



# Hi guys

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**Business name: Hi guys**

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## **Hello, beautiful one**

**Hello, my beautiful girl! Every girl is beautiful in one way or another, and they all have beauty and reserve beauty. If the first beauty is absent for any reason, the second beauty is present, the beauty that remains despite the changes in the world and the passage of time. I am talking to you, my dear, about the beauty of the soul. To make you more proud of you than anyone, you are strong, patient, wonderful, even beyond wonderful. You are**

**beautiful in you and your soul, you  
are beautiful when you love  
yourself.**

## **Be a warrior**

**Hello, hero! You are a hero when you maintain your prayers no matter your circumstances. It is nice to maintain the boundaries of others, but it is even more beautiful to maintain the boundaries of Allah, so that you are certain that Allah sees you even if you do not see Him. You are wonderful when you strive to mend broken hearts, but you are even more wonderful when you break the heart of someone who comes**

**to you to corrupt your religion. He is a messenger of Satan, so expel him with the worst expulsion. Life ends in the blink of an eye, so do not postpone your repentance until tomorrow, because tomorrow may come but you are the one who is absent. You are beautiful when you are compassionate to others, but you are even more beautiful when you are compassionate to yourself. You are brave when you give up a sin that has tired you out, exhausted your spirit, and been a**

**reason for Satan to gloat over you.**

**Be a warrior armed with the  
strength of your faith and certainty,  
and protect God and He will  
protect you.**

## **Once upon a time**

**Good boys, children, do not tell me, I will tell you. It was what it was .... In one of the morning, I hit a whisper, so I came to my wife, I said, and I told her a commander: I am to slaughter this whisper, and we make a feast for us and the neighbors. I rejoiced with me with the idea, I slaughtered her, and she slaughtered her, then she went to attend firewood after she forbade me from approaching him. A few minutes later, Anini returned with a**



**bundle of firewood, arranged and set fire to It by friction with one of the stones. I stood looking at her after I got up, she thought she would always have his voice as we did, but she had invented a strange way that was not used before to cook food. She came with a large migration, put it on the fire, and emptied some of the water, then she cut the ties, and washed It and set it up with the Immigration. And it began to flip It and watch It until it is completely ripe, and then she**

**roasted the bread break, and  
brought out the pieces of the meat  
and put it In an empty immigration,  
and with a little broth, and added  
the rice to the broth migration and  
let it ripen over the embers of the  
firewood. Then she came to a  
bastard and placed a hall of broken  
bread, and added to him a mug of  
the broth, then she added the rice,  
and she peel a lot of garlic cloves,  
put it with the cooking vessels, and  
put it on the fire with some fat that  
brought it out of the teas. I was**

turning, children, until the smell of garlic spread, after it was colored in the color of the pyramids, and here the vinegar added, and the smell was more delicious and stronger. It added this wonderful mixture to the beet and décorated it by cutting the meat. I told her: Why do we not fill It with some tomatoes? She thought and said: A great idea, Bibi, I went to the neighboring field for my house, and I presented the idea to my neighbor and welcomed it, and selected the

**best tomatoes he owned. I  
returned to her with a lot of  
tomatoes, she washed and  
cleaned, then cut It in very small  
pieces, and then added It to some  
chopped garlic, I left it until it was  
well, and it had prepared a bead  
like before, but It did not add the  
mixture of vinegar and garlic, just  
added the sauce and décorated the  
beet by cutting the remaining  
meat. Bibi had Invited his  
neighbors from the people of the  
village for that feast, so they ate**



**and praised it, and thanked me for  
the good of Its work. This is the  
story of the Egyptian girl, I brought  
you from my Imagination with  
every confirmation.**

# **You are awesome**

**Once upon a time, Is enough to take you to many worlds that you have never experienced In your life! Have you ever tried being a guest of honor In a story? Have you ever tried being a paper hero In a story? Once upon a time, Its impact is in the heart, not the ears. Try being your favorite person, try being the hero you want to meet. Try and you will not regret It, but you will like the idea. Don't be extinguished no matter what**

