

Dr Tayeb Bouazid

Reflections



Foreword

Reflections is a series of creative imaginative writings that treat four aspects of personal writings set by the author as a reflective piece for writers and readers. The aim behind this reflection is to enable our readers to inspire from and muse through their own meditations, discover how life is indeed a vast multitude where any writer can rove in his imaginative world. Accordingly, the author offers his readers what he senses through his own self-gratification.

Reflections is mainly related to *Perusals, essays, autobiographies and poetry* writing. Each section reflects some examples of issues treated. The author wishes his readers to go through these offerings, read them well, stop and pause to reflect upon then just after try to produce similar examples. We wish our respectful readers to have a pleasant reading within a critical thinking perspective.

The Author TB

Perusals

Perusing is the act of reading that the author offers his readers to read and examine the contents with diligence and care. Meanwhile, the author himself examines the issues listed under this collection and formulates some notions about. The passages are nicely treated and intelligently put in a poignant view, very related and personal to the author's own reflection. The author wishes his readers a thoughtful muse about the contents and wishes his readers too a nice reading.

1. On the Inner self

The inner self is an extension of the outer self measured through observing the other half of the self that sometimes fails to represent in reality what man aspires to; thus, creating a conflict within the human demeanor ending in the mind divided against itself. Human's inner self is personalised and every human

possesses a quite different view on the way it disposes, for no two alike selves work the same.

The self is just a sign of one's personality which has its proper traits. Selves are of two kinds-the good self; the generous, the bountiful, the sociable and the disgusting self; the oppressive, violent, malignant and greedy. Be thankful and blessed if you are bestowed with humanistic, generous and philanthropist self that loves humanity; the most respected entity to preserve.

2. On Friendship

Friendship is not money, not a sweet word thrown here and there; neither it is passion embalmed in good deeds nor an act of divine blessing. Friendship is like a small tree stretching its roots to embody the vein where blood flows strengthening consanguinity in a rather friendly way-a feeling of devotion, a shared moment, a constant love that endures scarcity and opens up wide the frontiers.

Friendship looks like china, once it is broken, it has no repair: hence, if God gives you good friends, try to preserve them by doing good to them and run to their services. A friend in need is a friend indeed, so try to create this communion bond as friends make the disgusting moment a sweet and pleasant pie to share-I am strong with my friend, a maxim not to lose in view.

3. On Jealousy

Jealousy is the other twin of the prosperous son; it envies the possessions of the other and wishes them to be its own. It feeds on the internal flame of depriving the possessor not through imitation but through repression. It is hued in yellow and never its disciples gain fortune. To be jealous of someone is not the right creed but the bad habit-you crave for someone's possessions though you are better off.

Religiously speaking, it is a profane act. The jealous who envies the others never to his own possessions tastes sweetness but bitterness. God belittles his lots and makes of him a dog chaser who is never satisfied with material things until he decays and leaves everything behind.

4. On Children

Children are the big men of the future; the more you know how to rear them, the better manly they become. They are born under parents' care and die alone. It is easy to playfully deceive them as it is also difficult to trick them for it comes the day when your lies will be revealed by them.

Children are an emblematic treasure that does never fade. If children are well brought up they will render your deeds in a double form. Children are donations that never end up and never beyond the mortal day cease to yield heavenly blessings.

5. On Honesty

Honesty is a promise one sets upon himself the day he decides to be honest. He is confined to respect certain norms and if violated he turns to the first point of departure—a misfit, a rogue, a man of no-principles. Honesty is like a tree; it grows with time, the more it is watered, the more it gets in size—It is encompassed in the human soul that once it takes its course, it constantly does not deviate from.

Honesty is a treasure shared between hearts that die for the sake of spoken words, the good deeds and the non villainy material upsurge. An honest man is like a green orchard where everyone hurries to take from its smell. He sprays the seeds, harvests the scent and gives out the flavour for people to gather around because his trustees are in a growing number—he is reknown for his piety and sacredness in keeping his words and in keeping his limits not to be impaired by the laymen.

6. On Kindness

Kindness is a plant that innately roots deep. It gives flowers to the surrounding positive, sows its nectar amongst hearts of the same innateness. Kindness is a high quality that few but rare possess as it enfolds the seeds of goodness, high spirit filled up with the will to do good to others—it is rather the philanthropic deed, the sound reaction to others' violent acts.

It is good to be kind with kind people; yet, it is often not good to be good. Goodness in abundance may impair the habits and make malignant people look upon you as wicked.

7. On courage

Courage is an act of no return – a risky endeavor one entreats to accomplish. An act of bravery that uplifts the heart beats, gets sinews hardened and puts the whole body into alert. Courage speeds up the blood in the body; makes the adventurer bites his lips to reach the goal mapped out. Courage sets up records, opens up roads to blindness and stiffens the determination; for a brave man is after all a man who risks himself in a shy world.

To be courageous and brave is a noble act; it deserves encouragement if all people behind support and back up; otherwise, courage alone within a coward surrounding leads the courageous man to an everlasting cold feet.

8. On Pride

Pride is a warm feeling generated by an inner satisfaction. Pride grows within a self emotive inward sensation. Pride is delight in one's own world crowned by self esteem; a feeling of privileged position not contrived by the external world. Pride is an embalmed treaty between the individual and his heart on condition the goal is scored.

To be proud of oneself is innately based on self-confidence, self-efficacy and self-esteem that the human takes as a measurement unit towards his personality formation. One may be proud of his nativity, origin, culture, religion, courage, physical and emotional traits that mark a label to his own existence.

9. On Love

Love is an ethereal bound between lovers sharing heartthrob feelings. Love grows from naught, spreads its roots in steps, and waters its stems from constant contacts of distant tears. Love is deeper than the lover can imagine; if it is sensed by one; it enfeebles the other.

They said true love is after true marriage. Yet, love before the marital status is just an ephemeral move that in most of time ends up in a vain hope. Love affects the heart and the bowels and makes kings bow as slaves entreated to submit, weep and in front of its deep aching, lovers admit their defiance and to the back they surrender and retreat.

Love is a heavenly gift given to all Godly creatures; it is the pillar to human's existence and without love life would be ruthless and without meaning.

10. On Marriage

There is no perfect thing than marriage if it is well built. Wedding is a sweet feeling and an act of fulfillment that overwhelms the couple in their

peaceful quiet abode. Marriage is a self gratified feeling that attaches two souls united in heaven before their unison upon earth.

Marriage generates progenitors that mirror a state of heavenly relations that the Supreme venerates and casts his blessings upon. Successful marriage leaves its traits on the generations' evolution; children will bear the mark of a long successful departure that takes a deep everlasting outcome.

11. On Forgiveness

Blessed be the forgiver for forgiveness is divine. Forgiving is an appreciated drive between individuals before the doomsday. For this purport, forgiveness stands a unique quality amongst the one a human being has to select. If forgiving lessens from sins, its marriage as a principle is kindly blessed.

Hence, cultivate forgiveness among God's creatures before forgiving will be dear and grows in remorse. A forgiver is on the eternal protection and the heavenly blessing whereas the non forgiver remains cursed all along his life.

2. On Truthfulness

Truthfulness is an engagement between logic, mind and heart. You trust your mind for reasonable truth, and though your heart is soft in comparison to your mind, it supports the thrust and signals the consentment.

Truthfulness is a self commitment, a judgement that one utters as a response to certain circumstances experienced. To be truthful to oneself first then to be truthful with others; the opposite case would create a kind of disloyalty that pursues man to his eternal stead and makes of him a wicked and trivial creature not able to gain people around.

13. On Melancholy

Melancholy is a varying degree of anger that travels in longitude hence meeting nervousness in latitude giving birth to somber, dark and monotonous mood of rage, fury and discontentment. Melancholy feeds from the inside and grows up towards the surface to give its premises on the face then the other parts of the body.

Melancholy kills the human heart if it persists, enfeebles the body and lowers respiration. It ashens the face, veils the spirit, makes the eyesight blind and speeds up paces to the grave. A melancholic person becomes blind when in fury; he does not distinguish the right from the wrong which in its originality is but a devilish spell.

14. On Sympathy

Sympathy, a notorious enemy to antipathy, resides in the cheerfulness of hearts, the openness of spirit and the hugging of similar contended moods. To be sympathetic is to think not in terms of violent

reactions but in lenient embracing of others' ailments. It is a Godly gift that enshrines more when the sympathizer sends the signals of the good temperament-the seeds of appeasing anger within an electrified environment-it falls upon as a shock breaking off monotony, killing the mundane and invigorating the hardened hearts for an envious discussion.

Empathy, on the contrary, disgusts people and makes its bearer a bore that pests the existence of others.

15. On Giving Advice

Advising people at times of need is emblematic – an intuitive sermon that the advisor sets upon himself to donate to others what he thinks could do good to them that he often does without being asked to. This philanthropic sensation appeases and cherishes hearts, a burden release, a love compassion to make the others feel better and at ease.

It is good to give advice to those asking for it, for no other persons have lived on their own mental consent. We all need advice in this life and if someone asks you for advice, this does not make you think he is weak but rather he has his own view on the matter yet he wants simply to consolidate what he knows to satisfy his inner lusting comfort.

16. On Education

Education is a heavenly crown that educators share in imparting knowledge. They are the candle that lightens up the somber corridors for an awakening dawn. Education is that invaluable core entrusted to the cultivated, the intellect whose light fades in time to illuminate the paths before the others' eyes; it gets more enflamed when the assigned principles are wisely imbued and pass forward to the entreated spirit-a bloom in itself that generates a multitude of blooming minds.

Educated and cultivated minds are far better than close and uncultivated, this is the mean distinction between light and darkness in the degree things get illuminated.

17. On Reading

Reading is a close twin brother to writing. It strengthens as a skill if invited through eyes to decipher the hidden messages-decode the latent and signals the form leading to apprehension. Reading enlarges the mental scope, reinforces memory for an immediate recall, helps writing in connect, enables speech to implement vocabulary acquired and fits the ear with loud uttered sounds.

Reading stands in the middle between speaking and listening; in the sense that before the word reaches the ear, it is visualized in terms of word power that has already been viewed in reading through the eyesight.

18. On Writing

Writing is simply jotting down in an artefact skill using the alphabet, the words, the sentences then the whole script. Writing is a skill, a talent crafted in practice; it is in itself an art of copying the right version, the creative flow of the spirit in an artistic way.

Writing is a gift for those who know how to measure words, weigh them before they lay, a concise way of printing in sum, in wit and in essence. Writing is not scribbling, it is rather jotting down in an organized fashion what one bears it right to write.

