



# **MILD MURDERS**

**(Prologue of the Death)**

*Novella*

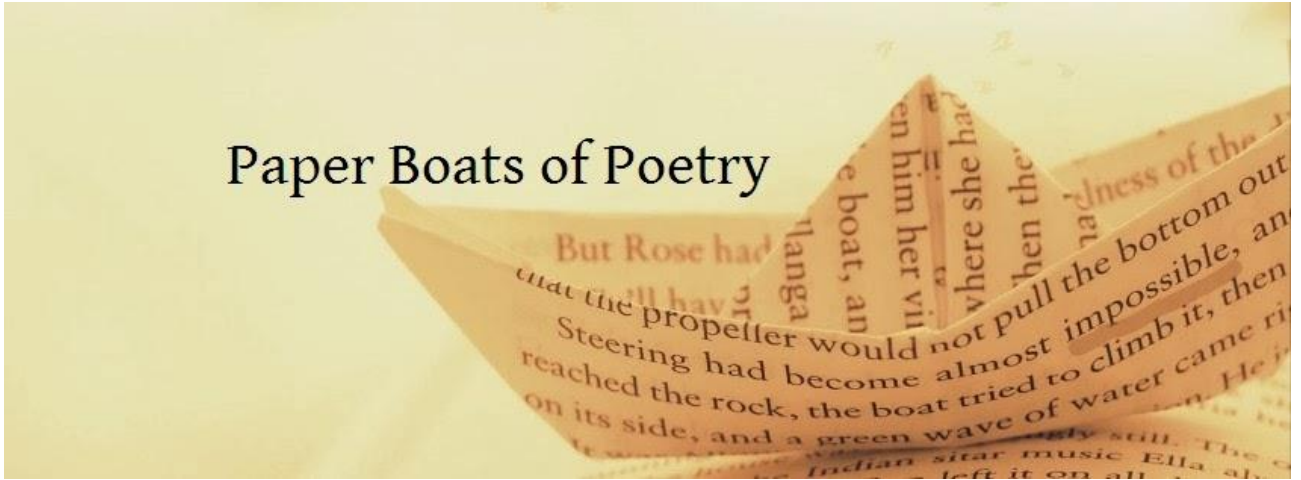
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**Paper Boats of Poetry Publishing  
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# Paper Boats of Poetry



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Night was covering the faces like a black veil. The moon was under the invasion of the black clouds. An amateur gambler's fear of losing in the alleys which cover the houses like an octopus. For the ones who are in a hurry to reach their homes, the angst of a bullet that hadn't yet arrived to its target. The houses, when you close their doors from inside, warm and safe as a mother's womb, if someone's waiting for you. For those who live alone, home is nothing but the capital of loneliness...

There was no one waiting for him. And at this point, he wasn't waiting for anyone either. When everyone were stuffing their hopes in which they have been carrying around with them to the places they live; he, undressing from the arid climate of his house, wore the black coat of the night...

Hikmet's footsteps were as calm and dedicated as the stitching up of a surgeon. He wouldn't collapse even if he were hit by a cannon ball.

The alleys were reaching to the main street like the streams running down to the sea. Hikmet, suddenly crashed in the mainstreet after turning the corner. He was surprised that he was able to come here this fast.

The avenue was waiting for his hunt like the insect-eating flowers. Versicolour signboards and discount notices..

Pubs and brasseries; in other words the climate of hopelessness, the centers of rehabilitation for the disappointment, women who were forced to barter their flesh with money occupying spaces in the sidewalk; some elderly, some in their early adulthood, were flowing by Hikmet on both sides. The avenue was gradually falling behind like an old

memory. And the more he was taking steps towards the pier, the more adrenalin was pouring in to his blood. Finally, he was on the port side. The sea was beginning like a bottomless cliff at the end of his fingertips. At this point for Hikmet, it was either falling down from the balcony of life into the obscurity, or to surrender to this horrible course embittering him.

"Come on my boy Hikmet! This will all end when you take just one more step."

Hikmet, never moving his feet that have been fixed to the edge of the pier, looked behind moving his waist and neck. He was afraid that he would retract from his decision if he moved back his feet. Was it only the chaos of a city that he left behind? Smelling a bundle of jasmine exploding his lungs out, making love with all the geography of his skin, drinking icy water rattling his teeth, watching film sprawling at the backseat, eating a bagel scrunching and more, they would all fall behind.

