

Penemy of Pignorance

Marricage

It was an amazingly fresh May morning, and the thirty eight year old Ozjan Originatorabi, a Turkish Foxford university professor of Engliterature and litearturk, thought that after drinking coffee, having breakfast and smoking his pipe, he must prepare some interesting short stories for his first class at 1:00 P.M. and thought it will be a good idea if he also writes a couple of short stories for his class and then gets his students' comments on them. Moments later, wishing to have nice smiling students in his new class, he began to write:

I do not tribute this textpermental short story to anybody. My wife to whom I torabiuted *Amerrycountry*, my first novel, is interested in other things and not in such stuff. My friends to whom I presented *Amerrycountry* got it without interest and without pencouraging me. It became marrketed in the book sindustry and reached no sellebration.

Once, the publisher called me, and told if I be ready to pay a large sum of dollargent, he can madvertise it, that is madvertease people to read it! Just imagine, one writes a humanitarian novel, pays enough to edit and publish it, and this is just the beginning! One has to pay more for adverteasing people to read it! However, *Amerrycountry* would fail, without paying a large sum to madvertise it in the book sindustry. I take it for granted that this short story, *Marricage*, will fail as well and will not reach a universale, and will be no hit in the univearth.

There is a theory called "Death of the Author," which says, after a story is written, its meaning depends on the readers and not the writer. Now the question that comes to my mind is this: What if a book, like *Amerrycountry*, and a short story like *Marricage* don't get read? Who should decide their meaning? This question gives me a pun on the theory of "Death of the Author" which is "Death of the Reader".

What I mean is this: Now that the masses of people will not read my textpermental autorabiographies and stories, and the aristocrabs are proudly interested in their own textpensive writers, and will not condescend to read me, it makes no difference what I write here, and this idea makes writing easier for me, I write what I please.

At this moment the phone rang, Ozjan answered and heard his old mother's weak voice that wanted to ask him if he is free at the weekend, come to Istanbul to take her to see her doctor in an

Istanboulevard hospital. Ozjan accepted, hung up, and imagined that at the weekend he takes a flight to Istanbul, after airplanding he goes through a supermargate, purchases some grocery for his parents, takes a cab to their apartment, greets them and takes his mother to the hospital. Just at that moment and for the first time he remembered how several years ago his mother had told him:

“Ozjan, I wish you become a university professor.”

and he had answered:

“ Becoming a university professor is not so easy, especially for me. One must be tallented and have lots of dollargent.” And deep in his heart he wished that his mother’s wish becomes realized one day.

Next, he went to the book shelves, picked up a book, and put it in his book bag. Fortunately his shirt was ironed, and he only needed to prepare lunch. Previously, Nancy, his wife helped him with such tasks, but near a year ago, a severe quarrel between them forced Nancy to quit him and return to Ankara and stay with her old mother.

The root of the severe quarrel, in Nancy’s opinion, was Ozjan’ not paying enough attention to her, and her monotonous life after Ozjan had got Foxfortunate and after they had got a congraduation party, and after he had got employed as a Foxford university professor, but in Ozjan’ opinion the root of their quarrel was Nancy’s jealousy to some of his female students who were more beautiful than her, and of course, each one insisted on his or her own opinion.

Ozjan remembered that sometimes Nancy used to check out the list of his students’ names, their facebook pictures and profiles, and see if they are Ozjan’ friends or not.

One night, Nancy had eavesdropped on Ozjan’ warm talking to one of his students named Gozel who was also from Turkey and had guessed that there must be some intimacy between her husband and Gozel . After the call ended, she entered the room, shouted at him, accused him of being disloyal to her and the two had the harshest quarrel ever occurred between them. Usually the climax of their quarrel would be limited to shouting at one another, but this time Nancy had harshly slapped Ozjan, and he had answered back by slapping her. Next, she screamingly beat him several times on the sides of his face and head, and he let her do so, so that she might feel revenged, but the next day, when Ozjan went to the university, she wept a lot and wrote a sentimental letter full of complaints mixed with kissmelodramatic memories of how at first they had loved each other so much, put the letter on his desk, packed her luggage, and left Londowntown for Ankara.

In the letter she threatened that one day she will go to the university, find Gozel, slap her revengefully, and then go to the dean of the university, and raise an issue against Ozjan. But fortunaturally until today, she has not done so. Moreover, the letter accused him of abusing his status in

the university and she wished Heavens that soon he gets fired from the university for being too intimate with girls who have nice smiles and beautifiring eyes.

It continued that fortunaturally after marriage they did not get a child, so their divorce becomes easier. When Ozjan reached the word *divorce*, in his tearful eyes the word deformed itself into another word: *diworse*, and when he reached the word *marriage*, the word deformed itself into *marricage*.

The End.

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Autorabiography: autobiography + Torabi

Adverteasing: advertise + tease

Airplanding: airplane + landing

aristocrabs: aristocrats + crab

beautifiring: beautiful + firing

Congraduation: congratulation + graduation

dollargent: dollar + argent (*money* in French)

Diworse: divorce + worse

Engliterature: English + Literature

Fortunaturally: fortunately + naturally

Istanboulevard: Istanbul + boulevard

kissmellodramatic: kiss + smell+ melodramatic

Litearturk: Literature + turk

madvertise: mad + advertise

Madvertease: mad +advertise + tease

Marricage: marriage + cage

Marrketed : marred + marketed

Sindustry: sinful + industry

sinsist: insist + sinfully

Supermargate: supermarket + gate

tallented: tall + talented

Torabiute: tribute + Torabi

Textpensive: expensive + text

univearth: universe + earth

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Please publicize this short story and send comments to zadmehrtorabi@gmail.com or contact 989125632981

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