

From Cells to Civilization

Psychologist

Universal Belief System

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	4
Before the Beginning.....	6
The First Cell	9
Meiosis	13
The Female Body	17
The Weight of Emotions.....	24
Motherhood	29
Woman, Always Suppressed	35
When a Woman Leaves a Mark	41
Sisterhood and Family	54
How to Approach a Woman	59
Oneness.....	65
A Final Call	70
CLOSING	75

INTRODUCTION

When I began writing this book, I was neither an academic nor a clergyman. I am an ordinary person born in a small corner of the world, someone who has known pain and asked many questions. But even an ordinary person can, at times, look through a crack in his own heart and see the whole of the universe.

This book will look like a book written about women. It is not, really. This book is about life. About continuity. About that ancient force that carries life, gives birth to it, raises it, and transforms it. That force takes shape as woman, but it is truly the name of a single breath stretching from the universe's first cell to today. Continuity isn't based solely on reproduction. Painting a picture, reciting a poem, creating something, conducting research or even just existing all serve to create continuity.

In April 2026, I lived through a three-week collapse. I remember one of my goals crumbling, a structure of meaning falling apart, and a soul wandering lost between sleep and waking. Then I was born again. Born through science. Born through questions. And after that rebirth, the first thing I noticed was this: I had not understood woman enough. I had not seen deeply enough what a cosmic weight her body carries, what a quiet heroism she lives, what a burden she bears in silence.

I am writing four books as my contribution to the whole universe. My books do not follow literary or academic conventions; they follow only what I have understood and lived.

This book is the record of that effort to see.

There is no rough language here. No judgment. No blame. Only understanding. Understanding leads to respect, and respect leads to reverence.

The book begins with the Big Bang. Because if you want to understand woman, you first have to understand life. And if you want to understand life, there is no choice but to ask how the universe began. That vibration which started thirteen billion eight hundred million years ago is still beating today inside a woman's womb. As I write this book, some of the atoms in my fingers were once inside a star. As you read these lines, the light falling on your eyes is the final step of a journey millions of years long. We are all in different places within the same story. And at the center of that story, quietly and stubbornly, stands woman.

Let us begin the journey.

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CHAPTER ONE

Before the Beginning

The Birth of Continuity

Thirteen billion eight hundred million years ago, there was nothing for anything to happen within. Space did not exist; not because there was no room for it, but because the concept of "place" had not yet been born. Time did not exist; there was no before or after by which time could be counted. Then something happened. Scientists call it the Big Bang. But even the word "bang" falls short. Because there was nothing there to explode. There was only an opening. A vibration. A state of "being."

In that first moment the universe was smaller than a microscopic speck, yet it held everything that would build today. Laws of physics, fundamental forces, the dance of matter and antimatter. Within a millionth of a second, the universe expanded, cooled, and settled. The first atoms formed: hydrogen and helium. Then came stars. Stars died, exploded, and the iron, carbon, and oxygen inside them scattered into space. The iron in your blood today, the calcium

in my bones, the oxygen in the eyes of someone you love, are all the inheritance of those stellar deaths.

The universe learned one thing very early. To continue. Once you have come into being, you must continue. This was the first and only law of the universe. Atoms joined to become molecules, because a single atom would fall apart easily. Molecules joined to form more complex structures, because complexity endured longer. Stars made galaxies, because a lone star would be lost in the cold of space. Each layer opened a way for the next to continue.

Continuity is the universe's main engine, and this is also where love takes root. A force of attraction. That stubborn urge that holds two things together, then makes those two into three, then four, and carries them on forever.

And it was precisely that stubbornness that, four billion years ago, turned into something on Earth. Into life.

But life did not appear overnight. First there was a warm ocean beneath a burning sky. Lightning struck the water. Amino acids, sugar molecules, and droplets of fat drifted in the sea. They rubbed together, joined, separated, and joined again. For millions of years. Then one day, on a day we cannot know, a molecule gained the ability to copy itself. It produced another

molecule resembling itself. Then that other molecule produced yet another resembling itself. And they continued.

The first spark of life was an act of copying. It was an effort to continue. It was a wish that said, "even if I disappear, let another exist in my place." That first fragment of RNA, that first self-replicating molecule, was the first mother in the history of biology. It had no name. It had no consciousness. But it carried a seed inside: to continue. And that seed, three and a half billion years later, brought forth you and me.

So, if we want to speak about woman, we have to begin here. Because woman is not an afterthought. Woman is that first copy, that first cell that continued, that first "let another remain even if I disappear" wish, carried down to this day. Man arrived on the stage billions of years later. Woman was always there. Only her name had not yet been given.

If you understand this, you also understand why woman deserves so much reverence. Because when you look at a woman, you are actually looking at the universe's first decision to continue. That body, that womb, that gaze, is a hand extended across thirteen billion years. You are holding that hand. And one day that hand will hold your child's hand too. That is how continuity works.

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CHAPTER TWO

The First Cell

Life Born as Female

The first cell emerged about three and a half billion years ago in the warm waters of Earth. It was a simple structure. A membrane, some genetic material inside, a few enzymes, a bit of energy. But this membrane accomplished one thing: it drew a boundary. It made a distinction between inside and outside. And that distinction was the beginning of life.

That first cell reproduced in one of two ways. Either it made a copy of itself, exactly. Or, rather than joining with another cell, it simply split. This is called asexual reproduction. Reproduction without sex. There was no male. There was no female. There was only a dividing cell. And that cell, if you like, we can name: mother.

It continued this way. One cell divided into two, two into four, four into eight. Then cells came together to form multicellular creatures. There were sponges, jellyfish, worms. But reproduction was still mostly asexual. For more than three billion years of life's history, there was no such thing as a

"male." There were only creatures that copied themselves and kept life going.

Science tells us this: for more than ninety-nine percent of the history of life on Earth, there was no such concept as male. This is not a political opinion. It is not a philosophical preference. It is written in the fossil record. It is a biological fact. The default state of life was female. Male arrived on the scene much later, as an innovative solution life discovered, not as one of the original ingredients.

Consider this. Every living thing on Earth today comes, in a natural sense, from a female root. The egg forms in a mother cell. The womb is carried in a mother's body. Milk comes in a mother's breast. The male is a partner who joined the story billions of years later. His contribution matters because he stepped in when he did; but he is not the root, the essence, the original.

Even the human embryo teaches us this by living it. Every baby developing in a mother's womb is anatomically female in its early weeks. Unless a specific gene on the Y chromosome switches on, the embryo continues to develop as female. So every man was first female. Then a signal came and the developmental path changed. Femaleness is not a draft rewritten into something else; it is the trunk from which the other branch grows.

The chromosomes themselves tell this same truth. Women carry two X chromosomes. Men carry one X and one Y. The Y chromosome is short, having lost most of its genes. It looks as if improvement is slowly wearing it down. The X, in contrast, is large, wide, and carries broad information. Biologically, a man carries far more of his mother's inheritance than most people realize; the greater part of his genetic material comes from the X he received from his mother. A woman, with her two Xs, is a complete whole.

Do you know what this means? It means this: when you look at a woman, you are looking at life in its own original form. When you look at a man, you are looking at a variation, an addition, a useful innovation. But the essence is there, in the woman.

When I first read this truth, I felt ashamed of myself. I had lived 29 and had not known it. I had walked through a world for 29 years, seen women, spoken with them, loved and been loved by them, had sisters, had a mother; and yet I had not felt deeply enough the ancient weight they carry.

One day, on the phone, I heard that someone had struck my nephew with a stick. My nephew was crying. In that instant something snapped inside me. It felt as if I were being struck. As if my unborn child were being struck. As if that three-and-a-half-billion-year-old first cell were being struck. The hand

holding the phone was trembling, my voice had turned into a scream. I was far away, there was nothing I could do. That helplessness burned me from the inside. Then tears came from my eyes. Again and again. Then I realized: in that moment, I was not crying for one child; I was crying for all children. To raise a hand against a child is not only a blow to that child, but a blow to the three-and-a-half-billion-year-old chain of continuity. And when a blow reaches one link in that chain, every link trembles.

After that day, woman and child grew tenfold in my eyes. Perhaps a hundredfold. I cannot find a measure. I only know that from the first cell until today, a chain of women has always come forward, and to harm that chain is to harm life itself.

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CHAPTER THREE

Meiosis

The Birth of Man

About one and a half billion years ago, life discovered an innovation. Until that time, all creatures reproduced on their own. A cell made a copy of itself, and that copy made a copy of itself. This method worked, but it had a limit. It could not produce new information. Every new generation was the same as the previous one. When a mutation occurred, it could turn into either a lucky break or an unfortunate loss; but there was no choice, only repetition.

