

Short story

Three nights smelling of olive oil

Looking out from the top of the granite cliff, he felt as if the blue and green Mediterranean Sea was eager to tell him its history that had not been told to anyone and the truths of the world's history that no one knew. Standing in the middle of the ancient buildings of Jaffa and the sea that had seen the heroic warriors who had surprised the history of the world, Juan's mind felt a rush of emotions, first pride, then sadness, then happiness.

He thought about how quickly his dreams had come to him like this, bare bones. It took only six months to go from an orphanage in Varapuzha to become the most beloved staff of Manila Madam.

His first documentary was about Nelliampathy¹ Later, when he realized that Hampi², with four days left to complete five months on the job, was driven by Juan's amazing thoughts of history and travel, Manila sent him to Calcutta to make a documentary about Sonagachi³.

Prostitutes are people who try to find their dearest loved ones while lying between the burnt pages of the past with a red tint on their black lips in the twilight of life, while dying every day from the heat of their bodies in the old buildings, Juan found out. Manila convinced Juan completely with that documentary. That is how he enters the path to Israel.

Arriving early in the morning, my goal is not Tel Aviv, but this Jaffa, I want to know. Buildings like these that are centuries old amaze me. How many human stories they have to tell! About their love, about their hate, about their anger, about their desires that do not end even with death. Juan told himself.

¹Nelliampathy is a hill station within the Nelliampathy Forest Reserve, in the southwest Indian state of Kerala

² Hampi is an ancient village in the south Indian state of Karnataka. It's dotted with numerous ruined temple complexes from the Vijayanagara Empire.

³ Sonagachi is a neighbourhood in Kolkata, India, located in North Kolkata near the intersection of Jatindra Mohan Avenue with Beadon Street . It's Is A Red Street

The cobbled path, tourists strolling in its warmth, men and women carrying cameras. From there, you can clearly see all the tall buildings of the city of Tel Aviv.

He walked to the same restaurant where he had breakfast. He once again remembered Tamara, whom he had seen in the restaurant, standing out into the street, when he had gone to eat in the morning.

Hair that is not very voluminous and hangs halfway down the forehead in front. Slightly round eyes under dark eyelashes, red lips and a round face.

“Shalom,” Tamara laughs, and so does Juan.

"Shalom"

After eating, he washed his hands and mouth, paid the bill and started walking, when Tamara called him from behind.

“Which hotel are you staying at for the night?”

“The accommodation is not right,” he said nonchalantly.

“You can stay at my house if you don’t mind” Tamara tried to put a smile on her lips.

“It will be difficult”

“Never! I will be troubled if you don’t come.”

Not knowing what to say, Juan stood facing her in the middle of the old buildings.

“Okay then, I’ll be here at night!”

“Okay” Tamara smiled and walked into the restaurant and greeted a foreigner with a polite expression.

Juan felt it was foolish to lectured Tamara at length about his orphan hood and sorrows at breakfast. He didn’t feel tired at all as he rested his head on the soft seat of the plane for most of the time he got to talk to the clouds. Since Nathan, the boss, was not in the restaurant, Tamara sat with him and listened intently to what he had to say.

She did not ask about Juan’s nationality or religion.

“Who gave you these eyes?”

“Lord”

“Who taught you to smile like that?” Juan smiled.

“My sorrows!”

A lonely childhood and a self-erased adolescence immersed in history got on his nerves.

“Tamara is a good name, who gave it that name?”

Tamara laughs. Juan is seduced by rows of teeth arranged like lotus petals when there is a gap between the lips.

“Swalih Suban”

“Who is it?”

“my daddy”

She turned her face in the direction of the Mediterranean Sea, searching for the root that had struck her in memory. The roots were grasping at her bare feet and grasping at the next moment, interrupting millennia of history.

“Where is your Dad now?” Tamara looked at Juan after pulling the mask over her face that didn’t recognize her emotions.