"Great surprise! So many things that I would be deprived of from now on..."

Wouldn't the ones that he couldn't do, also the ones he had done be left behind? He wouldn't be able to watch sunset on top of the Nemrut mountain; go fishing with the Laz crate; learn to make jug from the clay and speaking French. The possibility for realising all those wishes would have been drowned with him in the sea.

He turned his face towards the sea. It wasn't possible for anyone to distinguish where the sea ended and the sky began. Hikmet wouldn't meet the sun which would take down the reign of darkness. He shouldn't have done it. Think for a second Hikmet! Who knows what this sea harbours in her chest. How many fishes, oysters and moss...How much sand, wracked boat and lots of others.. Certainly there's space for you between them..

"Actually, sea is the universal cluster. You know, the one which is to be shown at the courses in mathematics, comprising everything. The sea is the sub-cluster of the World Hikmet..It comprises all of us.. Oh! What am I thinking?..

"To hell with it. I will throw myself into the sea and it will all be over soon."

He reached in to his pocket and took out his lighter. There was about a half pack of cigars. Slowly he took one out from the packet and put it on his lips with utmost care, and then lighted it up. He inhaled with such a desire and joy as if he hadn't smoked for days. You could say that it was a ritual.

He lifted the lighter that he was still holding in his hand with respect, then he caressed it with his eyes; it was a gift from Sibel.

Sibel was a tall, plump and cheerfull girl. Straightforward and candid.. She would take a stand against the pain like the Chinese Wall; hope would have flourished where she touched.

For a period, Sibel was the only thing that he thought about. His heart would have beaten speedily when Sibel's hands dissapeared in his palms. Sibel's eyes would have bounced like a timid gazelle, in the steppes of Hikmet's face.

Once upon a time Sibel had stabbed Love like a switchblade into his heart. But a huge love had been toppled like a plane tree, because of the unnecessary jealousy of Hikmet.

"How many years have passed since we broke up? I wonder if she still remembers. At least if I could have just hugged her one last time."

He kissed and caressed the lighter. Then he put it int his pocket, like putting a baby to bed. One drop of tear escaped from his eye. "Come on boy, Hikmet, a little bit of courage. You will hit the bottom of the sea and it will all be over...There's no other way Hikmet. Let's do it. Come on..."

He straightened up slightly after slightly leaning frontward upon his feet fixed to the front of the pier.'

'So what happened!? You were swaggering at home. You were talking big, weren't you. Huh? You don't have the courage, do you!?"

"I will make it buddy! I will end this..."

Even though he made a little move the fear drew him back from the neck. "Come on buddy throw yourself! Do it!"

"I can't do it."

"Of course you can, you coward dog"

"What if God exists?.. "

"That's a fine kettle of fish. All of a sudden you came around?.."

"What if ...God exists?.. How can I confront him like this?"

"You dog! You coward asshole! Throw yourself!"

"Shut up now!"

"You shut up and throw yourself into the sea."

"I can't."

" You should."

"I can't, I can't."

He shouted out loud stabled to the front of the pier, cracking his veins: "This has to come to an end..."

### **2 Months Ago:**

"Welcome, officer Cemal."

"What is it? Why did you call me this late!?"

"There is a body found. Chief Ofiicer wanted us to go to the legal medicine and see it."

"Ok, let's go."

They left the Police Station and got into the car. Ümit had got behind the wheel. It was nighttime. Stars nvaded the sky like a barbarian tribe. The moon was exhibiting it's every detail, in the manner of a stripper.

The city was flowing on both sides of the car. Children who sheltered in the cashpoint cabin caught Cemal's eye. They were the wasted of life. These violence breastfed children were trying to sleep by silencing the hatred that came out of their hearts and disturbed their sleep.

They never spoke along the way. Cemal was deadly brokenhearted to Ümit. In fact he couldn't admit the truth. He loved Umit like his brother. Now he could never believe. How could someone's brother be a homosexual ? Especially Ümit...A sturdy young man. This wasn't a burden that Cemal could bare. He wished this was a nightmare that will disappear when he woke up.

Umit was a calm and naive young man. He had been interested in men ever since he could remember, and even though he didn't get any pleasure from it, he floated around with girls in order to be seen as heterosexual by the others. He revealed his sexual identity to Cemal, to be able to live the freedom of enlightening his condition to one of his closest friends in this world. He'd rather not to..

Cemal had turned into a bull which had seen a red pelerine, and disbanded the table in front of him. He madly punched the walls, cursed Umit.

