



SIPAN

NOVELLA

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Prologue – *Sipan in Berlin*

Rain hung over the city like a thin veil when Sipan stepped out of the U-Bahn at Kotti. He paused for a moment, hands buried deep in the pockets of his worn-out jacket, watching the people drift past — pale dots moving through the neon haze. Berlin was loud, sharp-edged, impatient — and yet he felt less foreign here than anywhere else.

He had no plan for the day. Sipan never lived by plans. He lived by sounds, by accidents, by the rhythm of the streets. Sometimes he worked on construction sites, sometimes he slept on a couch, sometimes in a room that wasn't his. And sometimes, when the nights grew too long, he scribbled mathematical formulas into his battered notebook, as if he might find in them the order his life lacked.

A gust of wind carried the smell of wet concrete. For a moment, that smell pulled him back to Qamishlo — to dusty streets, to the voices of his siblings, to his mother's kitchen. But the memory was like a photograph left too long in the sun: faded, brittle, barely recognizable.

Sipan pulled the zipper of his jacket higher and started walking. He didn't know where he was going. Maybe to Luna. Maybe to some Späti. Maybe to a place he hadn't discovered yet. Berlin was a labyrinth — but one in which he liked losing himself.

He crossed the street, and for a moment his face reflected in a puddle. A twenty-six-year-old man who looked as if he belonged everywhere and nowhere. A vagabond, a life-artist, a lost mathematician.

Sipan smiled softly. The day had begun. And he would take it as it came.

1 – *The City That Eats Names*

Sipan woke because someone was screaming in the stairwell. It wasn't an angry scream — more a desperate echo caught between the concrete walls. He lay on a sagging mattress a friend had lent him and stared up at the ceiling, mottled with water stains. Berlin was a place where even ceilings told stories — mostly sad ones.

He got up, dressed slowly, and searched for his notebook. It lay beneath a stack of old newspapers he had never read. He flipped through it briefly, seeing crooked formulas, half-finished poems, sketches of faces he had long forgotten. Then he slipped the notebook into the inside pocket of his jacket.

Outside, the air smelled of wet asphalt and cigarette smoke. Sipan walked down the stairs, past the man who had been screaming moments before. Now he sat on a step, crying quietly. Sipan nodded to him — not out of sympathy, but out of a kind of silent recognition. In this city, everyone cried at some point.

On the street, Spätis, döner shops, and graffiti blended into a chaotic mosaic. Sipan liked that. It reminded him that order was an illusion — something mathematicians invented to make the world bearable.

He walked toward Hermannplatz with no destination. A delivery van honked, a cyclist cursed, a woman laughed loudly into her phone. Berlin was a choir, and everyone sang off-key.

He stopped in front of a café. The windows were fogged, and inside sat people who looked as if they had plans, appointments, lives. Sipan watched them the way one watches animals in a zoo — curious, but distant.

He sat down on a chair outside, though he didn't intend to order anything. The waitress came anyway. A young woman with short hair and eyes that looked tired and awake at the same time.

"Just sitting?" she asked.

"Just sitting," Sipan replied.

She nodded, as if that were the most ordinary order in the world.

Sipan watched the people passing by. Some looked at him, some ignored him. He was a face among many, a name no one knew. And yet he felt strangely free.

He thought of Qamishlo — of the streets he knew, the voices that were familiar. Then he thought of Berlin — of the streets that swallowed him, the voices that drowned him out.

He didn't know where he would work today. Maybe on a construction site, maybe not at all. Maybe he would see Luna, maybe another friend, maybe no one.

Sipan stood up without saying goodbye and walked on.

The city ate names. But it would not digest his.

2 – *The Mathematics of Streets*

Sipan walked along Hermannplatz as if he had all the time in the world. People streamed past him like numbers in an equation that kept shifting. He watched them — not out of curiosity, but out of habit. Ever since he had dropped out of his mathematics degree, he saw the world in patterns. Berlin was chaotic, but even chaos had rules.

He stopped at a traffic light. Cars shot past, bicycles wove between them, and a man pushed a stroller across the street

though the light was red. Sipan watched the scene and thought: *This is an incomplete system. Everyone follows their own function.*

He smiled. Mathematics was the one thing that had never fully slipped away from him.

In a Späti he bought a bottle of mate, though he hadn't meant to spend money. The shopkeeper nodded at him — a man with a grey beard and eyes that looked as if they had seen too much. Sipan liked people like that. They spoke rarely, but when they did, they said something true.

“Out and about again?” the man asked.

“I'm always out and about,” Sipan replied.

The man chuckled softly. “Berlin's big. Easy to lose yourself.”

“I don't get lost,” Sipan said. “I just find new paths.”

