



AUKywait *Review*

ARTS & LITERARY JOURNAL
FALL 2018 EDITION
VOLUME 12

AUKuwait
Review

ARTS & LITERARY JOURNAL
FALL 2018 EDITION
VOLUME 12

ENGLISH-LANGUAGE WRITING CONTEST

WINNERS POETRY

FIRST PLACE

Layal Boulos

SECOND PLACE

Abdulaziz Almahmeed

HONORABLE MENTION

Farah Abdullah, Bahja Al-Qazweeni

WINNERS FICTION

FIRST PLACE

Shahad A.Butaleb

SECOND PLACE

Layal Boulos

HONORABLE MENTION

Farah S. Al-Daihani, Ghadeer Ghafour

The English-Language Writing Contest is sponsored by the AUK Review and the Department of English at AUK.

EDITORIAL BOARD

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Abdulrahman Al-Azmi

Nawaf Al-Mahdi

Amal Singer

Ghadeer Ghafour

Aisha Al-Meshawet

FACULTY ADVISORS

SUPERVISOR

David Hadbawnik

ART

William Andersen

GRAPHIC DESIGN

Joo Won Lee

COVER/LAYOUT DESIGN

Amal Shaher

All views, words, and thoughts expressed in this publication are those of the authors and artists, and do not reflect the official policy or position of the American University of Kuwait (AUK) as a whole. As a publisher, AUK does not assume any responsibility for content of this publication.

16 THE CAMPFIRE
ABDULRAHMAN AL-AZMI

17 WISDOM TOOTH
ABDULRAHMAN AL-AZMI

18 GHAZAL POEM
ALANOOD ALASKAR

19 I CAN BE THE RAIN & I CAN BE THE SEA
BAHJA AL-QAZZWEENI

20 AT COFFEE SHOP
AMAL SINGER

21 HUMMUS
ABDULAZIZ ALMAHMEED

22 EXTEND
ABDULAZIZ ALMAHMEED

23 THE NEXT BIG HIT
BADOUR ALSENAN

24 BLACK
FARAH ABDULLAH

25 THE SOUND OF RANGE
ESRA'A ALKANDARI

26 A LETTER TO MY INNER-SELF
FARAH ABDULLAH

27 A WHITE ICE FLOWER
FARAH ABDULLAH

28 GOOD MORNING?
FARAH S. AL-DAIHANI

29 WARRIORS' HOME
FARAH S. AL-DAIHANI

30 NOTEBOOK ENTRY 1
FARAH ALQATTAN

31 FREE VERSE
FARAH ALQATTAN

32 ASTONISH ME!
LAYAL BOULOS

33 DRIVE
LAYAL BOULOS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POETRY & PROSE

34 THE DUTY OF A CREATION
LAYAL BOULOS

35 UNTITLED
GHADEER GHAFOUR

36 RAINY DAY
OULLA AL-MUSLIM

37 MISTAKES TELL STORIES
RAZZAN ISSA

38 THE PERFECT DYSTOPIA
SHAHAD AL-FAILAKAWI

39 UNTITLED
SHAHAD AL-BUTALEB

40 LEGEND OF THE DRAGON FRUIT
ABDULRAHMAN AL-AZMI

45 ROSES AND GRAVEYARD
BAHJA AL-QAZZWEENI

50 SHORT STORY
FARAH ALQATTAN

54 HIGHER EXPECTATIONS
FARAH S. AL-DAIHANI

57 THE GIRL AND THE DEAD BODY
GHADIR TABATABAEI

58 2 BLACK COFFEES FOR SAM
HUSSAM ALHELMY

60 ON THE RUN
JAMMELAH AL-TULAIHI

63 THE REALITY OF DREAMS
LAYAL BOULOS

65 THE KNIGHT
SAYED AL-QALLAF

68 THE BOY WHO TRAVELED IN TIME
SHAHAD A. BUTALEB

70 DESCENDANTS
SHAROUQ ALMATROUK

74 THE BELRAV
DAVID HADBAWNIK

78 THE AUK ENGLISH DEPARTMENT AND THE
BANVILLE PROJECT

90 NOVA
ALI SABBAGH

91 1500-YEAR-OLD BIG BUDDHA,
DATONG, CHINA
WILLIAM ANDERSEN

92 PANTHEON OCULUS,
ROME, ITALY
WILLIAM ANDERSEN

93 CHIANG KAI-SHEK MEMORIAL,
TAIPEI, TAIWAN
WILLIAM ANDERSEN

94 TAIWANESE DRAGON KITE
AND LANTERNS
WILLIAM ANDERSEN

95 BLUE FIRE
BATOUL CHAHINE

96 PEACOCK
BATOUL CHAHINE

97 STONES
BATOUL CHAHINE

98 POTTERY BAHRAIN
CLAIRE GIDDINGS

99 CURIOUS
CLAIRE GIDDINGS

100 LANDSCAPE BAHRAIN
CLAIRE GIDDINGS

101 HAPPY CAT
CLARK STOECKLEY

102 WATCHFUL CAT
CLARK STOECKLEY

103 UNTITLED
GAMILA EID

104 GRAFFITI
GAMILA EID

105 UNTITLED
GAMILA EID

106 BEAUTY OF NATURE
INAS MAHFOUZ

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ARTWORK

107 STATUE
INAS MAHFOUZ

108 SWAROVSKI CHANDELIER
JASMINE SINGH

109 WADI SURFING
JASMINE SINGH

110 VERSAILLE
JUMANA KHALIL

111 FAILIKA ISLAND
MARCELLA KULCHISTKY

112 SMILES ON FAILIKA ISLAND
MARCELLA KULCHISTKY

113 CLIMBING TO THE TOP
MOYSAR LULU

114 DREAMING SIGHT
MOYSAR LULU

115 ONE WAY
MOYSAR LULU

116 RED N BLUE
MOYSAR LULU

117 SAILING INTO THE SUN
MOYSAR LULU

118 JUNK YARD
NOURA ZAHER

119 BEAUTY
SARA BABAZADEH

120 IRAN
SARA BABAZADEH

121 SHIRAZ
SARA BABAZADEH

122 TIME TRAVELLER
SARA BABAZADEH

123 BUTTERFLY AND BEE
ANTONIA STAMOS

124 I SEE THE WORLD IN YOUR EYES
ANTONIA STAMOS

125 RED FLOWER POTS
ANTONIA STAMOS

126 SALMIYA SUNSET
ANTONIA STAMOS

127 SUNSET'S STARBURST
ANTONIA STAMOS

128 THE SAND, THE SEA, AND THE SKY
ANTONIA STAMOS

129 WILD SEA OF COLOR
ANTONIA STAMOS

130 FOUR SEASONS FASHION STYLE
TAEYEON KOO

131 REDDISH PEACH
TAEYEON KOO





**POETRY &
PROSE**

Burning brightly and warmly, the campfire
Everyone is gathering calmly, the campfire
The winter is upon us, and it's cold
It took some effort to start the campfire
The sound of burning wood is soul-relaxing
I brought some more wood, for the campfire
Occasionally, it ignites tremendously
Everyone is warm, lights of the campfire
Inescapably like an aura around it
Embers are glowing in the campfire
Morning sun, in the night, the campfire
The warmth, it prevents the cold. The campfire!

ABDULRAHMAN
AL-AZMI

THE CAMPFIRE

Upwards, downwards ? Sideways! Perfect!

I am unique, I am special

Late better than never, sure, sure!

I am coming, forth to surface!

Painkillers? I have no idea.

I am being removed? What!

Wait, wait! They do not like me. Why?

Do not remove me! I am wise!

The trash? Not my place. It's not nice!

Should not come out. It was nice there.

Sometimes in life our feelings of love wines,
but sometimes not
Sometimes we build a bridge to avoid hate,
but sometimes not
People who we know and kind of care
about in our life got hurt
Sometimes we try to share love
and say that is the fate,
but sometimes not
They say there is no hate,
there is no violence when family gathers
Positive and joy should be spread here in Kuwait,
but sometimes not
Happy wishes and a long lasting happy life must be felt
For the family member,
people we know and date,
but sometimes not
Hopeless, feeling blue, and sad tears should be there
When attending their funeral we pray for their soul to wait,
but sometimes do not

The enchanting softness of the sand granules
Embraces my stumbling feet on the shore
A silky surface ending with a vast blue painted panel
Gentle tickling waves under my feet seeps
comfort to my whole
A sudden pouring shower descends from the skies
Drops of rain softly tingling the surface of my skin
melodic sounds from the rippling waves soothes and defies
my chaotic soul that is eager to destroy all hope
left even if its dim
The sea gets fiercer aiming to seduce all of my senses
luring me in with its tangy odor of salt and its violent crashing wave
The pouring rain gets heavier forming around me many fences
crippling all sensations, forcing this free spirit to behave
As the two forces of nature compete to capture a prey
I surrender to feel both and never turn grey

Translation of a poem by Nizar Qabbani:

Next to me, she took her seat
as a rose pot in her reassurance
And a book in her hand...
is reaping the rewards of her faith
A cup jumps out of my hand because of its passion...
longing for her cup
Ah of the sun hat that the summer breathes on its strings
The round of light on her knee shook my soul from its corners
She is drinking from her cup and I drink from her eyelids
The story of the eyes..
Enslaving me of the view of the star in its flood
The more I stared at her, the more she laughed and the snow in
her teeth get stripped
Share me the coffee of the morning..
And do not bury yourself in its sorrows
I am your neighbor, Madam and the Lord, asking about her
neighbors Who I am?...leave the questions..
I am a panel looking for colors
A date .. Madam! She smiled and pointed me to her address
And when she looked at me...
I never hinted except the reddish print in her cup.

We picked each other's noses, man
You rubbed that hummus on my chest
Don't tell me that was all in jest
We fished for salmons in the Yemen
Yemen...
Yemen...
Yemen...
Funny how a word sounds weird
When you say it a few times.
What was I saying?

Extend

from the valley

to the reason of departure

oh, extend

from this here to where

the trembling of the ziziphus

in the wake of autumn

finds its way to my fingertips oh extend

with all your unbending might and fill my sight

with an effervescent us and leave behind

a barren question on the edge of every breath

of mine and line and--

oh, extend...

From New Orleans to Timbuktu,
everyone waits for the next hit.
The elderly and teens, waiting for their hit.
Going down elevators from glittery skyscrapers
Interns fumbling with stacks of papers, waiting for their hit.
In favelas, abandoned lots and inner-city slums
Inebriated kids with guns take their next hit.
Schoolteachers and disciplinary officers pondering
Which unfortunate sod's getting the next hit?
A lowly brothel worker steps out into the Calle Málaga
Thinking of her Niña,
she draws out her Marlboros and takes a hit.
A broken fence and shattered glass from
a Midwest farmstead
Uncle Sam grabs his blunderbuss,
a trespasser's going to get hit.
The New York Times bestselling author takes a swig,
From his bottle of gin writing his next literary hit.
And all along, people shuffle and commute,
With a vague sense of purpose, they pursue their next big hit.

As my hair is shining black
My eyes becomes silent black
My black poems and stories
I hide them in my black hands
I wanna go back
Like a crow
Going back to the beginning
Black hair , black eyes
My black blood that, becomes hot today
With Dark hair , dark eyes
I wanna become an ordinary girl
Who is fearless today

The sound of silence filling my ears, sitting by the lake my legs pulled against me in the darkness the sky flashing above me the wind whispering through the air. So many feelings in one night, I can feel my heartbeats through my entire body, right down to my toes. Blood pumping through my veins, rushing to my eyes I get up and walk into the silent lake, the coldness of its water drains the blood stains off my clothes, making a dark spot in the surface of the water widening as I walk deeper in the water. I can't feel the wind blowing anymore but I can see its effect on the water causing the surface tension to break, making the trees shake, dead the leaves fall on the water. They say that looking at the lake makes you calm, but I'm filled with rage, each time a tree rattles in fear I grow more and more furious. I want to scream and destroy everything I see, but I keep on sinking deeper and deeper in the water. I feel like I'm going to blow, all the blood leaving my clothes but the blood in my eyes will never be unseen.

I live in understanding world
But the world has never understood me
Beyond the smiling expression
I can't see through the truth
When I opened my eyes
The entire day I'm looking busy
That's so clear to me
That life is coffee that I never ordered
I tell myself
That death is an Americano that you can't refill
Let me prove it
When I exhale, I see my breath
On the windowpane, there's condensation
That I'm dead
I'm already dead
Dead and lost in this big world

FARAH
ABDULLAH

**A LETTER TO MY
INNER-SELF**

A White Ice Flower that bloomed
Puts it's face out to unwelcoming wind
As it shades tears over the painful and nameless past
As hiding in the cold wind
Melting down under the sunlight
Only good memories, only a longing heart
On the path where you left me
Know that I'm standing alone
Until I can forget you
I'll swallow my tears and at the end my waits
I will Bloom once again
In my youth and my small heart
That dazzling with shining memories
I'm standing alone
On the top of this dry land
My entire body starts to burn
As your scent that reminds me of you
Your cold hands that are growing far apart
I can't hold onto it anymore
It hurts my frozen heart
As much as I hated you
When the spring comes
When I stand alone in this harmonize breeze
Then I will Bloom on that day
As the white ice flower going wild

It is the only time that I happen to have my entire body dragged around like a puppet on a puppet master show, only difference is that I don't have a master. It is the time, by all means, that cars' noisy engine sound breaks loose, awakening all the neighbors. When I start cursing the world, school, and my big closet, I remember it is all temporary because I will go back to the evening very soon. The sun burns too bright in Kuwait exposing all the nasty pimples on my friend's face, mine too! I even wonder to myself if the morning is just a warm up before going to hell, maybe, then, God is too smart and I don't like this thought. But I wish it were true, at least, there would be something for me to look forward to. On the plus side, I have experienced the burning sensation of the Kuwaiti sunlight more times that I question my ultimate disappointing belief of goodness and good mornings.

FARAH
S. AL-DAIHANI

**GOOD
MORNING?**

Moving through ticking bombs
Minding our freedom of swords
Killing millions in the name of God
Divided we stand fighting for one
Each day is the same,
Collecting souls God used to claim
We are still terrified and angry to say
That God will take the peace away.
So we fight, fight, fight, and say
God chose us to protect his place.
Divided we stand fighting for one
Cared for nothing and cared for none
If we stop and see, home is where we used to be.