Cemal was a nervous man. You know, like those whose anger was a flash in the pan. But this time his anger neverending. That night he wandered around the house like a ghost, out of misery. As if walking in his coffin, he was feeling depressed. Then he drank until he forgot his name and started crying for the first time since his childhood....

They arrived at their destination. Parking the car, they entered the legal medicine. Turning the corner they headed for the morgue downstairs.

"Hi brother Ahmet."

"Welcome Cemal."

"How are you brother."

"Fine thanks."

"We came to see the new corpse that came in."

"Ok, come with me"

Passing a dark, narrow corridor, they reached a large room. The room looked like a mushroom field: A bunch of stretchers and corpses covered with white sheets...This was the introduction of cemetery.

Ahmet headed towards a stretcher in the middle of the room. When he lifted up the sheet that covered the corpse, Cemal and Ümit jumped one step back, startled. The corpse was beheaded. His neck had been improperly cut-off from where his shoulders started. There were large bruises and cigarette burns on the corpse. On his back, there was an inscription carved by a cutting equipment from his spinal column to his neck.

*'Which silkroad multiplies sequence of letters.'*

"As you can see Cemal, they have badly worn out the man. He had been brutally tortured. Almost all of his bones have been broken with a hammer-like equipment, lots of cigarettes had been put out on him and he was slaughtered like a sheep." "What the hell is this ?. I've never seen anything like this before. Have they found his head?"



"No."

"Please turn the corpse over brother Ahmet." said Umit. "Let's see the front side."

"Why!? Do you want to see his prick?" Cemal asked, adding his most humiliating stare to his words. This was the first time that Ümit was so angry with Cemal. He could understand his lack of acceptance of his condition, but his humiliating attitude got Ümit mad. Despite that, he remained silent. He prevented his anger to come out of his lips.

"Let's turn it over brother Ahmet" said Cemal, ignoring Umit's stares that were directed at him like a barrel of a gun.

Ahmet turned the corpse over. The front was as much damaged as the back. And in the middle of his chest, a huge *K* was carved with a cutting equipment.

"We will have to struggle a lot on this case." Cemal murmured.

"Ok brother Ahmet. You can cover it up...When will your report be ready?"

"I'll finish it by tomorrow morning."

"Ok brother, take it easy."

"Thanks, you too."

Cemal in front, Ümit one step back, passed through the mushroom field elegantly. They rapidly climbed the stairs with more shivers than before, in the dark corridor.

Ümit set behind the steering wheel again. They did not speak along the way a. Both of them were totally confused. They were thinking of each other and of the corpse

When they came in front of Cemal's house, two anxious hearts approached the upper floor window. A pair of half bashful half worried eyes turned back, after caressing Cemal in the car.

When the car stopped, not even looking at his face, Cemal said "Everything that you find should be ready by morning", and turning his back went downstairs, ignoring Ümit's answer "As you command."

When he looked up to the house-owner's window, the face that was stuck on the window pulled back.

As soon as he opened the door, he lit the corridor's light and headed for the kitchen.

Taking a beer bottle out of the refrigerator he took a huge sip, and headed for the living room with the bottle in his hand. He lit the table lamp which had a photo right underneath, and sank into the arm-chair.

In the room only the photo was lit, everything else was in the dark. He fixed his eyes on the photo. The photo slowly came out of the constraints of its frame and spread through the room. And slowly caressed Cemal's memories.

It was the picture of a beautiful young girl. Her skin was the most innocent caress of white; her hair the reddest tone of lust... A handful of freckles spread out under her eyes. And her badly hazel eyes...

After finishing couple of beers and turning the room into a nicotine empire he went to bed and dived into the black waters of sleep.

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In the morning, he woke up surprised that he opened his eyes in his own house as always. He had moved into this house years ago, and still couldn't believe that he was no longer in the sock and pee smelling dormitory of the orphanage.

Cemal had no one else but his loneliness. He neither knew his mother who left him at the door of the orphanage, nor his non-identifiable father. His oldest memories were the ruthless beating sessions of the manager.

His eyes were opened with fear every morning at the orphanage. Especially when he wetted his bed...his breakfast was nothing else but the brutal slaps on his face. He deeply missed his bed during the day which passed like a storm of violence.

When he went into the chest of his bed, his eyes closed to the dream of his home, and the longing for non-beating parents. He made his bed morphine, when the night breast-fed his dreams.

