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## The Wrong Guests



This story happened a few years ago. I had an aunt with a good job. She was beautiful but she had no husband. Our family thought she should marry. One day, one of our relatives told us about her neighbor. Her neighbor had a young son. He had a good job. This relative told my grandparents he would be a good husband. My grandparents said, "Ok, it is possible. First, we want to meet his family. After this meeting, we will decide and give an answer."

Two days later, we prepared to meet our guests. My aunt was excited. She wore her most beautiful dress. We waited for them. A few minutes later, someone knocked on our door. I opened the door. There were four women at the door. I said, "Welcome. Please come in." They entered our home and sat in the living room. We started to talk about daily events, news, and soap operas. While we spoke, my aunt made Turkish coffee. She offered everyone some

coffee. After we finished our coffee, the four women turned over their cups and started telling us their problems.

One of them said, "I have a husband. He drinks a lot of alcohol. I am tired of living with him." Another woman said, "I have a daughter. She is 18 years old. She is studying for the university exam. This is her second time. I wonder if she will pass it." We were shocked and looked at each other. These women came here for my aunt but they were speaking about their problems. We were confused why they would tell us. We got angry at our family members for telling us about this family.

While we were thinking about these things, one of them asked, "How much do you charge for looking at coffee cups?" We were shocked again and my grandmother said, "What are you talking about? We are not fortune tellers! Who are you looking for?" The women said, "We came to Ayşe's house. She is a fortune teller. This is her house, isn't it?" My grandmother said, "No. She is our neighbor. She lives next to us." The women said, "Ohhh!! We are sorry. We are in the wrong house." Then they thanked us for the coffee and left. One hour later, our real guests arrived. My grandmother opened the door and asked, "Who are you looking for?"

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