

Bad King or Big Friendly Giant?

GROUP 3: Paolini - Nardella - Mosetti – Pozzar

from **Can's father's** point of view

I have always loved my son. Well, yes everybody says Can is a free spirit. I know he cannot spend too much time in the 'nest'. He has always been a traveller. Today he finally called me after a long time. I was really happy I expected better news from him. Indeed at the moment he sounds very confused. Never before did he ask for my opinion about ver personal matter. Really strange from Jan and I can't explain all this to myself.

Yesterday he docked in Üsküdar, the small town near Istanbul. He needed spare parts for his yacht, the one I bought him for his twentieth birthday. He told me he had had some navigating problems. He is just back after a long voyage along the Italian coast. Always very worried to solve his problems he immediately asked for information about the best sailors' shop and there. My God, the boat seems to intrigue him better than anything else!!! Indeed, as soon as on land he went to the center of the small town to ask for a swift repair of the boat fault

He enjoyed his stop in the village. He sounded enthusiastic about the weather and the environment. As usual he enjoys nature, spring colorful flowers and their pleasant scent. I have to say they are almost familiar to Can's female side. He confessed the scent perceived was magic: feminine, delicate even if its some aggressive notes .possibly reminded him of someone? Really Can, I added to his dialogue. Whose scent does the fresh air of Üsküdar remind you? I was probably being too personal. Can is rather reserved on personal matters. Anyway he sounded rather talkative on the phone and I insisted asking him more about his stop in the little town. He went on and told Something must have happen to my Can: he has never felt uneasy for the rain. He is rather the wild type, adventurous, brave. Almost too selfassured most of the times.

Well, I want to find out more. And the truth is destiny may have created a real coincidence for my Can. Can, Can I insisted. Are you sure you are feeling all right? You' ve never been afraid by the rain. You have always loved to walk under the rain. But , Dad it is raining cats and dogs. Well, he went on I went into the cinema and sensed I had gone into the same cinema Sanem had just entered. I could perceived it from the girl's unforgettable fragrance! And do you know what? In front of the ticket office I saw a girl wearing a dress like the one I had bought her during my voyage to India. My son's voice is not the same it used to be! What's going on? Now, I am eager to find out. Something I am not aware of must have gone on with Sanem. Something relevant to Can

He goes on telling me that during the screening of the film, he had rather keep distances from her. All that seems stranger and stranger to me. Can has never shown such uncertainties before. He has always felt determined, ready to take the initiative. He went on telling me of his fears. He was sure she was still feeling angry with him. But I even felt pity for him when he confessed me that despite not seeing each other in their own eyes he was caught by a sense of melancholy and nostalgia. I feel sorry for him. He might not have told me all that if we had been face to face. I appreciate he is telling me a personal matter and all that is going through his soul. I really want to hug him now. But the phone is his shield, a protection from his self esteem and I have to respect it. I simply add "That girl must mean or must have meant something really important for you, Can" in return he confesses he could only remain in that cinema hall for a few minutes. Dad, I wanted only to watch her. I was not prepared to meet her gain. He added he had left the cinema with a heavy burden in his soul. I am really wondering what's the matter with Can. He should talk to her: Can, Can, I insist Why didn't you approach her: You should talk to her. But he told me now things have gone a different way.

He told me that once back at the dock he had received my sister, Arzu's visit. I am happy about that. I feel relieved he could meet her. They have always been on very good terms together. They are very similar in character.. He told me she had made him reflect and open his eyes to his real feelings for Sanem. Also, he told me Arzu had brought him a gift that would take away any of his doubt. I felt that was not a coincidence but a fate's design. Meeting Arzu was the real thing for Can. It helped him not to give up in front of the needs of his heart. I told him he had been very lucky with sister Arzu and realised he now needed to go on telling as if our conversation could help him get rid of a heavy sin, probably a burden he had been keeping inside for a long time.

