

A collection of short stories

The seclusion of Sheikh Arif

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introduction

The ideas of the short stories collection (the seclusion of Sheikh Arif) collide to form a diverse mixture of literary, philosophical, and metaphysical thought with a social tone, not devoid of intense, strenuous attempts to penetrate the human psyche, which carries many contradictions, absurd precursors, moments of weakness, fear, submission to the unknown, and perhaps For the coercive information.

The collection of short stories includes sixteen different stories in context, theses, and features. The stories fly ecstatically and leapt from time to time, and from one atmosphere to another.

Dedication

A special dedication to the reader who will push (the seclusion of Sheikh Arif) to ascend to the podium in this world or perhaps other worlds.

The mills of love

With frequent, graceful hops , Siham climbs the narrow stairs. She always relies on the agility of her body and her small weight. Siham is thirty-two years old, and the blazing heat of the July afternoon, accompanied by high humidity, makes normal breathing difficult to achieve for a few minutes. It was a conversational negotiation that was not devoid of quarrels, the effects of which appeared on her face with one of them in one of the offices on the fourth floor of one of the old buildings in the center of the city with a

historical scent. The dialogue ended with a slight smile on her face after she obtained a handful of securities, which she could hold comfortably as if she had a tight grip. On the reins of rule and authority that he and his ancestors had sought decades or centuries ago, she turns back and descends the stairs with much greater grace and flexibility than she ascended them. Siham, with relatively rigid features, emerges with a sigh of relief from that building, crossing one street after another, heading to one of the side cafes on Suleiman Street. She also used to sit on it with Fouad, who is only three years older than her, and she had just had a date with her own moments of happiness and ecstasy, which is a relative matter that differs from one person to another. Her special ecstasy comes when she collects some of her financial dues from the ready-made clothing supply office, which she works in. With him (on a piece) from her home, Siham works in sewing and tailoring clothes, a profession that she inherited from her mother and father, may God have

mercy on them. They passed away five years ago as a result of a tragic traffic accident. Siham arrives at the desired café and throws herself on one of the vacant seats, regaining her senses. She calmed her breathing, holding her medical glasses from her face to return them to their original form before the beads of sweat mixed with the thick glass. Only a few minutes passed and someone settled on the seat opposite her, his features covered with the consequences of the cruelty of a time that had befallen an old man over seventy, and the facial features of an old warrior who had been defeated at every turn. The battles of his life, except for one battle whose outcome still hangs on his skin and his perseverance. His hair, beard, and mustache were grayed out, except for some black locks that refused to remind him that he was still thirty-five years old. Fouad works in one of the downtown clothing stores , as an accountant. Or a writer or a salesman, he himself does not know exactly what he is or what he does. The shop owner (the young man who

inherited that shop after his father's death and he was his only heir) trusts him and assigns him to carry out many tasks, and yet his salary is barely enough for him. And his elderly mother. He may save a little after his expenses and his mother's medicine expenses, and he may not be able to deduct a single pound for several months, but it seems that the matter today is completely different from before, and the features of his face cannot hide her happiness, or the less her longing for a smile, to tell Siham that he was able for persuading the shop owner to lend him a sum of money that will hasten their marriage in the near future, words that fell like a cold on Siham , who had gone through the trouble of waiting and being patient with him throughout those years. Their view of each other did not change, and during those years there was not the slightest doubt about completing the path they had taken together. Nothing hindered them from their desired dream and legitimate path.

Fouad and Siham slide with their fingertips together through the streets of downtown, crowded with people of all types, to get behind a white taxi that passes them slowly and aimlessly, and for a moment you realize the explanation for this, as the car is empty of passengers. The car's tires sway, hoping that it will stop so that one of them can take his back seat, announcing the start. A new trip and a few pounds flowing into the wallet of Abdul Hamid, the driver of the car, a man who was a little over sixty, with his solid, sculpted features, his thin body, his fading tan skin, his bushy snow-colored mustache, and his thick hair that was no less gray than his mustache, even if some hairs were hidden. The black color has not yet been erased by time. He is clean-shaven like a soldier in the daily training field, refusing to anger his commander. Abdul Hamid gives his sharp, concise sight the task of searching right and left for someone seeking to get into his car or someone seeking a source of comfort and protection from the heat of the day on a day

approaching sunset, until I caught He saw a man in a gray suit who appeared to be wealthy and well-off. He motioned for him to stop the car slowly, as if he was going to have a conversation with him that might be long. This well-dressed man approached him and, with great affection and politeness, asked him to take him urgently to Alexandria for any payment he saw fit. He was to wait for him and bring him back at night, while his car was at its maintenance agency, and he had to catch one of the important appointments related to his work as an importer of foodstuffs from abroad. They agreed on what warmed Abdul Hamid's heart and made him unable to hide his broad smile, which clearly showed a kind heart tinged with him. Faith in destiny and destiny and having good faith in God. The agreed-upon rent may be equivalent to what the car makes in two weeks. Abdul Hamid asked the man for permission to buy a bottle of water to quench his thirst, and he actually landed next to one of the shops and bought two bottles for himself and the man.

Indeed, this was not the reason. Getting out of the car, but to call his wife, Ahlam, out of earshot of the elegant man, to tell her that today he would complete the costs of her surgery, which had been postponed for a while due to shortness of breath, despite the importance and necessity of performing it in a hurry, Abdul Hamid got into his car, trusting in God, thankful for His grace, and careful in his driving. Abdul Hamid entered Alexandria and the night had settled decisively. After a short time, Abdul Hamid had arrived at the man's destination, who immediately gave Abdul Hamid his full fare for the return trip and asked him to wait for him for nearly an hour to take him to Cairo again. Abdul Hamid was stopped his car at the bottom of the building that the man had climbed, and he began to wait until his eyes caught a girl on the opposite side, which was the direction of the beach and the sea. Abdul Hamid kept staring at her for no apparent reason while she was sitting alone on one of the seats, and this surprised him before she was hidden from

him. Seeing or looking away is her annoyance while she is calling someone in an eye-catching way.

(Hayat) The twenty-two-year-old Alexandrian girl, with her stubborn features, filled with dignity and pride, her white skin, her round face like the halo of a mid-moon moon, her chestnut hair, between whose strands the sea breezes peeped, and her skirt and shirt were of warm colors and were pierced by the sea breezes. The sick woman, and she made them sails for a small boat struggling to survive amid ocean hurricanes, Hayat, who finished her university studies in one of the theoretical colleges and has not yet joined a job that suits her degree, and she may not care about that. If you approach her, you will realize from the tone of her voice that she is scolding someone and As if reprimanding him after a serious crime, on the other side of the conversation (Karim), a young Cairene man in his late twenties with a light

beard and graceful athletic features, swears to her the most fervent oaths while driving his car that he will not pay any attention, admiration, or the like to his cousin or anyone else, for this is life for him. Life and everything else is just people who took the world by surprise to complete the scene for them, and that next month will be their wedding party that will immortalize their love for generations and generations to come. He told her that she had completed for him what he lacked of tranquility and stability, and with her changed his loneliness to meadows in which he could thrive with the one who made her live among them. His ribs, words that warmed her heart and released her feelings, and she smiled and her cheeks softened and the tone of her voice calmed down to a whisper that the person next to her could not decipher, so she hung up her phone with a rushing river of longing, and on the other side Karim threw her a barrage of kisses dipped in flirtation, and as soon as he hung up the phone The mobile phone suddenly rang again, answering the person on

the other end to a question that seemed as if it had been asked to him before, and assuring him: Tomorrow morning, I will bring you the loan I promised you, and congratulations in advance, Fouad.

.....

Although love has become flimsy for some, the mills of love are still stubborn and strong

The surrender flag has not been announced yet.

Sharabiya block

The word block is what is used in Egyptian colloquial language to describe every entrance to a small building. This is often middle-class public housing or housing belonging to a specific governmental or functional body or body or belonging to a specific neighborhood. These are housing similar to each other with the same design and the same style, and often The same areas and number of floors except for rare differences, which are not known or widespread in what are called rural places or areas characterized by randomness, and of course not found in upscale places, where towers, high-rise buildings, and skyscrapers exist.

But there is something that must be drawn to. These blocks are characterized by a frightening diversity of people (diversity is what is frightening, not people, even if they are). They are not uniform in any way, like the countryside, random places, or upscale places.

You find in the blocks What you do not find in other human diversity is that it does not indicate or indicate any solidarity or solidarity, but it tells us that sometimes human destiny is united even if the educational, social, cultural, moral, or religious level differs in varying proportions, because often the economic and material level has The decisive factor in this matter.

In one of the blocks of residential buildings in the Sharabiya neighborhood in Cairo Governorate, the events of our story take place, which may seem familiar to some who lived through something like it, and which may appear as a huge surprise to others.

Summer night breezes cross the air, reaching the Sharabiya Block, a block located on the corner of a street, bordered by more than one commercial store, or rather more than one small shop, that appears to be in a strategic location, with a narrow entrance.

After a few steps, you will discover that some of its first steps

leading to the first floor have been demolished, and Often these are the steps on which the voice of some people is unleashed upon their guests (beware of that broken stair), but here the warning must be changed to (be careful not to be deceived by the fixed stair). The block appears to consist of three floors, each floor has two apartments, uniform exterior colors. Dark yellow, which has been greatly damaged.

Apartment 1 first floor

Hajja Fawzia lives there, and she moved there from Shubra after the death of her illustrious husband, Abdel-Ghani. He was an impeccable tailor, well-known at the time on Shubra Street, but unfortunately, his children lost his life forcefully and intentionally, or perhaps they overlooked it in their conversations with their peers. Truth be told, they falsely claim that he was a petroleum engineer in the Red Sea. It is worth noting that after Hajja Fawzia

accumulated debts after the death of her husband, she left the Shubra which she owned apartment to rent the Sharabiya apartment in a way that suits her current financial ability.

The eldest son, Adel, is married. He is apparently about to complete his forties, and he works as a freelance electrician far from any job that might entice him. In reality, he has not found that job, but he always pretends to. He lives in a rented apartment on a street not far from his mother. He has three children.

Next in order is Sumaya, the girl whose neighborhood people do not know exactly whether she is a girl or a woman, a girl or a married woman. She is beautiful, tall, white, and her face does not reveal a smile that tells others her age. She leaves her house in the morning and returns in the evening. She does not talk much with anyone, and no one knows anything about her, it seems that she is suspicious or has a quiet nature or has something to hide

from others, but what everyone agrees on is that seeing her pleases the onlookers.

Next to her is Salma, a girl who appears to be young and also seems to live well, which is a mysterious and strange thing. She is the daughter of Fawzia, just like Adel and Sumaya. She lives in the same apartment, the same way of living, and the economic and material capabilities, but she always makes claims to anyone who recognizes her . The companies talked to her about their residence, saying that she is studying in her final year at one of the private universities with high fees.

The last of them is Rashad, who was also named after his grandfather. He is Rashad Abdul Ghani Rashad. He is the youngest of them and is just over twenty. He dropped out of education and is a failure. He grows like a rotten flower in the middle of an orchard. We do not know if it is rotten or not, but it is a colorful orchard. Regardless of whether he is good or not, this (Rushd), as

his bad friends like to call him, is a source of corruption. He abuses drugs voraciously and has even started to deal in them as well. This (Al-Rushd) did not spare any time or effort when they moved to their new residence to get to know his peers. He is one of the corrupt people. In every garden there is that rotten, bad plant that disturbs other flowers. All of his brothers disavow him except his mother, Hajja Fawzia, who always prays for his guidance.

Apartment 2 first floor

The apartment of Mr. Mohsen Gadallah , an accountant in a private company, who is married to Nahid, a senior nurse in one of the government hospitals nearby. They have Ahmed, a diligent high school student, and Menna, a middle school student.

Everyone knows that Ahmed and Menna are diligent students in their studies, and this is actually the case. They always get the

highest grades. Advanced grades, rankings, and evaluations. They have high morals. They enjoy culture, broad-mindedness, love for others, and trust and respect for their teachers.

A close-knit, loving family seems ideal for anyone who thinks of emulating it, but not everything that your eyes see is real. Behind every door are stories and behind every wall are secrets that no one knows, and this in itself is an additional point in favor of that family. Mohsen is a decent, respectful husband who does not smoke. He does not stay up late outside his home and does not have any relationships with women. Mohsen is a devoted father to Ahmed and Menna. This is what it seems to those around him, to his neighbors, to his co-workers, and to his relatives, but there is something that disturbs the tranquility and idealism of this family, despite all that Mohsen has. He has advantages and praiseworthy things, but he has a serious flaw, which is the coldness of his feelings. His feelings towards Nahid are good and

respectful, as a brother and not as a husband. Mohsen's feelings were never bold, romantic feelings. He never addressed her with words of flattery, flirtation, or passion. He never caressed her locks. who has been depressed for a long time. He has an emotional stinginess that no one knows if it was intentional or otherwise. His feelings towards his children are tender and he does not hold back anything from them. He spares no effort in order to provide them with the pleasures of life as much as possible, but he never patted Ahmed on the shoulder as his friend and He had become a young man, and they had never gone out together to walk together and chat about something important or unimportant, and he had never once hugged Menna to hold her like everyone does with their kids , especially with their daughters, for as they say (a daughter is her father's lover).

Apartment 3 second floor

The apartment of Saeed, a rural young man in his twenties, white-skinned, with a freckled face, plump build, and newly married to Basmala, a white girl with golden hair and shy green eyes.

Basmala has a lot of authentic rural character combined with a moderate amount of education and knowledge of life's events.

They created a new life in Cairo, away from the hardship of their village, and they rented the apartment for a few months, shortly after their marriage, and it seems that this apartment was the place where the seed of their embryo was witnessed. Saeed was an exceptional cook in one of the tourist villages with a distinguished income, which was This encouraged him to get engaged and then get married, but the deterioration of the country's economic situation made him leave his job just before the marriage ceremony was completed. Unfortunately, he did not

find anyone else and did not find anything suitable for him in his town, so immediately after the marriage he was forced to leave with his wife to Cairo and pay his small money savings to buy a tuk-tuk, the commitment of life that one does not have much time to think about, the situation is sometimes not devoid of some usual marital quarrels and quarrels, but this has never diminished their love for each other.

Apartment 4 second floor

The closed apartment, or as people in the street call it (the empty apartment), is the apartment of Professor Mahmoud Al-Masry, a high school mathematics teacher who was leave to a Gulf country. He traveled there many years ago, and most likely will not return in the near future. Since then, the apartment has been closed. Neglected, as for the timing and reasons for his travel, it

happened immediately after his divorce. His divorced woman, Kariman, was the type of domineering, arrogant woman who could convince anyone who listened to her that she was a descendant of rich people , or perhaps from a royal family here or there, and she spared no effort in transforming his life. It was an unbearable hell. Mahmoud was not weak, but he was polite and courteous. He protected her feelings and dignity in front of others, but she did not. Mahmoud was born and lived alone without brothers, which had a negative impact on his psychological formation, and this made him an introverted personality, on the mind of anyone who heard Kariman's biography. He did not see that she was a very beautiful woman with white skin and a slender figure, with green or blue eyes, who spoke more than one language. In fact, Karima, or Kariman, as she called herself, was not beautiful, and she was not cultured, and she was not educated at all. She was just taking advantage of the opportunity that landed Mahmoud in her clutches after she had

tightened her net around him, she had what she wanted and married him, but after years and after the problems worsened, Mahmoud decided to travel abroad after he divorced her, and God gave him a great opportunity for a new life pure of any impurities. Kariman did not have children with Mahmoud, and this in itself is a major advantage for him that made him quickly turn that page in his life. Perhaps he would learn the lesson and feel his next marital and family steps. Kariman tried, after her divorce and after Mahmoud traveled, to take possession of the apartment in one way or another, but she couldn't, because she had not a kids .

Apartment 5 third floor

Sheikh Zayat's apartment. He works in the Grand Mosque. Sheikh Zayat is in his fifties. Of course, his beard is covered with gray, as is his hair. He is considered a jurisprudential reference for the

people of the street, both the common people and the simple, in all matters of jurisprudence , and religious, as is the custom of the people of poor and marginalized places in constantly getting rid of the task of Sheikh Zayat naturally knew and understood everything related to religious and worldly matters. Zayat saw himself as having a sense of humor and a rare sense of humor. He taught hadith, jurisprudence, and interpretation of the Qur'an. The biography of the Companions and other matters of reference. He is also an expert in repairing what time has spoiled between a person and his wife, between neighbor and neighbor, and between a brother and his brothers, despite not completing one task until the end or changing one situation to another, but one must strive and He does not have to realize success (as he always repeated when someone surprised him, denouncing the lack of goodness of the situation).

No one in the block, the street, or the entire Sharabiya neighborhood knows whether Sheikh Zayat is married or not. He lives in his apartment alone after renting it for years. His origins go back, as he tells them, to the suburbs of Giza and the beginning of the Upper Egypt line.

There are two pieces of information that we must know before we turn the page on Sheikh Zayat and the story of an apartment 5, The first is that Sheikh Zayat is fond of everything related to females or smile of women , and he takes the initiative with all enthusiasm and passion to meet what is required and desired of course he would not have done that with male roughness.

The second is that Sheikh Zayat holds a middle school diploma and has been working as a servant at the Grand Mosque for many years, and everyone in the street and neighborhood knows that.