He stepped back onto the street. The sun fought its way through the clouds, and for a moment Berlin looked almost friendly. Sipan sat down on a bench and opened his notebook. He didn't write words — he drew lines, curves, small diagrams. It looked like a mathematical map of the city.

A woman sat down beside him. She wore a red dress that fluttered in the wind and had a face one didn't forget.

“What are you drawing?” she asked, without looking at him.

“Berlin,” Sipan said.

“Doesn't look like Berlin.”

“This is how Berlin looks in my head.”

She turned toward him. Her eyes were dark, curious, a little dangerous.

“You're different,” she said.

“Everyone’s different.”

“No. Most people try to be the same.”

Sipan closed the notebook. “And you?”

“I’m Janett.”

He nodded. He liked people who introduced themselves without asking anything first.

“I’m Sipan.”

“Beautiful name.”

“It’s a mountain.”

“So you’re a mountain?”

“Maybe a small one.”

She laughed — a warm, free laugh that didn’t belong to Berlin.

“Come with me,” she said suddenly. “I want to show you something.”

Sipan stood up without thinking. He followed her through the streets, past graffiti, past people, past noise.

He didn’t know where they were going. But he knew this day was a new equation. And he was ready to solve it.

3 – Extravagant Women

Janett led Sipan through a side street that smelled of old wood, coffee, and rain. She walked quickly, almost like she was dancing, and Sipan followed without asking anything. He liked people who moved as if they were sure of themselves, even when they weren’t.

She stopped in front of an unremarkable courtyard. A grey gate, half open, a narrow passage behind it. From somewhere

deep inside came music — an electronic throb that sounded like a heartbeat.

“Here,” Janett said. “My world.”

Sipan stepped inside. The courtyard was full of colored lights reflecting in puddles. A few people stood around smoking — some in glittering jackets, some barefoot, some with faces that looked as if they had already survived the night.

Janett waved to a woman sitting on an old sofa. She wore a dress made of silver threads that moved like water with every gesture. Her hair was short, black, gleaming.

“That’s Mira,” Janett said. “She dances. Or she lives. Sometimes it’s the same thing.”

Mira looked at Sipan as if she were scanning him. “You’re new,” she said.

“I’m just here,” Sipan replied.

“No one is just here.”

Janett laughed. “He’s different. A mathematician who doesn’t calculate.”

“Ah,” Mira said. “A man who thinks but doesn’t know where he’s going.”

Sipan sat on the arm of the sofa. He liked Mira instantly. She was one of those women who reinvented themselves every day. Extravagant, but not out of vanity — out of survival.

“What are you doing here?” Janett asked.

“I’m following you.”

“Why?”

“Because you said you’d show me something.”

Janett nodded, pleased. She liked people who didn’t hesitate.

Inside the building it was warm. The walls were covered in projections — colors, shapes, faces moving like thoughts. A small stage stood in the center, surrounded by cushions and old armchairs.

“We’re rehearsing,” Janett said. “For a performance. Mira dances, I write, and the others...”

She pointed at a group sitting on the floor sorting cables. “...do things I don’t understand.”

Mira stepped onto the stage. The music grew louder, deeper. She moved slowly, then faster, then slow again — like a pendulum unsure whether to rest or swing.

Sipan watched. He didn’t understand dance, but he understood patterns. And Mira was a pattern of light and shadow, of pain and freedom.

Janett sat beside him. “You look like you’re calculating.”

“I’m trying to understand her.”

“You don’t understand Mira. You feel her.”

Sipan nodded. Maybe that was the difference between mathematics and life. Mathematics wanted order. Life wanted movement.

After the rehearsal, the three of them sat on the floor. Mira drank from a bottle of wine, Janett scribbled something into a notebook, and Sipan watched them the way one watches a fire — fascinated, but careful.

“You fit with us,” Mira said suddenly.

“I don’t fit anywhere.”

“Exactly.”

Janett tilted her head. “Stay tonight. Later we’ll make music. And chaos.”

Sipan thought for a moment. Then he said, “I’ll stay.”

He didn’t know why. Maybe because Janett had invited him with a kind of effortless certainty he rarely encountered. Maybe because Mira danced like someone unafraid of herself. Maybe because Berlin sometimes opened doors you weren’t looking for.

Or maybe because he felt that these two women — extravagant, free, dangerous — were pulling him into a story he hadn’t planned.

And Sipan was a man who followed stories.

4 – *The Construction Site*

Morning smelled of dust, cold coffee, and damp concrete when Sipan stepped onto the construction site. He had slept badly — too many voices, too much music, too much wine in the courtyard with Janett and Mira. But tiredness was never an obstacle for him. It was just another state you carried with you.

