

## The Rooster Man and the Pirate

(Horoz Adam ve Korsan)

A passage from the book:

### Woman at the Amusement Park

*“My father was the street vendor of seven villages. He used to travel with his cart filled with clothes and sell them everywhere. How long cart wheels can stand the village roads? Three days, five days, six days at the most. My father used to spend hours to repair the wheels. You must be very strong to push the cart uphill. My father used to eat two loaves of bread at one meal. He was getting his energy from breads and olives.*

*I was very impatient when I was waiting for the warm days. I used to put my cheek to the window glass. If my cheek wasn't bitten by the cold then that meant “it is getting warmer”. In warm days my father used to take me along with him. I used to put on a flowery cotton dress which was too big for me, and stay motionless in the middle of the cart. Like the city mannequins whom I had seen on the tv, I used to stand without moving. . From time to time I turned around myself on the spot to show the dress better. I was thinking that I was like the woman with the wide skirt in the amusement park. Is there any woman who can smile so widely in the whole world? I had seen this woman at the a town fair. Besides her I felt as if I was just a little mouse. I wanted to become just a spot on her wide skirt and insisted that I wanted to turn there. In fact she was wishing to throw that spot on her skirt to the ground. I tried not to fall by holding it with all my power and managed not to fall but when I went down to the ground again I started to laugh hysterically. My father couldn't stop my laughter all day long. He thought I got crazy. He brought me back to the amusement park. He wanted me to ride on this wide skirt again. He thought that I stole the woman's smile. He tried to put me on the skirt again so that the woman could erase my smile!*

*Whenever I put a dress and start to turn around, I can see the woman at the amusement park and can't stop my laughter.*

*The dresses used to come from İstanbul. The man who was delivering my father's orders had told him that he could make a three times bigger profit if he were in İstanbul.*

*My father carelessly told this to my uncle. My uncle used to think a lot about the crowds in the big cities. At last he managed to find a way to go to İstanbul and stay with some people from his village.*

*After a few years he sent a message to my father:*

*“They are looking for carriers who will work at the railways, come here!”*

*My father got the message in the evening and the next morning he travelled to Istanbul by bus. He used to phone us on Sundays. My mother used to cry when she was talking on the phone.*

*It was hard to find a place to live in Istanbul. If you could be a doorkeeper then you wouldn't have to worry about a place to live and about the rent. Cleaning the building and buying newspapers and breads were the doorkeeper's responsibilities. When people went to work in the morning the apartments were empty. The doorkeepers used to guard the houses.*

*The doorkeepers from our village used to call their friends from the same village for vacant doorkeeper jobs. One year later one of his neighbours called my father and told him to be the doorkeeper of the next building. My father talked with the manager of the building that day and got*

*the job. He painted our apartment's walls himself. The same colour as our house in the village. Dark sky blue. And he hanged the huge evil eye amulet he took from our cow Maho's neck. When he went to Istanbul I had looked for everywhere for that amulet, because I thought that it was lost and I was afraid that our house would be without protection. In fact my father took with him everything which could remind him of our home and put them in his suitcase when he was leaving. He took Maho's amulet, my little baby shoes, the wooden birds he himself made.*

*Actually it was difficult to call the place where I went with my mother as a part of İstanbul. It was one of the shabby suburbs at the outskirts of İstanbul. The people who lived there were like us. They came here from the distant eastern villages. My grandfather was saying that it was just like our village but a lot bigger.*

*He made a circle on the earth with his walking stick and said, "This is our village."*

*And made another circle hundred times bigger than the first one and said, "This is the city."*

### **Summary:**

We learn the story of a deaf and mute child named Yağmur (rain) who finds out that he has a special sensitivity for the vibrations while he was living in a basement apartment spared for the gatekeeper and he later becomes a sound technician, from the notes of a musician whose nickname is Rooster Man.

Yağmur was born in a village where rain prayers was causing floods. After discovering that he is different than the other children he spends his days with games like "finding someone like you" and "thinking that you are a fairy." His childhood memories are about his older sister who was trying to teach him the objects and sounds one by one while she was doing the house chores, about the reliable and silent support of his grandfather, the loving atmosphere his mother and father had created. Later he learns different aspects of city life. The apartment they are living faces a kindergarden. Some teenagers spend their days at the corner of this park sniffing glues and the neighbours doesn't like that at all. They use Yağmur as a carrier. Without recognising that they are using him, Yağmur becomes happy that he is accepted in a group and does everything they ask. Their old neighbour Thousand And One Night Tales opens a new door to this smiling child by teaching him copper painting and his small portable radioleads him to discover that this child has a special sensitivity to the vibrations and can actually hear voices above a certain point. When the old man gets sick, he loses contact with him. But he makes contact with a new tenant while he waits for the old man to recover, and his whole life changes.

A passage from the book:

*"When I opened the door, I have seen huge loudspeakers inside... And a musical instrument with keys. This man was a musician. It would be a lie if I said I wasn't happy.*

*The loudspeakers brought me back to the days when a circus had come to the village. Back to the day when I had run after the loud voice coming from the horse carriage. The panel boards hanging on the chest and back of an old man with a long beard and a starry pointed hat were calling me to a magical fun. The fire eater man, the woman dancing on the ropes with her shiny clothes, chairs put on top of each other until they reach the sky...*

*My father and mother never took me to any wedding or gathering. The neighbourhood girls were running after the horse carriage and they were laughing a lot. These girls never missed an entertainment. If I could observe them I could win.*

*When the evening came I was on my way to the circus, hiding in a wide shirt. The villagers were not as unconcerned as my parents. There was a happy, colourful crowd in front of the circus tent.*

*I sneaked in; I was going to choose the best place.*

*The huge, black loudspeakers were not attractive to anyone else. But what made my head spin were not the fat circus women or the acrobats. It was these huge boxes. I put my ear to the black box where nobody came even near.*

*The villagers were watching the crazy dance of the performers in shiny, starry clothes enthusiastically. But I had forgotten all these magical shows, I had become a slave to the black boxes.*

*The clown handed me a green balloon. I took it, and pointed to my chest with my finger.*

*I was asking if it was mine.*

*He said it was mine.*

*He was a funny man! His nose was made of a bitten apple. He had painted a shiny red, big smile around his mouth. What a smile it was! Whatever he was doing the smile never disappears. This clown never becomes unhappy. He had shiny colours around his eyes. This shining stuff had spread to my hands and to my balloon.*

*I can be a clown! Then I don't have to talk at all. If I can learn how to throw a stick to the air and catch it back like those people... If I walk in a funny way... With my funny clothes and funny ornaments... I can make people laugh!*

*The dogs were turning cartwheels... that was the last thing I could remember.*

*The neighbourhood girls who brought me here had left but I was asleep under the dark boxes... I have slept an undisturbed, happy sleep until the morning.*

*They had found me with the first daylight. They have learned our address by asking people and brought me back home.*

*My mother couldn't sleep that night. Her eyes were bloodshot.*

*My father had explained them that because I was deaf I couldn't hear even the drums.*

*I never managed to tell them I could hear the sound of the black boxes. And the circus left our village the next day.*

*The black boxes had traced me and they found me again now. If it isn't luck, then what is luck?"*

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