he left home at around ten o’clock. He got on a ferry and went directly to Kuzguncuk. He had some more time to meet his girlfriend, so he went to the music hall on the shore.

By chance, Atif Bey and Mesut Efendi were there, too. When Atif Bey saw his friend coming in, he wanted to learn the reason for this event, which he thought was unusual, but Mesut Efendi said: “He must definitely be

here to go to Mahpeyker's house. Didn't I tell you that love does not end in such a short time? We shouldn't tell him anything. We will decide what to do later. Come on, let's go away. If he sees us, he may not feel comfortable and may feel embarrassed." They both left the music hall.

When he was at the music hall, Ali Bey pleased himself with the hope to be with his darling and relieved his mind by watching the beautiful scenery in front of his eyes. Sometimes, he looked at the small waves and cheered as if he had seen tears of joy in her darling's beautiful eyes; and sometimes he indistinctly saw the sails of ships coming from the Bosphorus when it was getting dark, and he felt happy as if he had seen the signs of happiness coming out of the shadows of future. Time passed slowly like the sorrowful waters of the Bosphorus, and Ali Bey set off with a random rowboat in front of him towards the meeting place. When he got on the rowboat, moonlight began to appear on the horizon. The date was the Cemaziye'l Evvel (the fifth lunar month). The moon, which was getting smaller, looked like a beautiful girl with a bright face, whose shadow of her scattered hair reflected on her face. The moonlight on the sea, which seemed like it was dancing on those small waves, reminded him of the reflection of a luminous face on a naive heart, which gets excited by the impact of love.

Among the forests in the mountains and the dark green color of grass leaves, luminousness felt like it was so light that the plants seemed like they mostly absorb the heavenly light on them, and gave some of it to the places where human beings looked as a gift to show their gratitude.

Ali Bey felt that he was like a dragonfly flying around candle light and that he was swimming in a sea of heavenly light. He arrived at the shore in a short time. When he was still at the shore, he felt as if the happiness in the love palace would welcome him and he began to look for the mansion door and passed the streets easily with the help of moonlight. When he turned a corner, he saw a half-opened gate door and Mahpeyker leaning on a tree with an angel-like, unusual and quite charming manner. Because of the excitement in his heart, all parts of his body shook, and because of his blood movement, his face got red several times a minute. He looked at all parts of the street as he wouldn't feel comfortable when strangers were around, and saw that it was a solitary place, he went in quickly from the half-opened door.

Mahpeyker, who behaved like she didn't see Ali Bey and felt frightened when he suddenly came in, fell into Ali Bey's arms with a fallacious manner coming from affectation and coquetry. She put her head on the young

man's shoulder, scattered her hair on his neck and chest, looked at his face in a loving way, gripped his hand as if she needed help and stood up, and began walking. She took him to the small mansion by walking among the solitary and quite well-organized trees.

If "örfi" flowers and sweet sultans had seen this light pink-colored mansion which looked like the skin color of a curvy beautiful girl, they would have likened it to a sea goddess next to the shore; and they would have likened the waters of the little cove to a light silk waist-cloth, being partly around the goddess' waist and partly floating in the sea. Then, the water blisters appearing around the mansion caused by the breeze would be the pearls and jewels embroidered on the waist-cloth. If the big window in the middle of the mansion door were like a bright lady chest, then the two smaller balcony-like windows next to the big one would be two beautiful breasts. In this case, it would be like a Persian dream, but the beauty would be similar. The moonlight which could be seen among the leaves of the drooping willow would be a poor lover struggling under the love's burden. It would try to protect the beloved one's face from the jealousy looks with his scattered hair by steadily standing in front of her. It wouldn't be exaggeration if the moonlight were said to be brushing his darling's scattered hair with a diamond brush on their contiguity night.

Chairs in the room were made of taffeta which had pink flowers designs on a white surface. The carpet was the same color as the floor, but instead of flowers, there were big darker-pink branches on it. The surface of the wallpaper was pink, and the flowers were gilding white. The ceiling was decorated with thin rose and parrot designs made of plaster. When you went into the house from the door, you could see an alcove cover with a white veil on the corner of the right-side wall, away from the window. You could see a few chairs between the alcove and the window facing the sea, a dressing mirror, a double-lamped alarm clock and a beautiful flower table in front of the big window. There was a sofa and a few chairs on the closer side on the sea-facing corner of the wall which was on the left and had two windows facing the garden, a mirror cupboard on the door-side corner, and two windows facing the gate door on both sides of the door.

One could see both the sea and the garden from the window blocked by the dressing mirror as the white crepe curtains of the windows were tied in the middle, and the lower part was open.

A wonderful table with drinks was prepared in front of the sofa. The shadow of the newly-blossomed white rose on the table, which was picked from the window facing the garden, was quite beautiful.

As soon as they came in, Mahpeyker ran towards the cupboard. She took a taffeta cloth parcel out of the cupboard. She opened it on the stool next to it. She made Ali Bey sit on another stool and took his clothes off. She gave him a greyish brown tabby night robe and a fur coat covered by the same cloth. She took off the buskins herself, and gracefully put a pair of slippers made of wool yarn and decorated with a bird relief saying: "They are my handicraft. They may not worth of your feet, but please let them touch the dust of your feet."

After Ali Bey put on the slippers and tied the belt made of the night robe-cloth, Mahpeyker extended her right hand on her darling's left shoulder partly as if she was going into his armpit, and partly as if she was hugging him. She enticingly took Ali Bey to the other side of the room and made him sit onto the rose-branch decorated part and next to the drink set.

When she came to the mansion, she changed her clothes and wore a white loose rob and scattered her hair from her shoulders towards her waist. Then, with the purpose of showing her beauty, she complained about the hot weather, and she took the cloth-belt and unbuttoned the buttons on her chest. She brought down the curtains which made it possible to see the place where they were, came closer to Ali Bey, and sat down. She wrapped her left

arm around his neck, put her head on his shoulder, and began to talk in a charming way. They shortly talked about the daily events, and then the beauty of love for a while. Then, they began to hug each other and kiss as Mahpeyker dropped hints with her words and behaviors.

As Ali Bey experienced these lustful kisses, which is the second top level of joining the beloved one – it is because of the high sensitivity of nerves on the lip skin – for the first time in his life, the pleasure of love was much more than he had predicted. He didn't want to take his arms away from her waist, his lips away from her face and chest. Mahpeyker reacted to all of his desires with another enticing behavior, and finally kissed him on his lips. That long kiss which was similar to a charming woman's affectation was both pleasing and delightful, and almost made Ali Bey lose himself. Then, Mahpeyker took herself off Ali Bey, and stopped next to the table.

When she filled one of the glasses, she took a secret glimpse of Ali Bey's face to learn his intention, but she couldn't get any hint so she said:

“Sir, you do not drink, do you? And I hope you'd better not get used to it! I do not want to be the one to make you start. If you forgive me, I will drink alone ... No, no that would not be good. You won't like the smell and you will abhor me.”

Ali Bey responded: “I haven’t touched a glass in my life, but I have been to many parties so I am not a stranger to its smell. Please do as you wish so I won’t feel guilty.”

The reason of his behavior was that his upbringing urged him not to disturb the woman. On the other hand, Mahpeyker’s dishonesty and drinking habit made him really annoyed.

After a few glasses, Mahpeyker’s blushed face got brighter, her eyes half-closed and she started to reveal her true character. One after another, she gave kisses, made jokes and coquetries.

The woman somewhat had a talent in singing and together with her beautiful face, she cheered it up with some frivolous songs.

Ali Bey, seeing that his lover had lighted up since she started drinking, desired to have a glass of raki in hopes that his spirit would revive. Anyone would like to have more happiness than they actually do! He would have grasped the chalice from her hand to sip it down in one gulp if nothing in his mind had stopped him.

He asked “Will it hurt me?”

Mahpeyker: “Only if you drink too much.”

Ali Bey: “I don’t mean a physical damage.”

Mahpeyker: “I’ve seen many times; it makes one show his true colors. Anyone with a good temperament and a complete awareness after they come to would enjoy the time of binge.”

With a beauty on his side and a voice singing as beautifully as a nightingale, Ali Bey felt defeated to instincts of his youth and said:

“Please give me a glass and let’s see what comes out of me!” Mahpeyker feigned to stop him with some unctuous beseeching, warning him of damages of drinks to his body.

“What if your mother would hear of this?”

“How so? I won’t drink anytime without you! I promise I won’t leave here until I come to. Please give me a glass so we will have a full on entertainment.”

“Ok. You insist so I can’t resist it.” she said filling the glass and making him drink with her hands.

On this first date, this first glass together with the first lustful kiss and a gentle mirth shattered the foundation of good manners on his mind.

Mahpeyker made joyful jokes and sang beautiful songs and Ali Bey got fully drunk. He compared his poetic

thoughts one week before with the carnality now and he preferred physical desires.

The two lovers enjoyed their time until half past three and ate a little then took a stroll, arm in arm, in the garden to digest the food. Like two doves in the shadows of leaves, they either walked or stopped under trees with moonlight passing through branches and leaves down on them. An hour or so later, they came back to the house into their bedroom.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

*“O my friend, I will not be sorry even if the whole
world is against me
because of you. Because as a friend, I have you.”*

Next morning, Ali Bey woke up exhausted and went home. He had a talk with his mother and went directly to his office. As he could not take his mind off the night before, he could not even start his work.

With the austere but elegant decoration of the garden on his recollection, he compared Mahpeyker’s natural beauty with the splendor of creation and her face was more beautiful than her spirit. Especially, her singing ability together with all her gracefulness and freshness made him conclude that no one on earth could have better qualities. Especially the one and only binge he had had in his life was like he felt something he could not live without. His tendency to this new life style was so strong that every minute he spent felt like a long fasting day till midnight. Day after day, it was unbearable to wait until the day they would come together again.

Finally, the day came. He jumped out of bed with the break of dawn. It was not twelve o’clock when he arrived at Çamlıca. On the way he thought he would have to wait at least two hours and he would have to find some way to

pass the time. On the contrary, to his surprise, he found Mahpeyker had long come and was there waiting for him, which in turn influenced him in a way that he thought the woman had longed to see him. Love is such a peculiar thing in that just a little hint of affection feels a lot more than pleasures you get from loving someone.

Right after he got free of these thoughts, Ali Bey told her that he couldn't find words to describe how much he had missed her and went on to say he wouldn't like to meet her in woods secretly. He insisted on having a binge again.

The most powerful asset of Mahpeyker was that she was cunningly adept to hide and ornate her most frivolous desires behind a fake veil of purity. She was not naive to be exploited so she feigned to show off such an unbelievable artistic fuss explaining everything in her mind one after another telling that her mother would get disturbed if she got sniff of how often they met and Mahpeyker's works would possibly get worse.

She feared that the end of her talk would yield an opposite result, however she sensed from the change of look on Ali Bey's face that her false coquetry had in fact intensified her lover's desires. She concluded that Ali Bey should talk to her mother to get her permission.

Ali Bey got out of his house with a lie that he had some work to do at the office. As he had plunged into such a frivolous lifestyle that what he could only think of was to spend his whole life with Mahpeyker. Whenever he was not with her, he was like in a grave. They started to see each other very often first once in three or four days and then every two days. At his home, the repetitive lies he made up about his job were no longer reliable.

Mahpeyker feigned to pay more attention to the future of Ali Bey than hers, which was the strongest way to delude him. She even insisted that he should not neglect his job so Atif Bey and his other colleagues did not get a hint of how deeply Ali Bey was in a bad direction. However, Ali Bey's mother started to feel sorry for her son as he got farther from his mother.

She would never think that her son, with a strong education and upbringing, would ever get into such an adrift way of life, devoting himself to drinking binge and frivolous razzle-dazzle. Any mother would inevitably worry about her son when her son started to change without a cause. Poor woman, however much she racked her brain couldn't get to any conclusion as to Ali Bey's sudden change. Finally, the only way out to find any answer to get some relief was to talk to her son's friend Atif Bey.

Ali Bey and Atif Bey had a close friendship, they visited each other frequently. However, Ali Bey's mother didn't know Atif Bey's family and she didn't know where they lived. She even feared that if she inquired it with the servants, that would inevitably get to Ali Bey's ears so she refrained herself. In this desperation when she was pouring out her grief to some handmaidens, one of them said:

“I happened to see Ali Bey entering a mansion a few times when I was out for some work. Then, once I came across Ayvaz and asked him whose mansion that was and he said it was Atif Bey's. He and his uncle had just rented it.” When the handmaiden confirmed that she would be able to find location of the mansion, Ali Bey's mother couldn't but jumped and kissed her face. She manumitted the woman just because she had relieved her of her worries.

She ordered her carriage to be made ready. She took the handmaiden with her to guide her and set off to Atif Bey's mansion. She wasn't known by the household but when she introduced herself as the mother of Ali Bey, she was more welcome than an old friend. She didn't even bother to have any customary offerings like a coffee but she demanded to talk to Atif Bey. As it was still early, Atif Bey and Mesut were both at the mansion. The lady was

escorted to the drawing room and Atif Bey was called and they were both left alone there. Since the madam had confined her inner circle to Arab and those who lived nearby, she was not accustomed to talking in such formal settings. However, in addition to having a natural ability for a fluent and beautiful conversation, the inevitable excitement of maternal affection added a strange effect and an extraordinary seriousness to her words. When she saw Atif Bey, as Atif Bey and Ali Bey were as close as brothers, she told him that he was the only one she could take refuge in as if he was another son for her, and she also explained that she was waiting for an honest and loyal answer to the questions that she would ask about her son since she was expecting for a favor that she could ask for only in-between brothers. After a suitable briefing about these, she told him about Ali Bey's insistence on leaving home in a sad yet influential manner. She also insisted on Atif Bey that if he knew anything, he should tell her.

If Atif Bey had thought a bit, he could have easily found the reason why this was asked to him. However, since Ali Bey had not even revealed any clues about his metamorphosis at home in the office and since even the name of Mahpeyker had vanished in the friend circle since that Sunday, he could not think of that side of the issue.

Apart from the issues related to love, it was impossible for him to think of a reason that would result his friend to be in such a bizarre situation. Thus, he could not find a word to explain the situation to the madam except for answering her question in a great awe and sadness by saying that he did not know anything.

To this answer, the madam asked “Even if it is a regulation that clerks should keep secrets, is it not cruel to employ the regulation in expense of a mother who is trying to help his son?”, and since she had asked this reproachfully, he tried his best to consolidate her by saying that he was actually telling the truth by assuring it repeatedly.

