

3- Hakan RENÇBER

Imaginary Medieval Life of Mary Wollstonecraft

This work was influenced by my current reading of the mentioned writer. Instead of raw letters, the idea was turned into a fiction

It was approaching to eventide when Mary realized she had been knitting for almost a half-day. For she lost her husband in the long-standing war with France 2 years ago and her father even before that again in a religion-based war, she started to knit particularly for monastery buildings to earn her living with her poor child since their lives started to fall downhill. After giving a gaze to the unfinished fragment of the curtain that was ordered by the nun, she heard the tearful voice of her child. She always believed that her fate was drawn with the meaning of her name, and she accepted such life. ‘Oh my dear’ she said when she started to calm Margery down, and all of a sudden, her sadness doubled when the fact that the same fate will welcome her child hit Mary’s face. She was literate thanks to her father who backed Mary’s literary interests. However, she could not make use of it by any means since she probably would be ignored in the intellectual circles of England without her husband.

‘My husband’ she murmured. She loved her husband but the fact she is completely invisible and useless was driving her into a frenzy. Maybe she could stand her current condition lifelong but most definitely could not if she would see Margery in the same path. It was one of those times a potent urge for expression knocked on the door of Mary’s mind. She pulled a set of linen rag, a quill and ink out of their places which she stole from the church gradually in her visits to see the nun. For some reason, Mary was almost sure that the nun with the same name as Mary’s child noticed her attempts but act as she did not. Since then, she wanted to convince herself that the nun was such a person who opposed the freedom of writing, or education generally, was dramatically associated with men. While flashing a glance to the quill with a shaded hope, she was caught off guard by the imaginary persona she uploaded to the nun. ‘How’ she said, ‘How could the right of decent education be for only men and how wicked is a society which entertains such opinion.’ While words were being poured on the rag and letters touch upon the subjects from gender egalitarianism to the cruelty and needlessness of wars in all aspects. If there is a faith, it should be associated with reason; if there is a society, it should embrace virtuousness by all means. When she finally left the quill, she felt that maybe none of that will be known and internalized. Yet, considering that the virtue is to tell the truth in all circumstances, she looked at her child with a promising pleasure that desires for the days in which the era she was living will be deemed as bigoted.