19. On Fun

Fun is a neighbour to laughter; whenever fun goes, laughter follows. They are inseparable for no smile, no joke, no humour exist in the absence of funny atmosphere. Fun consolidates the good company, solidifies friendship, adds to longevity, absorbs anger to its extreme, broadens the mental scope and cherishes hearts.

Life without fun is like a treeless forest-it does serve for no purpose and people around never seek its shelter. Fun adds sweetness to life and to human's age. It makes people revolve around the funny as bees on a beehive; he makes their lives as sweet and pleasant as the day they were born thanks to his funny stories, jokes and his playful tricks.

20. On Selfishness

Selfishness is an egoistic character that an egoistic personality shows through behaviour. Selfishness reduces human energies and enfeebles hearts. It kills the individuals before reaching their own satisfaction. Selfishness is a curse veiled in a positive gain; yet it latently leads its possessor to slow death. People who marry selfishness as a strategy in life will bear no offsprings and die alone in lamentation and remorse.

21. On Greed

Greed is eating with eyes more than with the stomach. It is the love and the envy of the more; the more one gets the more additional he wants. Greed affects the habits, erases satisfaction, builds up craze in case of non possession; the craver, the greedy can kill for the sake of obtention. A greedy person looks like a tank that leaks, the more he gets, the more he loses-its end is a vain gain.

How many greedy persons have amassed the material world, built skycrapers but they have not spend even a night in. Greedy persons generally die counting their banknotes to which they had left to trivial persons to malignantly play with.

22. On Motivation

Motivation is a lure to do something attracted by a stimulation that comes from outside-an external motivation as opposed from within-an intrinsic motivation often characterized by a strong will to

achieve in life. Motivation awakens the dormant for a more promotion. A motivated can do miracles but once he is demotivated, electric motors cannot in himself invigorate the dead organs-he looks like a Siberian train in a frosty weather. Motivation and fire have certain common connotations in between. Fire needs an active person to profit from, to use at times of need and to be agile.

One cannot build a fire in a blowing windy night if he is not very flexible: In the same trend, we may motivate people when we feel they are ready to be. We cannot motivate a lazy, passive and demotivated person as this takes the same form as hammering on a piece of cold iron that we cannot flatten anymore.

23. On Devotion

Devotion is sacrifice and the one who devotes his life to a cause lives by the spirit of fulfillment; he never in faith fails and God observes his intent with praise. A devotional act weighs gold if it is purely intended. Devotion springs from the well engrained seeds of goodness; it is a difficult deed to act for devotion is risky and though its doer overwhelmed with pride; yet, his path is so prickly.

A devoted person generates goodness in multitude; he sacrifices his soul for the benefits and welfare of others-Such a devotional act is neither measured in money nor in gold.

24. On Loneliness

Loneliness is a nasty word to utter; for it evokes melancholy; strengthens solitude and lonesome and conjures up the idea of isolation, seclusion and oneness. A lonely person can be sterile, but in company he becomes fertile depending on the state of the being himself.

We may be lonely yet productive. Loneliness is a bitter feeling; one can be lonely but haunted with strange spirits; hence, one cannot live alone for two heads are better than one.

The more one lives alone, the more isolated he becomes; he becomes impervious to others' thinking; so he does not profit from others and his ideas will always reflect only his own being.

25. On Solitude

Solitude, a cognate word to loneliness, two coined terms not living far from each other. Solitude evokes the idea of being far from contact; an intense degree of farness rather than nearness. A solitary stands for single mindedness; it is one pole working and rotating around itself-a whirl that ends in self-deterioration and slow decay. Solitude kills enterprises and curbs creativity.

If solitude is good enough to stand alone, why God praises two souls in marriage? Solitude cannot lead to anywhere: it rather shortens lives and does not promote longevity.

26. On Travelling

Travelling broadens the mind and widens the spirits-a traveller develops his knack through contacts and exchange of ideas. Travelling develops competences and mental skills; invigorates sensations and enlivens the dead hearts; it also creates in man the sense of inner curiosity to discover, to observe, to see and to feel.

A traveller not only pleases his eyes of the picturesque pictures but paints in his heart a portrait of self happiness of all the things he has seen and photographed in his inward eye.

27. On Violence

Violence generates violence. Violence transcends from violent roots that go on in expansion until they bloom into another violent fruit. The fruit then gives its seeds to progenitures to become themselves violent. Violence is the arm of the weak; it is used because the offender wants to prove to the others that this is the only way to do:

The violence user is often prescribed as non wise because his mind is often blocked, does not believe in wise words; hence he receives violence for his offence and regrets his deeds in the end of the course.

28. On Equity

It is equitably wise to act; for it is not easy to apply this term if you don't believe in it. Equity is a

part of ethics that a human has to live by. If we believe in equity, we believe in equality between the different races-In this respect, faith is the only scale where equity can make the difference; otherwise, there is no distinction between races-Living equitably requires sacrifice and a strong will to make justice and in making justice one has to bite iron.

29. On Donations

Jibran Khalil Jibran once said, “it is good to give when asked but it is better to give unasked” – this is the true meaning of accepted donation. A donation is agreed upon before it is donated and it should be secret between the alm giver and himself and ifever it is pursued by a lot of fuss it loses its merits.

Donations are a must; this is the lot one should self-gratify with the needy and the poor. If donators multiply in their donations provided they reach the deserved, there will be no poor on the earth. Donations are shields to offences-the more you donate, the more your soul is protected and blessed. Hence, blessed be the night donators whose donations reach the zenith of heaven.

30. On Altruism

It is good to be an altruist but it is rare to find one. Altruism defies selfishness which in its true sense develops and generates. As material possession has become the order of the day and selfishness starts to

creep in the human's heart, altruists have become few but rare.

Altruism is an ethical part of a faithful man, a man who believes in giving the others more than he himself wants is an act of bravery that right from the beginning excludes self-esteem. We may love oneself but loving the others and offering them what they need though on our expense is a noble feeling.

31. On Philanthropism

Philanthropism is rooted in good faith; a faith that believes in making the others' lives better and rejoices when the others rejoice. A wealthy man whose intent is to donate to the poor to improve his social being acts as a philanthropist. Religions promote philanthropism and encourage the well to do to invest for their everlasting future savings.

Mazochists, on the other hand, do not have any care for humanity; they have no desire to see the human kind in goodness and security. They are the right foe for the human cause that curbs his evolution, his stability and his protection.

32. On First Acquaintances

Thanks to the first acquaintances that hearts open up to knit and weave long recognition for short reckonings make long friends-a maxim that deserves much praise. In fact, many marriages take place on

the first premises and many friends now live by the first acquaintances.

First acquaintances imprint their traces directly in hearts to transplant roots that strengthen in advantages. When you come to know someone for the first time, doors open up before your face and you wish to give everything. This sensation and feeling of altruism solidifies and strengthens the common bond between you and your guest to the extent you wish the relation will ever last and this indeed what truly happens.

33. On Brotherhood

Brotherhood is a heavenly tie donated by the Providence through Adam and eve. A sense of life envisaged by living through consanguinity, blood relations initiated by the idea of co-existing, helping mutually and engaging oneself into a social congregation based on a strong sense of unity.

Brotherhood implies cooperation, sharing difficulties, resisting the enmity, philanthropism and sacrifice. It insinuates the strong faith of devotion to one's cause leaving no room to offences and misunderstanding.

Indeed, we share many common traits of brotherhood; that's why, we live by the idea that there is still a glimpse of hope in the human creatures we live with, we meet, we talk to, we trust and we finally discover at times of demise, decay and surmise.

34. On Good Company

Life looks like a forest where unexpected things may encounter the human in his blind wandering; he needs someone to guide him, to help him see the right from the wrong, the correct from the trivial and as imperfectness remains the quality of this individual, one may commit mistakes throughout the course of his itinerant erring. He needs a good company that eventually redirects him in case of deviation. He needs a strong hold to support and back him up.

Company in life lessens solitude and loneliness, adds to the human's age and reinforces his spirit for more recreation and creativity. Good company gives more security and lets humans move forward with more assured steps.

35. On Regret

Great is the man who grows in remorse. This unprecedented feeling makes the man remember and recall to his spirit the pictures of the wrong act he committed; he stops to think of the images that haunted him in a permanent way. Regret makes the wrong doer get conscious though after delay that there is always a hope to live by-

Paradise can be regained if the wrong doer wakes up to see himself reckoning his own faults and admitting to them a non return. In this respect, we may notice that man by nature makes mistakes and the best one is the one who forgives himself and asks

for forgiveness after biting his nails and setting a word for himself to relinquish and let the wrong doings down forever.

36. On Death

Death is the other end of life; the endpoint of every living creature where the days are counted to fall in demise. Death for man is the final edging curve, the final course where the soul reaches up to its blower; it is the spiritual travelling of the soul from the earth to the seven skies.

Death is symbolic and its emblematic revival is another continuity to the hereafter where the final stead will be the day of judgement, the doomsday. Death for great names is symbolic for many reknown figures have died yet their masterpieces and wellknown artefacts have not yet touched the ground...

37. On Desire

Cursed is the self, the longing for the materialistic side, the desire to possess through the state of having the eyes bigger than the stomach. The human desire is rooted in the devil's lust for the non satisfaction-a desire to gain more than to lose.

Desire is that inward love to get anything whatever the price-it is often devilish as it leads to crime, an unfulfilled strong desire can multiply sins to a great multitude; it is unshackled if it is exaggerated

and its cons surely be catastrophic. Desire needs to be controlled, reined and gradually empowered.

38. On Behaviour

Behaviour is a kind of reaction, a predisposition ready to bloom within the given circumstances-if well watered it also flourishes in edible fruit but if not properly cared after it yields bitter fruit, nasty to taste and difficult to harness. Behaviour breeds violence and offence. Behaviour is an acquired habit, a learning experience that a human acquires from the place where he grows up.

Praise be upon the man whose behaviour is self-complacent and whose deeds may irrevocably speak higher than ever. A man's quality and true merit is judged through his demeanour for behaviour is the act itself.

39. On Divorce

A nasty term to iterate for it is the result of bitter anger. Divorce is even profane in certain religions and it is Godly repugnant. Symbolically, divorce yields to family dislocation, disintegration and decay. Divorce is not the common ritual behaviour approved by all-hence, its outcomes fall abreast on children who are left to Providence, orphaned and stained delinquent of the future.