He'd rather have a mom who would fondle his hair. ..A father who would swing him on the

swing...When he was for hungry for compassion he would give a big embrace his dear mother; and take refuge in his father's chest when he was thirsty for security. Why was he a destitute ? Why did he have this heavy-weight loneliness? He still asked this to himself. When he asked, his anger exploded like a molotov cocktail in his chest cage...

The door-bell rang as he just washed his face. When he opened the door, Jale was in front of him with pre-rehearsed smile.

Jale extended the plate full of pie as she said "Good Morning":

"I made cheese pie...I know you love it, so I brought one plate.."

"Thank you. It was a burden for you."

"What burden for god's sake. Well...We wondered about you when you went away and didn't come back for a while..."

"Is that so? We needed to go to the legal medicine last night."

"Well...Bon appetite."

She attached the pre-rehearsed smile on her face again. She started consuming the staircases while Cemal was slowly closing the door.

Jale and Jülide were two sisters. It was quite a while that both of them passed their forties. Even though that they were both in love with Cemal, they both tried to hide it from eachother and at the same time secretly competed. The only thing that made them forget the fact that they have missed life, was to embrace the hope of Cemal could love them.

The sisters' flirting was a cure for the bleeding points of his self-esteem. Cemal neither gave them hope, nor did he burn the ships... This was a pretty hide and seek game for him.

He watered his flowers carefully after crowning his breakfast with Jale's delicious cheese pie. He caressed all of them one by one and spoke to them. And then saying farewell to his house, he got on the way to the Police Station...

When he reached the center and approached the murder desk an extraordinary surprise met Cemal. The corpse that was found last night had become the celebrity of media and this situation drew the attention of the Ministry of Interior Affairs.

Umit welcomed Cemal saying "Good Morning Chief", -this time for the sake of formality-

lightly standing up from his chair. Cemal sat on his desk with a reluctant response. As he just lit his cigarette, his brewed tea with three sugars caught up, as usual.

"Well...chief", murmured Ümit. It was unusual that Ümit presented the case evaluation before Cemal finished his first tea. But this time it was different.

"The corpse that have been found last night is on the first page of every journal. The public is in panic. Minister of Interior Affairs, personally gave a call and gave special order for the suspects to be found."

"Have you identified the corpse?"

"Yes we got the identity by scanning the fingerprints. His name is Ziya Semerci. He is a hard-boiled drug-dealer known as broken Ziya. He got caught twice for drug dealing and he has three records for wounding. When he was in prison for his last case, he was discharged benefiting the pardon.

"Drug-dealer ha? Where was the body found?"

"Found in an empty field all nude. His head is still missing. According to legal medicine' report, the victim was dead for twenty-four hours at the time he was found. The inscriptions on his chest and back were carved with a knife, the seventy percent of his bones were broken by hammer and one more thing which is absolute is that he was beheaded by a rusty wood-saw... But there isn't anything that would identify the DNA of the murderer."

"Now you go and collect as much information about this guy called Broken Ziya. Find out who he was working for and who his friends and enemies were.

"Understood chief. With your permission."

As he Ümit was leaving, Cemal was lighting his new cigarette. The inside of his head was as untidy as a bachelor's room.

"What the hell is this." he said to himself. "Even if I thought that it was the execution of the drug mafia aiming to misdirect from the target, I still don't think that they would be so creative... I wonder if it is the revenge of the wounding incidents? What the hell does this 'Which silkroad multiplies the series of letters' 'Is it a puzzle or what?' Puff, looks like we're gonna struggle a lot...Ok but why is the head missing!?!"

Cemal pushed the series of questions to the most isolated corner of his mind.

He headed to the kiosk to buy a new packet of cigarettes that gave it's breath.

Downstairs, when he was passing by the theft desk his attention was caught by the hand-cuffed youngster standing in the middle of two uniformed policemen. He was good-looking and probably a university boy. The young man was continuously smiling to himself with an ironic expression on his face and nodding his head slightly on both sides. Cemal approached them unable to suppress his curiosity.

"What's his guilt? he asked to one of the uniformed guys."

"Chief, he had stolen some books from Tüyap book fair."

Cemal had an eye contact with the young man. He was stuck in between laughing hysterically and crying and weeping.

"Boy are you an idiot!? Are books stolen in this country? Go and rob a bank, avoid taxes or conspire to rig the bid. How come you are so stupid to get nailed for stealing books!?"

