

Tayeb Bouazid

The Feather

A collection of Tales and Poetry



Dedication

This work is dedicated

to

- *my wife and Children*
- *my dearest Prof-Cheryl Le Roux, Unisa*
- *Dr Touati Mourad – a close friend and an academic wrestler*
- *My students wherever they are in this small world*

Foreword

This is a collection of SHORT STORIES and poetry edited by Dr Bouazid Tayeb, a creative writer, who thought to offer to his faithful readers another series of short stories and poems ranging from different aspects of life. Behind such writing diversity, he hopes to give his readers great enjoyments.

Dr Tayeb Bouazid
Senior University Lecturer

“Literature is not the private domain of an intellectual elite. It is instead the reservoir of all mankind’s concerns.”

– Probst

Introduction

1. On the importance of Teaching and reading literature

1.1. On Literature teaching

Using literature and its benefits for ESL students in the classroom have long been recognized and promoted by ESL teachers and researchers in the field of education. Reading literature is beneficial to language development (Johnson & Louis, 1987; Morgan, 1998; Myonghee, 2004; Sage, 1987)

Literary texts are also rich resources of accurate diction, diverse sentence patterns, and passionate narratives (Ghosn, 2002). Moreover, reading literature enhances ESL students' knowledge of culture and society, which is too complicated to be captured by any single piece of expository writing (Edmondson, 1995/6).

The various assets literature presents are-it is a motivating material that develops the students' ability

for interpretation, an ability for criticism and an enhancing step towards creative writing. In short, using literature models as samples for literary production helps increase motivation and incites learners to write. According to Rubera (2009) Language input is as important as language output. A good use of literature in class provides the opportunity for students to obtain and analyze the language as well as produce it (Rubera, A.R (2009)

1.2. On Literature Reading

Explanations that attempt to describe the actual process of reading vary greatly. Each definition or description posited by researchers is their attempt to capture the essence of the process. Reading has been defined as learning to interpret symbols and pronounce words; as identifying words and getting their meaning and thirdly, reading means learning to bring meaning to a text in order to get meaning from it (Foertsh 1998). Dechant (1991) merges the range of definitions of reading into two general categories:

- a) those that equate reading with interpretation of experience and the attribution of meaning generally, and
- b) those that restrict the definition to the identification and interpretation of graphic symbols.

The fact that no conclusive operative definition has yet been agreed upon is probably due to the fact that reading is a particularly complex activity that involves

cognitive and affective activities and competence which are not easy to encapsulate in words. The description provided by Goodman (1967) well illustrates the point:

Reading is a psycholinguistic guessing game. It involves an interaction between thought and language. Efficient reading does not result from precise perception and identification of all elements, but from skill in selecting the fewest, most productive cues necessary to produce guesses which are right the first time. The ability to anticipate that which has not been seen, of course, is vital in reading, just as the ability to anticipate what has not yet been heard is vital in listening.

In broad terms reading presumes the ability to interpret symbols and assign meaning. Reading competence is a fundamental requirement for engaging in literature studies but despite having mastered – albeit to varying degrees – the reading process itself, many university students find literary studies extremely challenging since for several it is their first encounter with studying literature and they lack the competences required to critically engage with and demonstrate comprehension of the course material.

This occurrence has been researched by many in the field of literary studies who agree that it is imperative to delve deeper into the processes and competencies involved in reading if one is to meaningfully guide students to develop and improve their literary competence.

Duke, Charles R. argues that students should have time to enjoy what they read, he said "... if we do not also provide equal time for students to enjoy, contemplate, and relive the experience of reading a text, we may be sending a contradictory message about what the purpose of literature study is. "The role of reflection, problem-solving and discussion in the teaching of literature."

Learning to read poetry is an on-going process, requiring regular and frequent use of strategies. (Writing poetry requires skills and is likely to result in a product.) This unit (and the Short Story Unit) integrates strategy and skills lessons to help teachers give all students' access to the Core Content for literary reading and writing. (1984 page 3)

2. On Creative writing

2.1. Definition of creative writing

Creative writing is any writing that stretches beyond what is normal academic and professional or journalistic writing. Its traits are qualified through literary crafting with a focus on the narrative aspects as in telling stories or composing poetry. Creative writing embraces both fictional and non fictional works as novels, biographies, short stories, poems and even writing for the screen and stage as the case of films and plays.

2.2. Writing to learn through self evaluative stance

One of the most valuable lessons you can learn is that writing is a powerful tool for learning—that writing, far from simply being the product of thinking, can actually shape thinking. Address what you have come to know through the act of writing this year. Include what you have learned about yourself, as well as any connections made through this or any curricular assignment.

What new insights did you come to about yourself and about life? Again do not simply say that you learned a lot! You must be specific and tell me what you learned, how and why. What new insights did you gain from writing, from class discussions and classmates, peer editing, articles, writing essays? What article analysis did you get the most out of? What was it you discovered and how has that discovery affected you?

2.3. Creative writing sample

Include one piece of creative writing. All writing that is not simple copying is creative. Do not assume that academic writing is not creative. Those of you who write as a pastime can include their personal writing in this section. This can include academic writing, poetry, short stories, life reflections, responses to literature that you have read etc. Write a brief explanation why you chose this as your creative writing sample. You can use items from other classes, personal writing, free writes, bio poems, patterned

writing, picture or any piece of writing that expresses you freely in writing.

3. On Creative Writing

3.1. On Poetry Writing

3.1.1. Introduction

Myers considers poetry as “A highly organized artistic genre (a group of works with common form) of oral or written expression that seeks to instruct, inform or entertain” (1989, page 237). Similarly and adding to the artistic merit that poetry shows, Percy Shelley (1821) sees it as a mirror which makes beautiful that which is distorted. Denise Folliot as translated to Paul Valéry the *art of Poetry said that*

A poem like a piece of music, offers merely a text, which strictly speaking, is only a kind of recipe; the cook who follows it plays an essential part. To speak a poem in itself, to judge a poem in itself has no real or precise meaning. It is to speak of a potentiality. The poem is an abstraction, a piece of writing that stands waiting, a law that lives only in some human mouth, and that mouth is simply that a mouth. (1961: 162)

However Stan Smith sees poetry as a double edged dimensional trend; for him” *A poem is produced at the intersection of two histories, the history of the formal possibilities available to the poet – conventions, themes, language – and the history of the individual as a particular expressive ‘medium’, a*

product of his own time and place". (1982.page 9)

But for Margaret Meek there is another experience about poetry, for her the best premises about poetry writing starts at an early age

"Poetry is never better understood than in childhood when it is felt in the blood and along the bones. Later, it may be intricately interpreted, explained or demonstrated, as something made of language. To enjoy poetry is to revel in it, to explore sadness, loss, in ways that language makes possible. Poetry is also about language as a plaything... at the same time poetry shows that language makes and remakes texts in ways that relate that word to texture and textile. The attractiveness of any poem includes its shape, its constructedness. (1991: 182)

Dr Joanna Moody speculates on the study of literature saying,

"The study of literature begins from the inward response, the imaginative consciousness of what one has experienced in the process of reading. That consciousness is formed primarily in the response to the text, and gives rise to the processes of thinking and writing about it. The student of literature has to be objective, and is expected to learn a wide range of critical terms and ideas. S/he needs to understand the technical terms and broader critical vocabulary as instruments of analysis and interpretation of

literary texts, and then use them to organize and present an informed critical response.”

Poetry in its nature deals with the two comprehensive themes – NATURE and MANKIND. Poetry appeals more to emotions and feelings than to cognition and understanding. One can say that poetry looks like a combined work that of the painter and the musician-they play both on the visual, auditory and the artistic side.

For a good evaluation of poetry, the reader is expected first to appreciate it and to be able to find faults with it. The reader has to detect how the poet makes his thrill, his mysterious power, how he gives us pleasure, charm, wonder and delight. So, the true poetry is embalmed with great qualities –

What makes the study of literature important and the development of poetry writing special?

As Maley & Duff have noted:

“One of the most important conditions for learning a foreign language... is the opportunity to play with it, to pull it this way and that, to test its elasticity, to test and explore its limits. Poetry is par excellence the medium in which this can be done” (1989 p.9).

Certainly, we read literature to understand human experience across time and place.

Hess notes:

“A very structured approach to the study of poetry can use the compactly condensed text of

a poem to create meaning-filled language lessons that integrate the four skills, allow for the cohesion of text with the life experiences of students, and heighten both interest and involvement in the language lesson”.(2003 p.20)

Iona Leki (1986) said that “Poetry has the advantage of being short and often of appealing to the senses by attempting a re-creation of auditory and visual images.” (p.2)

As Maley & Duff succinctly note: “Poetry offers a rich resource for input to language learning” (1989, p. 7) “A poem offers a ready-made semantic field for the learners to enter (Mackay, (1987, p. 53)” poems can be used in language classes as a valuable resource to introduce and practice language items by exposing students to “authentic models – real language in context” (Brumfit and Carter, 1987, p. 15)

And although post secondary school students and university scholars may be familiar with literary genres such as poetry, fiction, non-fiction, and drama, many of them do not enjoy or fully understand how to interpret and react to poetry. They read it because they haven’t yet learned strategies for reading a variety of poems and enjoying the sweetness they may derive from.

So, what is there to learn about? We believe students may think of identifying themes, settings, poetic devices and so on... And as it has been confirmed by Collie and Slater (1987) “using poetry in

the language classroom can lead naturally on to freer and creative written expression”. (p.226)

Tomlinson has pointed out that using poetry contributes far more to the development of language skills in real contexts than “a total concentration on the presentation and the practice of language items” (1986, p. 42). Readers need strategies that help them read not only the words on the page but also read between and beyond the lines. Activating readers’ prior knowledge of a topic before they begin to read may help students’ comprehension (Carrell and Eisterhold 1983; Grabe 1991; Ur 1996).

Students need to know the specialized language of literary texts, get familiar with versification, symbolism, structure and forms of poetry to develop later on into poetry writers. Zamel (1992, p.480) “In the same way that writing a text necessarily involves reading it, reading a text requires writing a response to it. Thus, just as the teaching of writing should involve the teaching of reading..., the teaching of reading is necessarily the teaching of writing. Just as reading provides ‘comprehensible input’ for writing, writing can contribute comprehensible input for reading”

Literary studies presuppose that students are equipped not only with adequate literacy or reading skills but also the ability to interpret what is read for as Burke described it, *reading without reflecting is like eating without digesting* (Think exist). It follows that proficient readers are those students who are able to

recognize the purpose for reading and monitor their comprehension of and response to the literary text.

Support for this tenet is provided by Isenburg (1990) whose research indicates that the reading of a literary text can be seen as a form of information processing which considers the thought processes involved in the understanding of the literary text. According to Fitzgerald (1993), literature can be the vehicle to improve students' overall language skills. It can "expose students to a wide variety of styles and genres" (p. 643). For Sage, it is in literature that "the resources of the language are most fully and skillfully used" (1987: 6)

Tomlinson states: "Poetry... can open and enrich the content of language lessons, can provide useful opportunities for gaining experience of the world, and can contribute to the development of the 'whole person' as well as the 'learner of a language' (1986 (b) p. 34). Poems provide a stimulus and can serve as a good model for creative writing (Maher, 1986). Collie and Slater added that "using poetry in the language classroom can lead naturally on to freer and creative written expression"² (1987, 226)

Furthermore, the work of Torell (2001) establishes that literary competence cannot be reduced to internalised literary conventions and that literary competence encompasses more than cognitive ability. Readers, interpreters should be prudent when perusing literary works. In addition, understanding literary

theories also helps readers increase their perspectives and enlarge their interpretive abilities. Teachers can and must help university students get the most out of poetry.

Nicole Baart fits this description, with the idea being to use students' sense of smell and taste as a jumping off point for poetry writing. She writes: "... *these workshops teach students to look past the ordinary, be aware of the world around them, and find inspiration in perfectly normal, uninspiring places. The result is often a mixture of personal enlightenment and the expression of self.* (2002, p.99)

Many learners feel scared when interpreting poetry and paraphrasing what they have been asked to. This is may be due to the uncertainty they face in understanding the poems. Learners are not aware enough to consider that interpretation includes a number of different things where they as readers have to discover about what the author really means by this or that. Christison, (1982: 17) stipulates that writing poetry in a second language creates self-confidence and "positive feelings about the language learning experience"

Arlen Gargagliano said that "Learning to write is like learning to play a musical instrument, the more they practice, the better they will be "(2001: vii). Taken at a level, written expression has become more vivid, more concrete and more visible. Students gradually learn how to exploit the written word and make it count. Tomlinson (1986) affirms:

“The main objective of using poetry in language lessons is... to find a means of involving the learners in using their language skills in an active and creative way and thus to contribute to the development of their communicative competence” (p. 33).

