

## Story 5: The Old Lady and Her Children



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Representing: *Kurdish Community*

### The Story:

There was a very old and poor woman living in a remote village. She lived with her daughter and her son. Her daughter was in her wedding age and her son was of the age of military service. In that village, after the crops were harvested, the bottom parts that remained in the soil was called “ears” and because the winters were harsh, the poor villagers would collect these ears in the fall. They would make flour and bread for the winter. They also gathered brushwood from the forest for both heating and cooking.

One year, this old lady decided not to make these preparations for winter. When her neighbors went to harvest wheat and ears, she did not go. When her neighbors gathered brushwood in the fall, she did not. The neighbors thought this was strange and asked her about it:

“Auntie, it's fall and you haven't gathered the brushwood, you haven't harvested your wheat. Why?”

“Well,” said the aunt, “what am I going to do with them? My son will go to the army anyway. And the girl will get married. I am too old anyway, I will die. What are we going to do with all the ears and brushwood?”

Days came and went like this and finally winter came. And what a winter! You know how they say black winter, so cold, so hard. The old woman did not die. Because the roads were blocked by snow, the boy did not receive his draft notice and he did not go to the army. The girl didn't get married either.



The food in the house finally ran out and they were left hungry and thirsty. The fuel in the house ran out and they were left in the freezing cold. The lady realized that the situation will not do, so she took her kendir (thick ropes were called kendir in that region):

“Come on, get up, my children,” she said to her children, ‘show me which way is Shiğra’ as they used to call bushes and brushwood shiğra there.

Of course, in the middle of that black winter, under the snow, there were neither ears of wheat nor brushwood to collect...

From that day on, whenever someone does not do what they should do on time, does not take the precautions they should take with their own excuses and justifications, the story of the old lady and her children was told in that village. A way of saying “be careful, fulfill your responsibilities before it is too late, and don't be like them”...

**Story Moral:** *People should fulfil their responsibilities on a timely manner and be prepared for difficulties taking all the precautions on time. If they don't, it may be too late to do anything and the costs might be significant.*