He told me the same night he decided to unwrap the present and confessed that as soon as he opened it he realised it was Sanem's novel. In that moment I could feel his feable voice while he was referring to her writing. I had heard it had sold million and million copies and in many different languages. I also knew the novel was somehow connected to Can but I had never had the courage to read it myself. I understood he felt very moved while telling me about all that. I am sure it must not have been easy for him to find the right words to tell me about his sentimental failure. He, the great Can, the one who had so many women followers was living a dramatic story to which he held that novel in his hands for a long while. Finally he found the strength and the courage to read Sanem's story to discover that it was thjeir story. I was really moved while listening to may dear Can. He was opening his heart to me in an intimate way as never before had happend. He also added that when he realized the novel was about him, he wasn't sure he wanted to go on reading. He added he was really afraid: all that meant he had to find out what Sanem really thought about him. I do not know why but on listening to his words I felt really very close to Can. My son was really suffering and he was silently screaming "Sanem, don't make me suffer, please" but as one can understand I could only remain silent and send him all my affection.

He went on and on telling me even the most apparently insignificant detail of all that had just happend to him. He told me the day after while he was returning to his yacht, and had moored it, he realised Sanem was sitting on that vey pier. I could not help thinking that Destiny was playing the better game in my son's destiny as well. Also I considered the jetty is a silent place where the only sound of the sea waves turns out to be the perfect place to remind and remember one's past memories. And, I'm sure that must have happend to my Can, too. I did not make any comment... I just listend to my son's words, the ones he needed to say to feel a bit relieved from the burden of his unexpected

returned love moments. He added that, all of a sudden they had met. He confessed he had tried to talk to her but she had shown she was reluctant and they argued again. A heart throb crossed my stomach but I remained silent. It was so difficult to follow the heart break of my dear Can. He let me know Sanem had told him she was really angry and had gone away, leaving him alone and regretful. He also said Sanem had rejected any of his efforts to speak to her. I was feel so sad. Now and again I know how much he cares about that girl. He told me he remained alone with his thoughts. Questions, doubts and insecurity were his only company on that moment and to tell the truth he told me he was perfectly aware that only Sanem could solve all the questions troubling his mind.

Can did not want to conclude his report. He probably understood that love demands expression and so did I. I changed my role of father, one expected to give suggestions and advice. I just wanted to become a listener a hidden mirror where he could speak to himself without being ashamed of his weaknesses, the ones that had made him a man, no longer the fashionable rich son of a wealthy and outstanding family. All that did not help him at all.

Now we were two lost souls – father and son on the same ground - trying to support each other. I wondered what I could have done before he left. But no answers crossed my mind. I decided to listen, just listen for my son to reach a clearer idea about his feelings, his situation. He told me that their last meeting took place at Sanem's house, in her garden.

He told about it as if he were writing a novel, the novel of his lost love and I remember I thought how similar those two apparently distant souls were. However, I knew I had to keep all such considerations to myself. I had nothing to teach Can. I had also made so many mistakes in my life. I stood still and listened carefully: the phone in my ear and he went on. I recognised the pain in my son's voice.

It was late evening. I followed my aunt's advice and I brought it to my heart. I forced myself to get closer to Sanem. I walked tiptoed and in an almost religious silence. She was preparing her favorite fragrance of violets and daisies. She was totally concentrated on her task. She could not perceive my presence. There was a hidden and tense atmosphere around when I shyly asked if I could have a little bottle of her fragrance, the scent that reminds him of her wherever he goes. That perfume is part of her and continuously sends his heart back to the attraction that has always rendered her unforgettable. He said that seeing there was no reaction on her side he decided he would leave. Sanem was left alone over and over again.

I wanted to scream after listening to his desperate soul but I was his father and had to keep a balanced stance despite what he kept on telling. He told me that brokenhearted and desperate, he unaware and instinctively threw the yacht locator into the ocean. He would have liked to disappear, to have time to think and have some moments of revision. In the end he said he had only brought with him Sanem's fragrance and their love story, to which I would entitle "*Bad King or Big Friendly Giant?*"

Sanem probably sees him now like the "Bad King" and I could say that in short Can thinks the same. To tell the truth, I have always considered him like a "Big Friendly Giant", one looking strong, brave and self-confident while his inner side, the one that is unable to come to surface is fragile, soft and weak. One, desperately needing love. All in all it is not what I have always tried to tell him "All we need is Love"