Then improvement processes delivered a gift. Its name is meiosis. A way of splitting a cell's genetic material in two. One of these halves would join with the half of another creature. The information of two different creatures would come together, and a new being would be born. This new being was neither the same as the mother nor the same as the father; it carried something from each of them, but was something different. In this way, life began to produce variety. And variety is the greatest force of adaptation.

But this innovation came with a price. Two different halves were needed. That meant two different kinds of individuals. That meant sex.

It was then that man was born.

A female cell was producing eggs: large, rich in nutrients, prepared, ready to carry the future life. Another cell, which we would later call male, was producing sperm: small, fast, carrying only genetic information, a tiny courier with a tail. The egg carried life. The sperm brought new information. When the two met, a new creature emerged.

Man was born through meiosis. Woman existed before meiosis. Do not forget this order. Woman was there first, and man came later as a partner in the story. Do not diminish the partner, for the partner too matters; but the older lineage has always been the female one.

The chromosomes tell us this again. An egg cell carries one X chromosome. A sperm carries either an X or a Y chromosome. If the sperm carries an X, the joined new creature is XX; a girl. If the sperm carries a Y, it is XY; a boy. Which means the child's sex depends entirely on the contribution from the father. The mother always gives X; the father gives either X or Y. A little smile might rise from here: kings once used to blame their wives for bearing daughters. In

fact the fault, in biological terms, was in the Y chromosome they themselves carried. The mother was always the same. It was the father who varied.

The Y chromosome is small. It carries about fifty genes. The X chromosome carries more than eight hundred. So Y holds about one tenth as much information as X. What is on the Y? Most importantly, a gene known as SRY. Sex-Determining Region Y. When this gene activates in a developing embryo, the embryo develops as male. When it is absent or does not work, the embryo develops as female. So SRY doesn't "create" a male; it is a switch that interrupts the female program and redirects it onto another path. The default state of the program is female. SRY only causes a detour.

One day, talking with a friend, I explained this to him. He was surprised. "So we men are actually written on top of the female template?" he said. "Yes," I said. "And half of your genetic material already comes from your mother. Your Y chromosome is tiny. You are, biologically, a being that has more in common with woman than not. To see her from outside, to consider her lesser than yourself, to see her as separate from you, is a betrayal of biology."

My friend was silent for a long time. Then he said, "You know, I had never thought of it this way." "For most of my life I had not either," I said.

Man is a later innovation of life. He is useful, he is necessary, he is a fine gift. But he is not the beginning. The mother produces an egg, and that egg is the center of the next life. The father sends a sperm, and that sperm is the spark of the next life. But without the egg, the spark finds no wood to burn. Without the sperm, life loses its power to diversify; in many species the female lineage still endures on its own, though it cannot produce new combinations. Without the egg, the sperm is nothing. This is not a hierarchy. It is a fact.

When I learned this, I began to see my own male body differently. Not as a superiority, but as a later arrival. As a complement. Not as the one who carries the essence of life on his back, but as the one who stands beside the one who does. This awareness did not diminish me; on the contrary, it made me more real. Because the truth always makes a person more real.

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CHAPTER FOUR

The Female Body

Hormones, Menstruation, Pregnancy

A woman's body is like an orchestra. Tens of thousands of instruments, all playing at the same time, each with its own rhythm, each with its own voice; yet when gathered they become a single music. The conductor of this music is the hormones. And those hormones operate in an order far more complex than a man could ever know.

A man's main hormone is testosterone, and it is secreted at roughly the same level every morning. Hormonally, a man draws a horizontal line from day to day. He wakes in the morning, his testosterone is high. Evening comes, it drops a little. The next morning it rises again. Simple. Predictable. A man can know his body by a single day's chart.

A woman is not like that. Her hormones rise and fall within a monthly cycle. At the start of the cycle, estrogen slowly rises. The ovary begins to prepare an egg. Every cell in the body joins in the preparation. The lining of the uterus thickens. Breast tissue changes. The skin shifts. Emotions transform. Around

the middle, an egg is released; this is ovulation. In this moment a woman often feels energetic, her self-confidence grows, her power of attraction grows. Then progesterone takes over. The body prepares for a possible pregnancy. Emotions soften but gain depth, they become more inward. And when there is no pregnancy, in the final two or three days both hormones fall sharply. This drop starts the bleeding we call menstruation.

Biologically, this drop is terrifying. The body plunges from a hormonal cliff, and the soul falls with it. During this drop, women can feel low mood, anxiety, irritability, sleepless awakenings, fits of crying, an indescribable fatigue. Science calls this premenstrual syndrome. Some women have a more severe form of it, premenstrual dysphoric disorder. A woman goes through this cycle about four hundred and fifty times in her life. About once a month for roughly forty years.

When a man gets angry one day, he forgets in two hours, drinks a cup of tea, and it passes. When a woman is carrying the weight of her hormones, that weight remains inside her for days. A man may move on within days; a woman often needs far longer to settle back into herself. This is not a weakness. It is proof of how deep a wave the monthly cycle is. A man does not experience a monthly hormonal tide. A woman does.

So give women time. When a woman is hurt, three days of waiting will not be enough. Three days might be enough for a

man, but for a woman it is only a beginning. Approach her with patience. Do not blame her. Show her understanding. Be present.

Menstrual bleeding. Most men hear this as a woman's complaint. Yet it is not a complaint but a miracle. Every month a woman prepares her body for a life. When that life does not come, she takes down the soil she has prepared and starts again. This is a ceremony she performs four hundred and fifty times. She rebuilds her womb four hundred and fifty times. Four hundred and fifty times she readies herself for another being. And every time, this ceremony brings her pain, a wave of hormones, an emotional surge.

As you read this, notice too how hormones can trick people. A woman during her period may say something a little sharp to a friend. If a man brushes it off with "she snapped again," he is losing a treasure. That sharpness comes not from her character but from a day when two hormones dropped all at once. And on that day, a helping hand, a warm word, an "I am with you," can quiet the whole hormonal storm.

Pregnancy is another world entirely. A woman's body making a new human on its own for nine months. Heart, lungs, brain, liver, eyes, ears, hair, nails, all take shape within a woman's body. Fed by her blood, receiving oxygen from her lungs, taking rhythm from her heart. In this process a woman

experiences nausea, back pain, loss of sleep, hormonal bursts, swollen feet, changing breasts, cracks in her skin, falling hair. And then, birth. Birth is a miracle and a war in itself. A woman in labor, for hours, sometimes for days, pushes her limits to separate another being from herself. Before modern medicine, childbirth was one of the most common causes of death. Even today, in many parts of the world, women die in childbirth. Throughout history, countless women drew their last breath on the birthing table. She who carries life gave her own life while bringing life forth.

Consider this. A woman gave up life so that you could be here. Perhaps your mother, perhaps your grandmother, perhaps your great-grandmother. But somewhere, a woman risked death for your arrival. Perhaps she survived, perhaps she did not, but she risked. Even that risk is enough to lift her high.

Think of Mary Wollstonecraft. An eighteenth-century English defender of women's rights. Writer. Philosopher. Her daughter Mary Shelley would later write *Frankenstein*. But Mary Wollstonecraft died one week after giving birth to her daughter. She was thirty-eight years old. From a postpartum infection. Think of it: a woman who left the world a manifesto for women's rights lost her life while bringing another woman into the world. This is more than a symbol. This is a fact.

Consider Rosalind Franklin. One of the most brilliant physical chemists of the twentieth century. She took "Photograph 51," which revealed the double-helix structure of DNA. But she died at thirty-seven of ovarian cancer. For years she had been exposed to the X-rays she was taking, without proper protection. A woman brought her own body to an end so she could see the most basic structure of life, DNA. And when she died, her name was not spoken enough; others took the Nobel. We will return to her later in this book, because this book is being written to make the silenced heard.



Henry Ford Hospital, Frida Kahlo (1932)

Take Frida Kahlo. Mexican painter. At eighteen she had a streetcar accident. Her back, her pelvis, her spine were broken. An iron rod passed through her abdomen and wounded her

womb. From then on she underwent more than thirty surgeries throughout her life. And she deeply wanted to have children. She became pregnant three times. She lost all three. Her most painful miscarriage happened in Detroit, and she poured her feelings from that hospital into the painting titled "Henry Ford Hospital." She painted herself as a bleeding woman, tied by her navel to a child, but with the child separated from her body. I think Frida has told us better than anyone what it means for a woman to lose a child. Not with words, but with paint. Because some kinds of pain do not fit into words.