The workers were already gathered in a loose cluster. Some smoked, others drank from thermos flasks, others stared into the air as if trying not to notice the day. Sipan liked these men. They spoke little, but when they did, they said things that weren’t lies.

The foreman — a broad-shouldered man with a face like crumpled leather — walked toward him.

“You’re late,” he said.

“I’m here,” Sipan replied.

The man snorted. “Concrete mix today. You’ll help with the hauling. No art, no philosophy.”

“I’ll do what you tell me.”

“That would be new.”

Sipan smiled. The foreman didn't particularly like him, but he respected him. Sipan worked hard without complaining, and he knew how to stay silent when silence was needed.

He pulled on his gloves and began carrying sacks. Concrete clung to his shoes, dust settled on his skin, and the sun crawled slowly over the edge of the unfinished building. The work was monotonous, but Sipan liked monotony. It was honest. It asked nothing of him except strength and patience.

Next to him worked a young man named Emir. He was new, nervous, always on his phone, always talking.

“Bro, I swear I can't take this,” Emir said as he lifted a sack. “I need something better. I got plans.”

“What plans?” Sipan asked.

“I wanna get rich.”

“How?”

“No idea. But I will.”

Sipan nodded. He liked Emir. He was chaos — but a living, breathing chaos.

Around noon they took a break. The men sat on overturned buckets, on pallets, on the ground. Sipan sat a little apart and opened his notebook. He drew lines that crossed, then separated again. A pattern that looked like paths that never met.

The foreman walked over.

“What's that?” he asked.

“Berlin.”

The man looked at the page. “Looks like a spiderweb.”

“It is.”

“And you’re the spider?”

“No. I’m the wind.”

The foreman shook his head. “You’re strange, Sipan.”

“I know.”

“But you work well.”

“I know.”

The man walked away. Sipan closed the notebook.

In the afternoon the noise rose. A fight broke out — two workers shouting at each other over something trivial. Emir jumped in, though he shouldn’t have. The foreman shouted back. For a moment the construction site was a boiling pot of voices, anger, and dust.

Sipan stood and watched. He felt like an observer, not part of it. Conflict, to him, was like a mathematical error — something that happened when people tried to solve equations that couldn’t be solved.

When the shouting died down, Sipan returned to work. He carried, mixed, shoveled. The sun sank, and the shadows grew longer.

By the end of the day he was exhausted, but calm. Physical labor had a cleansing quality. It emptied the mind, and Sipan liked emptiness. In emptiness, new thoughts could grow.

He left the site with dirty hands and clothes heavy with dust. Berlin greeted him with sounds, lights, smells. The city was another system, another chaos.

Sipan breathed deeply.

He didn't know where he would go now. Maybe to Janett. Maybe to Mira. Maybe to no one.

But the day wasn't over yet. And Sipan was a man who took the evening the same way he took the morning — without a plan, without fear, without a goal.

Only with himself.

5 – Qamishlo in Dreams

That night, Sipan dreamed of a street that no longer existed. It was wide and dusty, framed by old houses whose façades smelled like heated stone in summer. He walked along it barefoot, as he had as a child, and somewhere behind him he heard the voices of his siblings.

But in the dream the voices were strangely distorted — like echoes arriving from another time.

He stopped in front of the house where he had grown up. The door was half open, and behind it lay darkness. No sound, no movement. Only silence.

“Sipan,” a voice said. He knew instantly it was his mother.

He tried to answer, but his voice was gone. He tried to open the door, but his hands were heavy as stone.

The darkness behind the door began to move. A shadow spreading like smoke.

Sipan woke up.

His heart was racing, his breath shallow. He lay on a mattress that wasn't his, in a room that wasn't his, in a city that didn't know him. The dream clung to him like dust from Qamishlo.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes. The night was quiet, only a distant siren drifting through the open window. Berlin was

never truly silent, but sometimes it sounded like a city that slept.

Sipan stood and walked to the window. The sky was black, the streets empty. A few lights flickered as if they were about to die.

He thought of his mother — of her gaze, always carrying a trace of sadness even when she smiled. He thought of his father, who rarely spoke, but when he did, his words felt like verdicts. He thought of his siblings, who might have forgotten him long ago.

He didn't know why he had lost contact. Or maybe he did — but he didn't want to think it.

He had left without looking back. And some doors, once closed behind you, never open again.

He took out his notebook and wrote a single word:

Qamishlo.

Then beneath it:

Why do I dream of a place I left behind?

He stared at the page. The question remained unanswered.

In the morning, Sipan was quieter than usual. He drank his coffee standing up, without taste, without thought. The images from the dream still hung in his mind like fog.

He stepped out onto the street. Berlin was awake, loud, impatient. People hurried past him, cars honked, a dog barked.