40. On Oppression

Oppression is the act of being oppressed, squeezed and offended by the oppressors who are taken up by certain feelings of superiority where they act from a high to down position making themselves more privileged or advantageous. Oppression does never lead to good position for it comes the time when the oppressor himself will be oppressed; so why not treat people equally and act wisely better than offend them and harm their tender spots. The world of oppressors does not last long and the truth will soon get out.

41. On Religion

Religion is the sum of heavenly ordinances, rituals and holly scriptures that organize human's spiritual life as opposed to its materialistic side. Religion and science complete each other and what religion fails to answer, science plays the role and compensates for.

Religion is part of philosophy for the moment we evoke the heavenly creations and the heerafter with the soul going up to the heavens, a kind of philosophy emerges; this concerns the soul, and the judgement day and the uncertainties that ensued.

Religion teaches the individual the relationship between his soul and his body and the way humans behave spiritually to have a good representation of God on earth.

42. On Self-Esteem

Self-esteem is the love of oneself; hence creating a kind of privilege to oneself to emerge, the unique entity that exists in the eyes of its owner. To love oneself roots from the idea of self monitoring to one's possessions to the degree that the self is better than the others and to venerate one's own possessions makes the distinction appear distinctively. Self-esteem is an egoistic view apprehended by the doer himself to stand secluded from his countrymen who despise such demeanour that shows no sign of civility.

43. On Self-Satisfaction

Behind self-satisfaction there is a religious maxim allegorically praised, for those self satisfied are self satiated-one may live by the little and be satisfied rather than having more and get not satisfied; satisfaction is not in the amount of what we possess and get but rather it is beyond this material possession, it is a spiritual satisfaction where the poor and the needy feel self pride with the meanest lot they have; an inner stability and a psychological status of self dependency, self-appraisal and acceptance to one's heavenly destined lot and fate.

44. On Poverty

Since antiquities, poverty and richness had been valued through the holly scripts whence the

Providence had endowed his creatures with. He had created the rich and the poor and had made the poor feed upon the donations of the rich. Poverty, hence, is a label bestowed upon certain creatures that God could help to overcome this state.

Poverty, thus, is not permanent; it can evolve. Nothing is permanent and a rich may turn into a poor if circumstances do not favour him. Poverty then is not a stain fixed upon the shoulders of the poor but it is ephemeral and not a token that the poor may be ashamed of.

Poverty breeds courage, patience, hard toil and forms the weak to resist and endure nightmares to reach dreams, the dream to get a decent life and an equal status for a free puff of fresh air.

45. On Richness

Richness is a state of being materially proud of and satisfied. It is a material condition where poverty does never rove in its vicinity. Poverty and richness are two differing mates; they give pleasure to life and the exclusion of one means the impairment of the other; for richness to the poor is like a blind who needs some light at least to see clear his way to the next step, he lives upon the donations of the rich and subsists to thank God to generate more material lot for the rich.

In a nutshell, the rich becomes richer when the poor multiplies his own blessings on the rich. Hence,

let's grope for the rich to bestow upon the poor to increase his *wunk*.

46. On Human Relations

Sympathetic are the hearts that create communion, a sense of good congregation. Establishing human relations is a noble act in its virtual application. It is good to have friends, to have a smooth tongue that gains you favour to establish human relations that endure harsh circumstances.

Short reckonings make long friends and the more we feel glued to this habit, the more humane we appear. We are not born in isolation so we need these strong ties and bonds between the various races to keep up living. Human relations must exist and humans must co-exist, we need the others as they need us. We should never say die for it comes the time when the grain will be wanted.

47. On Dreams

Some dreams come true namely those related to the small hours; yet day dreams appear just as hallucinations. We always talk of having dreams in this life, some are materialistic, others spiritualistic depending on the nature of the individual and the frequency of contact he has with the preoccupations of life.

Dreams help promote the creative individual with plenty of fresh ideas to aspire to fulfill. In this respect,

it is good to dream better than not to dream at all; for behind a dreamy mind there exist some inner assets that may see daylight.

48. On Wars

Wars are the most common atrocities humans might witness and encounter in the course of their lives. Wars are backed up by money through which the oppressive world sees humans with a destructive view. Wars generate poverty, destruction and leaves plenty of citizens with homelessness and social flails. Wars kill the foetus in its prime, orphaned children, produce widows, the puny and the maimed.

War annihilates everything and comes upon all what is green to leave infertile and barren, an ashen face that to life does not serve for anything. War provokers stand as on-lookers; seeing the humanity reaping the thousands of active work that ends in smoke in an instant.

49. On Enmity

What makes Tom and Jerry fall in disputes if not the preservation of their private ends? This event well illustrates the degree of enmity that exists between the different races. Enmity springs up from an inner root of disdain that an individual creates and rears up and waters all along to bloom in bitter shoots that slavishly revocate repugnant tastes towards the other.

It starts within the heart, transgresses to the mind

that tilts it in black paint. An enemy can cause harm to whoever he stands before him and even to the ones he thinks are real true friends. Hence, the real friends that have fostered him in sweat can turn to be his true foes. Enmity has no real remedy except tit for tat, one bad turn deserves another.

50. On Faith

Faith can surpass the materialistic world; if we have a strong faith in something, we may resist its outcomes and make it at the end. Faith is a strong belief in something we hold true, it is a kind of vision to a future prospective world we believe it leads to positive gains.

A faithful person cannot deviate from his principles; he has a promise to keep, a word to preserve and none will exert upon him certain forces for change. Faith resists to torrents, shakes the solid rocks and digs deep in the cyanic blue. Its furrows are sampling models of courage, patience, perseverance and endless endurance.

Essays

Writing short essays will help young amateur writers to write longer essays bearing in mind the idea of creative writing, the thesis statement and the supporting arguments.

Essays as their names indicate help writers try their hands, make mistakes and put their creative instinct to test. The following part, will show and depict some of the essays tried out by the writer.

The author wishes his readers to read with pleasure the different written passages with the intent to make profit from.

1. The Generation of Today

In a small village of a distant land, there lived a grandfather who had three sons and one daughter; two sons got married and one not. His only daughter was married and had three small malesons. He had travelled for long and did collect a great amount of

experiences that when he gave the lance to his tongue words came down as fierce as fire...

So when he talked, wisdom flowed and flowed to an extent where dog ears and hairs stood on end. He was a master of smoothness, flexibility and fluency. His small sons all gathered around to listen to him talk criticising the young generation of today. He conversed with his aged wife and retorted.

“The young generation of today have no sense of responsibility and are becoming a burden for their fatigued fathers and mothers. They asked for everything that parents cannot afford, they are very meticulous concerning their food, their clothing and their physical appearance.

A youngster today cannot even show his identity whether a male or a shemale owing to his demeanour that tends to be sissy for he acts as a nonchalant guest that whenever he is hungry, he knows the entrance to his house and knows perfectly where to eat and what to eat.

Most of his food is chips or a combined chips and eggs prepared in hot oil that dated back to weeks; thus, causing him stomach and nausea. Most of his time is devoted to outside play, to meeting people that know nothing of modernism and civility.”

“The young today, the grandfather, recounted and recounted, has no ambition for this pride that his gradparents used to bear; he does not represent them in any domain; he likes all what is luxurious, he likes

travelling, eating, partying, dressing and hair style that he masters in copying from the west, that even the westerners, in case they appeared in such appearances, they have their own alibies.

Our generation is easy to convert, they can turn thousands time a day, like a weather coq before the fierce wind.

The boy of today is completely offside because he has no adherence to his culture, to his traditions and heritage; he dreams in an X dream, travelling to the west, life there is greener on the other side of the fence-A false dream that most of the generation today are adopting.

A barren land could never to green turn, though materially the west is prepossessing yet no one dares relinquinsh from his origin. Youngsters today are ready to get rid of their past for no intention or strong desire meet their aspiration. A false dream that is veiled in a descent life that if conscious enough can build in their hometown.

Children today, do not listen to wise words of their ancestors; they enjoy being alone, their selfishness exceeds the norms; they eat and do not think behind, they dress themselves and change yet they throw their dirty linen here and there. They go out for a night stay, come back late; yet they don't close the door behind-

This is what is positive in the generation of today-they live as if they are kings and the others servants. Who might be the responsible?"

The grandfather stopped for a pause, asked for a glass of water then sighed taking a long breath.

His small stepsons were all ears and insisted that their grandfather would continue telling them about their fathers and eldest brothers.

The grandfather who sensed his wife approaching recollected his speech, went on recounting his experiences with his grandchildren. The grandfather went grey before his time, his elder sons had, though lived as king and shared their father's inheritance; yet, because of their selfishness, their father separated between them in residence, they worked but they had never given a shilling to their father; their wives as serpents, despised the father and the mother, who were nearly thrown away if it were not for the father to act intelligently enough.

The father finally discovered the conspiracy before its time and though he wanted to act violently again; yet, he faltered thinking of a parental pity that diverted his mind.

'I remembered, the grandfather said, I was building this house alone and my children were big enough to help me but they did not; they looked at me in turn and went away as if the future building would not concern them...

Days had gone and the house was completed and the two eldest sons came to me asking for help. They wanted some loans but I refused to give them because of their selfishness and greed. They accepted to work

in the house doing some chores and be paid.

They accepted, so I hired them as any other worker and they got paid. Life started to get a distance; they started not talking to me much and bit by bit they changed the road whenever they saw me. Their mother sensed this and one day we sat together to talk. We thought to divide the house in between and get everyone apart.

A good idea that sprang into the father's mind so he separated between the two sons and himself. Materially, the father did not need his sons so he was ready to even dismiss them from the house because of their bad conduct.

"Sons of today, he repeated are not respectful to their parents, they are bold whether a boy or a girl, apart from some exceptions. Truly indeed, they are irresponsible, flegmatic, greedy, selfish, heavy sleeping machines, low-minded thinkers, materialistic, non cultivated except for the ones who know how to serve culture in its roots.

Most of the youngsters that we have noticed, met and talked with are malignant though stupid in certain circumstances; they are mindful of their private ends, not thoughtful for the others'; their pretensions are too ambitious and idealistic to the extent that they become day dreamers at times many nations have stepped far in civility.

Youngsters are mostly driven by the blowing wind of modern music, the rap, the hiphop, the

dressing styles of footballers that have no beliefs. Headphones in their ears, lavish songs in their tongues, a lowered pant with short sleeved pullovers, a lace or a pendant marking their ears and necks, holding their ipads, showing off before teenies within the same wavelength.

