

shoulders could understand. Most people hurt but wouldn't suffer.

You often encounter people in life; you secretly nurse a grudge against some. To some, you would like to devote all your love.

My ongoing thoughts along the road brought me again to my summer holiday program, which I somehow couldn't plan. Finally, I even turned the holiday idea into a big deal!

I was snorting for a long time. In other words, the need for a holiday began to preoccupy me continuously. In fact, after our visit to the Mayan Ruins three years ago, I couldn't foresee which place would satisfy us.

I was working for seven years in the accounting services of a large marketing company. I had a steady job and income. This was a situation related to my stable company, having reliability in the market. Although there were sometimes obsessive situations with friends amid office stress, I can say I was hardworking enough not to break up with them. We used to go to soccer matches, and sometimes we got together with our families for enjoyable dinners. This evening was one of those evenings...

The weather warmed up thoroughly, and sweltering heat had begun to make itself felt. My friend Bülent, with whom I spend long working hours in the same room at work, will pick up his



wife Gülhan and daughters and come to us in the evening hours. We were going to 'welcome' the summer as a family with barbecue pleasure in our backyard.

For this reason, I left work a little earlier that day. We would have preparations at home for the guests. To friends, I said to cover for myself. When the arrival time of Bülent and his family neared, I would have finished the garden preparation with my beautiful wife. Neşem's shopping list was in a message on my phone. I went to the market in the neighborhood for kitchen needs. The security officer waiting at the door and I greeted each other as usual.

Neighborhood people knew each other quite well by sight as time passed by. My acquaintance with security officer Mehmet was also that way. That secret and strong but not expressed, friendship of neighborhood people has always attracted my attention. For example, your child is next to you, you're getting around while having a cute conversation; your child asks for an ice cream from the ice cream seller you came across. His/her small hands in those of yours, it's by the way the world's cutest touch, assume that you want to take the ice cream: "Hello, two scoops of ice cream please!"

With little cone tricks, the ice cream uncle prepares the scoop of ice cream, and you go like:



"Two scoops for me then!"

"Here you are, brother."

And... The ice cream is in the child's hand; your child grows up with those scoops of ice cream. Years pass by, your child grows up, but you think that pastry cook is always waiting for you over there. The child passed the age of asking for ice cream. Each time you go by the front of the shop, you are engrossed in the ice cream seller and the cones. Years pass, the veteran pastry cook still puts colorful scoops of ice cream on the cones of children. As if he had never lived the past years and had never left from there.

And if the greengrocer is going to hand over the store to someone!

By saying, "Ah, you were doing your job sweetly, my brother. Let's see if the comer will be like you?" You try to please under the shadow of your conversations, which doesn't go beyond inquiring after.

I had bought those on the list –respectively- from my hard-working greengrocer and barely headed for home. I was keeping track of all the evening lethargy and the pretty breeze of the summer months. But I stepped into my car, still under the dizziness of the ending brutal winter, under mental distress regarding my inability to decide on the holiday destination or the country to which I'll travel.