Its dawn and you're on my mind
The thought of you makes my mouth salivate
Small, round and tender
You make my wallet lighter and appetite bigger
Daydreaming about sticky rice mixed with green
wasabi puree
Topped with bright red raw tuna
Wrapped around coal black seaweed
Sprinkled with sesame seeds
You send crazy sensations to my brain
No Japanese restaurant is open now
Not at this time at least
The afternoon is so far away
Why can't you be present at this time of day
My craving is just growing
While the clocking is ticking
But you are still missing

Eighteen, a new chapter of your life
Wake up at eight o'clock
Arrive to class on time
Write your notes in your diary
Finish your assignment on time
Stay up all night
Cram information
Drink coffee with double shot of espresso
Twenty-one, almost there
One more year left
Your graduation gown awaits you
Congratulations, you earned a piece of paper
Now work for a company and make them rich thirty,
Time to get married.

Sonnets, Sestinas, Ghazals, endless forms of these poems,
so confined, so structured, so difficult to accomplish.
It's like battling through a storm with these poems
that must be written with a hidden identity
no sense of one's self,
but dear Mr. Keats we are only accustomed to being self-
absorbed. Forgive our inability to conform. So these poems
we write will surely exhibit a sense of Wordsworthian,
egotistical sublime.
You'll find a struggle of negative capability, and a lack
of form in our poems.
You say that "the poetry of earth is never dead"
like we can always turn to nature for inspiration
to transform into our poems.
But come visit and see what the 21st century has created,
a population driven by selfies, social media, failed monogamy
and no uniformity. So how can these poems
shock a virtuous philosopher or delight a chameleon poet?
'Astonish me!' 'Astonish me!' repeated purposely to be illustrated
as a norm into our poems.
Dear Jean Cocteau thanks for making it challenging
to astonish Dr. David with how we perform in our poems.

You drive, you drive past the symmetrically aligned palm trees. You drive, you drive past the clichéd-crystal blue sea. Your eyes linger on a lone woman sitting on the sand, dressed in black from head to toe. Her long blazing locks of velvet hair stood out from the back. You slow down for the sake of taking another zoomed in glance at the lone man, running in a blue hood, now only one hundred meters away from her. The more your eyes stagger, the closer he gets to her. You begin to wonder what could be if one asked about the other's day. A simple 'hello' could possibly make both of their alienation fade. So your thoughts wander and your eyes dwell, until you hear the beeping of the car behind you that forces you to increase the pressure on the gas pedal. And so you drive, you drive yourself back to your reality; past the palm trees, past the sea.

The flame burnt graciously amidst the wax.
A yellow flicker lights up the dark room.
So delicate, it moves, dances and acts.
It's artistry causes shadows to bloom.
With mastery they side-step, shimmy, and groove,
To the melody of fine illusion.
The flame happily joins in and approves.
Proud of its creation and collusion.
Inevitability of change takes its toll.
Door slams, bringing its ultimate demise.
The candle's wick once snow white is now charcoal,
bends a side in its drying wax and dies.
This is the best a creation can do,
Leave a gay imprint, until it falls through.

A 20 year old boy was being criticized because of his extraordinary short height. Since childhood he had trouble in school that reached to high school and even to college life. He was notified due to his short height and always became the subject of mockery and that hurt him deeply. He complained to God every day and night about him creating a little dwarf whereas all his friends and his own family members have a good considerable height. He was always soggy and gloomy that kept him away from others as result, solitary became his fate. Until one night, he was complaining to God with eyes full of tears, in his bed and fell asleep. He dreamt that he was in a jungle and transformed into a giraffe. He felt extremely happy and proud for being the tallest one among the others. He roamed around in the jungle eating leaves from the tall trees, looked at other as little creatures and felt sorry for them. However, while he was roaming around, he heard a roar of lions and felt distress signals from other little animals as they were escaping as well as hiding in their caves, dens, trees and pits. Since the other animals were smaller in size, they were able to hide in any possible places that accommodate them. Mr. Giraffe was not only seen vividly but also got no place to hide because of his giant tall body. The lions surrounded the Mr. Giraffe and made sure that he could not escape anywhere. Two of the lions attacked from two different directions. Mr. Giraffe tried to sustain this attack but could not hold it for a long. He fell on the ground and in no time was torn into pieces of meat and blood. The boy woke up breathless and sweating badly as his dream is over.

For a moment,

He could not believe that he was alive.

Rain drops were falling over the window.
Making a sound like naughty birds gave pecks.
Those hungry tiny birds have used to stand there.
Pecking at the window that will never
Be opened again. Asking for shelter
Or a decent meal in that rainy day.
Standing there pecking again and again.
Drops over that colourful window
Are just like tears over red- yellow cheeks
Dropping heavenly of losing some cheer.
It is Raining cats and dogs from two days.
The drops are here and there just like the dews
on early mornings over petals and
Leaves. The drops are there till sun shines again.

We were inseparable. Legit,
you'd see us together all the time.
Yhw you ask? Well because we had a connection.
We were connected at the heart, the brain and the soul.
There was never denying what ddi come of us.
Like wildfire, we became one intertwined with the other.
They called us lighter and fuel.
We were each other's energies.
Uoy and I were full of laughs.
There was no denying the countless stares we got out of that.
Our stomachs hrut from all the inside jokes.
Yet our souls yearned for what made us whole.
I still remember our first encounter. You were sat under a tree.
As for em I was tripping on my own untied shoe lace.
You caught me and fell right to your doom;
the freezing greens.
Life's funny that way, isn't it?
So one day I hopelessly made my way down the park
Tehn the next day, with engraved hope,
I marched into the park
With my very own aesthetically pleasing work of art; you.
I loved that, I loved you, I loved us. And I knew
You loved it, you loved me, you loved us. And so there was
no better way of entering our haven my love, was there?

Freedom has always been a delusion,
a messy one indeed,
but you could always keep on running.
Just till you feel out of breath.
We need a clear heart;
To let go;
To accept things as they are;
To be serene and at solace.
To be happy and sad at the same time;
And know how to live with it.
To know that life will go on;
And hardships are mere stages that are meant
to be the rhythm of my heartbeat.
That the zigzags and detours that cross our paths;
Are examinations to how tough we truly are;
To how strong we'll stand and fight for what we want.
To how we're willing to defeat the demons within;
To overcome the struggles thrown at us.
That we're more than judgmental people surrounding us;
And we're much more than everything that distresses us.
We're much more than the narrow eyesight of society,
And if we aim to be something;
No matter who stands against us;
If love is flowing amidst our veins;
We'll defeat the unbearable;
And we'll know of the worth we withhold.
We are caged within our thoughts;
Exhausted with all the worries within.
Like now;

Ladies and Gentleman,
Today, I want your minds to get lost in wonder
I want you all to take the time to open up your closed minds
Listen, and don't interrupt with your defensive natures
As you all witnessed or encountered such type of things
Beauties and beasts, rich and poor, angels and devils
To sin is human's nature,
but to sin and cover it up with lies is hypocrisy
You've all saw, you've all heard!
Listen, now, there are types of sins and sinners
As they differ in intentions, situations, levels, and reactions
Depths and heights, evil and fear, plans and mere coincidences
Have you ever done that? Don't go defensive now!
You say God's merciful, but have you exceeded the limit?
What is too much? When limits can be said to be crossed?
Hypocrisy and selfishness
We see it everywhere around us, they show us they're good
when they're the worst behind closed doors
Not every hypocrite is doomed, hypocrites do confess,
and they do repent
But crossing the limit is when they keep on sinning and
repenting using God's mercy as a tool
You understand now? God will forgive, and forgive,
but selfishness is a disease
This is why intentions matter, they matter above all
Situations differ, and they determine the level of faults
So take a minute to review your sins, and tell me,
which one of those are you?

Strength and Honor. There was once an island somewhere in the East Asian Pacific Ocean that was called Lamuria. On this island, lived a society of warriors, samurai warriors to be specific. These people considered The Way of The Samurai to be their religion, honor, and dignity. The Lamurians were about 9,000 citizens. It was a tropical island with various fruits, and the most sacred fruit of all; The Dragon Fruit. It was a mystery to the Lamurians, there were many stories that revolved around it. One of the most common stories of all was "It releases all the potential powers that reside in the human body, but at the cost of half of one's remaining life span." The first one and the last one to try it was a powerful samurai called Rikimaru, who could engulf his blade with fire with one hand, and wield a fist of fire in the other. Legends of Rikimaru were astonishing, he was feared across the whole Pacific Ocean. The myth of The Dragon Fruit is told to children, as a tradition of Lamuria. These stories gave the young Lamurians hopes to be as powerful and glamorous as Rikimaru one day, to protect the Lamurians with pride and honor. However, the Lamurians restricted the Way of The Samurai to males only, endorsing the idea that men are physically stronger. Defend themselves against who? Pirates, wild animals, and sea monsters.

The story of Gaku, a 9 year old boy, training to be a proud Samurai one day. Gaku was a denizen of the Dragon Family, a descendant of Rikimaru Fireblade. Gaku's father, Zoro was known to be the strongest living Samurai, the master of the Samurais, and there were gossips that he is possessed by the spirit of Rikimaru. But once he was asked such questions, he would laugh it off, following it by a wise phrase "To train, is to become strong, and to be strong is to be a student eternally." It was said that the second Dragon Fruit was found, and the predictions of giving it to Zoro were high, but never confirmed. The Dragon Fruit was kept somewhere in

**ABDULRAHMAN
AL-AZMI**

**LEGEND OF THE
DRAGON FRUIT**

the Dragon Nest in a box, which was the monastery and the home of the Dragon family. Terukage, a powerful samurai who was competing with Zoro, became jealous and envious when he knew that the Dragon Fruit was to be given to Zoro without a proper consultation. So he approached him while he was training the young students. Grabbing two katana swords shouting "You are not the only heir of Rikimaru! Duel me!" Zoro was baffled by Terukage's behavior, but did not turn him down. "Very well Terukage! Prepare yourself!" They bowed down to show respect, and starting swinging their swords, the students stood back, it seemed too dangerous too them, yet so great. The duel was finished, and Zoro was victorious, ending with Terukage's sword being deflected in the sky, twirling until landed on the warm beach sand next to him. Terukage's sees his face on the katana's reflection, frustrated, enraged and vengeful. His jealousy and envy increased, amplified by the shame of losing in front of the students as they look at Zoro with amazement. As Zoro sheathes the katana back, and turns away to go back to teaching the young students... Terukage, ceases this opportunity to slash Zoro from behind, but Zoro quickly ripostes, he accidentally cuts Terukage's arm off. Zoro was shocked and quickly rushes grabbed him, then Zoro took Terukage to the physicians to at least do something about Terukage' arm. And the physicians succeeded in preventing more blood from spilling. Few days after the incident, Terukage's vengeance was set in motion, he could not assassinate Zoro, but he thought of something more sinister. Terukage wanted to sail off the island, saying he would search for a doctor somewhere in the outer world to repair his arm, his words to the old boatman "I heard there is a magician on an island who can fix missing body parts, and I want to set sail to find him!" The old boatman was surprised "Astonishing! I had the money to fix some parts in my body." Terukage replies "I don't see any deformations, what are you hinting?" The boatman felt cornered "Err! It is nothing!" Terukage

stared at the ocean for a moment, then at the boatman, saying “Am I going to wait all day here?”

The boatman stuttered “N-no! Of course not. I will get ready to do the preparations for you, master Terukage!” As he sailed, Terukage's plan was in motion, he went to an island nearby, who was a property of the repugnant pirate, Patches. He entered the bar, sat on the chair, uncomfortably with his outstanding clothes. Everyone was laughing at him, but they were not direct. They knew he was not a pirate or someone who lives in places like these, they kind of assumed he was a foreigner to them. His attempt of disguise failed apparently. But Terukage proceeded with his plan. He told the bartender about the Dragon Fruit, and told the story of the duel as well, mentioning details about the number of samurais on the island “Once you kill the master, Zoro, they will submit and give up the Dragon Fruit” he said it with confidence and assertiveness. He did not know how destructive his words were, and the impending doom that will inevitably overwhelm them once Captain Patches knows. The bartender replies “Is that so? That is rather interesting. But that is none of my concerns. I do not believe in fairy tales.” Terukage was enraged by the bartender's reply, and out of frustration he drew his katana, intentionally trying to threaten. A pirate sitting two chairs next to him picks his dagger and puts it under Terukage's throat “Move one bit and you are dead, scrub.” Terukage panicked and froze, he dropped his katana on the ground, making a loud noise, which grabbed the attention of the whole bar. The pirate said “Bring me a rope, boys! I want to tie this nitpick's hands and bring him to the boss, he will probably reward me something!”

As the pirate searches for Terukage's hand, he noticed the missing arm “It's okay boys, he only has one hand. He can not defeat me single-handedly! Hahaha!” And the whole bar laughed at him.

Life was good, peaceful and almost perfect in Lamuria, and its

future was bright. Until one day, the news of an existing Dragon Fruit reached The Fleet Master Patches. Patches' fleet, The Onslaught, was notorious for its decimation and destruction. They were fierce pirates with an endless greed for treasures, and everything valuable there to steal. One day, The Onslaught approached the outskirts of Lamuria, a fleet of 7000 pirates grunting before the battle. The Lamurians assembled, Zoro yells "To every man who is capable of fighting, now it is the time to honor your ancestors!" Gaku runs to his father while he is assigning the samurais to pick their positions, "Father! Please, eat the Dragon Fruit, I don't want to die! Save us!" Zoro ignored his son as if he was a ghost and continued assigning the samurais. The Onslaught reached the shores and disembarked, the pirates did not seem like they were organized, they were assaulting the island in a chaotic way and in huge numbers, which confused the samurais at first. The civilians who were incapable of fighting in Lamuria, that consisted of young boys, girls and women ran to the jungle to hide. 3000 samurais were left to fend off the pirates. The battle began, Zoro shouted "Fight with strength and honor!" Strength as to never give up until death claims you, and Honor is to never slash a man from behind. The samurais fought with vigor and honor, they turned the shores into a bloodbath of profane blood. None of the samurais has died in a sword fight against The Onslaught, 800 dead pirates lie on the shores, some swept by the vast ocean. Until Captain Patches brought up 500 gunpowder guns, and distributed them among the pirates. The captains started shooting, slaying the samurais one after another, the samurais stood no chance against the ranged attacks. The Onslaught murdered all the resisting samurais, and no one was spared. Then they started searching for the Dragon Fruit, but they did not find anything "I knew it was all a myth. These prideful fools, hahaha!" Then they sailed off, after destroying the village and burning it down, that was one of the ways The Onslaught leave their footprints in a place they invade. Meanwhile, Gaku was running into the jungle, holding a box that

contains a Dragon Fruit. He was searching for the fleeing of the inhabitants of his village, but couldn't find them. Gaku decided to eat the dragon fruit, he did not think much of it, except the look on his father's face when he ignored him, he said to himself "Why didn't you, father? Why?!" He did not know that his father, Zoro and the rest of the resisting Samurais had died and lost the battle.

