

**KULE  
KİTAP**

# It's not my cup of TEE

Rawda Jerbi Ben Bechir



**Kule Kitap®**

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## **PUBLISHING POLICIES OF KULE KİTAP PUBLISHING HOUSE**

Kule Kitap:

It is a publishing house that resists the wear of time through the intellectual and artistic values on which it rises, much like towers renowned for their solid structures and long lifespans. It aims to leave a rich legacy for the future through the connection between the past and the present.

It targets publishing intellectual and artistic works that offer readers a broader intellectual perspective and a deeper aesthetic appreciation within the cultural spectrum, from the classical to the modern.

With its principled publishing approach, it will uphold the fundamental characteristics of the Republic of Türkiye and the values outlined in the Constitution, remaining independent of any ideology or political agenda.

When selecting works to include in its collection, it will ensure they are capable of guiding and inspiring future generations, are original in content, and of high quality in language and expression.

It will prioritize selecting works that serve the general benefit of society, emphasizing educational, informative, and aesthetic values rooted in literary, artistic, or scientific significance, rather than commercial interests.

While expanding the diversity of its works through a rich publication portfolio that includes different perspectives, cultures, and lan-

guages, it will meticulously select distinguished works that stand out for their quality within the culture to which they belong to.

It will obtain written statements from authors confirming that no plagiarism or ethical violations have occurred, and will be vigilant in protecting intellectual property rights.

While passing each book on as a legacy for the future, it invites readers seeking depth and meaning—rather than the ordinary—on an intellectual journey to the highest peaks.

Wishing to be of value...



*My parrot, as if it is my favorite, is the only one that is allowed to speak.*

Daniel Defoe/ *Robinson Crusoe*

### **Acknowledgments**

I remain eternally grateful to my parents: My mum Bakhta who taught me tough love, respect, determination and so much more that has helped me succeed in life, and my father Abdelkrim who taught me the golden rule to treat others as you want to be treated.

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### **Author's biography**

Rawda Jerbi Ben Beshir, 65 year old Tunisian woman, writer and lute player. She is Polyglot, speaking 6 languages. The first publications were in Arabic, in English and in Turkish.” *In the footsteps of Reis Darghouth, Djerba the apotheosis*”, Hibiscus publishing, 2013 – “*The whirling dervishes*”, Hibiscus publishing, 2015.  
CEO of CDMIND Community Digital Mind (Digital intelligent communities). The company specializes in digitalization and multimedia.



## **Dedication**

To my beloved children, who are so infinitely precious to me:

Leyla, Mohamed Radwen and Anis.

To my grandchild Jed, who is so special to me.

May your present and future always be kind and gentle.

With all my love,

Mum

R.j.b.b.



## **PART I**

The Curse of April 9 Square



At Boulevard April 9, an urban square of the same name has been set up there. As soon as you entered in, and the further you moved away from its extremities, you were invaded by a certain serenity that contrasted enormously with the infernal noise of the city coming from its endless traffic and all its lot of horns, smells of the yellow buses degassing, screeching, and audible warning—this “ding” of the light metro of line 4, however far away that has been coming from Manouba, crossing the place Bab Sadoun towards Bab El Kadra, as well as the shrill ringing of a nearby college announcing the end of classes every hour. A seller of corn hoots was busily turning them over on a well-heated brazier, from which a few sparks escaped, delighting young and old who had been watching the show, patiently waiting their turn. Thus, this square in the city centre was understood in many ways by residents: For some, it was a place of passage, a transition in the journey no more; for others, it was a place of relaxation and idleness.

Were early afternoon. The sky was blue; it was a beautiful sunny day in early fall. Two children, Taysir 12-year-old, the smartest of both, and Malik 11-year-old, more combative, nicknamed “mule head” because he never gave up a crumb, seemed to have fun in the square. The two boys have been neighbours for several years, living in a building behind the April 9 Square, and classmates in the same school. They were sharing the passion for the ball since their first steps. The ball was returned from one to the other with great speed and to whoever kept it the longest at his foot. From time to time, we heard a few good-for-

noting insults on both sides: Squash head! Old carrot! Wrinkled potato! Rotten banana...and then, happy, carefree laughter grow louder.

Suddenly, the black spotted yellow balloon has landed on the knees of a man in his sixties, slender, thin as a brush, with smooth, ashy hair with a yellowish layer, who was testifying to the number of cigarettes smoked since his birth, or almost, and quickly recognisable to his very particular way of moving: He had a very singular manner of moving his feet; he walked like an ostrich, a character who really stood out the nails! He was sitting on a bench that he had appropriated day and night and had made simply his own since the municipal officers had first bolted it to this place so long ago. He looked threatening, but deep down, he was not as dangerous as that; all he asked for was to be left in peace on this bench, precisely that he has been squatting day and night since the setting up of this square. He stopped muttering the words, that he was the only one who knew the meaning, when he was challenged by certain idle young people who mocked him and tried to provoke him just to hear his incomparable eloquence when it came out of his mouth in a string of insults and obscene words that had accumulated in his mind over decades in a very sad place. That had earned him the nickname of the 'foolish.'. Next to him, he had put his eternal backpack down, which he used as a cushion when night fell and when no one was left in the square. So, he pulled out a blanket that had lost its colour and had retained the smell of stale and vomit. Then he stretched on the bench, resting his head firmly on his backpack.