3.1.2. A Personal Insightful spell on poetry writing

Writing poetry has always been an excited occupation for me; for when I set to write and immerse myself in poetry writing I felt a kind of relaxation, a strong desire to write nonstop. Writing poetry made me feel grow with passion; to self gratify my experiences and feelings.

Poetry writing starts with a simple idea that itches and teases the brain; it locates itself on the tip of the pen and incites the internal part of the mind to jot it down. And once it comes down on the white sheet, it requires certain shaping, a structure, an organization, a musical consideration, a choice of appropriate diction and a flow of thoughts that does reflect a witty mind, an intelligible thought.

Writing poetry demands intellectual competencies and meta cognitive aspects:

1. Wit and wisdom

What makes the difference between a poet and a non poet or a poet and a seer is that a seer may predict things that a non poet or a layman cannot

think of; the difference lies in the sense of prediction, the anticipation and the discovery of the latent things that a normal person cannot show. “The meanest flower that blooms often makes men lie deep for tears” as Wordsworth once insinuated to. Wisdom often appears in poetry in the form of allegories, parables and maxims that are just pithy expressions whose meanings to heaven travel fast.

2. Creativity:

Poets, by nature, are creative and their creative genius appears in their constant handling of their sources material, they avoid repetitions and each time they set to write they bring something new; something that baffles the spirit and makes their innovative spirit search for the new.

3. Innovation

Next to creativity, innovation is another mark that veils the poets’ writing and has become their main preoccupation. Poetry writing does not believe in monotonous routine, but it amplifies all what is new and promotes creation.

4. Emotional upsurge

Poetry writing springs from a felt experience, not necessarily positive but it can be also negative. As dark romanticism exists as an opposing view to the exhilarating romanticism, this can be applicable for the inner feelings a poet experiences in the course of time.

5. The Choice of Diction and music

Poetry writing demands a good use of diction and an appropriate register that fits within the context. Poetry requires poetic words, not far-fetched ones but just words that convey musicality as it is created by rhythmic patterns, alliterative diction, rhymed endings, the use of repetition, refrain, assonance and consonance mixed all in an onomatopoeic crucifix to yield a pleasant piece of poetry.

3.2. On short Story Writing

It is important that students are exposed to many different aspects of writing. Exploring short stories of different cultural multitudes will enable readers to open up their minds to different cultures these stories bear. The short stories featured in this book relate different aspects of the Algerian society. Hence, they offer students many opportunities to internalize and apply the knowledge they gain about reading and interpreting literature as it is reflected throughout the various plots.

Readers need to be exposed to the craft of using language, the literary devices that the author has used, and how these can make a story work (or not work) for a reader. The short stories selected for readers as they are laid down contain underlying themes or motifs that challenge the students to draw broader conclusions from the selected material.

This will encourage them constantly to think on a wider level about inter textual issues and themes

related to the Algerian context and compare it to their own. I believe this makes the difference between a good story reader and the other one.

3.2.1. Introduction to the Elements of the Short Story

As its name indicates, a short story does not contain a lot of settings; it consists of a simple plot, a few characters and even a few rising actions. Here are certain vital elements to consider when writing a short story. These elements can be summed up as follows;

3.2.1.1. The Plot

The plot consists of the number of sequenced events or incidents that make up a story from beginning to end. This, of course, includes at the beginning of an initial phase called **exposition** where an introductory overview about the background to stimulate the reader and give him an idea about the overall threads of the story. There should be one single plot with unity of person, unity of action, of place and of time.

Throughout the story, there rise conflicting incidents between the hero or protagonist – struggle between opposing forces (protagonist vs. antagonist). This can take the form of hero versus the villain or between a person versus himself as the case of psychological stories where the hero suffers an internal struggle with himself concerning his own decisions, hesitations in taking decisions as in

Hamlet, Shakespeare or in cases where the hero struggles against natural forces as fire, flood, monsters, fish, dragons as in Beowulf.

Hence in the course of occurring events, some **rising actions** leading to the complication in the development of the conflict that increases in tension creating a **climax**.

Climax is but a turning point of the story where things start to get complicated with the emergence of unexpected events interfering with the plans of the characters; hence creating **suspense**. Then there is a lesser intense mood leading to a falling action which resulted in **the denouement or unknottting** where the resolution of the problems lie.

3.2.1.2. *The Characters*

A short story may include from one to few characters. The **Character** – is generally the central or focal element in a story through whom the main events rotate. In a short story, some characters are permanent; others come and go. In general there are four types of characters.

1. Round character where details about are too much used, the character moves a lot and demands description and many other aspects related to.

2. Dynamic character is the one that works a lot and develops through his contact with his surrounding and the external world where he grows; hence we learn more about him through his role.

3. Flat character is the one that is not permanent- it appears at certain moments then disappear.

4. Static character is the one that does not change from the beginning of the story to the end and is always playing his constant role without too much change.

To develop the characters selected the writer resorts to many techniques through which he learns about and be able to convey knowledge about. The elements used are

1. Physical description where the writer gives us ample information about every character through facial and body description, in addition to internal traits where the author often chooses an omniscient point of view and enters into his characters' minds and reveals to us everything about.

2. Speech and actions of the character that are essential reflecting traits. The writer knows his characters and makes them known to his readers through their behavior, attitudes and actions as well as through their roles within the milieu they live in.

3. Sometimes the writer is not himself **the narrator**. Hence thanks to the narrator that we understand the characters roles and functions.

4. The characters' speeches and what others say about them are more than often features that could be taken into consideration.

3.2.1.3. The Setting and Mood:

– By **setting**, we mean the time and place in which

the story is taking place, including factors such as weather and social **atmosphere**. **The mood** is the state of feelings the story creates in the reader as horror.

3.2.1.4. *Point of view*

1. Omniscient – All knowing observer who moves from place to place and sees into the heart. The author tells the story using the third person. In short, the author knows all of what is done, said, felt, and thought by the characters.

2. Limited omniscient or Third person narration. The story is narrated by an observer-they, she, he, and it is narrated by an outside observer or limited omniscient. In short, the story is told through the eyes of an outside observer.

3. First person – In this kind of narration, one character tells the story in the first person, using I, me we etc... The reader sees and knows only as much as the narrator.

3.2.1.5. *Figurative language*

Simile – comparison using *like* or *as he is as courageous as a lion*; whereas **Metaphor** – comparison without using like and as in He is a lion at wars. Also **Personification is used and this concerns the attribution of humanlike qualities to inanimate things.**

Baart, N. (2002). *Saying it more intensely: Using sensory experience to teach poetry writing*. English Journal, 91 (3) 98-103.

Christison, M.A. (1982). *English through Poetry*. Hayward, CA: Allemany Press.

Dechant, E. (1991). *Understanding and teaching reading: an interactive model*. New York: Lawrence Erlbaum.

Fitzgerald, J. (1993). *Literacy and students who are learning English as a second language*. *The Reading Teacher*, 46 (8), 638-647.

Foertsch, M. (1998). *A study of reading practices, instruction, and achievement in District 31 schools*. [Online]. Available: [2009, 17 September].

Hess, N. (2003). *Real language through poetry: a formula for meaning making*. *ELT Journal*, 57 (1), 19-25.

Isenberg, N. (1990). *Literacy competence: the ELT reader and the role of the teacher*. *ELT Journal*
Kazemek, Francis E. "Functional literacy is not enough: Adult literacy as a developmental process,"

Journal of Reading, 28 (4), January 1985, pp. 332-335
44 (3): 181-190.

Leki, I. (1986) Teaching Literature of the USA to non native speakers," English Teaching Forum, Vol.xxiv, nb.1

Mackay, R. (1987). Poems. Hong Kong: Modern English Publications.

Maley, A. and Duff, A. (1989). The Inward Ear: Poetry in the Language Classroom.

Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Myers, J. (1989). *The Longman Dictionary of Poetic Terms*. New York: Longman,

Myers, D. G. *The Elephants Teach: Creative Writing since 1880*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2006.

Sage, H. (1997). *Incorporating literature into ESL instruction*. Englewood Cliffs, NJ:

Prentice-Hall.

Stan, S. (1982). *Inviolable voice: History and Twentieth Century Poetry* Dublin

Torell, O. (2001). Literary competence beyond conventions. *Scandinavian Journal of*

Educational Research, 45 (4): 369-379.

Zamel, V. (1992). Writing one's way into reading. *TESOL Quarterly*, 26 (3), 463-485.

Part Two

Collection of Poems

On Poetry:

*“Poetry reading is an enjoyment in itself,
it enlivens the heart burdens, uplifts the soul
to its emblematic upsurge.”*

TB

*“Poetry writing elevates the spirit,
Promotes creativity,
Generates vocabulary,
Self gratifies feelings and experiences”*

TB

1

Professions

1. The shepherd

A stout man, trudging his rags in action slow
Counting his pace, dragging his cane,
 Rising the dust.
Lulling the herd, blowing his flute
 in tunes flow.
The little lamb skipped all around,
 Jumping fast
Giving fillip to the remaining herd in motion low
To hasten to the green meadows defying him in blast.
The shepherd tuned was taken up by the tones
Hearing the echoes coming back gently set a drift
Nonchalant, staggering as a drunk
 Imbued to the bones,
Unconscious, the goats set the lance,
 He wished a lift.
Poor shepherd he lost his verve at large,
Encouraged the wolves to devour

The lamb and the sheep
When he woke up half the group had yet gone
Beware you, shepherds and fathers in charge
Assume Heavy loads falter not
Or do them, well done.
Mistakes are prickly spines tearing
The soul and the flesh
Let not remorse grew splitting
Into your heart afresh.

August 28th, 2014

2. The Soldier

Brave is the soldier whose open chest defeats
The foe in his weavering shadow impedes
Trotting the soil, sweeping the dried leaves
He rests upon a tree to pry the foregone prints
That passed beneath the roots in their upraise.
Fair day, fair weather, the dust had to the sky gone
Yet down, the rain had started with its gentle drizzles
Life has not given the soldier the only melancholic dream
That he ever lived by a symbol of trustfulness.
He stood in water cold in the open meadows
The rain teasing his torn raiment in play,
He looked down the forest and recounted in memories
The gone yet and the rest that remain will incessantly go.
The soldier in his devoted spirit and lowly mind
Remembered the dearest comrades felling on the ground
He wept and his cold fingers yet numb
Broken hearted, he wept and swept the cold tears
Melted upon his reddened cheeks.

He thought in himself, where the handsome friends gone
That ever playfully hid behind the mounts
Dreary dire atmosphere to hold the rein for wild tears
Upon the cheeks they came down drifting
No more weeping; no more agony would erase
The fast moving pictures ailed and tortured.

Only the souvenirs will unleash the rein to more wildernesses
Where souls traverse the frontiers in their mutual whisper
That all soldiers share, a lament for all.

Wars, in their ups and downs have marked the fate of man
To die on the battlefield or stand on a high moat
There comes the day when all soldiers wake and walk
Hand in hand driving their souls to their eternal stead.

The souls then would eventually join
And hearts would cordially bleed,
Yet with no tears would to time shed down.

September 5th, 2014

3. The Postman

Sweeping the world,
Sending the word
Sanctifying the souls.

Oft drenched whispering
To his consciousness
Delivering the word in silence.

He runs, trotters, swings the mail box
Hands upon the sleeves
The pen above the ear
Ready to jot down the tip of the pen.

That is the postman, yet in his to and fro
In Frailty shaking the boughs
Delivering instantly the good news
The news of the immigrant's return.

The sailor on his tempestuous drift
Sending a dispatch to his pregnant pair
In haste on his way to name the babe
The baby is born, the wife is sane.

The postman shares the feast
Under the incessant rain,
Nonchalant he walks,
His mission hence, not gone in vain.