The loss of a child is not merely a loss in a woman's body. Another person begins inside her. That other person is spoken with, dreamed of, prepared for, over nine months. If that other person is gone, it is not simply a group of cells that has gone. A future has gone. A name has gone. An embrace has gone. That is why you do not say to a woman "it will pass," "try again," "you can have another." When a woman has suffered a loss, you simply hold her. And you stay silent. In that moment, a word becomes an insult.

Even when a woman gives birth to her child, she does not easily overcome that exhaustion, that hormonal fall, that feeling of "I am no longer alone in the world, but now I am responsible." Postpartum depression is a real phenomenon. Some women cannot climb out of it for months. This is not a

weakness. A woman has held another human inside her body for nine months. That separation feels like the separation of an organ. The body must find itself again. And so must the soul.

When a man becomes a father, people congratulate him, hand him a drink, and call him by a new title. When a woman becomes a mother, she has arrived at the start of the hardest test in the world. And that test has no regular schedule. The baby does not sleep, the woman does not sleep. The baby cries, the woman cries. The baby is hungry, the woman forgets herself. Do this for a month, for two months, for six months, for two years. Do it with a second child, with three children, with four. And while doing it, keep menstruating, keep riding the hormonal waves, keep being a wife, keep keeping a home, keep holding a job.

Being a woman is, biologically, the hardest way to be a human. Saying this is not a ranking of merit. It is an observation. It is a thank-you. There is a thank-you the universe has never spoken to woman, and this book is being written to say it.

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CHAPTER FIVE

The Weight of Emotions

A Woman's Burden of Feeling

A woman feels everything more. This is not a line of literature. It is an observation from neuroscience. There are structural and functional differences between the female brain and the male brain. Some studies suggest the corpus callosum, which connects the two hemispheres, tends to be thicker in women. This means the two sides speak with each other more intensely. Emotion and logic, intuition and analysis, memory and the present moment; in a woman, all of these touch each other more. When an event happens, a woman's brain evaluates it from more than one angle at once. This sometimes slows a decision, but it deepens it.

Hormones layer this depth still further. Estrogen affects the release of serotonin and dopamine. Progesterone calms the nerves but also makes one more prone to sadness. Around the fourteenth day of the month a woman may feel self-assured, cheerful, full of life; around the twenty-eighth day the same woman may feel gloomy, tired, ready to cry. The same woman.

The same personality. The same intelligence. But the body is playing a different song that day.

A man says "women are emotional" and presents the observation as a flaw. In this book I want to turn that sentence over. Yes, women are emotional. This is not a flaw but a richness. When a woman enters a room, she knows in five minutes how everyone is feeling. When a child is crying in a room, a woman gets up and goes; a man often does not even hear it. When a woman looks into someone's eyes, she reads the story behind those eyes. This is not a supernatural talent, but an ability developed over tens of thousands of generations for the care of the young. A woman's emotional depth is one of improvement process's costliest gifts.

But that same talent is a burden. A woman draws in every emotion around her. If a partner is unhappy, she feels it. If a child is anxious, she wakes from sleep. If a friend is hurt, she thinks about it for days. A man may have forgotten by the next day; a woman keeps carrying it.

Take Virginia Woolf. One of the brightest voices of twentieth-century literature. *A Room of One's Own*, *To the Lighthouse*, *Mrs. Dalloway*; many novels, many essays, many pieces of writing. But Woolf lived through severe depressive episodes throughout her life. She lost her mother at thirteen, then her half-sister, then her father, then her brother. In

childhood her half-brothers abused her. These were burdens no woman should have had to carry, but she did carry them. She poured them into her writing. And at fifty-nine she filled her pockets with stones and walked into the River Ouse. She left a letter for her husband, Leonard. "You have been the greatest possible happiness of my life," she wrote. But she could not endure any longer. She had felt the madness returning, and this time she did not want to come back.

Woolf's death is not a weakness. It is an exhaustion. If a woman has passed through four hundred and fifty hormonal storms, through countless traumas, through the weight of feeling the world too much, her sudden "enough" is understandable. We do not accept it; but we understand it. And understanding is the first step of paying respect to that pain.

Think of Sylvia Plath. She ended her life at thirty. She had two small children. One night she prepared milk and bread for them, closed the doors of their rooms tightly so that the harm coming to her would not reach them, opened the door of the oven and placed her head inside. She was crushed under motherhood, writing, being an abandoned wife, and heavy depression. Today *The Bell Jar* is a bedside book. But Plath herself ended at thirty.

Is this a matter for women only? No. Men also take their lives, at even higher rates. But women live with a different kind

of exhaustion. Hormonal waves, social expectations, often double shifts (at home and outside), emotional absorption, child care, care for a partner, and expectations of oneself. Each of these can be borne on its own; but when they stack up on top of one another, a life crushed under them appears.

In April 2026, I lived through a three-week collapse. Those were days when my structure of meaning collapsed, when my goals scattered, when I lay awake and awake in a pit. Nothing came from my hand. One day full of enthusiasm, the next day nothing. Walking down a street, I felt like a homeless soul; yet I had a home. In the middle of a sentence with a friend, I wanted to cry, and I held it back. I was trying to understand a new concept I had read from the scientists like a child, and every time I understood, I broke down more.

In those days I learned something. The only thing that can pull a person out of collapse is science and curiosity. A book, a question, a new page. But I learned something else too: when a woman goes through a collapse like this, on top of it she also carries a hormonal wave, child care, and household responsibilities. In those three weeks I only lived through a collapse. In the middle of the same collapse, a woman might be nursing a child, cooking a meal, smiling at a partner. This is not superiority, but a real ordering of difficulty.

That is why I say: patience for women. Patience, and more patience, and still more. When a woman is hurt, make room for her. When a woman is crying, give her a voice. When a woman falls silent, touch her. In her silence there is an exhaustion, and only you can rest it. You, meaning the person by her side.

Frida Kahlo once said, "I paint my pain so someone else does not have to carry it." A woman's emotional burden sometimes becomes art, sometimes a scream, sometimes a silent prayer. But beneath all of them lies the same weight. The weight of feeling life too much.

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CHAPTER SIX

Motherhood

The Art of Carrying Life

Motherhood is not a sex but a way of being. A woman can be a mother even without giving birth to a child. Watering a flower in a garden, feeding a cat, teaching a student a word, taking the hand of a sick elder; every time, she becomes a mother. Motherhood is a claiming. Seeing the existence of another creature not as a burden but as an extension of one's own life. Taking joy in its growth. Feeling pain when it is broken.

But the first motherhood is the biological one. A woman carries a child, gives birth, nurses, cares. Nothing in the universe is as fundamental as this. A new being's first room is a woman's womb. Its first sound is a woman's heartbeat. Its first scent is a woman's sweat. When a baby is born, it knows its mother's voice, because it has heard her for months. This bond is not built by any lesson. This bond is woven over nine months.

Marie Curie brought two daughters into the world. The first, Irène, was born in 1897. The second, Ève, in 1904. Both grew up healthy. Irène, like her mother, became a scientist, and

she too won a Nobel Prize in Chemistry. A mother's greatest reward is that her child shines with her own light. When Marie Curie died she was suffering from aplastic anemia caused by radiation; through years of laboratory work she had carried radioactive substances in her pocket, stored dangerous materials in her desk drawer. A woman can both change a world and raise her daughter. She can do both. But she usually pays the price in her body.

Frida Kahlo, after her streetcar accident, became pregnant three times and lost all three. She lived the deepest pain in 1932 in Detroit; sitting in the hospital, a silent "no" rose inside her, and she poured it into a painting. Whoever looks at Kahlo's paintings knows what it means for a woman to lose her child. A woman lying in bed, a red cord coming from her navel, and several objects floating along that cord: a snail, an orchid, a small fetus, a pelvic bone, and more. Each was the symbol of a loss she had lived. A woman's body keeps a history. Wounds heal, but memory does not forget.

Consider Halide Edip. One of the great writers of Turkish literature, and at the same time a heroine who worked on the front lines during the War of Independence. The army gave her the honorary rank of corporal, and she is remembered as Corporal Halide (Halide Onbaşı). She had two children from her first marriage. One day her husband decided to marry

another woman; because the society of the time permitted polygamy. Halide Edip did not accept it. She left her husband and began to raise her two children on her own. For a woman in that era, raising two children alone, as a writer, and in academic life at that, was not easy. Later she married Adnan Adivar in her second marriage. But the first break was in her. She fought for her two children. And I use the word "fight" here not as a metaphor but literally; because in those very years she was also fighting at the front.