Apartment 6 third floor

The apartment of Uncle Karem and his wife, Umm Abdullah, a couple who were close to seventy or perhaps a little over that. Uncle Karem was a conductor at the Public Transport Authority and moved to retirement about ten years ago. This coincided with the marriage of his only son, Abdullah, and his travel with his wife to work in the Red Sea, where he settled. He works as an engineer. Uncle Karem is the oldest resident of the block and also one of the oldest residents of the street. He and his wife often disappear from sight. They stay home for days and perhaps weeks, only going out to pay the pension amount at the beginning of each month, leaning on each other, and perhaps going out several times. A few visits at intervals to some of her brothers or nephews, but does anyone visit them? No....no one visits them at all. They do not know the reason for that despite their high degree of friendliness and respect, even Abdullah and his wife. Their visits are limited to Eid al-Fitr and Eid al-Adha, and this may be dropped from their minds for some years.

Six apartments united by one wall in one place, but every person in his life is having fun and fooling around and perhaps in pain and stumbling, and there are those who are crawling towards salvation from the unknown or the known, and there are those whose thoughts are playing with thoughts, and there are those who are waiting for the end and others who are waiting for the beginning. He waits for the beginning for himself or for others, multiple lives with limited meters, each person in a deliberate hibernation or otherwise. Perhaps life was the cause of those mysteries and logarithms that no one ever took the initiative to decipher.

Perhaps life was the prison fence that was forcefully imposed on us all, and perhaps it was the savior if we read its warnings and warning bells well....

Perhaps Professor Mohsen will be Karem's uncle tomorrow, and perhaps Saeed will soon become Mahmoud Al-Masry , or perhaps Sheikh Zayat was an inspiration to (Rushd) or one of his brothers, unintentionally and unknowingly.

Al-Sharabiya Block is the Shubra, Al-Munira, Helwan, Ezbet Al-Hagana, or other Egypt neighborhoods and areas. Al-Sharabiya Block is (life Block).

The last free fall

It is unusual or undesirable for a person to start his day, practice it completely, and then end it without the usual and usual free fall, which has become an indispensable life habit.

This in itself, if it happens (not free falling), is considered a disappointment for the disappointment itself, or, say, a scandal. A resounding and breaking of his own laws of nature, which rage unjustly within his dark world.

A free fall, sometimes from a building he had just finished constructing alone, and another fall that might be from the same building or height, but with arrogant alignments cursing everything stuck in his foolish memory that he had always sworn to eradicate as soon as possible, a fall from a skyscraper that he could not afford. He has plenty of time to

count the number of its floors, distinguish its colours, or enjoy touching the clouds above it. A fall from heights, but they are indefinite. They are low, just a fall from a height, and they can hardly make him ecstatic with his good judgment and acumen.

It is interesting that his constant preparation for the journey of falling does not deny that the blood pump stops interacting and beating in the event of failure or....or non-failure. Yes, perhaps he was confused about the whole matter and did not realize whether the failure lies in falling or not falling. He never pulled the trigger on his thought. To sit on the throne of truth. The truth no longer whispered to him and blamed him and hoped for more persistent sacrifices from him.

Boredom had made him more bored and attempts had exhausted him until he became sluggish and without noise.

Likewise, the edges and walls of the falling platforms no longer cling to the hem of his pants or the laces of his shoes

out of sadness for him or perhaps just... An attempt to dissuade him from his opinion. What always bothers him is the loss of the smoothness of the fall and the resulting damage to the blood pump or a defect in the (central steering control unit), really, there is a difference between the first fall and the thousandth fall, for example.

(last free fall)

He voluntarily ascended to the roof of one of the skyscrapers that fate had chosen for him, or he may have chosen it himself under duress, and he did not care about whether he had ascended it before or not. He looked up at the sky with extreme defiance and perhaps excessive pride. He appeared erect, with a tense back, neck, and legs. The distance between his legs indicated a hero of free fall, a hero who did not lack confidence, courage, or audacity. He closed his eyes, conceited with himself, after he inhaled slowly

and... He went deep and unleashed his arms, announcing the start of the downward journey!

But !!!

What happened had never happened to him before, and he was very familiar with free-fall trips. The feet were nailed down as if they had never been destined to move. The arms were folded and relaxed to the side timidly. The eyes were unable to return to anticipating what was happening. The illusion had dissipated while what happened. His eyes are still closed, time is no longer the same for him. It seems that time and space are embracing and concluding a treaty of reconciliation and agreement after asceticism and quarreling, but he is squeezed between them. This is the closest analogy to reality. A distinct aromatic scent penetrates his nose, past the central control unit. Directing and declaring a challenge to the blood pump that he has always detested, an aromatic scent that may announce bliss

and eternity, or perhaps comfort and tranquility, distinct, comforting sounds that enter his ears with a smoothness that is pleasing to the soul. These sounds may be laughter or whispers of children or adults, even if The first possibility was closer to the certainty that they were children of different ages, a warmth and glow that surprised his chest, coming from a female body whose terrain and curves he could feel, as well as its requirements, but he could not squeeze it with both of his bruised arms immersed in involuntary numbness, he could not inaugurate a sacred epic for others to imitate.

Everything revolves around his thoughts, his directing central control unit, and his blood pump, and after his limbs and prey sink into temporary ecstasy, a smile appears on his face, filling every crack of the wrinkles of his face, which has just transformed from immobility to flexibility, from death to life, and from free fall to what is highest. Destiny and compulsion for obedience. It looms on the horizon that he

will struggle and struggle to possess the body of a woman, the fragrance of life, and the voice of children. His stature, neck, and legs will relax after the distance between them shrinks. For a few moments, he will hate falling and long for a life that will be prepared for him after he has reached the dream. Now above that edge, he reached life on the cusp of death. He sought hope after he felt the pleasure of existence, or perhaps the pleasure of existence, despite falling after he had tolerated it for a long time. He prepared to descend from his last edge, swearing that it would truly be his last edge, and that he would approach life and She began to attract him to her like a woman who desperately desires a man. He began to relax one of his legs, preparing to fall off the edge with his eyes open again, but...

But the sound of its impact was earlier, announcing the last free fall.

Diallo's journey

It seems that human journeys and messages are different and varied from one person to another, and from one stage to another, but there is something that unites these nonsense in one crucible and one destiny, even if it is not the same time....

What about death?

How does someone who died while still above the ground and not yet buried feel?

Does he feel those around him? Does he hear those around him?

Does the spirit accompany him only to his funeral, or does it continue with him to the grave, or does it leave it forever?

How difficult and arduous are the moments of separation and farewell for the soul, and the most difficult and painful are the moments of life's contact with death or the moments of dying. It appears that death may be the end for one individual, but in reality it is the end of many things that fade and dissipate in the hearts of many, or it may actually be death. The truth is for those hearts, there is nothing more difficult for the human soul than to accompany the moments of death of a close person, a husband, a brother, a daughter, a mother, a father. Does that human soul feel their pain if it was close to them?

Does the soul return to someone, asleep or awake, to tell him some advice, a remorse of the conscience of the person who experienced it, or a request that might change its course in a distant home?

There is no room for tampering with imaginary metaphysical theses, the answer to which we all know. Only those who touch them will be burned by fire.

Of course, no one returned from there to recite to us, bragging or complaining, about what he experienced in the hidden other world (death).

.....Montaser Al-Shiwi, an employee of the Real Estate Registry Department who had not yet finished his fifty years (he had a short length and unequal legs since his birth, a plump belly, and had an accent that was palatable to the ear when he pronounced the letter "S") and who passed away one morning. The hot summer and the area where he lives began this day by breaking

the usual stereotypes. The day began with sounds of wailing and wailing coming from his home.

.....(Daytime atmosphere - Montaser's house / Bab Al-Sharia in Cairo)

(time / unknown)

Inside a white shroud that exuded that scent that they spread over the corpse so that its smell or perhaps its features would not change, Montaser found himself lying in a body with no will, no movement, no heartbeat, no sight, no hearing, no speech, no thinking, there was only something that was devouring him. His mind is on what is going on around him, what is going on in the corridors of the place, and what is on the minds of those around him, all of whom are wearing black clothes. He feels those around him well, and he begins to realize the current situation, its hypotheses, and its possibilities. It may be one of those

nightmares that he is accustomed to, or it may be reality. Really painful, and Montaser Al-Shiwi is now dead.

The premise of the nightmare began to fade inside him when he forcibly heard the wailing sounds of Saniya and other women. The tears of his wife, Saniya, flowed in rivers, and her wailing and sobbing rose so loudly that she fainted and was unable to regain consciousness except with the help of her close neighbors who did not delay her immediately after the first dose of wailing she exhaled. He knows what While she was feeling the pretense of sadness and exaggerated shock, he knew that what was currently occupying her mind and worrying her, and perhaps the direct reason for her wailing, was his entitlements at work, including funeral expenses, end of service expenses, etc., in order to reach the pension, dividing the inheritance between her and the daughters, and perhaps she had thought about some sort of truce. Before she thinks about getting engaged again, and perhaps

he is Salah, her recently divorced cousin, he also sees, or rather feels, the hatred inside that woman for her, but it is nothing but a typical celebration that must be held, a dull ceremony that Egyptian society, especially the popular neighborhoods, is accustomed to. Poor Fawzi Al-Shiwi, his younger brother, who came running from his house as soon as he heard the news, accompanied by his wife, who came almost under duress and did not offer even the minimum of courtesies (wailing, wailing, and crying). Fawzi burst into tears as if he knew that there were surveillance cameras in the place, and he had to pretend to be sad and act it out well, otherwise the blame would be great on him. Then he left to complete the documents required in such cases, including a burial permit, preparations, and so on. Fawzi, whose last appearance with his brother was nothing but a violent quarrel three years ago, followed by a complete cessation of communication between them, and the reason for the quarrel was the dispute over their father's inheritance. But now,

Montasser, who had only two daughters, has died. This means that fate brought Fawzi a portion of his brother's inheritance on a plate of gold, not silver.

And here were Montaser's colleagues in the department in which he works. Some of them were deeply saddened by him, or perhaps his sadness was over the affliction of death itself. He died as a human being before anything else. Some of them were good at representing that, and some of them did not find it difficult for anyone to realize the extent of his ecstasy over his death. Victor .

By virtue of his work in the Real Estate Registration Department, Montaser was able to create a fortune that was not exorbitant, but included more than one residential and commercial property (Montaser was not our master Joseph, that phrase he always sang when summoning a crude sense of humor).

Muntaser can well realize the extent of the darkness that has enveloped him and penetrated inside him. He feels the extent of

his body being frozen. He feels the loss of his will in a great way.

This is a feeling that no one can comprehend before he goes through (the Muntaser Experience), an experience that has no repetition or recurrence. It passes through a person once. One, but it may pass by the same soul many times. Relatives, work colleagues, and the rest of the neighbors flocked to join the funeral. Everyone was ready to inaugurate the last line in Muntaser's life, except Muntaser himself, who was not prepared for that.

This nightmare lasted longer and longer. Perhaps Saniya will now wake me up, or at least one of my daughters, Asmaa or Rahma (Montaser talking to himself).

Victorious in his white shroud, hands raise him to place him inside the wooden coffin in which he will be transported to the afterlife. Screams and expressions of wailing rise from the women present

in a sudden, escalating manner. Screams capable of temporarily moving some of the arteries in the hearts of the attendees from their places. He is placed in the car designated for that (human honor car). .

A victorious feeling for those around him began to shrink downward, began to diminish little by little. It seemed that the feeling and feeling that accompanied him before began to be gradually withdrawn from him. However, he felt that few of those who accompanied him to the graves went to make sure that they had gotten rid of him once and for all and that he would not return again or To take a sermon from him or what, and there are of course those who were content to barely attend the ceremony at his home and then quickly left. The journey is approaching its end, of course it is not a nightmare, it is the end of Muntaser Al-Shiwi, as there is no return from that journey.

He greeted them at the graveyard (Eid , he is the grave man) like a groom waiting for his longed-for bride, and his feelings were filled with joy, as he had not worked for more than a month, although of course he pretended to be extremely sad for Montaser Al-Shiwi..(son of my dear , as he called him upon the arrival of the body).

The grave became completely prepared after it was prepared before Eid , It was ready to receive Montaser. Montaser's feelings became completely blurry when they carried him with his shroud from inside the wooden casket to place him in his eternal grave. Three of his close associates came down with him, along with the grave man to complete the burial process. They imprisoned him on his right side, and they unburied him. They tied the shroud, some of them placed the last kiss on his forehead, then they all went out to spread dirt on the grave. It was only a few minutes before the mourners quickly left to catch up with what they saw

as more important than that. As soon as the grave was closed on Muntaser, any feeling that was real or vague began to disappear in him. Completely unconscious, and the soul began to fade away amid cosmic, existential screams, screams that had nothing to do with Montaser, screams that only those authorized to hear could hear. The cemetery began to squeeze him and squeeze his ribs with force and violence, as if it had found what it wanted in this unfortunate person who would inevitably be a delicious meal. For her, Victor was completely erased from existence. He no longer has a place in this world. He may have moved on to the better or he may have moved on to the uglier, no one knows.

.....

(Daytime atmosphere - a street in Dakar, Senegal)

(time / unknown)

Diallo comes down from his house after quarreling with his wife, the typical quarrel with which he begins his day as usual, or perhaps it is the morning beginnings imposed on him by that obese, foul-mouthed woman, who is always adept at changing and changing the reasons for the quarrel. Perhaps this is due to innate intelligence to break the intensity of boredom. Or maneuver and evade cleverly, so that Diallo is unable to anticipate what is coming from hell and so that he is unable to prepare appropriate defensive methods for that.

While Diallo is putting on his clothes outside his house, he carefully inhales the pure breeze of freedom, and of course any breeze outside the house that brings him together is the breeze of freedom and safety.

Diallo takes his taxi. He has apparently been working as a driver for many years. He drives his car through the streets of Dakar in search of his livelihood, pleading to prolong the walk and to enjoy

the breeze of being away from his wife. He limps in his car from one street to another and from one neighborhood to another, until something unexpected happens, as is usual. Random children in all random countries, one of them racing to throw a small stone at the back window of his car as a form of absurdity and disgusting fun, then Diallo, who has brown skin or perhaps a little darker skin, stands up and quickly descends to punish this boy who fled in one of the side streets, shouting triumphantly in an idiotic manner. Of course, Diallo's short length , his uneven legs from birth, and his chunky stomach prevented him from catching up with the boy, but he was able to unleash a torrent of curses at him in a loud voice, perhaps to calm himself down relatively, with words and phrases that did not lack an accent that was palatable to the ear. When he pronounces the letter s .

.....(Whoever imagines that he knows the essence of existence has lost a lot of knowledge)

junk

winter2018

One of the streets of Sayyida Zeinab, and the day was about to depart, ashamed of its cloudiness and the mistiness of its sky, which some love and others fear, signaling the arrival of a long night like all other cold winter nights, where one of the young girls was wearing elastically tight blue jeans, a short red coat, and a pink head covering. Short and brief from all sides on purpose, she crosses on her feet on a main street, past one of the modern towers, to approach it with graceful steps, and then turns slightly behind it with a fluidity and spontaneity indicating the utmost normality, to enter the entrance of a three house, a house that appears ancient and has lived through generations after generations. On the

other hand, it was surrounded by towers on more than one side, but it remained tall like an old man leaning on his cane in the middle of a ruined ancient Egyptian neighborhood, an old man whom everyone feared and revered, and who made him the authority and arbiter in their minor and major affairs. The girl climbed the stairs to the first floor in a few steps, and She took out a keychain with a few keys and a small fur doll from her pants pocket, and made way for the apartment key to slip through the old door. In a few moments, the girl went inside, lying down on one of the sofas, lowering her torso and throwing her head back after placing the shopping bags she had on the adjacent table to the door, then she leans forward a little to take off her coat, her headdress, then her shoes and throws them away towards the door. She takes out her phone to take a peek and leaves it next to her after that, then she goes back to relaxing.

Lara is a high school girl who completed seventeen years old two weeks ago, but she looks like a twenty-year-old girl in appearance, body, and features, with her white skin, reddish in the nature of modesty, without cosmetics, and her wide, hazel eyes, eyes that smile without opening their face and laugh effortlessly when they need to, and Lips the color of a flower had blossomed only that morning, and long, silky brown hair that, if she had let it down, would have reached a little beyond her coat and would have touched the ground if she had to bend her knees to pick up something that had fallen, and a body that was completely unpromising, as it had declared disobedience and desertion without returning to the platform. Childhood and adolescence, and he has deeply penetrated the sky of femininity and has ascended to a position that no one can match, a body whose features were sculpted with care, craftsmanship, and diligence. Lara, who stays with her grandmother, Mufida Al-Sawaf, alone, realizes very well that she is in a position of implicit

responsibility, which is care for her grandmother, and the reality. The matter is that each of them takes care of the other. Hajja Mufidah, who is close to seventy years old or may be a little over it, still enjoys good health except for some symptoms of gout that are not chronic and not dangerous to health. She also enjoys a memory that her age-matches do not have. When you see grandma Mufidah or Mufi as Lara likes to call her that, depending on the mood between them, she will truly realize that she is her grandmother, as she has the same features and spirit, except for the effects of time's impiety and its tyranny.

Lara's relaxation is interrupted by her grandmother's call reassuring her of her return from abroad, and it seems that she had succumbed to a slight drowsiness, which enabled her to realize that her grandmother might be drowsy as well.

Lara runs to her grandmother's room and presses a long kiss on her forehead while her grandmother prepares to get out

of bed, urging her granddaughter to prepare two cups of Turkish coffee for them and takes it to the “Badri” room, which is how she calls the last room in that hallway, which also includes three rooms, one for the useful person, another for Lara, and the third is prepared for any guests who come to spend the night, as is the custom in most Egyptian homes. After a few moments of astonishment, Lara goes to the kitchen. To prepare the coffee, she was astonished that Badri's room had now been opened. That room was opened every year or a few years for a purpose and only useful people entered it. So why now did she insist on Lara entering it with her?