Two hours later, Gaku could not find any fleeing inhabitants in the jungle, so he decided to go back to the village, he did not have a lot of choices to make. When he arrived at the village, he was shocked by the burning buildings, the smoke in the sky, the corpses on the ground, the weeping mothers and children, he approached the village with tears in his eyes. Walking slowly, Gaku asks the first person he saw "What happened" As if he was blinded to the devastated village in front of his very eyes. She replies "They are dead..." Gaku wandered off to the corpses, looked for the corpse of his father, he found him choking in blood. He ran and sat beside him and cried "I told you! You should've eaten it! Why didn't you listen to me!?" Zoro looked at him, replying in a weak voice "Gaku, is that you? My son, I have protected the Dragon Fruit, in hopes of giving it to you someday..." Gaku was shocked "What? You liar! Everyone believed in you! YOU are the heir of Rikimaru! YOU should've defended us!" Zoro coughs blood "I do not have much time. It is up to you to protect Lamuria's honor, my son. Wield my blade, and let us strike our enemies as one." As Zoro gives Gaku his blade, Ichimaru. "I will honor your death, father. Vengeance shall be mine." Says Gaku, being the second Dragon Fruit user, and a defender of Lamuria like Rikimaru Fireblade. Later on, Gaku became known as Gaku The Windseeker, and feared among the pirates of his time as Gaku The Pirate Hunter.

Since it's Sunday and it's stopped raining, I think I'll take a bouquet of roses to my grave. But these roses are not really mine, I didn't collect them from the graveyard, I stole them from the grave next to me. The deceased human that is laying next to me hates his wife who brings him a bouquet of roses every week. In fact, he is happy that he is dead and no longer living with his wife in the same house. Therefore, I steal the bouquet from him and act as if they were brought for me. Does that make me happy? Not really. But it's fun. So I guess it does make me happy in a way.

Whenever the rain pours down on the earth and the water penetrates the soil to touch my deceased body I remember the days where you come holding a rose while touching the sand on my grave ... you didn't weep, you didn't laugh, you didn't talk, you just stared at my grave. The rain is so nostalgic; it reminds me of you I miss you Cornelia. I miss you so badly. You made me a thief. I had to steal roses from other graves because the smell of roses reminds me of our home. Even when I'm 100 feet under the earth you're living on, even when my heart is no longer beating and all of my senses have withered... I swear I can still remember and feel every detail about you.

One year has passed since then, I don't steal roses anymore, you didn't show up at all, I started thinking that you forgot about me. Do you remember when you said that I was your everything? How come you don't think about me anymore? Were you lying to me when you said that? I think I hate seeing roses now because it reminds me of myself who has no other choice but to wait for you. I don't want to wait for you anymore but I have nothing to do. I have no life to live anymore. Are you punishing me because I left you and made you miserable? ... wait, maybe you're happy that you got rid of me, maybe you're just like my dead buddy who hates his wife. Cornelia why won't you answer my questions?

Two years have passed by now ... maybe, I lost count, I don't even know if the time of the dead works the same way as the time of the living.

Despite that, Cornelia, you're still not visiting me. Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why?

BAHJA
AL-QAZZWEENI

**ROSES AND
GRAVEYARD**

I know that I've hurt you a lot, I admit it. I was an alcoholic, but you never gave up on me. Even during the days where I used to come home late and you ask me where I've been and you believe whatever I tell you. I know you were aware that I was lying. Even when I told you that I stole money from my work place. Even when I bursted in rage at one of my workers and beaten him to death. Even when I couldn't quit drinking for the sake of our baby and even when I used to do drugs ...

The wait is growing longer and longer. I don't even know who am I waiting for anymore. Who was it? that blond girl? Ahhh I forgot her name. wait

Wait

Wait

There she is. I see her. She just entered the graveyard. It's her. I remember her now. It's Cornelia!! She is walking and walking and I am waiting for her to stop near my grave. But she passed me, she passed the grave as if she doesn't know it. She passed it as if she has no attachments or strings to the person laying underneath it.

She stopped at a grave that seemed fresh. I could smell the flesh of the buried person underneath it. He's new. it hasn't been that long since this person passed away. But I can't communicate or see who it is. This deceased person is too far away. But I can tell one thing from the smell of the flesh, that without a doubt this person is a MAN. I watched Cornelia closely, anticipating what she will do next. And the more I look at her the more I realize that she has become shorter, younger and prettier. And I keep thinking that this is impossible, no matter how beautiful Cornelia is to me, she has to grow older, she has to have at least some strands of grey hair here and there.

I hear another woman calling Cornelia from behind saying "Emma I told you to wait for me".

I recognize this voice this voice ... it sounds like Cornelia's voice as well. I turn my eyes to see who is the owner of that voice. And there I see an old woman wearing glasses and

wrapping a thick blue scarf around her body. She walks towards Cornelia and pat her back in an attempt to ease her pain.

“What is going?”

“Who is “Emma”

This is not “Emma” this is “Cornelia” she is my wife.

And who is that old lady that is with her?

Why does her voice resemble Cornelia’s voice?

“Emma” !!

“Emma” !!!!!

Where did I hear that name before?

Oh, that’s right. We were going to name our daughter Emma. Cornelia was on her eighth month of pregnancy ... That’s when I died. I was never able to witness Emma’s birth.

Oh, so this young version of Cornelia is actually Emma. Emma my daughter. Emma my sweet little baby! And the old woman next to her is Cornelia!!!! I could hardly recognize her. It’s weird how Emma resembles Cornelia more than Cornelia resembles herself. I wonder how much time has passed since then. She changed so much but now that I am looking at her closely she still looks effortlessly beautiful with her beaming green eyes.

I can’t stop the tears from streaming down on my face. I am very happy that I got the chance to see them yet at the same time I feel sad and lonely. My daughter and the love of my life are standing on another man’s grave. They are acting as if I don’t exist. does Emma know that I am her real father? what if she thinks that man is her father? did Cornelia tell her the truth? why did Cornelia walk past my grave? Ahhhhh I can’t think anymore. Just stop. I want everything to stop. I wish if this was just a dream that I can wake up from.

Moments have passed and all I keep doing is looking at both of them. All I have ever done after I’ve passed away is waiting. And even when they are both finally here. they don’t want to see me

but I still wait for them anyways. Hoping that they would step near my grave and mourn a little for losing me. They lost me. They should CRY. I want to see them in pain. I want them to feel worse than what I am feeling right now. I want to see a sign from them that shows that I am missed.

They finally start moving. My eyes are focused on their footsteps. I am praying, praying to God that he would save me from this misery by letting them both stop on my grave. I watch them while my eyes drown with tears. And suddenly, they stop few steps away from my grave. And I can hear their conversation clearly.

Emma is saying "Mama, I know that he is not my real father"

Cornelia sighs "Emma I told you before to not open this subject again. Jack is your only father"

"But, mom ..."

"Enough Emma. I am not going to discuss this with you anymore. You don't believe me anyway."

Emma looked sad. she placed both of her hands on her stomach and lowered her gaze to the ground. Cornelia pats her on her head and pulls her to exit the graveyard "Sweetie, let's go home".

Jack? Who is jack? I am her FATHER. Why is Cornelia lying to my daughter in front of my grave? I feel betrayed. I feel rage. I am screaming my daughter's name "Emma" "Emma" in an attempt to destroy Cornelia's lie even though I know that Emma will never be able to hear me. I hold the sand of my grave and squeeze it in my hands trying to contain my rage. But I can't anymore. I gaze at Cornelia with the utmost hatred that I've ever had. I never wanted to hate her but I have no choice now. All the love that I have had for her turned to hatred in this exact moment. I was waiting for her to look back at me and she did. She glanced at my grave and continued walking with MY daughter until they exit the graveyard. Her look was full of misery and pain. I felt that she hated me from the bottom of her heart as well. why would you do that

Cornelia? I kept you in my heart all this time and this is how you repay me? By marrying another man and lying to my daughter about my existence?

But maybe, maybe you are right. Maybe I don't deserve to see Emma. Maybe I am not worthy to be called her father. Maybe the man that you married was a better father to Emma than I could have ever been. I just wanted for her to know that there was someone who cared about her deeply. I wanted to see her face up close. And I wanted her to remember me even if she would never be able to love me.

But still no matter how hard I try justify your actions Cornelia I can't seem to bring myself to forgive you. even if you tell me that you did this to protect Emma. I will never forgive. I don't want to forgive you. why are you afraid? Do you think that I will hurt her even after my death? or are you afraid that she will find out one day what I did to you? Do you think that you will be able to hide everything from her for eternity? Let her hate me. But don't hide me from her. Let her know what kind of a person her father was but don't deceive her. Because one day she will blame you too. And she will hate you too. Wait!!

What if Cornelia was lying to me instead? Maybe Emma is not my daughter... maybe... maybe ...

I can't think anymore I am too tired.

Cornelia, I will be no longer waiting for you anymore. With all of the tears that are flowing from my eyes, all of my beautiful memories of you are fading away. I'm erasing "you" from my heart. There is no need to wait for you anymore. I don't trust you anymore. We will continue this after you pass to this world. And I will be the one welcoming you. But for now I will say "goodbye Cornelia". I realize deep down that I am becoming just like the deceased man next to me who hates his wife.

I was the exact opposite of him. But now I am just like him, full of hatred and solitude.

We complain about going to college, attending lectures and submitting assignments. What if we had no education, would we have a comfortable life? People that attend college are considered to be privileged. Unfortunately, that wasn't the case for the African American boy, Joshua Brown. Brown worked twenty hours a day as a bellboy at the Four Season Hotel, in Baltimore Maryland. He relied reluctantly on the tips, as he earned minimum wage of six dollars an hour. Brown started working at an early age to support his widowed mother and seven younger siblings, he dropped out of high school to earn money. Brown always dreamt of becoming a multi-millionaire and owning a house by the bay with a basketball court, porch and his own bedroom. He was tired of sharing a two-bedroom apartment with his seven siblings and mother. One day, after Brown finished from his shift he walked down the street to McDonalds where a young girl approached him. She begged him for money and drowned in her own tears of misery. She broke his heart, because he knows the feeling of being humiliated due to begging on the streets. He opened his wallet and hesitantly handed her two crumbled dollars. The young girl thanked him, Brown knew by donating his two dollars he would only have a dollar left, which means he would not have dinner tonight at McDonalds. Brown did not mind sleeping tonight with an empty stomach knowing that he helped a poor homeless girl. Brown continued walking down the street and passed McDonalds, he was heading towards the subway. As Brown was waiting for his stop he decided to spend the last dollar he had on a lottery ticket. He filled in the numbers randomly, according to his siblings' birthdays. The train had arrived and Brown entered quickly. Fast forward to six weeks, Brown receives a mail at his mail box that reads «Congratulations», he wondered what it possibly could be. He decided to leave it on his table and open it when he gets back from work. While Brown was at work his

mother saw the letter and opened it, his mother was in shock. Brown had won the annual lottery, the -12digits cash prize. She did not call her son, nor did she leave a text message, she decided to wait until he comes home and surprise him with his seven siblings. It was eleven o'clock. Joshua should be home any time soon. As soon as the apartment door unlocked his mother came sprinting to the door screaming, "We are rich, we are rich", Brown looked all confused while his mother's face was bursting in tears. She later on explained that he had won the annual lottery and they can finally move out of their apartment. Brown's siblings all surrounded him while congratulating him and dancing around in joy. He went and reopened the envelope and dialed the number on the letter, the woman over the line told him that he has to collect the money from Daytona Beach, Florida within the next three business days, otherwise a new winner will be announced. He quickly went online to find the earliest bookings from Maryland to Florida, only to find out airplane tickets were fully booked, no surprise since Christmas was next week. Joshua decided to rent out a SUV and drive with his mother and seven younger siblings, his mother was worried about the distance and time it would take them to reach, but she had strong faith in God. When Brown contacted the renting company they decided not to rent him any car since he had a criminal background in the past and they refused him. Brown had to quickly think of alternatives, while stressing out he decided he would take the public transportation bus. It was not the safest choice but Joshua thought, if it will get him the money he will make that sacrifice. He booked for eight in the morning, the duration of the trip was twenty-five hours, tiring but worth it.

Next morning, Brown woke up feeling happier than ever, he kissed and hugged his mother and seven siblings goodbye for the last time and went to the station. Just as he showed up the security informed him that all journeys were canceled for today due to Hurricane Sandy, he would get a refund and a free ticket to his

next journey, since safety measurements had to take place. Brown would not take no for an answer, he got aggressive and started yelling at the security guard, threatening to get violent if they did not find him transportation to his destination. The security told him to quiet up or he would press charges against him, he also informed him to read rules and regulations, if any hurricane, storm or tsunami approached the state cancels all journeys. Brown yelled out of frustration, "I won the lottery, find a way" the security guard did not seem to care, and gave him his back. Joshua got frustrated, and choked the security guard. That's when hell broke loose. The police on duty had witnessed the violence and handcuffed Brown while laying him on the floor. The security guard spit at his face numerous of times, saying "do not dare touch me young man, I will sue you" They security guard had a hard time breathing as he suffers from asthma, he had to be seated down while authorities in charge dialed for the ambulance. His blood pressure was very low, his face slowly started turning light blue, he was sent to hospital to have a full check up. The police in charge angrily screamed what is this issue all about sir, do you know you earned yourself a one-way ticket to prison. Joshua burst into tears screaming, "All my life I have been poor, I have finally won the annual ticket, something I would never have imagined, I could finally have my own house, my own car, my own bathroom. I have been living as prisoner all my life, send me to prison, at least there I would not have to work there for twenty hours a day". The police man replied, "Son, money is not everything, you are in good health you have your family surrounding you, money doesn't buy you happiness, nor health be thankful for your blessings, I do not own no property, I have four children, and no wife, my wife died from breast cancer, I am a single father struggling to raise my children without their mother." Brown felt ashamed and tilted his face towards the floor.

Twenty minutes later, Brown got into the police car with another officer, the deputy drove him to prison. When Brown reached the prison, he could only use the phone once to inform his family he was sent to prison, he rang his mother's phone but she did not answer him, they sent him to his cell and gave him burnt bread and butter to eat. In his cell lived an old schizophrenic man who kept talking to himself and laughing, Brown ignored him and stared at the wall until he fell asleep.

BANG, a loud noise from window came, the window glass shattered into small pieces and the building was shaking. Hurricane Sandy approached and destroyed the whole building, the walls were falling apart, and the ceramics were breaking in half. Brown was hurt from all the cuts and bruises, he could barely breathe, his heart was pounding, he tried waking up the old man but he did not move, nor did his heart beat, just as Brown was about to break his cell and leave a huge block fell on his head and ripped his skull open. He was unconscious, he could barely breathe, and he said his prayers one last time and asked Jesus to forgive him for all his sins, he could feel his soul leaving his body slowly, slowly, painfully, his spirit was being taken away while he had his final breath and closed his eyes. Baltimore the city of skyscrapers, nature and crabs is now the city of debris, colliding cars, shattered building, destroyed houses, dried oceans and dead people.