This is the generation of today and may be of tomorrow. You will observe the same generation doubling its size. The world of tomorrow, will be non secure if matters keep in the same hold. Parents are listless, the baby boom is hatching more chicks-beware the child is the father of the future man, so predict the outcome my child before it is too late to mend, act before rivers foam – and your sons are put to shame.

April 1st, 2014

2. Stream of Consciousness Proverbial Friendship Craze

The following essay is written in a stream of consciousness view where capitals and punctuation marks as well as indentations are missing. In this type of style the writer has to let his ideas flow without being disrupted. Readers are advised to read the passage without pausing ideally to sense the feel because the essay was written in a great moment of craze when the writer sensed himself alone.

When someone is left alone he feels sadness creeping within his feet reaching his chest he sighs

and sighs to release certain knells itching his heart he stands still immerses himself in his pensive environment resorts to his past relations selects one convivial scene relates events on how that past started then bit by bit he relocates the events until he finds the constraints the knot where everything lies therewithin that once upon a time he used to favour his lovers then all at a sudden what constituted his warmed past turned him to cold feet he was left alone abandoned and let down the bitterness started to grow within him and soon everything turned in gloom he thought and wept as a babbling child he despised life relinquished to his isolated stead plunged in his melancholic somber pathways and in his modest spirit he decided not to talk to anyone for now he often thinks loneliness is sensed good for it is the best remedy to the constant snatchers and bores who do not care of the man's disturbed psyche the man in his instinctive guess can sometimes profuse to reality he realises in the course of his growth that everything is in fact built on private ends and those who come to you running are in fact social creepers they do not run for you but run for themselves and if you measure their heartbeats you discover that you and they may certainly live in two divergent spheres not having the same wavelength that you however instinctively discover through life the great school that will bow and show to you that the kind word and the promise is more than often valuable than its

foreseekers hence Listen my guy there is no promise no trust and no honesty for everything is gone and even those you feed and spoonfeed will turn to creeping snakes that bite in the open days beware it is good not to time trust nor to those fellow evils you confide beware that a parasitic life no more exists apart in films and dreams and only the shoe wearers know where the shoe pinches and even if you are lured by serious friends there are friends and friends hence be selective in your choice and be neither too tolerant and permissive nor too mean to break your hand and if ever you want to submit to your heart and donate start by charity to yourself first for you are born in others' pain and you will die alone then move on to relatives as kinship is better than friendship and blood is thicker than water where friends seem few but rare yet it is easy to make thousands of them but difficult to find one this is the craze itself the craze when your nearest dearest friends proved disloyal to their promise and the moment you need them and make them appeal to you they let you down so you tear your hair chatter your teeth make your hair stand on its end you isolate yourself turn to coffee as a chaser to eagerness for craze as most of the crazing moments are derived from false problems though their intensity grows painfully from deceived cases that result in loneliness that kills an abundance that devours the minds and makes them empty this of course is the feeling when one is upset with the

absence of the closest friendship for a gross violation to the respect norms blackens the face and spreads disdain a friendship that one takes for long to build can collapse in an instant when the degree of madness glooms the vision and enfeebles the body a madness that can produce the miracles take the present essay of the like sort and you will find it is the product of a deep sadness that the writer himself experiences along his awakening profused mind he instinctively sensed the ailment and thanks to these impairments that he writes and through his determined will he thinks a good writing comes under strains and under stress and under true lived experience that we may exemplify through the use of cigarettes through which one can say it is often good to smoke cigarettes to value cigarette smoking so people are more curious to release what they feel through what they experience take back the word craze and you will discover that craze is a long story that starts within the conscious mind that chews the idea bitterly swallows the cud that ensues and instantly produces the bubbles leaving some scars on the sand of time pictured on the world that stands as a mocking stage laughing at sufferers and all toil supporters who in fact draw the great stage where life and the world alike stand together with the great actors Shakespeare once so called men that may act and act and finally they fall as a broken reed bold and seer a reed that despite the breeze it withstands the force but for how long it will

resist the same fate for man the malignant the cursed the unconscious the same mortal immortal man in the same circumstances he can no more endure along the dire spheres of life for it comes the moment when he desists giving up what he cannot endure for life is not a bed of roses and no flowery path leads to fame that fame which is not framed to be given but to be mapped out for sincere company that cherishes the hearts and makes the slogan practically work no friends no gains no honey no money there exist friends yet there are friends and friends so please save me from my friends or the craze will rejuvenate and the amount of electrified intensity grows and we come back to the departure point hence let us muse on how to make good friends and relegate craze for the crazy and seriousness for the strong willers to make it do appearances are more than often deceptive.

21st March 2014

3. Wisdom of life

Life is a treasure embalmed with plenty of secrets to know and to discover. It is the source of wisdom for many scholars, religious men and philosophers. Life does not scatter its profundities to the laymen who stand arm folded and passive. It rather makes the hard workers double their efforts to reach their dreams. Life is a great enigmatic school where wise and smart mind can open wide, understand its course and solve its puzzles.

Life is short for those who work good and long for the passive and foolish wasting their times in doing nothing. Life like shakespeare once described, it is like a stage where we are mean players acting our roles upon it. It is indeed, as once reiterated, a tragedy for those who think and a comedy for those who laugh.

Life is in fact, a multitude of ups and downs where the human's fate fluctuates between the top and the down and it is full of upheavals where one never says I made it all success or made it all failure. Life gives the chance to all; even to Satan to playfully sing and dance and in his twist he may gather plenty of foolish souls around; he lures Goodness into helllike life and traps the majority.

Life had all in its evocative discursive course been harsh, difficult and risky. How many past souls been fooled and deceived by its casting events? And the problem with life is that it is monotonous and killing with its boredom, repetitive nature and horrible outcomes.

We are never sure when to reach the zenith and when to observe the rewards of our own doing. God had bestowed the human kind with a clear cut discourse to follow to evade punishment; yet greed, non satisfaction of material possession, the love to harm the others had all added oil to the human's fire who relentlessly went on committing.

Poor man, he is not yet mature enough to stand frank, honest and self critical to the deeds he commits

in the wake of days. Man had never seen his own self in the mirror of measurement. He did negative and though his life is long while it proves short, his soul is soon cut in prime; then he miraculously stands in remorse-

The lesson is clearly apparent for the same man who kills and walks in the funeral, all in a black suit ready to relinquish the world material possessions, who later on even the tears do not on his cheeks been wiped out, returns to the previous state of deviation.

Look my friend, life is a double faced coin, a face for you and a face against-choose your own proper face that you feel compelled not to veil for your future actions-Stay firm, determined and be your own self so that people will confide in you and you will become a man of words that people can rely upon at times of needs. Remember then, as you do to others you will be done by; hence, forsake your sins before your sins forsake you as Chaucer one said in his *Physician's Tale*.

August 6th, 2014

4. Men and Women

Man and woman the progeniture of Adam and Eve in their bountiful created shapes looked complementary and in evoking one, we evoke the other for no life exists without these two creatures. There are men and there are women. DH Lawrence once said, Cocksure women and Hensure Men, simply insinuating that there exists limits and man

should not act as sissy in a woman like state and the woman should not also act as a man.

Masculinity and femininity are distinguishing traits and not confusing facets. Men and women differ before marriage and after and the level of this difference is plainly engaged in hypocrisy where man the villain promised to offer his new wife everything she longs for; yet after marriage, the wife is deceived and upset by the compromise of not finding the promised land.

Similarly, the wife, through marriage ceremonial rituals and bonds, swears to give a decent life to her husband through respect, trust and confidence; yet she makes moves on others cheating her husband in more than one state.

As a consequence, the marital bond may be disrupted leading to separation. Divorce ensues and often times children pay the broken jar. Why this mutiny? Why don't man and woman keep to their own limits and work out their set up principles if not the devilish dictating power is all behind? Hence, the intrinsic power for both is to set up a good family through which they both face the reality to put hand in hand and relinquish doing wrong things.

August 6th, 2014

5. The Educative value of Literature

The world of literature is charming, prepossessing and lively. In comparison to the field of science where quantifiers and statistics are presented, the world of

literature identifies literary men in their groping lives and literary achievements as bright as rising stars. Their works magnificently roar upon the valleys and the dense forest with too much fruits lying there upon.

Literature is inspiring, emotive and penetrating. Its value in the educative world is immense namely in fiction. Children, whatever their school level, enjoy reading literary works especially poetry and tales. Literature for them is the world of imagination, the sphere where the mind roves in the infinite whether in reading or in literary writing.

Consider how children concentrate on literary works in forming their imaginative power. Most of youngsters are imbued with some stories of legendary figures or heroes of the different deeds as Hercules, Harry potter, *Gullivers Travels*, *Ivanhoe*, *Ullyses*, Tarzan, Robin Hood, *Robinson crusoe*, *the Invisible Man* and many others. The benefits of literature in education is invaluable and most of young writers are influenced by prominent figures.

Though most novels are film reproduced yet readers prefer reading novels as paperbacks because the value of literature reading is in its visionary side where the eyes have it, the word is deciphered and the meaning behind the lines is sought.

August 6th, 2014

6. The Beauties of Nature

Nature is the sole remedy to brain fag; so after many hours of office work or teaching, the eyes long for a green patch to admire and glance at, the mind in its turn requires some calm place to sooth the tiresome tape. It is good then to refresh the stale and renew energies through mind and heart invigoration – a tour or a trip to the green pasture and the fresh lofty forest trees will certainly lessen from the load.

Nature, in this respect, offers all what the human aspires to, an organized sojourn near the creek or on the top of a mountain or over the dales or simply a stroll in a dense forest listening to the birds' twitter will diminish the burden of long hours of toil.

Consequently, why not organize such visits amidst the beauties of nature to refresh one's life and give it another dimension, a change in behaviour, a meeting with a new companion, a contact with a strange and a family congregation for a breakfast or a dinner while children in their childish innocence skip here and there.

This is what beauty of nature will give; a chance for all namely the poor families that cannot afford to go to the seaside. This is the best natural resort to resort to, it is wealthier, safer and healthier-the forest is the best cure for the human physical and mental illnesses.

August 6th, 2014

7. the Dignity of Labour

How pleasant it is to see the black labour hands feeling a piece of bread. Blessed be the cold hand of the workman in sweeping the dropping sweat pervaded all along his forehead. Labour the noble act, the dignified heavenly deed is venerated by all. It is good to live in poverty rather than tending your hand for beggary. Most holly scripts agreed on work as a preservation to human dignity. Prophets had long lived in misery yet they did never opt for begging-They rather opted for a hard working choice, to gain a sweet loaf of bread. There is no shame in going to the forest and amass logs and sell them in the market and stand up with pride.

