

Süleyman Taşköprü

“Ayşen Taşköprü, sister of Süleyman Taşköprü, recounts:

I promised my brother Süleyman a star. A star like he had seen in Hollywood on the Walk of Fame for the film star Sylvester Stallone. He looked like him and was proud of it. We were messing about in the living room. He said to me, ‘If you die before me, I’ll have “Died honestly, and a smart alec” carved on your gravestone.’ I answered, ‘If you die before me, you’ll get your star.’ Now this star for Süleyman has been set in the pavement right in front of our old greengrocer’s shop where he was murdered. I’d never have thought that I’d have to keep my promise in such a tragic way.

My brother Süleyman was five years older than me, but I was always his ‘big sister’. He always called me when he had any problems. The fondest memory I have of him is how he would always send my sister Aynur and me huge boxes of sweets. He always sent our mum flowers. She was really important to him.

Süleyman moved away from home very early. He lived his own life from a young age – without us and our family. It wasn’t always easy with him. He was very stubborn and ambitious; he would do everything to achieve what he had put his mind to. Only after his daughter Aylin was born did he come back to us and move nearby. Little Aylin meant the world to him. He took her everywhere he went. All of Altona knew her; she was always on his arm. He took care of her and always looked out for her. She was his little princess. Having a daughter completely changed his life and attitude. He wanted to show that he was ready to take on responsibility.

He wanted to get involved in our greengrocer’s shop. So, just a few months before he was murdered, I let him run the shop on a trial basis – and he had big plans for it. He wanted to expand the business and also open a wine shop. He negotiated with the wholesaler to receive more goods and to let us pay on account. He changed around all the shelves and stocked them up. He really came into his own – so much so that I thought he was getting arrogant. He sent us all away, even our mother who had always made the bread in the back of the shop. Only my father was allowed to help him. He wanted to show that he could do it alone. And then his murderers ruined all these plans he had for the future.”