Although Kuzguncuk issue started to cross his mind like a dream at that very moment, since the things related to Mahpeyker were secrets that were bestowed upon him and since there were no direct relations between the things and behaviors that the madam was complaining about, he could not get himself to explain the things which could cause great terror or just suspicion to cause much more anxiety to a mother who was already suffering a lot. In order to find himself a solution in his mind for his action, he could not find any other options apart from consulting Mesut Efendi’s experiences. Therefore, he asked for the madam’s leave to consult about the situation with his

uncle too. On the madam's approval, he went to Mesut Efendi.

Once Mesut Efendi was revealed the news, he said,

“Have you figured out why he has been going around Kuzguncuk at such bizarre hours? How sneaky! She has taken full control over him enough to make him leave his own mother. Now, take me to his mother.”

By being allowed to enter the building once again, Mesut Efendi went to the guest room in a decent manner that suited his intellect and his experience and in a proper and conservative attitude that the place required.

After both parties exchanged a few words on the topic briefly, Mesut Efendi started to talk about the main issue.

“The first thing that we should focus on is that let alone revealing the decisions that we make on the issue, even our encounter should not be revealed to Ali Bey.” The madam responded as,

“I, myself, would ask for the same thing of our gentle son” and in response to this, he continued his words as,

“Gentleman is suffering from a severe attack of love. The name of the slut that he has fallen for cannot even be mentioned so that he could not talk about her to you. It is

not like the situations when one can easily resist the charm of the secret tricks, so he cannot think of you while he is in her paw. Nevertheless, do not worry! I hope this state does not last very long! As to my humble opinion, for your high sake, now two measures should be taken: the first one is to come to a complete ignorance of the situation of Ali Bey because I noticed some situations in the nature of your son, and when he starts to act irresponsibly on a matter, when the act is hidden, he tries to conceal it, yet if it is revealed a bit, he goes for it thinking that it was going to be like that anyway. If somebody tries to make him to do something, he wants to do the very opposite of it. The second is to have a beautiful concubine at home that has things in common with Ali Bey if that is suitable for you. In order to prevail the devil, one might ask for help from an angel and similarly to neutralize the effects of a beauty that degrades one to the evil path, a beauty that is embellished with the color of innocence can help.”

“Since it is your son’s first love, the idea that he could have somebody who is more beautiful than the woman he has fallen for might result in him loving the other person. It might take some time for him to tend to the other one but he will soon get tired of his lustful passion. At least, he will not have to search for pleasure somewhere else.”

Although the madam came to such a degree that she would be damned with an emergence in such a sudden way, with the confidence that Mesut Efendi expressed himself, the matter of the concubine could be a simple and beautiful solution which could have been resulted by motherly affection and which befitted her feelings as well and it seemed relieving for her. With this consolation, she returned home quite comfortably. It is of course better than the worries of doubt and uncertainty to deal with an obvious problem although it is laborious to deal with seeking remedy to prevent a catastrophic disaster.

There was only one more problem for the madam to solve, which they had decided on, namely to identify what kind of a beauty would lure Ali Bey. By showing affection to the people who came to the waterside mansion, she came to a conclusion through motherly attention, which could be regarded as an erudite discovery. After visiting a lot of houses for two or three days and sacrificing a considerable amount of money on the cause, she found a girl called Dilaşub who would benefit her desires.

Dilaşub's hair was bright yellow like a sash; her forehead was white as a mirror reflecting the beauty of her heart; her eyebrows were a bit darker in respect to her lovelocks, they were a bit curved and thick; her eyes were blue but not too blue and clear enough to evoke love; her

face was white decorated with rose petal pink; the harmony and purity of her nose was similar to a lily bud that was only about to bloom; both the bright pink color and thinness of her lips resembled two roses wrapped together, and in-between them her pearl teeth appeared as if they were dew and her chin looked like as if it was a white rose whose petals were still lively. Because of its transparency, her dewlap looked so beautiful with its veins' translucent color that if the beauty of the apparent side of the full moon got into the shape of rectangular, it could only match her dewlap's beauty. She was tall enough to suit a woman's delicacy, she was delicate enough to have any man fall in love with her and her waistline was so narrow that even a twelve-year-old child could totally embrace it with his arm.

In addition to all these, since her whole body was slightly plumpish, you could not see any bones in the part where her bosom and shoulders met, and a big pearl could be placed in each of her delicate finger joints.

While the piteous woman was hastily rushing to try the effects of this life-giving charm that she had found in order to confine her beloved son's wishes in relation to love to home, because of his natural indulgence, Ali Bey, had started to spend his days as well at Mahpeyker's house despite all her protests and limitations to their

relationship and eventually he indulged in drinking and entertainment for a week, and he had not left that home of pleasure and entertainment.

Finally, Mahpeyker convinced Ali Bey to return home by doing what she always did by begging and crying for hours acting as if all she wanted was his own well-being. Additionally, she got him to promise that he would not come back unless he spent three days at his office and three nights at his mother's house.

Because of all the fatigue caused by a week spent drinking and with entertainment and with the tension caused by it, Ali Bey came back to the mansion and as soon as he walked past the harem door, he met Dilaşub at the door. As he was not acquainted with her face, he thought that she could be a guest, and he wanted to go back, but the other concubines told him that she was living in the house, so he carried on his way.

He had looked at Dilaşub a couple of times from head to foot until he went past the garden and he had admired her enough to fall in love at first sight if he were not already in love. However, the slightest affinity for Dilaşub was suddenly ruined, even before he climbed the stairs, like a candle-light trying to shine in front of a violent hurricane when he suddenly remembered Mahpeyker's beauty and especially the taste of thousands of

entertainments that he had had with her. He even began to condemn his soul for having looked at the face of the fragile girl thinking that it was a great form of dishonesty to the woman he loved.

While he was trying to find out answers in his mind to the complaints that he was waiting from his mother when he went besides him, since from the very beginning of their conversation as the madam who was determined to employ her scheme kissed him affectionately and welcome him with motherly caressing that he was accustomed to since his childhood as if there was nothing, he was a bit relieved.

In order to erase all the apparent hesitations of her son which she could read all over his face, the desperate woman did not just confine herself to tolerance but also continued as,

“My dear Ali, I am really glad that you have been working hard in your office. I hope this will result in you being luckier. However, I really wish that your administrators were a bit more tolerant to let young hardworking and capable gentlemen like you see their mothers at least once in two days.” Since these things helped her seem as if she knew nothing, Ali Bey’s grief started to decrease like the wounds that would heal only

with vitriolic medicine and he started to feel better through a burning consolation and peace.

Mother and son spent a few hours that night talking about trivial matters. After dinner, they spent some time in the garden. While the two were together, it was always Dilaşub who served them. Ali Bey, in return, frequently and carefully looked at that divine and rare beauty that deserved to be called an angel in the shape of a human being. However, his glances were as if watching a beautiful statue. Since Ali Bey had lost all his power to fall in love with another woman by being captivated by the flirtatious dream of Mahpeyker, although he was paying much attention, it was nothing but pure admiration of beauty itself rather than being affected by it. As such, his mother sensed that Ali Bey had liked the girl and even more he had shown reactions which showed that he was into her and thought that her aim was about to come into reality and wished to relax by seeing Dilaşub in his son's arms that night. Ali Bey wanted to seize the opportunity to go to bed as soon as possible to get rid of a week of tiredness. When it was half past two, the mother was drawn to her room by saying that her body was aching for some reason and told him that he might feel tired as well since Ali Bey had been busy and had been sleeping in unfamiliar places; she also ordered Dilaşub to take care of Ali Bey by undressing him and putting him to bed.

As Ali Bey got into his room, he got undressed even without looking at Dilaşub once, who was at his service as if she did not even have a body. He got to his bed. By commanding her to pull the door and sending her off, he fell into sleep in a matter of minutes.

When the pain that she had been suffering from for a while combined with another type of pain that suddenly emerged in her body, in addition to the excitement of seeing her beloved son for whom she had been longing for a week and the intense feeling of a night that she had been dreaming of when her wishes would come true, the made up malaise and fatigue that she had come up with in the garden proved to be right when she got to her room. Poor madam had almost lost her cheer. Therefore, they did not dare to tell her that Dilaşub was not accepted. She did not even need to ask because she was sure of her feelings above.

The poor woman had a very violent seizure at night. When she woke up in the morning, her heart being in great excitement, her nerves were under a heavy torment. She asked about the treatment Dilaşub had received from Ali Bey even before drinking her coffee. When she found out that her attempts were in futile through the hesitated words of the concubines, her whole body began to be affected as if there were flames burning in her veins

through all her body from head to bottom and her heartbeat began to affect all her body. With the pain of her nerves, each of her organs was shaking separately.

The things that increase the spirituality of mankind come at the time of greatest trouble. So, in such a severe agony, the madam decided to offer Dilaşub to Ali Bey in her mind. When the heart is intent on something, the suffering of the material is easily overcome. The madam quickly overcame the chaos in her body. Half an hour later, Ali Bey had woken up and he came to his mother's room to have a cup of coffee. When the two were alone, the lady started talking and there was a conversation between them like this:

“My dear boy, do you like the new concubine that I just bought?”

“Beautiful ...”

"Just beautiful? She's decent, knows how to read, knows how to write, and plays the piano. Her voice is also pretty. She knows better embroidery than many westerners. She is like an angel. I do not know, there are many good features that do not cross my mind right now.”

“How beautiful is that, mommy. The times when I'm not at home, she will be your company and entertain you. ”

"It would be more fun for me to wait for you, son. And I bought her for you, not for myself. "

"What am I going to do with a concubine?"

"Listen to the things that he speaks of! What was he going to do with a concubine? God has entrusted me with twenty-two years of age of you and it is time for you to have a family of your own. Now, if you find a kind girl, you will not be able to see her before you take her. If you do not like her, then you will be in a lot of pain for a long time. This is the first thing. There will be two ladies in the house and if we cannot get along with each other, you will be disturbed. This is the second thing. However, this one is a concubine. If you like her, you will get her into your bed, and you will train her as you like."

"I do not need a concubine ..."

"Why? If the girl isn't compatible with your character, then let me know what kind of a beauty you desire, and I will find it."

"No, I'm not making any excuses for the girl. Probably a more beautiful girl is hard to find even among angels or houris. However, it is not necessary. Why are you so determined to wed me?"

"Don't get me wrong, my son. As you can see, I am getting older. Wouldn't I desire to raise the babies of my

only beloved son in this lifetime? Don't you think that one's life would prolong while looking into the faces of one or two little angels wandering in this yard?

"Mama, how old do you think you are? You will raise your grandchildren anyway if god pleases. You will enjoy their company more than you think so. It wouldn't be the end of the world if it were a few years later, would it?"

"Stop it please my dear Ali! Now that you like that poor girl, take her into your room for the sake of your mother, and I will be a bit relieved."

"Mama, your nature has changed! You wouldn't talk like this, or do things like this in the past."

Because the conversation lasted that long, the discomfort changed her temper and the sorrow placed onto her heart made her misty-eyed and she said:

"Really! Is that so? You turn your mother down because of the wishes of a whore. My wishes become inappropriate and you disregard your mother's sayings, is that right?" she blurted out.

How could that poor woman know that her son was overwhelmed enough to give up his mother who had carried him in her body like her soul for nine months for the deceitful laughter of a whore! How could she realize

that this unappreciative, lustful boy who does not accept his own faults was ready to disdain his guardian angel!

Do you know what Ali Bey did after hearing those words? With a harsh tone like talking to his maid he said:

“The blame is on me, because I came to my home knowing that I would be disturbed”, and left angrily.

The wretched woman had no power to move, but just enough to gaze after her son. “Was I destined to see this day?” she could only say, but no other words.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

“My eyes watch your beauty unlike you do.

*Does the task of watching a beauty comply with
someone else?”*

It must be understood from the statements above that Mahpeyker’s mansion is full of luxurious objects. However, it was not mentioned that she has not spent any money since the day she met Ali Bey, and even one evening a satiated man had a small quarrel in order to pay for some fruit she brought home. Actually, the real reason was to reveal the sincerity in his actions. However, she had to accept it in order to persuade him that she was not dependent on Ali Bey for her own interest only although her only relation to him was for lustful reasons.

A mansion that deluxe was not possible to survive for long with only food, beverage, pleasure and abundance. Mahpeyker was not the member of a royal family who inherited a fortune. Since she had not had any relationship with someone else since she met Ali Bey, it was not possible to make money selling her love to some other men; and that’s why she could only live off with the money assigned to her as a tribute by a man who loved her, Abdullah Efendi, whom she had met on the early days of her new life style.

Abdullah Efendi was one of the most immoral, inferior men of Syria; and he made a fortune by bankrupting some merchants he had trade relations with his tricks. Especially he showed great skill and patience during his trade with Egypt and became one of the few people who had tremendous fame in terms of wealth. Although he was over seventy, he could not help laying with women. He had some defects on his face because of smallpox, and he was quite tanned, as if he was mixed race. His nose was so big and notched like a cactus because of syphilis. His mouth was quite big and at gross level with some decayed teeth. He was such a disgusting man that even his money was not enough for him to be welcomed by women; so he gave a lot of gold to the indecent women he frequented, and he let them free in their pleasures and doings. He only sought some compliments during the few hours he visited them, and that was his only life style.

He was captured by the same strong desire for Mahpeyker. Although he only visited Istanbul two times in three years, and he saw her face four or five times, he spent two hundred gold coins monthly for her comfort, which made the ladies of the royal families envy the abundance and luxury.

By chance, during the week Ali Bey spent with Mahpeyker, the man came to Istanbul a few times and

invited the girl on a date. Mahpeyker being afraid that Ali Bey might hear about their relationship, she took the risk of terminating all her relation with Abdullah Efendi and she made up some excuses for some of his invitations and directly refused some of them. However, she knew how troublesome he was, so she didn't want to risk her interest turn into hatred because she didn't want any harm come onto Ali Bey because of her. She decided that if she had to finish her relationship with Abdullah Efendi, it had to be peacefully but she was aware that his heart was made of stone and the only way to soften him was using sexuality and charm, so she decided to see him for a few hours. She wanted to save some time to execute her plan and that was the reason for her to ask Ali Bey not to come until three days passed.

On the day they parted, there was not enough time to go to İstanbul and come back again, and also she didn't want to spend the night with Abdullah Efendi. Thereupon, she arrived in Istanbul by the 4 a.m. ferry and went directly to the man's house. Yet, he couldn't find Abdullah Efendi there and she was afraid of running into Ali Bey on the way by coming to İstanbul two days in a row she decided to wait for him till the evening call for prayer. For that reason, she had to spend the night there with him.

On the other hand, Ali Bey wandered back and forth for a few hours after he departed with his mother in order to ease his irrational anger; and after his mood got better, he wanted to cheer more by going to bed with Mahpeyker, for whom he sacrificed his filial duty.