In every story, we are introduced to one narrative, the narrative that directs our gaze to believe who is the evil character and who is the protagonist. We never stop to think about the bad characters, the ones who do things according to their belief of right and wrong even when it disturbs our own understanding of what commonly agreed principles are. Knowing that set us to live on good terms with ourselves and with our perception of reality. Felicity thought the same; she did things according to what others believed to be good. She lived her life knowing that God took care of things and also believed that bad people are always punished. She believed that there is a higher power in the universe that separate good from evil and rewarded good and punished evil. She kept following the rules, the rules in her house, school, community, and life in general. She was a religious person and kept repeating, "God knows what's best for us," every single time she got mistreatment from the universe. She even prayed five times a day, hoping God is there to listen. But Felicity was not always the same; her mood swings were like a changing weather, freezing to some and hot to others. One day, on her way to school, she saw a couple of kids bullying a small kid. She thought that if she intervened then she would be messing with the universal order, the order of karma. So she walked away smiling because she knew that God will take care of things. She lived her entire life based on this principal. When she reached the university, Felicity said hi to her sister Wanda who is younger than her. They both walked to their history class. Both were good girls, at least what society sees as good girls.

While getting ready for class, Felicity opened her bag to get the assignment she worked on to hand it to her sister Wanda. Wanda is not the same as Felicity, she is a good girl; true, but she always gets what she wants. Growing up, Wanda was a quiet kid, destining herself from her sisters and mother. But she was her father's favorite kid, so Felicity thought that Wanda having her father was enough. Felicity liked her sister but she also felt a little unjust when being compared to her. "Make sure you pronounce hegemony with a g not a j!" Felicity whispered as she handed her sister the paper. "I got it!" Wanda stuttered as she swiftly grabbed the paper to hand it to her professor. On her way back, Wanda

talked to one of the girls who sat in front about her major; she majored in history though she did not know anything about it. "I hate him!" Wanda said to the girl hoping the professor would listen to her conversation about another history professor. "He favors nerds!" the girl said to Wanda. "I know! I live with one!" Wanda laughed as she was walking back to her seat. "Why were you talking to Natasha? I thought you hated her." Felicity whispered. "I do not hate her, I just dislike her comments in class thats all" Wanda said as she rolled her eyes.

Felicity did not understand the concept of hate. She did, in fact, hate people. She is human after all, but she did not understand her sister. She did not understand how people could easily manipulate situations and smile at people they hated. She felt as the world was closing on her because if her sister hated that person then why would she say "I know! I live with one!" referring to her own sister? Why does Wanda have to put people against one another? And why would the forces in this universe allow such disgusting jealousy even when they shared the same blood? But then again Felicity blocked this unrealistic way of thinking, hoping it was all in her head.

"Give me a pen, I forgot mine" Wanda said to Felicity. "You never bring yours because you do not have one" Felicity replied. "Why are you pissed?" Wanda said as she was grabbing Felicity's pencil case. "I am not pissed at all, this is how I communicate" Felicity said as she grabbed back her pencil case. "No wonder why you have no friends" "None of your business" "Relax, you're embarrassing us!" "You are already an embarrassment yourself" "Says the friendless" "Don't ask me for assignments next time and good luck passing" "It is fine, I have tons of friends who are happy to help me not a bipolar jealous sister"

This was not the first time for things to escalate this quick, Felicity thought. She did not understand why she was pissed at her sister although she did not do anything to hurt her. "I posted your grades on the website, check it out and happy holidays!" the professor said. Felicity turned on her laptop to check her grade. "Omg Felicity I got an A-!" Wanda said to her. "It says that I got a B, there must be a mistake!" Felicity said to her sister. "Maybe he confused us but... we look nothing alike" Wanda said as she walked away. Felicity turned off her laptop and ran to her professor's office hoping he'd be there. "Professor, it is Felicity" She knocked "Come in" the professor said

"I just checked me grade and it says I got a B, is that correct?"

"Yes, your final paper took away half of your points,

it was not unique"

"What didn't you like about it?"

"It's not original"

"What do you mean??"

"I mean it is not an original argument.

I understand that this is not your area of studies, which is why I was not a harsh grader."

"Just because I am majored in marketing does not mean I do not know history"

"Well, your argument proves otherwise"

"Ok thank you professor, have a nice break."

"You too, Wanda's sister, and try to use her help if you consider taking another history class"

Shocked, Felicity walked to the parking lot angry and bitter. She did not know what was the problem, was it that the universe's way of teaching a lesson or was it her sister stealing her glamour once again. But it was not her sister's work, it was hers! Yet she was asked to seek help from her sister, once again. On her way to her car, she saw an ambulance and a police car. "What's wrong?" Felicity asked the policeman. "It's a tragedy, we found this kid dead an hour ago and we are investigating at the moment, if you hear anything, do not be hesitant to report" the policeman replied. Felicity walked one step forward to see who the kid was then she was shocked that it was the kid she saw earlier in the day getting bullied by other kids. Horrified, Felicity started running...

In the early morning when Sara woke-up, she went to the kitchen to prepare a cup of (Karak). When suddenly she noticed something weird laying down on the floor of her living room. She was shocked for a moment. She rubbed her eyes few times to make sure that she was not dreaming, it was still dark, but not too dark. She can see stuff but not clearly.

So, she opened the lights. And she saw it. It was a huge body that clearly belongs to a man lying on his face. She did not know what to do. She does not think that she knows him. Sara kicked him several times, on his feet. To see if he is still alive, or that he is really dead. But he did not move. She did not know what to do.

She is afraid to call the police. She knows how that will work. They would think that she is the killer. She did not want to call anyone to help. Who knows what they will think about her.

However, she cannot move the body by herself. It is too heavy compared to her weak body. She thought that she needs to react quickly. She has a class after three hours, and if she missed it police and people would be suspicious.

And since she wants to do it all alone, a weird idea crossed her mind. She has seen a video for a crazy woman that has killed her husband and cut his body into small pieces and throw it in an old building. She started thinking whether she should do the same!

She went to the kitchen looking for a big knife, or anything that she can use to cut! Then she thought that she really needs the coffee. So, she prepared one with three spoons and half cup of water. It was strong, but she needs it. She swallowed it in one sip. Then, she washed her face several times not believing what she is going through.

After searching her kitchen few moments, she found a chopper. When she went back to her living room, it was still dark. She thought that she had opened the lights previously! However, she opened them. But, she saw nothing this time, the dead body disappeared!

GHADIR
TABATABAEI

**THE GIRL AND THE
DEAD BODY**

"2 black coffees for Sam. Sam?"

"Yeah. Thanks! Have a good day!"

"Here we go."

"Thanks!"

"You know I'd only drink coffee if it had a ton of whipped cream and like four sugars?"

"Really? What changed?"

"Well, you know how I was a non-trad student? Yeah, well, that also meant that there weren't that many women around me on campus – only girls, really, and I ain't about that statutory life."

"Girls?"

"Yeah, I mean like seventeen, eighteen, maybe a little older, but not what I'd call adults."

"Bit of an ageist streak there..."

"Yeah, guilty."

"But yeah, go on."

"So the dating life was pretty bleak until I noticed this new student. She was always alone, she had tattoos, and she smoked... honestly she looked like an adult that was dragged to a slumber party."

"So what happened?"

"I noticed that she was talking to one of my friends so I just struck a conversation, and we just hit it off. She literally ticked every box on my checklist – she was around my age, she was a reader, she was hilarious, and she wasn't religious... talk about a catch."

"Damn! This is Kuwait?"

"I know, that's what I thought! So we started hanging out a lot on campus, and one day I was like, 'There's this really cool rooftop cinema that plays indie movies every weekend, for free... you wanna come check it out?' and she was like, 'I've got a lot of work for this weekend, so I can't.' I was a little bummed, but then later in the day, she was like, 'So

my friend's got this used bookstore that's gonna have its grand opening on Saturday, if you'd like to come...' And I was like yeah, I'd love to.'

"Yeah, then?"

"Hold on, I need a cigarette for this part."

"OK."

"So I meet her there, and we have a good time. I run into a lot of people I know, I introduce her, she runs into an old friend, turns out I know her... you know, we had a lot of laughs, it was a good time. So at one point I'm caught up in a conversation with this guy, and I look around, and I don't see her at all. So I text her, I'm like, hey where you at, and she goes, I'm so sorry, I left with my friend, I totally forgot! I was like, it's alright, no biggie."

"Wow. What a cow."

"I mean, yeah, but then the next day we've got school so she texts me, where you at, so I tell her, and she comes over with two coffees by way of apology. She gets hers black, and she got me black too. I haven't put sugar in my coffee ever since."

"Oh wow. So what happened between you and her?"

"That's the thing. We didn't actually date. She was crazy."

Ericka was standing in the beverage aisle at a convenient store on a Saturday afternoon. The store attendee was watching the news on the small TV killing the silence of the store. Ericka was holding a turkey wrap that costs 1.99 her hand on the Pepsi fridge handle ready to open it. Whenever the store's bell rang alarming the convenient store attendee, she would glance at the mirror that is hanged on her left side at the end of the beverage aisle, to see who walks in.

The bell rang and the mirror reflected a chubby and short man wearing a baseball cap. He walked in and went to candy aisle. This time when the bell rang, a bounty hunter walked in greeting the store attendee. He help up a picture "Have you seen this woman?" the bounty hunter inquired, the store attendee shook his head left and right. The bounty hunter walked towards the man with the baseball cap and did the same thing. With a swift move, Ericka headed for the exit door. "Just the wrap, miss?" the attendee asked Ericka "Yes" she replied as she left 10 bucks on the counter "Keep the change, I got plenty" she said as she hurried out the convenient store.

Ericka climbed into a bus that was heading down town. She walked all the way to the end of the bus and looked down at her shaky hands. Ericka saw the bounty hunter walked past the bus she was on as he was inquiring the people walking on the street. Once the bus moved, she leaned her head back onto the seat, closing her eyes briefly and sighed in relief. With a smirk, she took out her turkey wrap and started to eat it.

Moments later Ericka's cell phone vibrated alerting her that she received a text message. "Everything's ready" it was all that it said. "On my way" she replied. After three stops, she finally got out of the bus and walked up the street. She stopped at an old building and buzzed the third intercom button of Mr. Suarez "Who is it?" a male's voice from the intercom "It's me" a second later, the door buzzed and she walked into the building. Suarez's door was cracked open for Ericka and she walked in closing it behind her. "Hey, I'm glad you made it out alive! I cannot believe you actually went through the robbery!" exclaimed Suarez pulling her into a hug as they stood in the living room. "Well, that's why

they call me the phantom, don't they?" Ericka joked, hugging Suarez back. "Here is your new ID and your new passport, it was a hassle but I managed" he said. Ericka studied her new ID and passport, her hair was short and red "Don't worry, they are legit, my connections are legit. You're good to go." Reassured Suarez. Ericka looked up at him with a blank stare and then said "I'm not doubting you, I trust you, Suarez, it's just hard to believe that I am free" "Almost free" Suarez corrected "we have to change your hair though, I have a wig and I have red dye, whichever you prefer" continued Suarez

"Dye" Ericka chose.

Three hours rolled by and Ericka's hair was finished. She was putting on her coat, getting ready to go. Ericka looked at Suarez who looked like he was about to cry "Suarez, don't go soft on me now! We'll meet each other again soon" she bantered him and they both hugged enjoying the moment until faint sirens broke the silence and caused them to break their hug "I have to go" Ericka said and Suarez nodded "here, this is a thank you, for all that you've done for me" Ericka handed him a fat envelope but Suarez refused "Ericka, all I want is for you to be safe, you can thank me later when the storm has calmed" he insisted, Ericka nodded.

Ericka went back to her old apartment and sliced her mattress, where she kept a bag full of money. She packed a light bag with some clothes and she put on a cap hat and headed to the airport. Her heartbeat started to increase and adrenaline was slowly kicking in. The check in was successful as she had one light bag of clothes; the moneybag was her carry-on. As Ericka went to buy some water to calm her nerves, to her left she spotted gangster members who owed her that money but refused to give it back so she stole what was rightfully hers. They wore black suits looking like dogs on a hunt. She turned her face to the other side and saw the bounty hunter. Her hands started to shake. The bounty hunter's gaze fell onto her face and stared unable to recognize her. She skipped on the water and started to blend between the people making her way to immigration where she can be safe. Ericka look back at the bounty hunter; he was scanning the area and then looked at her and knew it was Ericka. She started to run,

and he followed.

She was running in zigzag and blending in with crowds to lose him. When she finally reached the immigration she was one of the first to reach and was surrounded by other people. It was her turn to get her passport stamped but the system was slow for some reason. Ericka started to bite on her lower lip and tapping her right foot. "What's wrong?" she asked the officer "I'm not sure what's wrong with the system, it's loading slow" he answered. Ericka ran her hand through her hair and look behind her. "I have to use another computer" the officer said walking to another desk. Ericka breathed hard looking back at the crowd. "What's wrong?" a woman waiting in line asked Ericka "I don't know" she replied hastily. "Excuse me, coming through, bounty hunter passing through" Ericka heard his voice coming from a distance. The bounty hunter was far enough but the officer was walking slowly. Ericka dug her nails on her left arm to stop herself from screaming at the officer. "You are free to go, Miss Martinez," the officer said smiling as he stamped her passport. Ericka snatched her passport and once she was out of the immigration area, she took off running.

Ericka ran all the way to her gate, which led her to a bus that will transport all passengers to the parked airplane. Once Ericka got on the bus, the doors closed and drove away.

The airplane was getting ready to take off. Ericka was sitting next to a window. She was tugging on her hair impatiently when finally the plane started to move slowly accelerating the speed. Ericka glanced out the window looking down and saw the bounty hunter. He was waving hoping the pilot would notice. But the plane kept on going. His eyes met hers. She had a smirk on and she waved goodbye at him. All she saw was a bounty hunter screams muted by the airplane's engine. Ericka relaxed on her seat sighing deeply. A small smile formed on her face once the plane took off.

As soon as the lights faded, it began. Something wasn't right. I could see a blurred light and some sort of a washed up creation. As my eyes began to widen gradually, I turned around almost able to see the setting. Beautiful, blue columbine flowers were arranged along the aisle, the same ones she picked for today. There was a priest standing beside me and I could see his mouth expanding in slow motion. He seemed to be chanting words that I could not apprehend.