Passivity is not the right outlet. Evil time is the devil's time-Man by nature does not ask the others to give him or not; yet his face is not bold enough to risk his nobility. Satisfaction is an inner feeling where everyone should be satisfied even with the mean; hence, we need to cultivate the spirit of hard working and self dependency in living a decent life far from being appointed by hand.

August 7th, 2014

8. My Idea of a Hero

Heroes differ in their social positions and their roles in life. Everybody has his own idea of a hero according to certain criteria he thinks are real social scales. Thus, my idea of a hero can be summed up in the following three traits.

First, a hero has to score certain goals at times of wars and revolutionary acts, mutinies, revolts or uprisals. He has been injured, he is an invalid and has no other source of survival. Second, my hero can be a scholar who dwells in a far distant land and goes on foot to school daily; yet his miserable conditions are catastrophic, bare footed, body uncovered, clothes drenched, belly famined but with solid patience that resists harsh weather and frosty dark long days and nights. Third, my idea of a hero goes to the ill breadwinner who has many mouths to feed and whose children are not yet mature. The man is very ill, his wife is deceased and the children are not yet up to work. Though his illnesses, he frequently works but never asks people to give him. Most people do not know about his state, even his neighbours.

The idea of a hero then differs from person to person according to the nature of thinking one can give to the term.

August 7th, 2014

9. The Evils of Wars

Wars are destroyers to the human kind, animals and physical constructions. They eradicate the green, burn the living beings, leave the punies, the maimed and the handicapped. Wars in their atrocities generate armaments, set factories on work, double the labour hand and encourage consumption.

Wars are negative more than positive in the sense they serve in mass killing, create enmities between the different nations and escalate the rate of hatred feelings among neighbours. Wars feed from the foolishness of the rich materialistic nations whose envy is to see annihilation everywhere. A soldier killing another soldier for no clear purpose, even a brother killing his brother for a simple reason unconvinced.

The world of wars brings neither stability nor security to the nations. Fear everywhere, confusion at doors, noise and roars as thunderstorms reign over long distances, refugees everywhere moving from place to place; an obscene scene is displayed. Orphans rove here and there as soldiers patrol the dirty lanes.

Life is vulnerable as the atmosphere is all black and full of sooth, ponds polluted, rivers dry, moats ill smelling, body thrown under the rust. What a scene to cast in a foreshadowed hazy picture of gloom? All melancholy, sadness and darkness. No light, no electricity, no water except some moving tanks distributing water to dwellers, thirst chases the citizens who have not washed themselves for days.

Wars, indeed, are the worst enemy to mankind. Nations need to cultivate the spirit of co-existence, cooperation and mutual respect. Let us all opt for this and start thinking on how to diminish the empathy to compensate for the sympathy that has long gone.

August 7th, 2014

10. The Problem of Marriage in the Modern Time

There is no better way than marriage if it is nicely arranged and properly established under the consent of the couple. Marriage is a heavenly bond before it is an earthly story. This is the allegory to be guarded and preserved. Religiously speaking marriage is a protection against adultery which is profane and sinful.

Today, marriage, in comparison to the old days does not reflect certain virtues and moralistic shapes. Youngsters today do not give marriage its due by impairing traditions and social norms where to show the limits between masculinity and femininity.

Things are not seriously taken and marriage has lost some of its charm in what concerns respect, conservation, behaviour, physical traits of marriage ceremonies as honey moons, family reunions, invitations procedures and even at the level of cooking and culinary arts.

Many families have reduced in the amounts of food expenditures and rather start to encourage parties and follies where people dance and sow stupidities in a trivial way. A fragrant deviation from the norms that even parents observe in a strange helplessness.

August 7th, 2014

Autobiographies

Writing autobiographies is a creative art that enables writers to envision how the inanimate and the impersonal relates his own life in a funny way; hence rendering him recounts his own past in a chronology that reflects a malignant style of narration, fluidity and smoothness in relating facts and events and creating a kind of fable casting.

Readers will certainly enjoy reading autobiographies and authors mastering this style of writing got the knack of this first person omniscience. Writing autobiographies help amateur writers discover the pleasure of writing by trying their hands in this semi-fictional realistic genre.

1. The autobiography of a shoe

The world is fast moving and as history told, my ancestors rooted back to the cow hide of my grand grandmother – a pure Spanish cow grazing on the

green plains of western Europe. Then as my chance started to see some day light, my grandmother was deported to North Africa to give forth the third generation to which I belong. As she was still young and mature she used to give plenty of gallons of milk that most of villagers witnessed its heydays but slowly she began to fade when she had her last calf.

One day, the farmer, sensing her decreasing force, he decided to sell her to the local butcher who immediately, under certain pressurizing reasons slaughtered her. That was a poignant mark on my birth skin. The calf that survived was my father-I did have luck to have an unseen father. He was a perverted creature that offered himself to the butcher too, a passive type of hide that no longer can serve except in making shoes.

Days gone by and recounting the old sages” maxim as father as son, I turned to be just a piece of leather, bleached, drenched into water, tanned in the sun with salty additives. I could not bear too much parching sun, moist and salt. Really, I suffered a lot when exposed to the open air, there in the yards as stocked with plenty of my mates. The factory manager classified me among the third class quality so some of my friends and I were forgotten. My shape started to lose its vigor; I sensed rust on my shoulder and from time to time I internally shake myself to attract the manager to save me from this fiery atmosphere.

Hurrah, Hurrah I cried. I was selected to pass to

another step yet I ignored what could it be. I was very scared of the developed machinery as I was frail and could not bear the deadly cut. It was a hot furnace with a high degree boiling water. I sensed the danger from the vapor surrounding me; I could not breathe in. In a peevish instance I was immersed with others. I felt their whispers to retain strength and never to heat surrender. I kept my force and reluctantly I plunged slowly into the broad recipient. I resisted for a while then I sensed my shoulders stretching, then my whole body flattening.

To my chance, the operation was ephemeral so they got us out drenched to the bones. I was shuddering of moist and dread and I could never stand up, my feet were numb and I was overwhelmed with the sense of paralysis.

Then came the workers and dragged me on my face. That really ailed me too much; I lost some parts of my beautiful skin; we were packed as sardine and fortunately my weight was not so gross. I waited in the corner with the whole stack for two days before we were taken to the other factory to be trimmed, cut and edged. Then I felt lighter because I lost some of my weight.

The machine processed me into many parts and it was then that my fate was shaped. I was turned into a beautiful shoe that was being transported down town, to be on shelves for shoe wearers to shoe. That was a great delight for me to see the town for the first time

because my grandmothers and my ancestors did never risk themselves to go out of the pasture.

Delight was felt in my internal side and its glow was drawn on my bright face. I enjoyed my life on the upper shelf that the maids dusted every day. I was too much privileged to be on the crossroads of the maids in their to and fro to the desk. Yet my joy did not last long.

A rich man entered the shoe shop and to his gaze he pondered upon me and decided to caress my soft skin with his small rounded feet. I did not sense any pain because I believed he sensed my whisper – Be lenient with your future companion to be lenient with you when you walk.

A kind of positive answer was deduced: so he wrapped me for him and then the great boss left the shop. He put me gently beside his front seat to take me home. I appreciated his modest gestures and enjoyed my ride because I had never been on a tour by car.

I was very patient to see me home yet the distance seemed interminable. Suddenly the car stopped and the driver got out but he did not take me with him home. I was scared and many ideas started to turn in my mind. After a moment he came back with a lighter and a cigarette. He sent some puffs towards me as if he belittled my existence and started to provoke me. I was very angry; I could react but I felt enfeebled by the circumstances so I gazed at the strange man in his

constant act-chewing tobacco. He drove and drove until we reached a farm. He got out and took me by the ears, I was about to squeal like a rabbit but I preferred to keep quiet for not to attract his attention.

There, he put me in a dark cold corner with some friends who seemed very worn and tired of use. I was, in the course of time observing him alternate them in his mundane work or in having a tour. One day, he tried me and I did have some chance to walk outside the farm in the green. What a splendid feeling there rose in the air; a feeling of nostalgia teasing my brain. I closed my eyes and saw my grandmother grazing here and there. So it evoked the long souvenirs and I soon fainted in my dreams to the point I nearly made my boss fell down until he adjusted my head.

From that time on, he decided not to take me with him anymore. I really felt sorry. He might have lost his ankle because I was absent minded and did not help him avoid the pointed stone. What a pity for the forlorn-I was like an orphan weeping my fate alone. No more attention and care were given to me, no more tours in the town and no more even tours to the green pasture.

My boss was fed up with my wrong demeanor so one day he offered me to the maid working in the animals stead. Hence, from the first day, I was disfigured and I was about to weep-I was completely drenched with plenty of mud on my back. The wet mud dried on my skin and my face started to wrinkles grow.

I looked pale and bloodless; my sole leaks and my laces were torn, I loosened, fattened and lost my shape.

In the afternoon, the maids in the farm organized mini-sports activities where I was taken in turn to receive punishment. Even the dogs did not spare my life, they sniffed at me, turned my neck many times and threw me in the moats. I sensed my death coming day by day until the big storms with heavy rains cleaned the moats; then I found myself taken by the flow to the tributary that led me directly to the profundity of the river bed-a dormant lifeless piece of leather with no identity and no destination-

Life gives us a chance to recount our past; yet there are some who feel shame to evoke their past-The past is pride to the future to which the present but serves as the central bridge.

March 19th, 2014

2. The Autobiography of an Ant

We, ants, we are tiny insects trudging on the ground looking for tiny bits of the food remains to preserve for a harsh winter. We are very symbolic to man taken as a model for hard toil and perseverance. Look at and see how tiny am I; may a pensive mood from your part makes you laugh when you see me standing on my rear feet and jerking my front ones as a boxer, a sign of pride and happiness; you may laugh and laugh and pretend in yourself saying-Look how foolish am I to witness such a creature? In fact, this

juggling act may teach man thousands of lessons to take in his hard life.

Though I am not mature enough to travel distances looking for fresh food, I assign my comrades to go and fetch and I help them once they are nearer to our residence hall. We, ants, we cooperate and work together and laziness has no room to creep within us. Most of the food we preserve is solid and we have to break it down and crush it to be piled without taking space.

I remember, the first day I was designed and given permission to go out, I was astonished to see daylight of the sun, the wind and the rain-that was a strange world to me; I was ashamed because I had never shown my face before but thanks to more mature mates, I came to put an end to my timidity.

