



One More Time

One spring day, April 14th, a boy, who is twelve-year-old, was at school. It was break time. In that 10 minutes break, he played basketball with his friends. Then, break time was over. He and his friends returned to the classroom. The boy asked a friend:

- Hey, my friend, which lesson are we in right now?
- We are in the literature class.

The boy did not like the literature class. In fact, he hated the literature class. He said in his mind ‘I hope the class will not last long.’. Then, the teacher came into the classroom. The teacher began to lecture the lesson. In the middle of the lesson, when the boy was walking around in his dreams, suddenly, the teacher asked the class ‘Which writer has written the book of 1984?’

The boy was surprised because he heard the book’s name the first time. He looked around to the class. It seemed that as if the whole students except the boy knew the answer.

- Who wants to answer the question, my dear students?

Nobody raised their hand.

The boy probably thought wrong. It was probably that nobody heard the book or some students heard that book but maybe they did not know the writer’s name. The teacher said:

- If you do not want to be volunteer, I will pick a student randomly from the student list.

The teacher picked a student, not surprisingly, the student the teacher picked was the boy. The boy became stressed and hesitated. As if the temperature of his body immediately became so hot. And some memories began to pass in front of his eyes, the boy’s field of view turned to black...



One day, when the boy was sitting on a sofa at home, the doorbell rang. The boy got up and went to open the door. There was a woman opposite the boy.



- Hello kid, did you remember me?

The boy did not talk for a second.

- Aunt Claire?

- No, my dear, make a guess one more time.

- Aunt Jody?

- Oh dear, you really had forgotten me. I am Mary!

Mary got into the house. She saw the boy's mother.

- Hello my best neighbour Marry! How are you?

- I am very well, Olivia. Thanks so much.

- I am afraid I am not Olivia, Mary. Would you like to guess one more time?

- I am sorry Julia. Sometimes I mix names.

At that time, the boy asked Julia to go out and Julia allowed. The boy went out, got into a bus. While he was travelling on the bus, he was playing a game on his phone. Unfortunately, he was so bad at the game. After a match, there was always a message which is 'One more time'. After each match, he was getting more and more ambitious. Because of appearing after every lost match and in daily life, he had hated the sentence of 'One more time'. Then, he turned off the game because he got so nervous.

He entered a shopping mall after he got off the bus. In the shopping mall, he ran into a friend from the school. The friend greeted him:

- Hello my friend! How is it going? Did you recognise me?

- It is going well, my friend. Of course, I recognised you. What about you, Jacob, how are you?

- I am well too but I guess you forgot my name, my dear friend, I am not Jacob. I think that you would like to guess my name one more time, wouldn't you?

- Of course, I would, Joe. I am so sorry for forgetting your name. I was thinking about a game, so I could not focus on you, sorry.



Afterwards, He returned to the house. Since that day, he has hated the sentence of ‘One more time’ and he told himself ‘I will remember all the names because I am really bored that terrible thing. I do not want to hear that sentence and I will never hear that sentence, never!’



He began thinking more carefully after those memories have passed in his mind. ‘Come on, have I really never heard this book? I must check that book out in my head, it must be somewhere in my head, it must be...’ A few seconds later, he answered the question hesitatingly:

- Oliver Twist?

- My dear, I am afraid it is not correct. I presume that you will find out its writer if you guess one more time.

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