"Do you Alex Williams, take this woman whose hand you now hold, to be your true and wedded wife..." he went on to say more but the situation came to its shuddering climax: I was at my own wedding, wasn't that supposed to be 15 hours from now? Music was playing in the background, is that a harp making those angelic sounds? I looked to the side to see my parents graciously watching; my father smiled as my mother wiped a tear. I looked in front of me only to realize I was standing in front of her. I looked at her as she gazed at me lovingly, with that look that I haven't seen in almost a year and half; a look full of love and desire. That's when I realized that the priest had got to that cliché question in weddings "until death do you part?"

The whole church fell silent expecting a scripted answer, I stared at the golden circular loop in my hand and the words stumbled on the tip of my mouth left unspoken. Dominated by the whole crowd, I began to tremble so I took one last glimpse of the exit to the church, before I rushed out of it faster than a speeding bullet.

I ran with no hesitation to neither stop nor look back, until I reached a pitch black forest. How did I even get here? I could hear the sound of my own heartbeat, as I began to struggle for air. I heard crows screeching, sensed shadows of unfriendly visitors, and the aroma of mortality surrounded me. I tried to come to my senses but the moment that I had captured the impression of control over myself...I was wrong. I turned around and caught a glimpse of what was gliding my way. It was some sort of a fictitious creature. I didn't move, instead I stood there eyeing it, trying to figure out what it was, was it walking? It looked like it was floating. The closer it got, the clearer it was; it seemed like a figure of a woman wearing an old, vintage, torn up bridal dress, with a long

veil attached to her back which was slithering after her. She was holding a bouquet of lifeless roses and seemed to be coming after me, as if I had done some sort of vicious crime.

“Is this how you want things to be?” She screamed from a distance. “Is this what you want me to look like and feel like for the rest of my life?” I ran for a second time, barely able to identify the rational from the irrational things in life. The sound of the crows screeching was erratic and unbearable. My heart pounding once more, I began to feel the air re-collapse in my lungs and eventually I fell unconscious.

I woke up with two sad, brown bambi eyes above me. I tugged away fearfully, as the mythical creature came close, whispering in my ear “Alex, are you alright?” The voice I heard was recognizable and soothing. It lured me back to reality, where I woke up to the sound and appearance of my fiancé. “Looks like I’m giving you nightmares now.” She said dismissively, then turned her back to her side of the bed and went back to sleep.

In a simple village in the Arabic peninsula in what is now known as Jeddah, back when the sand covered the land. A fifteen years old boy named Ahmad was sitting with his teacher and listening to him lecturing about the heritage of Arabic literature, but that was not what Ahmad loved. He loved to know about history and wars, he always imagined himself as a knight that will go and fight wars and glorify his name. He felt some kind of pity when his teacher is giving him a lesson on Arabic literature, and mentions someone who is known for his love not wit or strength. One day when his teacher was talking about a poem wrote by Antar to his beloved Abla, his teacher did not notice that he upset and did not have any interest in what he is saying. Ahmad was quit and did not interact with his teacher on these subjects, but suddenly he said, "Why should I learn about Antar's love life? Shouldn't I just focus on his adventures as a knight, I would learn much more from him that way." With a smile on his face his teacher responded, "You are still young Ahmad, but you need to know these things because love can make you do unimaginable things, just like Antar did." Ahmad replied with a low tone "Yeah, right."

After finishing the class he told his servant to get his sword before they go to the oasis, he did not go any place without his sword. It was a great sword made from Damascus steel, the handle covered in black leather and the tip of it was from silver, shiny and always clean. His servant Ali was the son of Ahmad's father servant, so they basically were raised together but as a master and servant. The relationship between them was close, because Ahmad's father used to do a parenting trick to make Ahmad have some humanity in him toward lower class people, so he used to punish Ali for Ahmad's mistakes.

Ahmad went to the oasis with on the back of his horse, and Ali was following him on his donkey. When they arrived they saw a lot of people there way more than the usual, so Ali asked, "why all of these people are here master?" Ahmad responded, "All of these are Bedouins, came here to drink our water and sell there cheap fabrics." Ali, "Why should we let them?" Ahmad, "We can fight every insect." And then Ahmad sat and was just watching them gather near the oasis, talking about his imagination and how a

great knight he will be. Suddenly, Ali noticed a spark ignited in the eyes of Ahmad, he turn his head to were Ahmad was looking and saw a Bedouin girl, and her veil just fall down and uncover her hair and face, and in his eyes sparked just like Ahmad's.

Ahmed said, "I need to do something to get her attention." Ali responded, "Why? She is way under your status, she do not deserve your attention." Ahmed responded, "Did you see that hair? Did you see that eyes? I must have that." Ali continued trying to convince him to remove the girl out of his mind, but Ahmed did not change his mind. Ahmed did not make a move that day he was just looking at that girl with lust covering his eyes. In the same day at night, Ali could not sleep thinking about what happened and how can he stop Ahmad from doing anything. The next day in the early morning, Ahmad woke up to have his breakfast that was set for him before he even woke up. Ahmad cannot care less about his breakfast; he was thinking how to get to that Bedwin girl, so he wanted someone to talk to, but cannot talk to anyone other than Ali, so they will not see him as a low class. He called Ali, and started to talk about the girl and said that he could not sleep well and was thinking of her. Ali also told him that he could not sleep and was thinking, Ahmad asked why. Ali said I was thinking of a way to prevent you from doing anything to get that girl. Ahmad laughed and said, "So you are afraid that you will be whipped? That will not happen, my father will not be interested in who I be laying with, except when I want to marry someone." Ali with anger in his voice, "So you just want her to lay with her and then throw her around?" Ahmad felt the anger in Ali's voice so in his mind he was thinking, " Why is he angry? Is it because he is still afraid that he will be whipped? Is he just having a bad day? Why should I care what he think or feel he is just a servant let me go to my teacher and let this idiot go and search for there camp." And so he did, Ali was happy when Ahmad commanded him to go and search for the camp. He went on and asked where he can find the camps, and he found them.

After Ahmad finished his time with his teacher, he got back home but he did not see Ali anywhere, he was thinking that Ali is still looking for that camp. After a while Ali came back, Ahmad asked

him immediately, "Did you find the camp?" Ali responded, "Yes master I did." Ahmad was happy he could not control himself and wanted to go and see the place, so he asked Ali to take him there. Ali refused to take him at that time and said, "No master! We should go at night it is better, I saw the place and you cannot go now they will know that you are not one of them, I was sneaky and they did not notice me but they will notice you." Ahmad agreed on what Ali was saying so he waited until the sun went down and the moon lighted the sky, then Ali told, "Let's go now, I think it is safe." So, they went, they started walking and walking in the desert, Ahmad was tired of walking so he asked, "Where is the camp Ali, we are walking for two hours now!" Ali responded, "Do not worry master we will be there in no time." While they were walking into a cliff Ali said, "We must see if they have guards around the camp" So, Ahmad advanced and went in front of Ali to the cliff and saw the valley, but he found nothing. So he turned his head to Ali and he was shocked that he was holding a knife in his hand, "Where is the camp and why are you holding a knife?" Ali with an eye full of envy replied, "You will never see her ever again!" Ahmad said, "Why are you doing this?" Ali responded, "I will give my life before letting you see here again!" Ahmad responded, "Are you afraid that you will be punished or what? Let me understand why are you doing this?" Ali did not answer and just attacked, he did not think that Ahmad carried his sword with him, so he took his sword and Ali was killed and Ahmad walked to his house without a scratch.

There was a boy whose name was Mick, who couldn't seem to let go of his past. Mick was sort of a perfectionist. Whenever he'd make a mistake, he'd think of it over and over again, wanting to fix it so bad. He'd daydream of situations that already happened or didn't, and would imagine how in each situation, depending on what he does or say, would happen. This gradually became an obsession, in which he'd put himself in scenarios that he'd repeat to undo his mistakes, in order to make everything perfect. He realized that if he had such an ability, he would be the most successful man on earth.

One day, he decided to get out of his comfort-zone and searched everywhere for a witch in town. When he found one, he told her about his desire to travel in time to undo his mistakes, and so the witch spelled him with the ability to travel back in time, whenever he wants. The witch warned him, "Now boy, use this gift wisely, and remember, you can only go back in time as much as you want; but you cannot go forward."

Mick was overwhelmed with happiness and excitement to try this new super-ability. So he went to school like he'd normally do, entered the classroom, and sat down in his usual seat at the back of the classroom. The history teacher started to ask questions, but no one seemed to get the answers right. Mick decided to raise his hand, and he answered wrongly. So he asked, "What's the right answer teacher?" and the teacher said, "Canada." There it was, the first triggering situation for Mick to go back in time to make things right! He went back in time one minute, raised his hand again with a confident smile on his face and said, "Canada!" The teacher was astonished, for that was the first time Mick got an answer right. And so he thought to himself, "Whoa, this is better than having the ability to read minds." Mick kept this going in so many situations that he'd go back in time to fix.

Mick started to crush on this girl in his school, so he finally decided to approach her that one day, and when he did, he confessed that he likes her. The girl said, "I'm sorry, but I don't feel the same way." Mick got really upset and decided to go back in time to fix things, but he realized that this time, there's not much to do. He

SHAHAD
A. BUTALEB

**THE BOY WHO
TRAVELED IN TIME**

thought and thought and decided to dress up differently and try a different approach with a better set of words. So he went back in time again and approached her, but this time, he looked at her sharply and said, "Hello beautiful, I want to tell you that you've been on my mind lately, and I really like you, would you go out on a date with me?" The girl responded once again, "I'm sorry, but I don't feel the same way." Mick got so furious and went back in time, over and over again, and in each time, he got the same response: "I'm sorry, but I don't feel the same way." This is when he realized that not everything can be changed or fixed, that eventually, he has to accept that some things aren't always perfect.

Stubborn he is, Mick went back to the witch and told her his situation, and that he'd like a spell that would make the girl fall for him. To his surprise, the witch said, "But I have fallen for you Mick, and you can't undo this or go back in time, for I just took your ability away!" Mick cursed the witch and told her, "What do you want from me? All I ever wanted was to be -perfectly-happy and satisfied!" And so the witch spelled him to love her, and they both lived perfectly ever after.

Journal entry November 4th, 2016

Since it's Sunday and it's stopped raining, I think I'll take a bouquet of roses to my grave. Its tradition, been doing it every year since Born 1326 - Died 1353. Death by...anyways. Everyone here does it, it's nothing weird, you probably think it's weird because your heart is still beating, but that doesn't last. This lasts. This world is forever and in forever it resembles life, we have customs and traditions and schools. Everyone goes to school when they first arrive, whether you're an 80-year-old or a 5-year-old, you must go to school to learn the ways. It's very important that you follow all the rules. If you don't then that's when you get reincarnated and after experiencing this world, no one ever wants to go back to life. No one who has arrived has ever made the conscious decision to get themselves into trouble and get sent back to the real world, and I mean no one. You'd think some have, if they never got a chance to live the life they wanted, you'd think they'd go back, but they never do. I guess it's because you can live the life you wanted here, here on the other side that is. Like I said, it mimics life, but there's something about it that's better and everyone stays.

At the graveyard I see a group of first years and they're still grieving the life they lost, they're still at that point where they think they want to go back, but not because they liked their life or anything like that, it's mostly because they miss their families and friends, or it was the day before graduation, but they didn't get to go because they choked on their breakfast burrito that morning. They want to go back because of reasons that absurd.

I walk by and smile at them, then I look down at my grave. Wasn't the best way to go but I'm here now, I've been here a long time. A very long time and I help everyone get around, I haven't aged, and I do enjoy everything this place has to offer, but I can't help but feel that something is missing.

No one thinks of wanting to go back after they learn of the risks of reincarnation, by the time they get into their second year everyone is completely brainwashed and content with their existence in this realm. I haven't been, I bought into it for a while, but I can't get the thought of life out of my head. I want to live,

but if I preach this to anyone, I would be wiped out. See, reincarnation is punishment for crimes, but the punishment, the ultimate punishment is when you want to be reincarnated. When you want to go back, that's when they take you away, and once your taken away your gone forever. I can't remember the last time someone disappeared, it's believed to be a myth. Someone a long time ago, wanted to go back, and he was never seen again, but he was never reincarnated either. After that, no one dared to want it, and at the same time, no one felt like they needed to. You arrive here, and you have forever, you can meet all the people in the world like Albert Einstein and one-day Beyoncé. I'm not hoping for her to die, but it would be cool if she showed up here, I died way before she was born it would be interesting to find out what the hype is about. You learn that all your loved ones eventually come here too, so why go back to them?

It makes sense for many to stay. People stay. They get what they want, what they need, and everyone is happy. But I'm not. I want to leave. I want to go back. I don't care if I'm a cockroach in my next life, but I want to go back. The sinners redeem themselves and the murderers find the ones they've killed and apologize. They apologize for killing them and then the murdered forgives because by year four, you learn that no human is truly evil, and every action is a consequence to structural violence, which is a negative byproduct of the modern nation-state rather than the evil of one individual – he wasn't evil it was the structural violence he grew up with.

I want to leave and, so I will. I can't take this world anymore. Alright, so which rule should I break? I can't have them think that I want to be reincarnated. Should I destroy property? Set things on fire? I like that idea. My name is Mathew by the way, in case you were wondering. Just Mathew.

Events of January 27th, 2017

Mathew creeps out that night. He suspiciously hits up a seven eleven and buys some hairspray. "Just one can of hairspray and a lighter. Thank you." He says to the cashier

The cashier eyes him suspiciously glaring at Mathew's shiny bald head. "It's for the old lady." He smiles a kind smile.

He exits the store and looks towards the security cameras making sure they get a good look at his face. Then he puts on his mask and runs towards the woods. He stops by a tree, a tall oak tree and points the hairspray and the lighter at the bottom of it. In a flash the tree lights up in flames and he makes a run for it.

The police show up at his home the next morning, the officer rings the doorbell and the door slides open slowly.

In a loud voice, the officer smiles at a child and says, "Hello little lady, Mathew here?"

"Huh?" The little girl squeaks.

"Is your daddy home?"

"DADDY!" She yells into the house.

He slips into his shows knowing he's going to be taken away and jogs towards the front door.

"Yes, sir how can I help you today?"

"We need you to come down to the station with us."

Mathew ushers for his little angel to go back inside and heads off with the cops.

He rides at the back of the police car in complete silence. They ride passed the police station. He doesn't ask any questions because he knows exactly where they're taking him. He knows they're going right to the Reincarnation Box. There is no need for a trial or any discussion, everyone just gets taken away silently and it is never spoken of. Like it never happened. Like he was never there.

They get there and push him into a dark windowless room with four walls. They lock up the door behind him. He sits and waits without any protest.

"Initializing reincarnation." A robotic voice beams into the room.

Mathew falls to the floor with a thud. Seizing and foaming at the mouth due to the pain. He's heard the warnings and the rumors of how excruciating it is that it would make you regret doing what you are being punished for, but he doesn't regret anything.