Now I move from place to place without any veil. I remember, one day I came across a big dead caterpillar that I turned around in fear because I had never seen such a huge creature. I was afraid and I could not approach the strange corpse until a group of experienced mates came so they broke the ice and we all worked together to bring it home. It was a hard work and we managed at last to bring it home.

The door to our interior house was small and the victim could not be brought into so we were obliged to dismantle it into pieces. I remember, it took us a whole day to do the job which for sure satisfied our winter lust for fresh food.

It happened to us from time to time to face dangers of water or rain which is most frequent in autumn and in winter. Water is our first enemy. The way we work is amazing, we are smart, we prepare bridges to pass over water and we are ready for sacrifice, sometimes we lose a great number from our races for the sake of the others to live; we live by the idea that unity brings power and our survival mainly rests upon our solidarity.

In comparison to other insects, we, ants, do not eat the polluted but we clean our mouths and wash our faces and avoid the ill-smelling rotten food. We used to talk, at times, with great prophets as Soloman who talked to us and understood our gestures. I believe we are the perfect image to man to copy.

We, ants, have the same rituals as humans, we marry and celebrate our events after reaping seasons when we accomplish our work and collect enough grains for winter; we respect our females by letting them at home. Work is for males only; women work inside the holes as piling the grains and breaking the seeds. Our economic system is based on self dependency as well as on group work and sometimes we are assigned missions that we have to accomplish.

We are saddened when we lose friends and we rejoice when we manage to send back a great danger that threatens our habitats. Our stings are piercer if they are organized into one single effort and that constitutes our means of defense.

We, ants, we don't frequent other races and we respect all the creatures whatever their size. We are afraid of the ant collector that destroys our habitats and swallows us in mass. We like travelling through trees and the green branches and we feel more secure when we are in company of the big red ants, they protect us from big dangers.

We, ants, we are shortlived yet our endurance serves for long the man in his subsistence adventure and economic life. Indeed, we do engrave our foot prints on the soils for the next progeniture to take heart. We die young but we may live permanent; for our deeds are crowned in gold in the interior walls of our holes

August 4th, 2014

3. The Autobiography of an Umbrella

The day I was brought to life was still marked on my forehead, a trade mark that gave me an identification and a nationality. I was all decorated with golden trimmings, a long stick made of hard plastics and canvas. I took different shapes, my head was in different colours. I liked being opened and closed as this looked as if someone was teasing me, I laughed within myself. My story was so simple.

I started as a piece of plastics, wood metal and canvas assembled together in a chinese factory to be imported to Algeria. I remember, we were assembled in a big collection, some of my friends were taken to

South Africa to the tropical land when rain was abundant; they were worn out easily.

We still had a chance, we were taken to North Africa where rain was less frequent. We were not used a lot. I remembered, the first day I was hanged on the hook in a supermarket, I felt tired of the external dust and the exposure to the sun. A generous wealthy client bought me and put me under his arm, I felt suffocated and I thanked God the distance was not too long for such a squeeze.

He brought me home and he did not use me all the winter long; he preferred using the other old models until I was sad. I craved for an outside tour under the fresh breeze and the heavy rain and I wished to thank my boss a lot if he could take me for a ride. I spent the whole winter in a sad state especially when I saw my mates hanged with drops of water falling down on their limbs, they had all a chance to have their faces washed.

My boss's behaviour was a little bit strange; I remembered by a hot day of that summer he decided to take me out; he used me under the parching sun because my colour was white; he thought the white colour would resist to heat. Really, it was a tiring day for me, the sun itched my sides and I could not scratch my body; he swang me on all sides until I felt boredom. I felt my face was flattening more and more and I reddened and perspired.

Ouf, the trip was long and fortunately we entered

home sound and safe. He immediately dived me into a cold recipient where I sensed coolness creeping in my veins, something refreshing my bones and appeasing some of my pains. When I recounted my story to my mates, they laughed incessantly.

Alone isolated in the can, I thought my boss would never take me again because though white I was, I did not provide him with sufficient shade from the parching sun. He was perspiring and turning me right and left. I was left in the cold water for three days until I sensed some wrinkles growing on my skin. Finally, my boss came and took me by the head and hang me in the corner to dry. This act pained me and I could not react.

The next season, my wealthy boss decided to give me to his maid who used me frequently, at times he descended down town for shopping-I was happy because he did not forget me, he cleaned me and put me in a safe place.

One thing that did not leave my mind was the day he opened me up with force, I felt my head was cut off from the body, the spring that hold me fixed got out flipped and flew up in the air. I opened up flat and my boss stopped, tried to collect the pieces in the blowing wind but he could not, so he threw me in the corner of the street, a dead skeleton not ready for a reuse. That was the end of my shortlived adventure. This is life, the day one is strong enough to give, he is loved and cared after, but once his muscles are enfeebled, he is easily let down.

4. The Autobiography of a Tomato

According to histories told, our origin was an oriental region southern Egypt, along the Nile River. An old farmer used to grow tomatoes in a vast orchard and used to sell young shoots to different parts of the country and the world. I was transported to Algeria in plastic bags to arrive somewhere in the region of Biskra, south of Algeria where I grew up under the shade of palm trees and fresh well waters.

As a young sprout, I was always immersed in fresh water and enjoyed being washed daily, I sensed the freshness of the cool liquid running in my feet so I extensively grew fast with the help of the heat of the mild sun.

I enjoyed being with my friends staying in rows and growing day by day until it came the day when we sent out some blossoming yellow flowers, the promise of fruit yield. Days gone by and I gave my first not yet green fruits, very nice to see as small as pellets that the farmer gradually observed in bloom.

I was greatly cared after as the farmer uprooted the weeds around me and pruned me. Bit by bit, my cheeks started to redden and the more I reddened, the more suitable I fell in the farmers' eyes until I grew in weight and height and in maturity.

The day I heard lorries noise I sensed my days were approaching. In fact, that was true. A group of farmers came along, moved in the rows and started picking us up. I was a victim of the first selection. I

was caressed gently before I was put on the box, then on the lorry then to the tomato factory where I remained stacked for days. I felt suffocated of the load on my shoulders and I was squeezed.

A few days after, we were taken to the shower, I enjoyed the operation, my face was as bright as a star and I could appear better in form. We were selected among the high class quality to be not used as preserved canned tomato but sent to the VIP official kitchens to be used as salad.

Fortunately, I escaped being crashed and smashed but still the victimization process was waiting for me. I was taken with two other packets to the officials' restaurants where we were stacked in the corner. We were waiting for our turn to be used. I was praying God not to pass first. But Alas I was among the selected ones to pass on the second dinner day.

As the cook took me by the green stem, I squealed and screamed, he put me on a flat piece of wood and started to peel me. It was there that I fainted when he pointed his knife on my neck and started chopping me – the disaster.

5. The Autobiography of a Cloud

Look how jolly am I floating over the dales in a merry way? My life is fluidity, flexibility and agility. I am always hanged on a heavenly cradle that moves from place to place, taken away by the wind to settle on a given place. My life starts from the seas and the

ocean – a mass of vapoured water due to intense heat goes up in the sky to condense into a cloud.

Then, as a cloud I meet with other mates. Some of which are white and some are somber and dark. The white clouds are lighter, not charged with heavy water; whereas the dark black ones are overcharged which tend to turn to rain immediately when they scratch the surface of one another creating lightning and thunder.

I dislike the moment my sides faced my friends', it causes friction and a kind of electric charges hiss my body and shakes my whole structure and I lose some of my weight to fall down as rain and renew the process once more.

See how my life is shortlived depending on the seasons-For instance in winter and autumn, I always feel on my alert because I need to water the land for farmers waiting to plow their land and till it. I am always active overseeing the dry patches to fill up with water. In summer and spring, my role is less active and I frequently sprinkle my showers on the green valleys and prairies.

Thanks to my flexibility, green patches and meadows, trees and forests turn gay. When everything is watered, I feel satisfied and turn happy because my mission is accomplished. Then the flowers bloom and fruit trees blossom, the flowers, daffodils, tulips and forget me nots get into full bloom. Happiness is great, hence, I SENSE THANKSGIVINGS in their upward

rising movement coming slowly and lingering around me-something that I never forget for every good deed deserves another-Halleluyah.

August 8th, 2014

6. The autobiography of a piece of cheese

You certainly bring delight to your meals with my presence on the kitchen table. I made mouths savour with the flavour I sent to the tasters. My grandmother was a cow to which I paid my utmost tribute due to her fresh milk that the dairy hurried up to collect.

My pride went to the green grass enriched in vitamins that helped my muscles grew strong and developed. The dairy men collected their milk yet my existence there started to shape once I arrived to the dairy factory.

As milk was usually required to be heat-treated or pasteurized before being made into cheese, my pasteurization process varied depending on the type of cheese being made. As my chance went to category fresh cheese, or cheese that did not need to ripen and could go immediately to market, I was put in a large milk recipient where I had to be pasteurized to prevent the growth of dangerous pathogens in the unripened cheese substance.

The pasteurization process was rather hard and to destroy dangerous bacteria that might linger after my pasteurization, certain chemicals were often added to my existence as milk, such as sodium nitrate. When

my days started to see daylight as ready made cheese, a specific controlled bacteria culture was added to it and mixed with rennet, a substance rich in active enzymes.

These enzymes ran in my veins and made the milk coagulate into a semi-solid known as curd. Once I felt as curdled milk, I was diced and placed in vats, then I was heated and stirred. This helped the bacteria grew and fed on me as curd until the syneresis process was complete. As a curdled milk, I was pressed into moulds and allowed to ripen. Then, I felt a little bit of comfort because I was relaxed; yet sometimes that ailed me when other substances were added to me for additional flavors.

When I felt stronger enough, they put me in nicely packed boxes then into big crates to travel to big fridges waiting to be carried out to the market. I was waiting in the fridge, there in cold corners when the purchasers suddenly appeared ordering some crates to leave for the nearest supermarket.

My chance that day was on a lucky star and I was soon on the shelf of a superette. I was very glad to be the first victim and the first guest of a poor family because I like serving humanity, I like to be served fresh to the hungry young children. Before all, I was originated from a strong cow and a solid goat whose milk was drunk liquid or whose cheese was served solid.

August 11th, 2014

7. The Autobiography of a Canned Apricot jam

Look how nice am I to be protected in this can that the younger children find me sweet to taste. My story is too long to relate but as children are eager to hear my personal account, I'll relate it to them.