He got really upset at first when he got to the mansion and couldn't find her. However, he, who didn't bring any of his mother's favors and blessings into his mind after her mild complaint, brought any favors of Mahpeyker into his mind as an evidence of her goodness although he came across something he didn't like. He remembered that a woman had to do her things outside, and whenever he had come to visit her, he found her at home waiting for him. He thought that it would be unfair to get angry because of not finding her just once. He only couldn't put himself at his ease because of the plight by Mahpeyker of not coming back before three days.

He spent a few hours either wandering in the yard, or repeating the same things in his head dreaming the sweet moment of coming together. From time to time, the engagement plight came to his mind and made his heart pump faster and broke out in a cold sweat. Yet, the sweet moment of coming together came to his mind and wiped out all the bad thoughts from his mind.

When it was evening and the time to return to İstanbul came, he presumed all the ferries docking as love palanquins bringing his beloved darling to him; yet he got more and more anxious with every ferry that came and went without bringing his lover.

When it was about half past eleven at night, and his hope for Mahpeyker's coming faded away almost completely, the maids served him a rich drinking bout as a tradition. What did alcohol do to help other than flaming the turmoil more during harsh times? Ali Bey drank with the hope of easing his anxiety. However, raki came down to his stomach like a fire flaming his sorrow more.

When the ferry rounds ended for the night, a tremendous despair arose within Ali Bey. A color giving fear and terror came onto his face like a pitch black moment of the night fell onto him. The boy came to a state of mind choosing death over life at this young age because his mournful soul became so weak thanks to jealousy and being deceived by the tricks of the woman.

He passed almost one more half an hour each and every minute of which was like a great suffering for him. When he looked around more and more, the mansion which once looked like a paradise for him now looked like a dungeon of calamity, and Mahpeyker's beauty seemed as a poisonous smile of a skeleton without flesh. The songs

once gave him strength now sounded like a cry saying “get away from me, I am a trouble!”

Alcohol, till then he had regarded as a pleasure over life, now tasted like a murderer’s poison killing the joy in his heart.

During this severe sorrow and boredom, the things happened between him and his mother rushed into his mind. Ali Bey’s morals was deteriorating because of his habitual pleasure seeking, however, his virtues thanks to his instinctive aptness and his well nurture of twenty-two years were not spoilt easily by a few months of captivity, passion. His character could shift from habit to mania easily, but it also could change from love to hate that easily. Because he enjoyed most of the pleasures of his unlikely innocent love, his only desire was to see Mahpeyker again and yell all his bad thoughts about her. Now, all he could think about was finding a way to amend things he had said to his mother earlier.

He couldn’t get a wink of sleep until the morning because of his concern. He was ready and willing to do everything even if it meant that he had to sacrifice his life in order for his mother to forgive his mistakes. His sorrow felt like the bed was burning him whenever he changed sides, and he was thinking about the things Mahpeyker had done to him since the beginning of their relationship.

It was so apparent that they were fake. Even her most sincere acts included an explanation in detail, an evil excuse.

He has visualized all his mother had for him since he became aware of himself. All those actions were helpful and grateful with no exceptions. Even the most severe actions bore the marks of compassion. At that moment in his life, his happiness was solely made up of the prospect of humiliating Mahpeyker at his will and pleasing his mother's feelings.

As Ali Bey spent his night between two opposing feelings of revenge and a regret, looking for consolation, one of them quite horrifying and one of them is quite genteel; Mahpeyker could see Abdullah Efendi one and a half hour after the sunset. Because the guy returned home at this moment after he had finished his jobs that he had been trying to finalize. When he entered the room he lived in and saw the girl, a devilish smile appeared on his face which was uglier and more disgusting than a harridan's cry.

After the man spent some time by amorous reproaches for the belatedness of union and Mahpeyker told him authoritatively that her coming or not coming is dependent on her own will, the word came to the real matter. The girl revealed her amorous adventure with Ali

Bey trusting the immoral agreement between Abdullah Efendi and herself. She said that he could stop assisting her financially until her love for Ali Bey fades if he wished to and that her decision on this matter was final and irreversible. The man rejected this offer instantly.

However, Mahpeyker used all her strength of her accent, manners, actions, speech and intellect without abandoning her hope about her purpose to get a promise of an agreement from the man's mouth. She could not see the effects of them at all. Whatever demeanour she took on, she faced some amorous shows about desires of uniting; whatever words she uttered, she heard mocking answers from the other side about the impossibility of her desires. After two or three hours of such a struggle, when Mahpeyker really quailed about achieving her desire. Even feelings of hostility and revenge which were the real motivations behind her attempt lost their significance. Dying seemed better than being a slave of such a man's desires. Therefore, she jumped from her place in rage; put her veil to her head and her long coat on her collar as the last word from Abdullah Efendi's mouth came out:

“It is in accordance with our agreement that both parties are free in entertainment; but not leaving me completely hopeless! Don't bother your mind and mouth! I cannot accept this, whatever you say!”

“As you wish! There is no Mahpeyker for you anymore. If you can hear my salute one more time, may I be viler than you!” she said.

She walked quickly towards the door with an intention to spend the night in another place. The man, on the other hand, knew Mahpeyker’s vehemence and vanity very well and as he understood clearly that she decided to break up with him (whereas just like devil is obliged to trick the heart by delusions), Abdullah Efendi was keen on Mahpeyker at this level, he irredeemably changed his mouth instantly and tried to change the uttered words into a joke by some shameless rebukes that she could not even endure such jokes from him. He finally dissuaded the girl from the idea of going by begging her and pleading with her thousands of times. They started to talk again by sitting next to each other. Offers were declared constantly by Abdullah Efendi but Mahpeyker was refusing all of them stubbornly. After the subject prolonged for about an hour or so, the guy finished his words by saying:

“You have six months! Have fun with your man as you like! Don’t even pass from my street! No constraints will come to you; in contrast your comfort will increase. But when this period finishes, I want my share. If you don’t consent, I attempt revenge. This is my last offer. I am telling the truth that it is not possible for me to go further

than that. Go away if you don't like! Sit! Do whatever you like! You have the command!"

Mahpeyker, on the other hand, has not shown any hesitancy in accepting this offer even for two or three minutes. The profit of people who find cheating as the way to overcome despair exists and it works for the extension of revealing this grimace that they could not dismiss. The girl, based on this principle, accepted herself as saved from the trouble that she had been afraid of by the decision taken. In the meantime, she had no doubt that her affectation and coquetry which made Abdullah Efendi accept six months' deprivation today, would not be ineffective six months later.

After having agreed like this, the guy starting begging to be together even for that night and after having begged for more than half an hour, complied to one kiss due to the strict answer he received but he could not even get that. Because even if Mahpeyker's love for Ali Bey was just a lustful whim, due to its intensity, it was in a position of overcoming her heart completely and expanding her mind; when the girl started to talk to Abdullah Efendi, Ali Bey's image materialized in front of her as if he was hearing every uttered word, saw every action done and she became a slave of some unnecessary fears.

In short, the two old acquaintances left each other like two businessmen dealing about shopping without touching one another's finger and went off to sleep by retreating into two different rooms. The next day Mahpeyker woke up during morning call for prayer. She got out and returned to the Bosphorus by the first ferry without bothering to say goodbye to the man. When she reached the mansion and heard that Ali Bey had been there all through the night, she got flurried by reminding herself the negative results that could occur because of this coincidence but by considering the effects of her beauty and her charm that had been experienced thousand times before, when she conveyed the adventure by repairing some parts in their discussion which would naturally occur between them, she did not lose her hope in circumlocution of this event as well and entered instantly with these thoughts into the room where Ali Bey was. Ali Bey, though, was busy with daydreaming by sitting next to a window and letting his eyes to the slow movements of the waves. He regained his consciousness with her footsteps and looked at the door. His rage and anger in his heart exuberated so violently that when he saw Mahpeyker's face, his body turned into a fire from top to toe like a lighting of hell and in a thunderous voice he repeated: "Where were you?" a few times. After having received from the girl "Don't get angry at once. Let me tell you the

troubles I had when I come to my own senses!” as an answer of fearful surprise, his manners got more severe and his tone of voice increased and he said:

“Will you tell me about the troubles you had? You still suppose that I will believe in your lies, don’t you? You really think of me as stupid by looking at my ignorance of your fake behaviors in order to keep my entertainment, don’t you? I am fed up. Take this money and go amuse your swingers!” and started to walk towards the door quickly by taking the banknote worthy of four-hundred gold from his bosom and throwing at her head.

Mahpeyker, who was not expecting such behavior from him, got very surprised, grovelled at Ali Bey’s feet and, leaving her pride aside, started to beg him not to go. Collapsing at the door under the weight of her sadness:

“I beg of you, don’t go! For God’s sake, listen to me for five minutes and then kill me if you like,” she said and wanted to coil at Ali Bey’s feet but he repelled her away by pushing her chest with his foot and went off.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

*“Lost Yusuf sooner or later returns to Canaan, do
not you worry.*

*The house of sorrow one day becomes a rose
garden; do not you worry.”*

Fatma Hanım, the mother of Ali Bey, was full of sadness from top to toe after having heard of her son’s insults.

She did not have anybody, any hope or any joy apart from her son. However, because of the event that took place, she did not give any chance to Ali Bey’s another drop over to her and even if he came, she would never find the power in herself to continue to live in glee and peace as before. Mr. Ali had not migrated to any other place in her eyes but transferred into another realm that was impossible for her to enter and whatever fragile feeling and faculty of love there had been in his heart, he took all of them with himself.

Is there a bigger spiritual torment for a mother not only to lose her darling son blatantly but also not to have the adequate strength to feel sad for her loss? Fever haunting Fatma Hanım’s body did not let her rest even for a minute that night. Her heart was so broken that she was afraid of not being able to control herself from desiring a

very bad situation for a well-bred mother such as cursing her own son and even in that condition, after she consoled the trouble in her heart by crying for hours and remembering her long dead husband, she started to beg Allah the almighty for her son's recovery.

As for Dilaşub, she knew from the first day that she had been taken for Ali Bey and she was looking at her future quite confidently because what she heard from her old lady's mouth, who had raised her by regarding as her own child, was: "If I had not known how handsome, how well-bred, how benevolent Mister was, I would not have acceded to give Dilaşub."

Ali Bey's natural disposition such as hangover, fatigue from entertainment, subtle paleness appearing on his face due to the weakness of insomnia and shade of somnolence sprawling to his eyes when he returned home provided such a dreary, his beauty that drove even an airy woman like Mahpeyker mad struck the poor girl. Poor girl, although having looked at his face only a few times, accepted in her heart that if there was happiness on earth by dreaming each appeals of her beauty for a few hours, it must be in Ali Bey's complimenting smile. After she caught a few scrutinizing glances from Ali Bey, she became so happy that he perceived them as messengers of her happiness. She supposed that the cold approach she was

exposed to that night was because of either Ali Bey's shyness or his mother's possible unawareness of his intentions yet and therefore, the hope of salvation which has just started to exist in her heart has not lessened at all, on the contrary, she accepted waiting patiently and hopefully as a pleasure for herself.

Unfortunately, next day, she learned that Ali Bey had left the house because of a severe quarrel between him and his mother and her own existence had caused this disaster and when she saw the unbearable sorrow that Lady had fallen in, she felt a spiritual pain close to death as a result of a vital torment caused by being deprived of forever while not finding the opportunity to watch such a being remotely for more than a few hours whose every minute is worthy of a lifetime. Just like inviting misery as soon as she stepped in the house door of her benefactor on whom her felicity and prosperity depended on, she fell into a twinge of two painful distresses.

In one day, one night, she got thinner, lost weight and her cheek resembled a pale rose as if she was fighting a severe illness for a few months.

When the sun came up in the morning and when the ominous hour of quarrel with the Lady's son was up, the painful memory of the trouble which suddenly occurred

started to show and increase its effects as repeating abruptly in the poor woman's heart.

In order to sweep away even a slightest part of sorrows in her heart, she was always looking for something to love and get busy with in her mind. She found that bitter consolation in pouring out her grief to this unfortunate girl and her trouble-mate Dilaşub and she called her and said:

“Girl! Fate separated me from my only son. Will you stay with me and be my child as long as I live?” Dilaşub replied frantically: “May Allah take my soul the day I stepped in that mansion. You harbor goodwill against me even if I caused your resentment to Mister. My misfortune and bad luck touched upon my masters. If I step aside, you start to get on well again as in the past. If I have to die for this, Allah knows, I am willing to that as well. Dismiss your only handmaiden.”

The Lady told Dilaşub rather compassionately and politely that she was never responsible for Ali Bey's disloyalty and just as she was telling her that she could not give up on a person whom she took along two days ago to take care of her child after having lost her own child, a handmaid entered by running and informed them that Ali Bey was coming upstairs. Then Ali Bey appeared on the

door without letting the Lady think of a welcoming ceremony.

His face was pale like a dead man straightened on his comfortable bed; his attitude was fearful like a sinner fallen victim to the wrath of God. After looking around perplexingly for a few seconds, his lips started to shiver by turning white and his eyes to show the symptoms of fainting. Suddenly throwing himself at her mother's feet, on his knees he cried so much without saying anything that the poor woman forgot the resentment in her heart completely. By hugging him, and kissing and smelling his face and head; she began to beg bursting into tears together with Ali Bey and saying: "Ali, for God's sake, be silent! You will make yourself sick and I will also get ruined. Do you think that your mother will feel offended because of a word? Be silent for the sake of me! I swear I will not be able to tolerate and I will faint now".

How long will a mother's resentment last? The poor woman, who was not able to talk half an hour ago, yearned for shutting her son up much more than possessing him on her own, thus she added another love of son to her love now.

Poor Dilaşub! Feeling unable to leave the room because of the effects of the sorrowful views followed by good relations and regretful tears which are more effective

than the biggest evils in exhilarating the fragile feelings of heart, she dropped to her feet with a fierce faintness.

Ali Bey started getting hold of himself with his mother's compassionate welcome and relieving consolations. The lady controlled her excitement and delight slightly appearing on her face followed by the compliment of her son's sorrowful crying which revealed his regret. The eyes of both suddenly led to Dilaşub. The lady rushed out of her place as soon as she saw the girl and said to Ali Bey in a scolding manner: "Look! The poor girl suffers a lot for you!" She began to sprinkle water on her face, and made the girl smell cologne.

Opening her eyes after ten minutes of trying, when she saw her situation and Fatma Hanım walking around her like an odalisque, she thought that on the one hand she revealed the secrets of her love impatiently and on the other hand her master loved a woman in his daily service like her. Thus, such a beauty of joyful brightness and pinkness of shyness appeared on her face like a light shining on a diamond.