**happens, and be a friend of  
yourself, know yourself  
completely; then you will not be  
affected by those who discourage  
you, in fact you will not even see  
them. Don't let them succeed In  
stealing your faith In yourself, and  
don't believe them; because you  
are the only one who knows you  
truly on the face of the earth. Be  
proud of yourself, even If they  
discourage you, your light will  
remain shining, you are wonderful  
and they are not like you.**

## **In love with Fajala**

**On one day of July from a summer,  
my brother took me on a tour to the  
center of the country, then the foggy  
and finally Ramses Square, the  
field that I adore all its details. We  
spent a quarter during the day in  
the Al -Faggala region, and what do  
you realize what Faggala? The  
smell of books fills around the  
place, library signs suggest a huge  
heritage hiding behind their doors.  
Simplicity of dealing is  
comfortable with the heart, and**



**the soul has mercy on the trouble of cost. This cousin (Labib), who is seventy years old, works In his place (toys and playing), the shop that he inherited from his father, shares his brother, uncle (Obaid), who is seventy -five years in the year. They work tirelessly or bored, I sat and my brother some time In their wonderful place. Very old games, and very modern games, I thought they had erased all the games on the face of the earth, and put them in that store. I was very**

**impressed with that area, despite the severe crowd; Given that It is a work area, you do not find anyone unemployed in it, everyone who works with what he understands, and everyone is mastered. My heart turned the trees of the area, those green trees, beautifully looking, which bring to natural oxygen. We turned away some ease, but when we went out, we took a lot of time until we bid it farewell. We went to Ramses Square, my field, whichh I love and**

**prefer, even though I do not like the noise, but my heart loves the noise of Ramses, what a wonderful field! We wandered in his branched squares here and there, then we took a tour of July 26th Street, the wonderful ancient. We sat on one of the cafes overlooking the Al - Fateh Mosque, we consumed some drinks and cold water, and we were divorced with divorce. We purchased some books and magazines from aunt (Umm Saeed), and we returned again to**

**the café. We sat until the sun's  
coma, then we returned to the  
center of the country, we got out of  
its breathtaking streets at night,  
the wonderful day. We moved  
some things from one of its places,  
took an idea of some other things,  
and we went home.**



## **In love with the castle**

**In the winter has passed, we spent one day In the castle, Salah al -Din al -Ayyubi Castle, what a great castle! The scene Is very beautiful, the character of glory suggests pride and pride. We wandered in its majestic arenas, and its wide rocks, we exchanged greetings with a regiment of foreign tourists. The heavy rain did not prevent us from completing our wetness, so we were walking In the rain, exchanging the laughter I and**

**my brothers \_ my head coat, until  
our clothes were wrapped, and my  
elegant black leather shoes were  
cut off, which was new by the way;  
As I dedicate It to that picnic, there  
is nothing wrong, as the picnic  
deserves. We went up to the top of  
the castle, and we looked down, as  
with homes of the Mamluk style, I  
wished that I was allowed to enter  
and restore life to It again. We saw  
the pyramids, as If a collection of  
clouds had blocked them! We saw  
a lot and a lot, then we entered the**

**mosque of Muhammad Ali Pasha,  
my heart inhabited that mosque  
with its unique style, Its ancient  
pulpit, and its most wonderful  
decoration. When I entered the  
mosque, I felt as If I had gone until  
there, until ancient time, and an  
era that had passed. I imagined  
myself for a few minutes while  
wearing the princesses' uniforms,  
sitting in the Azbakiyah Garden,  
reading a book, at the time of the  
sacrifice. I loved the mosque of  
Muhammad Ali Pasha very much.**