November 25th, 2014

4. The Life of a Miner

A soothing face
In a soothing plant
Inhaling the ash,
Drinking the gull.

Within the muddy lanes
He swayed beneath in cold.
No sun, no heat that warm his limbs
Frost to quills piercing Ohim deep.

Planting its seeds within the flesh
No pay, no hail for an uncertain day
Only black hues marked his pain.

As if life gloom in himself crawls
Alone, dormant with suffused eyes
Red marking the long pained days.

He suffers loneliness, a lamp in faint
Flickering his pathways in haze
His days are counted in peevish ways
That tomorrow he might not get insane.

The world then will demise his bitter soul
Enchanted not, alas not in its heydays
What is man in such chaos to count
A lifeless leaf blown by an autumn wind.

November 25th, 2014

5. The hunter

On the eve of the hunting day
The hunter sat on his knees
Cleaning his canons balls,
Sweeping the cartridges
Packing them with a careful drift.

Went to his bed with a vital dream
Of hunting the exotic, the rare fowls
Catching them all, ready for a lifetime
Picnic embracing the whole neighbors
In a sweet congregated mess.

The day he arose, a cap on the head
Swollen trousers with braces suspended
A long trotting boot that saw no tire
A jacket on, a pullover rolled upon the sleeves.

A spaniel before him sniffing at the ground
Tracing blood traces drifted for long
The hunter sensing the partridge flushing
Beneath the dead cobweb and fallen leaves.

He stood erect waiting for the fowl to fly
Yet the bird instinct flew rather swift
Before he pointed his arm on it flew
Frr Frr see you next year my dear hunter
Partridge eggs might be found once in lifetime.

The hunter pointed his gun another time
Yet no more fowls on the rise
With slow paces he trudged his feet
Back to his home with an upset mind.

Lest his wife would blame and put to shame
Poor hunter he had never caught a fowl
Lamented his cursed hand for catching naught.

November 27th, 2014

6. The Hermit

A square space of a few meters
High there dwelt,
A hermit with his long beard
To the earth lengthened
He lived alone and in his quest
A quiet peaceful trait
Marking his modest life
A religious grandpa
Killed in loneliness,
A widowed man in woe
Self-appalled turning his coat
Towards the sun
Seeking a bit of hot sunrays
For his cold days
That winter doors open

Fierce that night
Chilling in frets the half bare
Body shivering
The hermit in his grotto
Secluded and appalled.
Driven by the dream his paradise
On heaven arranged
Thought he the flowery road
Would nowhere lead
He vehemently hastened
In his pious preaching
Lest God forgive his unconscious
Misdeeds and sins.

Oct 26th 2014

2 Nature

1. The Beach

The waves in their high and low
 Ebbing as they strive,
Denote the constant upheavals
 Of the dormant life.
The splash of water, the rising vapor,
 The agitation
Enfold a deep secret to human
 Being unrivaled.
Rare are those who closely
 Listen to the tide,
When in agitation caresses
 The lowly sand.
Moistening the shore where young
 Children unconsciously
Jump and playfully engrain
 Their sequenced skips.
The beach in its extent images

Makes life sweet
Entreats the world to come
 And dive in its profundities
The golden sand as bright as the sun
 Rays in its orange hue
Attracting the onlookers
 To settle down the shore
Taste the cool water,
 Immerse one's feet
A bit of sunbathing,
 A sift of a cool drink
 And a coffee afresh
Might revive the man's spirit
 And thrive his soul.
The thronged shores, the infinite
 Sea resorts add to the scenes
Once the swarming sea with
 Thirsty swimmers filled
Then the blue azuring sea
 In its fluttering dance
Splendidly wave to them
 Giving the flesh a solemn chance
To drench and sift the watery liquid salt.

26th October 2014

2. The Daffodils

Stifled, in their white and yellow petals
 All open wide in fragrance,
Sending their sweet flavored scent
Covering the cyanic sky in captured mist
 They stand in line, in rows,
 Appealing to the eyes

That eternally gazed them
As host enshrined.

Daffodils, you are the ever short lived
Plants on earth whose demise
With time, fades and shrinks.

Spring paves its peeping through
The growing shrubs sending the shoots
As quills of the ever growing buds.
One, two and more they start
To spring fast tossing their heads
In joy they play and dance.

What a picturesque image to the inward eye
Upon the bed when in silence
They come back floating to the spirit
Teasing the heart, triggering the mind
To stand and walk,
Then sit on the rocking chair,
And down the dale observing
The Daffodils twisting in the breeze,
Sending charm and in their constant move,
They wave their first depart
Breaking the solitude they lived once alone.

Fair daffodils in your hasty shift
You evoked to mankind
How sweet to die,
How pleasant to another life you swift,
When the heart in its state
Is resting upon its breast
And the spirit in its full bloom
Upon the heaven is blessed.

December 1st, 2014

3. The Thunderstorm

The broken silence, the swift shadows
The clouds moving fast
The burning flashes of lightning
Coming down as a blaze bursting out
Noise shaking the eyebrows, the eyelids
Deafening the ears, shivering the limbs
Murmuring sounds upon the mounts
Echoing the force of nature in its upheavals
Whence the world beneath its strain kneels
Meditates, skips in fear and frets.

December 14th, 2014

4. The Dense Snow

As Cotton it flutters in the frosty air
That the wind teases up and down
Yet in its twist and dance it softly
Caresses the surface of the stagnant ponds.
Snow comes adrift dressing in white the slopes
Giving a white linen to the dormant shrubs
In its flail pending on tops of trees
Came the drizzling mists in finest mittens
Touching the dry roots in their primeval verve.
Droplets go down beneath the deep
Drenching sweet the thirsty boughs
Covering the birdies nests with a pleasant turf
As white as the eggs that lay beneath

December 14th: 2014

5. Heavy Rain

Down in torrents showers pour their force
Upon the meadows, the slopes and the dales
The creeks in their swiftness send the dense foams
Ascending the cliffs in vapor condensed.

The breeze in shame follows the whirling rain
Within the howling wind that murmurs and turns
It rains and overdownpours the ravines below
Lifting the mud upon the untrodden lanes.

Drowning the shabby cabins killing the herds
In their nearby escape to the sound place
Alas! The force of water at times of fierceness
Stains the face of those who cannot withstand.

Heavy rain in its fiery impulsive trend
Might impede and curb the time clockwise
How many losses involved in the great water loss
That even in winter lovers passed away in thirst.

Rain you added another colorful picture
Drawing the ephemeral spectrum to the longing
Eyes that follow its shadowed fuzzy haze.

December 14th, 2014

6. Night Flood

How soft a starting flood breaks out
The silence of the dead night
When people in beds dreaming
Of a peaceful quiet sight.

When suddenly overwhelmed
With a murmuring sound
Coming from a distant land.

It poured and poured the rain filled up the creeks
To send its foams spreading the vales damp
The streets below, the lanes turned grey in mud
The walls drenched, the roofs splashed
Their water came down floating
Traversing the tiny roads carrying
The heavy load blocking the passageways.

Torrents marked everything, the down pouring
Rain diving its ways through the multitudes
Transporting men and animals to their final stead.

How terrific, how strange to see humans
Under clay lying their corpses dead,
The animals tied to ropes lying standstill ahead
Cars overturned with their drivers unconscious
Dormant as an innocent child.

Survivals moaning under the colorful mud
No rescue at night, no light seen
They welcomed death solemn and brave
Deaths, welcome, but leave the innocent souls
To bless the days they were chaste born.

They, in their primeval youth, disappeared in haze
Without even giving to their kith their final tributes
How bitter and striving the swift death unproclaimed
When souls in a somber night to God go unsummoned.

Dec 25th, 2014

7. Earthquake in winter

The roaring sound, the murmur of thunder
Cracking, howling and making things shiver under
Below the roofs, on the soil there split tender
The ground shakes, the trees awake
Curved by force they leaned and bowed
Throwing the cotton flails to drift apart.

An earthquake hit the nearby as swift
As a flash followed by lightning illuminating
The winter night white and wet.

The snow falling gave another silence
That was broken by the violent shakes
Of the unexpected quake.

Winter earthquake they said is less
Fierce as everything is damp
Its force splits with the adjacent sea
Rendering the quiet night unrivalled
To the summer days long and drenched.

In winter thunder combined with earthquake
Add another spell to the atmosphere in roar
And deafened the ears with that flushed thunder
Where cats mew, dogs bark and animals dash in fear
The piteous long grey beards shed in piety hot tears.

These miraculous events might reawake in men
That long had he to return to the good deeds.

December 25th, 2014

8. Forest Fire in Summer

The heavy smog, the filthy air, suffocating dust
Vision invisible, people blind running fast
A fire broke out in the dense forest sending the blaze
The flames lifting their tongues covering heavens.

The red brigade charging the hose to the distant land
Yet the more water sprinkles fell, the intense fire goes
Doubling in size chasing the firemen to retreat.

The fir burst out as bombs and jumped swift
Adding more fiery scenes hard to quench,
Summer hot and red, light in the orange sky mixed up
With the intense heat, sweat pours from every forehead.

The sun in its shame peeps enfeebled in rays
The veiled haze gradually covers the sight
Making the atmosphere choking with the sparks
Evict by the burnt deadwood when fanned by the breeze.

The beaches turn all gray as water much polluted
The scene abandoned, the tides ebbed,
And swimmers rushing their lot packed
Running home in fear, trudging their feet apace
Reaching their cars got in and sent doors smashed.

December 28th, 2014

9. The Beauty of Mountains

Lofty mountains you deserve eternal bliss
For your blue and grey skyrocketing rocks
Pointed to heaven telling great passing myths
About your resistance to chilling wind and frost.

In autumn, your unveiled face before rain prevails
Your wrinkles devoured by the water course
In its descending engraving upon your necks its prints
Appear as tears flowing upon your cheeks.

Tears that you cannot erase what an image of sadness
Taking the man to his far distant thoughts
Wrapping himself under the cold, meditating alone
How impervious your skin to water resistant.

In winter, your peaks add another luring spell
In white they all seem chaste and innocent
As cotton drift, covering the summit with a linen white
Giving light to the slopes in their itinerary erring
Where bits of mossy rocks sending their shoots green.

Spring at doors, snow uncovered, water running slow
And deep unveiling patches, adding a more beautiful scene
To the standing stout – the rocks, the peaks and the mounts.

December 28th, 2014

3

The Supernatural and metaphysics

1. Meditation upon the soul

The human is created, the soul is sent through
He embarked upon his post-natal prime voice
In a voyage that he knows nothing of
A destiny above his forehead meeting the imprint.

He goes in his search in life at large
Living a material world that he chases oft in vain
For vain pursuits he longs to amass.

The soul beneath his body redirecting his veers
For a spiritual guidance that he should deviate not
Lest his ending days might come abrupt
He departs and left everything behind.

The sifted soul then in its gradual process
Travels to its creator wicked or prosperous
The soul on its leaving the body swifts or paces slow
Depending on the individual's groping to things.

A trait announcing a paradise's eternal dwell
Or an ill smelling cursed flash impairing the atmosphere

The soul as embodied on earth may accompany man
In his good and wrong deeds that stand as witness
The day that body before God stands upon a test
Where sins are counted upon a heavenly scale
That does not neglect the tiny atomic deed
Whether for you or upon you, everything in its equal tip
Will be duly paid in its true spiritual value.

December 28th, 2014

2. Death

O Death! How bitter you fell upon the beast
The human in his trotting feet,
How strange you host your victims
Giving them no warning dates.

You come abrupt choking lives
That innocently skips on earth and fret,
You come knocking at doors taking the souls
When summoned to their final stead.

You are bitter sweet depending on whom you fell
Young or old there is no distinction,
A par and fair equity that none could evade
Yet the man in his healthy state
Curses God's blessing that to him bestowed
From birth to the eternal grave.

Death, you are a cup that none could escape
Now and then every living soul should drink
Infant, adult or old aged all are its imburers
A sign of a good return when the human's cycle
Is put to its end, we return as the day we depart.
Babies naked creeping waiting for another life.

Then the passageway will be crowned with good deeds
Or prickled with spines that we have in life collected.
Praised be the man who passed through his excellent heart
Defeating time, resisting Satan's temptations.