The young man responded with a certain smile on his face, by nodding his head sweetly up and down.

Leaving the Station, Cemal left the softest place of his conscience hung on the eyelids of young man.

As he just turned the corner of the street, a hand and a man behind it, stopped Cemal by pressing his hand on his chest in a polite and decisive manner. His clothes were untidy but clean, about sixty-sixty five yers old, his eyes the busiest avenue of his face.

"Hey boy! Let's applaude the brave boys who steals books from Tüya with a laughter derived from sorrow. Even though Turkey doesn't know how to be proud of them, I am proud of each one of them..." And then attaching a huge and insistant question mark to Cemal's mind dissapeared from sight in the crowd, gliding like a sword-fish. Cemal sttod looking behind the old man like conned southwest fish.

"Boy, did he read my mind !."

Rain was spilling out on the pavements. Copper clouds were dancing slowly...

Ümit woke up with his mother's carress on his head. From his dear mother's eyes, the most timid brooke of compassion was flowing on this face. Miss Nebiye had already made her prayers and preprepared the breakfast.

"Come on my son, tea is ready."

"Himm, ok mom."

Mister İbrahim, had already got his place at the table. The stressed eyebrows hiding the soft corners of his heart had their shift on the north of his face. Even his wife for 40 years Miss Nebiye couldn't see that he laughed bass-baritone. Maybe he smiled a little...When their son was born.

According to Mister İbrahim, a father figure had to be hard. Because he was the king in this small monarchy which he called "my family". His frowning eyebrows and his voice in a high decibel were the shields of this ruling power. After washing and shaving his face, Ümit walked towards the desk with sleepy steps.

"Good morning father."

"Good morning" murmured the father, not caring to look at Ümit by lifting his eyes from the egg that he was peeling.

Miss Nuriye put the teapot on the table. The teapot was sleepily murmuring it's vapour. The silent air in the room which expanded with the vapour was forcing the windows. Ümit wanted to hit his heart to the street...

Like every other morning, he kissed his mother's hands that looked like crippled paper and he went flying down the steps, leaving behind the murmuring prayers. He confronted the rain outside the door. He looked to the sky, pulling his head up.

Sky put little rain kisses on his face. His heart was like a butterfly which came out from it's cone. Now was the time to fly with the infinite motion of life...

He threw a bashfull gaze on the window of the house on the other side from under his eyebrows when he was opening the door of his car. The sunscreens were not yet opened to the day. The rooms had not started yet to unburden themselves to the city.

Was Zafer awake?... What kind of an expression would be on his face while he was sleeping. All his gazes passed by the windows exterior but his heartbeat in the house for a few seconds.

He hit the road to the Station. He put a cassette on the car's stereo. The city was trying to reach life's speed. The shutters were opening with rusty noises; the shopwindows were putting on their bright masks with anxiety. The garbage man was sweeping off the tired memories of the night. The sparrows which were afraid of the copper shield of the sky, were hiding the fears under the roofs that were not fitting into their little hearts, postponing to fly.

People were trying to catch buses and fairyboats, dragging their frowning-faces with themselves. Everybody was anxious to open a space, in accordance to their volume. Their anxious footsteps were blending with each other. Nobody was able to catch-up with him. Ümit was someone who ended the mission that he started.

He had solved every case that he had taken so far, yet he couldn't have the smallest clue about Broken Ziya's murderer. He had wandered around every place that Ziya frequently visited, made a search for every possible friend and enemy. They couldn't gather any information no matter who they questioned.

All of a sudden, Ziya had disappeared. His family never got worried. They were used to Ziya's not coming home for days. When he made good money, he ran to the warehouses and then he ended up in the gambling places in the vicinity. When he came back, he would compensate for the pain of losing, by hitting his wife and children. Everyday the hatred of his family towards Ziya got bigger, but they were obedient to him because of helplessness. Ziya was a life preserver made of fire in the middle of an ocean of hopelessness. Ziya's wife Selma would compensate for the pain by her skin and insistently filter hope from despair

Ziya would carelessly roll cigars and get high in front of his children. At times he would even use his nine year old boy as a courier, saying 'He's just a kid, he wouldn't draw suspicion.' At such times Selma found herself one step away from murder. She would have cut Ziya into pieces with a bread knife if only her courage didn't fall short.