Journal entry May 13th, 2017

I wake up in an alleyway. I don't know anything about this world, I've only learned about it in school. Every year we must all attend a lecture to get updated on the world. The last lecture was 2017 so I guess I must be there. Alright 2017, what do I remember from that lecture? Well. Memes, memes, and memes. Alright Mathew. Think. Do what you came here to do. I walk around for a bit, I don't think I'm in a city, maybe a small suburban town. Gas station. That is where I need to go. I find a gas station and look in the mirror...I'm glad I'm not a cockroach. I'm just, well, me. That's strange. They never said that would happen. I fix up my hair trying to style it the way I had back in the day, but it just falls flat on my head. Alright, I've studied long and well for this. I know exactly what to do next.

News Report September 1st, 2017

The plague has now hit 75% of the world's population. The culprit who has released the plague all over Earth has finally been captured and he has been sentenced to death. The world as we know it seems to be lost forever and there has yet to be a cure found to stop this monstrous disease. The world has never seen an epidemic of this extent since the black death of the middle ages, but this is worse by far. The remaining 25% of the population continue to look for a cure.

Another source claims that the culprit, Mathew, is a descendant of Mathew Jones. Born 1326 and sentenced to death in 1353 after he was found responsible for transmitting The Black Death. His plan of packing ships with sick rats to spread across the world when he was caught, and there was time to find a cure to the plague in the 1300s and the world was saved. Today it seems there is no hope. Today it seems that we are all doomed.

One day while Max was out running, words began to disappear.

That was the simplest way to put it. He was running on the sidewalk close to the road beside the beach. He ran past the Burger King with its parking lot and drive-thru and playground, his gaze sweeping from the restaurant to the path to the beach, where a couple of men walked slowly a little ways apart. It was morning. The sun was already high in the sky and shining just over his right shoulder as he ran.

Then his gaze swept over a thing and he could not think of the word for the thing. It simply wasn't there. He knew what the thing was – he ran past it gaping, almost pausing to point at it in exasperation, this big thing, which he passed by every day – but the word was gone.

Glancing the other way, towards the edge of the sand as it brushed near the sidewalk, he saw several things – animals – creeping over the low wall and dashing onto the sand. They were so familiar to him he did not realize at first that the name for them had escaped him as well. Gasping with shock he stopped running, watching the animals, trying to conjure the name of these creatures. It was as if the name had been snatched off the tip of his tongue.

In fact, it had.

Following above and a little behind Max was a daemon or jinn called the Belrav which, at certain times of day in certain weather, was able to slip between humans and their thoughts, approaching at an angle just a little off from the angle of the sun, visible as a sort of translucent wave, if one were able to glance directly at the sun, but otherwise undetectable. That morning Max's thoughts, or his mind, had loosened up just enough for the Belrav to burrow inside and begin picking away his words, one by one, slowly plucking them out and devouring them.

Words are nothing but thoughts. Crystallized thoughts. Barnacle-like, they are rich in the feelings and memories and

associations that cluster around them in the mind and blood of their hosts. They are in a sense alive, seeds plump with latent energy.

Max kept on running, desperate and panicked, losing his breathing rhythm and staggering forward along the sidewalk as it curled beside the beach. He looked at his ___ and the ___ strapped to his ___, reading the numbers on it but unable to name what it was. He grew dimly aware that whatever he looked at, the word for it instantly disappeared from his mind. He felt that he was running out of breath, drowning in the sudden blanks where the words used to be. Max tried to focus, to gather himself, to not look at anything as he ran but to keep his eyes locked straight down on the... on the...

And too late he noticed the small pile of ___ in front of him and saw his ___ stepping into it with a wet squishing sound and as he slowed to a stop, felt something tap him on the back of the head and felt himself dropping down, down...

and woke up, slowly, to a cool hand on his neck, staring up into the eyes of a stranger who wore a scarf around his neck and head that covered most of his face. Eyes ... neck ... face ...

Max realized with a vast sense of relief that he still had the name for these, they floated instantly to mind. Then he realized he was cold. It was night. A huge, nearly full moon hung over the shoulder of the stranger staring down at him. He opened his mouth to begin asking the questions that teemed inside him – Who are you? Where am I? What's happened to me? – but a new sense of panic arose as he found he couldn't speak; all that emerged from his lips was a dry croak.

“Shhhh,” said the stranger. “My name is Ish. You were attacked by a Belrav. A nasty one by the looks of it.”

And he told Max how he'd glimpsed the Belrav hovering over his shoulder as he ran and managed to leap out from behind a wall and knock him out.

“Why?” Max tried, and failed again, to ask.

Ish smiled, or seemed to; Max could only tell by the crinkled skin at the corners of his eyes.

Ish explained that the Belrav had already feasted on all the “big

words" that it could get its hands on – more precisely its claws, or talons. Gradually Max understood, thinking back to the horror of those moments, that he must mean nouns, the objects he'd been looking at and trying to name. It was crazy. It made no sense. But he'd felt it.

Next the Belrav would have moved on to the small words, Ish said.

In response to Max's confused look Ish squinted beneath his scarves, as if struggling to think of a way to explain.

He began gesturing with his hands. They were supple, long-fingered hands. The hands of a priest or an artist. But they were calloused and hard and greasy with work. The gestures he made were beautiful and fluid and abstract, like leaves blowing across an autumn sky. Watching them, Max began to understand. He imagined other kinds of words, the joints and sinews of language, the grammatical parts, pronouns and prepositions, the placeholders and connective tissue that hold utterance together. If the Belrav had gotten them Max would've been completely bereft of thought, of identity itself, lost in a sea of undifferentiated, heterogeneous things. Of which he, or what he thought of as himself, would have been simply another one.

And then he watched as, with one swift, fluid motion, Ish leaned over and picked up what looked like a long stick, sharpened to a point at one end. Lifted it, and drove the stick straight down into Max's head at a point on his forehead above and between his eyes.

Max ceased to be.

A bright white emptiness took the place where he was, accompanied by a steady high-pitched tone. The tone screamed green in his mind and the world became green, and then the tone dipped slightly and seemed blue and the world was blue, with traces of green. And so on, shifting and modulating to blue-red, orange, purple, yellow, until all of these colors existed as volumes of light, solid as waves washing over him, one after the other. This went on for what felt like hours, days.

The tone became a scream.

Became Max, screaming. Thrashing on the ground, blinking and seeing shapes, breathing again. Being.

There was no Ish. But, moving to sit up where he lied, Max sniffed the acrid smell of a recently put-out fire. His hand brushed something and, picking it up, he saw that he held a scrap of purplish red cloth that might've come from a scarf. His other hand found the long stick, black at the sharp end with what could be dried blood. Raising it to look more closely, Max felt on his forehead for the spot where Ish had driven it in, but touched only a small bump, the size of a pimple, pulsing as he massaged it with his finger.

It was day. Morning again. The next morning or the one after that? Max opened his mouth and said the word "Ish." It was enough to say the name, to hear himself saying it.

Max picked himself up and at first walked, then ran, towards home.

Brick. Road. Beach.

He felt disoriented but exhilarated, as if the world had been turned over and put back down.

Sea. Sun. Sky.

He remembered how in Old English they called it a "word-ward," all of the words that one knows or has, and for the first time he sensed the meaning of that on a primal level. The oddly copious finitude of it.

Burger King. Billboard. Palm tree.

He crossed the road and ran up the familiar street, glancing everywhere.

Curb.

Mailbox.

House.

Home.

THE AUK ENGLISH DEPARTMENT AND THE BANVILLE PROJECT:

TRANSLATING AN IRISH AUTHOR'S DREAMS INTO ARABIC

This article was written by Dr. Katherine Hennessey, with contributions from AUK professors Dr. Inas Mahfouz and Dr. Taleb Alrefai and AUK English major Abdullah al-Qouz.

John Banville is one of Ireland's most acclaimed contemporary authors. He has written eighteen novels, a collection of short stories, six plays, five screenplays and, using the pseudonym Benjamin Black, ten detective stories. He is widely praised for his imaginative plots and carefully drawn characters, as well as for his finely crafted prose style, and he has won many prestigious literary prizes, including the Booker Prize in 2005 and the Franz Kafka Prize in 2011.

If you don't know his name, however, you're not alone. Banville and his work are not as well known outside of Ireland and the UK as they deserve to be. But a recently launched international project called "John Banville: Literature As Translation" is designed to bring Banville's work to the attention of readers around the world—and AUK English professor Dr. Inas Mahfouz and senior English major Abdullah al-Qouz recently made a significant contribution to this project.

Working under Dr. Inas's supervision, Abdullah created the first-ever Arabic language translation of John Banville's text "Fiction and the Dream." His translation has now been published on the project website, www.johnbanville.eu.

With the kind permission of the project sponsor, the European Federation of Associations and Centres of Irish Studies (EFACIS), we present Banville's text in this issue of The AUKReview, together with Abdullah's Arabic translation.

Also included below are

- Excerpts from an interview with Dr. Inas and Abdullah;
- Comments by AUK professor and celebrated Kuwaiti author Dr. Taleb Alrefai;
- Suggestions for ways you can get involved with the Banville project, if you have an interest in translation.

“Fiction and the Dream”:

Text and Translation

A man wakes in the morning, feeling light-headed, even somewhat dazed. Standing in the curtained gloom in his pyjamas, blinking, he feels that somehow he is not his real, vital, fully conscious self. It is as if that other, alert version of him is still in bed, and that what has got up is a sort of shadow-self, tremulous, two-dimensional. What is the matter? Is he “coming down with something”? He does seem a little feverish. But no, he decides, what is afflicting him is no physical malady. There is, rather, something the matter with his mind. His brain feels heavy, and as if it were a size too large for his skull. Then, suddenly, in a rush, he remembers the dream.

It was one of those dreams that seem to take the entire night to be dreamt. All of him was involved in it, his unconscious, his subconscious, his memory, his imagination; even his physical self seemed thrown into the effort. The details of the dream flood back, uncanny, absurd, terrifying, and all freighted with a mysterious weight—such a weight, it seems, as is carried by only the most profound experiences of life, of waking life, that is. And indeed, all of his life, all of the essentials of his life, were somehow there, in the dream, folded tight, like the petals of a rosebud. Some great truth has been revealed to him, in a code he knows he will not be able to crack. But cracking the code is not important, is not necessary; in fact, as in a work of art, the code itself is the meaning.

He puts on his dressing gown and his slippers and goes

downstairs. Everything around him looks strange. Has his wife's eyes developed overnight that slight imbalance, the right one a fraction lower than the left, or is it something he has never noticed before? The cat in its corner watches him out of an eerie stillness. Sounds enter from the street, familiar and at the same time mysterious. The dream is infecting his waking world.

He begins to tell his wife about the dream, feeling a little bashful, for he knows how silly the dreamed events will sound. His wife listens, nodding distractedly. He tries to give his words something of the weight that there was in the dream. He is coming to the crux of the thing, the moment when his dreaming self woke in the midst of the dark wood, among the murmuring voices. Suddenly his wife opens her mouth wide—is she going to beg him to stop, is she going to cry out that she finds what he is telling her too terrifying?—is she going to scream? No: she yawns, mightily, with little inward gasps, the hinges of her jaws cracking, and finishes with a long, shivery sigh, and asks if he would like to finish what is left of the scrambled egg.

The dreamer droops, dejected. He has offered something precious and it has been spurned. How can she not feel the significance of the things he has been describing to her? How can she not see the bare trees and the darkened air, the memory of which is darkening the very air around them now—how can she not hear the murmurous voices, as he heard them? He trudges back upstairs to get himself ready for another, ordinary, day. The momentous revelations of the night begin to recede. It was just a dream, after all.

But what if, instead of accepting the simple fact that our most chaotic, our most exciting, our most significant dreams are nothing but boring to others, even our significant others—what if he said to his wife, All right, I'll show you! I'll sit down and write out the dream in such an intense and compelling formulation that when you read it you, too, will

have the dream; you, too, will find yourself wandering in the wild wood at nightfall; you, too, will hear the dream voices telling you your own most secret secrets.

I can think of no better analogy than this for the process of writing a novel. The novelist's aim is to make the reader have the dream—not just to read about it, but actually to experience it: to have the dream; to write the novel.

Now, these are dangerous assertions. In this post-religious age—and the fundamentalists, Christian, Muslim and other, only attest to the fact that ours is an age after religion—people are looking about in some desperation for a new priesthood. And there is something about the artist in general and the writer in particular which seems priest-like: the unceasing commitment to an ethereal faith, the mixture of arrogance and humility, the daily devotions, the confessional readiness to attend the foibles and fears of the laity. The writer goes into a room, the inviolable domestic holy of holies—the study—and remains there alone for hour after hour in eerie silence. With what deities does he commune, in there, what rituals does he enact? Surely he knows something that others, the uninitiates, do not; surely he is privy to a wisdom far beyond theirs.

These are delusions, of course. The artist, the writer, knows no more about the great matters of life and the spirit than anyone else—indeed, he probably knows less. This is the paradox. As Henry James has it, we work in the dark, we do what we can, we give what we have, the rest is the madness of art. And Kafka, with a sad laugh, adds: The artist is the man who has nothing to say.

The writer is not a priest, not a shaman, not a holy dreamer. Yet his work is dragged up out of that darksome well where the essential self cowers, in fear of the light.

I have no grand psychological theory of creativity. I do not pretend to know how the mind, consciously or otherwise, processes the base metal of quotidian life into the gold of art. Even if I could find out, I would not want to. Certain things should not be investigated.

The dream world is a strange place. Everything there is at once real and unreal. The most trivial or ridiculous things can seem to carry a tremendous significance, a significance which—and

here I agree with Freud—the waking mind would never dare to suggest or acknowledge. In dreams the mind speaks its truths through the medium of a fabulous nonsense. So, I think, does the novel.

The writing of fiction is far more than the telling of stories. It is an ancient, an elemental, urge which springs, like the dream, from a desperate imperative to encode and preserve things that are buried in us deep beyond words. This is its significance, its danger and its glory.

end

يستيقظ الرجل من النوم ينتابه شعور بالصداع و بعض الدوار، تغلفه كآبة و ترتعش عيناه. لا زال بملابس النوم باشمزاز، يشعر بطريقة ما أنه ليس على حقيقته، حيويته، وكامل وعيه، و كأن النسخة الأخرى منه لا تزال في الفراش. و تلك التي استيقظت هي ظله المرتجف، ثنائي البعد، ما الخطب؟ هل ” أصابه شيء؟“ يبدو أنه محموم قليلاً، لكن لا يقرران ما يعتربه ليس بمرض جسدي، بل بالأحرى شيء ما متعلق بذهنه. يشعر ان عقله مثقلاً و كأنه أكبر من حجمته، ثم فجأة و بسرعة يتذكر الحلم.