Cursed the man who lingered his feet upon life in a slay
Motion lured by devilish acts, harming humans' souls
Mocking the spirits, playing the fool
Stand then in remorse, chew the cud of the bitter days
That you have crafted by your proper hands.

December 28th, 2014

3. The Devil

See the Devil in the evil time
That idle people kill in perverse
Yes, the devil smells the unfair
 Follows the misfits
 Give them fillips
To generate more devils.

Devilish souls inhabit
The cursed dwellings
To make them haunted.
A haunted spirit is a devil's spirit
Difficult for a hermit to enter.

December 31st, 2014

4. Revenge

Blessed be the soul
 That forgives,
Blessed be the man

That forgets to forgive.
Forgivance for the witty
A heavenly gift
It is better not to think
Of avenge
For revenge is a cursed sin
Deplored by all.
Revengeful acts
See not their end
And die in their prime,
Die in remorse.

December31, 2014

4

On Humanity

1. Anger

Anger, the voice
Of the enfeebled
The fiery temper
Of the hot furnace.
Your red shadow,
Your flame
On the face
Always reflected.
In action fury,
A serpent hissing the morrow
In shape, dressing the other face
That appeared violent,
Furious and swollen.
Yet when deflated
Changes the veers
To embark on another sail,
On another tide;
Cold, calm, quiet and still.

December 31st, 2014

2. Bliss

Blissful be the days of the infancy

 In their creep,

Blissful be the smiling child

 Waiting for mum

After a long absence.

 Joy is blessed in heaven

Reflected in hearts,

 Mirrored in tears.

Bliss a precious sense

 Felt in good deeds

An act in sweeping

 The orphan's tears.

A smile for the maimed

 A donation to the widowed

Sitting handing her hand

In the empty dark street

 Of a winter bitter and sordid.

December 31st, 2014

3. Enmity

The wicked world

 As a vile stings

Beneath the flesh

 Its poison floats.

Flushed straight

 Into the heart

Impairing friendship
In its prime.

To turn to enmity
To scrape with
Consanguinity
Causing friction.

Friends face
Their foes
Foes escalate
Their force
Sparks electrify
In remorse.

January, 1st 2015

4. Love

I love what my heart
Loves
Lovely beloved
Lovable friends.

A lovely mate
An orphan alone
An old grandma
An innocent child.

Love, the humane
Feeling
Love, the forerunning
Act

Your roots down rooted
Your stems quench watered.

You grow in fertile land
Your death another shoot
 Beneath the surface
 You send to bloom.

January 1st, 2015

Part Three

Tales

*Telling tales is an art to weave;
Reading tales is a curiosity to whet
Writing tales is but a terse act in wit.*

Bouazid Tayeb

1

The Conspiracy

Many people ran to the scene hurrying in their whisper, murmuring a murder, a murder”. Photographers turned around to hide the murder while the forensic coroners swiftly carried the corpse to the car. Most people were scared, left to themselves, not yet sure of what had exactly happened.

It was a frosty morning of a fierce winter, the wind blasts the faces and people in their movement hid their noses that turned blue and red. They moved here and there lest their limbs would freeze. Only vapor got out of their mouths when they talk to break the hissing frost. It was rather very cold and you sensed the chill everywhere-The snow was drifting slowly after a period of dry weather. It started early that morning and the ground was yet damp as its spell started to cover the dry land. People’s footprints marked the ground in their to and fro to the nearest café where the villagers used to congregate.

Soon, the rumors spread like wild fire-the bad news of the man who killed himself in a suicidal attempt-the third of its genre that happened that year. According to certain witnesses the story went back to some ten years ago when the man was living in a rural region with his wife and his four children.

Rachid, the man was in his mid fifties, a healthy body with a strong stature working on his proper land as a farmer. He used to have plenty of acres where he plowed, farmed and lived for his own subsistence in a quiet and modest state. He used to collect plenty of material food that he sent down to the village to some friends to sell.

He was very generous and almost all the poor villagers fed from what he produced-He helped the poor and the needy and every year his output grew larger and larger until it came the day when a rich man pledged the land to be his own. He prepared the conspiracy with the municipalities and concocted the right version to evict Rachid of his proper land.

A jealous act to throw away the man who worked out his land. One day, as Omar was plowing his land, a group of the town council stood before his hand. They asked him to stop plowing the land that was not his. Omar had no property papers by his name, but the land was inherited by his grandfather who used to work it at a time when nobody claimed for. Everybody in the village knew about it.

Omar was menaced and then taken by the guards

to witness a defense case he did not understand at all. The case brought two rich men from a distant land that pretended to possess the land before Omar's father existed. The conspiracy was well prepared, Omar was perplexed; he did not say anything.

After the case was over, a verdict was given-Omar had to cede his land to the two strangers. Omar resisted for many days but fortunately, everyone was against him and even the absence of the legal possession documents worsened his case. He could not do anything but think deeply how to solve the enigmatic situation. To appease his case, Omar was exiled to a distant place-He took his family and travelled incognito. He was given a new house to quieten him. Omar did not eat for days until his health deteriorated and he lost his speech. He was immediately taken to the hospital.

Days passed and the family started to feel the shortage for food and money. It was then the role of the eldest child, Samir to go out and find a work. He went to his ancient village and met the villagers who devoted themselves to help him and his family. He collected some food and some money that could cover the food expenditure for days to come.

Cold everywhere, unpleasantness gloomed the whole atmosphere and the eldest child could not see any right solution to save his family from the atrocities of the harsh winter. He went to the forest to fell wood and bring it home for fire. The mother

alone with her three small daughters could raise some chickens and with the eggs they produced, they could gain some extra coins.

Days passed and the father's case seemed serious and complicated. His share of land was divided amongst the rich men who thought it was the right moment to write the property on their names. The father's health state worsened; hence he was taken to another hospital in Algiers-Since then no one heard about him. He did not come back and he did never send a message to his family.

Gone was the winter and came the spring upon, a refreshing season for the growing family in their resistance and difficult subsistence. Now, Samir got a decent job and he got married with one of his relatives. Two of his daughters also got married. His mom now started to get old, she could not feel the sweetness of life since the departure of her husband for whom she never stopped thinking. She grew white and in her mind something grew worse, she was always thinking of her husband's case. That was human nature in its veiled shape; when something affected the couple, one of them would bitterly suffer.

The third daughter got married and Samir started to feel the long absence of his father whose news disappeared with the frost of that cursed winter. No news, nothing could come from the distant land. One day, Samir, with the help of the villagers decided to revive his father's issue and made call to the attorney

general to suit his case-files were gathered against the new land snatchers and investigations came upon one after the other until the case was cleared out.

The boy finally gained his case at a crucial moment, his mother felt very ill then she died. Samir resisted for long with his small children, went to Algiers looking after his father but in vain. News reported that his father died five years ago and was buried in the Local cemetery.

Samir came back to his house, yet he did not find his family. All the members were kidnapped by mercenaries who asked for money or for the land he had just gained. The boy looked everywhere but there was no sign of hope. The case was very serious. After a long silence, it seemed the mercenaries received no answers, they sent no response.

Samir waited and waited and knocked almost at all the doors, might someone lead him to a good destination; yet nothing positive was on the rise. He thought of killing himself and that was, according to him, the right solution. It was an early morning by a winter frost that he thought to hang himself thinking people would not move by the small hours to the hilly place where he lived. He did it; he made it, he killed himself-a weak creature before a strong devil, the solution would be hazy and fuzzy.

In fact, money killed the human instinct; it did kill the greed in the human himself, a greed that in the course of time would lead to human destruction. The

next day; on a small column of the local newspaper, there inscribed “a mysterious death of a foolish person who dreamt of possessing land which was not his” to which the reporter just under reiterated, “there had to be someone behind the crime.”

Aug 20th, 2014

2

The Greedy Captain

In a small seaside town there existed a group of seamen and fishermen known by their unity and cooperative work. All the town dwellers were proud of their courage in diving deep to the profundity of seas looking for corals and exotic fish. When they returned to the seashore, they came with plenty of fish of many sorts. They were also known by their gallantry and bravery especially on rainy days and heavy storms.

Before the captain decided on a fishing trip, he congregated with his companions, organized a feast on the memory of the townsmen before they set up early in the morning. In summer, they travelled the few miles to fish as the weather was fine and was getting sunny. The product was always good and competition amongst other fishermen was fierce. In winter, they often travelled a little bit far as fish preferred to be far from the shore and sought the depth of the sea for warmth.

The captain was an astonishing courageous man with plenty of humor and fun. He was very gregarious but greedy. He wanted to fulfill his dreams to reach an end point and came back with the rarest fish to display on a local contest. He thought about the project for long and he right from the beginning wished to realize it one day. He had already made his seamen hear about it. Some did relinquish it whereas others wished to see it alive. Hence, they encouraged the captain to start it soon. The captain and his ten disciples voted on the project and the majority agreed upon.

It was the fifteen of December of nineteen ninety nine, the weather was a little bit nasty as the wind was not fiercely blowing, a little bit of black clouds veiling the sky. And a spell of frost that started teasing the noses and fingers. The fishermen all gathered around the small boat, some were upon the deck waiting for the captain's arrival from the main port.

Once everything was checked, the seamen powered the ropes and lifted the sails. They all stood in rows to wave to their families observing them on the deck. Silence reigned over their mute mouths as if something was going to happen. A presentiment of a somber departure seemed not far.

The whistling engine started to roar and the small boat dashed the waves leaving continuous furrows upon the tide. The boat was heading its way along and apart it driftily went along the dashing waves. In its ups and downs the fishermen stood resolute and its

captain on the topmast was directing the boat towards the front to the unknown destination. A few hours of long travels, the fishermen started throwing their big motor cane; some had already launched a large fishing net that they attached alongside the boat.

The more the boat advanced to the front, the more fishermen caught of fish. A lot of fish, they all remarked, the captain was right in his vision. However, winter weather had not to be trusted; the tempest in winter was often unpredictable and the example of the British carrying an umbrella was a good example-No one could trust a cloudy sky and an enervating climate in furious days of winter –

Rain might start and burst out in any moment and the tempest might rise in anger causing too much harm to the sea boats amidst the raging sea. As the fishermen were amassing fish, the captain rejoiced in his harvest and asked the boatman to accelerate and go ahead with the idea that the best fishing product was not yet reached. However, their happiness was not yet complete as the first thunderstorm broke out the somber sky, rain started falling heavily and the fishermen all dashed under cover.

They left their fishing material and entered the cabin, the tempest seemed coming with a big charge of rain. Suddenly, a fierce blow of wind blew shuddering the wings of the small boat to the extent the captain lost control of it. As the captain predicted, the weather was catastrophic; yet he did not want to

come back to the shore and persisted that it would be better to continue and fish plenty of good harvest.

The wind vacillated between its fierceness and its lower intensity giving a kind of security to the fishermen who voluntarily listened to the captain's suggestions. Yet, the worst was waiting for the whole group-More than half an hour passed, there was a quietness reigning over the wavy sea as the storm stopped. However, not long ago before the wind blew again and that was its great dangerous edge. It blew and blew and roared and made the small boat fly amidst the waves. The boat was full of water and it was a little bit difficult to control. The fishing nets and some of the fishing rods were taken away.

Two fishermen who were curiously admiring the sea dashed into the water unobserved. The boat was facing a great upsurge and the captain on the topmast descended to help the driver in his veering.

In his managing to turn the boat and redirecting it to the right with the intention to go back home, the waves covered the side of the boat and the engine stopped.

In his attempt to turn the boat, the captain, with the broken engine, could not do anything. He shouted and shouted for help; yet no one could hear him. Two other fishermen were lost-It was getting dark and no one could see the other; the only light coming from the motors did fade slowly and the catastrophe seemed to occur; no more light and no more sight.

That night was the most catastrophic, loneliness, darkness and wet cold bodies. You could hear only the waves in their howling roar hitting the decks and the water splash dancing with the tide. Everybody was enclosed in the cabin; some were frightened by the noise outside; others shivering and lying on the floor whispering to each other. The night seemed the longest in all their lives; they did never experience such an event. They felt totally secluded from the outside world, no communications and no contact.

The next day, the tempest seemed to cease, the few black clouds started to disperse and the far horizon started to clear on the wrecked boat. The captain rose from his corner and headed way towards the cabin to see the others. He entered into to see the majority locked down helpless with their damp bodies. He got them up and all of them followed him in an Indian file. They counted themselves and discovered four companions missing. They searched everywhere but in vain. They all stood perplexed in moan lamenting their friends. They were all shocked and did not know what to do.