“He must have been dead for a long time”

For the first time, he felt an awkwardness in her words.

He made an effort to recall the smell of olive oil as he approached Tamara as he climbed the cliffs overlooking the sea.

Juan watched as the darkness slowly crumbled into the void of the sky and spread into the air. He remembered something as he breathed in the dark, chilly air in the relief of capturing St. Peterson’s Church and Museum on camera. Never yet touched a woman with emotion, despite the opportunity to...

Small flowering plants in front of the boulder, waving in the wind. So many silvery waves that are born in some other continent far away and beat their heads on this shore. The wave and the shore are making love, and then at the end of the shore, the wave comes to the shore, soaking up the entire feeling of Orgasm.

Just as he was about to get up, a voice sounded in Juan's mind.

“Lord, my rock of refuge and my deliverer! May the words of my lips and the thoughts of my heart be acceptable in your sight!”

Empty tables and chairs in the restaurant. Tamara is thinking something in front of a table.

“Shalom” Tamara woke up from her dream. She smiled and hurried inside.

Tamara brought a sliced cucumber, French fries and a glass of lime juice and placed it in front of him.

“That's all that's left.”

Tamara looked up at the sky as she absorbed the movements of Juan's white hands. A rapid flow of fluid through Moon drove her mad.

Tamara walks home along the cobblestone street in the light of the electric lamps, Juan treading in her shadow.

First night

Tamara opened the window of a beautiful house in front of old buildings and entered. In the courtyard, various orchid plants sat in pots. Straight ahead lay the green grassy yard, the cold dew of the night clinging all over it.

Juan notices Tamara's role for the first time. A black knee-length skirt and a white gown. For a moment he thought of his past self.

It was Manila Maida who changed his nature of being very quiet towards women. He still didn't care about clothes.

“That's the bathroom” Tamara said pointing to a small room that was closed off.

Looking out the window he knew his eyes were taking in the bright view ahead and his nostrils were taking in the smell of olive oil approaching from behind.

“Lie down here”

A large bed, a fluffy mattress filled with cotton. Juan was on it while Tamara was on the other side.

“Aren’t you afraid to live alone!”

Tamara smiles. Juan turned his eyes to the tiled floor to forget the enticing rows of teeth.

“Why?” Juan laughs at Tamara’s retort.

“Alone!” Juan’s voice sounded suspicious.

“Doesn’t the poet say that to be alone means to be the strongest?”

“Which poet?” Tamara laughs, teeth bared, and Juan deliberately averts his gaze so as not to break out of his routine of self-control.

“You don’t know!”

“What is it that I don’t know?” Again Juan laughs. She doesn’t stop smiling like before, she just keeps smiling.

“I am the poet,” Juan chuckled at her reply.

“Do you write poetry?”

“Sometimes” Tamara silently smiles at him without parting her lips.

Juan’s body stretched out like a mat on the cotton-filled, body-comforting mattress. Tamara sits on one side of the bed looking at him.

“Aren’t you sleeping?” She looked up from her waking dream at Juan’s voice.

Tamara lit the lamp and lay down next to him.

“Are you lying here?”

“Yeah, what?” Juan shook his head as if it was nothing. Juan saw an unrecognisable emotion in Tamara’s eyes rise into the sky as vapour, then cloud, and rain.

“Why are you moaning?” Juan asked, his voice filled with sadness and his mind filled with fear.

“In the Holy Land of Jerusalem, I had a love affair in my teenage years. I remembered him when I saw you. He had a broad forehead, small eyes, and white cheeks like yours, my Jacob.”

“Jacob!” Juan saw Tamara’s gracious smile even in the darkness.

“I don’t remember seeing mum, dad had a shop in town. He was rich. From childhood he used to hurt my breasts and vagina. I still get scared when I see his face in my mind. A pair of gray pants and a black vest.”

Juan could see with his third eye the rays of light that silently filtered into the room through the window, waiting for Tamara’s words.