My story started as a young apricot tree in the farmer's orchard. I was cared for, watered and pruned until I formed a stone then became a ripe apricot ready to be eaten. I was picked up gently because I was red and fat. The collectors put me on the top of the basket lest I would lose my face and my shape.

Then they took me to the factory, I was cleaned and washed then put in a large recipient where I was cooked for many minutes. Sugar then was thrown on my head and they made me boil on a hot fire. I felt depressed as heat carressed my skin that I started to lose bit by bit. Cooks were stirring the mixture constantly for some other minutes.

Heat was gradually ailing me and what hurt me much was the lemon juice that was poured on my shoulders. My friends and I were boiled for other minutes until the mixture started to squeeze and turned thick.

Then we were put in cans, sealed hot then taken to big refrigerators to stay for a few days before being marketed.

8. The Autobiography of a Horse

A nice mare you see, as gay as a bee. I used to be a small poney following my mother in her graze in the meadows and the green plains. I used to skip here and there, not know how life was and how in fact its traces would mark my lifetime. It was in the mountains that I experienced my hard days when I travelled with my mother for long distances under rain.

It was there that painful day came when my mother fell terribly ill. She could not move because her leg was damaged; she could not resist for long. She was finally shot in the place where she fell. I was saddened by the event and I could not leave the corpse of my dead mother.

My boss attached a rope on my neck and dragged me back home. Since that time life became somber in my eyes and this event took long to forget. Soon, I started to make friends and I was sold to another boss in the nearby farm. I was delighted in the company of many female horses whose gentle relationships made me more relaxing. I did not feel a stranger; they all cared for me and I was spoilt.

I spent ten years there and day by day, my owner took me to travel with him on various rides until I became his most favourite horse. We used to gallop together to far distant places and in the afternoon he gave me more fodder and rewards. He did never think of selling me as I was his right hand in the plowing and harvesting seasons.

When my owner died, I did not eat for two days, I sensed his absence each time I descended the valley and each time I went to the barn. His elder son replaced him and he used me as his favourite horse; yet I did not receive the warm welcome I used to receive from the part of his father.

When my owner left I did not serve him the way he hoped, he relinquished having me as his favourite and replaced me by a growing mare. I was left alone, moving here and there and even I did share no more in the working seasons until it came the day when he sold me.

Placed under the siege because I was old aged, I receive no more treatment and even my best friends went to their own business. Solitude killed me and loneliness made my last days so painful until my secluded death thronged my path and I succumbed alone, diseased, saddened and left to my own.

August 11th, 2014

9. The Autobiography of the Flag

Look how am I perched on the lofty buildings, waving to the other citizens, to my countrymen that are all full of pride? My story went back to the day the nation was found and built up. With the independence day, my originality started to spring. I remembered the day my country got independent and my nation men started to hang me on every building—a symbol of identity representing my nation high.

I was made of soft linen through which a star and a lune painted in red drawn on a white and a green linen silk. I was used occasionally on celebration days and in official festivities. I was always brandished on high buildings, a sign of pride and health. The wind caressed me while I was turned right and left in my constant waves.

I disliked very much the days of demise when sad events occurred to my nation. They attached me to the point I could bear it no more. Really that suffocated me and I wished all my days would be continuous happiness and prosperity.

And though the harsh weather, rain, snow and fog, I resisted telling myself, that was the true heroism that I should prove at times of distress. I persisted to wave to my countrymen until the day I was torn and became half a flag torn by the blowing wind and the parching sun. From that on, the officials replaced me and I was packed in a box with no sign of future life.

August 11th, 2014

Poetry

In this section, the author offers some types of poetry that he illustrates with some examples. He thought it is good to give some definitions and just after, state some samples for the dearest readers to read and inspire from.

The Author

1. Alliteration Poetry

Alliteration is a literary device that repeats an initial sound all along one line or different lines where words are closer to each other; thus creating a word music and rhythm. Alliteration typically uses consonants at the beginning of a word to give stress to its syllable. Alliterative verse is easily recited and memorized

1. *The Sun (alliterative verse)*

Silent serene forests breathing out soft,
Mastering melodic music in fine piped tunes

And muse in flutes upon meadows meddling oft
The meanders down the dales diving down adrift
Driving in the fresh air its flashy gates
Forming furrows invisible in foams formed.
The sun in maze suffused within the haze
Sending its morn shame fast rays
To the mountainous slopes descending down.
The running water deeply drenching the moisty moss
In its utmost green covering the mature horizons
Giving a new start to the salient shoots
To swing, twist and dance.
And down upon the creek, the rippling water forms
Foaming airy bubbles beautiful casting shadows
That playfully in magic and wonder stirring the spirit
That stops in silence gazing at the rolling stones
That water caresses calmly carrying them down the slopes.
What a marvel to muse, meditate and murmur for a while
Seeing the green patches, the daffodils dancing in the breeze
Of the colourful sunset in its shameful dance
A dance that daunted driftily beyond the mount
Weaving enfeebled by a long weary day run.

August 1st, 2014

2. The Walker

Long life lonely walker walking apace
Trudging his feet trotting his flute
Sending over the wind wavery tones tuned
That echoed against the muting mount.
The solitary walker in his silent muse

Meditating upon the viles that crept
Along his weary time wicked past.
He lost his wife yet all his children
Were pervaded along the cursed coast
The boat that carried their lives wrecked
Amidst the strand of the forced seas
He wept their demise and he deadly walked
For certain lapses he wished to forget
But it is too strong to cede to pain
The pain that torned painfully his soul
He walked and walked with the desire
To meet a soothing serene scene
But Alas, the pain in its escalating rate
Is but a persisting piercing and staggering pain.

August 13th, 2014

2. Haiku

Haiku is a Japanese form of poetry which is composed of three non rhyming lines. The first and third lines have five syllables each and the second line has seven syllables. They often express feelings and thoughts about nature; however, you could write a poem about any subject that you would like to in this form.

1. The Pond

The deep vast pond peeps
Stretching down in the valley
Bubbling up in rise.

(Tayeb Bouazid)

2. *The Rabbit*

Fair in fur skipping
Nibbling the grass in fret
Joyfully standing on paws.

(Tayeb Bouazid)

3. Epigram

A very short, ironic, pungent and witty poem usually written as a brief couplet or quatrain. The term is derived from the Greek *epigramma* meaning inscription. It is often satirical and having an ingenious ending

1. *Naivety*

Man in his own shadow
Kills his own soul in the meadow.
He stands as a lamb licking the hand
Of the butcher slitting his throat.

(Tayeb Bouazid)

2. *The foulest world*

The world is too strong to foul
Tell me its tricks, I keep it too cool
Only the wise who sows the seas
Can harvest the precious, with an offhand ease.

(Tayeb Bouazid)

4. Epitaph

A commemorative inscription on a tomb or mortuary monument written to praise the deceased.

1. The Father

Here lies the most handsome little father,
Whose bountiful deeds made the wise man weep
And made the malignant crave for such smart thinking
A father whose lament reached the world,
In zenith as his days shortened and his words
High upon the sky blessed and warmly welcomed.

Tayeb Bouazid

2. The unknown Soldier

Here lies the body of the unknown soldier
Whose deeds on his behalf shook the battles
His fierce combat defeated the world
He lied a dead body yet in praise sordid
Blessed be the soldier who fell on the battlefield
A hero, unforgotten, he wrote his own history in blood.

Tayeb Bouazid

5. Limerick

A limerick is a poem that is often silly or whimsical, written in five lines with an AABBA rhyme scheme. Often, limericks tell a short, humorous story. These types of poems have been popular for hundreds of years. It was made popular

by a British poet named Edward Lear in the 1800s, whose limericks often started off

1. The diligent man

Once upon a time there was a diligent man from Harrow
Whose wife was pregnant that he put on the wheelbarrow
Took her to the hospital on a day of snow to deliver
him a precious gift
In the midst of the road, a car driver stopped offering
him a lift
He sprang into, yet the delivery was for the day after
tomorrow.

Tayeb Bouazid

2. The Dreamer

There was once a dreamer dreaming for precious treasure
That he thought he could carry along with a great measure
But to his surprise the load was heavy so he clang to the bag
Thinking the cord would hold strong to the torn rag
The treasure scattered, the dreamer woke agaped in a
great pleasure.

6. Elegy

Elegies express a lament, often over the death of a loved one. This makes elegies especially popular for funerals. Some elegies are written not only to be read out loud; they can be put to music and sung.

(**Tayeb bouazid** in memory of his deceased father)

1. My lost father

Fair days, the infant father roamed the profundities of seas
Disturbing the world, making acquainted, sowing the seeds
In his diaries plenty of things man writes and reads
He shortlived in this life as he stung, he died as lifeless bees.
Look how the world is fierce inhumane harvesting lives
Curbing the storms, holding their reins to a final demise
Where father's death lingered as a shadow in its demise
He rests upon the cold grave, the cradle that helps
forget his beehives.

2. The demise of a Friend (in memory of 'Abacha Toufik)

A gentleman, death harvested his soul in his prime
Cut short on his first day to work
He fell upon a mortar stair smashing his head
Stumbled he dived in his faint for another night
His comrades in maze all surrounding him with a faint hope
He would revive to them and narrate his own calamities
Yet he woke not, it was his departing sleep as people thought
He died leaving behind an orphaned widow
Two small angel daughters whence to heaven clang.

TB

7. Free Verse

Free verse is a literary device that can be defined as poetry that is free from limitations of regular meter or rhythm and does not rhyme with fixed forms.

1. Refugees

Children of wars sent at large
Seeking refuge in the open air
Incessant raids upon their heads
Aircrafts chasing them from afar
Bombed, injured, appalled left to their own.
No one to care, no one to feed
Helpless, the soldiers chasing their souls
They flee death for a neighbouring nation
Alas, misfortune all along for no refuge is safe.

2. The Drunkard

A ragged man staggering on the barren land
With an empty bottle he thought would erase his brainfag
A dose of wine he longed for would open up the door
To his half squinting eyes coveting a peaceful dream
A dream he could reach the wealthy world through
But in dreams he could not yet reach what he aspired to
A fainted mind would never to truth ascend
Lest the dormant world would reverse the hold.

TB (August 13th, 2014)

3. The beggar

Aghast, the evicts winced when seeing the beggar rugged
Trodding his feet, dragging his sledge,
He was the man who commuted for bread
Seven dependents on his back to feed.
White haired, long beard and a broken back

Yet he did not falter to beg.
He spent most of his nights under the open stars
And travelled before the sun reached its morn
Life is hard, life is harsh for the breadwinners
Who went to bed with their sweat unswept.
Beware of fake trivial beggars playing the fool
For oft, the fooliest is the wisest sage.