With heavy, heavy steps, Lara approached the room. Her grandmother asked her in a faint voice to quickly enter and close the door behind her. It is obvious that there was no one but them in the house, so why close the door? Perhaps this would ensure the so-called privacy. Lara entered,

closing the door behind her lightly and silently, as if she did not want anyone to feel her. She looked right and left to see many things, including plastic and leather cartons and bags on the floor, a small bed, and a small wardrobe, all surrounded by shadows. The yellow lamp hanging from the ceiling of the room, her grandmother surprises her and takes the coffee table from it before something bad happens to her, and demand her to sit next to her on the edge of the bed, and intimately tells her that it is an extension of her life and that she should know that that room is the room of memories, and that is why she named it. Her grandfather, Al-Badri, may God have mercy on him (her husband, Saeed Al-Badri, who passed away in the early millennium, only two months after reaching the retirement age, as if he had finished his obligations to the government and life in general), Mufidah extended her hand to a folder of old photos, the cover of which was destroyed, like a patient struggling with the throes of death to no avail. Until Lara

surprised her and said: (All of this is a junk ?) The word fell on her grandmother's ears like someone pouring pieces of ice on her head in the month of December, and she turned to her with a frown of reproach and shame while she did not say a word, so Lara realized the extent of her crime, apologizing to her grandmother for so. Mufidah continues what she had begun after taking a few breaths, regaining her enthusiasm to delve into the memory that she made between them, to show Lara the wedding photos of her and her grandfather Saeed and other photos of them and some friends at a summer resort. Mufidah was wearing a swimsuit that showed many, many things. Her cheeks (Lara's features radiate a redness that may be shyness or astonishment) and other pictures in parks and various occasions, some pictures white and a black and the other colours, then she shows her pictures of her two children at the time (Ashraf, Lara's father, and Rasha, her aunt), and their ages were not more than ten at the time. Although Ashraf is two years older than Rasha, they look like

twins, then pictures of Ashraf and Omnia's wedding (Lara's parents) before they left for one of the countries. Five years later, they left Lara with her grandmother all those years alone except for the annual visit, and now the time has come for them to return this year, as they told her last year, to settle in the homeland, and pictures of the wedding of Rasha and Ahmed (her aunt and her husband), who had settled. They are in one of the tourist cities in Egypt, but their situation is like the situation of Ashraf and his wife from the visit, and she also shows her a picture of herself as a child and her parents carried her, and it seems that they were determined not to repeat such a picture, so they did not have children after that, and there are also pictures of him being in contact with her partially or Total destruction and the obliteration of landmarks, and she refers to her: This is your grandfather, and this is your father's grandfather, and this is your grandmother, and so on, until Lara seems astonished by a historical fragrance that she had not seen, But now she entered It

for a few minutes, and they brought back to her the sense of pride that she had long lost with the disappearance of family warmth and parental embrace, which the grandmother worked hard to replace for her, but for each task God created him for, Lara hugs her grandmother, wishing her good health and longevity, and puts Mufida on a wallet. The memories were completely in their previous place, so she opened one of the leather bags and extracted a piece of children's clothing that she told her was her father's, even though it looked like a female, but this was the prevailing custom at the time to prevent envy (for Lara laughed hard and combed her hair back to return it to how it was before her father's dress) and picked up her fingertips.

Mufidah used a children's audio toy called (shokhshikha) to tell Lara that it was the first toy she had bought for her child Ashraf.

Before Lara noticed that there was no memory of her aunt's

clothes or toys, Mufidah had told her that the little one's

(traditionally passed down) clothes and toys from his previous

siblings were not scarcity or anything. He is similar, but it is a good omen for him to live and grow like his predecessors. After that, some notebooks and study books for Ashraf and Rasha. It is clear from the notebooks, their corrections, and their grades that Ashraf is noticeably superior to Rasha. Mufida laughs, reminding Lara that the bed they are sitting on is her father's first bed alone. Then she looked at a carefully wood box, opened it, and showed Lara an elegant leather wallet, an authentic metal watch, eyeglasses, and some small belongings, Lara realized that it belonged to her grandfather. A few moments of contemplation of Mufidah's thoughts on her late husband's belongings were followed by a sigh and an exhale of pain, as if she had just lost him. Lara followed her intently, as if she were watching one of the masterpieces of romantic, dreamy cinema, which she certainly knew nothing about. She followed her grandmother with "Plump." On her arm, Mufidah gets up, following Lara to a small wardrobe in one of the corners of the room to open it. There is an

old suit hidden inside a plastic bag case that protects it from dust, but it will certainly not protect it from the ravages of time, and a white dress, or it seems that it was white one day, is on the other side opposite. From the same plastic bag, there are also some other clothes that smell like the distant past, hidden inside bags, and the relationship seems violent and hateful on both sides. The clothes want to go out, but the bags restrict them, And the bags were filled with the smell of the past, with no benefit or benefit. Please, so consider keeping up with the latest events. On the floor of the closet there is a black women's handbag in good condition despite its very old style. It seems that Mufidida kept it without any final use on purpose because, as she told Lara, it was the first gift from Badri to her. Here Lara remembered the fur doll with her key ring, a bright shade of red, For your information, girls can identify dozens of colors from it with confidence and decisiveness. The doll was a gift from her classmate in middle school, and she does not know why he gave her that doll and why she accepted it.

He is just a classmate and she has not known anything about him since the end of the stage, but because thing for thing is mentioned. She remembered him, and it seems clear that Mufidah had almost emptied all of her arguments and memories until they were surprised by the ringing of the phone outside, the ringtone reserved for her parents. So she asked her grandmother's permission and set out in the hallway, running as if racing against time, space, and people, to catch up with a bygone time or a land. Far away, or someone whose life has passed for thousands of years, she picks up her phone to find more than ten rings preceding that one. She answers quickly, and her father calls her from the other side, announcing to her that there is not good news for her. He and her mother may be forced not to come to Egypt this summer, provided that she postpones the return. Final and stability for the coming year, moments of silence interspersed with frequent heartbeats for Lara, accompanied by a red face indicating anger and disappointment. This is followed by Ashraf

asking Lara about the reason for her delay in responding and about the health of his mother (her grandmother). She responds to him with a short sentence whose letters break on her tongue as if she did not want to. Leaving her mouth: She is fine, but she is now in the junk room

The last show

He quickly entered his small room in order to prepare for his show, which was about to begin. He sat scratching his eyelids tiredly and lazily before he began to apply his own powders and

colors to his face, which he was accustomed to doing for himself every day. His room, which did not exceed an area of one and a half meters. Every side, or a little more, was covered with mirrors from every direction, although some of them had cracks on them and others were almost shattered due to Badran the clown staring at him a lot. He was not accustomed to looking in the mirror before he started applying his makeup. He did not want to. Voluntarily, he wanted to see Badran, the man whom the world had attacked and crushed with its claws and thrown down by force. He always hides behind Badran's smiles and his jokes with the audience. Rather, his horizon expands to welcome their ridicule and ridicule at times, or perhaps some insults and curses from children and teenagers.

Badr began applying Badran's powders and colours, drawing on his memory of Aziza, who had assassinated his dreams after she surprised him with ridicule for asking to marry her. She even

made him a rich subject for ridicule and ridicule of that popular neighborhood in which they lived, that neighborhood that did not know Badr's true job , and it seemed to them He seemed like a clown just because he proposed marriage to Aziza, the daughter of Hussein Al-Khudari, the wood merchant. He was that poor employee, as they know. He seemed to them like a clown just because he proposed marriage to Aziza, the beautiful seductress, who has a slightly curvy, plump body and who lights up the neighborhood with a glow, coming and going, and he tries to... Many wealthy men, or at least semi-wealthy men, proposed to her, and he was that short, fat with innocent features, but without any handsomeness or attractiveness to any of them. He began to hide in his memory of his mother, who died in his childhood, and he did not embrace her . The mother's warmth and tenderness did not spread well to him, and he forcibly hid from the features of his cruel stepmother who was always

abusing him. He hid in shame from his education, which he had not completed after his father's death and his wife's disapproval. His father and brothers are his.

Badr had barely finished his usual preparations for Badran, which he often finished until Badr vanished from existence, memory, features, and the mirror, but this did not happen. Badran's powders and colors were complete on his face, but he still terrified Badr of being alone without a father or A mother or a brother, terrified of the fact that he is marginalized and has no family, he still takes precautions with his mind to go out and enter the neighborhood, arduously and in violation of the alphabet of time and place, so that no one sees him and mocks him or addresses him with expressions of ridicule, sarcasm, or even sympathy.

It did not work for him today, and perhaps for the first time in many years. Badran appeared but Badr did not disappear. Badran

was born but Badr did not die. Badran was cloned but Badr did not disappear. The offer will not succeed with him if this dilemma is not solved. He will not escape failure if Badr did not refute. He turned around in his seat, which still had a sense of rotation due to stability. He found his courage and tried to surprise one mirror after another. Perhaps one would be able to attract Badr to her forever, at least until the end of the show or the end of her life if she wanted, and that would be a praiseworthy matter. For her, but to no avail. It seems that the struggle for survival will rage between Badr and Badran, between the weak and the oppressed, the oppressed and the surrendered. One of them must win, one must conquer the other.

Badr lit two rolls of tobacco, one for him and the other for Badran, in the mirror. He inhaled the tobacco slowly and weakly and exhaled the smoke with complete submission, sometimes with his hand and at other times with his other hand in the mirror.

Badr: You are infiltrated among my limbs, without any benefit, benefit, or hope. Your existence is of no use other than fatigue and weakness.

Badran: You are the one who wanted fatigue and weakness for yourself. You were the one who closed the doors of change, transformation, and confrontation in your face. You are of no use. You wanted me to be like you, to be a monster without a will, but it will not happen.

Badr: We are both the same weak, oppressed person, deprived of our will. How can you be superior to me? I created you and I know how you are. Can you reject my will and prevent it? Can you say something I do not want?

Badran: You imagine it to be like this, but you should know that you alone are the weak freak. Others spit on Badran's face (the real, well-known, obese, ugly Badr), but when someone spits on me, he does it on the face of the clown Badran (the unreal one,

hidden behind powders). And artificial colours. No one sees the color of my skin when it is extremely red, as it was already like that before. No one saw the trembling of my features when I was described with the most despicable descriptions, as if I were a monster who was born like this. My features no longer tremble from the many curses that befell me. You are ugly and not me , you are the weak and I am oppressed by my will, you are the oppressed and I am the surrendered, be like this.

Badr: I am the one who made you, and I am the one who can expose you. I am the one who can reduce you to nothingness as you were.

Badran: You won't be able to. Do you know why? Because you are weak, I am the one who makes you flee from slapping your cheeks at the abandonment and rebuke of that dear one to you, and I am the one to whom you convey your lessons regarding the cruelty of

time and its loneliness, I am the one who has kept you alive until now.

He knocks on the door of the room loudly and violently, not without some verbal cursing for him and all of his family.

Whoever does this warns him with a barrage of intimidation and threats about his delay in getting on stage, but there is no answer from Badr or Badran. Perhaps this was due to the sounds of music and Dancing and singing outside, it seems that the clown has become absorbed in the impersonation to the point that he forgets his display. The knocker increases the knocking on the door and also his curses, but without an answer or reaction from the clown, he storms into the room carrying a reprimanding and perhaps destructive energy to those inside, but What he saw made him amazed.

The clown was lying on the ground with his obese body motionless, covered in his own blood, which was pouring from

deep wounds on his face and various parts of his body. Glass was scattered throughout the room, and all the mirrors were almost completely shattered. The last thing that caught his eye before he shouted at the others was the remains of a roll of tobacco (one) dropped on the ground and still .

Perhaps now the clown has finished his last show.

Adrenaline

Emad El Din Street1952

A taxi driven by a young man, Abdel Azim. He is tall, white skinned, black-haired, and has black eyes. He is in fact a young man like other Egyptians of this age. His features are familiar, and there is nothing that distinguishes him from others. He roams the center of Cairo in his car in search of a client. In pursuit of his livelihood, his eyes turn right and left between the faces of people on the sidewalks, staring at others crossing the road, turning from time to time to a car passing by or a boy shouting on the side of the road about his goods. There is nothing new on this day than before, until something happens which didn't expect.

Abdul Azim is suddenly drawn to the car's internal mirror. His eyes catch a beautiful girl and a young man in military uniform and Western features sitting in the back seat in a state of love and mutual harmony. He rubs his eyes in shock and horror at the same time. He quickly brakes the car

before he hits someone, then , He goes back and continues walking again and steals a half-eye glance with a sideways view in the mirror, The same girl and young man they are definitely ghosts. As far as he knows, he is fully sane, and he has never tasted alcohol or drugs. He is unable to turn around, staring into the mirror once again, the situation is the same, even if the young man's features changed to authentic Egyptian features, but he was still in military uniform. What caught his attention was that the girl's condition changed in this absurd scene, and she became as if she was forced and dissatisfied with him , Abdel Azim felt dizzy and exhausted fate would not give him permission or enable him from stopping the car, his wandering nerves and his lost awareness do not enable him to control the car ,the car staggers despite him holding on to the steering wheel well ,the car collides with many things that he does not really see, but he feels the impact of the collision, which affected some cars, sidewalks, and perhaps people. Innocent people,

the car is almost destroyed, but it is still moving at a speed approaching zero, with noise and noise that deafen those around them.

A hospital in Cairo2011

A tall young doctor wearing a distinctive, attractive white doctors' coat, roaming the corridors of the hospital at a faster pace than usual, searching for something, perhaps a patient's room, or a medical department, or an operating room. He looked right and left ,some doors were closed tightly, as if they had been locked. It was intentional and useless to try to open them, and some of them were strangely flush with the walls and completely disappeared in a way that suggested that there had never been any rooms or doors in those places before, the lights became dim at times and glowing at other times, randomly and aimlessly. The doctor's steps slowed down and became heavy. No. No

one in the corridors or halls at all, no doctors, nurses, or even patients, everyone disappeared in an absurd, idiotic way, the doctor does not see anyone, even if he feels their presence. It seems as if they are hiding from something or perhaps from him personally, he hears the sound of their successive and frequent breathing, he smells a scent their adrenaline, resulting from their fear, is almost penetrated by the warmth of their existence mixed with their trembling inhales and exhales, the walls and floors become increasingly bright and sparkling, catching the eye without approval, and a squeaky wail that seems to be coming from throats that have been screaming for decades without an answer or response from anyone, he does not know the source of those screams and does not seem to care to know, the flow of blood and tears increases with intensity, like torrents of winter snow that refuses to be calmed, these pouring torrents embrace and mix and mingle, they were intertwined, and gathered, sliding from all the walls and

floors, as if there was a giant magnetic machine that attracted them to the end of the hallway to reveal a large artistic painting that had been painted with great care, the doctor, who became trembling, looked at it closely (he did not lack the secretion of the hormone adrenaline), his mind did not spare much to translate the content for him, the picture (the same girl and the same young man in the scene of the taxi, the young man with Egyptian features and military uniform, what's more is that the girl has become tired and old and is no longer a girl, and the young man is still in the prime of his youth or perhaps he is hiding his old age in some way), sirens blare, announcing Life returns to the hospital suddenly, that absurd artistic painting disappears from the doctor's eyes, everything returns to its previous state, the movement of doctors, nurses and patients returns to normal in the corridors and halls.

Now the loudspeakers or the internal radio in the hospital are loud, calling for the doctor (Mohamed Mahmoud Abdel Azim).

Train

The sound of the train's whistles is enough to make him run, clutching his heartbeats, hoping that his beats do not exceed the sound of those warning whistles for fear of not catching up with him, his panic calms down a little when he puts one of his feet inside it, there is no doubt then that the other foot will be well aware that its inevitable role has become complete, he exhales a victorious soul, his eyes darting left and right, back and forth, to find a seat for his exhausted body to relieve him of the toil of the sweat dripping profusely and the adrenaline rushing insolently in a way that calls him to ask: What would have happened if he had not caught his train? Would he have lost a possible opportunity and a safe haven, or perhaps his lifespan might have increased? A few hours or an embrace, the pace of his longing may be extinguished and the glow lessened after he had been preparing for it, these are things that may be reprehensible by the custom of the indifferent, but they are nothing more than inevitable impulses in the arena of those who care a

worn-out, not designated for the hustle and bustle of the blazing sun, and not adjacent to the caravans of street vendors' cages, is a good opportunity to live for a few hours as one of the Roman Emperors, or one of the first Arab masters, or a movie star watched by the eyes, quickening his steps, with his masochistic imagination and his miserable experiences that exhaust the senses. An imminent danger is represented by the possibility of the sudden appearance of one of them, throwing his miserable ass on this seat in front of him, and then he turns to him and a malicious, sluggish smile appears on his indifferent face, certainly lacking in modesty, however, as much as he believes, he seeks refuge in God from sick imagination and disgusting weakness, and gives his sprawling buttocks the rein of challenge and release, completely submitting to the pricks of his sensitive heart hope, a fraction of a second that does not pass, followed by a hot, dramatic scene of long golden hair like strands of raw, unworked gold flying from the seat next to his

desired seat, exposing the virginity of anticipation and apprehension, as if that nymph had lowered it intentionally and openly to inform anyone who begged for courage and courage that it was a seat that had been completed, he was imprisoned before, his buttocks declared disobedience and a dynamic roar, preferring and wishing for the issuance of a new law for movement and speed, and their relationship with a beautiful woman who lost her way to a train as long as his favorite mermaid was Umm Yasser, with a cracked face, selling sticky lupine, or Madam Mofida, the government registry employee, that fifty-year-old brunette hoarding things.