The girl stood up in a hurry. In a few seconds, as she got over the grief by making a brave effort, her face became normal and then the signs of sadness she got yesterday returned. Ali Bey's heart, capable of falling in love with the new beauty he encountered after he got rid of

an unfortunate love, started to beat violently while he was watching them.

The manners he saw in Dilaşub were not like Mahpeyker's doubtful manners, such as coyness, appeal, promises and vanity whose falsehood was as clear as truth, but rather her fainting and weakening were not possible to be imitated.

From the descriptions mentioned above, it was understood that Dilaşub was much more beautiful than Mahpeyker and also her innocence and loyalty increased the value of her beauty. For this reason, he was surprised that he couldn't see the woman like an angel walking around him and he insulted his mother as he was enslaved blindly by a treacherous woman, thus feeling sad that he had no words to turn her mother into her old thoughts.

His mother did not dare bring her old thoughts into her mind due to the fear of repetition of the previous debate. She did not talk about Dilaşub for several hours since she could not save her heart from such hesitations as: "Does Ali Bey's remorse indicate that he left the bad woman or was it only for the bad behaviors of yesterday?"

Furthermore, since she could not believe that she could turn her child back to his previous proper life unless she domesticated him with a new love, she looked for an opportunity to talk at any moment, but she could not find

an appropriate opening line to the issue. In the end, she could not resist the forces of her wishes and she approached Ali Bey. She threw her arms around his neck. Stopping in every word and looking at the face of the child at every pause:

“Dear Ali! I will tell you something but don’t be angry, will you? You thought that I resented you, but how can a mother be offended by her son? There can be such things in youth. I do not condemn you. But tell me, do you still love that woman?”

Ali Bey’s face blushed suddenly and he answered: “Damn that woman! If she had died before birth, the devil would have been deprived of a strong friend.”

Hearing all these words, the poor woman couldn’t dare to be happy as she thought that the things she saw might be a dream, the things she heard might be lies. She wanted to say a few words like

“My dear ... Yesterday ... Your behaviors yesterday!”

Ali Bey immediately interrupted:

“Mom, please do not mention about yesterday. I was crazy yesterday! I was a bastard yesterday! I wish God had taken my life and hadn’t shown me yesterday!”

Seeing the violence in his voice and seriousness in his expressions, Fatma Hanım was sure that Ali Bey saved himself from this trouble completely. She prostrated herself by thanking God loudly:

“My God, how great your grace is! You not only grant my dear son to me but also grant him with his well-being and kindness!”

This scene filled Ali Bey’s heart with grief instead of happiness because of his regret as he behaved badly towards his mother who merciful and diligent like an angel. In order to relieve his suffering, the child cried silently for a few minutes embracing her mother’s neck and pouring his tears on her chest.

Crying, he calmed himself by getting off the grief in his heart. Taking the opportunity, his mother mentioned about the beauty, skill, faithfulness and loyalty of the girl since she thought that it would be only possible to save her son if he fell in love with Dilaşub.

Having paid attention to her weakness during the day and the faintness a few hours ago, Ali Bey saw the signs of her love. Confirming these signs, she reminded Ali Bey in detail and said: “If it does not fit your nature, I may find another one; however, what a pity for the girl!” and tried to understand what he was thinking by concentrating on his face.

Ali Bey looked ahead in embarrassment. He implied that he was willing by responding: “If you like her, she will be appropriate for me! I do not hide anything from you; rather I loved her face and habit. But I did not think of getting married!” Fatma Hanım said: “I told you yesterday too! I want to see your marriage. Why do you deprive me of this happiness?” And she made him say: “You know best”.

In her mind, she immediately decided to put Dilaşub into Ali Bey’s bed. After the child went to the garden to have fun, Fatma Hanım called the girl. The poor woman had no sign of her previous hope in her heart. After a brief introduction about her happiness for Ali Bey’s relief from the trouble he was in, she immediately told the decision they made.

She could not hold herself and hugged the lady’s feet with a great excitement and happiness. Then suddenly it came to her mind; she bowed her head embarrassingly because of her actions and started to cry quietly. The lady understood that her tears resulted from her happiness and embarrassment. Making the girl sit down next to her, she calmed down her excitement by patting her face, hair and said: “My daughter, there is nothing to be embarrassed about this! If God blesses, your husband belongs to you. If

you love him, you should be proud! Your enemies will be ashamed!”

However, it was apparent that there was stillness in Dilaşub, and Fatma Hanım thought that this situation was caused by the girl’s embarrassment. However, the real reason for her unhappiness was because of bad guesses at the beginning of her love and the cold attitude of Ali Bey two days ago. However, she managed not to look sad by getting over her feelings.

In the evening, the lady sat on the table with her son on her right side and the future bride on her left. They ate their meal happily. Then, they went to the garden as usual and walked around under the trees for a while watching the stars which were the sign of the almighty God.

When it was three at night, Fatma Hanım entered into her room and the two lovers entered into their room. The clear daylight showed its brightness starting from the very night.

Ali Bey got married to Dilaşub, and his life was now an organized one. He regularly continued his duties during day time and he used to study to improve his knowledge late at nights. His young and beautiful wife, Dilaşub revealed a new spirit in him and raised his energy, success and intelligence to a great extent. The poor boy understood the meaning of real happiness now.

While Ali Bey had fun in their honeymoon with his wife, Mahpeyker was initially very sad when she learned about the marriage. But then she relaxed herself by thinking that Ali Bey's behaviors were the consequence of a temporary anger. This arrogant young man, not knowing completely who Mahpeyker was, sooner or later would return to her after his enthusiasm for that girl would pass. She was sure that she would see Ali Bey begging and throwing himself at her feet. Thus, she wanted to pretend as if she hadn't been interested in Ali Bey's marriage. She waited for ten days. But she couldn't see Ali Bey begging, so she became worried as she did not hear anything about him.

After thinking a lot, she couldn't control her feelings of lust and wrote a letter full of complaints from the beginning to the end and sent it. Even though she waited for days impatiently, she couldn't even get a two-line reply to her letter. However, she didn't give up her optimism and she considered that Ali Bey's indifferent attitude was undoubtedly because of jealousy. Jealousy meant another sign of love as no man becomes jealous if he is not in love with someone else.

As long as Ali Bey's indifferent attitude, because of his jealousy went on, it meant he still loved her. She was not sad anymore, she was rather happy.

It could not be possible that the relationship between Ali Bey and Mahpeyker to be completely over. But the days were passing; there was still no word from Ali Bey. Mahpeyker could not help missing Ali Bey anymore. As she remembered the moments of love and pleasure with him, she had feelings of lust a lot. She realized that she would not be able to get anything by only complaining. In the end, she decided to write a letter full of passions to her lover. She changed something about the love affair with Abdullah Efendi and she wrote a letter in which she showed this love affair as a sacrifice for Ali Bey. She mentioned that she missed him a lot in detail, she also wrote many oaths about her loyalty to him.

Having waited impatiently for days, she did not get any reply from Ali Bey. She was quite worried. There was the last thing to do – the threat of suicide – which was not only a big lie and also had important and serious effects. She wrote the third letter in which she wrote that she could not bear anymore and would commit suicide if he did not give a response to her.

This letter increased the hatred of Ali Bey much more than before and drove him crazy. His indifference and hatred towards Mahpeyker turned into anger. That bad woman must be told off. He suddenly took a pencil and

paper angrily, wrote the following reply to her and got the man send it.

“Lady! You are superior than devil to deceive a man. Do you make me scared of suicide? Your efforts are in vain. Women, like you, can never take the risk of death by their own will. Even if your lies are real, I am not interested in them. You already deserve death. By doing so, you will be your own executioner. Since there is no difference between your existence and absence for me, your life or death does not interest me! If you get out of this world, only the honorable people, who cannot save themselves from the proofs of false loyalty like fake beauty and tears, shall rejoice. Let’s set aside love affairs and think smart for a second: in our relationship I have tried and concluded that as it is not possible for a human to align with a snake, it is not possible to have a constant harmony between righteousness and a bad character. I have found an innocence place that I can entrust my heart. Surely, you cannot stay away from finding a fun slave to make a toy for your whims. Since, I am not crazy enough not to understand that you cannot sacrifice one hour of fun for me let along killing someone, I inform you that I would be very grateful if you gave up on this.”

Upon seeing the man coming back with a letter, with the thought that her hopes would come true immediately,

Mahpeyker started to smile and a mood of joy began to color on her face as if she had won a victory. She snatched the letter from his face and turning it over a couple of times slowly and after having looked at it thoroughly with a stare full of fancy and affectation as if Ali Bey had been in front of her. After taking the paper out of the envelope and glancing through the page, her mind was full of disappointment, she felt shocked and her face became pale terrifically. There was not even a drop of blood left on her lips. She began to and move unavoidably. Her body started to tremble from head to foot. In her heart the feeling of jealousy because of the words “I have found an innocence place that I can entrust my heart” overcame all the deplorable feelings such as effect of insult and deprivation of acquaintanceship.

The worst situation for women is to be defeated with a competitive advantage. Especially if the woman who is defeated isn't superior other than her beauty, upon this insult Mahpeyker felt nothing but the desperate need for revenge. It is natural that a love distant from innocence turns into a heartless grudge when attempted to end.

Bad woman immediately began to think about how to fulfill the desire for revenge that her conscience was dragging on from then on. Even after several sleepless nights, with many unfortunate nightmares involving the

thousands of sicknesses of her ill heart and after many new attempts, she wanted to attack her enemy's bed of roses life through her lover who had been the soul of her inner consciousness like wounded tigers who cannot bring out the bloody anger. Once decided, she couldn't stop herself from reconsidering every little detail of her plan carefully. The first motive of her was to try to learn and see her opponent. With the help of peddler women, she found out easily that Ali Bey had a handmaiden. To see her, she didn't have much trouble to get into the houses where Fatma Hanım visited. Finally, on her eleventh day of search she ran into Fatma Hanım and Dilaşub.

She started to compare herself with her opponent in this meeting. During this comparison, after noticing next to her rival's beauty, her beauty was so faint she was ready to burst with anger. Dilaşub's moonlight beauty was enough to put out her beauty. She even took great care to decorate herself, knowing in advance that the ladies would come to his wedding. But Dilaşub was plain as if she was trying to cover her beauty according to her discipline but again was able to make her clothes fit her so beautifully that she shone brighter than not only Mahpeyker but also all the other ladies in the wedding. Mahpeyker, to make herself feel less jealous, tried to find some superiority and relied on her intelligence.

With some vivacious acts she wanted to handle the gathering. With a feeling of guessing the future and some little secrets everyone gives little clues about, Dilaşub tried to compete with Mahpeyker's chattiness as if she understood her intentions. With her decent expressions and wits, she took the attention of the people away from the other's family babbling. Seeing that she was below Dilaşub also in this subject, she started to be furious. If she had considered her rival worthless compared to herself, some of her anger to Ali Bey would probably have turned into insult since he had had someone below her in his heart. However, both losing a lover and surrendering him to a superior rival in all aspects was not an easily bearable situation even for the most well-mannered and the sincerest women, let alone a virtueless woman like Mahpeyker who fed herself with evil.

This woman came out of the wedding house on the pretext of being overwhelmed by the crowd, after she could not endure as her despair increased, and once again she had designed in her mind the preparations for the revenge and straightly headed towards Abdullah Efendi's house, whom she hoped to make use of to execute her plans.

The old man had been searching for his fun elsewhere since he abandoned his hope even to see

Mahpeyker's face until the time of their agreement came and after 25 days, contrary to his expectations, he immediately came up with a rare self-interest by basing this move to a motive that leads money when he saw the girl coming in front of his room door. Mahpeyker stroke and attitude in a poised but allowing manner and with these words he welcomed her:

“Welcome, my lady! You see, the big Arab might be useful to a woman! However, since you came here earlier that we agreed, as a thank you for your favor I won't back down my words and I will not fail in service”.

But when he heard that she was breathing violently resembling resentment and anger, and when he looked at her face carefully, he realized that torment from her face and anger from her eyes and lips were raining. By changing the way, he spoke immediately, he curiously began to ask questions such as:

“I am such a fool that I jabber about and make jokes! There is a sign of malaise in your face. What's wrong with you for God's sake?”

After a couple of minutes of resting, Mahpeyker started to talk astoundingly:

“Is it possible for you to do what I want? If you promise me, I'll be totally yours until I achieve my goal.

Ah! Revenge one day! Revenge once! After that the world comes upside down!”

Her face started to change as if hatred was coming out of her face. And the man, in contrast to the evil in his creation, for a request that is nothing for him, scorned the girl’s extreme rush and politely made some jokes like:

“What a pity! So was all your enthusiasm for revenge? Ms. Mahpeyker, who does not think of anything more than fun, now falls back on her vengeance. Do these horrible dreams suit this angelic body? But why not? Azrael is also an angel.”

“What happened? What’s the matter? When you have a servant like me, it is not necessary for you to think what you desire won’t come true. Just order whatever you want! If your wishes do not come to the flesh as fast as possible, then you can worry and be sorrowful” he replied.

The girl smiled bitterly and said:

“The gentlemen, for whom I sacrificed the whole world, abandoned us for not being in the mansion on the day I came here. So to say he was jealous. Ha ha ha ha! What a strange jealousy! He was jealous of me and found a concobine to entertain himself.”

“Look at what you’re upset about! Let him have fun with whomever he wants! Aren’t you capable of finding a

richer man than him? There are plenty of other fish in the sea.” said Abdullah Bey wanting to flatter her.

By looking at this man despisingly and in a way full of wonder and after a couple of minute’s silence, Mahpeyker started to talk again. Here is the dialogue between them:

“I guess you haven’t loved anyone in your life. You don’t even know what love is”

“How haven’t I loved anyone? When did you see that I was away from love affairs?”

“To me a person can only love once as he can only live once in this world. If you had known what love was you wouldn’t have told me “let him have his fun with whomever he wants”. So you would not feel grief if your loved one slipped through your fingers.”

“I am different. Who would approach me in this disguise? And why wouldn’t I be sad to miss a chance that I had with a heavy heart?”

“When you have that much money it is easier to find a woman to entertain you.”

“Let me tell you the truth. In this love business money has a fake reputation. A nice eyebrow, eye, and arrows are more beneficial than gold. A poor scribe has

better fun than we do. Even if they show interest in money, in love councils only the remaining ones show interest in the old riches. Don't you know that? If this poor Arab died, of course you would not be as saddened as one percent in a hundred or a thousand of your present state. Do not consider my words as complaint. What I want to say is that if I were you, instead of being destroyed by grief, I would go and find a better gentleman than he is and send him berserk."

"When you come to my position then you can do what you know. Now are you going to help me to take my revenge? Tell me that."

"My child! Don't even mention it. Shall I find an excuse and send him to prison? Or shall I get him beaten up? Whatever your heart desires, please command."

