



## **Sine Ergün**

1982 -

Researcher, poet, writer, and editor Sine Ergün was born in Çanakkale. In 2013 she received the prestigious Sait Faik Short Story Award for her second short story collection, *Bazen Hayat* or *Sometimes Life*.

“In Darkness” translated by:

William Blair and Nilüfer Hatemi

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## In Darkness

I woke up. Pitch black. It ought to have been morning. It wasn't. It was such darkness that eyes couldn't adjust. I brought my hand in front of my eyes, nothing. I touched my face. It's there. I removed it, took it away, nothing.

Then it spread completely to my hands, to my face, clung to my throat, filled my ears, entered my nose. I waved my hands, my arms, tried to fend it off, nothing.

I lowered my foot from the bed. The floor was there. I put my other foot down, stood up. I stopped. I was afraid to take a step. I stooped down to the floor. I extended my arms, moved them around in the air, it was clear in front of me. Crawling, I found the door, it was in its place. The corridor stretched out forever, I was exhausted when I got outside drenched in sweat.

I turned my head side to side, searched for an exit, nothing. I felt like crying, I cried. Which way, I thought, should I go. I turned to the right, why not to the left, I didn't ask.

Feeling with my arms, I went ahead crawling. You poked my eye, said a voice. I'm sorry. What, I asked, is this darkness. Didn't you read the newspapers yesterday? No, I replied, I didn't read them. The darkness came. When will it go. I don't know, it replied, it's not clear. What will we do until it goes. I don't know. Where to, I asked. I don't know.

Also not knowing where to, I continued to crawl, a voice: Our esteemed people, soon food will rain, please mind your heads.

Then pitter patter, food fell like raindrops, like hail. I found one that fell on my head, opened the package, smelled it, no smell. I tried it, no flavor. I ate it, crawled some more, found another, ate it as well. A feeling of contentment came over me, I was happy. I kissed, caressed the darkness, it slid through my fingers, filled my hand, engulfed me, I embraced it, fell asleep.

Sleep is beautiful, said a soft voice. Sleep is beautiful, I said. You are at peace, it said. I am at peace. Everything is perfect with you. Everything is perfect with me.

Announcement: Our esteemed people, a group against the darkness was caught while lighting a candle, how ungrateful, come on, let's all boo together. Grumblings. I joined in. I booed, a rage that I did not recognize in myself filled me, I was punching the ground, with every boo, I was spraying spittle from my mouth, I wanted to seize one of those who had lit the candle, wanted to inflict pain.

Then, I felt tired, food poured down, I ate, felt sleepy, forgot why I had become so angry, fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept, my legs had become numb, it felt like they didn't exist, as for standing up, I no longer had the desire.

Ergün, Sine. "Karanlıkta," *Bazen Hayat* (2012) Istanbul: Can Yayınları, pp. 91-92.