“Between the city and the Mount of Olives I had a favorite place, and Jacob began to wait for me in a garden full of olive trees, which was the greatest joy recorded for me in the book of the Lord.”

Juan moved toward her. Tamara’s hand slowly wrapped around his left forearm. He felt afraid and ashamed.

For the first time in her life, a woman holds his hand and caresses her passionately. This mistake will have to be confessed in the Lord’s confession box, and the Lord will have to cry and ask for forgiveness from the Lord. Juan committed suicide.

“Jacob waited for me every evening in a hidden place under the Mount of Olives, and we sat under the thickest tree of the group and we began to be silent. Israel hurting Palestine hurt Jacob as much as I did. Jacob happily ushered me into his dream worlds, knowing that the evil papa had cut off my chastity many times.”

Juan looked at her hand. It shines like a Light in dark vision and dark room. Jacob’s passionate kisses must have added to its luster, he thought.

“Olive trees are like heads full of curly hair, in which a man and a woman can lie down if they want. That’s why I have so much hair!”

“And Jacob and you slept in it?”

Tamara laughs, a lust like she’s never known in her life coursing through Juan’s vertebrae as her teeth show one by one through the gap. The brain’s suggestion came to him, kiss her lips.

He girds his strength and strengthens the mountains with his strength. Juan's mind was troubled by the word of God that came from the depths of his mind.

"Maybe later," he mused.

Under the olive tree, in the branch of the olive tree.....but not in the hair of the olive tree." Juan smiled and Tamara let out a shy laugh. Juan's face paled as she got off the mattress, releasing his hand.

"Are you going?" Tamara turned and looked at him.

"Nah, I can't sleep today, you go to sleep, see you tomorrow, good night"

"Good night." For a moment Juan hoped Tamara would come back and kiss him.

No she is not coming, she is walking forward.

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Second night

Juan walked into the restaurant after finishing his second day's work early, capturing the cavernous buildings and their darkened wombs on the corners of Jaffa. As he walked he felt that this too was a holy city. A variety of plants arranged in half of plastic bottles cut open for all to see on the walls of the buildings. An old couple waiting for tourists with olive oil. Juan looked back at them both. He decided to buy two bottles tomorrow.

Tamara was sitting on a chair in the middle of the empty tables.

"Shalom" Tamara quickly got up and said....

As he lay with his eyes closed next to Tamara, Juan rebuked his mind for needlessly thinking of the white men who strolled along the shore during the day.

"Juan, how is this town?" Tamara laughs, hanging on to God's reins and snarling self-restrained emotions, which knock out the gospels and psalms within him.

Juan's eyes seemed half-open, half-open.

“May I kiss you?” asked Juan, rising from his half-trance. Tamara hummed slowly. Juan clung to her body as he kissed her face, her cheeks, her neck, her forehead. At the end of his passion, he pecked Tamara’s lips. The axis of feeling rotates many times during the moment of lust. Finally, Juan lays down next to Tamara.

“So was Jacob” Tamara smiled at him.

“He was trying to get things done quickly, he didn’t know what he was doing with the first kiss, and he was just as nervous as you were...only at first.” Tamara’s laughter hit the walls and stayed in the room. Tamara stroked Juan’s white forehead.

He has kissed a woman for the first time. He will not confess in the confessional. Tamara gently cupped his lower lip as a sneer hung thinly on his lips. A chapped lip. From between his round thighs came the low voice of man’s immemorial moaning. The face of Tamara Mona Lisa is lying flat on her face. With one hand on the mattress and the other, she was numbing the muscles in Juan’s face.

“A few strands of hair on my head, wrinkled face and skin, yet I had to hold on to his hand...” Juan looked down at the mattress and grimaced.

“Whose father’s?”

“Yes,” said Tamara.

“I crouched in front of his emotional displays crying, always becoming his puppet.”

In the depths of the night the hues of antiquity mingled with darkness, and the waves that told history through the Mediterranean beat their heads on the shore, their tongues cleft and died.

