

JACKET IN THE CEMETERY

By Muhammed Akiner

A Turkish tale of lost love and a lost soul

After that day, whenever the weather gets cold Mehmet remembers Fatma, his lost love.

It was a cold and rainy day, strange for the normally sunny Mediterranean island of Cyprus. The streets of Famagusta were more quiet than ever. "Is there anything goes wrong?" thought taxi driver Mehmet aloud. There were no clients since early morning.

Mehmet, an ordinary Turkish-Cypriot man, drove a taxi cab to survive. "Yes, today is a catastrophic day," he muttered to himself.

Suddenly he saw a young woman standing across the wet highway.

She appeared cold. It was so strange; such a lovely lady in the cold wet, wearing only a thin white dress.

Mehmet stopped and asked her,

-How long have you been here. The weather is so cold. Let me take you to your house. Look! Time is passing, what will you do after dark?

The girl was silent, so he asked again,

-Where do you live? You don't have to pay me.

Eyes starring blankly down the winding street she muttered her address. Mehmet placed his jacket over her shoulders as he opened the door to usher her into the backseat of the cab.

Her house was inside Castle Othello. Passing through the narrow historical city streets, Mehmet eyed the silent girl through the rearview mirror. She was a beautiful girl, but appeared troubled and sad. Her head lowered, she silently, repeatedly muttered a name, "Zeynep, Zeynep." Mehmet asked, "Is your name Zeynep?"

"My name is Fatma!" she replied.

A moment later, they reached her house. She expressed her appreciation to Mehmet and went inside her house. Mehmet was so happy because he could meet the young and beautiful lady.

After a short while he realized that he left his jacket with Fatma. This could be the great opportunity for him to see her again, but he thought that he should wait until the next morning. Mehmet could not sleep through the long night. His thoughts were of Fatma. With the sunrise he went outside. He felt the type of happiness one feels when falling in love. He drove to the house.

A young lady opened the door. She looked like Fatma's sister. He asked her:

-Is your sister inside?

-I don't have any sister.

-That is interesting, yesterday I brought a girl here whose name is Fatma, she looks like you.

-Sorry, my name is Zeynep and I am the only girl that lives in this house.

Suddenly her grandmother came from the inside, and asked him:

-What was the name of that girl?

-Her name is Fatma. I gave her my jacket when I brought her here yesterday.

-That is impossible! My daughter's name is Fatma but unfortunately she is dead. This girl is her daughter. When Fatma was killed in the war Zeynep was a baby. Her mother used her body to cover the girl who was then a baby in order to protect her from the bombs falling. After the cease-fire we found my grand-daughter under my daughter's dead body. It was hard to take her from her mother's cold and stiff arms.

Mehmet was thinking that she was telling lies, and asked her to show him Fatma's grave. They then went to the castle cemetery together. Mehmet was shocked.

-Oh my god! This is my Jacket!

His jacket laid on Fatma's grave. After that day, whenever the weather gets cold Mehmet remembers Fatma, his lost love.Q