Sipan stopped and looked up at the sky. He thought of the shadow behind the door. Of his mother's voice. Of the street that no longer existed.

He knew this dream wasn't just a dream. It was a memory returning because it wanted something.

Maybe an answer. Maybe a decision. Maybe simply attention. Sipan breathed deeply and walked on.

But he knew: Qamishlo had awakened inside him again. And it would not disappear quickly.

6 – The Night Belongs to Vagabonds

Evening settled over Berlin like a heavy curtain, and Sipan felt the city change. During the day Berlin was loud, frantic, full of voices that drowned him out. But at night the city softened, became porous. It opened spaces that were invisible in daylight.

Sipan wandered through Neukölln without a destination. The streets gleamed from the rain, streetlamps cast yellow circles onto the asphalt, and muffled music seeped out of the bars. He loved these hours. Night was a place where no one asked questions.

He stopped in front of a Späti with its door open. Inside, a man wearing headphones didn't even look up when Sipan entered. Sipan bought a bottle of water, though he wasn't thirsty. He just wanted something to hold — something to anchor him to the present.

When he stepped back outside, his phone vibrated. A message from Janett:

“Kotti. Backyard. Come.”

Sipan smiled. Janett was like the night itself — unpredictable, free, a little dangerous.

He walked. The sounds grew louder as he approached Kotti. A man played guitar, two teenagers argued, a couple kissed as if

the world were ending. Berlin was a kaleidoscope, and Sipan moved through it like a particle with no fixed place.

The backyard was full of lights again. Mira danced barefoot on the wet concrete, her movements soft and sharp at once. Janett sat on a staircase smoking, her eyes half-closed.

“You look like you slept badly,” she said without looking up.

“I had a dream.”

“About what?”

“About Qamishlo.”

Janett opened her eyes. “Sounds like a dream that wasn’t kind.”

“It was... loud.”

She nodded, as if she understood. Maybe she did. Maybe she didn’t. Janett was a woman who felt more than she asked.

Mira came over, her feet wet, her hair messy. “You’re back,” she said.

“I didn’t want to be alone.”

“No one is alone in this city,” Mira said. “Sometimes that’s the problem.”

She sat beside him. The music in the background was a slow beat, like a heartbeat.

“Do you want to dance?” Mira asked.

“I can’t dance.”

“That doesn’t matter.”

Sipan stood. Mira took his hand and led him to the center of the yard. He moved awkwardly, but Mira didn’t laugh. She

moved around him — light, free — as if pulling him into a rhythm he didn't know.

For a moment Sipan forgot the dream. Forgot Qamishlo. Forgot the darkness behind the door.

He was just a body in the light, a man moving because the night allowed it.

When the music ended, he sat beside Janett again. She looked at him — long, assessing.

“You're not here because you want to dance,” she said.

“No.”

“You're here because you don't know where else to go.”

Sipan nodded.

Janett placed her hand on his shoulder. “Then stay. The night belongs to us vagabonds.”

Sipan looked up at the sky. The clouds moved fast, as if fleeing.

He knew the dream would return. But tonight it was far away. Tonight he belonged to Berlin.

And Berlin welcomed him the way it only welcomed people who had no home.

7 – Luna Dances

The evening was warm — unusually warm for Berlin — and Sipan felt the city vibrating under that heat. It was one of those nights when everything seemed possible, or at least pretended to be. Janett had texted him that they would meet someone later. Someone special. Someone “different,” as she put it.

Sipan didn't know what "different" meant, but he followed her anyway.

The courtyard was crowded this time. More lights, more voices, more chaos. Mira wasn't dancing — she sat on a table, putting on makeup as if preparing for a stage only she could see. Janett stood beside her, smoking and talking to someone Sipan didn't know.

Then he saw her.

Luna.

She stood in the center of the courtyard as if the space belonged to her. A woman with long, dark hair that shimmered like liquid metal in the light. Her dress was black, simple, yet on her it looked like a promise. Her eyes were bright, almost silver, and she didn't move — she waited.

Janett waved Sipan over. "That's Luna," she said. "She's dancing tonight."

Luna looked at him. Not curious, not judging — more like she already knew him.

"You're Sipan," she said.

"Yes."

"I've heard about you."

"Only bad things?"

"Only interesting ones."

She smiled — not a flirt, but an invitation.

The music began. A slow, deep tone spreading like fog. Luna stepped into the middle of the courtyard. People fell silent. Even Mira stopped doing her makeup.

Luna moved.

Not like Mira, not like any dancer Sipan had ever seen. She moved as if she were speaking to the air. As if she were telling a story that needed no words.