The captain and two others went down to the engine cabin to save what could be saved. They tried to repair the engine; at least to be able to lead the boat to the harbour. They started working on it until they managed to repair it. The Captain ignited the engine and it started off. Then the captain ordered his team to set sail towards the port. The boat, as an injured body,

moves slowly on the surface of the water as if he is timid of defeat; a challenge that he could never set again.

A few hours after, the port emerged from far and the sailors were midway between happiness to join their families and sadness for losing their comrades and the way they would face their families. Just before, they landed, all the families were grouped along the deck to see how courageous were their men and how did they manage to escape the catastrophe of that night. From the upper part of the deck you see the children lengthening their necks to see their fathers getting off.

When the first sailor peeped out, his children and wife ran towards him and hence every family was watching out her dependent. And so, was the turn until the last sailor-the other families stood looking and waiting yet there seemed no more body to peep.

The Captain whose courage and silliness were beyond concern did face the situation as he called the bereaved families and explained to them the situation and how dreary was their night situation under the incessant storm. Most of the sailors' remorse fell upon the captain's neck whose guidance, at the moment of the storm, was not totally approved and if it were not for his stubbornness, the risk of death could be escaped.

It was the Captain's fault and his growing greed that the boat did collapse and the four sailors disappeared. Greed was and is the first enemy of the

humans, their desire kill their beliefs and the human nature is by its nature never satisfied; the captain could have saved many souls if he did listen to his mind rather than to his heart-Fishing is a team work then it is good to score goals but know how to win the game.

August 23rd, 2014

3

The lost Traveler

The story took place on a hilly village in the suburb of Kabylia, eastern Algiers. The year was very remarkable; it was rather the year of snow as old ancestors used to recount. Snowfall was not to be compared to today's snow. It used to snow some three meters high. In that year of nineteen forty six, Algeria was still a French colony and life was very modest and non civilized for people had not the opportunities to be well clad and well nourished. However, the spirit of cooperation and unity was very high; people used to help one another with the little they could give.

As the recounted story told there was a man of sixties named Said who used to travel from place to place asking for some donations and alms giving. His state was miserable; his children were nearly affected by tuberculosis, a strange and fatal disease of that age;; in certain places it decimated whole villages. The man travelled looking for something to subsist on.

The case of the disease was not yet looked after. The man left early walking barefooted to come back home late in darkness. He lit a gasoline lamp and paid a glance to his children who were lying on the ground; he did not know whether they are dead or alive. Poor children; their mother had long gone when the eldest was six. Now the eldest was thirteen and he was the most affected.

Said leaned on the eldest boy, and whispered to his ears – “Get up my child, I have brought you something to eat” said the father “No, father, I am not hungry, leave me alone; leave me to my own destiny.”

The father insisted and the eldest boy opened his eyes to see his father weeping and holding a piece of cold bread he offered to the dry mouth. “Take this milk, it helps you swallow.”

Thanks father, he said and he painstakingly took the cup in his shuddering hand and gulped it down and resumed his nap. Then the father moved on to his daughter, woke her up and asked her to join him there near the hearth to have some milk. The daughter joined him, they discussed for long before they got to their bed a few minutes before the day dawn.

Early in the morning, the snow had almost ceased falling. Then the old father got out of his house with the intention to visit some friends there on the mountains. And on the doorsill, he asked the girl to close the door behind him and take care of the diseased brother until his return. The road was

covered with snow of the last night heavy fall. The path to the main road was nearly unseen for no one had ever trotted that way through. He was the first man to cross for his footprints were traced first and soon they were covered behind. Snow was heavily falling and the man covered his face and eyes with torn white raiment that veiled his passage way. In persisting his way through and piercing the hazy view, the man started to lose his eyesight and everything turned dim.

He started to lose vision as everything was white and even the heavy flakes made him fall into fuzziness. Consequently, he came across the tree then he woke up to see himself in the ravine then he fell into a cold river. He tried to cling himself to the sprouting boughs yet he could not. The water was cold and he could not resist as his clothes turned all wet so he sensed his body going down and indeed, he went down gradually after shouting for help; a faint voice that no passenger ever passed this road. He sensed his death and the last word he uttered was *take care of him; take care of him*. He certainly insinuated to the eldest boy who was seriously affected by tuberculosis.

The dawn passed and snow stopped yet the passageway was not yet trodden. A few hours after, a shepherd with a group of sheep not finding anything to give his beasts to eat, came along with the idea to give a fresh air to the animals, to graze from the leftover of the harsh winter. To his surprise, his eyes

fell on the white rag coming out of the river. He leaned a bit over and with his cane he tried to move right and left and then he sensed something heavy. Immediately after, he came back with a group of young volunteers who devoted their joint effort to draw the object from the river –

Astonished, they saw the face of their Master *Said*, an old acquaintance in the village. They took him immediately to a neighboring house; they gave him some hot Arab oil to drink; yet that was too late to revive. The man had long stayed in cold water and there was no hope to give. Two days after, his eldest son died leaving only the small daughter alone. She was saying to herself, I advised him not to travel in snow; snow is very dangerous; yet he persisted. Stories had been all told of similar cases; If it were to me I would never travel in heavy snow.

August 21st, 2014

4

The Shadow

Long time ago we used to hear about existing ghosts that some people did cross on their ways in the form of animals and persons. Yet, for some that was just a part of their hallucinations and ghost did never exist. According to many ancient beliefs, there existed ghosts in reality and lived as men.

The story, as old persons recounted, there was a harsh person who lived alone in a forest. He used to attack people and deprive them of their possessions; most of the victims were afraid to tell the police about but only the rumors travelled fast from house to house. The rogue was very intelligent as he changed his positions and no one could observe him in the day. He only attacked at night.

By an autumn afternoon, the weather was rather clement and the dark clouds covered half of the sky. Light of the sunset started to drift giving way to obscurity. The rogue got out of his den and followed a

shepherd who, fortunately got a fierce dog that flared the danger and started barking-a signal to the shepherd to run. Indeed, it was a safe escaper and accordingly, the shepherd sensed a shadow following him-the same story and the same scenario twice told-THE SHADOW that followed persons came in vogue and everybody in the suburbs talked about.

In the course of time, people started to believe in the story of the shadow. The rogue killed many persons especially the strangers. He took money and valuable possessions and buried the bodies to leave no sign behind. The villagers were all frightened and the terrors the rogue spread amongst was gradually spreading. People did not go out at night.

Stories, according to legends recounted, the story of the rogue, the renown killer who recounted his own story of the shadow.

“When I was walking alone in the forest, I felt someone following me, I heard his hooves as a donkey and when I slowed down, he slowed down and when I hurried he hurried.” A true creator was following me and one day I decided not to walk alone in the forest and from that time I relinquished doing evil things.

People of the village helped me find a house. However, at night I felt some noises whispering in my ears, I was haunted and my house too. I decided to leave the lamp half lit to chase my hallucinations; yet, I saw my nightmares with devilish faces surrounding me.

One night I heard a knock and when I opened the door I saw an old person in white coat asking me to fight. I got out and fought with him and I defeated him.

Since then, the shadow did not come back to me and to my house until that special night when a visitor visited me in the form of a black shadow hovering on my head. He whispered in my ears saying he was the son of the deceased shadow and he came for revenge.

August 22nd, 2014

5

The Wise Man and the Sultan

Once upon a time, an Arab was travelling in the desert in search of his lost camel. The weather was so dry that he could not walk for long without breaks. For each crossed mile, the traveler stopped to have something to eat and to drink. He walked and walked but there was no sign of his lost camel. He saw many herds and asked herders about his young camel but no one had seen it.

“Why don’t you stop searching for your camel? All the herders agreed to give him one at once. Yet he refused their offer because his camel was of a particular sign. She was given to him by a very religious man who said to him, watch out over it, it would bring you a lot of good and prosperity. The Arabian did not lose sight of it; he persisted on his research until nearly food and water ran short of him.

He fell down tired under a tree and slept; yet in his dreams he saw his young camel kidnapped by the

Sultan's guards some a few miles away. He woke up yet he found difficulties in walking and in his tiresome state he thought to stay there until some passersby would rescue him.

Two days left and no one came to his rescue so he decided to walk early in the morning. The next day, he got up early, took the rest of his remains and started. He walked and walked until he reached a green orchard then an oasis with a well of pure water. He headed directly towards. He drank to his thirst until he drenched then sat under a palm tree, he ate some dates that he gathered and decided to spend the night on one of the apple branches lest some wild animals would attack him.

When he woke up he found himself in the Sultan's house. They had taken him at night; travelled incognito underground to the Sultan's Palace. He was summoned before the Sultan to present his claim.

"Dear Traveller, where do you come and what are your claims" Said the Sultan.

"I came from a distant land there behind where the king was fierce and violent; he killed people and animals.

"I came here in search of my lost camel; a dear camel that was an offer from a very religious hermit to whom my fortune would depend."

"Can you describe your camel to me?"

"Well it is a young animal of 9 months old with small ears and very intelligent"

“Well, said the Sultan, how do you know it is intelligent?”

“Well said, the Arabian, when the young camel sees me, it laughs and wags its ears.” My camel is wise and smart”

“The Sultan laughed at the Arabian humorous joke and set a bet.

“Listen to me my dear, if your camel recognizes you and laughs at you as you said, she will be released and you will be respectfully treated as long as you are my guest.

“Ok, I accept.” Said the Arabian.

The Sultan ordered the guard to take the man to the open space where some fifty young camels were grazing. When the Arabian reached the doorsill, he paid a glance to the grazing animals yet he did not recognize his amongst. He turned pale and was afraid he would not gain the bet and lose his life and his position with the king.

Again, he glanced then gazed and to his surprise he caught the sight of his young camel. Immediately, he whistled and the young animal rose her head among the herd. She recognized the whistle. Then, in a peevish moment, the animal came towards the Arabian, she approached, wagged her ears and laughed at him.

The Sultan who was standing near stood perplexed and did not believe his eyes about how such an animal laughed and wagged her ears. The Sultan then ordered the camel to be released. The Arabian

proved wise enough to restore his camel without using any force. The Sultan admitted the man's wisdom and kept him blessed.

He was invited to spend two days with him in the Palace and benefitted a lot from his wisdom. Before he was ordered to leave he was given plenty of things to take to his homeland where three guards accompanied him to spy on the violent king who killed people and animals.

Later, it was reported that two guards were arrested by the king's guards and one managed to escape. The young camel was put under custody until the king would investigate. The saved guard returned to the Sultan with the bad news of the kidnapped friends and the imprisonment of the Arabian with his Camel. The Sultan immediately ordered for a troop of his armies to invade *the kingdom of oppression* as the Sultan called it.

The Sultan's army crept in the night towards the kingdom, attacked it, released the prisoners, the Arabian and set the young camel free and came back with the king and his disciples.

The king and his team were all executed. Since then, both people and animals were free to rove anywhere-'Oppression is never the best policy to apply in this life but cultivate wisdom and you will see the wise men growing in the orchards of wisdom. "The king finally said to his countrymen in an open session.

August 22nd, 2014

6

The Eclipse

As ancient people recounted, there used to be a man who had got two houses-one for summer and one for winter – In winter, he lived in the desert in a very beautiful mansion as green as paradise with plenty of palm trees and gardens that he laid fallow. Most of the flats he did not occupy or lived in were haunted. He used to see some ghosts at night; he heard strange noises in the barn, the gallop of horses, the water fountain drifting, and water splash-He got out at night and visited the different places and checked but he saw nothing.

The same event happened every three ordinal days before the end of every lunar month-He believed it had something to do with the Lune and sea tides. His mansion was nearly haunted yet he resisted living there with his wife and his two daughters.

In summer, he went to his seaside house where he passed nearly three or four months. He had a small

boat that he specially devoted to fishing with his friends. He admired a lot fishing at night-He, many times, witnessed the Lune eclipse and just after the event, he saw ghosts and he heard their paces. He sensed their shadows and their steps along the corridors of his residence. He many times went fishing after the sunset; yet, he saw a sea girl that followed him home. He told his wife about and she did not believe him until the day he took her to the sea to see with her proper eyes.