Because of all that Selma never got sad, when she went to the juridical medicine for identification of the body. When she saw the coldness of death on Ziya's flesh, all of a sudden the firework show started in her eyes. She hardly suppressed the steps of the gazelle that went down near the lake to drink water. She got scared that the people around would hear the happiness knocking on the door of her heart.

She never turned back to look while she was leaving the morgue. Now Ziya was a nightmare marathon that had been completed...

As soon as the Police Station had come to sight, Ümit's heartwings had been torn off.

He was feeling embarrassed to face Cemal because he couldn't find any clue about Broken Ziya's murder. Whenever he saw Cemal Ümit's neck had written italics in every language. While he was climbing up the stairs, he passed through the crowds, which increased insistently. The handcuffs were living the metal tiredness. The typewriter buttons were doing overtime to be able to catch up the records.

As soon as Ümit entered to the office and sat down, Cemal appeared. They shared a cold hello reluctantly. A stubborn and transparent wall was still standing between them.

Cemal put the cigarette in his mouth like a gun barrel. His fresh brewed tea accompanied the dance of the smoke with the anxiety of a latecomer cavalier.

The rain that was cold outside and wanted to embrace the room's warmth, was knocking on the window and asking permission for entry.

'Which silkroad multiplies series of letter.' ...This sentence coiled in Cemal's mind like a leach. Cemal was the locomotive of the murder table.

He had solved many cases that looked impossible, and cuffed so many murderer's ankles. Nonetheless they couldn't get even the smallest clue this time to save appearances.

While looking at other cases, the obscurity of the beheaded murder was working like a mechanical clock at a corner of his mind.

Guilt was ahead of Punishment on the streets, with its holiday dresses. Unresolvedness was providing the spread of the fear like ebola virus rather than the interest and curiosity would diminish after the murder being covered on the media. Death cringed upon the whispers among public. He said to himself 'The insiders in the corner must be shaken one more time' looking at the cigarette butts resembling a communal cemetery in the ashtray.

A bunch of birds were flapping their wings in Jale's spirit cage. The kitchen became narrow for her enthusiasm. Cemal was coming to dine that night. While Jale was busy with preparing to put her favourite dishes on the menu, Julide was also trying to squeeze in her favorites. Saying 'Cemal loves this more' they struggled a great deal, trying to put their favored dishes on top of the list. Pretending that they don't understand each others intentions was increasing the suspense. As time passed by the shape of all the objects on the counter started creating erotic connotations. Finally Jale got decisive. She had to whisper her desires to Cemal when she found the right time. Her libido suppressed her pride at the end.

Two sisters were embroidering the table like a canvas. Whatever they added to the table,



there were still something missing. The guest cutleries were arranged perfectly; the salads and appetizers were competing with each other....Cemal left the office.

His feet found the way automatically and he went down the stairs.

Suddenly he found himself in the front yard and the question marks in his mind totally dispersed. He thought of walking a little. All day long he was imprisoned indoors like a lion in its cage. Evening was just beginning. Darkness was woven on the city like spider's web. The street lamps were illuminating the tiredness on the faces of those who were just leaving their offices.

The metal lightning bugs were passing by the pavements, buzzing. The sorrow was getting much bigger in the beer houses. The season left the parks disabled. The parks where ghettos of green were pressed between the concrete giants.

Sometimes life stops while passing, in the middle of the untidy symphony of the city...Swings knew silence by heart. The teetertotters couldn't find their balances for a long while. The ravens which were suppressing the nakedness of branches were agitating each other to prove Hitchcock right.

The cold breath of concrete's covering zone was expanding on the green space. The more humanbeing's ego was fed, the more hungry it got...Cemal was strolling along the streets like a letter that has forgotten its address. His feet became like stone as he was passing by the district market. The vision that he encountered hit his face like a slap. Immediately a short autobiographical documentary had been released in his brain: He found himself in his primary school's garden, with his big uniform, bought intentionally two sizes bigger to be worn in the future.

Children flew away like sparrows and there was the fatherly image of teacher Kenan. Teacher Kenan passed by Cemal's childhood with a warm smile.

And he just touched on the shoulder of his black uniform. Cemal was a motherless child and a heavyweight orphan.

They would carry their orphanage with them from the house to school with a group of his friends.

Other children certainly knew this terrible loneliness and ruthlessly bled those open wounds with scoffing razor laughs. There was only teacher Kenan...It was only him that Cemal had compassion from. It was only him who fondled his head when he solved a difficult mathematical problem at the blackboard.

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