Her arms drew lines, her steps were precise yet soft. She turned, and for a moment it looked as if she were floating. The music quickened, and Luna followed without hesitation.

Sipan watched. He understood nothing about dance, but he understood patterns. And Luna was a pattern that kept changing without losing itself.

Janett whispered, “She dances to forget.”

“What?”

“Everything.”

When the music ended, Luna stopped. She breathed calmly, as if she hadn’t danced but slept. People clapped — some loudly, some softly. Luna looked only at Sipan.

“You think too much,” she said.

“I always think.”

“That’s a problem.”

“For whom?”

“For you.”

She walked over and sat beside him. “I like men who think,” she said. “But I like men even more who feel.”

“I feel too.”

“What?”

“That you’re different.”

Luna laughed — a quiet, warm laugh. “Everyone says that. But no one knows what it means.”

“I don’t know either. But I see it.”

She looked at him for a long moment. “You’re a vagabond,” she said. “Not just on the street. Inside yourself.”

Sipan didn’t know if that was a compliment. Maybe it was both.

Janett joined them, sitting on his other side. “You two get along,” she said, pleased.

“We don’t,” Luna said. “But we could.”

Mira came over, giving Luna a look filled with both admiration and jealousy. “You’ve enchanted him,” Mira said.

“I don’t enchant anyone,” Luna replied. “I just show who I am.”

Sipan looked at the three women. Janett — fire. Mira — water. Luna — wind.

Extravagant women, each in her own way. And he, Sipan, the man without a plan, sat between them like a point in an equation he couldn’t solve.

But he didn’t want to solve it. He wanted to live it.

The night was warm. The music began again. And Luna rose to dance once more.

8 – *The Letter He Never Sends*

Morning was pale, almost transparent, when Sipan woke. A faint light slipped through the half-open window, making the dust in the room look like tiny floating planets. The night with Luna, Janett, and Mira still lingered in his bones — not heavy, but like an echo unsure whether to stay or fade.

He sat up, pulled his knees to his chest, and listened. Berlin was a different creature in these early hours. Quieter. Hesitant. Almost fragile.

A car passed, somewhere glass clattered, a bird sang a song that didn't belong to this city. Sipan breathed deeply. The dream of Qamishlo had returned — not as an image, but as a feeling, a pressure behind his ribs, a shadow at the back of his mind.

He stood and walked to the small table where his notebook lay. Next to it was a crumpled sheet of paper he had picked up at the Späti the night before. He sat down, took a pen, and began to write.

Mê... He stopped. The word felt foreign. **“Mama.”**

He continued.

I don't know why I'm writing. Maybe because I dreamed last night. Maybe because I miss you. Maybe because I don't know who I am when I'm not thinking of you.

He paused. The words looked like tracks in snow — clear, but fleeting.

He wrote on.

Berlin is big. Sometimes too big. I work on construction sites. I have friends, I think. Women who dance, write, live as if every day were a fire. I don't know if I belong. But they let me stay.

He set the pen down. His hands trembled slightly.

He continued.

I dreamed of Qamishlo. Of you. Of the house. Of the door. I don't know if I can come back. Or if I should.

He stared at the lines. They looked honest. Too honest.

He wrote the final sentence.

If you miss me, I'm sorry. If you've forgotten me, I'm sorry too.

Sipan put the pen aside. He read the letter. Once. Twice. Three times.

Then he folded the paper slowly, carefully, as if it were something fragile. He slipped it into the inside pocket of his jacket.

He wouldn't send it. He knew that. He had known it before writing the first sentence.

Some letters aren't meant to arrive anywhere. Some letters are meant to be written — so you can hear yourself.

He stood, walked out onto the street. The air was cool, clear, fresh. Berlin was awake, but not yet loud.

He walked toward Kotti with no destination. The city smelled of coffee, rain, possibilities.

At a traffic light his phone vibrated. A message from Luna:

“Come by later. I need to tell you something.”

Sipan felt something tighten inside him. Luna wasn't a woman who *needed* to say something. When she spoke, her words always hit.

He put the phone away. The letter rustled softly in his jacket.

He kept walking. The day had begun. And he knew Luna would tell him something that might change him.

Maybe something about him. Maybe something about her. Maybe something about the invisible, vibrating thing between them — the thing he couldn't name.

The letter pressed against his chest. A weight no one could see.

Sipan breathed deeply. He was ready.

9 – *The Mathematics of Feelings*

The afternoon was warm, but not kind. The heat lay heavy over the streets, as if it had sunk into the asphalt. Sipan walked slowly, almost cautiously, as though moving through a city that was watching him. The letter in his jacket rustled with every step — a secret companion, a weight no one could see.