**We toured the Military Museum in the castle, and we saw the old and modern war equipment, as we saw many paintings in elegance and splendor, for the princes and kings of the upper family. We also saw some old costumes, personal belongings, a lot of pictures, and Raya and Sakina pictures among them. Here my happiness was indescribable, until I was authorized to pray Maghrib, and It was time to leave. I stood in front of the luxurious wooden ladder,**



**and I did not move, my brothers tried, but my fear was the one who prevented me from moving; I was looking at the distance between the two degrees and retreating back. I was afraid of a lot at the time, but my brothers reassured me, my brother holds my hand and the other comes down before us and extends his hand to me to help me get off. I got off the first degree and stood at the second, and my fear increased, so after the grades, I was blessed and feared. I**

**attached to my brother's arm as the child relates to his father! I was grabbing the hand of my other brother, until I came out safe after the trouble. I took a long time to go down, and people were broken because of me, so that one of the policemen was afraid that he had been hated, so he offered to provide assistance to my brothers, thanked him and patience with me until I got off the last degree and my heart strikes was accelerated. As soon as we went out, I turned**

**into a cheerful energy In the very spacious castle square, I enjoyed rain, and my brothers smile for me, and admire my command, and for minutes I was afraid and now fun. My brother bought me some biscuits and cold juices, and some souvenirs before we bid farewell to the castle and leave back home.**

## **Uncle Mim**

**Hello, guys! How about I finish Uncle Mim's story? Well, I'll tell you. After the haters gathered to kill Uncle Mim's dream, with premeditation and malice aforethought, they intensified their attempts, claiming to love him and offering advice. Uncle Mim was gentle and kind beyond measure. He never doubted their malicious intentions for a moment, until one day he felt something strange. He felt that he agreed with them, and**

**that his talents were worthless in this world of talents. Where was he and where were the talented people? He thought a lot and finally, he was guided to act on the advice, so he abandoned his talent, stopped walking towards his dream, and merged with reality. He did not know that he was about to have the truth revealed; the Most Merciful tested him and showed him the truth about those around him, until they were exposed before him. Then Uncle**



**Mim knew that he was the one who wronged himself when he allowed them to kill his dream, but he soon returned to blossom again. He is the beautiful one, who is not worthy of sadness, so may God not forgive those who caused his sadness. He sought help from God the Most High, the Almighty, and resisted frustration and fought despair, until God granted him victory, and he returned once again to sing in the sky of creativity. Uncle Mim, my friends, is**

**everything wonderful, he does not allow anyone to kill his dream.**

**Uncle Mim is every hero, fighting despair and defying life. Uncle Mim is everything resistant to frustration. May God revive what died in Uncle Mim's heart; for He revives bones when they are decayed, He is the Guardian of that and is able to do it**

## **Uncle Wow**

**Hello guys! How about I tell you the story of Uncle Wow? Well, I will.**

**Uncle Wow turned 70 a few days ago, and despite that, he never gets tired or bored of work. He works hard day and night, and never complains or makes excuses. Uncle Wow is a man who grew up working, and It has become difficult for him to leave It and sit at home. He believes that work is life, and whoever wants him to sit at home wants to rob him**

**of his life. Uncle Wow, God bless him, has expanded his business activity, and his name has become well-known in his field. Uncle Wow fears the Most Merciful In his dealings with people, and Is sincere in his work. He is the good man, may God heal his wound. Uncle Wow's work caught my attention despite his illnesses, so my heart rejoiced to see a human being striving hard to develop himself, uncaring about the passage of time. I liked Uncle**

**Wow's story, and what about you  
guys?**



## **Uncle Ya**

**Hello comrades! What do you think to tell you the story of the uncle (J)?**

**Well, I will tell you. Uncle J, O comrades, is a good man, but rather the plus goodness, loves goodness and does it, does not care about the affairs of others, so his time hardly suffices him. He works to develop himself, striving to leave a good impact, and people remind him of him after his departure. Uncle J, comrades, had to borrow some money; To run the**

