



AYTÜL AKAL Mükemmel Öykü

Defne, okuldan eve büyük heyecanla geldi:
Dünya Öykü Günü için, sınıf adına bir öykü yazması
gerekliyordu. Ama Defne'nin anne babası, Defne'den bile
fazla heyecanlandı. Bu öykü, mükemmel bir öykü olmalıydı!

Peki, bir öyküyü mükemmel yapan şey neydi? Eğlenceli
olması mı? Öğretici olması mı? Yoksa "sakıncasız" olması mı?

Aytül Akal, *Mükemmel Öykü*'de çocukların hayal gücünün
sınırsızlığını ve izin verildiğinde tek başlarına neler
başarabileceklerini mükemmel bir dille anlatıyor.



Resimleyen:
Burcu Koşer Oruç

TEK
BAŞIMA
OKUYORUM!

The Perfect Story

AYTÜL AKAL

Illustrator: Burcu Koşer Oruç

MÜKEMMEL ÖYKÜ

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Tüm hakları saklıdır. Bu yayının hiçbir bölümü, yayıncının önceden yazılı izni olmaksızın tekrar üretilemez, bir erişim sisteminde tutulamaz, herhangi bir biçimde elektronik, mekanik, fotokopi, kayıt ya da diğer yollarla iletilemez, çoğaltılamaz.

The Perfect Story

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“What? A story?” Defne’s mother sounded as though she couldn’t believe her ears.

“Yes,” Defne replied. “For World Short Story Day...”

“Are you the only one writing?”

“Yes, the teacher asked only me.”

Her mother smiled. “That must mean you’re the teacher’s favorite,” she said, her voice full of pride.

Defne looked at her mother in surprise. “Of course not, Mom! Our teacher loves all of us equally.”

Her mother seemed even more puzzled. “Then why did she choose you?”

“She knows how much I love reading. Maybe she thinks I’d be the best at writing a story, too.”

“Hmmm,” her mother murmured. She seemed pleased that the teacher had chosen Defne.



The next morning, when Defne woke up, she found a notebook on her bedside table. It had a plush pink cover, and in the frame on the front was a photo of her. Startled, she picked up the notebook.

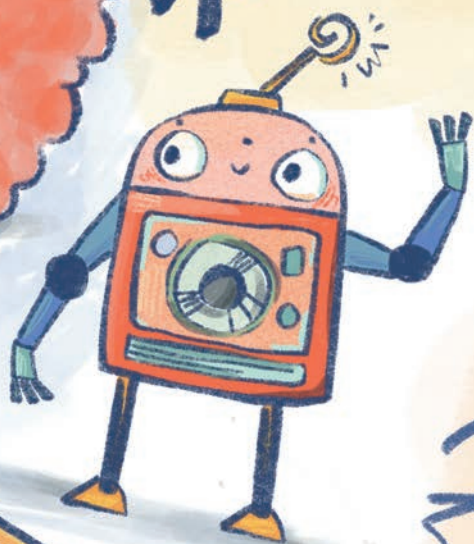
CLINK !

What was that sound?

She leaned down to investigate. Her eyes darted around the floor until she finally spotted it. It had rolled under the bed.

It was a pencil!

The pencil's spring-mounted topper featured the plastic head of a superhero,



which now wobbled precariously. The fall had broken the pencil's tip.

But it didn't matter, because there was a robot-shaped sharpener sitting right on her bedside table. She could fix the pencil with it.

"Mooom!" she called out.

Her mother and father appeared at the door at the same time.

"Ah, we were just waiting for you to wake up. Did you see what we got for you?"

Defne looked at them, bewildered. "It's not my birthday, and there's still a long time until the holidays. Why the gifts?"

"My sweet girl, it's because you're going to write a story," her mother said, pulling Defne into a warm hug. "We ordered them last night while you were asleep, from that delivery site."

Her father beamed. "I picked the sharpener. Do you like it?"

“And the notebook was my choice,” her mother added proudly.

Her father pointed to the notebook’s cover. “I found the photo in the album. I cut it to size and placed it in the frame. It turned out great, didn’t it?”

But Defne wasn’t pleased at all. Her face reflected her disappointment.

“But I was planning to write my story on the computer,” she said.

“Oh no, absolutely not!” her parents exclaimed in unison. “A story must be written with pencil and paper!”

Defne protested, “But that’s so old-fashioned. These days, writers usually...”

Her mother interrupted, “If you write it in the notebook, you’ll be able to keep it forever.”





“I can save it on the computer’s memory forever too,” Defne countered.

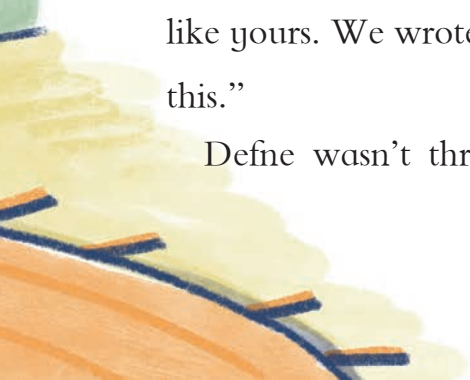
But this time, her father interjected, “Nope, you can’t trust computers. The system might crash, the story could get deleted, or the file might not open... There’s always a risk of losing it.”