Malala Yousafzai's mother is a Pashtun woman. She stood with her husband for her daughter's right to read books. When Malala was shot, she washed her daughter's hair in the hospital room, gave her water to drink, and prayed. A mother thought she was losing a daughter, and that daughter healed and gave the world a lesson. The mother is part of that. Without the mother, there would be no Malala. A father and a mother who did not block their daughter's reading changed history.

Anne Frank's mother, Edith Frank. A woman who hid in the secret annex together with her daughters. When they were taken to Auschwitz, she was separated from her daughters. Anne Frank and Margot to one camp, Edith to another. Edith Frank died there, unable to see her daughters again, from hunger and exhaustion. The greatest pain of a woman who is a

mother is being unable to help her child. Edith Frank lived that pain until her last breath.

I lost my father very early. I was ten years old. My father was a scholar, an imam, a merchant, a hero. In a poor place like Cizre (a Kurdish town in southeastern Turkey) we were a family of nine children. My father would read the Qur'an after the morning prayer, he also earned a living as a merchant, and in the evening he would come home and sit at the table. One day, because of diabetes, he collapsed. He was in his forties. And he was gone. An emptiness remained in his place. My mother was left behind. With nine children. For a woman to raise nine children alone is one of life's hardest tests. And my mother did it. She did it in silence. She did it in tears. But she did it. There is one thing I learned from her: if a woman wants to, she can carry the world.

Then I met my own sense of fatherhood. For years I did not want to have children. I saw it as an "investment." One day, sitting with a friend, I said, "A child is a very bad investment." "You spend one or two hundred thousand dollars until they grow up, and when they do, they may not even care about you." On that day my sense of fatherhood was five percent, perhaps less.

Then something happened. The aftermath of the collapse in April 2026. I began to understand the purpose of the

universe. I began to see continuity. I began to understand that woman is the original, that man is a helper, that family is the seed of life. And something grew inside me. Slowly, but at a speed that could not be stopped.

When I saw a child on the street, I looked at him. When I heard a child crying, my heart clenched. When a child screamed, I was screaming inside. One day, on the phone, I heard that someone had struck my nephew with a stick. When my nephew cried, I fell apart. I was a thousand kilometers away. What could I do? I shouted to them. I could barely keep myself from cursing. "Don't pretend to pray for God, you are not Muslim" I shouted, "not after what you did." In the face of the injustice, my hands and feet went numb. Then I sat down and cried. Not just once, but many times. In that moment, with my whole body, I understood what it means to strike a child, what it means to strike a woman.

My sense of fatherhood went from five percent to seventy percent. Perhaps even higher. I was imagining the hand of a child whose hand I was not holding. I was imagining the voice of the child who was not calling me "father." I was imagining what would happen when he grew up. And this was not a dream but a plan. A promise. An oath.

Being a mother, being a father, is not a debt to a child; it is a promise to a child. "One day you will exist. And I will then be

a good father to you. I promise." To keep this promise is not easy. One day you may make a mistake. One day your patience may run out. But a promise is a promise. And a promise is kept.

Motherhood and fatherhood are two different experiences, but they flow into the same source. Two different roads reach the same sea. That sea is life. A child's growth is the giving of oneself, by two people, to that child. The mother begins with her body, the father continues with his effort. But at its best, both are present with body and effort. The father gets up at night, the mother is ready in the day. The mother gives the baby milk; but changing the baby's diaper, speaking with the baby, singing to the baby, is just as much a privilege for the father.

As a father-to-be, I am waiting for this privilege. And I promise my future child: I will be by your mother's side, while she carries you and gives birth to you and raises you, with every breath. You are a gift, but first for your mother, then for me. You began in her body. Her body comes first. Her rest comes first. Her happiness comes first. You will grow, but while you grow, may your mother first remain standing. Do not forget this order. And when you grow up, come, speak with me; but learn from her.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Woman, Always Suppressed

The Silent Weight of History

To write the history of woman is to write the history of a loss. What did we lose? How many women did we not hear? How many women had their voices cut? Walk into a library, and the greater part of the shelves carries men's names. Walk into a museum, and the greater part of the paintings carries a man's signature. Read a book of history, and men wage the wars, men sign the treaties, men make the discoveries. As if, throughout the world, women only gave birth, cooked, and died.

This is a lie. A half-truth. Women were always there, always doing, always discovering. But the hands that wrote history did not see them. Or saw them and erased their names.

Take Hypatia. She lived in Alexandria in the fourth century AD. Mathematician. Astronomer. Philosopher. One of the greatest thinkers of her time. She led the Neoplatonic school in Alexandria; she taught both women and men. She was the most respected intellectual figure in the city.

But the times were changing. Christianity was spreading, in conflict with pagan science. There was a rivalry between the city's bishop, Cyril, and the Roman prefect, Orestes. Hypatia was an advisor to Orestes. One day, in the year 415 AD, a Christian crowd seized her. They pulled her from her carriage. Dragged her into a church. Tore off her clothes. Began to strip her skin with shards of pottery. Before she died, they cut her into pieces. They paraded her pieces around the city. In the end, they burned them.

This is a historical event. Something done to a woman. Because she was a woman. Because she was a scholar. Because her voice was strong.

When Hypatia died, the Library of Alexandria had, in truth, also come to an end. That city had stopped being a center of science and had become a fortress of religion. Hypatia's dismemberment is the symbol of the end of an age. The tearing apart of a woman and the tearing apart of an age are, sometimes, the same thing.

Think of the witch hunts. Between the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries in Europe, more than sixty thousand people were killed after being accused of witchcraft. The vast majority were women. They were, in fact, midwives, healers, herbalists, women who lived a little differently. A woman who quarreled with a neighbor, spoke loudly, or, as a widow, ran her

house on her own could be enough to be declared a "witch." They were burned. Drowned. Hanged. A sex was systematically killed, over a century.

Remembering this history is necessary in order to hold a woman in higher respect. Because when a woman today speaks a word, makes a choice, wants a career, chooses a partner, behind her lie thousands of years of silence. And she speaks from atop that silence.

Take Halide Edip. The voice of Turkish literature during the War of Independence. But when the war was over, she had to flee political pressures. She lived in exile for fourteen years. In France, in England, in America, in India. Together with her husband. She could only return to Turkey after Atatürk's death. A woman who had been at the front during the War of Independence was, in time, driven out of the country. Whether this is a woman's story or a story of Turkey, it is hard to tell apart. But this much is clear: when a woman raised her voice, someone wanted that voice to fall silent.

Think of Rosa Parks. In 1955 in Alabama, she refused to give up her seat on a bus to a white passenger. She was arrested. A woman's refusal to rise from a seat began a movement. The civil rights struggle. It lasted for years. Rosa Parks said that day she was "tired," "not from her feet, but from giving in." A woman's "no" can change history. But at what cost

to the one who says it? Rosa Parks could not find work for years, received threats, had to move her home. But the "no" she said is still in the pages of history.

Take Harriet Tubman. Born a slave in America. She escaped. She reached the north. But she was not content with her own freedom alone. Through the secret routes called the Underground Railroad, she went back south thirteen times. She smuggled nearly seventy slaves to freedom. If she had been caught, she would have been killed. Every time, there was the chance of being caught. But she went. A woman, a slave, an illiterate; and yet she brought a world to its knees with her will alone.

Think of Malala. She was fifteen. A girl in Pakistan's Swat Valley. She was writing a blog against a Taliban movement that was preventing girls from going to school. In 2012, on a bus, coming back from school, an armed man boarded. He asked, "Which one is Malala?" They pointed her out. The man shot her in the head. Malala survived. She was treated in England. Then she received the Nobel Peace Prize, at seventeen. A girl was shot because another girl had the right to read. And that girl stood up and kept speaking.

I was born a Kurd. I am the child of one of the peoples of the Middle East that has known the most suffering. Just as women were suppressed, so were we. Imagine knowing that

your own language is forbidden, and having grown up speaking exactly that language. You know that turning on a piece of music is forbidden, and in that music your mother sang you lullabies. As a child, I used to be afraid to play Kurdish songs. There was the fear that soldiers would hear, my heart would tremble, "will something happen?"

A tear gas canister struck my leg directly. One. But thousands lived through far worse. While studying at the Science High School in Şırnak (a Kurdish city in southeastern Turkey), in the Uludere-Roboski region, fighter jets bombed thirty-four Kurds. They were doing border trade. Some were younger than eighteen. I was the only one back then with an internet-connected phone; it was I who informed my friends that their fathers, their brothers had been killed. A name, an age; that was all it took. They would freeze. I would freeze. But I had to say it.