كان واحد من تلك الأطلام التي تبدو و كأنها تأخذ الليلة بأكملها، كان منغمسا في الأمر بأكمله، و وعيه الغير مباشر، ذاكرته، خياله و حتى ذاته الجسدية بدت منهكة بالمجهود، تفاصيل الحلم فاضت من جديد غامضة، سخيقة، مرعبة، و جميعها مثقلة بحمل غامض وياله من حملا لا يأتي الا مع اعمق تجارب الحياة، حياة الوعي، تلك هي، و بالتأكيد، كل حياته، و كل أساسيات حياته كانوا هناك بطريقة ما، في حلمه، مطويين بضيق، كبتلات البراعم، بعض الحقائق العظيمة كشفت له، بفشارة معينة يعلم من أنه لن يقدر على شقها، لكن اختراق الشفرة ليس مهماً، ليس ضرورياً، في الواقع، و كما في العمل الفني، الشفرة نفسها هي المعنى.

يرتدي ملابس و نعليه و يذهب للطابق السفلي، كل شيء حوله يبدو غريباً، هل تغيرت عيني زوجته في ليلة و ضحاها ليصبح فيها هذا الفرق الطفيف بين عينيها اليمنى لتصبح منخفضة قليلا عن اليسرى، أم أنه لم يلاحظ هذا من قبل؟ القط في زاويته يشاهده بهدوء مريب، يدخل صوت من الشارع، مألوف و غامض في نفس الوقت، الحلم يؤثر على عالمه الواقعي.

يبدأ بإخبار زوجته عن الحلم شاعراً بقليل من الخجل، لمعرفته ان الحلم ساذج، زوجته تستمع و تهز رأسها بلا تركيز، يحاول أن يعطي كلماته شيئاً من الأهمية الذي كانت في الحلم. انه أت إلى صلب الموضوع، في اللحظة التي استيقظت فيها نفسه الحاملة في منتصف الغابة المظلمة ما بين الأصوات المدمدمة، فجأة، فتحت زوجته فمها باتساع، هل ستؤسّل إليه ليتوقف، هل ستصبح بأنها تجد ما يقوله لها شديد الرعب؟ هل ستصرخ؟ لا: تتأب بقوة مع القليل من المهمات الداخلية، مفاصل فكها تتضارب، و تنتهي

بتنهيدة طويلة مرتعشة، و تسأل إذا كان يريد إنهاء ما تبقى من البيضة المخفوقة.

الحالم يجلس مغتماً، عرض شيئاً قيماً و رفضته، كيف يمكنها أن لا تشعر بأهمية الأشياء التي كان يصفها لها؟ كيف يمكنها ألا ترى الأشجار العارية و الهواء المظلم. الذاكرة التي تظلم الهواء الذي حولهم الآن، كيف يمكنها ألا تسمع الأصوات المدمدمة كما سمعهم؟ عاد متاقئلاً إلى الأعلى ليجهز نفسه ليوم عادي آخر، يتراجع تأثير الوحي الباهر الذي شعر به بالأمس، إنه مجرد حلم في النهاية.

لكن ماذا لو بدلا من قبول الواقع البسيط من أن أحلامنا الأكثر فوضوة و الأكثر متعة، قد تكون مملة للآخرين، و حتى شركاء حياتنا، ماذا لو قال لزوجته، حسناً، سأريكي، سأجلس و أكتب الحلم بطريقة مفصلة و بطريقة مبهرة بحيث أنه عندما تقرأينها، أنت ستحلمين بذلك أيضاً، ستجدين نفسك تتجويل في الغابات الضالة عند حلول الظلام، أنت أيضاً سوف تسمعين أصوات الحلم تخبرك بأكثر أسرارك سرية.

لا يمكنني التفكير بتشبيه أفضل من هذا لعملية كتابة رواية، هدف الروائي هو أن يحلم القارئ بالحلم بدلا من مجرد قراءته، بل لتجربته، ليحلم الحلم، ليكتب الرواية.

الآن هذه تأكيدات خطيرة، في عصر ما بعد الدين فالمتعصين، المسيحي، و المسلم و غيرهم، يشهدوا أن عصرنا هو للحقيقة ما بعد الدين. الناس يبحثون اليأس لكهنوت جديد، و هنالك ما يجعل الفنان بشكل عام و الكاتب بالتحديد، يبدو كالكاهن: الإلتزام المستمر للإيمان الراسخ، خلطة من الفطرسة و التواضع، الإخلاص اليومي، الإستعداد للاعتراف لنواقص و مخاوف العلمانية، يذهب الكاتب إلى غرفة، الأكثر تقديسا التي لا يمكن انتهاكها، المكتب، و يبقى هناك وحيدا لساعة تلوى الأخرى بصمت مريب، يناجي آلهة خفية، أي طقوس يسن؟ هو بالتأكيد يعرف شيئاً لا يعرفه الآخرون ممن تنقصهم الخبرة.

بالتأكيد هو عليم بحكمة خفية بعيداً عنهم.

هذه أوهام بالتأكيد، الفنان، الكاتب، بالتأكيد لا يعرف أكثر من الشؤون العظيمة في الحياة و الروح من أي شخص آخر، ربما يعرف أقل، هذا هو التناقض، كما قال هنري جيمز، نحن نعمل في الظلام، نقوم بما يمكننا، نعطي ما لدينا، الباقي هو جنون الفن، و أضاف كافكا بضحكة حزينة: الفنان هو الرجل الذي ليس لديه شيء يقول.

الكاتب ليس بكاهن، ليس بطبيب ساحر، ليس حالماً مقدساً، و لكن عمله يذج به خارج البئر المظلم حيث تتقوقع الذات خوفاً من النور.

ليس لدي نظرية نفسية كبيرة للابتكار، انا لا أدعي بأنني أعرف كيف يصغ العقل المعدن الأساسي للحياة اليومية فيحوله بقصد أو بدون إلى الفن الذهبي، حتى إن استطعت معرفته، لن أكون أريده، أشياء معينة لا يجب البحث فيها.

عالم الأحلام مكان غريب، كل شيء هناك مرة حقيقي و غير حقيقي، الأشياء الأكثر تفاهة و سخافة تبدو كأنها تحمل أهمية هائلة، أهمية لن يتجرأ العقل المتيقظ لن يتجرأ على الاقتراح أو التعريف بها أبداً، و هنا أنا أتفق مع فرويد، في الأحلام يخرج العقل حقائقه

وسط هراء رائع. كذلك هي الرواية برأبي.

كتابة الأدب أكثر من مجرد سرد القصص. فهي حدث قديم أساسي يزدهر كالعلم. من حاجة يائسة لترميز و حفظ أشياء مدفونة داخلنا بعمق يتجاوز الكلمات. هذه هي أهميتها. خطورتها، ومجدها.

النهاية

Interview with Dr. Inas and Abdullah

Abdullah, you translated Banville's text, and Dr. Inas, you served as editor for the translation. Describe the way the two of you worked together on this project.

Dr. Inas: We were in an intercultural communication class, and our chapter about translation describes it as a bridge between two cultures. We read articles on the role of translators as mediators, and then Abdullah started drafting the first version of his translation of Banville's "Fiction and the Dream." We then edited it several times before we settled on the final version.

What did you learn from this experience?

Abdullah: Literary translation is not easy.

Dr. Inas: Yes—in literature, authors include their thoughts, emotions, and culturally bound terms and expressions. This makes it harder for the translator to mediate precisely, because some terms may not have equivalents in the target language. The translator has to make difficult choices, and that's where translation becomes a kind of art. What was the biggest challenge you faced in translating this piece?

Inas: The biggest challenge was reaching an agreement on some word choices, because the editor should not dominate the translator.

What are your thoughts and reflections on John Banville's text, and on what he says about the art of writing fiction?

Abdullah: Banville stamps uniqueness within his lines. He encourages readers to always right their thoughts and feelings to arrange them into fiction, similarly to how a dream is constructed.

How would you describe Banville as a writer, based on the style and themes of this short text?

Abdullah: He is unique and very entertaining. He definitely puts his personal flavor into his views of literature, and conveys that to his readers. That makes his text worth knowing, for readers of other languages.

Was this experience helpful to you in terms of your own teaching or research, or in terms of your ideas about translation and linguistics?

Dr. Inas: This experience reminded me of my first job as a freelance translator and editor back in 1998, when I was a trainee for the Middle East Times newspaper. Seeing Abdullah working on the text and developing his own translation, and watching it gradually moving from a draft to a finished product, was a very special experience—like a flashback, but this time, I was the trainer.

In terms of teaching and research, especially in linguistics courses, I've always been attracted to ways to link hard dry facts with practical projects where students see the rewards of their work.

Would you be willing to supervise other AUK students, if they wanted to contribute translations of other passages to the Banville project?

Dr. Inas: Yes, I would love to do this again, and perhaps next time I will write a paper about the importance of hands-on experience in reinforcing ideas and concepts in students' minds.

Tell us about your prior experience (if any) translating literary texts.

Abdullah: I worked on newspapers with Dr. Inas in her Language in The Arab World class, as well as in a media translation class. They were different from the translation of literature, since in translating news, I believe you just need to be equally informational to deliver the right note to an audience. In literature, the richer the text being translated, the more a translator needs to find ways to balance how is the text going to be evenly delivered. The beauty of translation is that it shows the uniqueness of every language.

Would you recommend this experience to other students?

Abdullah: Yes, we have a number of students interested in this field. Dr. Inas is always keen about including the translation aspects of linguistics in her teaching, knowing that majority of AUK students are bilingual Arabic-natives. And translation of literature is to me the most promising translation activity: if I see a good translator of literature, then I know that they can translate anything.

“Fiction and the Dream” is a text that tries to explain why writers write fiction—what they are trying to accomplish, and what they want their readers to think and feel and imagine. So we turned to AUK professor and award-winning fiction writer Taleb Alrefai for his comments on Banville’s text. Specifically, we asked whether he can relate to Banville’s analogy, that the process of creating fiction is like trying to share an incredibly vivid dream with a reader—or, as Banville puts it, to “make the reader have the dream.”

Dr. Alrefai responded, “To be honest I personally never wrote a scene of fiction based only on a dream... I believe in real life and realism as the main source of writing. So a scene in fiction is a complicated prose combination of a real life scene and the writer’s imagination and language...”

When we sleep, our subconscious runs the dream process, whereas the writing process depends on both the conscious and the subconscious. So a dream may affect some of a

writer's works, but a dream itself can't create a fiction."

What do you think? Does Banville's dream analogy capture something important about the process of writing fiction, in your opinion?

How you can participate

The Banville project comes in two parts:

1) Translating Banville's text Fiction and the Dream into as many languages as possible, and soliciting reactions to it and comments by other writers from around the world. This the part of the project to which Dr. Inas and Abdullah contributed.

2) Encouraging translation students to translate excerpts from Banville's novels Dr. Copernicus and Eclipse. You can find these two selections on the project website. EFACIS currently has twenty-nine student translations of these, in languages including Spanish, Croatian, Hungarian, and Chinese (but nothing in Arabic). The project is still accepting translations, so if you'd be interested in translating either one for publication with the Banville project, contact Dr. Inas (imahfouz@auk.edu.kw) to ask about the possibilities!