“My Jacob...” Forgetting all the passions that were overwhelming him at that moment, Juan listened to Tamara’s voice, soft and sweet. It is clear that it is not an illusion, nor is it a feeling. It really stutters.

“When his lips touch the red wounds of my body, it will become a holy land, a land holier than Jerusalem.”

Tamara pulled her hand away from Juan’s face and stretched out on the mattress.

“Can I see Jacob?”

“I’ll show you tomorrow” Tamara smiles.

As she got up and started walking to her room, Juan let out a deep breath and praised God.

If Tamara had spent some time with me in this room, I would have drunk a drop from the ocean of lust without knowing it! Praise the Lord.

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As the rays of the dawn streamed from the eastern horizon, the city was shrouded in silence. When Juan came out of the bathroom in the morning, he unexpectedly saw Tamara without a top. Two round, well-plunging breasts. As Tamara smiled and walked into the bathroom, he slammed the door and stood in plain sight.

Tamara walked ahead, picking a rose from the yard, and he followed her like an obedient child.

He walked along a path that stretched down to the sea, past white stone buildings. When she reached the courtyard of St. Peterson’s Church, instead of entering the church, Tamara turned to the cemetery on the left.

“Don’t you go to church?” She turned away at Juan’s question.

“I said I would show you Jacob, not the interior of the church.”

He couldn’t believe that Tamara’s soft voice was full of acris. Tamara walked forward.

“Shalom Jacob” stood in front of a tomb and beckoned to Juan as if Tamar was here.

“Thought you were well, not at all wished to come.....someone wished to see you. That’s why it came.” Once again Juan noticed Tamara’s soft voice stuttering. She placed the flower in her hand on Jacob’s grave.

Are Tamara's eyes welling up? Or is it his feeling? Juan thought.

"I'm not a believer, that's why you behaved like that, don't think anything else." She told Juan on the way to the restaurant.

"It doesn't matter, I understand." He brought to his lips the bright smile of Lord Surya, who melts the frozen mountain of snow. But even before that, Tamara's heart had melted. She was blaming the moment she got angry with Juan.

"Isn't today the last day?"

"Yes" he answered, stopping to reminisce about the heavenly kiss that had happened last night while walking with the miraculous Tamara. After answering her, he repeated the question to himself. "Today isn't the last day, is it?"

"What?"

"Nothing!" His eyes were full, and he stopped in his tracks.

"Tamara...."

Juan was addressed by her name for the first time. Tamara smiled at him the way a desert smiles at the sky when it sees an oasis that has been cleared by rain after years in the desert. Joy flashed in her mane, and the rays of joy struck her heart and burned it.

"I'll get two bottles of olive oil, and I'll be there by the time the food is ready." Tamara nodded slowly. Then he turned and walked away.

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Third night

"Isn't tonight the last night!" Tamara asked, caressing Juan's smooth face.

“Not all night?” Tamara began to shake as Juan’s retort rang in her ears. At that moment, he couldn’t resist the enticing array of teeth. He laid Tamara, who was sitting next to him on the mattress, across his thighs. Tamara looked at him in disbelief.

“Is Jacob like this?”

“Not at all,” smiles Tamara. Juan began to take off her top. Suddenly his hands trembled. He felt as if his arms were seized with weakness.

Disappointment rippled down her spine as the blinding sensation of birth sleep swept through her body.

Juan’s tears dripped onto her mantle. Juan’s baby voice drifted into her ears as she slowly rose from his thighs.

“Will God forgive me?” Tamara started laughing.

“Why are you laughing?”

“For your sake, God will not punish anyone for loving. He will open all the gates of heaven and receive you.”

Juan looked at Tamara and the putt of silence lifted its head for a moment.

“Jacob was the one who loved me best, the most....Now I’m going to love you and then you’ll say you loved me best!”