He reached the courtyard where Luna, Janett, and Mira often spent their time. Today it was empty. The lights were off, and the silence was thick as fog. Only Luna stood there, in the middle of the yard, as if she had been waiting for him.

She didn't look at him immediately. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, on a small puddle where the sky reflected faintly. Only when Sipan came closer did she lift her head.

"You came," she said.

"You told me to."

"I tell many things."

Sipan stopped. The air between them was heavy, but not unpleasant. More like a room holding something important.

Luna stepped closer. "You looked different yesterday," she said. "As if you were carrying something."

"Maybe."

"Something from Qamishlo."

Sipan felt his chest tighten. "I dreamed."

"I know."

"How?"

"You carried it in your eyes."

She sat down on the old staircase leading into the courtyard. Sipan sat beside her. The silence wasn't empty — it was filled with things neither of them said.

"I wrote a letter," Sipan said quietly.

"To whom?"

"To my mother."

Luna nodded, as if that was exactly the answer she had expected. "And?"

"I won't send it."

"Why?"

"Because I don't know if it should arrive."

Luna looked at him for a long time. Her eyes were bright, but not cold. "Sometimes you don't write letters for the person who might read them," she said. "You write them for yourself."

"I know."

"And sometimes you send them anyway."

Sipan didn't answer. The wind pushed a plastic bag across the ground, making it dance.

Luna placed her hand on his. "You think too much," she said. "You try to solve feelings like equations."

"Feelings are chaotic."

"No." She smiled. "Feelings are patterns. Just not the kind you draw on paper."

Sipan looked at her. "I understand patterns."

"But not your own."

He wanted to speak, but Luna raised her hand. “I have a question,” she said. “And I want you to answer without thinking.”

“What question?”

She leaned in slightly. Her voice was barely more than a breath.

“What are you running from, Sipan?”

The sentence hit him like a blow. Not loud, not brutal — but precise. Like a mathematical truth ignored for too long.

Sipan looked at his hands. They were dirty from the construction site, but that wasn’t the dirt Luna meant.

He inhaled. Exhaled. Inhaled. Exhaled.

“I don’t know,” he said at last.

“Yes,” Luna said. “You do. You just don’t want to say it.”

The silence between them thickened. Sipan felt something move inside him — slow, heavy, like a stone sinking into a deep well.

“Maybe I’m running,” he said softly, “because I’m afraid I won’t stay anywhere.”

Luna nodded. “That’s a beginning.”

She stood. “Come,” she said. “I’ll dance later. And you’ll watch. No thinking. Only feeling.”

Sipan stood as well. The letter in his jacket rustled again — a quiet, stubborn sound.

He followed Luna into the room where she danced. The lights were dim, the air warm, the music a slow heartbeat.

And when Luna began to move, Sipan understood for the first time that some patterns weren't meant to be read with the mind — but with the heart.

10 – *The Argument*

Evening hung over Berlin like an unsaid word. A warm wind brushed through the streets, but Sipan barely felt it. He was on his way to the courtyard — where Luna wanted to dance, where Janett smoked, where Mira turned herself into light. But tonight every step felt like walking on thin ice.

The moment he entered the yard, he sensed something was wrong. The lights were on, but harsh, restless. The music was loud but without rhythm — more like a heart stumbling.

Janett stood in the middle of the courtyard, arms crossed, a half-burned cigarette between her fingers. Mira sat on the table, knees pulled up, her gaze hard. Luna stood off to the side, hands in her hair, as if trying to hold onto a thought slipping away.

Sipan stopped. The air was electric — a room full of sparks waiting to ignite.

“You’re late,” Janett said. Her voice was sharp, unlike usual.

“I’m here,” Sipan replied calmly.

“Always these answers,” she snapped. “Always this dodging.”

Mira looked at him, her eyes dark. “You’ve thrown Luna off.”

“I didn’t do anything.”

“That’s exactly the problem,” Janett said. “You never do anything. You just let things happen.”

Sipan felt something tighten inside him. “What’s going on?”

Luna stepped forward. “They think you’re playing with us.”

“I’m not.”

“Yes, you are,” Mira said. “You come when you want. You leave when you want. You never say what you feel. You’re like a shadow.”

“I’m not a shadow.”

“Then stop acting like one,” Janett said.

The words hit him. Not like a punch — more like a cold wind slipping through an open door.

“I’m trying...” Sipan began.

“You’re not trying anything,” Janett cut in. “You think. You analyze. You observe. But you’re never really here.”

Luna looked at him, and her gaze wasn’t hard — it was sad. “I asked you a question,” she said softly. “And you answered. But you didn’t speak. You hid.”

“I said I’m afraid.”

“Yes,” Luna said. “But you didn’t say of what.”

Sipan felt the day’s heat rise inside him. “You want answers I don’t have.”

