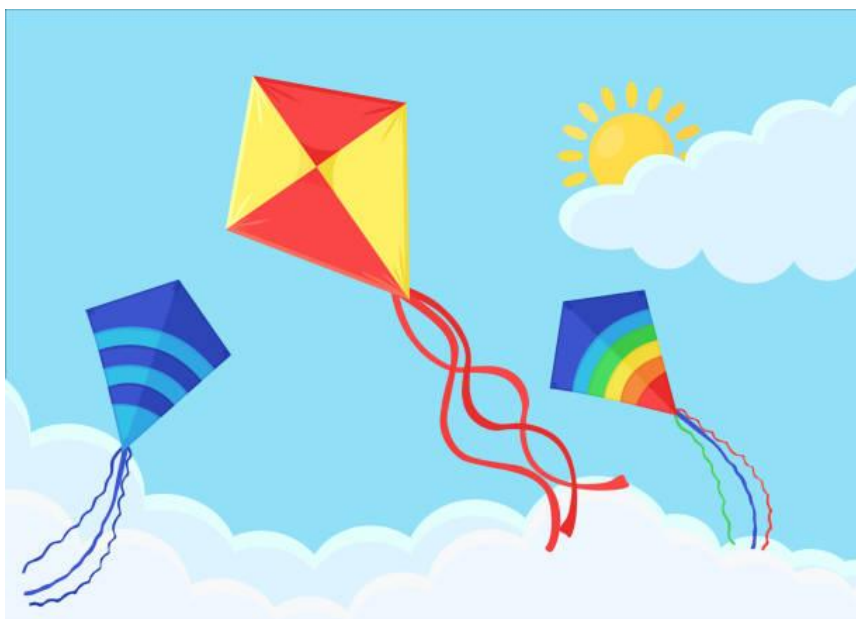


The Colored Kite

Hemefariq Hassan

A Kurdish short story



Translated from Kurdish language into English

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March 17th, 2023

“With all the worries of the world and with a great hope, the family and friends of (BAWAN) were waiting for a miracle.”

Two big body men, with strong arms and legs, each holding an arm of Bawan, they got him out of the convicted prisoner’s vehicle. Bawan was a slim brown wheat color young person. His feet were tightened with chains; his hands from back were tied. The two men steadily walked him to the defined place. They put him on a wooden table. Beside of all, Bawan showed up quite normal. During the walk and getting in and out of the vehicle, he did not show any resistance and did not showed to be worry. As if he was convinced by his destiny. The two big men were covered their heads by black clothes, in order not to be recognized for anybody. Only their mouths, noises and eyes were not covered.

The angriness and sadness on the face of Bawan were obvious. The wooden table, where Bawan put on, was fixed with an oxidized Crane machine. A thick long robe ended with a ring extended to the level of Bawan’s head. At the moment of putting Bawan on the table, a flock of black wing Ababil birds (Sparrow) were gathered in the clear sky, circulating over that crowded square. A mass of people together with Bawan’s family like trees were standing there, quietly and silently, shocked. They were waiting for a horrible task to happen. Security team wearing ordinary civil clothes, a group of the prison policemen, wearing earthly color clothes and well equipped with guns and other facilities, were all standing up and ready for any expected masses reaction. Bawan, was shocked by the masses people gathered around him waiting to see him hanged to feel his last life breathe. Among the silent, sad crowded masses of people, he saw a seven or eight years child, only this child was received him, with a smiley, bright face. This youngster boy was looking at him emotionally and innocently. The child had a white shoes, white big striped blue shirt and a black trouser, as if they belong to is older brother, was in the square waiting.

The child was not empty handed and was not sad. He was holding a colored paper kite. He was holding the kite in the level of his head, in such a way; he could see Bawan clearly on the table under the crane machine suspend a robe ended by a ring , to be put around Bawan’s neck. Bawan did not pay attention to the robe, but he was paying attention to the child, and the black hair of Bawan under sunlight was shining. Bawan was shaved well. Tighten a waistband shawl on his light blue Kurdish style dress, with Iranian red rose shawl, for over half a century, the young

people still like it. His weak body seemed to be like a bright face of a mysticism man. His black long mustache, covered his lips, was shining, as if he had creamed it.

The child's name, who had the kite, was Fryad, his house and Bawan's house was in the same city alley. Fryad was holding the kite raised with his right hand. While with his left hand, saluting Bawan, who was under the hanging robe. His brown bright eyes were shining, while his thin lips were flowering smiles. The gentle wind was playing with his head hair, spread over his shoulders. At that frighten height of the hanging table under the tall ringed robe, Bawan answered the child with brighter smiles. Moving to the child, the fingers of his hands which were tighten at his back.