Tamara tried to laugh as she looked into his wet eyes. Outside, the ancient history of thousands of years ago stopped chattering and the buildings turned their ears to Tamara’s house. At the end of the waves, the sea held back the breaths that are usually released when the murcha’s rathikreeds are tossed about. In Jaffa’s eyes, all thoughts and thoughts are pouring into them like a ray of light.

“First take off the veil...” Tamara said as she climbed onto Juan’s lap. Then she looked into his eyes. Juan began moving his fingers as she spoke.

“After that, press your face on your breasts and take your hand inside your underwear.” Tamara keeps smiling, making a noise as the mountain of pleasure

slides off. When she saw the earth and another man touched her vagina, she longed to write this beautiful moment in the book of life.

Tamara looked at him with some pity.

“I have wasted two nights when I could have had a cup of gold.”

Tamara began to love him, she kissed his firm chest. Her red lips roamed around his waist, ringing the bell. Finally, like the wind that knows the mountain, she sought his valley. One by one, Tamara swept away Juan’s simmering emotions.

Juan was smelling her body intensely. He behaved like an unconscious madman when he reached the raised areas. That made Tamara even more intoxicated. Temporarily suppressing her urge to lie down as she clamored for connection, he searched for a spot on her body where the scent of olive oil emanated.

The scent of olive oil hit his nose as he neared Tamara’s white breasts. One of her nipples smelled like Juan smelled the middle of a sage flower. Olive oil! Suddenly flipping him onto the mattress, she clung to his waist, blowing up a storm. For the first time the valley felt the wind, and the valley felt the wind for the first time.

“I’m sorry for being mad at you this morning, sorry Juan”

He looked up from Tamara’s breast.

“Will Jacob forgive tonight?”

Tamara closed her eyes to escape from the thunder that had engulfed her in the night of memories.

“Pregnant at the age of nineteen, everyone from the land of Jesus gathered and exiled Jacob and me. Arrived at the great city below this hill...”

Juan dismounted from her waist and lay on his side and began to run his fingers through the sublime specimen of God’s creation without blemish or blemish.

“The city treated us cruelly and we settled in a small house at one end of the city. Jacob looked for a job as a bouncer in a big hotel in the city. In the middle of December, when the roads were covered with snow, Jacob caught a fever. On the

7th day, I woke up with a high fever, not knowing what to do, not knowing who to call...”

Tamara’s tears fell on Juan’s mind as he fell into a frenzy.

“The last thing Jacob said to me was that I should be buried in the cemetery in Jaffa, Tamara...” When Juan’s fingers stopped moving, she looked down at their feet, then into Juan’s eyes.

Sensing the distaste in Tamara’s eyes, he breathed life into his fingers. Her white mane began to walk and run unscathed.

“It used to cost a lot of money to bury the dead body, but now I can earn it in four days.”

“So what did you do?” Juan kissed her cheek. A light breeze touched the tops of the leaves that turned into raga.

“There were two human dogs that followed my scent when Jacob was away, and on the day that Jacob died, I lay down with those two wolves crying and crying...”

Juan’s fingers froze when they reached the valley between Tamara’s breasts. Juan pounced on one of her flabby breasts that had stood as two pillars for ages. His lips pursed in shock, and suddenly olive oil began to flow from Tamara’s body, grown in the Holy Land, for Juanat to lick and drink....

As Tamara looked at him, standing over the congealed lumps, she could feel the lumps rolling in.

“Here” Juan looked alternately at the bottle Tamara held out to him and into her eyes.

“It is the sense and the olive oil that you poured out yesterday.”

“Why me?”

Juan noticed for the first time that Tamara’s eyes were smiling “to remember me.”

“I don’t need it to remember, but I accept it.” He took it and placed it carefully in one end of the bag.

“To remember until the return, Allah to give fragrance to the memories.” Tamara laughs, and he turns around, looking at her tantalizing teeth and olive-scented breasts. Waves destined to crash on the shores of Jaffa from some faraway continent were born. ■

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