Her mother chimed in, “And if you write it in the notebook, you can show your story to your children someday.”

It was then that Defne noticed the worn-out notebook in her mother’s hand.

“My journal,” her mother explained, then added apologetically, “Back when I was a kid, we didn’t have fancy, decorated journals like yours. We wrote in plain notebooks like this.”

Defne wasn’t thrilled about the idea of





A b c d e f g h

writing her story by hand—she found it hard to write neatly with pen and paper. But if it meant she could one day show her story to her children, she sighed and said, “Alright, I’ll write it in the notebook.”

Her teacher had assigned the task just before the midterm break, so the story would be ready in time for February 14th, World Short Story Day, when school reopened. Define had plenty of time to think, plan, and write.

After breakfast, she eagerly grabbed her notebook. Her mind buzzed with so many ideas that she couldn’t decide where to begin.

Her mother suggested, “You could start with, *It was a sunny, beautiful day.*”

Her father, lifting his head from the book he was reading, interjected, “Stories should grab attention right from the first line. How about something like, *A man in black clothes and a ski mask crept through the shadows of the darkened street.* Start like that, and your readers will be hooked.”

“No, no, absolutely not!” her mother exclaimed in horror. “You can’t write about that, my dear. Black clothes, masks, darkness... That man probably has a gun too! Children will be too scared to even step outside. It needs to be a cheerful topic.”

A bit niffed by the critique of his suggestion, her father grumbled, “Fine, then. Let’s entertain them. How about a story about a clown at the circus?”

“No way!” her mother jumped in again. “Some kids are terrified of clowns. Clowns are a no-go.”

“I was thinking of writing about a lonely fisherman and a mermaid,” Defne muttered to herself. She had also considered a story about a young boy selling bagels to afford school or a lizard who lost its tail. But her parents were so engrossed in their debate that they didn’t even hear her.

“Absolutely not! No theft, evil, violence, or lying,” her mother declared firmly. “What if they see it as a bad example? No, no, that’s out of the question.”

“Then she could use monsters, witches, vampires, or zombies as characters,” her father suggested. “There’s nothing in them to set an example. They’re not even real!”

“Nope, absolutely not,” her mother interjected again. “What if the kids get scared? If they can’t sleep at night, guess who’ll get the blame for it? Defne’s story!”

Her father seemed determined to find a suitable idea. “Aliens, then?” he proposed.

“No, that won’t work either. Some believe aliens exist, some don’t. Let’s not confuse the kids,” her mother replied with a resolute shake of her head.

Defne quietly sat down at the table and opened the first page of her notebook. Her hand trembled with excitement as she wrote the opening sentence.

That morning, a small, pink cloud
floated across the sky.



Her father leaned over her shoulder to read what she had written. Then, turning to her mother, he said, “Ah, see, I have an objection to this. Clouds are white. They’re not pink.”

“Why not?” her mother said, jumping to defend the little pink cloud. “They can be any color—red, purple, blue, even yellow.”

“Those colors appear in the evening when the sun is setting,” her father countered. “But here, it says ‘morning.’”

With a deep sigh, Defne crossed out the entire sentence and tried to come up with a new beginning.

~~That morning, a small, pink cloud~~

~~floated across the sky.~~

That morning, the sky was cloudy.

She waited for a while. Her parents waited too. No objections came, so Defne continued her story:

That morning, the sky was cloudy.
The Lonely Fisherman stepped out of his
hut.

“That’s going great, well done,” her mother said.

“Let’s see what this Lonely Fisherman is going to do, I’m really curious,” her father remarked with a hint of teasing.

That morning, the sky was cloudy.
The Lonely Fisherman stepped out of his
hut.
He lit his cigarette and blew the smoke
into the air.

“Don’t even think about it!” This time, it was her father who shouted before her mother.

“But you smoke too!” Defne protested.

“That’s different...” her father replied.

Her mother chimed in, supporting her husband. “Defne, dear, we don’t mention such things in stories. If people read about it, they might start smoking too.”

Defne had actually planned to subtly show the readers how harmful smoking was, but she didn’t have the chance to explain. Her mother quickly took the pencil from her hand and crossed out the sentence.

~~O sabah hava bulutluğdu.~~
~~Yalnız balıkçı kulubesinden çıktı.~~





That morning, the sky was cloudy.
The Lonely Fisherman stepped out of his
hut.

~~He lit his cigarette and blew the smoke~~
~~into the air.~~

In this case, the Lonely Fisherman would never encounter a mermaid who was bothered by the smoke. He wouldn't be able to befriend her and visit her underwater kingdom. Defne also couldn't write that the Lonely Fisherman would promise never to smoke again after seeing his cigarette dissolve in the water. The Lonely Fisherman would always remain lonely.

She crossed out the last two sentences herself. She would start again.