The people were there, surprised by the nice view between the child and Bawan. No body felt this happy relation between these two. At his moment, the Ababil birds in the sky, were flying, reddened like pomegranate seeds. This miracle, which was for the first time in the history of the region were seeing, made all the people and police around to raise their heads and looking at the sky, and some of the elderlies, started praying and saluting, while all the people, sad and waiting, were shocked, breathed deep and fast. They were moving theirs eyes aloft and low, looking at what is happening on the ground and that happening in the sky. Some of them were waiting for another miracle. A miracle, may write the new age for the young man, and bring back the happiness to his family and his relatives. They were waiting for the miracle, to happen in any moment. A hand, stronger than all these visible and invisible force, surrounded the place, may rescues Bawan.

Bawan's Family, with all sorrow and weakness, were waiting for this strong hand. They did not ask each other. They were shocked inside. Mina Darkazhe, was standing normally over there. Bawan's family was aware of one thing. They were aware of that Bawan has been sentenced to death by hanging, were red-handed and accused, by having a chocolate cover letter, a letter nothing else. Saw some breathes, a damned letter, a small piece of paper, taking away the life of a young person. Taking him away from his mother's warm cuddling, and sending him to death. Dreaming that a person of great and high power authority, with a group guards, suddenly shows up, rising his emotional hand telling the Mirkhazban;

-Stop immediately this bloody theatrical! By the order of the top high commander, the decision of hanging Bawan was stopped, and changed to the life prison sentence!

At this moment both public and secret police, wished to work on their task and going back to their office and their homes safely. They knew, it is for the first time that this type of hanging sentence is executed in the daytime in public and in the presence of the people and family. They were concentrating on their around, and on the watch in their wrist.

The friends and relatives, were looking at the young boy who was tied by robe on the table of the execution penalty, where two ugly strong arms persons holding the boy's under arms tightly. They steadily changing their looking from the child with simile and a kite in his hand to the flock of pomegranate color Ababil birds in the sky, were continuously flying over, to the young boy who was tied with a long robe ended by a ring, suspended by a high crane machine.

Bawan who was waiting for hanging, his age was like spear of cold bow, escaping. But he seemed to everyone that he does not care for his hanging, does not care about the two strong arms persons holding him, does not care about the jail religious man, who was wearing a white religion's clothes. He was not paying attention to all the public and secret police, who controlled the rods and the place of his death execution, as if he does not believe the white ambulance, stopped there waiting to transfer his body after his death. As if, the two men holding his arms tightly are bridegroom's brother, the white ambulance and the religion man with white dresses.

At this moment, Bawn under the hanged crane machine, remembered the thunder of that day, when the smiley child, Fryad. The one, who lost his father, was crying and begging his widow mother to buy him a kite. Feeling to be a single mom was rolling her. While the child was seeing the children around him each have his own new colored kite. Bawan silently approached Fryad, and whispered into his ear:

Fryad, now I will make a kit for you, the one you like!

In a very short time, Bawan made a colored kite for Fryad, and he was so happy, just about to fly himself.

Till now, The young man, whose hands and legs were tightened with chains, was shocked by the faithfulness and acknowledgement of the seven or eight years old boy and how, till now managed keeping the colored kite the entire time safe, Bawan was thinking about that time, he managed to change Fryad from crying state

to a laughing and happy state, the long robe with the ring was steadily coming down. At this moment, Fryad, with his colored kite, moved far away and went out from the ring of the security police. The public and secret police wolf-like looked at him, and let him go. Fryad, a happy simple child, flied his kite via a gentle wind. The rings of tail of the kite were softer than the ring at the end of the hanging robe, and the colors of the rings were brighter than that the dead color of the Crane machine. Within a few breathes, the kite flied high over the head of the sad people into the blue sky over Bawan's head, the boy of the same alley.

Fryad was extending the thin fine thread to the kite, and kite was flying up and up in the blue sky. On the ground, the robe and the ring was lowering to the level of the head and neck of Bawan and the red Ababil birds in the sky over the people during this tragedy event were circling. At this moment, the two big men, were covered their heads with a black cover and wearing black gloves, about to put the ring of the robe onto Bawan's neck , and for the last time, he looked at the people standing and he saw his mother, concentrating at her. And Fryad's kite going up deep into the sky, and was barely visible.

When the ring tightened in Bawan's yellow neck and the table was pushed out, he remained hanged and his tied feet were moving. Bawan's mother, who was dressing, completely red. Covered her eyes by her hands, and hold her crying in her throat. The young boy's father, his throat was dried out. Hit his groins by heavy strong boxes, all the people around looked and turned toward him. Most of them felt sorrow, and covered their eyes by the hands. At this moment, Fryad released the kite and the kite went up deep into the sky, and never came back to the ground. Three young boys at the roof a nearby house were looking at the event, holding their arms up tightened their fingers furiously and their hearts were hurts. On the other side, a little girl dressing red looked like the flowered pomegranate tree, wiping away her tears, saying and saying:

-Bawan became a star on the roof of the sky!

Copenhagen, January 1st , 2021.

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كورتە چيرۆكى كوردى
مەھمەد فەرىق مەسەن



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