"I don't want any of them! Just make them break up."

When the dialogue reached this point, Abdullah Efendi leaned back on his chair in a way as if he had won a victory. He said in a tongue in cheek manner:

"You demanded a very difficult thing. Was all that fuss about this? If a man finds it difficult to separate such a jealous and proud man from his wife and lover, the word "easy" loses its meaning. Now try to find out if the girl has

a suspicious move or a secret body mark and let me know. It is my duty to make your opponent seem like a hooker lower than a dungeon team. Your gentlemen will hear the rumors in a week then we won't have any doubts that they'll break up. This is what we always do." And he started to move back and forth in his chair as if he had made a big favor.

Mahpeyker, on the other hand, appreciated the skillfulness of the plan as a snake understands the power of its poison or as a hangman understands the strength of the rope. In a sincere and serious manner:

"I don't understand why the ones who do magic look to Satan instead of you" she said.

As a thank you after she kissed the guy's filthy checks a couple of times and she put her fancy lips in his smelly mouth a few minutes, she dashed out. She inflicted peddlers upon Ali Bey's house to learn what was going on and to make one of the handmaidens as her spy if possible and at the same time she started to visit the Turkish baths nearby.

When fate wants to bring out trouble, reasons for that come quickly. In the fourth day of her schemes Mahpeyker ran into Dilaşub in a Turkish bath. She realized that Dilaşub had two big moles one black and one brownish next to her loincloth tie. This sigh which was in a

better place than she had hoped was enough her to reach her goal, so she got dressed quickly and wanted to visit her friend. She stopped by her mansion for a thing on her way.

Once opportunities have begun, it is a common coincidence that they follow each other. To her surprise before poor Dilaşub came to the bath she had been writing what was on her mind related to her inner pleasures in her room. At that point Ali Bey came into her room. He wanted to see the paper on her hand. How well can a woman in this culture write with her manners even if she has the Şinasi abilities? Poor Dilaşub felt ashamed because even she didn't like what she wrote down to that paper herself and didn't show it. Thereupon, when Ali tried to get the letter facetiously, she tore the paper apart.

At that time, one of the women who was always creeping around the girl like bad spirits bothering people was in the mansion for a shopping accuse. When the woman heard this incident she immediately ran to Mahpeyker's mansion and made explanations to handmaidens.

In this way Mahpeyker searched for and found the two excuses Arab was looking for one after another. Mahpeyker's heart, which was accustomed to believing nothing but what she saw or sometimes not even what she saw since she raised it by telling lies, passed to Istanbul

with a total relief not just because she understood the importance of the news she got but also with the idea that she was in luck because two of the excuses came out on the same day. She met with Abdullah Efendi and told him the mole sign and the paper incident in detail. After getting the guarantees she wanted from him, she returned to her mansion completely relaxed. She started to wait the outcomes of the thing she got herself into.

Ali Bey, on the other hand, would go to the places of promenade when he could find the time (he adapted his every move to the situation), and went on a profitable and polite way day by day, since he began to benefit from his life with pleasure, given his pure love, his spiritual freshness and strength.

Abdullah Efendi was informed by one of the spies assigned to meet Ali Bey that he would go to Çamlıca again on one Friday and Abdullah Efendi gave the necessary instructions to a very handsome man named Pertev Ağa by evil means. He went there by inviting Mahpeyker to benefit from the brutal taste of revenge by following the beginnings of the suffering of Ali Bey. He sat in the vicinity of the plane tree mentioned before, which was the favorite place of Ali Bey.

Mahpeyker, with a secretly burning hatred, woke up before dawn, began to walk around without stopping and resting in search of the hassle of revenge.

Ali Bey arrived after 6 o'clock. Having traveled a bit further, he decided on the spot where Abdullah Efendi had predicted that he would.

Mahpeyker, like a serpent looking at a prey, was twisted from her anger and showed a color in every move of her wrath. She was waiting around for the occasion, walking up and down. Ali Bey repeated the poisonous treatments he had shown with his tongue and with his cold actions, assuming that the evil woman had come to that point because she had not taken revenge and she was highly affected by the insults.

Approximately twenty minutes after the arrival of Ali Bey, Pertev Aga, who was Abdullah Efendi's hunting dog, with an anxious attitude, started to move towards his side by mixing his hair, moving his eyebrows and eyes. Mahpeyker immediately moved her car; in order to see the events that would pass between them in a proper way and she decided at a suitable place to fully hear the words to be said.

As Pertev Aga approached Abdullah Efendi under the above-mentioned conditions, he immediately grabbed an

empty chair right there without any bother to employ any social behaviors such as greeting or asking how he is,

"What are we going to do with this girl? What a strange trouble!" He said, breathing quickly and sat next to him. Abdullah Efendi pretended not to understand, which was a pre-arranged conversation, and asked "Which girl?"

"My dear, the girl in the blue mansion we passed by three days ago!"

"Remember? There was a mosque in ruins on the right side of this mansion, a yogurt shop in front of it and İstavri's orchard beside its garden..." By saying so he described the house of Ali Bey and the thousands of worries and misery filled the poor child's heart. After being asked "Well, what about her?" by Abdullah Efendi and finding the opportunity to complete the details:

"Come on! She is so flirtatious and seductive. She keeps winking at me. I'm going mad!"

"Is it something new to complain about the compliment that the young people get from the girls? You should wink at her too! Find a way to enjoy it!" answered Abdullah Efendi.

As the conversation went on, Ali Bey was in awe and sadness and he was almost paralyzed by the appearance of

such a disaster that his house, his family, would be tainted. While he was thinking about which one of his girls would be so immoral to let such things happen, he heard the young man's answer:

“I wonder if there is a solution to this. She has just been sold to that place. I checked. She has fallen into hands of a man named Ali.” Upon hearing that Ali Bey jumped out of his place with a terrific sound like a lion which was attacked. He shuddered. His face became red and his eyes were bloody. When he was about to fall on him like a lightning bolt, he heard a loud laughing loud enough to smash the lungs at her side, and he quickly turned to that side. It was Mahpeyker laughing at the misfortune of Ali Bey, like a missed opportunity, or unvalued luck. She looked like an oleander with a festive glow. When this poisonous hubbub suddenly spread to the body, a coldness came to his blood; his face turned to a pale color of the earth; he collapsed almost immediately.

What happened was already enough to make this group of cursed people achieve their goal. But these people would not be able to rest unless they tore apart the dead bodies of those who were killed by victorious weapons. Abdullah Efendi continued:

“You seem to be talking about Dilaşub. We knew about her when she was with the older lady. She was

patient enough to find herself a new place to stay. Then, she never slighted us, she was always kind to us.”

The man opposite Abdullah Efendi answered: “She is more than kind! She shows us the moles on her belly, but nothing more. You should see how great they look!”

“We saw them. One is black, one is brownish. Go on lad! Do not give up!” Abdullah Efendi interrupted. A few days ago she was writing a letter inviting us home. At that moment the gentleman came over and she had to tear up the letter. If that paper is torn, there are more! In a world where I can succeed with my looks, you shouldn’t be desperate!”

After telling a series of lies, they stood up with innocent manners and started to roam around as if their conversation was far from all kinds of deceit and bad intentions. Mahpeyker was following them with a poisonous, cruel joyful smile on her mouth, and a glance of bloody revenge in her eyes. Ali Bey froze. He didn’t move as if he was dead. But as every word of these people passed through his mind like a flame, his brain and his heart were scorched. Thinking about the trouble he got into, he spent half an hour in depression, a fresh fever suddenly gushed and the intensity of the anger turned him into a fireball. He went from there to the mansion like a thunderbolt,

overturning the order and peace of the house, and utterly destroying the ambitions of his future.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

*“My lord, while I wished to give my life away for
you in return for the slightest kindness*

*Alas! You killed me by being fooled by the words of
others”*

On his way to the house, Ali Bey thought about how much desire and enthusiasm he had in this world. All of them were torture to him now! There was only one bond left between life and him: vengeance!

He decided that the worst versions of suffering were more suitable than death for Dilaşub. When he came home, Dilaşub and her mother weren't at home. As he came home, his anger hadn't faded, and it had started to turn his heart and body into ashes. The slight breeze surrounding him was killing a part of his life in every breath, as if it were all airy death. With this anguish, he bit his lip, gnashed his teeth, walked in the room without stopping and every minute he got closer to death. He got a violent tremor from the fever and after a minute or two he returned to his old self and laughed as if he was in doubt, and he began crying like an orphan.

Having been in these hurtful troubles for hours, his feelings had changed in intensity causing his blood flow rate to increase. His nerves were completely destroyed,

and his brain almost melted away with the fire of blood. At this moment the innocent Dilaşub, who was away from any sins, with her poor mother who had no knowledge of anything, entered the room. Ali Bey, just like a wounded soldier at his last breath attacking the killer in order to remove his liver, was very angry and with a very uncompromising move he wrapped Dilaşub's gentle hair, which he was unable to smell at the time of joy, with a voice as terrible as the grunts that appeared at the time of death:

“Who did you show the moles on your belly, you whore? Who did you write the letter that you hid from me and then tore away? You thought that you could fool me, didn't you? Traitor!” He said and then he hit the poor girl's head to the wall beside her at such a great speed that she collapsed on the floor and remained there like a dead person as black blood flew out of her mouth and nose.

Her mother was in awe. Probably because she had never experienced such an event, she went crazy. "Ali, what are you doing, my son? Stop. Listen to me for a while". She shrieked trying to intervene. Ali Bey pushed her to the side, in a disgraceful manner, by the hand.

He began to tear up, tear off her clothes with his fingernails and teeth. His eyes were like a blood-stained monster's which has seized his victim.

The poor girl was trying to cling to Bey's feet and beg by crouching on the floor of blood. She could hardly open her eyes because of the impact of the pain caused by the violence. How much she suffered was clear from her face but she tried to smile in pain.

This disaster lasted for more than half an hour, and the girl was defeated by the weakness of her body and fainted. Because the power that enabled Ali Bey to move due to his great nervous breakdown was only the intense excitement of his nerves. When he was exhausted, he was knocked down as if his jaw had been squeezed shut.

Until then, the mother, who could not do anything other than looking around and be shocked by the horror of the event, began to cry and cry out by tearing her own hair out because she wasn't sure whether her beloved daughter was dead or alive.

The bond servants who heard the voice entered the room. Terrified and sorrowful, they put Ali Bey in a room, and carried the poor Dilaşub to another room.

Two or three hours later, one of the servants, who was sent to look for help, found a doctor and brought him home. As Ali Bey's condition was about to be too late to respond to treatment, the doctor made some urgent medical interventions preventing a deadly outcome and prepared the necessary medication for the poor Dilaşub.

The greatest concern of the lady was the possibility of Ali Bey's mind being harmed. After telling what happened to the doctor in a sorrowful way, she put her concern into words. It took thousands times of begging and swearing to learn the reason of his actions of madness to be a result of a brain fever and a thrill of heart and that they were all caused by the intensity of the seizure.

A disease like a brain fever can be terrifying but it seemed to be a better option than madness. The fact that she learned about what happened by exploring and uncovering the details alleviated the suffering of her heart to a degree.

Poor Dilaşub didn't feel any pain in her body. Those who are suffering from spiritual distress don't feel bodily pain. Upon seeing her beloved Ali Bey at that moment, she could not think of anything other than to give her injured body to his service, dedicate her broken heart to pray for his health, forgetting about her own pain and the unjust assault she has suffered.

A compassionate mother and a heartbroken lover cried until the morning like two angelic angels at the feet of a patient who was asleep under a violent seizure, and begged God. Ali Bey took the medicine given in a neurotic motion and he was still lying in a state of unconsciousness.

It was finally morning. The seizures started to lighten. Around two o'clock, when the doctor came to re-examine his patient, the fever attacks were completely terminated and Ali Bey's eyes were open. Then he started looking around with empty eyes. He could not recognize anyone for a few minutes. Then, he saw Dilaşub in service, suddenly his heart started to crash like it was going to come out of its place. In this case he understood once again that there was sadness about Dilaşub in his heart that cannot be solved. But he failed to remember the events that had been experienced. After thinking for a while, he found some of the reasons of his sadness, and he wanted to jump out of his place and attack Dilaşub. Doctor stopped him in order to protect his health from these kinds of angry movements explaining the troubles that may arise. Meanwhile, the lady took the poor girl out of the room. He was able to prevent the events that happened the day before since Ali Bey could not maintain this excitement due to his tiredness.

When the patient went back to his bed and his mother returned to the room, the doctor started talking. He explained that Ali Bey's sickness was understood to result from the problems related to his mental state rather than from bodily problems. Thus, he needed to know what caused the sorrow in his heart so that he could decide on a treatment. Later, he asked why he was angry with the

concubine, Dilaşub, and assured Ali Bey about the doctors' total confidentiality because it is what the profession required as a discipline. If something needed to be kept secret, it would be kept secret, and he could be sure of that.

Ali Bey, after a bit of hesitation, wanted the concubine to be expelled from the house immediately, as he considered it a necessity for the protection of his life and saw that he had no other choice but to explain his unbearable anxiety and to set his mind at ease. He was certain that she displayed some behaviors that destroyed his trust of her honor. Otherwise he would always want to attack her whenever he saw her, and therefore he told that his illness could recur as a result of his worn-out nerves.

Fatma Hanım was as sure of the girl's honor as of her own. Yet, she could not defend her completely not to risk his life and she started begging. The doctor started talking before Ali Bey could say a word:

“Under these circumstances, it's not time to find out if she's guilty or not. Your son's life depends on her absence from the house. There is no difference to have her in the house or to be given to an executioner. She must be sent away right now. If you do not do as I ask, I wish to be excused from your son's treatment process!”

The lady considered Dilaşub as her daughter but she could do nothing since her beloved son's life was in danger. Also, it was recommended by the doctor in order to save her son's life. She had to choose between two terrible options and decided to let them send her away. Poor lady! How could she know that all joy of spirit and conscience of her household would disappear together with the Dilaşub?

Ali Bey, at the end of a violent storm, experienced stagnation in his blood so he ordered a man to invite a slave trader immediately. When the doctor went to work after writing the necessary prescriptions, the slave trader arrived.

As soon as Mahpeyker returned from Çamlıca, she knew that Dilaşub would be sold at any rate. In order to crush her rival under the clan of insult, and in order to completely deprive her of her ability to achieve the love of Ali Bey again, she asked every slave trader to inform her about every concubine for sale. She also promised many generousities if she was able to find her. Therefore, when the slave trader entered Ali Bey's room and learned that there was a concubine for sale, she immediately told Fatma Hanım:

“I promise you, my lady! I have an enthusiastic client. If she likes the concubine, she can give you the money you

desire. But she's not a respectable person. I would not like your concubine to live in such places.” Ali Bey sat up and said:

“Did you just say that she is not respectable? That's what I want. What a nice coincidence. Swine! She can die in brothels being beaten by the drunk blokes, cleaning their vomit. Now take the dog away, I do not care at what price she is sold. Bring me my money tonight!” He was filled with peace after he was relieved of his doubts.

