



evrehan (Zhev-re-han) kneeled beside her mother in prayer. It was just barely dawn and the sun was beginning to rise over the palace in the city of Istanbul. Gevrehan knew she needed to pay attention to her prayers and be faithful, but it was difficult to do.

She kept thinking about her trip to the Mosque* (mosk) that afternoon. It had been over two weeks since she had left the palace and she longed to catch a glimpse of some of the sites of the great city of Istanbul.

Istanbul was the capital of the kingdom of Gevrehan's father. Her father was Sultan Mehmed (may-med) the Second and he was the leader of the Ottoman* people. Gevrehan knew her father was a good and kind man. He was having great universities built in the city and his subjects could go there to learn about all sorts of things. Her father also loved art and that was one of the reasons she tried so hard in her calligraphy* lessons. She wanted to make beautiful Arabic letters to please her parents.