He approaches very closely, as if he were a runner with his chest crossing the finish line, exhilarated by a great victory and a great victory, his hand extends to violently embrace the back of the chair, which still has a spongy, flexible texture unlike the usual ones like other seats on the trains of

the poor, he turns his head to face the desired vacant seat to make sure that it is not pure imagination and not a deception, someone decided it for him in fact, the biggest deception is for him to lose the opportunity to sit with that beauty, his eyes and even all his senses catch the face of the beautiful train, so that he stands transfixed and overwhelmed by her penetrating perfume that moved so much inside him , of course, it will not be easy to erase it, obliterate it, or remove it from the world for many years, the train was a perfume that had certainly been created specifically for the blonde of the train to suit her sexy, vibrant, and fresh face , that beautiful woman, with her wide eyes that were the color of the clear sky, protected by golden eyelashes, was destined for him to see them when the beautiful woman turned her gaze from the train window to look at him , as for the last thing he saw and he was fascinated by him, for her lips were called with a redness that made him yearn for successive longing kisses, and it

might seem that the ultimate punishment in this world was abandoning her, lips crawling far apart from each other, whispering in a gentle and smooth way to speak to him: (Excuse me, the seat is reserved), then she repeated the matter by looking towards the train window overlooking the greenery, Which swayed happily with the beautiful face, and as for the water, it was enough for him to sweat as he sipped his buttocks and wobbly legs laden with disappointment among the train's many seats, perhaps he would find what was vacant, which was definitely an unattainable dream, what is currently available to him from his daydreams is to find among the cages of street vendors, he is unable to bear leaning on his back until the end of the train journey.

Maybe it's the end

A cold and calm winter atmosphere that encourages staying at home amidst the usual rituals of warm drinks or hot meals that precede or accompany watching one of the American films that heralds the end of the world within a few minutes if you do not pay attention to certain signs and signals, However, the above data and axioms do not Raafat and Nevin are prevented from leaving their warm home in downtown Cairo, specifically the Abbasiya area, to go to one of the outskirts of Badr City. In response to the invitation of Nadine, Nevin's work colleague and close friend, to attend her thirtieth birthday party, it did not take

Nevin long to think about accepting the invitation that was extended to her this morning in Her workplace, where she responded to what she was called to do on the spot, even without consulting her husband Raafat, who naturally did not hesitate to do so based on his wife's wishes, and it seems that he does not have the luxury of refusal.

As soon as Raafat's very old-fashioned car reached the outskirts of Badr City, Nevin's prey began to tremble from the harsh cold that enveloped the desolation of the quiet, serene atmosphere devoid of human or other presence in the surrounding streets, even though the clock had not yet reached nine o'clock. Nevin, who was thirty-seven years old, she looks right and left from the car windows, hoping to find something that will warm her heart and make her realize and be certain that she is still alive in the same spot on the globe, she trims the strands of her light brown hair and returns them to their previous position (the position she had

never left in the first place), touching her fingertips. Her tall human face which wheat to make sure it stays as it is, She picks up her phone to start a conversation with her son and daughter at home to make sure they finished heir homework, She ends the call and shouts in joy that there is a phone network in this place (the nature of people in densely populated cities when they go to new, large cities), on the seat next to her, Raafat, who is just over forty, does not pay attention to the panic, anxiety, and tension that is happening on the part of his wife, he holds the steering wheel of the car with one hand, and the other hand holds his phone, on which is a map with coordinates marked with the access point to Nadine's house, there are just seven minutes to arrive, this is what he told Nevin, whose features were filled with happiness and wariness, She knows very well from watching American films that the most dangerous and terrifying moments are the moment before one escapes from the predicament.

The map indicated the arrival point. Raafat and Nevin got out of the car, which had apparently been white for decades, after Raafat had deposited it in the building's garage. Nevin dressed in that feminine way, and she looked as fit as possible in her black skirt that went below the knee with a little more, and also a black jacket, underneath which clearly shows a shirt with that confusing shade of colour, which occupies a certain degree of the red color wardrobe, which is filled with dozens, and all of them for men are the color red, and if someone's mind comes up, he may add the word light or dark to it, while Raafat appears , he has a gray appearance and a not-so-slim figure, but it is confusing, You cannot see him as fat, and you also cannot call him anything else, he is what some like to call similar bodies (between the two), his white skin is enough to make you see a certain degree of paleness, or perhaps look and feel a tension that had been suppressed and confined all along the way, but now his secrets had been released and he began to let his arms fly vertically and

horizontally, and he also did in a slightly different manner with his body of medium stature, until it seemed to him that the natural position of the vertebrae of his body had begun to return to what it was before. He got into the car, and began to dress up his clothes and style his hair, the rest of which was about to announce his departure without returning ,they took a look at the building after Nevin told her friend Nadine by phone that they were at the bottom and on their way up, Of course, Nevin did not forget to bring the skillfully wrapped birthday gift, there was no elevator, Their legs took the comfortable, wide stairs suddenly and quickly until they reached the third floor, to find Nadine and her husband Samer waiting for them to welcome them most cordially and invite them to enter, they led Raafat and Nevin into the foyer of the house, Nevin presented her gift to Nadine, who thanked her and I kissed her on her cheeks with the warmth of that four-way kiss that indicates great affection , it is worth noting that the four-way kiss is completely different according to

Egyptian customs from the two-way kiss, which seems to be more of a routine or routine than intimate.

A house that is not large in size, but has a calm ambiance, stimulating and inspiring tranquility, love and affection for a couple who are still in the first year of their marriage, furniture that reflects good taste and innate intelligence capable of making good use and exploitation of spaces, and also indicates an Eastern culture mixed with openness to Western heritage, it is clear that This is from a small library containing dozens of Arabic and foreign books, and it is also evident from the simplicity of an American kitchen connected to the foyer of the house through a circular wall opening, which draws attention to those dim lighting capable of calming raging nerves and reducing the adrenaline of someone who has just been fighting a raging bull.

With a cheerful face, Nadine sat them down on a comfortable sofa to ask their permission to bring them two warm drinks to

keep their limbs together, which were certainly on the verge of fading and disintegrating from the cold. Nadine did not know that they had recently been sweating as a result of watching, or at least participating in, that terrifying existential film entitled (The Journey of the Madman in the Desert of the Unknown).

Nadine, who is in her thirties (today in particular), really looks like a bride, with her fresh white features, round face, black hair, wide black eyes, and her figure that is closer to grace than obesity, or perhaps it is an average figure that, after giving birth one or more times, has been prepared to be blessed with roundness and twisting (curvy), wearing Jeans and a red wool shirt with soft long hair.

Samer welcomes his wife's friend and her husband and initiates a conversation with them about general and obvious things that tell you that there is nothing to say, such as asking about the road and its difficulty or easy while he spots the answer on their faces or

about the weather outside as if he is isolated from the universe or isolated, In a basement ten floors below the surface of the earth, these are introductory phrases and sentences that may have an effective effect in lightening the atmosphere, getting to know the other, and opening up other areas of conversation. Of course, they will also be useless.

Samer, who appears to be around the age of his wife Nadine or a little older, with tall height, a slim body, and a wheat complexion similar in class to most of his Egyptian peers, is a university teacher at the Faculty of Arts, History Department, and an intellectual, as is apparent from the way he talks, his tact, his balanced style, and his clothes quiet classics and books nearby.

Nadine brings a table of glasses of warm drinks, offers each one their drink in hand, and sits next to her husband, who pats her thigh quietly, indicating love and understanding.

Nevin: Happy New Year, and next year the Crown Prince will be with you.

Samer laughs and Nadine shares a fleeting smile with him, and they exchange looks as if there is something they want to talk about, or perhaps the looks will suffice for a dialogue taking place between them now to agree on what will be said, as the looks and gestures of the two lovers are only perceived by them.

Nadine: In fact, you are the first to know this, i took a test a while ago and it was positive.

Nevin (joking, laughing, with wide, astonished eyes without guidance): This is truly the best thing I have heard. This seems to be our good omen. We thank God for that, and may you be well, my love, but you must keep this under wraps for the time being at least.

Raafat (looking past his frayed tie and shirt): Congratulations to you both, and may God bless you with a beautiful child who will make you happy and make your days of lasting love.

Nadine (after removing her palms from her hidden face in shame): You are indeed a good omen for us, and your arrival was a source of happiness for us, and the happiness was doubled with this news that occurred in your presence.

Samer (smiling): I thank you for your good blessing and your joy that comes from the heart, and may God bless you both, Hani and Maryam, and for you to know that this is Nadine's first birthday while we are married, and she insisted on being with us. She always praises her friend Nevin and tells me that she is like a Her sister, whom she did not have, is the only daughter of her parents. She also insisted that no one else from the rest of her friends, relatives, or neighbors attend.

Raafat (laughing, furrowing his eyebrows in a sarcastic way):

Likewise, as soon as Nevin received the invitation, she accepted it without my (useless) advice, and we incurred a journey in which I think we stayed for a few centuries. Could I have refused? of course not .

Everyone drinks the warm drink with smiling faces at the sarcasm and humor of Raafat, who has a sense of humor.

Nadine gets up and invites them to go to the birthday cake on the next table so that everyone can blow out the birthday candles. Their feet stumble with heavy steps, as if each of them wants to be the last invited to the table. The last, we believe, is always the most important and the most patient and wise.

Nadine's hand picks up the gift wrapped in pure red, devoid of any life logs, the gift presented by Nevin so that she can see it before she blows out the wax. She begins to open the gift with

preparation and expectation, but as soon as its wrapper flies from above her, all expectations disappear. What is this! How is that !

The gift was multiple clothes from an expensive style and from a famous store, suitable for a newborn baby.

Nadine (and the astonishment on her face increased, as did Samer): How did you know that when I didn't tell you anything? I actually only knew it a little while ago. How did you get the news!

Nevin (and she was overcome by the ecstasy of a victor who knows the insides of things): I learned from you, when I saw you two days ago and you were complaining of stomach pain, dizziness, and the like. Did you forget that I had gone through that before?

Nadine: What a...

Nevin (smiling): Smart, we are not alone and we are not at work (yes, how smart I am).

Raafat: She is a woman, my lady, wherever she is. She has a unique intuition that we men cannot reach.

Samer: I was not sure of the sincerity and goodness of Nadine's vision of you. You are exactly like the picture I drew of you in front of me.

Raafat: Did I not tell you before, my friend, about women's unique intuition? After that, leave any doubts about women's vision of things and make yourself like a recipient of news broadcasts, listen and do not argue.

The small hall was filled with laughter as Samer lit three candles in the middle of the cake, which was mostly chocolate, which Nadine preferred, and a small part on the edges decorated with cream, which Samer preferred. He does not have the unique intuition of a woman, so the edges are enough for him, which has often been eaten away from the cake box, as usual.

Samer began to embrace Nadine from above, as his height could not be lowered than that, and on the opposite side stood Raafat and Nevin preparing for the start of the usual birthday song and chant, and everyone began to sing along with it , happy birth day to you, happy birth day to you, happy birth day to Nany, happy birth day to you

Happy New Year, beautiful. Happy New Year, beautiful. Happy New Year, Nani. Happy New Year, beautiful.

As soon as they all finished singing the birthday carol, they began to blow out the candles, and of course everyone was leaving Nadine the greatest opportunity to do her duty, as she is the birthday party and today's princess.

As soon as the candles were extinguished, the dim lights in the foyer of the house became the same at the same moment, and the house became immersed in complete darkness. Samer was about to move and return the electric plug to its position (which

no one had changed), but it is an involuntary movement that happens to everyone without exception, as you know, And before he moves, or perhaps before he raises his forearm from Nadine's shoulder, everyone hears the sound of loud screams outside. They are not human screams, but they are cosmic screams, as if there is someone in this universe screaming in panic, calling for help from another universe and perhaps another time. The screams and The screams were harmless at first, even if they were terrifying, until after a few seconds they became shocking and painful. Samer dropped his hand from Nadine's shoulder. Everyone placed their hands on the table, which began to tremble from the horror of the sound. Everyone heard the sound of shattering glass from near, far, and from everywhere. A place where human screams began to penetrate the square, and they seemed to be cramped or forced to do so. Their internal organs changed their positions. Everyone began to scream aimlessly. Everyone staggered and fell, clinging to anything. Samer fell on his side, holding the threads of

a rug underneath him, as if he would be his savior. As it is said, a drowning man clings to a straw, but no one said that he clings to a rug, for it is not a rug of the wind. Samer recites whatever he can from the Qur'an, for it is the best ending to life. As for Nadine, she was buried under the table on which she fell, muttering nothing. Perhaps it was prayers or something. Young woman, she did not think to call Samer, or perhaps his name has fallen from her memory now, so how can a person remember anyone else in the final moments, even if the other person is his wife? Raafat jumped up unwillingly and found himself on a sofa, and they embraced and slid together. But he also started muttering what he knew from the Bible, and his jacket wrapped around him, making him look like a pharaoh who had been mummified thousands of years ago. Nevin became without a clear physical identity when she put her head between her thighs while she was sitting cross-legged in one of the corners of the lobby and kept praying for Jesus to protect her from... The horrors of the end so

that she would not feel pain, and her lips remained stiff over his picture pinned to her necklace and hanging on her chest.

The end moments for an individual are always terrifying and no one comes back to tell us what happened to him. The moments of death are considered the only pure moments in our lives, moments free of any impurities that disturb their sincerity.

Moments whose extent no one could know and no one would be able to anticipate what would follow them, the human screams faded just as the cosmic screams faded before them, everyone feels the location of his body in the afterlife to realize whether he is one of the righteous who will live forever in Paradise or one of the corrupt people who are the fuel of Hell, each of them recovering from his body and organs. And he reassures himself regarding the surrounding presence, the situation has not changed, everyone is still at Samer and Nadine's house, so will the reckoning be at their house, and then they will all leave to their

final destination, or is it paradise and they have to manage their affairs?

Samer extended his hand so that his fingertips could touch one of Nadine's hair strands. He extended his other hand to pick up his phone and turn on its flashlight to see her. She was terrified, and the terror changed the color of her face to crimson red. As soon as she saw him, she shouted: (Samer) I remembered him with great ease.

In the light of the same lamp, Nevin gets up, feeling her body, and it appears that none of its organs have been lost yet. Nevin leaves her necklace and heads towards Raafat with heavy, lumbering steps to move that couch from his embrace and try to help him.

Everyone gets up quickly, panting, towards the window, hoping to find something to justify what happened. A large crowd of people in the street. Who are these people? And where did they come from? (The mouthpiece of Nevin and Raafat), and on the horizon

is one of the buildings that has leveled with the ground after it collapsed, and fire engines, ambulances, and police began to flow, and sounds of hustle and bustle here and there. At first glance, it looks like a high-scale earthquake or perhaps a fall. The building was what did it, but anyway, after they breathed a sigh of relief, they realized that the end was not yet in sight.

Intentionally dropped from the **calendar**

August 30, 2014

Yasser Al-Mansi climbed the stairs with quick steps, in which he reduced two or three steps with one jump. This was enabled by his age, which is not yet thirty-five years old, and his semi-athletic body, or at least not worn out, to reach the sixth floor, where his humble home is in his humble building on his humble, albeit modest, street. He is filled with warmth. He comes in after the

rigors of a hard day's work. He hopes and longs for comfort, tranquility, and family warmth that will flow through him and re-sharpen his resolve for a next day that will be no less miserable than the previous one. He catches his breath with a sigh of victory over a reality that he is working hard to undermine. He is ready, preparing, and He expected a smile to appear on his face when five-year-old Talia, who tuned her ears to the buzzing of the door latch, would jump up to him, and for reassurance to fill his features when Huwayda, his wife, who was two years younger than him, would hug him, with her soft skin, wide smile, and shining eyes, and he would have to seize the few hours that were necessary. To invest it well with them before he intended to go to sleep in preparation for the next day's battle. That did not happen, as he expected the typical daily routine, total darkness... He felt the electric plug and before he pressed it, the electricity was illuminated. Howida and Talia were in bright clothes, laughing out loud, and accompanied by intense applause. With joyful

shouts, Yasser turned to them to see balloons and colorful decorations hanging in the foyer of his small house in an elegant manner, and a small cake on the table with a number on it.³⁵, yes, it is his thirty-fifth birthday. He only remembered it now, a few hours, and nothing more beautiful than that, hugs, laughter, and fun from them to Talia, until Talia lay down, surrendering to a peaceful sleep in her bed, and so did Yasser and Howaida, but after marital caresses mixed with the taste of sweets. The one who was recently devoured has a peaceful sleep devoid of painful dreams or disturbing nightmares, a silky sleep with nothing else marring or disturbing it.

Yasser's feelings are released before his eyelids are free, as if he longed to emerge from the world of slumber for Huwayda's world. Next, Yasser wakes up and the taste of sweets is still mixed with his saliva and the taste of foreplay invading his limbs. He

turns, sliding to his left side to hug Huwayda. His movements are unusually sluggish. The bed is empty except for him. He felt the unprecedented coldness of the weather. Huwaida was not sleeping next to him. It seemed that she had preceded him to prepare the daily breakfast. His eyes caught the wardrobe mirror in astonishment. Yasser jumped out of bed and approached the mirror with apprehension. He approached closer and closer.... Many white locks devoured his head and his beard as well. ! His beard was smooth yesterday, so when did it grow? Before he approached, he had noticed that his stomach had become a little full. It was not crowded with abundant meat and repulsively flabby, but rather fuller than yesterday. He extended his hand to feel it. How is this? His face looks different than yesterday! It looks as if someone had replaced it with another! How could this happen when he was the one thinking about it? The wardrobe, the bed, the room itself was different from the one he spent the

night in. His underwear, which he only liked to sleep in, was not what it was. The situation had become complete nonsense.