The slave trader was happy with the way she was able to decide on the price and bargaining and he said:

“It is up to you! May God give you everlasting blessings! Now that you give me the authority, I will strive to please you with my work.” She wanted to take her and leave, the lady ran after her and asked her not to let Dilaşub understand what is happening. Then, she went to the poor girl. She hid her sadness due to her love for the girl and told her that Ali Bey's fury resulted from his illness and according to the doctor, it would be impossible to treat him as long as Ali Bey saw her in the house. She also lied to the girl that the doctor wanted her away for a few days and the lady she was with was an old friend of hers who would have the girl as a guest for a few days.

Dilaşub could readily die if the issue was about Ali Bey's health. Thinking that it could be the end of the

misfortunes of the treatments she heard and the end of the worries in her heart, she started to get ready to leave as the happiest person in the world. She started to walk with the slave trader after she asked the lady to keep her informed about his health and prayed to God for his wellbeing. The lady almost did not let her go despite her fear of his son's life. When she could not take that risk, she wanted to let her know the real story but she was able to hold herself. When Dilaşub left, she started to cry loudly. Ali Bey's room was facing the street, and he was leaning out of the window to check if his request was completely fulfilled, waiting for Dilaşub to leave.

Seeing that she was leaving with the trader, Ali Bey remembered his love adventure for a second, and fainted again and started to talk to himself as a result of many tastes he had in his life, turned his face to nothingness. She would never return again.

His health continued to deteriorate for fifteen days. During the time, his mother did not get a minute of sleep. His body was perhaps worse than a patient's. Poor man survived with worry and stood with fear. The most famous doctors were invited every hour and all of them came to the point of giving up hope. Yet, destiny has not completed the catastrophe for that family, and the child began to recover on the sixteenth day with an extraordinary help of

nature. After suffering from weakness for some fifteen or twenty days, he was fully recovered.

CHAPTER TWENTY

“I wish that you would have me killed with the sword of politics. At least on such a disastrous day my enemies would not see me in that desperate state.”

As for Dilaşub, the slave trader took the poor girl directly to Mahpeyker's mansion. They entered the monster's room waiting for her victim. The moment they stepped in the room, the trader pushed Dilaşub towards Mahpeyker and said:

“Girl, what are you waiting for! Kiss the new lady's skirts.” The poor girl was stunned as she had not realized any clues about what was really happening until then.

Perplexed, confused, she looked at the lady she thought to be a friend of her mother-in-law:

“How does he talk? Did not I come here as a guest?”

Mahpeyker did not allow the trader woman to answer and screamed with a grim voice:

“No, ma'am, you did not come here as a guest. You were sold to me. Just like the time you were once sold to Ali Bey, you were sold to me. You are not surprised that your man behaved like this, are you? You trusted his interest, his love, your beauty, your innocence, right? Do not worry! You are not the only one, a beautiful woman

with whom he had fun as long as he liked and then abandoned. No matter how honorable a person is, sometimes you can turn into a monster, worse than the dishonorable.” She went on frowning:

“What are you looking at, stupid idiot! Now, take off your clothes and wear servant clothes! There are guests coming tonight.” At that moment, Dilaşub completely understood how terrible her life was going to be.

She was crushed, standing motionless in a corner as if she was paralyzed upon suffering from a grievous pain of separation and degradation and realizing that, she was devastated.

Mahpeyker and the slave trader thought that she was dead when they saw her in that state. They were very afraid because one would be deprived of revenge and the other would be deprived of her earnings. They poured water on her face and the poor girls began to move. Mahpeyker told the trader:

“Nothing happened. She is a gentle lady so she passed out! She is sad that she left her man! Sick or well, I accept her anyhow.”

While Dilaşub was lying in that heart-shattering state, the others had a deal. The slave trader left for Ali Bey’s mansion after she gave the money.

When Dilaşub came to herself, she thought she should better die. She could not die an hour ago. Alas! Death is not merciful enough to meet the ones who wish to die. Her despair in her heart tore her organs apart like a predatory monster. Her death-like-fainting happened every two hours. In addition to these, Mahpeyker's insults, mocking and beating played a role in making her fragile body turn into stone. However, death would not stop her sufferings.

Concerning Dilaşub, it was the chastity of her that increased the jealousy of Mahpeyker rather than the appearance and the moral superiorities. Hence, this unethical woman, more than anything else, tried to deprive her of this chastity to draw her to her own level. She invented tortures that would shock anybody. She tried hard for months. However, the innocent woman never touched a man's hand.

In the face of that much torture and disgrace and in that sinful environment, she was protected by the extraordinary strength of her loyalty and love, and through this, she took a spiritual revenge from her husband, who revealed numerous bad thoughts about her, and she reversed her rival's cursed tortures.

After a long period of time, Mahpeyker started to be worried about seeing a creature that would ease the anger

in case she would die, as she felt desperate to spoil the clean creation of Dilaşub because she caught her once near the well and once in the window about to commit suicide, despite continuing her torment, she forsook the behaviors that would stain the woman's chastity.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

*“However hard I tried to find a remedy for this
trouble of despair,*

*It was in vain wherever I looked, both debauchery
and sin.*

When it comes to the other side: Ali Bey’s recovery of his health was something like a rebirth, and his poor mother never hesitated to do any kind of good deeds of her religion, such as sacrificing an animal and giving away to charity. Ali Bey, however, only recovered physically, but the diseases of his soul had increased so much that it was not luck for him to survive death, but a misfortune.

The betrayal of Dilaşub spoiled his beliefs to the extent that he would consider God as cruel, and he tried every possible way to cheer up for a while and forget the bad things in his life, as he was not able to resist the dragging of love and the disappearance of his sorrow. He soon submitted to the evils like drinking, gambling, fondness for women, and other things that would numb his mind. He was not satisfied with any of the forbidden pleasures he had become accustomed to, like the weak-hearted people who were constantly complaining about the world but not able to dare leave it. But again he did not want to stay away from any of them. He had been going to casinos and such evil places for days and weeks. He was

giving a thought neither to his friends, nor to his business, nor to his mother.

Since it was not possible to manage this way of life by his current earning, he was about to run out of his wealth in a very short time.

His only loyal friends in the world were Atıf Bey and Mesut Efendi. Atıf Bey was in Rumelia by appointment at that time. Mesut Efendi wanted to give Ali Bey some advice, running once into him on the street, but he was treated badly by Ali Bey because Ali Bey thought that it was Mesut Efendi's idea to buy Dilaşub and bring her to the mansion, and he considered Mesut Efendi as the primary reason for all the things that had happened to him.

Mesut Efendi gave up this unsuccessful philanthropy since he was unable to deal with a madman accustomed to biting a helping hand stretched out to save himself from disasters.

It was Dilaşub and his mother who were the only people who loved him. Dilaşub was crushed under the burden of the above mentioned problems and his mother was looking for a way to save his son by all the means she could think of. How could a woman who had not suffered from anything about her husband understand the impact of being deprived of love? His mother was just helping to

speed up the expulsion of his property by begging help from fortune tellers.

The helpless woman could only see Ali Bey once a month. Although she wanted to admonish him, she had to hear his utterly heart-rending reproaches. Hence she was afraid of saying more.

This extravagancy, starting from surplus things like jewels, had spread to home goods and everything. The abstinent lady had to start a life as a tenant with few pieces of furniture, living on sewing. And Ali Bey, who had considered office as a useless activity, had to write petitions for other people to make his living.

Fatma Hanım was on her deathbed, not having been able to bear the misery she had to face. Ali Bey was in such a bad psychological state that he showed no sign of loyalty to his mother, who brought him up in hard days, when she was in pain of death, visiting her only once. When they were together, he said to her: “You are paying for what you did. You should not have brought that immoral woman to our house.” These words gave her more misery. He would not be present at her funeral, but, despite all these, she never stopped saying blessings for her son as her final words.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

*“Avoid my heart even if you burnt my body,
I am such a firebox, always glowing.”*

Mesut Efendi, whose heart was broken because of the ill-treatment by Ali Bey, decided not to see his face again, but, because of the violence of the disaster Ali Bey was going through, and especially since he himself had seen all aspects of the world, he could not help feeling pity for Ali Bey, who was now in poverty. Since he did not expect to find a remedy for Ali Bey himself, he wrote a letter, containing all the details of the events and his personal thoughts of these events to Atif Bey and he asked how they could help him.

The tender-hearted Atif Bey was very upset when he heard about the pathetic situation of Ali Bey, his past confidant. He immediately wrote a letter to Ali Bey, with his condolences. He also mentioned that he learned that he was having troublesome days and he offered that he could send him a thousand cents every month through a moneychanger he knew in Istanbul and finished his letter with some advice.

Ali Bey, who had started to do all kinds of immoral activities to finance the cost of his bad habits, accepted Atif Bey's offer without hesitation. However, he also dared

humiliate the young man with mockery for his advice and warnings.

The only dishonorable thing that Ali Bey had not done up until then was to come together again with Mahpeyker. His patience resulted more from the fact that he thought there was something cursed about her, not from the embarrassing things he did.

Because Mahpeyker had got her so called revenge on Dilaşub through torturing her every day, she soothed her anger with Dilaşub. Mahpeyker's offence was because of the dissatisfaction with Ali Bey and the rivalry against Dilaşub; nevertheless, these feelings were overshadowed by the love resulting from her passion for Ali Bey.

Mahpeyker forced herself for a long time to reverse her passion to an absolute hate. But she could not overcome the desire to taste the forbidden pleasures for good. At last, she started to find ways to trap Ali Bey again. On the other hand, Ali Bey, who wished to regain the wealthy lifestyle he had had before, expected the first offer either directly from her or through some other people. But hoping to get a message from her, perhaps he could not understand ninety percent of the allusions that he heard from the intermediaries since it was a faint possibility for Ali Bey. He firmly stood his ground and did not contact her.

As long as Ali Bey insisted on his decision, Mahpeyker also began to insist as if she would lose her volition. Furthermore, she did not hesitate to apply for it when she was hopeless about his application. Until she decided, she always spent her time in illness, moodiness, malaise and incompatibility due to all the hesitations, anxieties, expectations, pessimism and insults. Her behavior also deprived the entertainers in the council of acquaintanceship of their entertainment and they were therefore bored. This was also deprivation for Abdullah Efendi who regarded her lust as the real life.

In order to deter Mahpeyker from her enthusiasm, as all the enthusiastic people warned her, Abdullah Efendi also did not hesitate to take all precautions and even did not hesitate to mediate between them. But he could not achieve Ali Bey's familiarity with Mahpeyker. In the end, he decided if Mahpeyker saw Ali Bey by chance in a drink council and used her own deceptive enthusiasm, they could reach their goals since he could not resist the charm. He shared this idea with Mahpeyker. Although she knew precisely that Ali Bey hated her, she could not help but trust the effects of her beauty.

Upon this idea, one of Abdullah Efendi's sycophants sat beside Ali Bey in a pub after a few days of searching for him, due to the command he had received from his master.

When he found the good time, he started talking to Ali Bey. Ali Bey liked talking with him because he talked quite nicely and he asked Ali Bey where they could meet the next day to keep their friendship, saying that he valued his friendship. They decided on another pub. They also decided to meet again at another pub the next day.

After meeting every day during a week, he wanted a great feast with women and music together which would be organized by Ali Bey. He gladly accepted his offer since the offer was suitable for Ali Bey and he did not have company either. Just that night, they went to a pub near Çukur Bostan, which was known by Ali Bey. They enjoyed themselves a lot. Then they were together for two or three days again.

In the end, one morning while they were becoming sober, Abdullah Efendi's man found the opportunity to tell him that he was associated with a house and offered to meet him there in the evening. Ali Bey was already grateful for the fun in the brothel. When he understood that Ali Bey was pleased, he immediately left the pub on giving information and reported the situation to Abdullah Efendi and Mahpeyker, who was with him. They immediately found an empty house in Edirne Kapı and a few delicate girls. They also prepared complementary elements such as drinks and musical instruments. At about eight o'clock, he

returned to the place where he left Ali Bey. Together they went to have fun as they had agreed upon earlier.

The liquor council was marvelous. Even though he had hardly seen a similar council even when he was the richest, Ali Bey was not embarrassed since he had ruined all kind of lofty feeling in his heart. On the contrary, he started to feel a secret pride, thinking he was superior as this new friend gave him an extraordinary compliment.

The girls started to sing and to serve drinks in a delicate and flirtatious way. After one or one and a half hours, when Ali Bey was in a drunken stupor and was yelling, Mahpeyker came in delicately. For weeks she struggled to increase her beauty with clothes and jewels. Her greatest desire was that she did not show her worry and misery. Furthermore, as she used blush for the first time in her life, the fear of not being able to hide her face under this cover was about to give up presenting her beauty. However, she sat beside Ali Bey, concealing her misery. Stiltedly she said: "Heartless man! Look what you have made of me. It would be your greatness to forgive me. But you do not even look at me. Please look at the state of my face and have mercy". She started to beg.

Ali Bey was neither a man who believed in innocent attitudes as she had seen before, nor a lover with anger or he wasn't a man who would leave his feelings aside for a

nightly entertainment. On the contrary, after looking at Mahpeyker from the head to toe humiliatingly, he said:

“Lady, we came here to have fun. Moreover, I'm surrounded by beautiful girls. I liked one of them. Now why would I take you and suffer until the morning? The man who invited me here has a lot of strong servants, if you want, choose one of them and enjoy yourself”, he said.

Then he turned back to Mahpeyker. He took one of the women, who was serving drinks at that time. He started to talk to her in a sweet manner. This behavior for Mahpeyker was worse than all that she could think of and had seen before. The coldness and negligence spread all over her body like the coldness of death. Where was the enthusiasm in her heart? Her plans were utterly ruined. Without being able to say any words, she left the room like the objects, which crashed the wall. Even without thinking what it was for, he started to wear her scarf.

When Ali Bey saw the women there, he asked the owner of the invitation about her suspiciously. The man responded reluctantly as if he did not know anything:

“Oh, brother, I really don't know. She's mixed up with the girls. You don't know her, she used to be very nice. Now, she was somewhat degenerate” when he brushed the subject off with these words, Ali Bey, like the

man who woke from a nightmare, began to be busy with his pleasure again after a few minutes of excitement.

When Mahpeyker was rid of the first effect of his insulting behavior, she went to Abdullah Efendi's house, feeling desperate since horrible and lethal feelings attacked her and she saw Ali Bey as a deadly enemy, but not as a delicate lover as before.