TB August 16th, 2014

8. Sonnet

One of the most famous types of poetry, the sonnet, has been popular with authors from Dante to Shakespeare. A sonnet contains 14 lines, typically with two rhyming stanzas known as a rhyming couplet at the end. There are several types of sonnets, including:

1. Italian (also known as Petrarchan) The **Italian sonnet** uses two rhymes for the octave – the pattern is either a-b-a-b, a-b-a-b or a-b-b-a, a-b-b-a – and two or three rhymes for the sestet – the pattern is either c-d-e, c-d-e or c-d-c-d-c-d or c-d-c, c-d-c.
2. Spenserian **sonnet** follows the pattern a-b-a-b, b-c-b-c, c-d-c-d, e-e
3. English or Shakespearean sonnet follows the pattern a-b-a-b, c-d-c-d, e-f-e-f, g-g

1. *My Love*

Who ponders upon love scattering the leaves of time
Feeling the pores, sucking the sap, shaking the boughs

Scenty flowers of love I sent to you most enshrine
My sweetheart to you I bestow the plow and the furrows.
My love to you imprinted as tears on my flawing cheeks
Marking the salt drifted in their motions slow
The manly traits reflected in contests held for weeks
Depicted how deep blood in love sake flow
Loveth little who loveth long my dearest love
Knew not the pain who did not delve into the broken reed
Remnant alone, the scythe below his heart bleeding dove
That is the suffering, most injurious hard and painful to feed.
Before your love I submit my defenseless fort
Begging a bit of clemency, imploring your humane court.
TB August 13th, 2014

9. Ballad

Ballad poems are frequently sung-or at least they are intended to be sung-and they are often about love. Often, these ballads will tell stories and they tend to be of a mystical nature. As a song does, ballads tend to have a refrain that repeats at various intervals throughout.

1. The weather

Let the weather embark us on its wings
Soft, silent sniffing the cyanic blues
Let the tender spots of our lovers hear
The sounds of the breeze in its hip-hop.
Let the weather embark us on its wings
Soft, silent, sniffing the cyanic blues.

Let not the villain rogues swarm the world
Roving on earth, impairing its beauties.
Let the weather embark us on its wings
Soft, silent, sniffing the cyanic blues.

TB (August 13th, 2014)

2. Rain

We turn up the coats, we beg the heaven,
The sky is cloudy, rain, rain, rain
The drizzles down, the soil refreshed
The dead plants, their roots scattered
We turn up the coats, we beg the heaven
The sky is cloudy, rain, rain, rain
The soil is drenched, the bodies damped
Everything is gay and green
We turn up the coats;we beg the heaven
The sky is cloudy, rain, rain, rain.

Tayeb Bouazid

10. Pastoral

One of the poetic favorites is pastoral poetry because it elicits such wonderful senses of peace and harmony. In general, pastoral poetry focuses on describing a rural place, but the terms are very peaceful.

1. The Shepherd

As modest, he lingered his rugged feet in pride,
Daunted by his own grandeur in its floating pace,
Lulling the herd, echoing the space with his slow stride

Blowing the flute, whistling to his spaniels bred race.
His eyes as eagles suffused with sharp offence
On wolves trying in slow attacking the herd,
In his conscience, there crawls the serpent hiss
That senses the low and the high with no repentance.
Oft, the shepherd, alert on his upsurge vision might miss
The little lambs unobserved, the wolves devour and kiss.

TB August 13th, 2014

2. The Sunset

An oval shape down the horizon going to sleep
In its orange linen mixed with white and red
It slows down the slopes as if waving its rays
Enfeebled as a crossbow cobwebbed.
It is the sun that for a long day shines unfatigued
To lie at last giving hazy hues illformed.
Its colour fascinates the eyes and gives them much attire
To the internal eye whose vision gazed agaped.
The evening is quiet, splendid and prepossessing
One stops apace to glance at its energetic demise
Melting gradually in its slowing down to half.
Lo! how beautiful the sunset is when the last bit of it remains
A nice photo cherishes hearts and relieves the wicked mind
The full colour then pervades to signal to shepherds
To gallop coming back with their herds
As if saying, the natural lamp will cede its light
Hurry up before wolves start their mundane chase.
The sunset is the most admiring image in view
See how beautiful it is in the multitudes, in long horizons

Upon lofty mountains, the views fascinate the spirit
Hampering the onlookers from sweeping their views
Until its final decay, there beyond the mounts taking
its final sleep.

TB August 14th, 2014

11. Epulaeryu

The “Epulaeryu” poem is about delicious food. It consists of seven lines with thirty-three (33) syllables. The first line has seven syllables, the second line five, the third line seven, the fourth line five, the fifth line five, the sixth line three, and the seventh line has only one syllable which ends with an exclamation mark. Each line has one thought relating to the main course. Therefore, this new poetic form, the Epulaeryu, which has corresponding lines built around the main course, and ending with an exclamation point, concludes with the ending line expressing the writer’s excitement and feelings about the poem.

1. *The Algerian Couscous*

Couscous grains on sieves vapoured
Chopped onion garlic oil added
Tomatoes, paprika salt pinched
Sliced courgette, peas, meat boiled
Couscous sauce adjusted
Whole mixture cooked
Serve!

(Tayeb Bouazid)

12. Etheree

Created about twenty years ago by an Arkansas poet named Etheree Taylor Armstrong. The Etheree consists of ten lines of unmetred and unrhymed verse. The first line having one syllable, each succeeding line adding a syllable, with the total syllable count being fifty-five.

1. Life

Life,

My school

You taught me

Plenty of reflective morals,

If worked out would lead

To good deeds people would act,

Reluctantly saving their lives from true sins.

Life, dearest friend you bestowed us with prophesies

The wise in you would to his world take

To enliven the wicked spirits before to their tombs go.

Tayeb Bouazid (August 14th, 2014)

2. Fate

Fate,

My destiny

That leads me,

Guides my future perspectives

To a heavenly planned destination.

My fate is my own conviction,
Be it a bird of good omen,
A bird that brings within its seals prosperity.
Fate is a strong belief that marks human's life
Take it, live it and never call it bad names.

TB August 15th, 2014

13. The ABC poetry

The alphabet poem (sometimes called an ABC poem) is similar to the acrostic but, as its name suggests, it uses the letters of the alphabet in order. An ABC poem has a series of lines that create a mood, picture, or feeling. Lines are made up of words and phrases. The first word of line 1 begins with an A, the first word of line 2 begins with a B etc.

1. The Prisoner

Afraid, he was embarked to a tiny cellar
Bridled as a horse lest he would flee
Calm, down he drifted along the somber corridor
Dungeon was waiting for him he advanced in gloom
Eleven o'clock stroke the pendulum hanged in the yard
For fighters within the ward to start their contest
Giant bodies got out in howl roaring as thunder
Hurrying in speed, killing one another
Itching their bodies from dirt for long unwashed
Just as they bullied, blood submerged their necks.
Knocked down, the prisoner fainted, his head immersed
Lingering upon the barrels yet the guards in fun

Murmuring in mute, observing the body and laughed.
Tayeb Bouazid August 14th, 2014

2. *The Sea Captain*

Amazed, the forlorn captain lost his course to the island
Blurring his compass, impairing his tools, papers in damp
Cradled upon his ship as a rug in the whirlwind;
Diving abreast in his ups and downs along the deck
Erring, unconscious, taken over by the incessant rain
Fists open, mouth agaped standing in desperation.
Gaiety had long gone with his diaries flown
Hear only his moan coming as a faint sound
In the nearby piercing the noisy topmast
Jerking in swift, breaking the waves
Killing the shrinking hopes.
Lo! The captain still clang to veers with tenacious hands
Meddling his fears, sweeping his tears
Nay, he said I'll reach not the Island astray.
Oh, the great man opened wide his eyes to see the island
Plunged into water, swam to the shore with a great pride.
TB August 14th;2014

14. The Colour poem

A colour poem is a poetic art that describes colours by using similes and other analogies. Most colour poems use the five senses; i. e. smell, taste, feel, sound and sight. Colour poems can be descriptive of just one colour such as purple only or a number of them each in its own paragraph.

1. The Red Colour

Red is the colour of blood abundant in wars
When the injured soldiers constantly bleed
Red is the sign of danger, of heavy debts.
Red is the most attractive colour of bulls
That are furious and full of rage on its sight
Red is the colour of tomatoes and pomegranates.
Red metaphorically is used for lips, cheeks and anger
The Red carpet, the red bull, the red riding horse.
Fire is red and the firebrigade used the red paint
A sign of fiery scene that demands firemen.

2. The Green colour

Green is cabbage, lettuce and cauliflower
Green is the vivid colour of chlorophyll
It is the symbol of peace in olive trees.
Green denotes maturity yet unripe fruit
Green is hope and life especially in spring
It is life itself wrapped in its prime.

TB August 15th, 2014

Dr Bouazid Tayeb

Brief Bio Data noting history of professional expertise

Mr Tayeb Bouazid is a graduate and postgraduate lecturer in the English Department University Mohamed Boudiaf, Msila, Algeria. He has an MA in psycho pedagogy and TEFL, a MEd (with specialisation in Environmental Education (UNISA) and a Teacher Trainer Certificate of Advanced Studies from Lancaster University.

In addition, he is recently awarded a completion certificate with Middle East Partnership of the best practices in teacher training programs. Mr Bouazid is a freelance writer for the London School of Journalism and he is a fifth year doctorate student at the University of Batna, Algeria.

The author has already contributed to many articles writing – **Southern African Journal of Environmental Education**, Vol. 26, 2009, **Arab Gulf**

Journal of Scientific Research, 27 (1&2): 59 – 69 (2009), **Per Linguam** 2010 26(2): 33-49 Department of Curriculum Studies, Private Bag X1 7602 Stellenbosch, South Africa. Mr Bouazid contributed with poems with **CLRI** july 2013, Jan. 2014.

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Cet ouvrage a été composé par Edilivre

175, boulevard Anatole France – 93200 Saint-Denis

Tél. : 01 41 62 14 40 – Fax : 01 41 62 14 50

Mail : client@edilivre.com

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ISBN papier : 978-2-332-83978-7

ISBN pdf : 978-2-332-83979-4

ISBN epub : 978-2-332-83977-0

Dépôt légal : janvier 2015

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Imprimé en France, 2015