**work wheel, after Its financial load has run out. He did not think of himself, but did not spare the last liquidity with him for himself, as he spoiled the case of the employees of his company under the difficult circumstances, which Corona caused! He made salaries as they are, the door was not closed In the faces of those who contemplated It with good, certain that what God has is good and more. The days passed and the uncle J. The bank excused him for a while, and after**

**that he made a case, after he booked his bank account. The uncle J, J, was disturbed, and the conditions of many, especially those working with him, were disturbed, until he was saddened and sad to sell the company's assets with the value of paying the taxes on them, whichh is not estimated at the price of what he spent on the papers to create, but it is life, a day that goes and another difficult. The uncle J, J, sorrowed for the fatigue of the**

**years, but God has planted with his heart hope, so he sought an effort to trust in what he created, using his religion to eliminate his religion. God loved his servant J, and he revealed to him the truth of those around him, as he removed from his heart and his fake surroundings, the owners of interests, who saw him as a position, not a friend. God loved his servant J, so he called him the scourge to approach my servant, so you have no other than me, and**

**there is no solution for what you are in it except for me. The doors were closed in the face of the uncle J, but the door of God is always open. The uncle J sadness on the conditions of the workers, and their hard conditions, such as the situation of his family after he spoke what happened, but he held the intention and used the Lord of the wilderness to seek, and diligently until the deposit of livelihoods authorized the relief and payment. Greetings and**



**appreciation to the uncle J and  
those who are like him. Hey  
comrades, the story of the uncle J.  
J. The hero, what about you? Tell  
me about the heroes of your  
stories.**

## **I want to go back to**

**Hello comrades! I had wished that I was not one of the people of this time, and I would have left for my sleep, and my mind is filled with my wish, impossible to happen. As soon as I closed my eyes, I turned into the depths of my dream. What is this beauty! The streets are widen, the gardens are adorned with the rocks, the fragrance of flowers fills the place. No crowd, no air pollution, no noise, what is this terrible sudden! I wandered**

**the streets, and I only found a little  
from people, as If the streets were  
of their extent, they hid them! I  
rejoiced very much with calm and  
capacity, but soon I looked for my  
family, but I did not find them.**

**Rather, I have searched for our  
street, but I did not find It in the  
first place! Where Is my family?**

**Where are the companions and  
neighbors? Where, where and  
where? The time restored me alone  
without the family and cells?!**

**Where are my brothers? I have no**

**life without them; It is my life and my paradise. I do not hear my mother's whisper, and her calls to the pulse of my heart. And the grave of my grandmother has no effect! Where is Joseph, and his laughter explaining my chest, my love, Joseph?! The gift box was here, where are the gifts of Abdullah Habibi? But where is Abdullah, with his presence that always drives me forward?! Perhaps I have been misled, but all of them here leads to one path, the**

**path of mirage and nothing. With  
pure chance, I saw a place for  
shaving, empty of people, I rushed  
to enter, stood In front of his mirror,  
and shouted with all my forces:  
Where am I, and who Is this ??!  
Even I did not find me; As I found a  
girl from that ancient time, my soul  
has inhabited her! As for me, you  
left me there, where the family and  
the companions, and the world  
that God chose for me, and even  
my share and my destiny and  
everything that concerns me. I did**



**not like my copy In that ancient  
time, so I cried, crying and crying,  
until the Huton fell, and I needed  
the supplication. I do not want  
anything but to return to my time I  
do not love, the life that I have  
grabbed me, and my copy that I  
miss .. I want to return to me.**

## **First school broadcaster**

**I have a strong love affair with the radio, which began when I was young; as I used to listen to its various programs and numerous channels. I enjoyed it immensely! The radio resides in my heart, and I wish it was the one who resided there! I remember when I joined high school, I was chosen as the school's broadcaster, and a month later I was appointed to the radio station, and was given the title of (the first school broadcaster). A**