Yes...yes....I have passed that stage, and I realized some time ago the difference between a dream and reality, that it is a dream, it seems that I have eaten too much dinner or birthday candy... He pricked himself, he felt it, It is not a dream, it is reality (he talk himself).

Yasser leaves his expatriate room into the foyer of the house. The hallway is different and has become longer and more desolate. The foyer is more spacious and the table is larger. Yasser stands, cracked from the inside, until a beautiful young girl comes out from another room wearing comfortable going out clothes. She goes towards Yasser, hugs him and kisses him. His cheeks and greets him in the morning, and her haste does not make her wait

for a response to the greeting from Yasser. The girl looks like a talia when she grows up or..... attracts his attention. The birthday cake wax with the number! With a number49! 49!

Yasser turns around, the house has changed, he has changed, he looks at the paper calendar, which has become electronic today.August 31, 2028, is logical, as yesterday was August 30, his birthday..... 2028! Yesterday was 2014!

How is that !

How is that !

Fourteen years fell from the calendar.

Howaida comes out of the kitchen in a different location than before, wearing an outfit he had never seen before. Her smile has been erased, her skin has become rougher, and her eyes have no shine.

Yasser ate his breakfast silently. He wanted to ask her what you did to me and what you did to yourselves, but he did not want to be accused of madness or foolishness. Yasser quickly finished his breakfast, put on the clothes he saw for the first time, and quickly left the house, announcing his readiness to descend six floors. He landed. Floor two three, Only three floors were enough to make him go down to the street before the property guard greeted him and asked him why he did not use the elevator. His breaths were frequent and successive despite the fact that there were only three floors. He was dazzled by the wide street and the lush trees. His mind now told him about the magnificence of the tower in which he lived. He felt cold. Directed, he turns around, feels alienated, quickly goes up to his house, avoids Howaida's question about his return, throws himself on his bed in clothes that he had never seen before, and urgently asks for sleep so that he can go to another world and wake up to see again whether something has been intentionally omitted from the calendar.

Flag

A black flag, the color of which was not completely erased as a result of the factors of time, weather, sun, and sea salinity. It retained its color relatively in a way that expresses a prestige that makes hearts tremble. The flag sits atop an old sari whose patience is about to run out and has been covered by the rust that is eating away at its stature. The flag was raised one winter morning. The rain clearly announces the danger of approaching the sea or thinking about it, that flag that has been waving proudly amidst the announcement of the arrival of a strong storm on the shore of a turbulent sea, like a youth in its fervor, and high waves like the sins of time, crumbling without mercy or pity, and an atmosphere tinged with fear and faltering anticipation. What's under the ribs for her.

The black flag disturbs the already exhausted and hidden sunlight, keeping it inactive, subdued, and hidden, and concealing from the shore a warmth that could have

extended a helping hand in alleviating the intensity of fear, anticipation, and apprehension of the unknown that is forcefully descending upon the atmosphere.

The beach is naturally devoid of visitors except for Abdul Khaleq Jameel, a man in his fifties with a well-proportioned build despite his advanced age, sitting on his chair wearing short beach pants that barely reach his knees, which are extended forward on another chair in search of the desired comfort and desired muscle relaxation, wrestling on the surface of these pants. Dark and fiery colors, so the eye is confused as to which one is more dominant. His chest is bare and scattered with a small amount of hair, unnoticeable except to those who look closely. His fingertips intertwine behind him to make them a stable for this head, which has become grey, shyly and hesitantly, with its torso slightly lowered into the beach chair, and under a hat. With his head slightly lowered over his face, you might notice that his eyes

were closed in a silence that was not appropriate for what was going on the beach, the sea, and the weather, and he sank into a silence that was not appropriate for anyone else, and why not, when he was that person who only saw the sea in those absurd atmospheres, whenever his feet landed Beach sand was the absurdity of environmental humor.

Abdul Khaleq is a man who sometimes appears to the onlookers as a young man in his twenties, and sometimes as an old man in his seventies who has lost his appetite for life and given up what was left of his life and wanted to waste it in vain. From his eyes appear determination, courage, rigor, clinging, and the optimism of Al-Mutawakkil at times, and lack of resourcefulness and weakness. Al-Mutawakkil is pessimistic at other times.

There is no beach lifeguard with the traditional warning whistle. The Black Flag is sufficient to play its role as a violent refutator of every lovelorn who is fond of washing

away his worries with sea water, as they like to talk about this wonderful experience or as they imagine. Whatever the situation and the truth, the Black Flag refuses that now.

Abdul Khaleq was not asleep, but was falling into the darkness of unconsciousness, until fate wanted to bring him back to the realm of consciousness. Suddenly, he straightened his seat slightly, raising his torso in a movement that kept pace with the bending of his knees, freeing his crossed fingers and his palms that were crossed at the back of his head, sliding the hat up slightly with his hand to make it visible to his eyes. A field of vision. This was not the result of his awakening from the journey of sailing into unconsciousness or the result of his determination to leave the focus of the event (which only excited him), but rather it was the result of the coincidences that came to his ears in waves that were completely different from what he was accustomed to in such nuclei of sounds. He lowered his

gaze. Far away, right and left, then soon he was saddened.

He did not make a strenuous visual or mental effort to find what he was looking for, which made him astonished.

Rather, his secretion of the hormone adrenaline, or perhaps the hormone of awareness, increased with it in an unprecedented way.

Facing him now in the sea, several meters away from the shore, was a woman in a one-piece swimsuit revealing a mostly bare, taut back revealing a chest no less beautiful and bare legs no less sexy, a burgundy body sculpted with care and craftsmanship, as if it had been chosen to be a symbol of femininity and even beauty. Absolutely, black hair flying like a bird released from its confinement after a long time, a bird that is not hindered or hindered by anything from flying away. Hair that, if draped over her back, would hide it completely from view, and it seems that it refused to do so out of modesty and generosity. The woman trots over the

stormy waves with flexibility and fluidity. She does not lack pampering, with strength and determination that does not lack beauty, with a swaying body that is taken by surprise by the waves and tamed by them, a body that trots lightly towards an unknown that can catch the attention of whoever sees it without much effort, but who sees it?

Abdul Khaleq looks right and left and finds no one but him, even the rescuer who comes every now and then to reassure that there is no sign of anyone on the beach except Abdul Khaleq. This rescuer who befriended Abdul Khaleq and entrusted him with the sea and sand does not exist either. Abdul Khaleq's eyes were fixed on her and He was determined to follow her, or perhaps to catch up with what remained of the male hormones that he had left, caressing him from time to time and imploring him to help restore life, but far from it, his body was nailed with the utmost care, and his feet were as if they were planted with quicksand that if he

resisted, it would swallow him up, and not just his feet, for his eyes were not strong enough to fight. Changing their path, and his mind could only be transfixed, without movement or thought, in a world whose clocks seemed to have stopped except for that woman.

A moment of inattention was separated only by the savior's whistle that greeted Abdul Khaleq every now and then, and Abdul Khaleq turned to him in astonishment and astonishment and returned the case , turning to the sea, or rather to that woman, but without a trace. The matter went smoothly without any resentment on the part of Abdul Khaleq, as if he was convinced that the whole situation was A bit of a daydream, and he returned to what he was before. His fingertips were entwined harmoniously behind his head, a pulled hat covering his forehead, extended knees and a pair of swim pants of confusing colours, a slightly slumped torso, This is also the smooth life as Abdul Khaleq hopes for

it. Minutes or hours passed, He did not , He knew, until his ears were terrified by one of those screams that express ecstasy and happiness in intimate moments. His fingertips scratched one of the areas of his body after he had freed them, thinking that it was a new daydream , but the scream continued to ring in his ears, furrowing his eyebrows, mildly a little, but less moderate than before, he repeated the scratching again and looked away, and this time he did not pay any attention to the right or left. Rather, he looked carefully at the same point where he met the woman of the previous daydream, or so he thought, to find what had made him scratch his eyelids in a way that might make him crazy or make his eyes a huge area studded with bloody redness. With his hat on, he became mesmerized in a way that suggested a great speech, staring into his eyes, which were captured by the sight of a woman dripping with the sea, a woman not like the one before her, a woman whose ankles would be enough, if his beauty were fairly divided among the

women of the earth, to make them beautiful enchanters with a beautiful appearance, a woman whom the sea gave away in weakness and frailty. Confronting her, a woman facing Abdul Khaleq, was only a few meters away from reaching the sand, which had certainly become inflamed before her feet even stepped on it. The two-piece bathing suit did not hide anything of femininity. A marble chest swayed back and forth, up and down. Her bra was unable to withstand the power of his magic. So she declared complete surrender. Her hair declared a gypsy from a bygone era, but with a silky body that had become addicted to the fields of wandering. A body that exploded with a tyrannical femininity that moved rocks before it moved the hearts of men. The woman ran, not caring about waves or anything else. She ran like a mountain leopard, swaying, intertwining, and changing the tissues of his body. In a fluid and flexible way, but with the intensity of a woman who longs for a moment of sensuality to accompany the song of love presented by her in love, this

woman looks at him with her dark eyes, with eyelashes that cover up her intentions and reveal her deception, and a smile that enables her to capture not only the heart or mind of Abdul Khaleq, but also enables her to seize his spinal cord if she wants.

His prey was violently crushed, and his heartbeat increased, louder than the sounds of the powerful waves. He secreted adrenaline specific to those moments, as if he had never been touched by nostalgia before. Abdul Khaleq moved standing, his feet planted and sinking into the sand, as if a plot had been planned for a fighter in a fierce war in enemy territory, and the sand quickly swallowed him up. A great surprise, even the hairs scattered on his chest. He was swallowed up by the sand after it had swallowed up his dreams, obsessions, and hormones released in abundance from the impact of the mighty mountain leopard, blinding his eyes and deafening his ears except for the intermittent

whistle of the savior, mixed with the screams of the beautiful woman, which turned from an intimate cry of ecstasy to a cry of deception and deafness. Boasting of a great victory after a glue deception.

Rizk Cemeteries

Hisham Al Salamouni, a young man in his twenties, with rural features and a constant determination to persevere to achieve the success he seeks and a determination to achieve what he wants, is this expatriate young man who has just joined a weekly

newspaper based on a verbal recommendation from a former parliamentary member to the editor-in-chief of the newspaper, and the latter promised him to give Hisham had an opportunity to be a journalist in training, and he had to prove himself and his eligibility for that job. The former parliamentary representative was none other than the son-in-law of Hisham's cousin, and of course he wanted to appear to others that he was still in a position of authority and responsibility, and he had what he wanted, Hisham. This young man, who is excited about what lies ahead, is a graduate of the College of Arts, majoring in communications, the first in his class throughout his years of study at the college, but he did not seek to work academically, and instead preferred to work as a journalist, as this is what he had sought since childhood, or at least since the beginning of his university studies.

It has been nearly a month since Hisham joined the newspaper, and nothing new has happened to him or any experience he has gained, and there does not appear to be any change in that on the near horizon. All journalists and editors in the newspaper assign him internal research work in the archives, records, or the like. It seems as if they do not want him to gain real experience or actual benefit, or perhaps it is the editor-in-chief's instructions to them to remove himself from the context of embarrassment in front of the former parliamentarian or the alleged recommendation, and it is only a few weeks before he apologizes to him before telling him that Hisham is not entitled to the opportunity that he deserves, It was given to him and he was not worthy of that job.

Perhaps Hisham's last idea appealed to him, and it was the closest to proving the deliberate neglect of everyone that was happening, but since when have opportunities come to him integrated or reinforced with logic or with the appropriate amount of luck and

luck? Hisham was not lucky in most of the previous periods of his life to the extent that he was. He is allowed to tell others that he is the lucky one who surprises life before it surprises him and devours from it what he wants without wanting to. He was nothing but that ambitious person who worked hard and strived a lot to obtain a little of the harvest expected by the least striving of his counterparts, but that did not discourage him. His determination never wavered and his determination never wavered, as he was confident that he would meet with happiness and success one day.

Hisham, with his tall stature and thin body, went into the archives department of the newspaper one morning to bring someone document, but he forgot or deliberately forgot what was coming for him, and took a seat next to (Uncle Khudair), the head of the archives department , as everyone liked to call him, and He began to complain to him about his condition and the deliberate

ignoring of him by everyone, and what he feared about what his fate would lead to as he expected. Hisham did not know why he chose Uncle Khudair to be the person he complained to now, and why this particular time when he was in front of him every day.

Uncle Khudair looked at him with the look of an expert, knowledgeable of the ins and outs of matters large and small, and he let out a deep sigh with a brief smile accompanied by shrinking pupils, a combination that only a skilled person could do, and he added, saying: No one has and will not help you. You are not the first and you will not be the last, and You should know that the profession of an accident journalist is the most difficult journalist of all, and it has its own secrets, corridors, and mysteries that no one will give you on a silver platter, you can go through your own experience and create your own battle that you must also win on your own, otherwise you will not, be a journalist and your

presence here will be just a memory that you can brag about among your peers one day.

Hisham: What should I do?

Uncle Khudair: You must do what was not asked of you, and prove to the editor-in-chief that you are no less than any journalist he has, and that you are trustworthy and will be a great addition to the newspaper, then he will strive to benefit from you and your efforts, and he will appoint you before you leave for another newspaper.

Hisham: But I don't know well where to start, there is something like confusion in my thoughts.

Uncle Khudair: I have a strong acquaintance with Brigadier General Tahseen, Assistant Director of Security for Media Affairs, I will give you his phone number, and you must go to him now and tell him that you are coming to him from my side, he knows me well, and he will certainly guide you to the beginning of the path

to being an influential journalist in the department. Incidents, He certainly has some exclusive incidents that will make you ecstatic among your colleagues and in front of the editor-in-chief, but you have to take advantage of the opportunity well, as it will most likely not be repeated.

Hisham: Now!

Uncle Khudair: Yes, now, will there be anyone who will notice your absence? of course not .

Hisham picked up Brigadier General Tahseen's phone number, recorded it on his phone, and quickly left, thanking Uncle Khudair for his good deeds.

Hisham went to the Security Directorate, which was not far from the headquarters of his newspaper, and a sign of optimism and confidence rose within him, which came from Uncle Khudair on the one hand, and the weight and dignity of Brigadier General

Tahseen, on the other hand, an officer of that rank who certainly possessed much that he could not handle, other officers or officials.

As soon as Hisham entered the Security Directorate, he asked about Brigadier General Tahseen. One of them directed him to his office on the third floor, where he waited for nearly half an hour until he was allowed to enter, as soon as Hisham entered, Brigadier Tahseen stood and greeted him in a way that indicated a well-mannered and respectful person , In addition to his good behavior, as Uncle Khudair told him, Brigadier General Tahseen motioned for him to sit down.

Tahseen: Welcome, Mr. Hisham, Khudair told me a short while ago by phone about your arrival and the reason for it, I will tell you no secret that Khudair, in addition to being my son-in-law, is also a close friend of mine since childhood, and accordingly, you

can consider your request answered (smile that smile that Issued by important and influential people).

Hisham: I cannot express my gratitude and gratitude, Mr.

Brigadier General. The truth of the matter is that I did not believe that Uncle Khudair had a close relationship with those in authority and authority, and I was closely prepared for more than one embarrassing situation, but...

Tahseen surprises him (and it seems practical, as there is no room for wasting time): There is no embarrassment, you know that we have daily many killing incidents in various ways, with a firearm, a knife, or burning. There are those who killed their friend because of a dispute over a few pounds, and Others include the addict who killed his mother under the influence of drugs out of the hope of stealing her gold earrings, and the one who killed her husband, and the one who slaughtered his neighbor after a quarrel between children in the street, and other senseless

murder incidents. There are also many different and diverse road accidents, and execution cases, it happens near here on an almost weekly basis, and there are other fatal accidents that turn children gray.

Hisham's feelings were relieved after his prey trembled, and his body shivered a little after Brigadier Tahseen's narration of the huge number of incidents.

It is certain that I will be the exclusive journalist for the Security Directorate, and Brigadier General Tahseen will treat me with his unlimited kindness and generosity, influencing me over other journalists, perhaps this is a great compliment to Uncle Khudair (talking to himself, but he did not say a word).

Tahseen continued, saying: You started with cemeteries.

Hisham: Graves!

Tahseen (lighting two rolls of tobacco, one for himself and the other for Hisham, who picked it up thankfully): Yes, the graves in which those I mentioned to you are buried in advance. Some of these people's personalities cannot be determined after they have been completely and intentionally mutilated by the killer, or perhaps no one even recognizes them. After collecting their remains, or their families do not want to receive their bodies for one reason or another, they are buried in designated cemeteries affiliated with the Ministry of police.

Hisham (glaring at Brigadier Tahseen and stuttering a little): What should I do!

Tahseen (his features emit a smile that may seem sarcastic, but in reality it is the result of Hisham's stuttering and astonishment):
You must conduct a journalistic investigation that will be your

beginning in the world of accidents, an investigation that no one else has undertaken, all journalists and newspapers undertake the crime from its first moment at the crime scene until From the inspection, through the prosecution's investigations, and the referral to the judiciary in its various sessions and levels of litigation until the ruling, no one cared about the final fate of the murdered victim or the murdered woman, or the fate of the person who was executed, or even who came from the various road accidents after they were photographed and the news of them was published. The matter always ends there for them, but you must be different and unique in what you will do. Their final resting place or the cemeteries in which they will be buried or were buried in must be your goal and goal, i expect an achievement like this to have a tremendous impact and for its owner to have great status after that , good luck to you (he stood up and shook hands with him), smiling without waiting for a response from Hisham, he gave him the address of the cemeteries

and sent him their electronic coordinates on the phone, asking him to inform him of the investigation that he would conduct by the end of the day.