Days passed and the sea girl used to come to his house to disturb the wife-she wanted her to leave the house to give her way to marry her husband. Every night, the sea girl stood in man's dreams until he loved her and she loved him. They became friends and lovers to the extent that he talked and laughed with him at night-Something that his wife could not understand and could not accept. The man was spiritually haunted and obsessed by the sea girl. He despised his wife and did not talk to her too much.

The wife felt isolated. The husband became violent. His wife noticed the frequent coming of the sea girl and heard her talk with her husband - He became haunted for sure and soon there was a spiritual bond between them; hence, he married her on condition he would get rid of his wife. The woman who did have no solution to her case, wept for long with her two daughters and decided to leave to her residence in the desert.

Now, the woman joined her old residence but as she was alone living in such a large mansion made her scared and terrified. The first days of her arrival, she saw light in every room then darkness and just after she heard noises in the different flats. She was very frightened, alone only with her two small daughters. She lit up the corridors to take company and she put TV on so as not to hear noises; yet the noises were louder. It seemed the problems of ghost was everywhere and she was visited by different types of ghosts whose presence increased after the sun eclipsed.

The eclipse had a bad effect on the lives of the couple; yet her husband was stuck with his romance with the sea girl and his wife was also stuck with a male ghost that she felt in love with. Both partners fell in romance so they could not join. They lived separately in two different worlds.

According to the narrators, both the husband and his wife were born under two different months – the solar and the lunar and their eclipse made of them two distinct opposite genders of two separate races. The man was female ghost dominated and the wife was male ghost dominated. Her two daughters were accepted to live with her. Since then, the wife heard no more ghost voices or saw their shapes, they had all ceded to the male chief to live wonderfully in peace with his new wife to pass their honey moon under the solar eclipse.

Indeed, haunting houses was not a taboo or a legend but an existing reality; if your house is always

empty it will be haunted; however it is good to inhabit it rather than to close it and give a chance to ghosts to dwell it. Ghosts exist: Some are humane and good at heart; whereas others are harsh and oppressive: hence, be blessed if you are married to the one you are the dominant.

August 24th, 2014

7

The woman's battle

The legend that held women were the weakest creatures had no real sense in the realistic world where women proved heroine.

Once upon a time in the Arabian Peninsula, there were hundreds of battles between the different sects. Some families were wholly decimated whereas others survived but widowed and orphaned. A widow who escaped death was carried away secretly with her three children; she managed to reach the other side of safety where her relatives lived. She regained her tent and lived with her three small children with nothing to feed on. She was very patient, poor but resistant. She lived on begging and by asking the neighbors to give her or not.

One day, her three daughters were very hungry and she did not have anything to give them except some stones that she threw in the broth to boil pretending some food to be cooked. The little children moaned and shouted and the woman gained

their patience by saying to them-the food was not yet ready. They slept until the morning.

She got up early, milked the goats and gave them some milk. Little by little; she collected some milk and eggs and sold it in the market. By then, she got a bit prosperous; she could buy some food. Some noble men asked for her hand and she thought a lot about getting remarried; yet she was a little bit hesitant and doubtful of men.

She did not want to live the same misery she lived before: she wanted to marry a true man who helped her build a strong decent house; the man who accepted her three children and not the one who threw them in the street. She decided to remarry; but sometimes fortune ran for the fortunate and despised the weak and the unfortunate.

Though she had thought about her case and had herself chosen her future mate; yet it seemed she made the wrong choice. The man of her choice was wealthy, handsome yet oppressive and mean. He loved her and they lived in peace for some times; however, their love was short lived. He did not love her daughters and used them as servants. She defended them and many times she entered into dispute with her husband who was a little bit stubborn and did not show any humane feelings towards the little angels.

The little mysterious woman did fight for her small children who were down trodden by the rich man. She did not want to cede her rights to wealth and often times

she took her children and went angrily to her family.

“Money did not solve problems” she thought; “yet to live poor rather than lose one’s dignity:” she fought bitterly and was ready to divorce her husband. She threatened him of departure. Under such a threat, he changed some of his bad habits. He went to her family and he begged her to go back with him and she refused on condition he would build a house for her children to live a decent life and would never harm them.

He accepted to meet her conditions and soon life regained its course. The couple lived in peace and the three children lived happily, playing together until they grew big and got married.

In the long run, she sat with her husband, now grown sage, he remembered the first days he married and how stubborn he was to refuse the little angels who, after their marriage came and paid a visit to him. They had all forgotten the oppressive days they were bitterly treated through: they were very forgiving and passionate-the little women were more lenient and did not take things to heart.

Before all, women were lenient and tolerant-women were patient and sensitive and never did to men what they were done by; but they kept the hurting part inside. Indeed, women’s battles deserve to be crowned; it took them time to forget ever since Eve’s time with the unforgettable devil’s fight.

August 24th, 2014

8

The lovers

Castles were built in the air, and the dreamer was still dreaming of marvelous things he could realize. In fact, when he woke up he found himself travelling on a vast boat riding to the island that laid a few miles from his town. He was truly fascinated to see the new island people of his age used to talk him about. His dream had almost come true; he jumped with joy as the carrier headed his way towards the isle.

The sea was not rough and the seagulls flew and followed the boat, following the furrows seeking fish to feed on. The blue azuring water often gave out small wavering waves that danced in their flutter. What a picturesque and romantic picture to add to the beautiful sceneries.

The sun half way in the heaven was sending its golden rays; swimmers on the deck diving instantly into the cool water. The boat in its slow motion

inspired some portrait designers, poets and singers along the deck, some sitting; others standing musing and meditating about the Godly creatures.

Everything was romantic; the paint, the color of the boat and the greenness that the profundities of the sea reflected, all the surrounding blue and green attracted more people to get high upon the deck; hence more and more passengers mounted the deck to glance and admire the picturesque photos of the sea.

Among the passengers, there stood a young girl who was a little bit passionate and isolated. It seemed she was not from the suburbs and was on her first trip. She was writing something and from time to time she lifted her hand to rise her covering shawl. The man observed her from afar and bit by bit he approached her and welcomed her on board.

She was very tender and sociable; she talked to him with an extreme gentleness. After introducing themselves, they entered into serious discussions related to their private ends. They went down to the cafeteria and sat to take some drinks.

With time, the true lovers seemed to get more acquainted as they shared phone numbers and went on dating until they reached the island.

The man was a young Tunisian student of English in France who planned to spend some days in Mauritius. He had long dreamt to visit this island. The young lady was a French student from Marseille; she studied medicine. She hoped to spend some days

on the aforementioned island; to stay away from the noise of the town for some time. They both met and their willingness to make deeper acquaintance grew day by day.

Love started to creep in their veins; they sensed it and in the course of their meetings, its groping seeds were apparent: more tenderness; more leniency and sweet words evoking their latent flames. With time, they sensed the sweet good company and separation was not the right order of the time.

There in the island, they travelled together, ate together, made tours and cherished their hearts together; they spent jolly moments riding horses, swimming, making tours through the forests, took part in the different contests and attended parties and festivals together. Time seemed enjoyable and the days seemed short for a return.

As each start had its end, there came the day of the final return but the young couple was still together, thinking often about how to tell goodbye. It was really difficult to say adieu but rather, it sounded good to say so long. When they landed in Marseille they went directly to a cafeteria where they planned how to meet in the future and how to join hands.

They exchanged their personal information before they left each other and plenty of tears in their eyes-A hot flame was burning in their chest. The next date would be in Marseille next year in the same time and in the same season.

One year passed and the new couple there joined to meet as previously planned-this time they came with plenty of hope, they came and in their inner feelings to marry and stay together forever. When they met, they wept as young babes; they did not imagine to meet again, here the fate played its role-the fate to let the young couple meet again to think intentionally with the idea of marrying each other.

Hence, as soon as they landed on board, they joined their hands and went directly to a religious sanctuary to join the vicar for an eternal relationship. A joyful moment on a merry day of that summer of the year nineteen eighty six, on **“Liberté daily paper”**, they swore their oath and declared husband and wife in times of prosperity and austerity.

August 23th, 2014

9

The Passionate Man

He grew in a poor shabby family of a mean decent life. Yet from his boyhood Omar was tenacious, full of energy and zeal. His fever started to grow in him since the age of ten. He had a strong desire for fishing. For most of his time, he walked to the nearby river to fish and soon this habit became part of him; a strong desire itched his heart for fishing. When he caught a lot of fish, he wished not to go home and sometimes he went home late and his father made too much fuss on him.

In addition to fishing, Omar also liked painting. While he placed his fishing rods in the river, he took a canvas and started painting. His portraits, though produced by an amateur painter, yet his themes are expressive and well selected. He grew within his grandfather's guidance and his interest in nature encouraged him to further his studies in music and painting. Soon he succeeded in his studies and was

awarded a scholarship to go and further his studies, in *L'école des Beaux Arts*, in Paris.

In Paris, as they called it the place of Romance where people fell in love and romance in the air, Omar, while studying there, he made many acquaintances with different people of various nationalities. He dreamt to go and visit India and Turkey to discover and see the monuments and arts there.

Days had gone by and Omar strengthened his ties with his college mates. Amongst them there was an Indian girl named *Purna* who started to show her interest in Omar's artistic taste. Omar did not know of that until the day he received a letter from Purna suggesting him a visit to India. Omar jumped with joy and he thanked God for the chance he was offered.

Omar contacted the Indian girl and they profited in the winter vacation to have a tour to India. Soon Omar the amateur artist became a passionate lover. He succeeded in finding his mate-an Indian girl who specialized in dancing, singing and playing the flute. Now, the two students joined the college for a deep preparation for the year to come. They thought they would get married and form a working pair that would enter international contests.

In fact, they studied seriously that year and the poor infancy Omar lived in turned him an independent boy, self autonomous and sturdy student. Indeed, he learnt many lessons from his past. Similarly, the Indian girl grew orphan and she worked

during her summer vacations to collect some money. Great thanks should go to her uncle who sent her to Paris. She was too passionate too and she wanted to prove to her uncle that she was the right girl he should confide in too. She wanted to stay first in her class and be able to pay her uncle back.

Once the studies finish, *Omar and Purna* decided to marry and spend their honeymoon in Turkey. While there, they made acquaintance with some Turkish artists and soon they formed a team. They travelled from place to place as troubadours to sing, dance and play music; their popularity started to spread like wild fire. They even went to Omar's hometown and stood on the old vestiges and the shabby dwellings where Omar spent his modest infancy.

In the course of their world tours, the team prospered and more money was collected; they built nice houses. Omar and Purna lived a comfortable life and even in their chance with love they were too passionate; they got two small female twins who were often taken to the river to listen to the flute and watch their father extending the fishing rod. A passionate man may procure a passionate woman if he believes in his strong emotions that help him grow zealous, fervent and an arduous patient talented man.

August 24th, 2014

10

True friends

From the upper hill, there came the soldier trudging his feet and on his back his old companion. The two soldiers had long been engaged in the army and were appointed on the frontiers to watch over the traffickers and fences destroyers. They spent nearly six months patrolling the long frontiers until the day they were attacked by a group of misfits, arm traffickers who came across the Libyan borders towards Algeria.

The rogues were of different multinationals who had been chased by the Libyan forces. Salim and his companion fought bravely. Encircled by the intruders, they sent to the army headquarters to reinforce the area. Soon helicopters emerged to the rescue and the intruders left and fled across the forest.

Soldiers chased them until the dangers were far out. Salim and his companion lived like true friends, they did never separate. When the army arrived with force, Salim and his friend were relieved and replaced

by two others. Salim and his companion were taken to a check point in the village nearby the frontiers. They lived comfortably and far from danger. But that comfort and luxury did not last long.

Salim and his friend and many others were then taken to a seaside ancient barrack to help the mariners transport loads and food to the armies in their different fighting sections. Their job was to keep guard day and night alternatively. Indeed, everything was in a good order: they went down town from time to time as civilians where they spent the evening doing some shopping or just strolling.

Life was quiet there and they often heard some fights here and there but not in the place where salim worked. The nature of the barrack and its location amidst the agglomeration made it not a fort to attack.

