FROM FRANKARA WITH LOVE

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Category: Opinions

By Jirair Tutunjian, Toronto, 19 September 2025

Long-time Keghart readers would remember Ahmet and his friend Mehmet who regularly met at Bistro Ataturk in the remote town of Selchuk and discussed everything under the sun. They stopped meeting four years ago when Mehmet immigrated to Germany. They reunited recently at Café Chai Chai in Akeshag during celebrations marking the 817th birthday of fictional Hoja Nassrettin.

AHMET: *Gardash* Mehmet, I can't believe it has been four years since we chatted at Bistro Ataturk. By the way, where is your girlfriend? I want to see your blonde.

MEHMET: She is not blonde. She took her two children to the market. They will join us soon.

AHMET: Her children?

MEHMET: Hildegarde…that's her name…has been married twice. That's how it is Germany.

AHMET: My friend, I am shocked by your easy acceptance of *gavoor* ways?

MEHMET: There are compensations. We receive a large check every month from the government for the upkeep of her children. She also receives a monthly check from her first husband. With all that money coming in, we don't have to work if we economize. As a matter of fact, the expenses of this trip came from those monthly checks.

AHMET: I wish I had migrated to Frankara. It's very bad here…high unemployment, soaring inflation…there was a time when 1 Lira was almost equal to one American dollar. Now one U.S dollar is worth 41.29 Liras. People are leaving the country. And despite the economic freefall, we spend $20 billion annually on defense although we don't have serious enemies.

MEHMET: What about this highway…Zangi… something…through Ermenistan?

AHMET: You mean The Grand Orange Expressway? The Corridor is a lunatic idea. For a century, we have stared west per Great Ataturk's policy of westernizing. After all the changes we have made to our alphabet, language, politics, economy…and the West's influence on our culture, we are now told to look East…to the lunatic Stans. The Greek is truly mad.

MEHMET: What Greek?

AHMET: I guess you didn't know Erdogan has Greek roots.

MEHMET: Whaaat?

AHMET: Not only Greek …in the 19th century, his grandfather led a gang of Greek terrorists to fight the Ottoman *padishah.*

MEHMET: And Sultan Abdul Hamit's mother was Armenian, Hitler's grandfather was *Yahoudi,* and

Pashinyan's mother was a Kurd…

AHMET: Living in Godless Almania has made you cynical…a *doner* Turk.

MEHMET: No need to get angry, my old friend. I came a long way to see you. Tell me how are things at our old haunt, at the A*taturk Bistro?*

AHMET: Nothing new.

MEHMET: You mean the same dirty coffee cups, tiny insects in the sugar, recycled tea bag….and waiters who are Erdogan spies.

AHMET: Exactly.

MEHMET: What do you think of Erdogan's threats against *Yahoudlar*?

AHMET: Erdogan is an incompetent liar. He has threatened Israel a hundred times, but hasn't sent a single bullet to the Palestinian fighters. And another thing: his oversized obnoxious friend, some call him Baby Aliyev, is an ally of *Yahoudlar* who are killing millions of Palestinians. *Yahoudlar* barbecue babies and sell the organs and blood of Palestinian men and women to rich Europeans. Thanks to the electronic media, we now know everything.

MEHMET: For example.

AHMET: The secrets of the 40 Cabals, the Deep State which runs the world. I could…

"Kommen schon, Kommen schon" It's Mehmet's girlfriend shepherding her two children.

HILDEGARD: "I buy Klimt carpet und a Turkose pendant. It was cheep. The k*inder* wanted Turkish Delight but I said no. It causes diabetes faster than a ton of carob juice."

MEHMET: The carpet is Kilim, not Klimt and the pendant is turquoise.

HILDEGARD: Kilim…Klimt…What's the difference? Turquoise comes from Iran and Afghanistan. Not from your precious country. I don't know why they call it turquoise. Why do you insult me in front of your friend? You've changed since we came to Turkey…sorry, I meant Turkiyeh ye ye.

MEHMET: Aleman *orospu.*

HILDEGARD: Don't think I don't know what that means.

MEHMET: Where are you going?

HILDEGARD: Straight to the airport.

MEHMET: Don't be crazy. People are watching us.

Hildegarde gathers her children and stomps away.

MEHMET: Ahmet, I am sorry. They are a spoiled people. The happiest day of the 85 million Germans would be the day they kick us out of Germany. But what would they do when hundreds of thousands of Turkish women quit their jobs as toilet attendants and their men stop gathering the garbage.

AHMET: What will you do now?

MEHMET: I'll take a taxi to the airport... I need those monthly checks.

Comments



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The satire titled Frankara With Love by Mr Tutunjian, comically portrays the real Turk so well, that it deserves to go on stage to share it with the general public. Otherwise it gets read only by the avid readers of Keghart. Thank you, Mr Tutunjian, for sharing your deep knowledge of the true character of the turk, your astute imagination, and humor.