**broadcaster who was no more than sixteen years old, and had an audience of more than two thousand, which was the number of students in my school, my teachers, the administrative structure, and also the workers. I loved my school mornings, for the optimism, hope, and tremendous positive impulses they brought. As usual, my beautiful little Dina came to greet me good morning, and then she told me that her family was waiting for my**

**presentation on the school radio station; They even listen to me, support me with praise, and send me greetings and appreciation. Now, after all these years, I miss my school, my first school announcer, and Dina.**

## **In love with old Cairo**

**In one of my childhood winter, I was in a competition, and God helped me with It and It was successful. Hazrat wanted our teacher to reward us, so the visit of the Imam Al -Hussein Mosque was in the Al -Hussein neighborhood. I was a child at the time, I did not exceed the thirteenth of my age. We entered the Al -Hussein neighborhood, that ancient neighborhood, the sellers here and there, games selling games and**

**nuts that fill the place. The atmosphere is noisy, the sky is rainy, in front of the mosque In one of its arenas, there is an old woman who sells the lupine, the body of the body, poverty has left its impact as it is so the sadness dwells in its features. Our teacher entered the place for men, and we entered from the other chapter; Where the place designated for women. I felt at first glance, as if all the women who were created by the womb had come here to the**



**Hussein Mosque. I was very  
impressed, but that was nothing  
compared to what I saw in the  
mausoleum room! I entered the  
mausoleum room, and that was  
the first and last time for me, the  
scent of musk mixed with the  
smells of people, you are now, the  
place is warm, the colors with it  
are very warm. One of them said to  
me: O young, come stand standing  
here, and you will come to you! I  
wider me from what I heard, her  
words were the thunderbolt that**

**fell on my head and his shirt! I  
could not respond, just remained  
silent, and I looked at them, as this  
is crying for the shrine, and she  
asked him to marry her after she  
missed the marriage train. And  
another pleading with the shrine to  
cultivate her pregnancy with a  
pregnancy, after she decreased  
years in the attempt with a sterile  
husband! As for that, Its affliction  
is greater; It collapses in front of  
the shrine, calling on her the  
success of her virginal son for**

**education, who does not study at  
all, and dismantle the work  
(magic), which is applicable to her  
husband with her hatred, and It is  
more important to keep her  
widowed neighbor so -and -so  
lurking with her husband, who Is  
willing to marry him In the pardon  
!!! I left them and the shrine, and I  
went out to the square after my  
breath almost suffocated; As a  
result of the sudden chest that  
raided me. I stood In front of the  
old man, the lupine seller, smiled**

**at me and stretched her hand with a stationery and said: Come, honey, come, you don't fear. I approached her and sat next to her, gave her a pound and took the stationery. I asked her: You are upset, why, Tant? Anyone hit you? I laughed until I looked at her: Time struck me, my daughter. I raised on her shoulder with tenderness and said: You do not bother, Tant, you are sweet and beautiful, but you do not look at the mirror. She looked at me with amazement mixed with**

**gratitude, then she said: I do not need a mirror, enough, I saw myself with your eyes of beautiful honey. She smiled at her and added: I am beautiful? I wish I would be in your beauty! Here, her laughter came until her abrasions fell: My soul, my daughter, may God bless you, good. I sat In the square, and the rain fell on me. One of them called me to hurry to pray at the shrine, but I have Ignored her call, as well as the girls, and we sat down to our Lord at times and recite some of**

**the wise remembrance at other times, until one of them came to tell us that our teacher Is waiting for us abroad. Our stories are on our teacher what we saw and our reactions to him, so he rejoiced and praised us, and said that he did not enter the shrine and did not do as they did. Just sat the recipient of the Merciful, until I was authorized to pray Asr, and he came to take us.**



