

ÖMERCİK

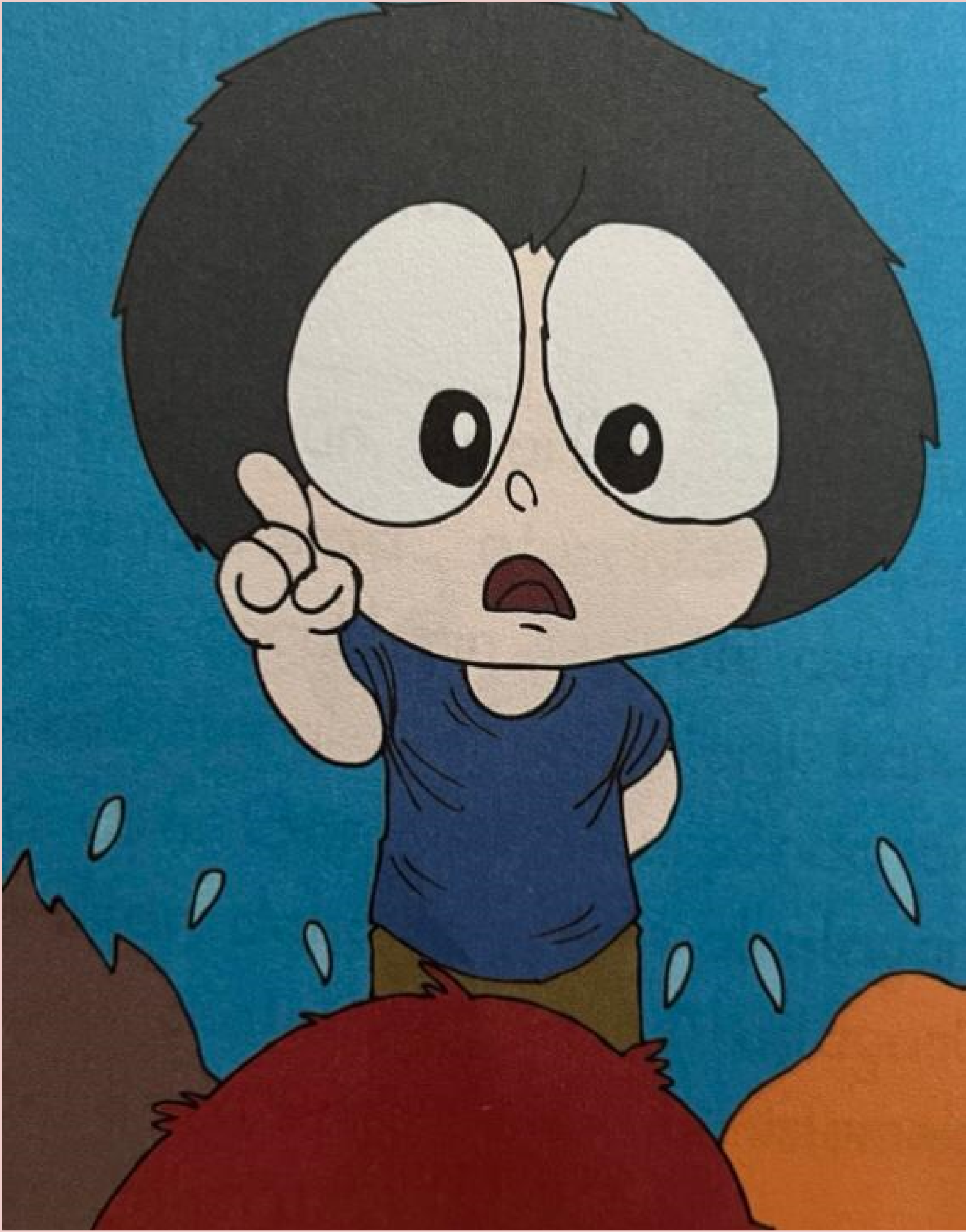


LISTEN TO MY
STORY





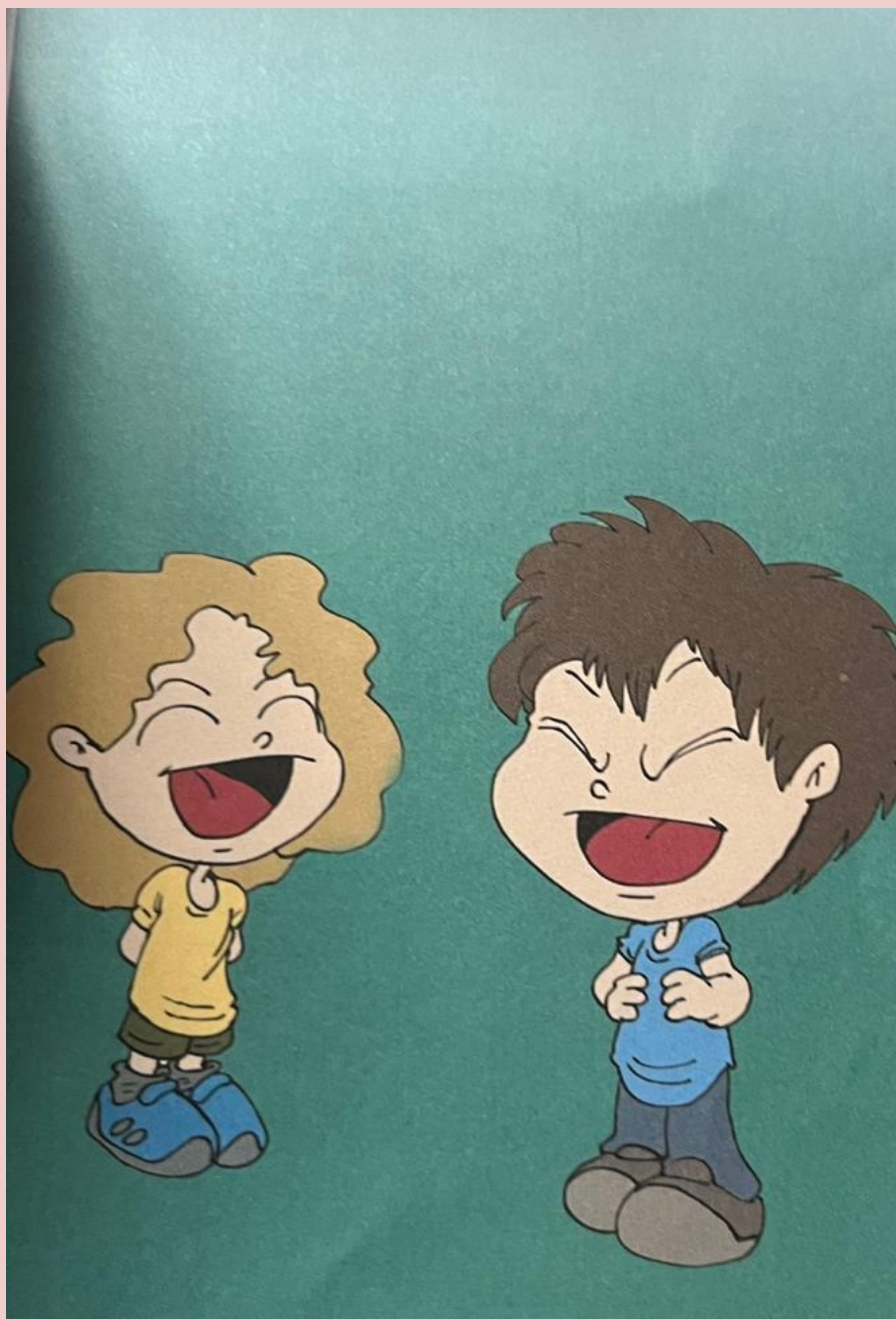
Omar, who went to the second grade of elementary school, was a child who did not know his responsibilities. He was brushing his teeth, forgetting to turn off the tap, even if he wasn't watching, he wanted the tv to stay on all the time, and he never turned off the lights anyway. Ömer, who loved playing on the street with his friend Feyza very much, also left the TV on most of the time when he went out. While Faiza was waiting for him at the door, she was constantly warning Omar to turn off the TV, but Omar didn't care about her or his family.



Everyone complained about Omar's irresponsibility. He started to do these behaviors that he did at home at school as well. When he left the toilet, he did not turn off the taps, he turned on the classroom lights even though it was daytime. He did not pay attention to the warnings of his teacher and friends at all.



Despite the passage of years, there was no change in Omar's behavior. On the contrary, the situation was getting worse. He came home late at night, sometimes in the morning at Internet cafes. He was constantly disrupting school and spending money unnecessarily.



His childhood friend Faiza was tired of constantly warning Omar and telling him that what he was doing was wrong. Gradually, he began to build a wall between them. Dec. What slowed him down was that Omar's only friend was himself. They had never been separated since childhood, they had grown up together. But it wasn't as if Omar didn't care at all.

(Omar)

For a week, a full week, Feyza had not been answering my phones or returning my messages. Even though I came to school just for him, he didn't even look at me. What had I done to make him so angry, I couldn't imagine.

I went after Feyza to find out what was going on after school.

Feyzaa, Feyza!

What is it, Omar?

Why are you acting like this?

How am I behaving?

As if we were enemies. It's like you're not seeing me. You mean like you've been treating me for years?

What are you trying to say, Feyza, is that how I treated you?

Get your mind off what you're messing up with that game and think about it a little then!