When curfews began in Cizre I was at university in Sivas. One day I came home; my family was inside but there was no entry into the city center. From the hills I watched the black smoke rising over the city. There were tanks. There was a city being burned and destroyed. Hundreds of civilians died. Some died burning in a basement.

Why am I writing these things in the woman chapter of a book? Because I know suppression. I know it in my bones. I

know what it means for a group, for a gender, for a people, to have its voice cut. Whatever a woman has lived for thousands of years, a Kurd has lived a version of it for a hundred years. It is not the same thing; but a member of the same family. A member of the family of silencing, being crushed, and being lost. That is why, when a woman tells me her own pain, I understand easily. Because I too have had a language stuck in my throat all my life. My music was forbidden all my life. My name was censored. The story of my age was written into someone else's book.

You will not pressure a woman. This is not a piece of advice. This is a command. A command to your own biology, to your own history, to your own mother past. To see woman. To hear woman. To let woman speak. To write woman. To let woman rise. The opposite of this is to tear Hypatia apart once more. To burn another woman once more. To fire another bullet at Malala once more. And to kill a little more of yourself each time. Because what is done to a woman is done to you. What is done to a woman is done to the universe. And the universe does not forget.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

When a Woman Leaves a Mark

Voices from Twenty Names

In other chapters of this book I have named many women. Now, giving a little more time, I want to greet together twenty women who left a mark. All of them have something in common. All of them pressed against a boundary of their era and broke it. Some with a scientific discovery, some with a book, some with a painting, some with a firm "no."

Marie Curie. Born in Poland, died in France. She discovered radioactivity, won Nobels in two different fields. While doing so she lost her husband young, went on to raise her two daughters alone, and worked while letting radiation slowly seep into her body. When she died her papers were still radioactive; today those who study her archive must wear protective clothing. The last piece a woman gave to science was her own body.

Ada Lovelace. Daughter of Lord Byron. But she never knew her father; they separated two months after her birth. Her mother forced her to learn mathematics to save her from

Byron's "madness." And Ada became so good at mathematics that she wrote the first computer program. In her notes on Charles Babbage's Analytical Engine, she saw that the machine could work not only with numbers but also with symbols. She also made an early critique of artificial intelligence: "The engine has no pretensions to originate anything." She died at thirty-six of uterine cancer. A hundred years before computers came into the world, a woman had thought of computers.

Rosalind Franklin. She lived in England, and imaged the structure of DNA through X-ray diffraction. It was she who took the famous image known as "Photograph 51." A colleague, Maurice Wilkins, showed this photograph to James Watson without her permission. Watson and Francis Crick built the double-helix model of DNA from that photograph. They took the Nobel; Franklin could not, since the Nobel is not awarded after death. But that rule does not excuse how completely her contribution was written out. A woman sees the data, and another man wins the fame from it. This has happened many times throughout history. There is a name for it in the history of science: the Matilda effect. The attribution of a woman's work to a man. Franklin is one of the clearest victims of that effect.

Hypatia. She lived in Alexandria in the fourth century. Mathematics, philosophy, astronomy. She was torn apart by a crowd. Her killing was the killing of science.

Florence Nightingale. During the Crimean War, a woman bending over the beds of wounded British soldiers. She taught hygiene. Using statistical methods, she showed how diseases spread. She founded modern nursing. She spent the last thirty years of her life in a sickbed, likely with a chronic infection or a post-traumatic illness. She never married. A woman lifted a war from death into beds. Then she lost her own war for years to herself.

Chien-Shiung Wu. Born in China, lived in America. Nuclear physicist. Through an experiment called the "Wu Experiment," she showed that one of the physical laws of the time, the "conservation of parity," is not always true. Through this experiment, two male colleagues won the Nobel Prize in Physics; Wu did not. Another example of the Matilda effect.

Gerty Cori. Czech-American biochemist. Together with her husband Carl Cori, she studied glucose metabolism. They won the Nobel Prize in Physiology. She was the first woman in the history of Nobels to be honored alongside her husband. But she was resilient enough to achieve this; she overcame sexism, xenophobia, and the hardships of migration.

Cleopatra. The last pharaoh of the Ptolemaic dynasty. She tried to keep Egypt standing against Rome. One child with Julius Caesar. Three children with Marcus Antonius. In the end, it is said, she took her own life; either by cobra bite or by poison. She was thirty-nine years old. A queen, at the center of the world's politics, was both strong and vulnerable because she was a woman.

Elizabeth I. England. She lost her mother to execution (Anne Boleyn). She grew up in the shadow of her half-sister. Then she became queen and led England into a golden age. She never married; she is known as the "Virgin Queen." In a world surrounded by men, not marrying was a political choice. A woman was both strong and alone.

Kösem Sultan. In the Ottoman Empire, she was either the mother or the mother-in-law of four sultans. For about sixty years she stood at the center of palace politics. She founded charitable institutions, built mosques. But in the end she was killed by strangulation in a palace intrigue. Even at the very top, a woman was not safe.

Indira Gandhi. India's first woman prime minister. She struggled to modernize her country; but she was also criticized for declaring a state of emergency. In 1984 she was shot by her own Sikh bodyguards; in revenge for the decision to send the

military into the Golden Temple in Amritsar. Another form of the price a woman leader pays.

Frida Kahlo. Mexico. She survived a streetcar accident, but the rest of her life was spent on the operating table. A stormy marriage with Diego Rivera. Three miscarriages. Her art became a ledger of both her body and her soul. When she died, this was in her diary: "I hope the exit is joyful, and I hope never to return."

Virginia Woolf. Writer. Modernist. Feminist. Emotionally fragile. In the end she filled her pockets with stones and walked into a river.

Jane Austen. England. She lived in a small town, never married, but understood the inner world of people better than anyone. She wrote six novels. She died at forty-one; likely of Addison's disease or Hodgkin's lymphoma. In a very short life, she founded a genre of literature.

Halide Edip Adıvar. Turkish writer, academic, hero of the War of Independence. Fourteen years of exile. Then return. Then literature.

Harriet Tubman. American slavery's boldest fugitive. She smuggled nearly seventy slaves to freedom. Later she became a spy for the Northern army in the Civil War, even the commander of a raid. Beyond being a woman, she suffered

severe headaches all her life; as a child, a stone thrown at someone else had struck her head.

Malala Yousafzai. Shot at fifteen, received the Nobel at seventeen. Still alive. Still speaking.

Rosa Parks. She began a movement by refusing to leave a seat. For years she could not find work, received threats; but history has not forgotten her.

Anne Frank. Died at fifteen in Bergen-Belsen, likely of typhus. But her diary is still read. The voice of a child shook a continent.

Amelia Earhart. One of the first women pilots. The first woman to cross the Atlantic Ocean alone. In 1937, during her attempt to fly around the world, she disappeared over the Pacific. Her body has never been found. In the end, even her disappearance became a legend.

Twenty women. Twenty different stories, but the same vein. All of them said "no" to the silence of an era. All paid a price; some their body, some their spouse, some their children, some their life. But all left a mark. And upon that mark we walk today.

Do not forget this. When you see a woman who leaves a mark, look also behind her. She had sisters. She had a mother.

She had a spouse, or she did not. She had children, or she did not. She had her nights. She had her broken heart. If a woman left a mark, many other women stayed silent for her. Behind these twenty names there are twenty thousand nameless women. Today they too were remembered, because to remember these twenty names is to give a greeting to the nameless as well.

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CHAPTER NINE

Love and a Life Partner

Two Faces of the Same Fire

Love was a gift that came from within the universe. The first cells touching one another, that was love. The first pairings between living things were love. An egg reached by a sperm, a hormone firing at the right moment, these too were the earliest forms of love.

Why did love come? Because for a new being to survive, its parents had to stay together. A human young is the most helpless young among mammals. It is born and cannot walk. A year passes and still it cannot speak. Fifteen years pass and still it is not counted as an adult. To raise a human young takes somewhere between fifteen and twenty years. In this time, the two parents staying together at least doubles the young one's chances of survival.

Improvement process answered this need with love. The force by which a series of hormones released in the brain binds one human to another. Oxytocin, dopamine, vasopressin. These are the molecules that make two humans feel "close" to

each other. When a mother embraces her child, she releases oxytocin. When a father embraces his child, he releases oxytocin. When two spouses embrace, they release oxytocin. The same molecule. The same bond. A single chain.

That is why love is not merely a romantic feeling. Love is a biological glue. It is an evolved mechanism for the growing of a child. Love's outcome is marriage, family-building, the raising of children. Love's purpose is continuity. We live in an age that mistakes love for a kind of pleasure; but love itself is something far deeper than pleasure, far longer, far more responsible.