Hisham left quickly in a way that did not diminish his astonishment, he got into his old-style car that he had inherited from his father, Hajj Mahmoud Al-Salamouni, the car was about to become an antique, he activated the location tracking feature on the phone, guided by the coordinates of the cemeteries that Brigadier General Tahseen had sent him, it was not difficult for him to do so, after a few seconds, he learned that the cemeteries were located on the outskirts of 6th of October City, Hisham put his hand on the steering wheel of the car, inhaled slowly and deeply, and began his journey towards the end (the cemeteries), which may have been the true beginning of his career as an accident journalist.

It was midday and the afternoon call to prayer was about to be announced when Hisham arrived near the site of the graves, there were only a few minutes left for him to reach the specified location, which now turned out to be on the desert road and considered the first road to Fayoum, it occurred to him that what was most likely happening would be a joint deceptive joke on the part of Uncle Khudair, and Brigadier General Tahsin used it to hide it in front of others and so that Hisham would not be able to withstand the tyranny of the editor-in-chief who mocked him from the beginning, but those ideas and nonsense disappeared when his eyes caught a large sign on the side of the road announcing (the graves of the Ministry of the police), Hisham apologized to Uncle Khudair and Brigadier General Tahsin said in an audible voice and headed in search of the entrance to the graves, which seemed to cover a large area and were surrounded by a high wall, he went around the wall several times in search of the entrance that had no trace, he suddenly stopped when he

found a large iron gate, as if someone had moved it just now, he had never seen it before, where did it come from? It seemed to be the effect of a long and sudden journey without prior preparation or preparation, Hisham parked his old car next to the gate and it looked like the intensity of the July heat, he got out of it, lighting a roll of tobacco and staring at what was around him in complete emptiness, there was no sign of any person or car, and it was as if life was alive, it has disappeared from this place completely, the desert surrounds the place on all sides, there are no other cemeteries other than these, Hisham shouted at one of them who he did not see after he approached the gate, surely there is a cemetery guard, or a trainee, or something similar, there is no answer, he noticed the presence of an iron chain he gate was open, so he had no choice but to open the gate, which issued a strong buzzing sound that confused him for a moment, but he became busy finding the cemetery guard so that he could finish his work quickly and return to where he came from before

the night consumed what was left of the day. Hisham entered the gate and looked away, and soon, right and left, he might find someone, but there was no sign of anyone, he walked with rapid steps, lacking in anticipation and anxiety, a place like this must have a guard or a guard, and if he did not ask the dean for improvement, but it was an obvious matter, his steps became heavy, he now began to drag it , beckoning, there was an ongoing struggle between his will, his mind, and his body, there was something urging him in his mind to leave the place or even apologize for that job without regretting it, and there was something that motivated him with will and determination to defy the difficulties for the sake of his goal, but it seemed that his legs She has become numb temporarily and relatively, and he forgets it or convinces his mind other than what he feels.

Some tree leaves thrown on the ground fly around spontaneously, making a rustling noise that does not indicate that there are no

trees in the first place or that there is no trace of wind or air. In addition to being harsh, the weather is hot and dry with stifling humidity, so how could the leaves fly and how could they have existed in the first place? !

Several leaves that had dried out and changed color from green to dark brown gathered towards a cemetery, and those leaves became leaning against the outer wall of the cemetery, or as if this wall was what prevented the wind from continuing its journey with it, Hisham approached, surprised and amazed by what he saw of the leaves piled on top of each other. In a notebook form, as if someone had begun to collect and acquire them for one purpose or another, but in a strange, acrobatic manner, Hisham approached closer and then fell to his knees to pick up some of those strange papers to realize what they were. He did not lack tension, anxiety, and perhaps fear of what was in it, even. ...

Until Hisham felt a hand patting him on his shoulder, terror gripped his prey and his limbs, and he sweated intensely that had never happened before, and his heartbeat became a source of irritation to the dead around him, and before he picked up or touched any of the desired papers, he tried to get up or pay attention to what was behind him. But there was something that made his body feel very numb. A few seconds were enough for him to control himself, at the same time someone spoke from behind him, saying: Who are you? And what are you doing here? Hisham (getting up, turning to him and breathing a little sigh of relief after realizing that the voice was a human being like him): I am Hisham Al-Salamouni, a journalist in the accidents section of a newspaper.

The man (with brown skin and medium height, wearing a gray robe): And what brings you here?

Hisham: I came for a journalistic investigation with permission and a request from Brigadier General Tahseen, Assistant Director of Security, but who are you? Where were you a while ago?

Man: I am the guardian and guardian of those graves, and I was sleepy for about an hour in my room that you see in front of you.

Hisham (directing his gaze to the direction to which Rizk pointed, facing the gate, as if the room had been hidden before and had only now appeared to Hisham): I was excused for storming into the place, but I found the gate open and I did not notice the room's existence at all.

Rizk: Welcome, Mr Hisham. How can I help you?

Hisham (lighting a roll of tobacco): As I told you before, I want to write an investigation about the graves of the Ministry of police , which includes many stories, curiosities, and crimes, and I would be grateful if you told me some of them (he offers Rizq a roll of tobacco, but the latter rejects it with exaggerated severity).

Rizk: I understand now. You want to write down exciting news and become a famous journalist. You have come to the right man. I am fully aware of all the cases here. My favorite hobby is looking at the burial records that come with Secretary Tawfiq regarding each case. In general, let's start with the cemetery behind you. Al-Hawi Cemetery.

Hisham (looking back, the dry leaves disappearing): Who is Al-Hawi? Hisham started playing the recorder on his mobile phone.

Rizk: A circus performer. His name is Amjad, as I remember from his burial record. He was a circus performer with a high degree of skill and competence, but he died as a result of a strange accident. There was a game in which he had to throw himself tied into a large tub of water for a certain period of time and then The assistants emptied the basin but did not find him. They looked in another empty basin nearby and found him, but what happened was that they found him in the basin after emptying it, but he was

dead, and it seemed that his trick was not completed and there was a latch that was stuck and he was unable to open it to move to the other basin from the basement below theater, and that was the end of Amjad.

Hisham: Why was he not buried with his family?

Rizk: No relatives were found for him, his colleagues did not know any relatives, and it seemed that he was “cut from a tree,” as they say.

Hisham: This is a touching story. I think it will have a resounding impact.

Rizk: We have not begun yet, Mr Hisham. These are the least exciting stories in Rizk’s graves.

Hisham: Rizk’s graves!

Rizk: Yes, these cemeteries in Al-Dakhiliya and among the surrounding cemeteries are known as Rizk Cemeteries.

Hisham: Surrounding graves! I didn't notice any graves while coming here.

Rizk (laughing as someone who knows the insides of things): No, there are surrounding cemeteries. They are not close, but they surround us from a distance, and it seems that the effect of the heat of the weather made you not notice that.

Hisham: So be it, and what about this cemetery? (He points to a cemetery adjacent to Amjad's cemetery.)

Rizk: This is a cemetery of body parts.

Hisham: Body parts!

Rizk: Yes, body parts that are collected from road accidents, fires, and the like, and they are not clearly defined or charred and do not form a complete body, so they are called body parts, and we collect them in a specific way in this cemetery.

Hisham (controlling himself from emptying himself, and lighting another roll of tobacco): You collect them! Is there anyone to help you?

Rizk: Of course, I have three brothers with me. I am the eldest, but they are in the village now.

And the night is approaching to come to devour and dissipate the power of the day. They hear intense cries rising with distant moans from a girl, as if she was calling for help from someone.

Hisham's prey trembles. He approaches Rizq as if he wants to take shelter in him. Rizq, who did not move, or as if he did not move.

He hears what Hisham heard.

Hisham (in a low voice): Didn't you hear that?

Rizk: Do you mean Dalal? Of course I hear.

Hisham: Dalal! Who is she ?

Rizq (holding Hisham's hand as they headed to a cemetery a few meters away, and the sound increased as they approached): This is Dalal's cemetery. We really don't know its name, but I named it Dalal.

Hisham: What is her story?

Rizk: She is a girl who was not more than sixteen years old. She was severely raped, apparently by several people, not one person. Then she was killed and her body was dumped on desert paths. We hear her voice every day as sunset approaches.

Hisham: Why this timing specifically?

Rizk: It may be the timing of the accident that happened to her. May God have mercy on her. I ask for mercy and tranquility for her so that her soul may calm down (He looks at Hisham, staring intently as he prays for her, and indeed the voice has fallen silent and evaporated).

Hisham: This is strange (he reassures that the phone recording continues), what is this! (Hisham looks at a cemetery on the opposite side and heads towards it quickly, accompanying Rizk, who is shuffling a little.) What is this? And how?

From the outside, the cemetery appears completely traces of a fire. Hisham turned around, completely destroying it.

Hisham: What is this?

Rizk: This is Abed's cemetery.

Hisham: Abed! And who is this worshiper?

Rizk: This worshiper was not a worshiper at all.

Hisham: I don't understand what you mean. What do you mean?

Rizk: Abed was a charlatan, but he was a charlatan with a high level of skill, experience, and reputation as well. His fame spread inside and outside the country.

Hisham: Out of the country!

Rizk: Yes, and this was the reason for his high status and status, as well as his extreme wealth. His fame spread among the princes and sheikhs of the Gulf, and the private plane would come to him during the day and return with him at night if he wanted, but he returned carrying countless good things. He counted, to the point that he retired from serving the needs of the poor Egyptians.

Sheikh Abed became a specialist in the affairs of the people inside and outside the country. His fees were exorbitant, reaching numbers that sometimes carried five or six zeros. They called him Sheikh Abed, and they did not know that he worked with black magic. In which he disbelieves in everything, even in the Creator, the Almighty and Majestic (I ask forgiveness from God the Great).

Hisham: How did you know?

Rizk (looking at him intently, as before, or deeper for several seconds): From Al-Amin Tawfiq and from the burial report.

Hisham: How did he die? Why the effects of the fire?

Rizk: He died suddenly after a preparation and treatment session. His body was twitching after his death, emitting black smoke from his mouth, ears, and nose. The smoke became like this even when we buried him, and forensic medicine was confused in determining the cause, so the cause of death was declared to be: A sudden heart attack, but there was a secret decision for him to be buried here in Rizq's graves, as if Rizq's graves were punishment for everyone who tempted himself to commit crime, vice, and disobedience (faking the joke), or perhaps it was punishment for us for being here, and ever since. The cemetery is full of traces of the fire. We clean it periodically, but it returns to how it was. Don't worry, Mr Hisham, these are normal things.

Hisham (lighting another roll of tobacco): Natural!

Rizk: Of course, aren't they dead, and every dead person has an imp? This is self-evident.

Hisham: Night is about to engulf us, and I am not always on good terms with these goblins (he feigns humor and consistency, but he was trembling, and turned off his phone recorder). In general, I cannot thank you enough, Uncle Rizq. I have exhausted you greatly.

Hisham takes the initiative to give Rizk a two-hundred-pound note, but Rizk looks at him and returns it to him, to Hisham's astonishment. How can anyone in this era refuse money that was given to him, especially if it was in exchange for effort and fatigue and not charity, and before Hisham responded? He asked him about the reason for that. Hisham heard someone chanting and saying "no" repeatedly and in a hoarse voice. Hisham did not feel embarrassed by Rizk when his body shook violently, but that did not prevent him from heading with Rizk to the source of the sound, heading to a cemetery in the corner of the city. Relatively

far from the cemeteries, and the sound was still continuing, until they arrived, so Hisham restarted the phone recorder and lit another roll of tobacco. He had become an unusually heavy smoker today, and is today like any other day?

Hisham: Who is this?

Rizq: the oppressed.

Hisham: Who?

Rizk: Dr. Ahmed Al-Sawy, famous for the oppressed.

Hisham: Famous as an oppressed person among whom?

Rizk: Here among his companions.

Hisham: Among his companions! Do they interact daily or weekly and on the weekends?

Rizk (trying to suppress his rage and anger): No, mr Hisham, souls have conversations that you do not know, I mean, we do not

know them. As for the timings of their conversations, only God knows that.

Hisham (and his face showed remorse for what he said earlier): I don't mean sarcastically, but...

Rizk: It does not matter, there is no apology, it is a hidden world, a world for which we have no choice but to pray for mercy.

Hisham: Indeed, Uncle Rizk, but what is the story of the oppressed?

Rizk: He is Dr. Ahmed Al-Sawy, and his fame here is the oppressed, because he is truly oppressed.

Hisham: How? And why are you so sure?

Rizk: I will tell you his whole story, but do not interrupt me. The wronged person was executed on charges of killing his wife. She was also a university doctor like him. He was unjustly accused and executed after all the evidence and evidence gathered against him

in a strange way. The evidence was woven around his neck cunningly and perhaps with bad luck. His wife. She was the opposite of what she appeared to be. She was not a pure angel or an innocent beauty. She was a traitor. She had defiled their solemn covenant. She was in a close, ongoing relationship with someone other than him. Samir was a doctor, a colleague of theirs in university teaching. He was handsome, white-skinned, and sweet-tongued. He was known among his peers as “Dongguan.” Samir was married, and despite that he was able to seduce her and lure her into his clutches, until she made his bed, or perhaps he made hers. The oppressed person was that good and beloved person among university circles, among students and professors. God did not want them to have children. Perhaps this was a reason. Immediately to start hating Tayseer and her betrayal of him, or perhaps because he was not as handsome as (Dangwan), he was dark-skinned and of average height, but he was of good character, persistent, friendly, and patient.

(Hisham eavesdrops, amazed)

Rizk continues: When Dr. Ahmed Al-Sawy became aware of what was happening and he learned about this relationship based on the news circulating in the university community about it, he collapsed nervously and verbally assaulted her at the university and threatened to kill her in the midst of her family, which of course denounced his allegations and which they also denied with vehemence, denunciation and astonishment. Dr. Tayseer accused Al-Sawy of insanity. The story did not end there. Rather, Tayseer wanted to file for divorce and did not inform Al-Sawy of that. Rather, she informed Samir and she asked him to get married after completing her divorce procedures, but he refused and tried to evade her, but she threatened to expose him. He told his wife about it. It seemed that she loved him very much (Rizk smiles). It was only when a quarrel broke out between them during their last meeting in her car on a distant road that the verbal exchange

became intense and increased in frequency. Samir had no choice but to kill her with a firearm that was in her car. (The licensed firearm was in the name of her husband, Dr. Ahmed Al-Sawy) and he fled. All the evidence was weaving a noose around Al-Sawy's neck, and he could not prove that he was in a known place at the time the crime occurred, in addition to his licensed weapon with which the crime was committed, in addition to his threat to kill her in front of everyone. In the last moments of his execution, he was insisting that he had been wronged, and he always shouted "no" before the execution.

Hisham (with his tongue curled slightly, turning towards the cemetery from which the voice of the oppressed has now faded):

And where did you get all this information, Uncle Rizq?

Hisham looks at Rizk after not receiving an answer, but.....

He did not find sustenance. Hisham did not find sustenance.

Rather, he saw someone running towards him with extreme

speed that did not show his weight, a huge person, with a thick mustache and a beard that had not been shaved lazily, tall and broad-shouldered, with worn-out sports pants and a lengthwise striped shirt, running towards Hisham while he was He shouts:

Who are you? And what are you doing here?

Hisham (and he stuttered again, staring at this person): Me! Who are you ?

Man: I am Rizk, the cemetery keeper. Who are you? And how did you get here? And what you want ?

Hisham: Rizk! Whose livelihood! Rizk was here a while ago and I don't know where he went!

Man: I am Rizk, the cemetery keeper, and I did not see you until now.

Hisham: And where were you? And who was this man?

Real Rizk: I was sleeping in my room and I didn't feel your presence until now. What man are you talking about?

Hisham: A dark-skinned man of medium height and a gray robe.

The real Rizk: Haaaaaaa, you have been a new victim of the oppressed, but there is no fear for you, the oppressed does not harm anyone.

Hisham (with extreme stammering and confusion Then he was silent, waiting for his heartbeat to slow down):The oppressed ! Have I been walking around with a demon the whole time (looking at the night-covered sky), how is that?

Real Rizk: You have to leave now before...

Hisham: Before what?

The real Rizk: before you see and hear the unfortunate consequences.

Hisham (starts to walk quickly, then runs, and he hears back the phone recorder, which did not record anything, everything has been completely erased)

Ahmed Gestapo

He makes sure that all the windows in his house are closed before he goes to sleep. Those windows are protected by securely fastened and unbreakable iron bars. He repeats the matter, then goes to the door of the house to make sure that the four bolts are securely closed. He passes by the kitchen to make sure that the gas valve is closed. He goes to bed and before he goes to sleep.

His eyes fall into a sleep that was not so deep before. He picks up his mobile phone to make sure that the alarm feature is activated, which of course is activated in continuous mode. Then he closes his eyes, having rested from the burden of wakefulness..

