

Christ in the Sky of Paris

Hemefariq Hassan

A Kurdish short story



Translated from Kurdish language into English

By

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I am a catholic, I don't drink and I don't smoke! Always constantly going to the church and I am a religious person!"

A black hair lady, naked shoulder and neck, smiley lip, suddenly appeared in this place, and in this way she introduced herself. She was mostly facing my travel friend,"Sharo". At that moment, in the frame of an isolated very white circular cloud, I saw the bright face of the Christ, steering at Paris and the Seine River.

The lady, with the motion of her yellow and high neck, her black hair was moving, pointed her finger to the three or four Motorcycles, where Sharo liked. Just before appearing the lady, from different directions Sharo took some pictures of them using iPhone camera, then with her two fingers, hold a solid golden ring toward Sharo's face, and said:

"I, in that place, near the black motorcycle, found this golden ring. I knew it is yours, may be you have bought this excellent ring in Paris, please take it, it is worth you have it, young boy. As I said before, I am a Catholic Christian!"

In the blue sky, the bright face of Christ within the white isolated cloud was appearing, approaching the towers and the high roof of the buildings. No subjugation on his face. I looked all around the sky, I did not see any other cloud, except that isolated milky cloud. The golden ring between the two fingers of the woman, in afternoon sunlight of the month of August, was shining. The woman pointed to the inner side of the ring, with broken weak English, said:

"When I looked at the karat of the ring, I knew that it must be a valuable peace, young boy!"

My travel friend Sharo was unable to hide his admire, and said;

"Thank you lady, in fact I did not have any ring in my finger, for to fall. I addition, I do not have a fiancée!"

She extended her hand with ringed in fingers to my travel friend Sharo, more and more. With her special smile, she was moving her thin eyebrows, and said;

"Even, it is not yours, take it, you deserve it, keep it for your wedding. Do not forget, I am a Christian Catholic, I do not aspire gold and jewelries"

In between these two cases, I kept an eye on the hand and ringed fingers of the blacked hair lady and an eye on the bright balanced appearance of the sky. Jesus face appeared anxious. I believed, beside that catholic woman and my travel friend Sharo, all the residence of Paris, were busy and astonished of this newly appearance of Jesus, and it may be the last miracle of Christ. All like me, they were looking high to the sky.

At the end, Sharo, with a childish shame, took the ring from the woman. Since that moment, the ring between the fingers of Sharo was shining. Sharo was looking into the engraved letters in the inner side of the ring, and did not understand them, in fact I did not understand either, and I doubted of my glasses too. The catholic lady farewell us and among the crowd people disappeared. And we were walking, approaching a goldsmith shop. At the moment, the lady showed up again. She came toward us. Still the residual of the smile on her fleshy lips was obvious. Turned her neck toward Sharo, and her black hair to a side, and said;

“I feel shy to say, believe me till now I did not have my breakfast, can you spare me three Euros, young boy, just three Euros!”

When I looked high, I saw hundreds of Christ’s portraits in the sky looking at the city of Paris. Christ looked like as if he was at the condolence of mother Mary. His face was so anxious. Either me or Sharo, just knew the miracle, were shocked for the instantaneously appearance of that lady and Jesus together. In order not to lose this view, it may not appear again forever; Sharo quickly took his Wallace out and gave the lady a five Euro bank note. The woman for a few breaths, her two open hands on the level of her beautiful nose stuck together. Then she extended her hand and took the five Euros. And immediately, she disappeared. The goldsmith near to us was about to close his shop, Sharo showed him the ring and asked:

“What do you think about this ring, Sir?”

The goldsmith, from the top of the head to the hallux valgus of the foot looked at Sharo, steered at me too, and an eye on the ring, said;

“Oh, you are not the first one; do not pay attention at all!”

A bitter smile landed on the corner of my and Sharo’s lips. Together, we raised our head to the sky of Paris, we saw hundreds of the appearance of Christ, steadily, were falling tears, and one after the other climbing up to the sky. I could see them until anxious on their faces disappeared, while sharo, with a cool feeling, put the ring into the pocket of his shirt.

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