However, by a somber rainy evening, there were some spells of haze and fog around and vision near the sea was not so clear. You could almost see anything especially from a far. In such a gloomy atmosphere, the barrack was attacked by some strange troops who came by the sea as submarines-They wanted some food for their fighters so they entered the barrack by force and did manage to wound some soldiers and take the supplies of food. Unfortunately, Salim was not affected but his friend who resisted opposing the enemy was shot on his leg; he could not stand up. Salim stood beside him and did not leave him until the ambulance arrived.

Salim went with his friend to the hospital to help him with doctors. Salim asked for three days leave to attend to his friend. He stayed with him until he recovered. Both friends rejoined their army position. Life renewed and from that time on they did not confide in the enemies attack strategies.

Both salim and his friend wished life would keep in the same mundane events where they could work together until the end of their army final leave. In fact, they were good men and real true friends who proved their mutual respect and help all along the army services.

Out of their barrack forever, both men were then released with a good registration records; they left to the countryside where their families lived. Though they lived few miles away from each other, they were always together; they exchanged visits and in the final run they decided to be daughters and husbands to strengthen the consanguinity relationship and continue in the course of friendship patterns.

Witnesses had reported that they married their children and rejoiced life with them until death renounced its coming. Salim died at the age of 73 leaving five grand boys. Salim left but behind him, his friend aged 71 suffered bitterly, and one month after he rejoined his friend.

They nearly died in the same time as if they promised an oath that God disposed; they departed from the world as true friends and their sincerest tie

proved legal-they joined hands in the heavens before they first joined them on earth. Indeed, heart is to earth as souls are to heaven. They had both gone; yet they left something that would never melt-TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

August 24th, 2014

11

Lunacy

Lunatics exist everywhere; the only difference between them is that some are lunatic because of their stupidity; whereas some are lunatic because of the smartness of their mind. To prove this maxim, read the following story.

Once upon a time there existed a lunatic in a given village; the only person known in this province; everybody loved him because he made people laugh and at certain times he made them weep. He was a very considerate person though foolish. When you listened to him talk, a great source of eloquence came out of his mouth; he spoke in wisdom.

He sang old songs, drew pictures and photos of famous personalities; he helped small children in their math's calculations. He knew many things sane people ignored; yet at times he related inexistent things as if he predicted the unknown. His own words

proved true and sometimes people were scared of his sayings. That kind of lunatics needed a special care.

On the opposite side of another village, there was a mad person whose madness did not show any sign of evolution; he always uttered the same words which often times meant nothing for people. His lunacy was not inspired but innate and deeply rooted in his ignorance of things. That type of man was often neglected and did not receive much concern from the majority of people.

“Wisdom is said to come out from lunatics” mouth” This is a true saying. It was reported that during the Algerian war, there was a lunatic who was running in the forest alone shouting; *the bombers were coming; the bombers were coming;* and as no one took that seriously they laughed at him and started teasing him. Ten minutes after, true bombers bombarded the area. The lunatic escaped safely and since then he was venerated and even the French army did not harm him because he was a true seer and a real predictor.

Since that time, the Algerian freedom fighters did listen to his wise words though they were often meaningless; they needed to be interpreted well. During many battles, the lunatic was used as an advising guide; he was liked by all. One day, the French army gathered all the foolish of the village and gave them some test; yet the majority proved real lunatic, stupid and naive; only two proved intelligent and smart.

The French tried to use them as spies yet they could not-Even the foolish intelligently structured could not be fooled if it was the case of disloyalty.

One day a lunatic was imprisoned and was forced to betray his community; he accepted to tell them everything and asked for money, excellent food and many other luxuries. But once he started talking he could mean anything. After many attempts, they released him.

When he entered his house, he knew all the members of the family. He told them everything through a great burst of laughter; in fact, he understood what they wanted and pretended not to know. Look how intelligent was that foolish; he might sell his own country yet he would not because he sensed in his latent that loyalty was far greater than disloyalty.

Hence he proved to the whole world that lunacy was often not a disease but an extreme degree of intelligence. Foolish do not die young as the majority lived to see longevity hovering over their heads.

August 2014

12

The Fisherman

Fishing was his favorite sports; I remembered the day he started fishing. He was a small boy of fourteen yet he did not even know how to bait his fishing rod. A very young amateur whose father encouraged him to self immerse in the new occupation. But with contact, he learnt many things about his future job. He used to accompany his father who was a rod nut and he liked too much being on a tour with small kids to the nearest creek.

The creek was located down a slope and the green pastures were all around. The father and his son used to take their food and the fishing material and spent almost the day there. The best moment for fishing according to the father was early in the morning and late in the evening. Fish at that moment would get hungry and would need some food.

Mohamed, the father was a great fisherman and

he never went back home without some fish that he ate some part of it and donated the other. He was very generous. He liked company and wished to train his community members how to fish for he saw in it a good activity for the physical and mental sanity of any person. He believed in his own principles that fishing was often times a risky job and he liked venturing.

He often stayed until late at night to the extent he could not see anything though he used a small torch that hardly could light up his path. One night he was caught by a heavy storm and his small boat was flung in the air so he clang under a tree and spent half the night there. Fortunately, he was saved with difficulty. His son hurried to the neighbors who came to his rescue at night. They found him half dead.

Though his experiences in fishing, he also escaped death at a given time in his lifetime. The moment he was holding his fishing rod, a big fish snatched him and he fell into water and was dragged by the fish for a long distance. To his chance, the fishing line was cut and Mohamed was released in the middle of the river that he could not swim to the shore.

He was tired and his clothes became all wet. A strong wind was blowing that day and he could not withstand the wind; he was nearly suffocated. Thanked God, he used his own swimming experiences and he immediately lied on the surface of the water and swam on his back till the shore. It took him too long to reach the land but he managed to escape death.

“Fishing is a great passion” a well known slogan that he always uttered before his friends. Mohamed was a great admirer of the sea, the days he was tired of swimming, he took his wife and his children and sat by the river, listening to the radio and taking photos of the beautiful sceneries around the lake.

He often taught his wife how to fish until she became a fisherwoman by passion. Many times he lost his fishing material but he was never angry or upset; each time he renewed his arsenal and took patience as remedy to all his sores.

Mohamed and some of his friends preferred night fishing because he thought fish liked a calm and quiet atmosphere, they did not like to be disturbed with noise. Once he fixed his fishing rods, he went far away from, stood on a hill and observed the bell fixed on every fishing rod. When he heard the knell, he hurried up and checked the baits.

If the fish was there, he would be sure it would not escape; he felt the rod and saw how strong and heavy the fish was; he never disturbed his fish; he drew the line towards him slowly and if he felt the fish was trying to escape, he stretched the line a little bit; hence leading the fish towards a safer place.

As the fisherman was often smart, fish was also smart and if the fisherman drew the fishing line with force hence forcing the fish, this latter might escape to dangerous places where the line would be attached and then cut; no fish, no bait and nothing left.

Mohamed's story as fisherman was very revealing and very emotive; looking at Mohamed in his wet bare feet while he was running from corner to corner, one might laugh at him and sense his naivety in trying to catch a small fish or a big one or just a pair of boots that was full of mud-Who would know?

August 28th, 2014

13

The Rogue

He was not born a rogue and he had never thought to be one day a rogue, a misfit whose popularity deteriorated with time.

He was born of a good decent; a seed of a well bred race as pure as a mustang, a wild horse yet not stubborn. He was born with a waken soul, a conscious spirit that knew well the good from the trivial; yet he never did harm to the needy; he knew when to attack and why to attack and how?

The world for that rogue was rather vast and in its openness there was a margin for each operation. He worked as a clock and planned well before taking risks. A very dangerous creature that acted as fierce as fire. He was caught red handed many times, imprisoned then released; yet he did not cease from harming people. An innate impulsive instinct roved in his mind so he went to the coach station and

started provoking people, threatening the passersby and offending women especially.

A strong robust man whose face was deformed with a deep scar on his face, he showed up at night, his bulging eyes brightened as little stars and his teeth were quite apparent in the suffused light.

His health stature gave him more pride to avenge for his decimated family; his mother was thrown out of the window train when he was in her company at the age of ten. He remembered well that day with its exact time and place. Really that day marked him to the point he wanted to avenge. His father was imprisoned for a minor fight with a rich white who wanted to oppress him in the daylight.

His two small sisters were exiled to England but since then they had shown no sign of life. They might be indulged in a drug mob; got married with drug addicts and never to their family gave signs.

The Rogue who worked under the pseudo name of Nicholas; a name he borrowed from a religious hermit; he thought that would give him more religious blessings and protection. He did not rove a lot in days but appeared at nights as his complexion was rather dark. He opted for work at night because he thought he was born cursed and darkness gave him more strength and power.

One night he drank heavily and directly moved to the bus station. He staggered from corner to corner; yet, he knew how to move and knew perfectly people

who talked to him. He met an old guy of his race and asked him for cigarette before he went back to the pub. A few minutes after, he got out with a bottle in his hand – Suddenly, he saw a white woman coming late from her work; he hid himself under a crate in a gloomy corner. His eyes were as bright as a star. He was scratching his hands against each other thinking in himself about the fortune that was coming.

In a peevish exact minute, he jumped on the lady after spraying a hot liquid in her eyes. A bit of chlorophorm was in his left hand; he made her lose her consciousness. Then he dragged her to the somber corner and started prying her. He found some jewels, banknotes new passport and a map.

After placing the woman in a safe place in case someone would see her, he deprived the lady from anything and left. He was sure the lady would regain her consciousness with an hour; so he took the long distance metro so as not to leave any suspicion in the suburbs.

In fact, a rogue is a rogue; he profited from the money and the map. With money he bought some new clothes and changed his look lest he would be recognized by the police. He paid a glance to the map and discovered a mark and a code on the map revealing an attack on the bank in the coming days. As he could not have the means to attack himself the robbers, he thought to offer the police a half to half share compromise.

The police chief, after consulting that case with his team, the chief accepted to share the gains into two equal parts. He showed the police the map and told them about his own interpretation of the conspiracy; they listened to him avidly. Two days before the attack date, the police had encircled the whole district and they were sure to captivate the thieves alive.

But as the rogue was smarter a little bit, he trapped the police and the thieves by entering the bank before them; He prepared some bombs in the bank and when the thieves entered into, the bombs exploded and the thieves retreated; some were killed and others were caught alive. Meanwhile, the rogue entered the bank and managed to reach the safe.

He collected everything and escaped by the underground cellars profiting from the police investigation with the troop. When the police reached the safe, they found nothing-They thought something went wrong-the thieves were caught empty handed-How could these big sums of money and gold disappear?

Later on, on the news headlines-the journalist interviewed the lady who was attacked by the rogue-she was a young Polish Blonde who worked in the same stolen bank. She was suspected of hiding the money and the gold and she was seen by the rogue.

14

The Catastrophe

The sky was blue and the gentle breeze was sweeping in swift the dusty ground. The sun in its parching heat teased the soil in a constant move. It was a rather hot day and life within the four walls of the mortar house was nearly suffocating. No ventilation, no invigorating fresh air could air the hot climate of the crowded house. The small children implored the father for a gentle stroll beside the lake to which he reluctantly disdained.

But on their insistence, he showed satisfaction. It was nearly three and a half of that afternoon summer when the father regained his car accompanied by his daughter and two other sisters. They were all ready for a tour around the lake, at least, to discharge the heavy load of that heavy summer.

Nice was that afternoon, every thing was calm and the destination they opted for was rather an

isolated place far from the sight of the noisy visitors. The car parked far from the water and the father whose intention was to create some recreations within his family members; yet the unexpected was lingering its traits and shadow on the innocent poor creatures. As long as the car stopped than the little girl opened the door and ran to the water. The father, on his alert, went after her and took by her hand: he was too prudent lest something wicked could harm her.

All the members went strolling and playing; sometimes throwing stones on the water and everything seemed perfectly working when all at a sudden, the little girl profitted from her father who was busy planting some branches on the edge of the river and moved forward into the muddy edge and soon she was absorbed by the dense mud. When her father turned towards her, he found that she had already drowned into the river; so intentionally he jumped after her for rescue.

However, the father who was not a good swimmer took time to get out of the water. Seeing him in that state, the big sister jumped after her father to help him but alas no soul had ever been spared by water; they had all gone to no return. The river bank was nearly empty except a small daughter who was roving along the bank crying and weeping.