Abdullah Efendi thought that after Mahpeyker renewed her acquaintance with Ali Bey during the feast and the entertainment, Mahpeyker would be herself again. So he was completely surprised at the sudden reversal of his thoughts:

“Oh my God. Look at where we are. This woman is sick again” he began to make a fuss.

Mahpeyker impatiently frowning:

“Shut up! Did you become senile? I am not sick” after scolding the man, she told everything in a very sad manner as if one part of her lung had spilled from her mouth.

While Abdullah Efendi was listening to Mahpeyker, there were some strange changes on his face, like the painful laughs of the monster waiting for its prey. Following the completion of the story he waited for a few minutes in a terrible silence, with an ugly voice like an owl:

“This is not going to happen. As long as this man is alive, you will not have a comfortable and peaceful life. Let’s kill him and this job is over.”

Mahpeyker’s mind and opinion with a thousand kinds of hesitation and suffering eluded all her abilities and she was defeated by evil and she said in a gleeful manner: Ah! I wish I knew I would be relieved when he died”.

She decided to implement this plan, which was Arab’s idea, by fulfilling the breathing judgment of the demon.

They sent a man immediately. They called the owner of the brothel where Ali Bey was. When the woman was called, she was talking to Ali Bey about the following night’s council of acquaintanceship. When she came, Abdullah Efendi asked her to find a solution so as to attract Ali Bey somewhere once more. The woman said:

“We were already talking to find a place for tomorrow evening” and Abdullah Efendi said eagerly:

“OK. Go and meet at our vineyard in Üsküdar! You come tomorrow morning and get your tip and instruction” and he sent the woman.

When the woman returned to her brothel, she convinced Ali Bey and the others also spent the night

talking and completing the preparations. Since the first years of his life, Abdullah Efendi thought that everything was created for the benefits of those who had the power to do whatever they wanted and in order to increase his wealth, he ruined families because it was not important for him like wool clippings or milking and he had had a brutal heart, which judged killing a man as hunting for entertainment. His decision was not different from his most ordinary affairs. But since Mahpeyker's most terrible revenge was to beat an odalisque, or to humiliate a competitor, or to sadden a lover until then, she began to tremble with the fear of work they were engaging in, like the lovers being horrified and screaming out of their dreams while thinking about the idea of bloodshed. She had to adopt this idea as she could not find any solution other than killing him to revenge at the end of three hours though Abdullah Efendi, who considered Ali Bey as a surplus on earth since he was not involved in their disgusting aims, adorned his idea as the devil would love.

The extent to which a betrayer is so unsteady until he overcomes his indecisiveness, he begins to be such as a deceitful one when he decides. From the conclusions of this rule, after Mahpeyker accepted the idea of Abdullah Efendi, she started to interrogate and think about the way of implementation. The chorus that she cried uncertainly

was “Ah! Are we going to be able to accomplish it?”
Abdullah Efendi responded to her:

“If thirty-five thousand-odd fortune is not enough to kill a man in this world, what is it good for? When the man goes to the vineyard tomorrow, the woman serves the raki and then leaves the room to bring some girls. The Croatian will be there. He is so good at this job that he would not survive him if he had a thousand lives. There are other rooms in the house. You can enter one of them and watch what will happen if you would like”, he said.

Finally, after this perfect plan, they left each other and went to their bedrooms.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

*“If that beauty with a face like the moon says, with a
look of mercy,
“Is this poor thing my prey?”,
then this is the greatest gift for the one who martyrs
himself for her love.”*

Without any thought or sentiment about the death sentence he gave, and doubting no issue in carrying out the plan, Abdullah Efendi fell into a sound sleep like an executioner under the tree on which he hung a man. Mahpeyker could not even blink her eye although she gave in to the fear of earthly responsibilities though not related to the heavenly life and felt the heaviness of sleep like a blood soaked killer, and got irritated with the visions of ghosts with judge and policeman clothes raging on her or of Ali Bey haunting her in a bloody winding sheet.

She wandered around the house till the morning light with the ghosts surrounding her as if she was a witch among the dead. However, she was such a delusional woman, like a feckless woman that tries to push the gun with her hand pointed at her chest, that she did not give up her decision of murder even with the fear of being overwhelmed by grudge and rage.

When the brothel keeper came in the morning, she found Mahpeyker waiting impatiently. They woke Abdullah Efendi up. He instructed both the brothel keeper and the Croatian whom he summoned yesterday and sent them to the cottage in Üsküdar. There was not a single sign of worry on Abdullah Efendi's face as he was doing all these, as if he was doing an ordinary thing. Then he engaged in the daily errands.

Mahpeyker, not only because of the possibility of a curse, mercilessly decided to take one more revenge in a way that will disgust monsters which find great delight in licking blood. The plan was to show Ali Bey's bloody corpse to Dilaşub ,who was dreaming of her lover and send the poor man's mud-ridden body to the grave as if he had been a cursed man who had come alive. Because she did not think the girl would live after Ali Bey, she did not even think of anyone would learn of her acts and the secret murder. They immediately set on their way to the cottage in Üsküdar after going to Abdullah Efendi's villa with a servant, and picking up Dilaşub. She did not speak a word to the girl until they arrived there. She only looked at Dilaşub with a disgusting expression, horrible enough as if she was created with grave soil and painted with the blood of the innocent.

When they arrived at the cottage, Mahpeyker, after controlling every entrance of the building like an ancient outlaw in doubt, chose a room on the first floor that is close to the street door with an additional door to the garden. And Dilaşub was taken to a room next to her own and also has an additional door. She said, holding her hand and with an expression in her bloody eyes:

“Do you know what this is? This is the door to the other world. The eye should not see even if they suffocate a man in front of them. The ear should not hear even if the doomsday arrives. One should be human in appearance, but earth in reality! Know this well, because if you speak of the things you see and words you hear, you will lose your life as well! Know this that I will haunt you wherever you are! Your soul will not feel even when your body is torn and your body will not help when they claim your soul.”

Dilaşub, who had a fine soul suitable for a certain finesse and kindness and almost faints in the case of a light scolding or a disapproving look, has adopted an unexpected degree of patience with the help of all the distress she experienced. Sorrows suddenly surfacing which she kept in her heart with great effort and with the help of hope for welcoming death she longed for, she replied the threats of the woman who bullied her in her clutches with a hostile manner:

“And you are expected to be in such places. I am not surprised. What I am surprised at is that you want my help. So I will lose my life with a single word I utter? Do you think that I fear death? Starting from now, do what you can.” When she said these, Mahpeyker, having turned red with rage, walked towards her and started to yell at the top of her voice:

“Woman, come to your senses! I will bury you alive and you will see no daylight until you die.” She threatened her and closed the door on her face, leaving the poor thing in unexpected sorrow. She went to the Croatian to the cabin in the garden. The excitement in the prostitute’s heart was pouring from her mouth with the worry about the result of the job. The Croatian told her that he would obey her every order with a peculiar accent of his race, showing her respect as much as he could because of the order he got from Abdullah Efendi. Mahpeyker, changing colors every minute because of revenge, rage, uncertainty, fear, feeling unsafe about whether her wish would come true, said:

“I know that you will obey my orders, but that is not the point! Will you carry out the order successfully you took from Abdullah Efendi? Or will your hands shake? If you knew how guilty that man that was referred to you was, you would not mind seeing him, you would attack

him as if he was an enemy who killed your brother. She wanted to eliminate all reasons to give up that she thought might occur in the man's mind.

As an answer to this naïve introduction, the Croatian, with a dirty smile that does not give away his thought and character, told her that his master would certainly be right; he would not doubt him a bit and would not need any worry for doing the job as he was not doing this for the first time. As Mahpeyker was about to warn him about some issues after tossing him a pouch of gold, someone knocked on the door. The woman went to her room quickly. The Croatian opened the door. Ali Bey and the brothel keeper entered the garden.

Dilaşub had listened to the conversation between Mahpeyker and the Croatian as her room was close to the cabin, but did not see who came as she was crying on the floor, having closed her eyes with her hands even before the conversation finished.

As they arrived, the sun had set and the surrounding mountains were covered with a sorrowful darkness as if in mourning. Designed for sinful things and murder, the cottage had a depressive structure with high walls, with a prison-like look. As Ali Bey was entering, he asked:

“Where did you find this place? A polite man would be trembling with fear.” His words were mixed with

seriousness, but he sounded like he was joking. The brothel keeper said:

“My master! You want to be entertained comfortably, as you wish. It should be a solitary place so you will not fear a raid” she said, as she was leading Ali Bey upstairs. She took him to the room that was prepared before. Then, she asked for permission to leave with an excuse to bring a girl. Ali Bey said, looking at the table with drinks on it:

“Alright! Don’t be late! I will entertain myself until you come. There is rakı here!” and he started drinking. The brothel keeper left.

As the waiting time was getting longer, Ali Bey felt bored and as he felt more bored he drank more. As an hour passed like this, he got up and left the room. He went down the stairs with unsteady steps with a drunken walk. He found the Croatian whom he saw as he was entering the garden in the cabin.

“Say, where is the woman that left here?” he asked. And the other replied:

“They will be here any minute, you see, it’s a bit distant.” And Ali Bey said:

“I did not understand anything. How can you make anyone wait for so long? I almost regret coming.” He mumbled and went back upstairs.

Dilaşub, having heard this conversation, had recognized Ali Bey's voice immediately. But doubt in her mind was so great that even if she felt it was real, she could not find the courage to approach the window while she wanted to investigate the reality of the disastrous situation she was in. If her doubts were wrong, with an urge to get rid of the unbearable worry, and if they were right, then with a thought to find a way to save Ali Bey, she went to the window with loads of uncertainty and pain, still with a feeble strength in her heart, and saw that the disaster was in front of her, waiting to happen.

Ali Bey was going up the stairs slowly. And she started to sweat with fear and with such an immense amount of sorrow and terror that the sword of death close to her would not arouse equal emotions in her. If this situation continued for five more minutes, her destruction would be for certain.

Hail the immense power of love! Her wounded heart directed the girl to an honorable courage and fast enterprise, no matter how big the trouble she was in and no matter how sudden it was.

Her primary decision was, under any circumstances, to try and save Ali Bey. As a solution, she thought of screaming as the plainest and most natural precaution for such situations. But she immediately realized that it was

impossible to be heard here. Even if it was possible, it would be difficult to save Ali Bey from the Croatian's monstrous claws until she would get any help.

Sacrificing herself for him meant nothing to her. But such a situation would be no solution. Her last hope was to tell Ali Bey about the situation and find an escape by using their minds.

As she was struggling with hope to find a way, she suddenly left the room and ran upstairs to use the opportunity because she had seen Mahpeyker leave her room and go to the Croatian to talk. After searching the rooms for a while, she found the room Ali Bey was in.

Ali Bey was speechless as he was shocked to find Dilaşub there. The girl ran to him and grabbed hold of his hands and said:

“Run, for God's sake! You can run away through that window. Your life is in great danger.” And she started to cry with sorrow.

Unable to understand the effects of feelings of honesty in his heart because of the treacherous pleasure he is in, Ali Bey drew his hands away from Dilaşub and said:

“Keep your hands off! You denied me of every pleasure in the world. You even begrudge my comfort here. Get out of here! That serves you right. Go and be

with whomever you came here for and leave me alone.”
And he scolded the poor thing.

The poor girl went down on her knees and continued to beg Ali Bey, ignoring his scolding:

“Listen to me for your mother’s sake, if not for mine; please leave here, for God’s sake. They will kill you. If you even doubt me, cast my body out of the window and tear it into pieces! But leave here!” she said as tears were running down her face continuously.

The girl was as if an angel sent to him by his mother after her death. Only mentioning her name softened his heart for a bit. He asked the girl:

“Speak clearly, who would kill me and why?” As he behaved as if he believed in what the girl said, Dilaşub, as if she received inspiration, after thinking for a while to prove what she said was true, said:

“Come and see with your own eyes! Hear with your own ears!” She walked to the door and Ali Bey went after her nonetheless.

When they came out to the hall, they stood in front of a window which had a view of the Croatian’s cabin. After looking down for a second or two and listening carefully, she took Ali Bey’s hand and took him there. They pursued their way without the danger of being seen from

downstairs as the window was open, the night dark, and there was no light in the hall. Mahpeyker and the Croatian were nowhere to be found but their talking could be heard more or less. After listening for a while, as Mahpeyker was coming out of the door, they understood their conversation:

“My lady, let me go upstairs and finish him off immediately. What good is waiting? I would finish him off in a second. He could scream all he likes. There is no one in the street, not a neighbor around to hear him!”

Mahpeyker said:

“No way! Wait for a while, he will drink more out of boredom, get more and more drunk, so you will kill him more easily. Then we will be safe from any kind of danger. But the knife will stab directly his heart! Right here, where I show with my hand! My problem is with his heart. Blood of his heart should fall on the floor before his body does!”

Ali Bey fully understood the seriousness of the calamity, as he heard these words and especially as he saw Mahpeyker. He entered a room right beside the street and tore the bed sheet over the bed and tied one end to his waist and the other end to Dilaşub. He held on to the wall as much as possible and came down the wall. It is odd that he did not even think about the poor Dilaşub's sacrifice and how unwarranted, how heavy and cruel the things that

he thought about her were, because he was concentrating his thoughts on Mahpeyker's treachery, even if he wandered around for half an hour searching for a place to hide.

He entered the first police station he came across to make Mahpeyker regret what she had done, and since it was unnecessary to be ashamed of debauchery near him, he rudely and shamelessly told the police officer that he had been to the vineyard house for debauchery, but in fact that the vineyard house was a brothel and that he had heard with his own ears that the people there had been making plans to kill him with all the details.

The police officer, not failing to respond to this shameless man with due hatred, yet rushed to fulfil his duty and sent police officers to invite the imam and the elders of the community. And as soon as the Imam and a few locals arrived, they took Ali Bey with them to the vineyard house. The rest of the invited people joined them along the way, one of whom was Mesut Efendi, who had moved to a nearby vineyard house a few days ago.

As for Dilaşub, the poor girl had been tired of her life, because of longing for love as well as thousands of insults from Mahpeyker which caused her not to be able to think about her youth, and the possibility of the chance of reunion that she had missed. Since she regarded her life as

worthless, though she had unjustly been treated disloyally, in her eyes sacrificing herself for her lover whom she saw more important than the whole world was a supreme happiness. Helping Ali Bey go down the window, she was crazily happy since she was sacrificing herself for what she wished and that this was saving her from the world's misery. No other thought would have made her saddened than the thought that all this might have been a dream.