## **Uncle Alf**

**Hello, guys! How about I tell you the story of Uncle Alf? Well, I will. Uncle Alf, guys, Is a man with the heart of a knight, a first-class warrior. He doesn't fight enemies, because enemies sometimes lurk in the dark. Instead, he fights reality, circumstances, frustration, despair, and finally, surrender. He knows for certain that surrender is the death of his desire, the killing of his dream, and the deprivation of his right to life. He didn't hurt**

**anyone, but he was hurt a lot, and despite that, he still resists. Uncle Alf, guys, is a man who fears none but God. You see him smiling, while worry eats away at his heart and thoughts inhabit his mind. If you ask him about his condition and circumstances, he will answer by thanking God, knowing that the one whom destiny has chosen for him is able to relieve his worry and turn his sadness into extreme happiness. Uncle Alf does not betray God, for he is the one who**

**loves his Lord, and the lover does not betray his beloved. Uncle Alf, my friends, is every man whom God loved and tested, so he was patient with his affliction, certain that when God's compensation arrives, it will remove whatever came before it of worries.**

## **Hello, dear**

**Hello, dear friend! I see you sad about the past, regretting your life and the memories. May God protect you, don't you know that God has decreed and whatever He wills He does? Don't be sad and make it difficult for yourself, for man is nothing but stages, and God's kindness prevails In all stages. Don't regret the state you've reached, for whatever God wills happens, and whatever He doesn't will does not happen.**

**Where you are now Is your destiny,  
which God wrote fifty thousand  
years before the creation of the  
heavens and the earth, so be  
satisfied with yourself, love  
yourself in all your stages, there's  
nothing wrong with some reproach,  
but never quarrel with It. Know that  
whoever loves you sincerely loves  
you as a whole, not In detail, loving  
one thing about you more than  
another. Whoever loves you loves  
you in the past, present, and  
future. Whoever loves you forbids**

**himself from hurting you even with a single word. Whoever loves you loves you as you are, not as he imagines or wants; because love is like an arrow that hits its target without warning or notification. Do not be ashamed of a situation imposed on you, nor of a decree decreed by Allah the Almighty. Be proud of yourself, grateful to your Lord, do not feel embarrassed towards yourself, because you alone know what you have been through and what you have**



**endured. You are good as long as  
you are confident In yourself,  
content with Allah's knowledge of  
your Intentions.**

## **My mother's love**

**My mother made my favorite drink,  
I took It from her and drank It  
immediately, to feel a pleasure I  
didn't feel when I made it for  
myself, even though everyone  
praises my making, and describes  
it as delicious. I thought and found  
that my mother makes It with love,  
and even though I make it with love  
too, the love of a mother for her  
child is incomparable. Pure love,  
free from impurities, devoid of  
interests. O Allah, mend my**

**mother with a mending befitting  
Your greatness, and cool her eyes  
with us, and protect her as You  
protect Your righteous servants.**

# **Magic Radio**

**What if fate gave you a magic radio? If fate gave me a magic radio, I would use It for just one thing; to inform the extinguished of their many advantages, and remind them of their mighty powers and talents. I would broadcast positive news and put the negative aside. I would tell the worried that God will relieve their worries, so there is no harm in smiling a little. I would reassure the insolvent debtor that God will pay off his debt very soon.**

**I would tell the oppressed that God will support him sooner rather than later. I would point out to the gifted the blessings God has bestowed upon him and the talents he has distinguished him with. It's nice to have a magic radio, but It's even nicer to have a magic radio in your heart. Don't hurt others, be kind to yourself, and remind people of their strengths, because reminding yourself of a strength makes you feel better about yourself.**

## **She is a simple girl**

**She is a simple girl, to the point that chocolate ice cream can make her happy. She is so delicate that other people's tears are a reason for her to fall, even if it was a scene from a TV series! She is kind to the point that she only thinks well of people. She is beautiful to the point that she sees the beauty in others. She is generous to the point that she treats herself to a cup of black coffee every now and then. She is pure to the point that she is**



**busy with herself and does not  
pollute her heart with a single seed  
of malice.**

**Mariam Turkan**