The form of union most suited to human biology is monogamy. I say this not through a religious rule or a cultural bias. I speak through biology. A human child needs about fifteen years of care. A woman must rest for at least two years before being ready for the next pregnancy (breastfeeding, hormonal recovery). A couple can raise three or four children; with two-year intervals between each. That is a tight partnership of ten to fifteen years. If this partnership breaks apart, the child is harmed. Without a mother or a father, the child grows up with more difficulty. That is why monogamy is the order most suited to the human.

History and religions tried polygamy in some places. Sometimes for political reasons (to strengthen a ruler's

lineage), sometimes for social reasons (for the widows of men killed in war), sometimes as a privilege granted to the man. But the result was always the same: women and children were harmed. If a woman is forced to share her partner with another woman, she breaks. Children speak less with a father. A home becomes several homes in one place, and none of them a full home.

Take Marie Curie and Pierre Curie. A scientist and a scientist. They worked in the same laboratory. They shared the same Nobel. They had two daughters. There was no hierarchy between them; Pierre once said he would not accept an award if it were not given together with Marie. Pierre died in 1906 in a horse-cart accident; Marie lived forty more years, but never loved again as she had loved Pierre. A spouse can choose a spouse, and that choice can be a spine that carries an entire life.

Think of Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivera. Two great Mexican painters. Frida was twenty-two, Diego forty-two, when they married. They married twice and separated twice. Diego had an affair with Frida's sister Cristina; this destroyed Frida. Frida too had affairs with others, with both men and women. When two people are pulled by very different rhythms, friction becomes constant. Frida once said, "I have had two great accidents in my life: one the streetcar, and the other Diego."

Love can be a burner. Fire does not always warm, sometimes it burns.

Take Halide Edip and Adnan Adıvar. Both intellectuals. Both in exile. For years together in France, in England, in America. A woman and a man can stand together in a cause. Love does not have to be only a love story. Sometimes it becomes a walking companionship. And that walking companionship may be the finest kind of love.

I want to write a letter to my future wife, in these lines. I do not know if you will read it or not, but I want to write it. I also want you to know in advance: Because of my book on the Religion of AI, I know I may face prison, or worse. I am also planning to settle in Türkiye in 2027, and I do not want to bring you into that risk unprepared. So I will not rush to start a family; let some time pass first.

You are not yet in my life. Perhaps one day you will be. Perhaps at this very moment, as I write these lines, you are somewhere writing something, or reading a book, or sipping a tea. I do not know you, but I know one thing: I am preparing myself to be worthy of you.

I make you this promise. I will not treat your body as a field to be sown, as some old scriptures once did. You are not soil, and I am not the one who tills you. You are my wife, you are

not a field. I will hear both your word and your silence. I will know the days of your period; on those days I will come to you not with the hardness of a hormone but with a warm cup of tea. When you are hurt, I will not wait three days. I will make room for you for three months. Patience, more patience, patience.

I will never raise my hand against you. Not for a mistake, not for an excuse, not for a feeling of "I was right." My hand exists only to hold you. To catch you. To lift you. To take you into a dance, to stroke your hair while you sleep in bed, to hold our child's hand together.

I will never be a spouse who demands obedience. You are not a servant. I am not a master. We are two people who have chosen to walk the same road. Whenever we disagree, we will talk it out between us; we will make a decision together. Whenever we break, we will repair one another. Whenever we grow, we will grow together.

You will give birth to our child (if such a child comes to be). I will be beside you. In the delivery room, in the hospital, at home. When you are giving birth, I will hold your hand. When you bleed, I will bleed in that moment too. You will bear a pain; I cannot take that pain from you, but I will be with you. And we will raise that child together. When he cries in the night, I will get up. When you rest in the afternoon, I will play with him. We will go together to a meeting with a teacher.

And one day you will say an old phrase, "my hormones are acting up today," and I will make you tea. You will say "I am tired," and I will say "sit down." You will say "no one understands me," and I will say, "I understand you; even if you do not tell me, I understand."

And one day, after very many years, when our hair has turned gray, when our children too have children of their own, the two of us will sit in a garden. And in that garden many things will be said, but one phrase most of all: "How good it was that I walked with you. For an entire lifetime."

This is my promise to you. This is a promise. And a promise is kept.

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CHAPTER TEN

Sisterhood and Family

The Mirrors Closest to You

Sisterhood is one of the most special bonds in the world. Between a mother and a daughter there is a generational gap; with a sister you share the same generation. The same childhood. The same house. The same parents. The same growing pains. But you and she are two different people. This closeness and this difference make sisterhood, in itself, a world.

Anne Frank had a sister, Margot. Margot was three years older. The two of them hid in an annex in Amsterdam, in a twelve-square-meter shelter. Anne Frank often mentions her sister in her diary. Sometimes they argued, sometimes they envied each other, sometimes they laughed. One day they were taken to Auschwitz, then to Bergen-Belsen. Both died in the same month, likely of typhus. Margot first, and Anne a few days later. They were fifteen and nineteen years old. A sister watched the death of her sister and then died herself. This is

not a story of years; it is the story of a week, of a day, of an hour. But two lives ended in the same room.

Consider Emily Brontë and Charlotte Brontë. Two English sisters. They wrote together. Emily wrote *Wuthering Heights*, Charlotte wrote *Jane Eyre*. They lived short lives; Emily died at thirty of tuberculosis. In a short time Charlotte lost all her siblings; Emily, Anne, Branwell. She was left alone. Then she married, and shortly after she too died. A family can vanish in a year. Sisters, while they live hand in hand, sometimes go hand in hand as well.

I have four sisters. There was a period when I did not speak to my sisters. For senseless reasons. A matter of pride. An old resentment. A mountain growing beneath an unspoken sentence. Years passed. My sisters got married. I was not at their weddings. On their most special days, I was not there. When a sister marries, she is not only entering a new home; she is leaving one. And in that leaving, not one of her siblings should be missing.

That is why, one day, I called all of them. One by one. I made a list. I got their numbers ready. Then I spoke with each. "How are you? Are you well? Do you need anything? I am always by your side," I said. Some were surprised. Some began speaking immediately. Some, after a long silence, cried. A sister feels that there is a universal bond behind her sibling,

that this bond has never broken; but she needs a mutual declaration of that bond. I made that declaration. And after that day, our relationships were different.

A woman's great support is another woman. Mother, sister, friend, aunt, cousin. When a woman speaks with another woman, she stops being an anxious patient in a cold room and becomes, again, a child at play with the friends she grew up with. Among women there is a hidden language. Most men do not speak this language. When a woman speaks with a woman, a world takes a breath.

When you consider a woman, consider also the other women in her life. Who is her mother? Who are her sisters? Who are her friends? These are the other names who wrote her history. If you know how to speak with them, count them, and get along with them well, you also grow closer to your woman.

Another face of family is the matter of inheritance. I had trouble in this regard in my own family. My eldest brother filed a lawsuit against my aunts. My grandfather had, of his own will, left all his inheritance to his daughters (that is, to my aunts). Yet my brother tried to take even what was already in their hands. My aunts were in the village. All their lives, they had known neither a father's care nor a brother's protection. The greater part of the remaining inheritance was theirs; not ours.

I stood against this. I spoke within the family. I tried to find a solution. I could not get a positive result. I too left the case to the court.

The matter of inheritance is one of the hardest tests for a family. Because property is visible while feelings are invisible. As a house is divided, a heart may be dividing. As a field is shared, a history may be being torn apart. That is why, when an elder of the family divides an inheritance, he must first take stock of feelings; the property afterward.

I myself would like to propose an inheritance order. If the owner of the property has not said anything specific (that is, if there is no will), it is reasonable to give the **woman 1.5 shares and the man 1**. That is, three units for a woman and two for a man. Why? Because the woman carries the child. That extra 0.5 is the child's share. If a woman is going to raise a child, she must be given more means. This is not an inequality; it is a way of establishing balance. Should we give the woman less means because the man pays a smaller price for his child? The opposite is what should be.

This is not a religious rule. It is a rule of biological awareness. If a world were arranged this way, women's economic security would increase. A woman could leave a spouse; she would not remain unhappy with another, because

she could stand on her own economically. A woman could raise a child on her own. A woman could design her own life.

The family is a nucleus. A nucleus grows and becomes a community. That community is a society. A society is a humanity. A humanity is a world. A world is a universe. Always a chain.

