

*Les Existants*  
&  
*Diđer Hikâyeler*

Alper Deniz UMUTLU

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**Kapak Tasarımı**  
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## **Önsöz**

Önsözlerin abartıldığını düşünüyorum. Fakat her hâlükârda, tüm kitapların bir önsözü oluyor ve bu da bir kitap. Ben Alper Deniz Umutlu, 15 yaşında yazmaya çalışan bir zâtım. Şaşırtıcı bir şekilde, yazdıklarımı beğenenler var ve daha da şaşırtıcı olan ise sayılarının az olmaması. İşte bu sebeple son bir buçuk senedir yazdığım hikayelerin bir derlemesini yapıp sizlere sunuyorum. Ve eğer, şansım yaver giderse, onları beğenirsiniz. İyi okumalar.



# *-Les Existants-*

## *Introduction*

This is the story of a man bathed in life. Not honour, not virtue, not some faux sense of morals; but the pure essence of life. That is, what one would consider “age”. With this disclaimer, you can proceed. God be with you.

It had not been long since morning. The sweet feeling of the sun on one’s skin could be felt in the most subtle way possible, and even the roosters had not woken from their all-night weary rest. They slept well, those birds; slept all night, every night. One had to wonder if they had a purpose in their sleep. Was it their intention, to sleep in such a great manner, so that they would be energised to crow in the morning? Or did they do it for the love of slumbering? Might it be that they, like men, just liked the feeling of the near-death experience some shut-eye gives?

These were the questions of one Julien-Rémy du Rouffiac as he, unlike the oh-so-important roosters, woke up from another dreamless night. He slowly sat on his slightly uncomfortable and not-so-slightly small bed. It felt more like a stack of hay below a man when slept upon. The reason behind that could possibly be that of Rémy’s change of the wood underneath his bed with hay, but nobody really knew. And if one could even sell the wood from under a bed, they just utterly had to. The “could” shall overtake the “wouldn’t” and become a “can”, then morph into a colossal “will”, which in turn becomes a “Done, did”.

The state of Rémy’s house came to mind as he got up from his bed. It was a simple, humble countryside collection of shacks. He had to leave the premises of his bedroom, go through the lounge,

walk down a flight of stairs, then leave the house itself; just for a good self-release at the outhouse. This was, of course, a bad state to be in for dear Monsieur du Rouffiac; he used to be a semi-noble, after all. An outhouse, even the idea of an outhouse, and even the idea of an idea of an outhouse, and so forth... was below him. He used to think so, at least. Now, as he looked at his aged visage on the crookedly-hanged silver mirror whilst walking through the wooden corridor to his lounge, he realised that he grew apathetic of his own worth. All his former riches, titles, lands; what did they mean, if they ever meant anything?

He thought about the worth of a thing, and how such a concept was even decided, while grabbing a bucket from the lounge. Was it the rarity of an object? It couldn't be, as he was a rare man yet worthless. Was it the history behind its existence? It wouldn't be, his dear people were filled to the brim with such a concept yet distilled to "Frenchmen". Was it just man's innate desire to give meaning and worth? It shouldn't be, that was what Rémy thought. He glanced at the bucket in his hand. It was made of some sort of grey metal, of the earth. It had a bit of rust, although Rémy tried to keep it clean. Inside, it held water and usually his excrement. Was this bucket worth anything? It was worth a trip for every morning, and to clean after every visit to the outhouse.

Then, as he lowered his *derrière* for the glorious bucket, he came to a grand conclusion. He simply did not care. It could've been that worth is comparative and immeasurable by itself, but Rémy hated murkiness. The idea that things aren't things without other existing beings to compare their existence to seemed plainly anti-human to him. He thought about his hatred whilst cleaning his hands and his bucket. He went back to his "house", the royal experience of multiple wooden shacks, and decided to get to work.

Oh, yes. That was what the new-and-improved Julien-Rémy du Rouffiac did, he worked. Worked on his shacks, tried to fix around, had a small coop which he cared for as man does for opinions, had a proper small farm of food to keep himself alive, and a well he occupied because it was near his outhouse. He got himself dirty, the dinner-jacket he wore everyday got torn apart from the wear and tear. His shirts and buttoned trousers had been sewn into a thousand times and more. Mostly to fix tears, yes, but sometimes to add pockets. He learnt the skill of carrying the world on his little patchwork of clothing.

And at the end of the day, he came back to his shacks, walked up his askew stairs, went through his modest lounge, glanced at the mirror hung proudly in his corridor, then sat on his bed in his bedroom. It was certainly a life. He'd sometimes write, sometimes draw, and sometimes make items and decorations out of bones and sticks. Later, he'd hang the drawings and crafts he made inside. It gave purpose to him; a sense of mild existing comfort, which he desperately needed. He'd reread every piece of his writing to himself, as the books he read before were sold for cash. One might ask: by whom? Himself, of course; he sold them. As he sold his pieces to the local gazette, as he sold heirlooms to jewellers, as he sold his bloody bedframe for a cheap buck... Oh, well. Those events happened; it would be plain old inutile to cry over spilt gold bars. Then, they still brought pain to his heart; no matter how much apathetic he acted. He was a fool cursed with the knowledge that he could've been something most magnificent, a fool with the past life of a king, but this fool knew all, and chose to live and lose all he had rather than die as royalty. One day, he prayed, that he would stop romanticising his rotten situation and move on with it.

He sat down on his bed and pulled a small wooden chair, it looked like more of a footrest with its lack of anything more than feet and a platform to sit upon. He then grabbed a pencil and paper,

and put them on the chair. He would write tonight. He glanced at his mouldy calendar and put his lead on the paper...

*“Mercredi 6 Juin 1855, pour la Gazette de Rouffiac-des-Corbières, j’écris ce qui suit...”*

For our less linguistically aligned readers, I shall take the courtesy of translation:

*“It is man’s ultimate wonder, what he is. Are we mere flesh, or are we divine? It is such a shame that thousands of years of war have given us not one answer, not one! Even the great thinkers of our nation, they have argued in such a manner that this question shall never be answered. I think not! I’ve written many pieces for this gazette before, but the following shall be my pièce de résistance...”*

And he wrote for multiple papers, he knew the editors would cut most of it anyways. He wrote about similes with rats, the Spaniard knights of yore, the vineyards near the town, the prisoners of life; even Dante was included in his rant. He cursed frogs and praised lions. The sweet doing nothing, one could say. As he finished, his fingers hurt similar to the nights spent clutching his worn heart hurt them. What could he say; his ribs protected his insides well. Although both his chest and fingers were sore.

*“... I sign as thus, lovely reader.*

*Lo Lop.”*

He smirked as he scribbled his nom-de-plume, “The Wolf”, as in the tongue his father used to call him; the grand finale to his even- grander piece.

He laid his pencil aside, blew on a candle he forgot lighting, and tried to sleep.