Ahmed Abdel Majeed Shaalan, known as Ahmed Gestapo, 49 years old, white-skinned, thin, with bulging eyes that seem to have a strange mixture of gray and green, brown hair that is not mixed with gray despite his advanced age, a smooth chin like a soldier in a training field, and he seems used to it. He is single and has never been married. If he had already been engaged twenty years ago, Ahmed Gestapo lived alone in his small apartment belonging to the youth housing in Sheikh Zayed (of course he was one of the youth when he obtained it from the government), and for those who do not know the reason for calling him by this name (Gestapo), which is what he was known He was called the German secret police. Those close to Ahmed called him, not because he

was a police guide or constantly eavesdropping on other people's secrets, but because he was suspicious of everyone and everything, whether those around him, whether relatives or co-workers, doubtful of his luck in this world, and suspicious of what was coming from him. The future, Ahmed Gestapo, was not born to the Gestapo, but the accumulations of life and successive crises made him this way. Shadia, his former fiancée of twenty years, who left him after a passionate love story, to enter into a marriage that she saw as a great opportunity, and she married one of the well-off people, his brothers are male and female, and who He took care of them and managed their affairs after the death of his father, Usta Abdul Majeed Shaalan (the blacksmith). Ahmed spared no effort in this, but the situation changed completely after he contributed greatly to the completion of their marriage. They disowned him, or rather he became for them just a past and not their older brother who He took over the duties of a parent.

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Ahmed woke up on time and before the phone alarm rang. His eyes darted around the room back and forth to check on something he did not know. His room contained nothing but a mattress, a small table, and a single-door metal wardrobe. The rest of the house was empty of furniture except What is rare is a small television on a small table in the foyer of the house, accompanied only by three plastic chairs that do not contain some fingerprints of old paint, a flat gas stove in the kitchen, in addition to a few cups, plates, and two medium-sized cooking utensils.

Ahmed ate his usual breakfast, which consisted of a loaf of bread. Stuffed with olive-flavored white cheese, accompanied by a cup of sweetened tea with milk, which was his favorite drink, he began dressing, including cloth pants and a shirt that must be white. He walked out of his house, keeping the wooden door and the iron door closed. He stood at the bottom of his building, his eyes

shining. He looked at the passers-by, as if he was anticipating some event or person. He began to watch with his eyes who was looking at him. He hid behind one of the bushes near the building until he was sure that no one would surprise him without him seeing him.,

A daily pattern for Ahmed Gestapo. Before he left for his factory, where he worked as a storekeeper in one of the pharmaceutical factories in Cairo, he boarded the small taxi bus that took him to his work area. Of course, the matter was not without one or more arguments with the driver about changing the fare or replacing one of the torn banknotes, or With one of the passengers opening or closing the window next to him, Ahmed's features were carved into the memory of some of the taxi drivers, and of course they sharply refused to pick him up..

As soon as the Gestapo got off the bus, he walked for approximately twenty minutes to the pharmaceutical factory. He

gave a brief greeting to the gate security personnel. As soon as he crossed it and after several steps, he turned behind him to surprise them while they were following him. He is well aware of the extent to which they enjoy gossiping about him, sometimes. With secret gestures and sometimes with malicious smiles, the Gestapo put his signature in the attendance book and went to open his warehouse, and began his usual working day, which was not devoid of many, many quarrels with colleagues. He was well aware that everyone was trying to rob his warehouse, and some of them were waiting for the opportunity to do so. If he is not careful, he will be among the embezzlers one day.

His mobile phone kept ringing. After a while, he answered and was surprised by his younger sister, who was complaining to him about her husband's constant mistreatment of him, which had recently led to a quarrel. The Gestapo became angry even though his sister had not visited him alone or with her husband after

marriage. Ahmed became upset and hung up on her, and She quickly called her husband, scolding him and reprimanding him for what he had done. Ahmed was quick to forget and forgive, especially when it came to his elderly mother or his siblings..

His working day ended and Ahmed started to return to his usual daily routine, buying a box of koshari, which occupies half of his monthly eating habits. He quickly devoured it and continued doing so, until he was surprised by a knock on the door of his house. Ahmed stood up in shock and headed towards the door with heavy, heavy steps. He wants someone to know of his presence. He does not know who is outside and how much harm he is captivating. His eyes lightly picked up that magic eye familiar to Egyptian homes to see who was knocking. He seemed to have turned around bored and then turned around again, facing the door, and he uttered his loud voice, "Open, O." Ahmed.....), he is Ismail, Ahmed's sister's husband and the only one who is familiar

with him. Ahmed quickly opened the door after he caught his breath, reassured that fate had given him more time before it killed him. It seemed that Ahmed had remembered something.....

Ismail: Why haven't you dressed yet? It's seven o'clock now..

Ahmed: In fact, I did not remember the date until now. .

Ismail: The Gestapo is forgetting something!!! This is impossible. .

Ahmed: Maybe the Gestapo just forgets these kinds of appointments. .

Ismail: Although marriage is a necessary evil, it is stability and peace of mind, so why fear it?!!

Ahmed: I am not afraid of anything, but I want to be patient about this matter, as I am not one of those who like to regret it or cry over spilled milk..

Ismail: It seems as if you took a lot of time. You are almost fifty.

Hurry so we won't be late.

Ahmed looked at him with a look of muffled curses, saying: It seems that the bride also took a lot of time.

Ismail: Howaida is not yet forty, and her features look much younger.

Ahmed Gestapo gets dressed as smartly as possible, perfumed with the perfume of the helmia nights..

Bride's house

Ahmed and Ismail enter the guest room in the bride's house, accompanied by Hajj Tawfiq, Howaida's father. Ahmed turns around, widening his eyes, staring at the paintings and pictures around him, pinned to the walls, and books stacked on a desk in

the corner of the room. They appear to be some romantic novels. The Gestapo looks at the ceiling of the room, swaying with his gaze. A little while, until Huwayda enters carrying a yellow juice table and offers it to them. Ismail wishes it was mango and not orange..

Her father looks at her and asks her to sit. Huwaida sits and continues to look at Ismail and Ahmed, welcoming them. Ahmed is surprised that she is not overwhelmed by the usual shyness of a girl in such a situation. Her fingertips are not intertwined, she does not look at her feet, and the blush of embarrassment does not appear on her face. Huwaida takes the initiative to speak. The Gestapo was amazed.

Howaida: Why did you delay getting married, Mr Ahmed? I knew you were almost fifty

Ahmed (laughing): I'm late!! And were you late alone?!!

Hajj Tawfiq (with his eyebrows furrowed): This speech is not authentic This mr Ahmed.

Howaida interrupted him: Leave him, I think our circumstances are different. I was late because everyone who approached me was like you.

Ahmed: Like me!

Howaida: Yes, like you, they all see that a girl has no choice but to submit, and of course I will not accept a weak man..

Ahmed stared at her continuously: Like me! And weak! Who do you think you are? (He said it in a sharp tone that was almost fading and not devoid of nervous excitement, as his veins swelled greatly and his pupils dilated).

Howaida: Unfortunately, frankness, clarity, and confrontation are things that men or similar men hate. Sorry, I do not mean to insult, but it is the truth..

Ahmed: So what is required is a degree of frankness. Let it be yours. I was late because I did not find among them the girl who deserves to be entrusted with my house, my name, and the raising of my children. I did not find her, and it seems that I will not find her..

Ahmed and Ismail (who did not say a word) left the house looking sullen. They did not exchange much conversation. Ismail headed home with his head bowed at what Ahmed Gestapo had done to him. As for the Gestapo, the matter did not concern him in any way, as he was accustomed to that. If he or the other party rejects him, it is not a surprise. The Gestapo does not trust any woman, and he was never determined to consummate any marriage, even if he liked one of them..

Ahmed headed home, after being careful that no one was watching him, and as soon as he reached the vicinity of the building in which he lived, he began to circle around it several times, then he stopped far away, hiding among the bushes, trying to catch who would surprise him or who was watching or waiting for him, then he entered his house. He made himself a cup of tea mixed with the usual milk, accompanied by a loaf of bread stuffed with white cheese flavored with olives. He made sure that the door latches were well closed, as well as the windows and the gas valve, then he went to sleep, and of course before that he made sure that the alarm feature on his phone was activated, which was activated. Naturally.

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Tashai

He had not yet reached his thousandth year above the surface of the earth, but he had begun to feel bored and monotonous, and perhaps he had begun to feel regret. During that period, luck had not wanted to make him satisfied, happy, or ecstatic. The life he had been living before had not brought him anything.

About a thousand years ago

A court session is held in a very large square in an external space and not between the usual concrete building blocks. Nine judges appear on the horizon who do not lack prestige and courage. Nine judges stand in the middle of the square, but their full legs are not visible. This is not a flaw or weakness, but a continuation of the scene of prestige when mixed with mystery and terror, sparks fly from their bulging eyes. One of them, who appears to be the greatest and largest of them, takes the initiative to speak. He directs his speech to those sitting in a circle from a distance in that arena. He looks at these large crowds of audience and this is what they appear to be. He speaks in a harsh, sharp language that the audience understands. And he recites to them the following:

The court of the lower Orkan tribes is held at the invitation of King Dhiam to try the so-called Tashay...

A young man appears in the square, close to the judges, facing them, sitting cross-legged, bound with shackles that obscure his features due to their large number. He appears tired, but does not show remorse. His features reveal complete pride, determination, intentionality, and certainty about what he did.

The Chief Justice continues his speech:

After completing the deliberations and reviewing the laws of our tribe, and after we reached complete certainty that Tashay, who is three hundred years old after a thousand, had sinned against the law, the people, and the ruler of Orkan, as he seduced Princess Tilay, the daughter of our king Dhiam, in the name of love, which is what is

considered... It is an unforgivable crime under the laws of our tribe. Any relationship established between a royal lineage and a commoner is an illegal, forbidden and criminal relationship. Therefore, the court of the lower Orkan tribes, taking into account the young age of the accused, decided that Tashay should be exiled outside our tribe, and outside all the jinn tribes. The lower level, and that he be isolated for a period of three thousand years above the surface of the earth, and that he live among humans as punishment for what he committed, provided that during that period he is granted the power to hide or incarnate in the form of a human in order to preserve his safety. The session was adjourned.

current time

Tashay appears in the image of an old fisherman, his body stretched out on the deck of his small boat, which is moored near the bank of a lake early in the day. He looks at the sky while stroking his white beard, contemplates the flocks of singing birds, and goes back to his memory to see Tilai and the few moments of their love on the banks of a lake like that, and in the arms of his beloved, he remembers the letters of her promise to him, and the warmth of their embrace also appears in his imagination and consciousness, the antidote of her warm, enchanting kiss spreading through his lips.

Tawakkol or Tashay shows signs of boredom, sadness, and perhaps remorse. He lets out a deep sigh stating that only a thousand years have passed, and there are two

thousand years remaining until the isolation ends, while he recalls the moments of infatuation and love. The boat beneath him shakes and sways violently, as if There is someone carrying him and surprising him, and perhaps he wants to harm and harm him. He straightens up, trusts himself in his seat, anticipating with his previous lower sense what is happening. He cannot predict anything. He is filled with fear, and this is the first time this has happened to him since he set his feet on the ground. He tries to look next to the boat. Here or there, but it is of no use. The boat's sway increases severely until it turns upside down, and Tawakkul falls into the water. In the most difficult situation, if he cannot return the boat to its normal position, he can certainly survive, as he is just a few steps away from the bank of the lake. He tries to return

the boat to its previous position, but he cannot. He tries to cling to it and tries to drag it to the shore. His strength also does not allow him to do so. He decides to leave the boat and swim to return to the shore. His limbs have become frozen or perhaps paralyzed. Tawakkul is unable to move. He tries to He calls for help from someone, but there is no one present at this time. He is overcome by a feeling of fear mixed with terror. He must now be Tashay and not Tawakkol. He decides to disappear to be Tashay, but without a responsive will and without any transformation taking place. There is something pulling Tawakkal down, pulling him hard. And quickly, something hidden that Tawakkol does not see. Tawakkol inhales and exhales heavily until he lands below the surface of the water. Tawakkol goes on a far journey to a far depth,

which was never the normal depth of the lake. He continues to slide rapidly and the attractive force has disappeared, the slide and the incursion. He went down naturally, automatically, perhaps without will or perhaps by his own will. His breathing began to return to its normal state despite being under water, crossing rocks, grass, and other things, moving from one place to another and from one world to another.

He opened his eyes and was surprised to find that he was completely out of the water. He was now in a place that he had never imagined. He had been convinced that he was on the verge of death and annihilation, but what he found and saw made him extremely astonished. He placed his trust in the same courtyard in which he had been tried before, and It seems that it is the same judicial that tried

him. He is no longer Tawakkal. Look at his features and body. He has become Tashai.

Tashay sits in the same session as he did for the first time a thousand years ago, before the same court, but now he is not restrained, looking at the judge. The senior judge begins to recite the following:

Due to the expiration of a third of the sentence period, and according to the laws of Orkan, anyone other than Tashai has the right to demand that he be retried and to consider the possibility of pardoning him. Therefore, after one of them came forward to do so, the trial was re-tried based on the fact that King Dhiam had died and had not He is considered a king, and after his daughter Tailai abdicated the throne and became a commoner and not a member of the ruling royal family, the charge with which

Tashai was tried became as if it had never existed, so the court of the lower Orkan tribes decided to pardon Tashai and return him to the tribe as one of its sons. The session was adjourned. .

After finishing reading the ruling, the judge turns to speak to Tashay, smiling: You owe thanks and gratitude to the beautiful Tailai (pointing to her).

Tashay looked where the judge indicated, to find Tilai, filled with joy and overwhelming happiness, and she appeared with shining eyes that showed the love of the lover and the sincerity of the promise of his letters.

Morstan

Maha Al-Alayli, the most famous broadcaster in the Arab world and the owner of the distinguished program (out of The Box) on Al-Shams Channel, Maha appears live on air with her sharp,

serious features that are not undermined by that slight smile. She wears her short black skirt to the knee and her red sweater, which is no less beautiful and exciting than that skirt. She leaves her elegant office and stands to walk on stage. Which was bigger than all the previous episodes), and its episode begins today (after loud applause from the audience):

Tonight is the last Out of the Box episode for the year 2021 and a new year will begin shortly, but before that we would like the episode to conclude and bid farewell to the year to be the most distinguished episode ever. Today's episode is long and has been prepared for a long period of more than two months. The title of today's episode is (Morstan), that word. It is said that its origins are Persian, and some attribute it to Turkish origins. Whatever it is, it means a psychiatric or mental hospital. We thought that the episode should have this name after Egypt truly became a large

landmass, and I believe that there is no opposition to this fact.

(Maha walks smoothly on the stage In the background of the stage, there is a huge display screen allocated for this episode, and it appears that it will be used to display video reports.) She continues:

In fact, the preparation team and I were in great confusion. We did not know where to begin, whether in the order in which the incidents occurred or in their severity, whether major or minor.

The truth is that we conducted what looked like an automated poll to arrange the farces or incidents of the day, and that without anyone's intervention. To comment on these Moristian facts and curiosities, one of our experts in the field of psychology and also one of the professors of sociology, let us begin tonight (the display screen lights up amidst loud applause while Maha sits at her comfortable desk).

Maha speaking on the screen:

We are now in front of a butcher's shop inside one of the villages in Dakahlia Governorate (only Maha's voice is heard and the camera is focused on the butcher's shop, which appears almost empty of customers, with a sign above it: "Sulaiman's Butchery..")

She continues:

We are now facing an incident that has shaken public opinion and disturbed public opinion since it was committed. The butcher Suleiman Abdel Aziz Al-Naqli raped his daughter, yes, his daughter. He assaulted her alternately for a period exceeding three years, and he did not show mercy to her being a disabled person. What is surprising is that her mother helped him in...

That, and their matter would not have been exposed had it not been for the intervention of one of the neighbors who one day became suspicious of what was happening and his suspicions

were repeated repeatedly, until he informed the security authorities. Didn't we tell you that he is a Morstan? With apologies to the Morstans, what we are talking about did not happen in any place where reason or madness prevails. Wisdom. Or foolishness, what we are dealing with has not and will not happen even in the animal world. Would anyone dare to approach a baby animal? It would certainly be the end of it.

Maha gathers herself together and continues: As you know, we are not an investigative or narrating . The case was investigated, but we are in the process of refuting the data and components of that Moristan. Why did Suleiman do this? After a careful medical examination of him, he was not mentally ill, he was conscious, and his conscience never reprimanded him. He continued doing this for three years, and it was relentlessly driving him crazy. And her mother, what kind of woman is she? If she was a bear, she should have done so. She ate her daughter, not helped rape her,

and she received what she deserved in terms of life imprisonment. As for Suleiman, he received his natural punishment, death penalty, even though the sentence has not been carried out yet.

Will this first and last crime be the same in Egyptian society, or will there be someone who will dare to repeat it without being deterred by the death sentence? When will the absurd scene of Moristani disappear from the imagination of Egyptians? When will the warmth of the family and the confidence of the Egyptian family's embrace, which was undoubtedly shaken, return?

The stage camera captures Maha sitting at the desk, very emotional. She placed her palms under her chin and closed her eyes for a while, before she quickly stood up and addressed the audience: This is one of the investigations that was difficult for me

and I did not intend to broadcast it, but it happened. And the first incident was.

She sits down again, and the display screen prepares to broadcast the second Moristani incident.

Maha's voice emanates from the display screen (just a voice, as she is accustomed to, without her face visible, in front of land that was apparently agricultural before, and a large area of which has been excavated):

Samir Hussein Shaarawi, the educated engineer, the name that the Egyptian people had memorized by heart. Some saw him as the Robin Hood of men, and others saw him as a comedic character fit for a cinematic work, while the law, logic and reason saw him as a serial killer, Samir who took the lives of more than nine women. In the same picture, but with different details, Samir, who took advantage of his handsomeness and sweet tongue to entrap divorced women in particular, and then he

seduces them and has sex with them, and after that he kills them, seizes their jewelry, and buries them in land that belongs to him on the outskirts of his village in Giza, and so on. Samir is still awaiting execution after forensic and psychological medicine confirmed the soundness of his mental faculties, but the most important question is, why? What is the motive? This is the question that Samir Shaarawi refused to answer during the investigations, even though the forensic report confirmed the presence of sexual weakness in him, and this was confirmed by his ex-wife in the prosecution's investigations. She continues: There is no justification for committing the crime of murder or any crime whatever it may be, those graves that You see them on the screen, they were of women who trusted this arrogant killer who was tempted to commit his complex crimes. Do not trust those who are not trustworthy, do not be deceived by a sweet tongue, for there may be a black heart behind it, and do not be distracted by handsomeness, for what you are hiding may be uglier than you

think. She said the last sentence in a cracked voice and concluded her story with a deep sigh.