“Then find them,” Mira said. “Or stop being here.”

Janett stepped closer. “We’re not a stage for your indecision.”

“I’m not indecisive.”

“Yes, you are,” Luna said. “You’re a man who goes everywhere except where it hurts.”

The words cut deep. Sipan felt something loosen inside him — a knot that had held for too long.

“You don’t understand me,” he said.

“Then explain yourself,” Janett said.

“I can’t.”

“Why?” Luna asked.

“Because I don’t know who I am once I start talking.”

Silence. Heavy. Dense.

Mira stood. “I can’t do this,” she said. “Not with someone who’s always half here.”

Janett flicked her cigarette away. “Then go.”

Sipan looked at Luna. Her eyes were soft but full of pain.

“I didn’t want...” he began.

“Sometimes wanting isn’t enough,” she said.

He felt the world around him shrink. The courtyard that had felt like home yesterday now felt like a place spitting him out.

“Maybe I should leave,” Sipan said.

Janett nodded. “Yes.”

Mira looked away. Luna looked at him — long, deep — as if trying to hold him, but unable to anymore.

“Sipan,” she said quietly. “Sometimes you lose things because you don’t hold onto them.”

He lowered his gaze. The letter in his jacket rustled — a quiet, sorrowful sound.

He turned and walked away. Slowly. Heavily. Every step a farewell.

The night was warm. But Sipan was cold.

He knew he had lost something. Something he had never fully possessed — but something that had begun to matter.

And Berlin, that vast, merciless city, closed behind him like a door that would not open again.

11 – *Winter*

Winter didn't arrive suddenly. It crept. It slipped into the streets, into window frames, into people's thoughts. And at some point — without Sipan noticing — it was simply there: a cold, silent companion that made every movement heavier.

Berlin in winter was a different city. The colors vanished. The sounds softened. People withdrew like animals retreating into their burrows.

And Sipan — the vagabond, the life-artist, the man without a plan — felt the cold not only on his skin, but inside himself.

Since the argument, he hadn't returned to the courtyard. Not to Janett. Not to Mira. Not to Luna.

He had tried — twice he had walked near the courtyard, only to turn back before reaching the door. The words of the three women clung to him like frost: sharp, clear, unforgiving.

He worked more. The construction site was cold, but the work was warm. It filled the hours that would otherwise have been empty. It helped him forget that he had lost something.

But the nights were heavy.

He slept poorly, often not at all. Sometimes he sat for hours by the window, watching the snow fall — slow, silent, like a memory unsure whether to stay or fade.

One evening, as the wind whipped through the streets and the streetlights flickered, Sipan walked through Neukölln. His hands were buried in his pockets, his breath forming small clouds that vanished instantly.

He stopped in front of a shop window. Behind the glass lay colorful fabrics, glittering dresses — things that reminded him of Mira. He saw her in his mind: dancing, laughing, looking at him as if he were a riddle she wanted to solve.

Then he saw Luna. The way she moved, the way she spoke, the way she disarmed him with a single question.

And Janett. Fiery, direct, impatient. A woman who liked him, but not his indecision.

The snow fell thicker. Sipan walked on.

He reached the canal. The water was black, almost motionless. The bridge was empty. Only a bicycle stood there, abandoned, half buried in snow. Sipan leaned against the railing and stared into the darkness.

The letter in his jacket rustled. He took it out. The paper had softened, the edges bent.

He didn't read it. He didn't need to. He knew every word.

The wind grew stronger. Sipan closed his eyes.

He thought of Qamishlo. Of the street from his dream. Of the door half open. Of the shadow behind it.

He thought of Berlin. Of the courtyard. Of the three women. Of the warmth he had lost.

He thought of himself. Of the man who was everywhere and stayed nowhere.

Snow settled on his shoulders. Cold. Gentle. Inevitable.

Sipan opened his eyes. He put the letter back into his jacket. He turned and walked away.

Winter followed him like a second shadow. But Sipan knew: no winter lasted forever. And some cold was necessary for something new to grow.

He didn't know what would come. But he knew he had to keep walking. Step by step. Day by day.

Winter had arrived. And Sipan was still on his way.

12 – *The New Construction Site*

Morning was clear — cuttingly clear — as if the night had washed the city with cold water. Sipan stood in front of the new construction site a colleague had recommended. A large project, several floors, a raw structure rising into the winter sky like a concrete skeleton.

He was freezing. But he was here. And that was more than he had managed in the past weeks.

The foreman — not the old one, but a man with calm eyes and a beard whitened by frost — looked at him, studied him briefly, and nodded.

“You’re Sipan?”

“Yes.”

“They told me you work well.”

“I work.”

