AN ANGLE OF 180

There are days which you spend to kill the time and there are days in which you refresh your spirit and find some new reasons to cope with the life. The day I had two years ago is the one which made me feel like a dog with two tails, and made me remember the aim of my life.It was a hot August afternoon. I was fasting because of that I felt thirsty, hungry , and extremely exhausted but I could not even imagine that a news would sweep all of these feelings away and replace them with the ones which were energizing and full with joy of life.

I was waiting for the time at which I would be able to eat my dinner. I, at the same time, was trying to do chores and look after my children but the mood I was in did not let me do these ; as a matter of fact that I could not lift my finger. My bed seemed to me like a cradle by virtue of the odour of the sheets and the softness of the pillows, so I could not resist my inner most feelings any more ,and at the end of that struggle, I put my head on my pillow, like a child leans his/her head on his/her mom’s knees. I got some Zs and after a short time my phone started to ring but it, that time, did not disturb me as it did before, its melody sounded like a lulaby and it was impossible to turn a deaf ear to its tune. Feeling like a beleaguered ship, I capitulated and dip my flag- I answered it.

It was my sister .She asked me whether I had learned the solution of my university enterance exam or not,and the answer I gave was full of desperation;’’I just filled it so as to fill it.’’Nothwithstanding the miserable feelings,I took my bows and got ready to come face to face with my faith. It was without doubt not only the hardest but only the longest time of my life.I had to do a double take when I opened my eyes- KTU was written on the page and the department in my dreams… I was walking on air for minutes,it was hard to believe but I started to think that I could go and I had an even chance of being a student and I thought it was high time to live and breath English;my second raison d’etre.

My happiness did not last longer than I expected because it brought some questions, which I hesitated to ask, and apprehensions, which I could not quieten, in its train. I could not wait anymore, and eventually I screwed up my courage and mentioned the result to my husband . All I wanted to hear was the steps of the revival of my hopes… ‘’ I know how you feel, you feel like a bird in a gilded cage and I know if I do not let you go, I will lose you. The place you want to go is secure, we have a lot of relatives living there and we cannot estimate what we are going to live in the future .Maybe, one day you will have to earn your own crust and I know that you cannot manage it as long as you do not like your job’’.

The words of my husband changed the rotation of my little world, just as the perspective that I saw:he closed my little window ; opened the door of the balcony. I, in this balcony, saw the self-sacrifice which is said to be all over and done now and the gratitude which cannot be paid. I came out of my shell like a newborn bird and flied to the highs with the help of the wind beneath my wings: my husband.

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