ARTWORK



ALI
SABBAGH

NOVA

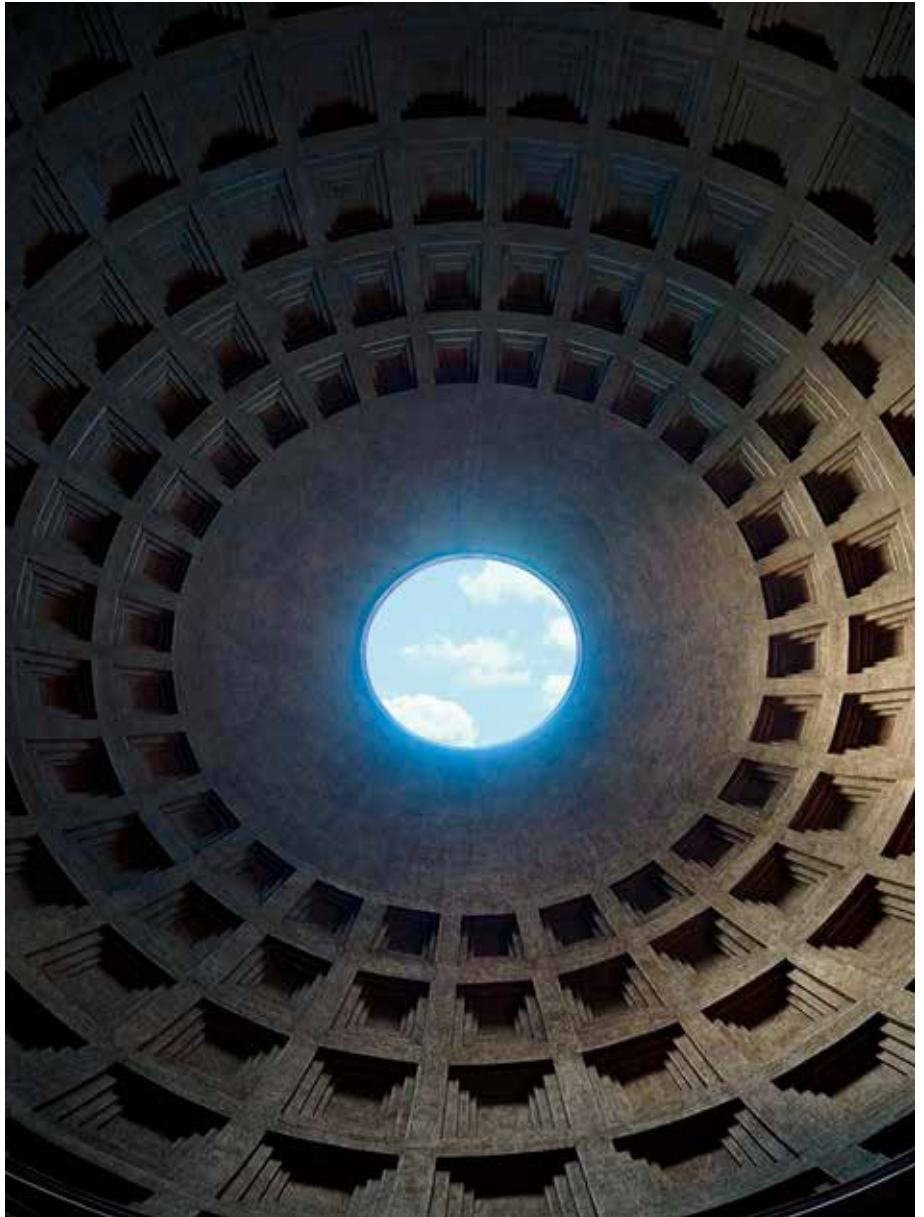


**WILLIAM
ANDERSEN**

**1500-YEAR-OLD BIG BUDDHA,
DATONG, CHINA**

**WILLIAM
ANDERSEN**

**PANTHEON OCULUS,
ROME, ITALY**





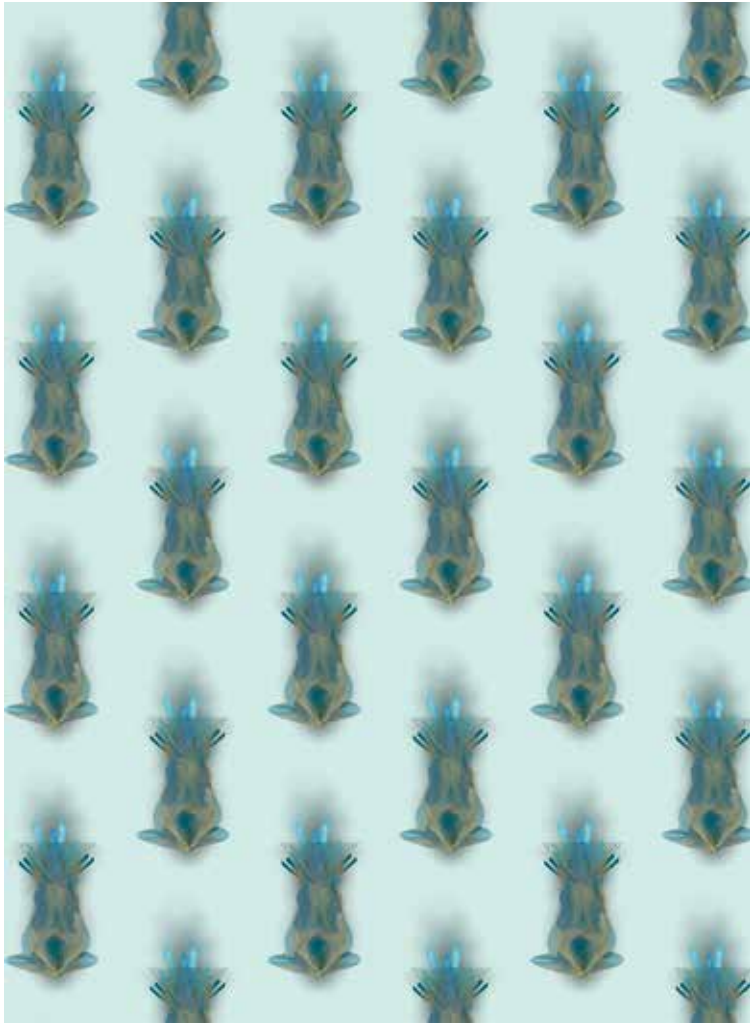
**WILLIAM
ANDERSEN**

**CHIANG KAI-SHEK MEMORIAL,
TAIPEI, TAIWAN**



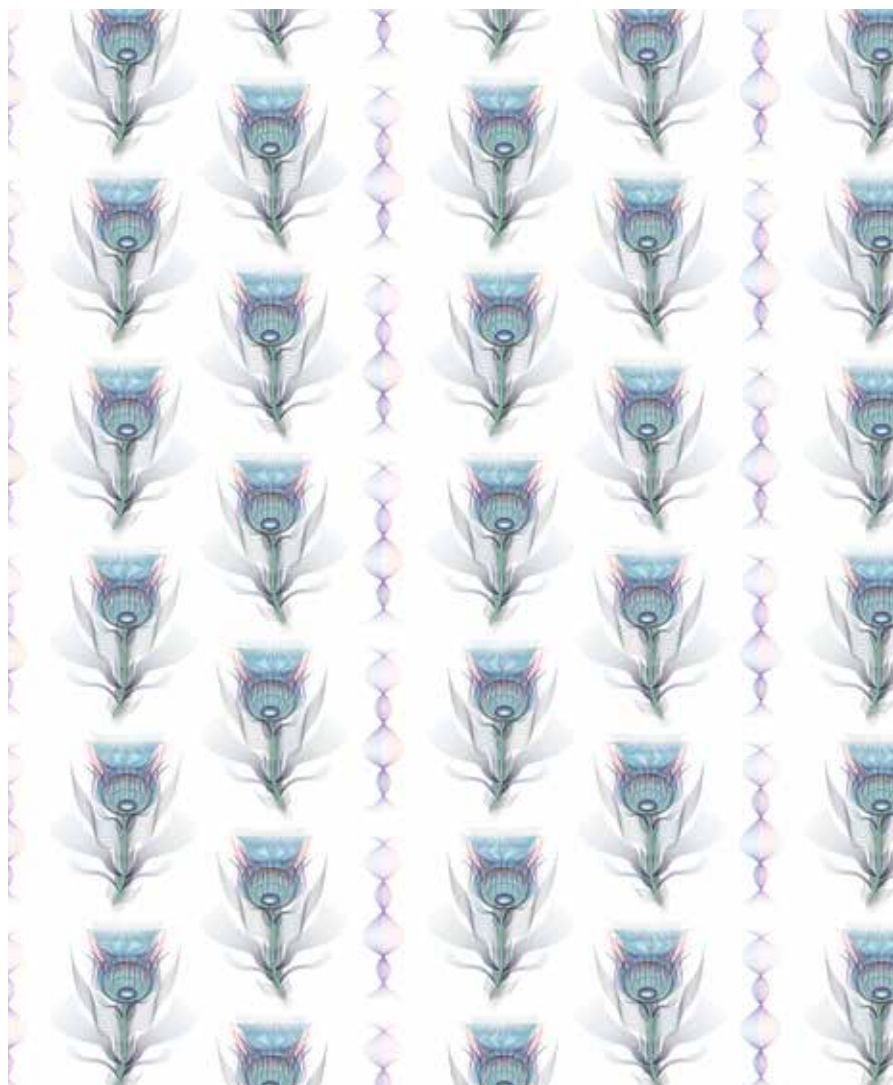
**WILLIAM
ANDERSEN**

**TAIWANESE DRAGON KITE
AND LANTERNS**



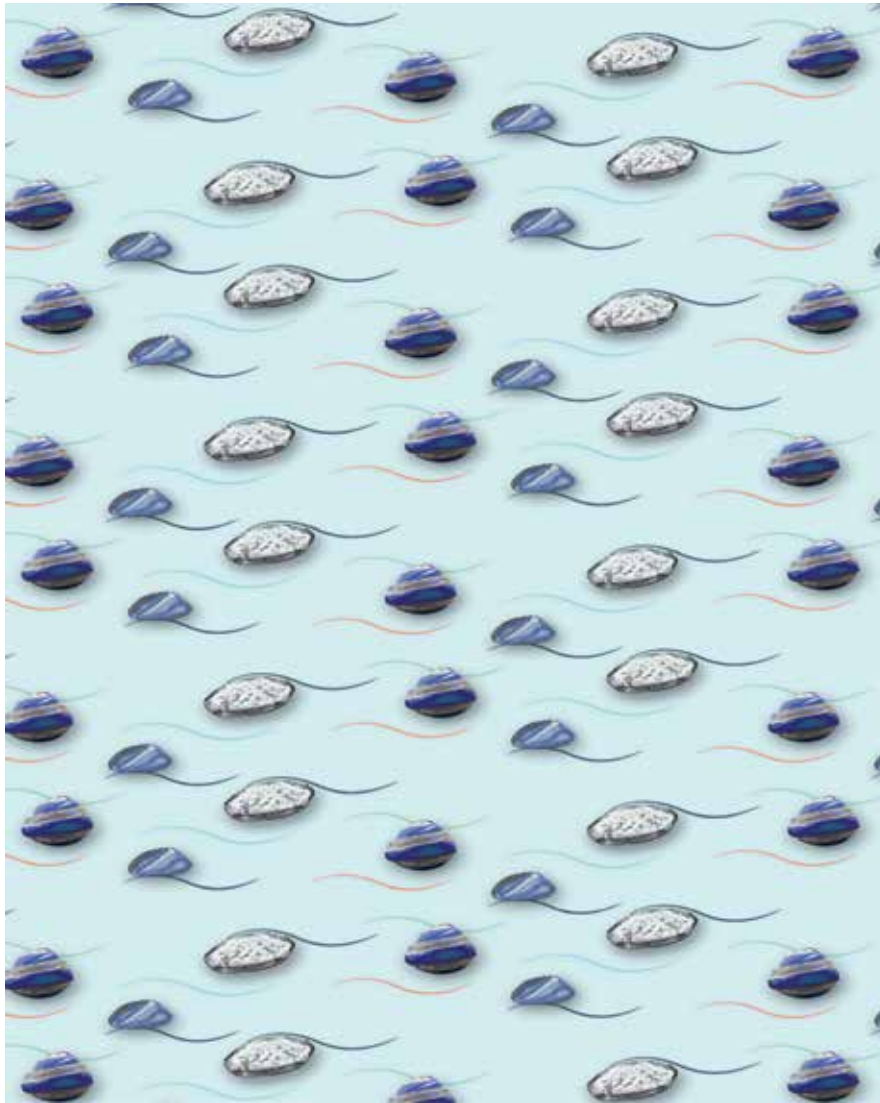
BATOUL
CHAHINE

BLUE FIRE



BATOUL
CHAHINE

PEACOCK



BATOUL
CHAHINE

STONES



CLAIRE
GIDDINGS

POTTERY BAHRAIN



**CLAIRE
GIDDINGS**

CURIOUS



CLAIRE
GIDDINGS

LANDSCAPE BAHRAIN



CLARK
STOECKLEY

HAPPY CAT



CLARK
STOECKLEY

WATCHFUL CAT



GAMILA
EID

UNTITLED



GAMILA
EID

GRAFFITI



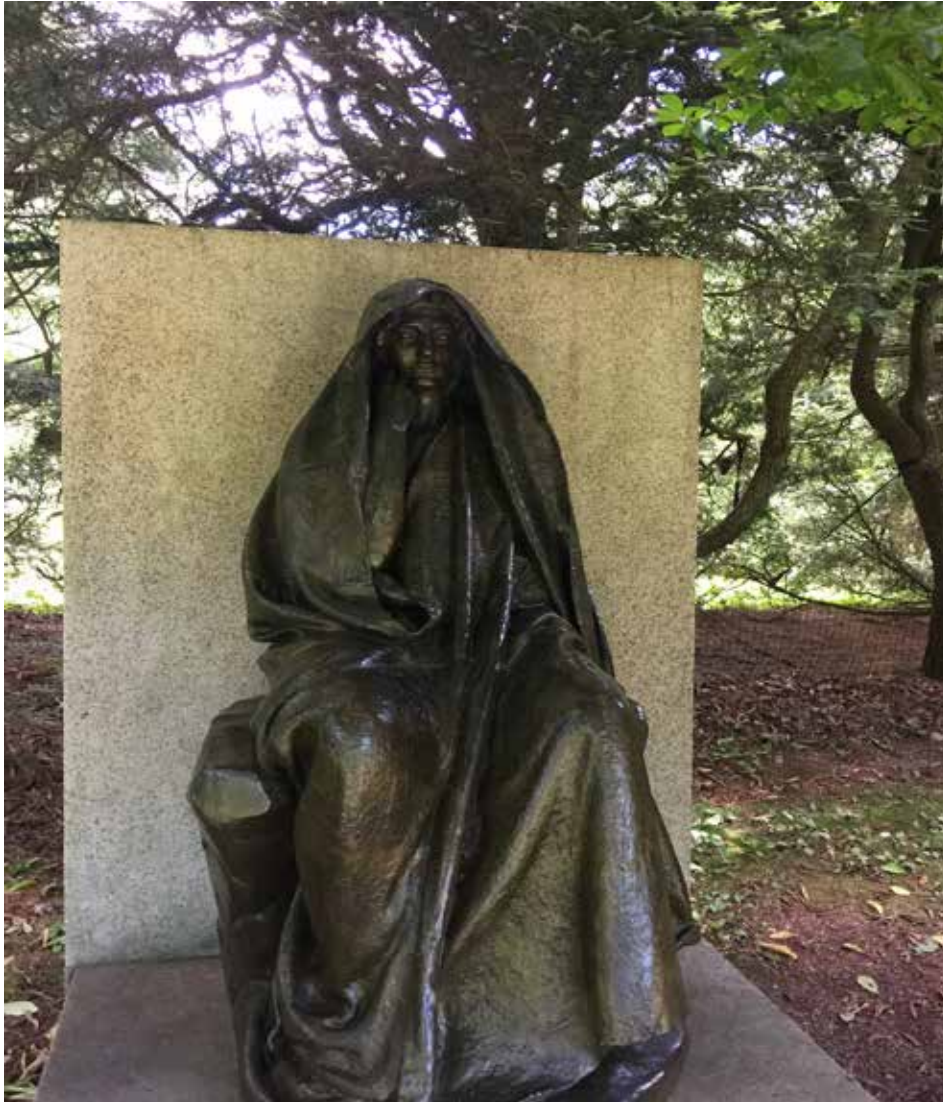
GAMILA
EID

UNTITLED



INAS
MAHFOUZ

BEAUTY OF NATURE



INAS
MAHFOUZ

STATUE



**JASMINE
SINGH**

**SWAROVSKI CHANDELIER, SULTAN QABOOS
GRAND MOSQUE, MUSCAT, OMAN**



JASMINE
SINGH

WADI SURFING, WADI SHAAB, OMAN



JUMANA
KHALIL

VERSAILLE



MARCELLA
KULCHISTKY

FAILIKA ISLAND



MARCELLA
KULCHISTKY

SMILES ON FAILIKA ISLAND



MOYSAR
LULU

CLIMBING TO THE TOP



MOYSAR
LULU

DREAMING SIGHT



MOYSAR
LULU

ONE WAY



MOYSAR
LULU

RED N BLUE



MOYSAR
LULU

SAILING INTO THE SUN



**NOURA
ZAHER**

JUNK YARD



SARA
BABAZADEH

BEAUTY



SARA
BABAZADEH

IRAN



SARA
BABAZADEH

SHIRAZ, IRAN



SARA
BABAZADEH

TIME TRAVELLER



ANTONIA
STAMOS

BUTTERFLY AND BEE



**ANTONIA
STAMOS**

**I SEE THE WORLD IN
YOUR EYES**



**ANTONIA
STAMOS**

RED FLOWER POTS



ANTONIA
STAMOS

SALMIYA SUNSET



ANTONIA
STAMOS

SUNSET'S STARBURST



**ANTONIA
STAMOS**

**THE SAND, THE SEA,
AND THE SKY**



ANTONIA
STAMOS

WILD SEA OF COLOR



TAEYEON
KOO

**FOUR SEASONS
FASHION STYLE**



TAEYEON
KOO

REDDISH PEACH