The stage camera turns to Maha at her desk, who continues: In your opinion, who is uglier, more horrific, and more cruel, Suleiman or Samir??

It was easy for the two names to be heard in the hall in balance, as there was no clear and clear agreement on who was more harsh.

Maha retracts a word that was slipping onto the tip of her tongue, but she undermined it at the last moment, and then announces

the third Moristan fact after saying it angrily: Is there a term more compatible than the word Moristan??

The screen turns to the third incident in the Moristani evening, on the last night of that year. Maha stands in front of one of the old buildings, with the blue of the sea visible from the background, and she adds:

In front of the house of Sabah Abdel Qader, the murderous lady of Alexandria, who was the cause of disgust and disgust for Egyptians in the past period, Sabah, the forty-year-old housewife who killed her husband, Sobhi Al-Sayyed, who works as a driver, with thirty penetrating stab wounds all over his body, with the help of one of her lovers, yes, one of her lovers, Sabah. She did not have a single lover. She had more than one lover in the form of husbands. She was customarily married to three people in addition to her husband and the father of her children. This is a

crime that may explain to us why some say that the end of the world is near, and it explains to us why others claim that God is angry with this country. Sabah was characterized by justice, so she used to allocate one day a week to each husband, and the rest of the week to her husband, Subhi, and it was as if she was extremely compassionate towards him, until her reputation spread and Subhi revealed her matter, so he became angry and decided to expose her and divorce her, and after a quarrel broke out between them, she made an agreement. Sabah was determined to get rid of him with the help of one of her lovers, and they actually overpowered him and killed him after inflicting thirty penetrating stab wounds on him with a knife. They wanted to get rid of the body, but their matter was discovered, and they are now awaiting the litigation procedures.

Maha continues: Sabah's crime was not the first and will not be the last. It is a crime that is repeated on an ongoing basis and with

almost the same details. It is a crime that will not only be prevented by the speed of litigation or the severity of the punishment, as that is what is actually happening, but it will be prevented by broadcasting the foundations of morals and values in Egyptian society or... Rather, to restore those values to their former glory, to revive family warmth and educational awareness. Sabah's crime is a crime not only against women, but against all of humanity.

The stage camera pans to Maha at her desk, who stands to analyze and says:

Morstan has become so vast and dense. Morstan combines its wards: the educated and the ignorant, the man and the woman.

Morstan cannot predict where the next blow will come from. It seems that everyone in Morstan is suspicious and clever about

what he is doing, but the reality is that everyone must He is subject to behavioral correction and modification. Everyone must undergo preventive psychiatry. There is no one among us who is immune to one of the Morstan wards. Do we live in a normal society in which we are safe for our children, or is it truly Morstan?

She added: The fourth Moristani incident did not involve direct blood, killing, or rape, but it was, I think, the ugliest and most horrific, and you will decide after the report.

Maha, through the projection screen in front of one of the towering palaces, in her keen voice:

Consider it carefully. This is the palace of Ahmed Qasim, the fugitive businessman with more than ten billion pounds, after his factories collapsed and thousands of workers were displaced as a result, after he took bank money from loans with large facilities,

after he deceived many of the depositors and shareholders of his companies, after he introduced pesticides into the country. The carcinogen that destroyed our children, he fled after eliminating the dreams of youth and seizing advances and sums of money with his fictitious housing projects. Ahmed Qasim fled and left us with many question marks.

Why did Ahmed Qasim escape?

Who helped him escape?

Who is responsible for helping him seize bank funds?

Will the corruption network be held accountable or will it continue to produce a lot of Ahmed Qasim for us?

What do the victims of Ahmed Qasim and others like him feel when they see these luxurious palaces? How do they feel about Qasim and others and about the country?

Is there hope for change?

Maha on stage walking:

You can imagine a young man who borrowed fifty thousand pounds to establish a project, but he failed. Do you know what his fate will be?

Of course you all know, his fate is prison.

Is everyone equal before the law?

I believe that the law is innocent of our curses, but the real accused are those in charge of enforcing the law. Murder is not just bloodshed, but murder in the valley of dreams and hope for tomorrow has the most negative impact on the soul. The real crime is the one committed against the future.

Our fifth episode of the Moristani Night is a heinous murder, so let's watch it.

Maha's voice begins its journey through the display screen: inside the luxurious apartment in the Heliopolis suburb, (wandering through the corridors of the apartment, from one room to another) and adding: Here the most heinous murders that would have never occurred to anyone occurred, where the fifty-year-old businessman Baher Abu Bakr killed his wife. Rajia Saadi and his sons Louay and Saif after he shot them all with his gun and killed them, then committed suicide. This incident remained the talk of the hour for a long time. Baher was suffering from psychological crises that coincided with his financial crises that bankrupted him. Baher was a calm person, affectionate, and loving. To his family, he does not smoke, he does not stay up late outside the house, he is loyal to his wife, but what happened was happened, and so far the prosecution's investigations or investigations have not arrived for a specific reason that prompted Baher to do so. All family members, neighbors, and his work colleagues or subordinates were interrogated. There are those who say that the main motive

was bankruptcy, which is what pushed him into a state of depression, and then he killed them so that they would not become poor, and some of the neighbors say that a few days before the accident, there was a quarrel between him and his wife, and he kept screaming hysterically, asking (whose children are they?) There were colleagues who said that Baher was accustomed to talking to himself as if there was someone with him, and that had been the case for a long time and not just before the accident.

She continues: The incident will remain a puzzling mystery, as the victims and the perpetrator have insisted on burying the truth with them.

Maha at her desk (after a deep sigh): There is nothing that would push a person like this to do that unless he had a mental defect at

the time of committing the crime. I cannot believe otherwise. We are not safe from ourselves, before we are not safe from others.

The sixth of our Moristani comic tales is what will inevitably push you to destroy the stage and screen and perhaps kill me. Let us see what happened, but after a short break.

Maha returns immediately after the break and allows Maha (on the screen) to continue:

Nasser Abdel Tawab is a victim of meanness, treachery and greed.

I cannot find the appropriate words to describe this case. In front of Nasser roundabout in one of the villages of the Gerga Center in Sohag, we stand to tell you the dirtiest and oldest murders since the dawn of history. Nasser was Abel, after his brother insisted.

Mahmoud must have been Qabil. Mahmoud killed his brother

Nasser in broad daylight on the latter's land with an ax that he

had brought down on his brother's head. Certainly, if that ax had

spoken, he would have sworn that it never intended it, but it is human hearts that do not relent, human hearts that are thicker than iron. Mahmoud killed him. After feeling that no one saw him that afternoon in the hot sun, he treacherously attacked him from behind and seized his phone and his wallet. Then he fled back to his house, as if someone had killed him with the intention of stealing. But on the same day, Mahmoud was taken to the police station and He made full confessions, stating that he killed his brother out of greed for his land, money, and wife. He also justified his action by saying that their father had separated the inheritance between them and accepted her in the treatment.

Maha Al-Alayli, sitting at the desk, stopped the video clip, apologizing to the audience for not being able to complete it.

Then she continued:

Please do not insult another person and call him an animal. Have you ever seen an animal do that? I do not imagine, nor do I

believe, just as I think you have become my bewilderment, that is, an even uglier and more rude incident, and I am with you in the same bewilderment.

Allow me to end these absurd Moristani farces with the seventh farce, even if there are many, but we have now decided to suffice with that so that we can host experts and professors of psychology and sociology.

She continues: Arise to the teacher and honor him. The teacher was almost a messenger...

She left the arena to Maha (on the projector screen), and she stood in a university teaching hall... a university amphitheater... but it was empty, so she added:

Here is the platform of science and knowledge, the arena of scholars and intellectuals, here is the university teaching hall, where Dr. Saeed Taye, professor of philosophy at the College of Arts, was standing in my place, where he conveyed to the

students the principles of philosophy and thought. He was keen on his knowledge, just as he was keen on his female students in particular, Dr. Saeed was convicted of sexual assaults against his female students, which the judiciary described as sexual blackmail in cases in which some female students acquiesced, and sexual harassment in cases in which he told female students to go along with his goals, in addition to issues such as disturbing public opinion and peace, tampering with the capabilities of society, and exploiting its powers. And his influence to sexually blackmail female students so that they do not fail, as well as leaking exam questions. The incident is disgusting to the greatest extent and repulsive to a degree that I cannot imagine. How can we protect our daughters in a society when its finest pillars of science and culture have become a swamp for the unscrupulous and the mentally ill?

Maha Al-Alaili was with you from outside the box...

The hall erupted in loud applause, surprising them. Maha Al-Alayli stood and greeted her audience and continued:

After watching the video investigations as one of the audience members, I realized that Morstan's word is small compared to what society has become.

Will this be the end of a society that was once a moral, respectful, polite society, in which the young would stand for the old on the bus, the young's voice would not be raised in the presence of those who were older, the utmost confrontations and flirtations from a young man to a young woman, with a glance or a brief whistle, and he would call the one who did the deed at the time foolish, Everyone was convinced that work was the goal of achieving what one wanted and the goal, and not theft, greed, or theft of what was in the hands of others. Marital infidelity was a path of imagination, or at least something rare. Neighbor was for

neighbor, brother for brother. Contentment was an inexhaustible treasure, and the poor He was poor in spirit, not poor in money.

Love was the basis of life, honesty was the basis of promises, and tolerance was the basis of transactions. Simplicity prevailed over affectation, clarity and frankness defeated evasion and malice. He was amusement and tampering with anything except the fate of human beings, their hearts, or their freedoms.

Is this the end or is there a glimmer of hope? What are the reasons and what is the solution? This is what we know from professors of psychology and sociology, accompanied by our colleague Sami Ezz El-Din. As for me, my word to you before I leave (teach your children that love is the foundation of life) , every year and You are fine. Maha Al-Alayli was with you from outside the box.

The seclusion of Sheikh Arif

Meditation and asceticism are two important weapons in the quiver of Sheikh Muhammad Al-Arif, or Sheikh Arif, as his disciples and followers like to call him. How could it not be when he abandoned the pleasures and luxury of life and his government job as a doctor in order to radiate knowledge, light, and love to those who wanted him or sought his advice? Or help him, as he strives for good wherever he may be, eager to do good and do good things. Sheikh Arif may spend long days and nights in his solitude or hermitage, which had previously been a private clinic before he abandoned his profession, except for some free consultations for very close ones or for the poor and relatives. He

does not enter it at a specific time and does not leave it at a specific time. He may come there more than once a month, or he may leave it for more than three or four months. The matter here does not depend on a specific time as much as it depends on the soul's desire to supply the required energy.

There is no landline phone or fixed or portable computer during this seclusion, and the mobile phone is left by the sheikh at his home before he leaves for seclusion. It is abhorrent and would almost reach the point of shameless or someone to interrupt the sheikh's seclusion in one way or another for any reason, even if it is the death of those closest to him. Except for Musaad, a worker who delivers orders from a specific restaurant. Sheikh Arif stops by before he enters the seclusion to tell him the precise timings of his meals. He brings them to him and may take some of the groceries he wants, and sometimes it may take a long time for the sheikh to wake up from his nap or contemplations to open the

door for Musaad delivery man , and for an unknown reason, the location of the apartment, retreat, or (formerly the clinic) was not densely populated. It is a quiet residential place, and it may be very quiet, and of course this is a very surprising thing for a former clinic, and it seems that this is something that Sheikh Arif approved of that. The solitude that overlooks Mount Mokattam is a place of calm, contemplation, and contemplation. Some may find it a refuge when complaining and dissatisfied with the signs and bustle of life, but Sheikh Arif will certainly find it a life from which he derives the life he seeks, as he has collected everything related to the clinic. He locked the door of a room on it that had become a storehouse for a past or perhaps a previous life. He left nothing in the rest of the retreat except a small sofa, a piece of carpet, and a table on which were simple tools for making tea, including a cup, a pair of tea, sugar, and dozens of other things. Or the hundreds of books that are stacked horizontally and vertically on the ground, some of them old and worn out, some new ones

that have not yet been opened, and others that are very old like antiquities. You may be afraid to approach them so as not to crush their leaves. There are some books whose name is commonly used, and most of them are other than that. He wrote books on medicine, literature, psychology, sociology, jurisprudence, interpretation, hadith, interpretation of dreams, spirituality, preparation of the jinn, and other books, in Arabic, English, and Latin. At first glance, it seems that Sheikh Arif is one of the few scholars and intellectuals who are well-versed in the interior of all matters. It is something that has become difficult and rare in those heavy days of the twenty-first century, when modern technological means have eliminated the green and dry part of the human mind and the fertile good of thought and true cultural awareness, except in rare cases. It seems that Sheikh Arif is among those who Rarely, as it seems, seclusion was empty except for what was mentioned above, so the general scene became as if there was an ascetic Sufi man in the life of this world,

seeking the pleasure of God through worship, asceticism, and contemplation. The windows were closed and blocked with bricks and stones, and seclusion became completely without an outlet, so whoever wanted it. For the afterlife, he must breathe obedience and see the light emanating from a small lamp hanging from the ceiling, a luminous aura that destroys darkness and curses injustice. It is a small room and a similar hall, a small bathroom and a kitchen that he does not need, books, reading, and a cup of tea every now and then, and prayer. And seclusion, asceticism, and meditation, then going out to outer life after a day or two or more, with a clear mind and full of energy, radiating knowledge, light, benefit, and help for all. Like a mobile phone battery, when it runs out, it must be recharged, and when the stomach empties what is inside it, it must be filled again. This is about material things. As for spirituality, it is in greater need of that. If the soul is not restored, it will deteriorate and be torn until it is corroded.

Some see him as very lucky because he is one of the wealthy regions who inherited money, agricultural lands, and real estate on a silver platter. Therefore, he does not need to work and toil as his peers do. He opened his own clinic immediately after his graduation in the late nineties of the last century with the help of his father, who is wealthy and well-known in his town. This was after he was appointed to a government hospital in Cairo, and he moved to live there, leaving Mansoura, his hometown and the town of his fathers, except for a visit every few months. Yes, he has luck, which is often not available to those like him. Life was prosperous for him. He did not know the meaning of need or the pursuit of a goal. He may be discouraged and undermined by the lack of financial capabilities and lack of means to achieve it, as he has often not experienced such situations since his inception until the present time, when he is approaching fifty.

Sheikh Arif has a light beard and moustache, a round face, and white skin with a slight redness that indicates a sheikh of dignity, wealth, good living, and sound health not affected by modern diseases, or perhaps this is due to his rural origins, and a slightly plump body if you look at it carefully. Average if it exceeds that, with an average length that tends to be a little more than that. Sheikh Arif, with his wisdom, contemplation, eloquence of speech, and eloquence of tongue, is able to overcome many of the obstacles of daily life with the utmost ease, and even penetrate into the human souls with which he always comes into contact without The need for strenuous effort or evidence that no one else would understand if they asked for it.

Every wise sheikh has many miracles, and perhaps they are miracles in the eyes of the public, which they joke about for generations and generations. Perhaps a single event becomes more exaggerated, and why not, when everyone is so motivated

to make each one of them appear to be the only one who knows the insides of things. One of the paradoxes that the followers and disciples joke about is He remained alone for a period of more than ten days without food, food, or drink. This is how they saw him and swore to it. What made the matter strange was his appearance in a shocking appearance. He came out in great health, with a face radiating light and weight that seemed to be overweight at first, non-examining glance. This is not An old man from whom food and drink were withheld for ten days, so God fed him and gave him drink. This is how the rumors became and spread like wildfire.

Some people courted Musaad, the restaurant boy, after this incident to know the secret of that mystery, and perhaps to know other secrets similar to that miracle, but he was careful not to reveal anything, and he swore to them that he had only carried enough food for him for a day or two, and that he had no

knowledge. How did he spend the rest of the ten days without food or drink? Hajja Zainab, the only neighbor on the ground floor, confirmed to them that no one had entered or left the house since Musaad left until Sheikh Arif left more than a week later. Hajja Zainab was one of those ancient women. No stray or incoming thing will pass through her hands unless she inspects it from bottom to top and from outside to inside , even grocery bags are not safe from her prying eyes, even if they are pitch black.

Musaad did not want to tell them at first, but after a handful of money and a lot of insistence, and perhaps his desire to feel self-esteem, since he knew what they did not know, he told them what he saw. He told them after making them startled and expectant about the aura of light that radiates from within in a striking way , and the sweet voice reciting the Qur'an, as well as the pungent musky scents that crossed the door of privacy and reached his nose before he knocked on the door, was what he

always expected before he left the restaurant carrying the orders , he saw them, heard them, and smelled them with his mind as he crossed one street after another and one building after another until... He reaches the door of solitude, and there he sees, hears, and smells what he expected.

This became an integral and inevitable dignity, the dignity of remaining without food or drink for ten days when God fed him and gave him drink, as well as the blessing of solitude that exudes musk, the luminous aura, and the angelic voice, and it remained a miracle that the devotees and others joked about, and because of it, it increased , the number of followers doubled, and he was even described by people as one of God's righteous saints , thus, he was the one sent specifically for that centenary, out of God's pleasure, to guide the people.

It was done, thank God

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