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Kismet – Oliven bei Vollmond

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1 A Milkshake for Hollywood

Kismet is sky blue with a faint tinge of violet, but only a very faint one. It looks like blossoms of forget-me-not. I haven't made that up. It's like that because my senses are merged. When I hear words or music, I see colourful images. Sometimes only colours and shapes, sometimes even real landscapes, depending on my mood. Single letters and numbers also appear in colours and systematically arranged within spaces to me.

But Kismet is even more. It is my name. Jannah Kismet. With such a gift and such a name you can only have good luck, my father says. I'm not so sure about that. As delicate and pretty as Kismet looks, just as stubborn and unpredictable it can be. Kismet is Turkish and means something like fate or destiny.

I think Kismet is a great thing when things go as I want them to go. But unfortunately, it doesn't always work like that.

Like the other day, on my way back home from school. Then, I had a beautiful pink feeling in my stomach. I had gotten a B in Physics because the topic Optics had made me finally understand why I was short-sighted. With Craig David in my ears and the best of all milkshakes in my hand, I raised my head and let the wind whirl through my hair. The song oscillated from rose pink to orange and settled for bright apricot.

Branches of lime trees arched above me, the sun sprinkled me with flashy dots and I knew something crazy was about to happen. I energetically danced around the next corner. And crashed into something hard.

In front of me stood Craig. I rubbed my nose and beamed at him excitedly. But something was wrong. Craig was light red, and the boy in front of me was olive-green. I didn't know right away what was wrong with that. Sometimes life seems like Hollywood for just a split second but it's still only Hanover. That wasn't Craig David from my iPod. Unfortunately.

It was Ken from my school and he didn't beam. He didn't even smile. He looked himself up and down, his dark eyebrows furrowed into a bulge, he barked silently at me and I didn't understand a thing.

"What?" I pulled my earphones out of my ears.

"Gosh!" he growled and wiped his jacket, from which my chocolate milkshake dripped.

"Watch out, will you? Are you blind, or what? Man, that's unbelievable!" Angrily, he kept on wiping and spread the mess even more.

I wouldn't have put up with anyone else telling me something like that. I would have defended myself against anyone else, would have said it was his fault. Would have complained. At least.

And with Ken?

I didn't say anything. Not even idiot or something like that. I just left while he was still cursing about his soiled jacket. And I got angry with myself that I couldn't lose my temper with anything. Crap.

Of all people, it had to be him I ran into. Into Ken from 10th grade, one class above mine. Ken I hadn't spoken a word with yet. Ken who probably didn't even know that I existed. Ken of all people, who wore my favourite colour, with whom I was in love. Damn.

If he hadn't been so angry, I would have thought of my Kismet. Finally, I would have thought, finally, he has looked at me. Finally, it happened. And even like in a movie. Pang. Collision.

We look at each other. My knees shake and he smiles.

If he had smiled, it would have been perfect. Then we would have said hello to each other from now on. He might even have waited at the bus stop in the mornings to join me on my way to school. We arrive there from opposite directions, by the way. But it wasn't a day for miracles. Definitely not. Rather a day for nasty surprises.

This became more obvious in the evening, when Sepp wanted to go out with my mom. Sepp is her new boyfriend and owner of the advertising agency she works for.

My parents separated half a year ago and I suspect he was the reason for it.

In any case, Sepp asked me whether I actually knew his children Ken and Merrie as they were at the same school as me. I thought I misheard. Ken, Sepp's son? That couldn't be true!

While my brain still refused to understand his words, the blood rushed from my face to perform a drum dance in my heart. Sepp, Ken's father.

It was true. And I knew it. Unfortunately.

"Is everything alright, Jannah?" My mother stroked my hair. "You are white as a sheet! Should I rather stay home?"

I nodded, shook my head and mumbled something incomprehensible before I retreated into my room.

“That’s puberty!” I heard Sepp say.

“Come on, let’s go. Do you have my keys?”

Ken and Merrie were Sepp’s. I was so upset that I wandered around in my room and didn’t know what I should do.

I took my mobile phone, switched on the laptop, put away my mobile phone, tapped impatiently on the table, got up again, walked through my room, sat down and watched the computer start up in snail’s pace. I would certainly burst if I didn’t tell Lou about it right away. So I reached for my mobile phone again and enjoyed her reaction.

“It can’t be!” she called out. “It can’t be true, really, Jannah!”

After that I felt a bit better. But sleep, of course, still wasn’t an option.

Blindly, I stared into the darkness, only the display of my mobile phone lit up shortly. Two o’clock. I switched off the iPod, closed my eyes and Ken’s face flickered in front of me again. What would he say when he found out who I was? Should I apologise to him? But for what?

“It is crazy, the entire thing,” Lou said the next day during break. “But there is something special about it, don’t you think?”

“No!” I nervously tugged at my lower lip and looked around the schoolyard. “It’s terrible! And Merrie too!”

“Right, she is really annoying, but with him it isn’t that bad at all.” Lou started to sing this stupid wedding song. “Da-da-dadda... Gosh, Jannah, maybe there’ll be a double wedding soon!” She laughed and I pushed her away from me.

“You are really annoying, too!” I tried to watch the entire area as inconspicuously as possible. His friends stood next to the ping-pong table. He had to be near.

“Okay, I’m sorry, but you have to admit it’s exciting!”

“Well, only because it’s not about you!” I said. “You can nicely look at it from the outside and I’m the one in trouble!”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Lou took her mobile phone from her bag and set it to silent. “I know I would like it if my mom were together with Jarush’s father.”

Jarush was Lou’s boyfriend. The two of them had known each other since kindergarten and they had been dating for almost two years now. I had often felt a slight sting because there were so many things they shared I didn’t know about. And even today, Lou discussed some things only with him.

“You can’t compare the two things!” I snorted. “Jarush and you, you are together. You have always had each other, there are no uncertainties!” Although I didn’t want it to, my old jealousy shone through again.

“But for me?” I pulled a scrunchy from my trouser pocket and twirled my long hair into a bun.

“Ken noticed me yesterday for the first time ever. And it was such a stupid situation! When he finds out who I am... And when Merrie at the school party...”

“Look,” Lou nudged me, “speaking of the devil!”

I turned and, although I had expected it, ping-pong balls immediately flew through my stomach. Ken strolled towards his friends without paying any attention to us. His black hair, twisted into short dreads, stood on end. Today, he wore a yellow jacket which made his skin look even darker. The boys gave each other high fives. He gave Rebecca and Inés a kiss.

“He is cute though,” Lou said with a strange grin.

You don’t say, I thought and said: “Then again, he isn’t really *that* great.”

“You’re right, and very uncool,” Lou confirmed. But that wasn’t true at all, unfortunately. She only said that to calm me down again. He was cool through and through. Cool like no other. And if I had really bad luck, cool Ken would be something like my, I couldn’t even think it through, my... brother...?