The man smiled. “That’s enough.”

Sipan received gloves, a jacket, a task. He was to help secure steel beams on the third floor. Heavy work. Dangerous work. Work that allowed no thoughts.

He liked that.

The wind whipped across the open floors, carrying the smell of metal and snow. Sipan worked with focus — step by step, grip by grip. The cold bit into his fingers, but he ignored it. He was good at ignoring things that hurt.

Beside him worked an older man, Hasan, a Kurd from Silêmanî. He spoke little, but when Sipan lifted a beam, Hasan helped without a word.

After an hour Hasan said, “You’re from Rojava.”

Sipan nodded.

“You can hear it.”

“I don’t talk much.”

“You can hear that too.”

They kept working. The rhythm of the work was like a heartbeat — steady, calming, necessary.

During lunch break, Sipan sat on a pallet and drank hot tea from a plastic cup. Hasan sat beside him.

“You have something in your eyes,” Hasan said.

“What?”

“Winter.”

Sipan smiled faintly. “I have a lot of winter.”

“Winter passes.”

“Sometimes it stays.”

Hasan looked at him — long, quiet. “Only if you hold onto it.”

Sipan said nothing. The tea was hot, but it didn’t warm him.

In the afternoon the work grew harder. A beam had to be realigned, and Sipan climbed onto a narrow platform swaying in the wind. He held on, feeling the height, the cold, the danger.

And suddenly — a moment, a single moment — he felt something he hadn’t felt in a long time.

Clarity.

Not peace. Not happiness. But clarity.

He was here. He was working. He was alive. He was not falling.

When the beam finally sat in place, he climbed down again. His hands trembled — not from fear, but from exhaustion.

The foreman clapped his shoulder. “Good job.”

Sipan nodded. He felt heavy, but not empty.

When the workday ended, he stood for a moment and looked at the raw structure. The sun was low, casting long shadows across the concrete. The sky was clear, almost blue.

He thought of the courtyard. Of Janett. Of Mira. Of Luna.

Of the argument. Of the winter. Of the letter in his jacket.

He took the letter out. Looked at it. Unfolded it.

Then tore it in two. Then in four. Then in eight.

The pieces of paper fell into the snow. Quiet. Soft. Like small white birds.

Sipan breathed deeply. Winter was still there. But he was no longer alone in it.

He turned and walked away. Slowly. But steadily.

The new construction site rose behind him — an unfinished building, a promise, a beginning.

And Sipan knew: he was still on his way. But maybe — just maybe — this time he wasn't moving away from something.

He was moving toward something.

Epilogue – *Sipan in Morning Light*

Morning was quiet. Not the quiet of night, not the quiet of winter — a different quiet, one that lay over the city like a thin veil and softened everything. Berlin rested under a bright, almost delicate light, as if someone had remixed the colors of the world.

Sipan stood on a bridge over the Spree. The snow had melted; only thin remnants clung to the railings. The water below was dark but calm. A bird skimmed across the surface, drawing a line only it could see.

Sipan leaned forward, his hands wrapped around the cold metal. He breathed deeply. The air was clear, fresh, almost sweet.

He thought of winter. Of the nights that had swallowed him. Of the cold that had followed him like a second shadow.

He thought of the new construction site. Of the height that had frightened and freed him at once. Of Hasan, who had told him that winter only stayed if one held onto it.

He thought of the letter he had torn apart. Of the words now lying somewhere in the snow — perhaps blown away, perhaps still there. Of the door in his dream, half open.

And he thought of the three women. Janett — fire that challenged him. Mira — water that reflected him. Luna — wind that moved him.

He didn't know whether he would see them again. He didn't know whether he should. But he knew they had been part of a path he needed to walk to understand where he stood.

The sun climbed higher. Its light touched his face — warm, careful, like a hand reaching out to him.

Sipan closed his eyes. He listened to the city. Not loud, not demanding — more like a breath that no longer drowned him out.

He was still a vagabond. Still a man without a plan. Still someone who lived into the day.

But something had changed. Not loudly, not visibly — more like a small crack in the ice through which water began to flow again.

He opened his eyes. The Spree glittered. A boat drifted past, slowly, as if it had no reason to hurry.

Sipan smiled. A quiet, genuine smile.

He didn't know where he would go. Maybe back to the construction site. Maybe to a café. Maybe into a street he hadn't yet discovered.

But for the first time in a long while, he felt that it didn't matter. Not today. Not now.

The morning belonged to him. The city belonged to him. His path belonged to him.

And Sipan — the man who belonged everywhere and nowhere — began to walk. Not away from something. Not toward something.

Simply forward.

Like a mountain that does not move, yet whose shadow shifts with the light.

Like Sipan. In the morning light.