When she made sure that Ali Bey went down the window, and that the danger was away, she all of a sudden remembered that, even on such loyalty evidence, he had never regarded her with a look of mercy, and a chill ran down her back and poisoned her feelings of happiness and annihilated them. There was not so much strength in her heart and nerves to meet death which she certainly knew and regarded as the utmost happiness from the start of her demise to that day with the patience she had accumulated since the day she had fallen into the hands of Mahpeyker.

The poor girl who found another flavor in all kinds of love's disasters and even in the insults of her rival, having been deprived of the bright and big dreams of love, started to think about what she had lived with the most material and simplest aspects as she understood that it was impossible to prove her loyalty even in death.

At the moment of this worrying, which took about five to ten minutes, she remembered the pain on her arms that the crushing claws of the merciless man who took her away from her mother's bosom at three years of age caused, the excitement that she felt when her mother wailed with her longing, the distress she endured at the hands of the slave trader until she came to Istanbul on the boat, the calamities that she faced when living with Ali Bey and Mahpeyker after living in a humane condition thanks to the mercy of her previous master. None of the calamities which we listed had any forgotten details and remembering them made her much sadder than the time when they had happened.

She was such a poor person that her time of innocence which deserved the most compassion and protection was spent in every kind of distress as a result of a kind of catastrophe known as slavery. However, the beginning of passion that was considered a spring of happiness between the warm and the cold of the wind of life was spent in a thousand calamities, it is natural that she couldn't think of the lifelong adventure as being abstracted from the dreams and thoughts for the body and soul, she could only see the world as a grave, and though she saw the death as terrific and a cause of delicacy, she nonetheless chose life.

For this reason, the poor Dilaşub forgot the spiritual pleasure of sacrificing herself for her lover's sake, and even though she was thinking of nothing but suffering in the hands of the above-mentioned Croatian, that calamity seemed to be better than life. However, although she tried to be content about death for a few minutes, she could not take herself out of the fear of death which is a different manifestation of a secret feeling that could be called the will to life that is present in everyone to a degree if thought logically.

Poor girl! She began to tremble and feel cold as a result of her feeling of terror. She looked around. She saw the coat left aside by Ali Bey when he went down from the window. She put it on. By throwing two hands onto her head and plucking a tuft of that beautiful hair with great sadness:

“Oh, my love. You have not looked at my face once. But there is no harm, you are saved! Will you come to my grave after I die? How stupid I am. Would there be the grave of a prostitute who was killed by an executioner in a brothel?” she asked.

She clambered up to a corner of the room. Her body neither had any defensive power, nor could tolerate any more suffering, so she waited for her fate with a desperate surrender.

After Ali Bey went out, the noise on the upper floor ceased and one of the candles in the room where he sat dwindled and Mahpeyker feeling that the moment had come went to the Croatian's cabin in a hurry without thinking of Dilaşub. They went up together. They saw that Ali Bey was not in the room. Mahpeyker was frantic, not because she suspected anything, but because she had not prepared herself for this situation. The Croatian feigning heroism stated:

"My master! Where will he go to? He is drunk ... He must have blacked out somewhere." Then he started looking around.

Just as the room where poor Dilaşub was lying was against the moon, the window where Ali Bey got out was open. And since she had been listening to the footsteps for a few minutes and it seemed that she was certainly on the point of her death, she could hardly show any sign of life other than breathing like the ones on their deathbed. As soon as the Croatian saw her in that state, he said:

"Here he is. He's blacked out here," said he, and got close to her away from all kinds of anxiety. Since he wanted to show his mastery of execution by fulfilment of the order he received from Mahpeyker, he stuck the knife in the heart of the girl.

Poor girl, she was struck with such a deadly wound that she had no power to do anything other than an inaudible sigh.

At that time, Ali Bey came around the vineyard with the police team and the people of the neighborhood. They started to jump from the walls with a violent noise that such a situation naturally created, and to break open the door forcibly.

As soon as he heard the noise, the Croatian did not let Mahpeyker feel frantic and said:

“Do not panic. Abdullah Efendi had already taken measures against such situations. Do you see the closets on the ceiling? Go inside and cover tightly. Wait there until the raid is over, then you'll come out. If they do not have the intention to go, then there is a passage from there to the house next door. Do not worry, Abdullah Efendi will do whatever is necessary to save you after you get there,” he said.

With the speed of a hunting wolf, he ran out of the room's door. Mahpeyker withdrew to the attic following the warning she received. From there, while going to the house next door, she heard Ali Bey's clamour:

"I came down from the window of that room, the Croatian must be there." She was very surprised that Ali

Bey whom she had seen wrapped around his cloak and whose muffled sigh she had heard after the Croatian stabbed him was among those who surrounded the vineyard as if he had returned from the dead. She wanted to know the truth so much that rather than going into the next house, she couldn't even stay where she was at such a dangerous moment. There was the possibility that her revenge was not exacted, but she was also afraid of the penalties she might face. She went back to the closet again. From the opening on the door, she began to observe what was happening.

When they entered the crowded room, what struck everybody was Dilaşub's injured body. The police officers who saw her, scattered all over the vineyard to look for the killer, seeing what Ali Bey had told them was true. Ali Bey, however, failed to go one step further from where he was when he saw a body wrapped around his cloak and a bloody knife, which the Croatian had left in excitement. It turned out that those who looked at his pale face, and the inaction of his body, would think that she was a standing mummy in the grave. Though he knew well that the person lying before him was Dilaşub and it was impossible that this could be someone else, neither did he want to believe the certain truth, nor did he approach the body for fear that he would end the indecision in his mind created by his own tricks.

All the evidence concerning the loyalty of Dilaşub and the mistake of his own doubt attacked his mind at that moment. The regret in his heart was so big that it was enough to spend an eternal life – not a life condemned to death – with it without the possibility of ever destroying that regret. Seeing a body that he loved so much, the understanding that a little suspicion of his about her loyalty destroyed his and his mother's life and that she sacrificed her life for him caused him to cry out without thinking about his regret. Her sacrifice was such a sad situation that it left no room for thinking about such a big regret.

“My God! No matter how great my sins are, your mercy is again hundred thousand times greater than that! I am willing to serve every penalty in the other world! Take my life this minute and do not show me the calamity I'm afraid of!” he prayed.

It seemed like a few words of remorse that came out of his mouth was soul blowing, and a few drops of tear that spilled out of his eyes were immortality water. The poor girl's long-suffering heart, having deadly wounds, was in ruins, but would again give an effective power to the survival of her body, and slowly she opened her cute eyes, and a slight joyful color in her sad face began to appear.

Ali Bey, after seeing a slight movement in her body, ran to her in a crazy haste and kissed her hands and eyes without being able to utter a word and after crying out in a breathless state, he said:

"Dilaşub! It is a thousand times better to have chastisements forever in the hands of devils than seeing you in such a state. I sacrificed you! I wish God had damned me and I hadn't come to this world. I wish I were blind and I had never have seen you! No, no! Nothing happened to you, I hope you will be saved! We will forget all the troubles we suffered, won't we? Oh, she does not say anything! Why would she? Why would she? I wanted to kill her. She gave her life for me and I did not even look at her face as I left. I have not shown mercy on you, and will you not show me mercy?" He begged for a long time with intermittent words like that.

The poor girl had been in such a state with the effect of a compliment that she had longed for rather than the taste of life and her previous life that she could not even speak about her joy with her heart's language. Finally, when she saw that Ali Bey's jaws were about to lock and he was about to faint, a final excitement arose in her almost drained power of living and she threw her arms around his neck.

"Ah! Who am I to have mercy on you? It was because I was meant to give my life for you when I left you and did not die. I am dying for you, and you have understood my loyalty that you cry for me, don't you? For God's sake, don't have mercy on me! If I had slept in your bed for a thousand years, I would not have found a greater taste in the world than leaning on your lap and going into the afterlife. Give me your blessing May God give you everlasting bliss! May God never let you down like this again! Ah! Who is this? Your mother. Lady. Looks like she's happy that we're reunited. I'm coming, my lady. Ali Bey accepted me again. Of course with your help! May God give you everlasting bliss! Ali Bey, my Ali Bey. Give me your hand. Do not tell my lady about my current state! She would be upset ... Ah! I'm going ... I'm going ... My Ali Bey! My Ali Bey!" she repeated her address every time with an ever weaker voice and her arms fell from Ali Bey's neck. She herself collapsed into his lap and she left this world.

Consider how it would affect seeing a lover dead with all her beauty and selflessness and seeing her in your lap in a miserable state like a rosebud after the autumn and hearing your forgotten name from her lips longingly like the last medicine of a selfless mother. Add to it the regret of a well-bred person – a rare quality these days – who has no feeling of lust or concern for the future, losing all of one's fortune from time to time and only then it will be

possible to understand Ali Bey's feelings. However, the poor young man, not having challenged any sadness other than to think that the disasters he had suffered resulted from his own misdemeanors, did not think of Mahpeyker, one of the leading representatives of evil.

The wicked women, after seeing the disaster prepared for her in the disaster scene behind the wardrobe like a theatre audience, thought the incident itself was not enough for her revenge. After she understood that those who came to follow the Croatian ran to the street or the garden from their fussy talk, she politely opened the door as if she came to a party, just to show the owner of the catastrophic dagger in Ali Bey's body, and going out with a cynical manner:

“Oh, thank God, Sir! I, myself did not think of you pure enough to be fully confident of your treatments. You were unfaithful to your concubine. In order to prove that your doubts in these issues are improper, I fooled you about your lovely Dilaşub. However, the source of the lie was the girl's moles. For someone like you, it was not hard to think that it was possible to see a woman's moles at least in the bath. But you doubted that pure woman's trueness. You ordered that she be sold to prostitutes. According to your belief, am I not a prostitute, too? Now I bought the girl. I proved to you that she is so truthful to

you that she can give up her life, let alone being unfaithful to you. Now do you still not believe me? The unjustified blood of this dead body now displays that my claim was true. If you trust your concubine after seeing this evidence, I assure you that the pure girl was really loyal and devoted to her honor. Although I beat her for months, I could not convince her to escort even a single man.”

“Reality! Your mother died of your reproaches and crushing acts. What a shame! That woman was merciful to you. You did not know the value of her loyalty. It is probable that you do not believe in your concubine’s loyalty, either. You look horrible. I now leave in case you engage in an act beyond your decency. If we cannot see each other again, please forgive the words I uttered as advice. If we met again, I would not ignore good service”, said the woman, poisoning the most violent mental wounds of Ali Bey. When she gladly went towards the hole she came out like a snake that drank the blood of its prey, Ali Bey jumped out of the floor, wailing like lions wounded twice when about to die. He held Mahpeyker tight and crushed her on the ground. Then, he grasped the Croatian’s knife and sat on her chest.

While the prostitute was hoping that he would shelter at her mercy to get rid of the trouble surrounding him, and absolutely believing that he would not give it

back due to his fear that he was about to die seeing the other dead body and the officers around the vineyard, let alone acting manly to take revenge due to his fineness and low living, she saw the chill in his hair, the bloody brightness in his eyes and the poisonous anger in his mouth, and she easily understood that the body sitting on the lady who was not accustomed to see anything other than a lover's face was about to kill her like a wild animal. She tried to save herself with utterances that came to her mind in this fearful situation. She tried to convince him not to kill her referring to the previous good times they had together, insisting that what she did with Dilaşub was because of her strong love, and saying that if she killed her, he would not escape her relatives' revenge or he would have to face the severe punishment he would receive in the other life. She even agreed that she could be his slave, buy him a better concubine if Dilaşub died and help him regain his wealth that melted away. Ali Bey replied to her each word with a slap on her face and tried to stab her from such places that would not kill her in a short time so that her pain would last longer. The wicked woman was begging sadly and desperately with the fear of death. Her once nice voice was getting as disgusting as the sound that comes from her wounded lungs, her utterances were making the man even more furious.

When the wicked woman dared to swear on Dilaşub's soul after listing all her troubles in order to save herself, Ali Bey stabbed her to death, giving up his passion to take revenge after seeing how Mahpeyker could make the death of a girl, who she herself forced to commit suicide, an intermediary for the forgiveness of her offense. Mahpeyker died, too.

It was as if a painter of fate wanted to mingle the feelings of fidelity, betrayal and revenge on the same picture. He had revived loyalty, sadness and fidelity in Dilaşub; betrayal, ugliness and bad end in Mahpeyker; revenge in Ali Bey.

The others set out to look for the Croatian hangman. After tracing him for a long time, they found him hiding in an empty barn. When they entered the room after coming back to look for those left in the vineyard, they found Dilaşub's pale beauty and scattered hair on Ali Bey's coat due to the pain of death dressed in a strange beauty with the light of the moonlight coming through the window. She was lying in the light, having died of persecution. Mahpeyker was villainously lying on the floor, drowned in her own blood; Ali Bey was crying on his knees with the heartbreaking sadness of regret on his face and the blood of revenge on his hands.

While everyone was surprised in a different way of seeing this terrifying scene, Ali Bey seriously stood up and told the whole story to the officer, and then he said he was ready to bow whatever the law requires, whatever needs to be done.

Those who could not control their feelings in the face of the events started to cry. Everyone was so sad but Mesut Efendi was the saddest. As Ali Bey spoke, he kept wailing “believe him! He tells the truth, I swear. Oh, why didn’t you listen to me?”, at the same time kicking Mahpeyker’s body lying on the ground. The poor man had done his best to save Ali Bey but the incident was obvious and they arrested Ali Bey.

Mesut Efendi buried Dilaşub next to Fatma Hanım as his last duty.

The Croatian died of the wounds he had got while running away. Abdullah Efendi got his punishment by getting paralyzed after a stroke upon hearing about the incident.

Ali Bey was in jail for a couple of months. Once in a while he would visit his mother’s and Dilaşub’s graves and cried there till their graves would be wet. Finally, he could not bear the sorrow for long and died six months later.

You know what they say:

“There’s no point in crying over spilt milk.”



Namık Kemal, in full Mehmed Namık Kemal, (born December 2, 1840, Tekirdağ, Ottoman Empire [now in Turkey]—died December 2, 1888, Sakız [now Chios, Greece]), Turkish prose writer and poet who greatly influenced the Young Turk and Turkish nationalist movements and contributed to the westernization of Turkish literature.

As a social reformer, Namık Kemal is best known as the propagator of two basic ideas: vatan (“fatherland”) and hürriyet (“freedom”), ideas modeled after European concepts that he virtually introduced into the Turkish language.

His best-known novels include İntibah yahut Ali Beyin sergüzeşiti (1874; “Awakening; or, Ali Bey’s Experiences”) and Cezmi (1887/88), a historical novel based on the life of a 16th-century khan of the Crimean Tatars. A widely read social work is Rüya (“The Dream”), expressing his desire for a Turkey free from oppression.

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