

WHERE DOES TRADITION COME FROM?

by Özge Sat-Lien

I heard loud laughter. I thought this laughter was in my dream. I opened my eyes and saw some people on the balcony. My room and the kitchen share a balcony. You can get to the kitchen from my bedroom.

When I opened my eyes, someone said, “Good morning, honey. Did you sleep well?” I understood nothing. Who is this? Why did she say that? What time is it? I looked at the clock: 7 a.m. Very, very early for a holiday.

In this city, summer is very hot and humid. Even after I take a shower and dry off, a few minutes later I feel sweaty. Today I woke up sweaty, too. It was early morning, but the temperature was like noon.

When I come to, I recognize her. She is our neighbor. In my hometown there is one tradition. Housewives drink Turkish coffee in the early morning before breakfast. They gather each morning in one house to drink Turkish coffee mixed with liquor, but some people prefer to drink it with water or soda. When they drink coffee, they talk about life, children, or family.

My mother asked me, “Do you want coffee?” I woke up and couldn’t escape the environment.

“Yes, please,” I said, lighting a cigarette. I looked at them from behind smoke and thought *Why do they meet every morning?* It’s because they don’t want to be alone with their own life and their own problems.