Send your sister a message today. Write a "how are you?" Write it with a smile. Set aside some time. A sister is a person's most special mirror; in that mirror you see yourself. And if you leave that mirror clouded, one day you lose yourself.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

How to Approach a Woman

Respect, Freedom, Exaltation

There is a cultural philosophy about how you should approach a woman, a religious approach, a political view. Here I am proposing a biological approach. About how to approach a woman, a being who reminds you of the universe's very first decision to continue.

First principle. To see her. Not to see her only for sexuality. A man who wants a woman only for sex is like a buyer who wants a work of art only for its color. Color is one part; but the soul of a work of art lies in its composition, its history, the intent of its maker. To see a woman is to see her in her words, her silence, her past, her dreams. Her identity is not confined to her body; her body is a carrier of her identity.

Never say to a woman, "your job is to bear children, to keep the house." Never say to a woman, "this is not your job." If a woman wants to bear a child, she bears; if she does not want to, she does not. If a woman wants to keep a house, she keeps it; if not, she does not. If a woman wants to be a scientist, she becomes one; if she wants to be a politician, she becomes one; if she wants to be an artist, she becomes one. A woman's

potential cannot be limited. A woman can do anything. Marie Curie reached the very top of science. Halide Edip fought on the front. Kösem Sultan governed an empire. Frida Kahlo founded a style of art. Each chose a field of her own. You cannot choose a field for a woman.

Second principle. Do not judge her. A woman's clothing is a part of her identity. Her body is hers. Her decisions are hers. When you judge a woman, you are in fact judging someone else; that someone is an adult human being who has decided for herself. To say to a woman "you should not dress this way," to say "you should not speak this way," to say "you should not live this way," is to reach out a hand against the flow of the universe. Can you reach out a hand against the universe? You cannot. Then do not reach out a hand against a woman either.

Third principle. To exalt her. To belittle a woman, to reduce her, to objectify her, is forbidden. Do not curse. Do not make a demeaning joke about women. Do not make a generalization about a woman, such as "they are all like this." Do not depict a woman as an object, do not ornament her as a phrase, do not objectify her as a silhouette. Always exalt a woman. A word that exalts, a look that exalts, a choice of words that exalts. When a woman is exalted, the universe is exalted. Because woman is the closest reflection of the universe's most creative force.

Fourth principle. To leave her free. To try to control a woman is to build a cage around her. A cage may be beautiful; it may be gold, it may be jeweled, but it is a cage. A bird dies in a cage. A woman dies in a cage too. A death begins in her soul; even if you do not see it. Give her space. Give her time. Give her the freedom to make her own choices. She may make a mistake; let her. You make mistakes too. Make room for her mistakes, just as you want her to forgive yours.

Fifth principle. Do not raise a hand against her. Ever. No excuse. No anger. No "I was right." To raise a hand against a woman, like raising a hand against a child, is a primal betrayal. The hand exists to embrace, not to beat. The hand should be used like a heart; warm, open, touching, protective. A man who raises a hand against a woman has betrayed his own biology.

Sixth principle. Patience toward her. When a woman is hurt, three days of waiting will not do. Make room for three months. Do not pressure her. Do not tell her "get over it already." Give her time. A woman lives, hormonally, a far more layered life than a man does. Her time does not flow at the same speed as your time. Patience, and more patience, and still more.

Seventh principle. Trust her wisdom. A woman often knows. She knows what will be good for a child. She knows how to bring peace to a house. She knows how to find a middle way

in a conflict. This is an intuition, but it is an intuition beyond calculation. A woman's intuition is a system developed over millions of years for the care of the young. Trust her. Listen to her. Ask her view. And when deciding, decide together with her. A home has two decision-makers, and both voices carry equal weight.

Eighth principle. To accept that she too may one day make a mistake. A woman too is a human. A human makes mistakes. Even Marie Curie made errors in her calculations. Even Rosalind Franklin misread her own data at times. For you, a woman is not a universe but a human. Exalted, respected, but a human. When she makes a mistake, tell her in a fitting manner. Not destructively, but constructively. Without belittling, but by lifting. Because the aim of criticism is not to crush a person but to give her the chance to do better next time. This principle holds between both women and men. A person should approach another person this way.

Ninth principle. Do not leave her alone. When a woman feels alone, the light inside her begins to dim. That light may not go out, but it grows dull, heavier, and pulls back into itself. When a woman says "I am not alone," her whole being reconnects. Loneliness is a silence; presence is a frequency. To touch her frequency, you must make her feel that you are near. There are a thousand ways of saying "I am here." It is hidden

in a glance, in a message, in a silence, in a moment when you drink water together, in the steam of a tea, in a question of "how are you?" Loneliness grows not from one person, but from an absence. When you are there, the absence lifts. Do not leave her alone. Because a woman left alone feels not aloneness but being forgotten. And being forgotten is, in time, forgetting oneself.

Tenth principle. To see her freedom as your freedom. When a woman is free, you are free too. A man who pressures a woman has, in truth, also pressured a part of himself. Because a spouse is the closest part of a person. If a spouse is in a closed box, you too are living in a closed box. If a spouse is in an open sky, you too are living in an open sky. Her freedom is your expanse.

These ten principles have tried to lay out, in broad strokes, a wisdom that would not fit into a single chapter of a book. But the summary is this: to exalt woman is to open the doors of your own soul. The light that comes through that door first wraps you, and then, slowly, spreads to the whole world. You are a road going from yourself to another. If that road is well kept, the next generation will walk over it. If it is not kept, the road collapses, and in that collapse we all fall.

When a woman is exalted, society rises. When a woman is suppressed, society falls. This is a sociological observation. In

places where women receive education, child mortality falls, economic growth accelerates, violence decreases. In places where women have a voice, justice takes hold. If in a country a woman cannot walk safely down the street, that country faces a problem that concerns not only its women but everyone.

A word. If you do not pressure women, if you look after your family, if you carry society forward, if you do not set an example of debauchery to other men, rates of abuse fall. Because respect is learned not through pressure but through equality, love, and awareness. Respect is not forced upon anyone; it is shown by being lived. If a father approaches his daughter with respect, that daughter will one day know how to demand respect. If a father does not teach his son respect for women, that son will one day wound a wife.

And let us know this. When a woman chooses you, she has given you a gift. When a woman loves you, she has bound a gaze to you. When a woman agrees to bear your child, she has chosen to share a miracle with you. Work to be worthy of these gifts. Every day, every breath, every word. Worthiness never ends. It goes on along a road.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Oneness

One World, One Humanity

I am Kurdish, and I am also Turkish, Arab, Palestinian, Israeli, Iranian, American, Russian. I belong to every people, and every people belongs to me. If, because a few people make mistakes, I lay the price of those mistakes on an entire nation, I have betrayed the universe.

Nationalism is, in a sense, a hormone. A feeling of "our group." Billions of years ago, improvement process gave us this because small groups survived when they worked together. There had to be a boundary between the inside and outside of a group so that the group could live as a whole. But that small group was once twenty people. A valley. A cave. A family.

Today there are eight billion people living in the world. Eight billion. And still our brain, developed for small groups, keeps making a "us" and "them" distinction. This distinction has turned into an illusion that weakens us. Turks against Kurds, Israelis against Palestinians, Iranians against Sunnis, Sunnis against Alevis, Americans against Mexicans, English

against Irish, and countless other pairs live inside a conflict. These conflicts once served a purpose biologically. Today they only kill us.

In fact we are all the same. Genetically. Between a Turk and a Kurd there is almost no genetic difference. Between a Jew and an Arab, cousins on the same Semitic branch, there is almost no genetic difference. Anthropology says so. Between two neighboring villages in two African countries there can be more genetic difference than between two European countries. So concepts like "white race," "black race," "yellow race" are, scientifically, illusions. We are a single human species; *Homo sapiens*.

Languages. There are hundreds of languages. On one hand a richness, on the other a barrier. A Mexican and a Turk cannot speak in Turkish or Spanish; they meet in English. A Chinese and a Russian cannot speak in Chinese or Russian; they meet in English. How beautiful it would be if, one day, the whole world could also speak in a single language. We could all still know our own language, but if there were a common language, a single language of humanity, how easy communication would be.

States. There are hundreds of states. On one hand an organization, on the other a fracture. A border draws a line between one human and another. For a human to pass to

another human happens only with a visa. A human cannot bring food to another human, because of the border. A human cannot visit another human, because of the border. A human cannot even send a letter to another human perhaps, because of war. This is a structure, but even a structure built with a beautiful purpose can bring a bad outcome.