I was shocked by what he said. Did he really think that, or did he say it with a sudden anger? I didn't get a chance to ask because he had run away.

I was at the internet cafe as usual. But this time I wasn't playing games. I was thinking, slumped in an armchair. Mom didn't even call because she got used to me not coming anymore. My father stopped caring about me years ago. I didn't know what to do, and I didn't know what I was doing. I had only what Feyza said in my mind and my irresponsibility that had been happening for years. Although I called Feyza many times, she didn't open it again. With the self-confidence that came suddenly, I got up from where I was sitting and started walking towards Feyza's house.

When I arrived at Feyza's house, I took a deep breath and pressed the bell. Aunt Nuray, her mother, opened the door.

Omar, no, baby, what are you doing at this time of night?

Hello, Aunt Nuray. Can I talk to Feyza?

Of course, son, come on in, I'll let you know.

I headed towards the living room, whose location I had known for years, and sat down nervously on a random seat. About 10 minutes later, Feyza appeared at the door. He closed the door hard, sat down on the seat opposite me.

Why did you come?

I've realized something now. Even though it was too late, I realized how irresponsibly I had been acting for years, hitting and thrashing. I thought I needed advice from a really good friend to fix myself, and I came to you.

Feyza looked at me in surprise for a few seconds. He cleared his throat, smiled and started talking.

Do you really want to fix yourself?

Yes, I've come to my senses now.

All right, come to school tomorrow. We'll talk about what we're going to do in detail.



One Month Later...

Ömer, who apologized to his family, no longer went to the Internet cafe, and did not disrupt his school. Although he could not show superior success in his classes, he was working diligently. Aware of his responsibilities, he was not wasting his time and money in vain. Of course, the share of his family and Faiza in this was very large. Even though it was late, he realized his mistakes and made progress in as little as a month.

~THE END~