

Senem's Journey to a New Beginning
Modified Version
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Chapter 5

Senem had nightmares about Hasan being kidnapped. She usually woke up scared. She began to check on him in his bed several times each night. She held his hand whenever they left the apartment. Hasan felt his mother's fear.

"Be careful," Ruth warned. "What will happen if you ever have another baby?"

"I do not know," Senem answered.

"Do you have any news about Emine?" Ruth asked.

"Yes. She is deported last week. Now she is in jail in Turkey. She will have a trial. Her mother engaged very good woman lawyer. Now, I don't worry too much about her."

"You really are a wonderful, forgiving person, Senem."

That evening, Tarkan talked about having another child again.

"This is a good time for the pregnancy," he said. "When we go back to Turkey you will be working again. You should get pregnant now while you can rest all day."

"Rest?" asked Senem. "Do you think all I do all day is rest? I take care of Hasan and play with him. I have to shop and cook and clean. I'm taking English class and learning how to drive."

"I know you do a lot."

"Tarkan, how can I keep two children safe? I only have time to care for Hasan."

Tarkan sighed. *“What if Hasan had disappeared forever?”* he whispered. *“We need another child.”*

Senem's Journal, Wednesday, July 21

My friend, Ruth, teaches me to drive a car. It is exciting. The first time, I was too nervous. The second time, I crashed car into light pole. Now, I am getting better. When I return to Turkey, I can have more freedom because I will drive.

Karen's Response

Ruth is a nice friend. That's great that you are learning to drive. I would like to hear more about your life in Ankara.

The next time Ruth took Senem for another driving lesson, Ruth noticed something was wrong.

“What's the matter, Senem?”

“Tarkan want me to have baby now, but I am afraid.”

“Why?” asked Ruth.

“When I was pregnant of Hasan, I all the time feel so sick. And birth was very difficult and long. Thirty-six hours of...” Senem put her hands on her belly.

“Labor. Oh gosh, Senem. That must have been awful.”

“Yes. Here it will be too hard to have new baby and take care of Hasan. I need my family to help me.”

“But I’m here, Senem. And Martha, and Karen, and the other students in your class. We are your family here. We’ll help you.”

Senem realized that she did have a family here in the U.S. It was not exactly like her big family in Turkey. No, this new family was not the same, but it was almost as good.