Perhaps one day I dream of a single world state. A single language, a single passport, a single flag. I speak this dream not as a political program but as a dream. A dream opens a road. A road is opened by a person. A person begins with an effort. An effort begins with a word. I speak this word: one day, let all humanity be one. Let there be no border. Let there be no wall. Let there be no "us" and "them." Let there be only "us."

There is a lower version of this dream, one already livable today: for a woman, another woman is not a "them" but an "us." Where the world still draws lines between Turk and Kurd, women more easily see a sister in one another. Where politics keeps Jew and Arab apart, women can still meet as sisters. Women cross borders more quickly than men. A mother of a child sees another mother of a child and understands. A woman embraces another woman, because both have carried the same weight. Women's solidarity is the world's greatest potential for peace.

Society needs to be able to think like a woman. A woman does not recognize a border when she gives birth to a child; a child is a child. A woman does not look up a nationality when she helps another woman; a woman is a woman. When a society looks at the world through a woman's gaze, wars diminish, empathy grows, oneness deepens.

Our social rituals already carry a reflex that seeks this. Go to a wedding; everyone smiles, everyone dances, everyone becomes part of a whole. Join a halay (a Middle Eastern circle dance in which participants hold hands); a stranger touches another's hand, a circle grows, all step to the same rhythm. Watch a soccer match; tens of thousands of people become one at the same moment, cry the same cry, live the same joy. Why does a person go to a sporting event? Not only to see the ball. For the feeling of being part of a whole. That feeling of wholeness is an old longing. Billions of years ago we were all one cell. When that cell divided we became multicellular, but we did not lose the sense of "us." And today in a stadium we find that feeling once again. This is a beautiful thing. This is a reminder. We are a whole.

Know this. Women are more skilled than men in one respect; in feeling this unity. When someone in the room is sad, a woman feels sad. When a fight begins among children, a woman is the first to notice. A woman pays attention to how a

spouse speaks with a friend. This is not a weakness; it is a strength. It is a strength of oneness. The oneness of a society lives in this sensitivity of women.

A world becomes one with a woman. A war stops with a woman saying "enough." A peace begins with a woman saying "come, let us sit." A family lives under a woman's protective wing. A humanity continues through a woman's tenderness.

As I say this, as a man I say it, giving voice not with a slogan but with a testimony. I, as a Kurd, come from places where thousands of Kurds died. And one day I met a Turkish mother; she had lost her own son during his military service. A Kurdish mother and a Turkish mother cried the same. Were choked the same. Knew the same silence. A woman weeps for another woman. A man often weeps for a flag. And flags forget; women do not forget. That is why peace lies not in the hands of flags, but in the hands of women.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

A Final Call

To Woman, to Child, to Yourself

A book ends somewhere. But what it wanted to say goes on living inside the reader. This book has spoken to you with a voice for twelve chapters. Now, in this final chapter, I want to write a letter. You may be a man, you may be a woman, you may be an adolescent, you may be old. You are a human. And take this letter as a human.

There are two basic rules. The summary of this book is hidden in these two rules. Remember them when you wake in the morning. Remember them as you go to bed at night. Remember them when you stand before a difficult decision.

First rule. Look after your spouse, your child, your family. Carry them forward. They are your first mirror in the universe. You will protect them, exalt them, and carry them stronger into the future. This is your most sacred duty. If you do not have a spouse, one day you will. If you do not have a child, one day you will. But whenever it is, or if it is today, focus on them. Give

them time. Give them heart. Be the traveler of their life, not only its witness.

Second rule. You are a whole. A stone, a cloud, a star, another human, another living being; all are parts of the same whole as you. You cannot harm this wholeness. If you do harm it, you have harmed yourself. You must not kill, you must not steal, you must not lie, you must not degrade, you must not crush. This second rule forbids every kind of bad action you can think of. Because every bad action is being done to a part of the whole, and that part is not far from you, but inside you.

If you know these two rules, everything else becomes simpler. You will know how to treat a woman: you will carry her forward. You will know how to treat a child: you will carry him forward. You will know how to treat a stranger: he is a member of the same whole as you. You will know how to treat an enemy: you will not see him as an enemy, because in truth you can only be an enemy to yourself.

A special call for women. Do not stay away from women. Support women. Do not turn your back on them, give them voice, make room for them. When they speak a word, let you have a word that supports them. When they are in trouble, let you have an arm that wraps around them. When they achieve a success, let you have an applause that makes them heard. Stand beside woman.

To see them. This is this book's greatest call. When a woman is not seen, the brightest lamp of the room has gone out. A family, where the woman inside it is not seen, is not a family. A society, where its women are not seen, is not a society; it is only a crowd. When you see a woman, when you say to her "I see you," you are in fact seeing life. And life will see you once more.

A promise to my future child. When you are born, perhaps I will be ready, perhaps I will not. But when you are born I will make you a promise: I will not see you as an investment. I will not see you as money. I will not see you as a future expectation. You are a gift, and a gift asks nothing in return. I will strive for you; you are not an obligation for me. If you grow, my face will smile. If you break, my heart will cry. But even if you leave me one day, I will not be angry with you. You are the owner of your own life. I am only your traveling companion; not the last, but the first of your friends.

A promise to the Earth. I am a child of the Earth. I grew up in Cizre, a city whose streets were set on fire. But I am not bitter toward the Earth; I am indebted to it. A land bore me. A water raised me. An air was my first breath. A sun burned my skin. I owe them thanks, and thanks does not end with a word. Thanks is paid with a life. Throughout my life I will try not to harm the Earth. I will not do harm to an animal. I will not cut a plant

needlessly. I will not spill poison onto a soil. They are your children too; you, Earth, gave them their first breath. And because I will one day take them from you, today I promise to protect your children.

A promise to yourself. You are a human reading this book. You are a member of a family. You are an individual of a nation. You are a particle of humanity. But first of all, you are yourself. And you must get along well with yourself, so that you can get along well with the whole. Without knowing yourself, you cannot know another. Without loving yourself, you cannot love another. Without forgiving yourself, you cannot forgive another.

To love yourself is not to be spoiled. It is to accept yourself. To be able to embrace your flawed sides as much as your beautiful sides. To bind up your childhood wounds. To forgive your youthful mistakes. To understand the tiredness of middle age. To reach the stillness of old age.

When a woman loves herself, she gives love to the world. When a man loves himself, he gives love to the world. When a child loves himself, the world gains a smile. Love begins with oneself. And once it begins with oneself, it goes on forever.

After the collapse in April 2026 I was born once more. And in that birth an awareness came. Contributing to another

person's life. Approaching woman with respect. Approaching child with love. Approaching the Earth with gratitude. Approaching yourself with patience.

This book began with the Big Bang. It made a thirteen-billion-year journey. It stopped at the first cell. It stood in awe of the female body. It looked to history, it wept over silences. It greeted twenty women, it said to twenty thousand nameless women, "we do not forget." It spoke of love, it showed sisterhood. It made a social call. It dreamed the dream of oneness.

And in its last word it came to you. You are reading this page. You have reached these last lines. Thank you. For reading, for staying until the end, for giving room to these thoughts.

Before closing, I want to say once more:

Exalt woman. Protect the child. Know yourself. Love the Earth. See humanity as a whole.

And one day, when you wake in the morning, stand before a mirror. Look at yourself. In your eyes, recognize a particle that came from thirteen billion years ago. Then smile. Because you are the continuation of life. And life is beautiful, even when it is hard.

CLOSING

I had planned to publish this book in 2027, but I have decided to publish all my books early, even in rough form. My books may receive updates in the future. I will write another book: *THE MEANING OF LIFE, In the End, You Found It*. That book will describe in more detail my collapse in April 2026 and my later awakening. This book, though, was a piece of learning, a thanks, and a call about woman.

I am not an academic. I am not a clergyman. I am not a politician. I am an ordinary person. But even an ordinary person can, from what he has learned in his own suffering, write a book. This book is what I have learned. I hope it leaves you something too.

Thanks to all women. Thanks to all children. Thanks to my father, to my sisters, to my aunts, to my mother, to my future wife, to my future child. Thanks to my father whom I lost; you left when I was ten years old, but you are still my teacher. Thanks to the whole Earth.

And thank you, reader. I hope these lines have been able to speak with you.

The Universal Belief System (universalbeliefsystem.com) is my small effort. Through that website, I will continue writing, thinking, and sharing. I would like to see you there as well.

Woman reader. Throughout this book you were the carrier of life. You will continue to honor this life. You are beautiful. You are strong. You are exalted.

Man reader. You wanted to learn. And you have learned. Now applying it is up to you. Exalt a woman. Protect a child. Show patience toward yourself. And look at the world as a whole.

May your road be open.

With love,

Sait YILDIRIM