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The soft yellow glow of dim streetlights peeked through a thin curtain, gently illuminating Kaptan Ali's small, whitewashed bedroom. An old alarm clock buzzed with a sleepy rumble, rousing Ali, a lean fisherman with tired eyes but a determined spirit, from his cozy wool pajamas. He quickly changed into his thick sweater, sturdy fishing pants, and trusty rubber boots, ready for another day.



In his tiny kitchen, Ali swiftly sipped a mug of steaming hot tea, the warmth a welcome kiss on his face. He gazed out the small window, where the dark silhouette of the sea beckoned in the distance. "Come on," he mumbled to himself with a grin, "our livelihood awaits in the ocean's embrace." With a creak of the door, he grabbed his raincoat, a small flashlight, and stepped out, a puff of visible breath escaping into the cool morning air.



The cold, salt-scented street stretched silently before him in the pre-dawn dark, a lone shadow under the faint streetlights. Kaptan Ali walked with slow, steady steps, his small flashlight beam dancing on the wet cobblestones. Distant dog barks echoed softly, and as the rumble of the sea grew nearer, his raincoat swayed gently with each purposeful stride.



Flickering yellow-orange pier lights pierced the light mist, their glow reflecting on the wooden pier where waves crashed with a soothing echo. Kaptan Ali carefully navigated the wet planks towards his small, blue-and-white boat, proudly named "BAŐOĐLU 1." Inside, thick yellow nets lay coiled, a trusty rusty flashlight sat in one corner, and stacks of foam crates waited patiently.



With a deep rumble, the boat's engine sputtered to life, making the vessel tremble slightly as a few startled seagulls cried out and soared into the sky. Kaptan Ali took his place at the helm, whispering, "Bismillah" (In the name of God), a traditional prayer for a safe journey. The boat slowly glided through the dark mouth of the harbor towards the open waters, the rhythmic hum of the engine a comforting sound as the dark silhouettes of the land faded behind him, and a pale blue hue on the distant horizon promised a new day.



Under a vast, deep blue sky, gentle waves lapped against the boat's hull as the eastern horizon began to blush with soft reds and oranges. Kaptan Ali slowed the engine, pulling on his bright yellow raincoat. He began to haul the heavy nets onto the deck, his muscles straining with each pull, his breath coming in short, focused puffs. "Come on, be bountiful today!" he encouraged, casting the nets into the water with rhythmic splashes.



After a short wait, Kaptan Ali began to pull the nets back in, and soon, shimmering silver fish thrashed and sparkled like scattered jewels in the lamplight as they neared the surface. Seagulls circled the boat, their eager cries filling the air, while Ali, wiping his sweaty brow, exclaimed, "Mashallah, a beautiful catch!" He swiftly filled the white foam crates, one after another, with his glistening bounty.



As dawn fully broke, painting the sky in glorious pinks and oranges, Kaptan Ali's boat, its engine purring softly, glided into the fishing shelter. Its wet deck was piled high with white foam crates, overflowing with fresh fish whose silver scales glittered in the morning light. He skillfully docked the boat and quickly secured the ropes to the posts.



Inside the bustling fishing shelter, Kaptan Ali leaned over a large blue ice chest at his sales counter. He expertly broke large blocks of ice, scattering the glistening shards over his fresh catch, a gentle plume of steam rising from the cool surface. He then arranged the fish symmetrically and invitingly, placing the freshest ones up front, creating a bright, appealing display.



The wide, canopied sales area was now bathed in the soft glow of the morning sun, replacing the electric lights, and a thin layer of ice on the counter still gently steamed. Mehmet Bey, the restaurant owner, a man with a slight belly, a neat mustache, and dressed in a crisp shirt, navy sweater, and dark overcoat, approached with a measured pace. He carefully inspected the fish's gills and eyes with a small pocketknife. "These are very fresh, their eyes like glass," Mehmet Bey declared, "set aside ten crates for us." Kaptan Ali nodded in agreement as Mehmet Bey's hand calmly glided over the icy crates.