

*Letter to an Elephant by Neşe Yaşın*

*Dear Pretty Elephant,*

*Do you remember me? Some years ago you had taken me on a ride in Zimbabwe. Perhaps you do not remember. Who knows how many more persons you had carried around on the same day. You seem to know our species quite well but you are the only elephant I have been close to. The reason I am writing to you now is because I saw you in my dream last night. In my dream you had been swimming from Africa to Cyprus and had landed on the island at the place where our goddess Aphrodite was born. I was waiting for you there and we had a warm embrace. Then I got on top of you and we started heading for the Green Line dividing Cyprus. While we were walking, you with your enormous body, the people along the road were staring at us. Suddenly you were transformed into a walking map of Cyprus. Your trunk had become the Karpasian Peninsula. On your enormous body mountains and fields appeared. Then I heard you howling in pain and I discovered that half of your body was covered with barbed wire and you were bleeding. I was struck with horror and called to the passers-by to help remove the barbed wire. You were finally free and your wounds were dressed. We continued walking, followed by thousands of beautiful people and we reached the Lokmaci checkpoint. When the policemen noticed us, immediately they got into alarm position. The danger sirens started and all the armies of Cyprus with thousands of soldiers faced us. They were shouting: "It's banned. Elephants cannot cross our border. They started surrounding us waving countless flags. They pointed their guns at us. You know, what happened then dear pretty elephant?*

*You developed wings and started to fly. You were transformed into a cloud and thus you crossed the border.*

*Other clouds joined you and you started to release rain over all the island.*

*I suddenly woke up at this point of my dream and a thought passed through my mind: During this spring while we meant hearing all the flowers whispering to us "What a beautiful world, it was actually your peaceful voice we were hearing.*

*Who knows when I will come to see you again, but I will be waiting for you to appear in another dream of mine, my dear Pretty One.*