It was just later on when two shepherds who were following the story did come running to rescue the little daughter. Later on, the police were informed and

the firemen came at last. They searched everywhere to find the victims at last just near the edge. They did not travel long but dived into the mud and were clung to the branches.

The victims originated from a very poor family- The father was aged 41 and worked as a mechanic – The mid sister was in her 14years old and she just passed her middle school certificate. The eldest sister was rather 18years old and she had passed her baccalaureate with success to be enrolled at the university next year.

The poor grandfather was overwhelmingly collapsed by the demise of the three victims; the only members he had got. He could not resist weeping their disappearance-A bitter remorse, an obscure scene and high condolence deed he received from the village dwellers who ran to the hospital, gave offers to the family and showed their great solidarity to the bereaved family.

The funeral day was another calamity for the whole family especially for the poor father who fell on the graveyard-something unbearable to see; but patience was the best remedy and before Almighty God, good intentions might fade; for nobody could change the mortal course-Death is a common fate for all.

Sept.13th, 2013

15

The Case of confusion

Man by nature is oblivious and his memories start to fade with time and just after the forties as scientists predicted; but this was proved a fallacy for Chinese grandmothers whose ages bypass eighty yet their memories remain afresh. The present account as it was featured through a local paper recounted the story of a nurse whose experience in a maternity polytechnics overpassed fifteen years and she was ranked amongst the health assistant whose company was always favoured by doctors. However her fluctuations over work often revealed a reversing case.

As it was reported, and reiterated in the local newspaper, the young nurse, when helping a pregnant lady deliver her baby, she mistakingly changed the young lambkin with another neonate. One baby was a male but the other was a female. When the mother woke up she did not recognize her female baby and she refused to milk him.

The nurse knew the event but she did not want to tell the mother. Soon the doctor in charge came and the truth was revealed. The doctor witnessed the mother had delivered a male boy and the doctor was certain of this. The proof he gave was a birth mark on the baby's forehead. They searched everywhere but no traces were reached. Two mothers had left the hospital early in the morning before the mother woke up.

One left to a very far distance and left no exact address and the other did not reach her home yet. The police were informed but still the second mother had changed her home address according to the neighbours.

The mother returned home with her unrecognized child; she still refused to milk but for a humanitarian reason she offered her breast. Days gone by and the young lambkin grew up in tenderness; the mother accepted the female babe and adopted her as her real child. She grew up in her father's upkeep, and she started giving her love to both parents.

On the other side of the scene, one of the ladies who left earlier discovered herself that she delivered a female and not a male. But according to family rituals a male was better than a female so they adopted him without any claim. Days gone by and the mother showed a great love and affection until the boy grew up and started his first days at school. See how fate prepared the first premises of a career, a career that no one in this life except God knew how it started and how it would end.

Mobility was a common feature among the inhabitants of the country for everyone of those citizens wished to seek a place of tranquility and peace. Families moved here and there and the first mother who migrated south returned after three years to dwell in the nearby of the mother adopting the female neonate.

Then, the two children were schooled in the same educational institution; they saw each other in the backyard of the school but they did not know of their stories. One day, the school organized a trip to the seaside and in the route, on the school bus, the two innocent victims met each other and made acquaintances.

Soon relations strengthened and the couple started sensing the seeds of love, they turned in a peevish moment into great lovers and started dating. They invited each other and introduced themselves to both families. Mothers were satisfied with that relationship and promised to make the couple join hands in the future.

Days gone by and the couple worked together at school. They passed to the high school and worked together for a long hard year until they got their baccalaureate. Eventually, they succeeded to meet in the university. Now, grown up, they decided to officialize their relationship by asking each others' hands and think of an eternal relation. Both mothers sensed jollity in that marital relation and wished

things go fast so that they would see their offspring growing happily.

When the male boy visited his new betrothal, he often went to her mother and kissed her on the front. One day the mother saw the birth mark on the child's front and sensing that feline instinct towards him, she evocated what the doctor told her that she gave birth to a male, a birthmark on his front. She directly associated that with her latent inner feelings and was quite certain the baby was hers especially when seeing his birthdate, she made sure he was her own child.

That male was born on the same day the other lady gave birth to her female. Surely, there was a confusion and the nurse did not notice that. To make sure, the lady went to the hospital to see the doctor and the nurse in their offices. When she met them they told her the truth and she recounted her story of the couple and the doctor asked her for forgiveness, together with the nurse. Back home, she recounted the story to her daughter and told her the truth that she had never seen her male baby.

The other mother took the child and recounted him the same story and that she had never milked her female baby. See how fate played the role. Both mothers loved their sons and daughters and considered them their own. Marriage took place and the couple lived in happiness that even the two mothers did not expect for such a relation to live and revive.

Both the doctor and the nurse took part in the ceremony to which they claimed their complete satisfaction and that such a mistake would never occur. That was a mistake pertaining to human beings with no perfectness. Only the true completion is to God the creator. Hence, the offspring came and went and the same story was recounted to the next generation.

December -6th, 2014

16

The Ghost

Behind the lofty trees the hued horizon traced its own shadow on the grey mountain. A gentle breeze playfully turned the leaves that finally fell on the ground. The few houses perverted here and there added to the sadness of the landscape by that autumn day. The sun in its enfeebled shining rays started to come down shamefully and the herds in their low murmurs bent their heads down hurrying to their stead.

The spell of coldness started to overwhelm the semi somber afternoon. Everything was standstill, no movement of the villagers who took refuge in their homestead. The very sign of the remaining shepherds there came moving fast to their homes lest some wolves attacked their herds.

However, just in the nearby, a noise of sheep's low was coming down the river. One of the shepherds heard the noise and decided to go down the river to

keep an eye over the retarded creatures. To his surprise, he saw three sheep that cannot walk properly. He descended the valley and picked them up.

The sheep were preponderously plump and fat; a question that came upon his mind to wonder about the creatures that he had never seen with his own herds or his friends'. He did not say a word and tried to collect the poor creatures and let them pass the night with him. Anyway, Omar that was his name, went home shivering of cold; took his supper and went to bed. He was extremely bogged down of the tiresome day.

His wife Aicha knew well about her husband. He was very tired and he could not stay up any longer. Around midnight, Omar heard the noise in the barn. He took a torch and descended to have a glance at what happened. To his surprise, he found that three sheep were tortured to death and the other three guest sheep had evaded leaving the barn gate open.

Omar did not understand the story at the beginning but later on he understood that the three sheep he came to host were ghosts in the form of sheep and not real sheep. That was the ghost in animals shape.

As an experienced man, Omar did not confide in anybody except in certain circumstances. Omar is a man of good intention who never showed his teeth to anyone. His bountiful deeds, together of those of his wife, made from the couple an entity of good reputation. They were both respected by the villagers.

Omar started to learn lessons from the ghost that according to many villagers was seen under different umbrellas.

He once appeared sitting near the road clad in a white burnous; a grandfather that motorists often mistakingly stopped to give a lift. One car driver was pushed from the route corner to fall down into the ravine. I remembered a story told by Omar when recounting some past stories near the house backyard.

We were three neighbours sitting behind the house when a well clad father came and without talking with us, he took a seat not far from the place where we played dominoes. He observed us playing for more than half an hour then he disappeared. Everybody was astonished; they had never seen the person before. Drivers coming or going down town took their precautions and drove safely without being traumatised.

The villagers did know of the existing ghosts and according to certain versions, the ghosts differed according to their nativity and breeding. Some they said attacked the villagers for long and did not show any harm but according to certain witnesses, they said that two ghosts worked together and waited for people late in the afternoon and crossed their pathways.

Those who did not know the route well, took an easy way to escape; yet as it was getting dark, they fell into the pond and died alone. The deep ravine where many conductors saw their demise was seen by the

villagers all illuminated by candles at night. Ghost celebrated their residence beneath the human blood. They danced and danced for whole nights before their residence was discovered.

The place, after a late hour of night, was not to be frequented in case ghosts appeared. According to some religious men, ghosts did not exist and did not harm unless they were aggressed. Some believers did never believe in their existence: they said ghosts appeared only to misfits and wicked persons. But, I believed in ghosts and I myself had seen a white woman half way crossing my path at midnight and if it were not for my good hand and courage, I would have collapsed in fear. Before all, death should be confronted.

Dec 23rd, 2014

The Refugee

“See on the top of the headlines –” All the people pointed at the Ebola stricken victim picture on the main cover page. Some stood in remorse; others mocked the scene. A realistic feature that was hung over months of those who lived ancient diseases and those who had lost dearest lives. A mocking disease that had already been lived in Western Africa and whose victims at that time ignored its name-It’s a twin sister to the bubonic plague that decimated whole lives in Europe.

In face of this catastrophic calamity, many refugees preferred to quit western Africa, the land of misery and diseases as one of the captions had jot it down. Refugees started to pack their lots; the few possessions they obtained were soon packed and the means of transports procured. No one knew what to take for the principal thing was to move as quickly as possible.

Samba Diop, an Angolan youth decided to leave his hometown in the direction to Spain, he descended from a middle class and he had a more or less rich parents who possessed a few acres. He sold some of his land and thought to immigrate to Spain to live a peaceful quiet life far from problems and social agitations.

He thought to go himself first then would deport his family later on. Samba did never expect life there and the things that would wait for him. He was carried out by the dream that anywhere out of Angola would bring him countless of happy returns. He was hopefully willing to travel by any means.

It was the first of December in the year two thousands and fourteen, early in the morning, Samba took his first departure. It was raining and mud covered nearly all the dirty lane, the small clandestine car moved swiftly along the tiny path within the dense forest. Everything was calm except the roaring of the car that broke the silence. Samba bit his lips and was full of anxiety to see his daydreams fulfilled.

The car moved and twisted over the slippery muddy lane and the driver was like an amateur pilot veering his car right and left. Some soldiers patrolled the forest in search of escapees. As Samba was nicely dressed, he was not stopped; his well clad stature showed him as a VIP; he did not attract their attention. The road seemed long for Samba to reach the borders. Samba decided to travel by plane to Morocco then from there he would voyage by boat.

After two hours drive, there landed Samba with a suitcase on his left arm and a small bag on his shoulder. He went directly to the airport to book a flight ticket to Morocco with a Moroccan airline. His flight was due to 11 o'clock. He waited for another one hour and a half in lounge.

Samba Diop was an excellent scholar and he mastered Spanish very well; he thought to register as a graduate student once he arrived there. He was full of energy and hope and wished to pursue his postgraduate studies there. He was reading a newspaper and in between the lines he was concentrating on another caption that started pesting his mind –

“Africans suffered and still suffer...” Something came to his mind-a challenge to defeat circumstances and prove to the Africans that living a decent life for Africans is possible in the presence of tenacity and good will.

Now, the flight departure was on its time, Samba got up and directly headed his way to the check in points to arrange for his flight. He was invited to come in, he took his seat in the plane and in a few minutes the plane started off.

Samba Diop, the dreamer; once on the plane, he gazed at the green pastures and the longest valleys of Africa and in his minds countless of pictures of the African people, the generous minds, the labour hands whose efforts had constructed half of Europe. Thousands of colourful pictures mixed up with his

roving imagination-he gazed and gazed and the warm tears did collect in his eyes, nostalgia fed his inspiration and penetrated his heart.

He was afraid to travel alone, he was afraid of the unexpected circumstances he did not care about. He thought of his family, his youngest brothers and sisters and his dearest parents. At times, he stopped breathing for many things came to his mind and a sense of despair attacked his mind as if he wanted to relinquish; yet a moment of courage inhabited his inner self telling him to go on and cross the borders-it is always greener on the other side of the fence.

Three hours of flight and at last the plane landed in Casablanca, his preferred destination. He decided to stop at this town and spent two days there sightseeing and preparing the ground before going to Spain. Two days passed and there again, Simba on his flight to Spain-a dream he could reach in one hour flight from Morocco. His heart started to beat the more he approached to Spain; he was afraid of being deported, rejected or refused because of Ebola, especially he came from the source of Ebola disease.

When the plane landed, Samba Diop was nicely dressed and he crossed his way directly to the customs. After an official arrangement, he was allowed to pass the frontiers as a tourist and VIP especially when he spoke to them in Spain.

Samba took a taxi from the airport to the nearest hotel. He was psychologically tired, tired of thinking

he would be sent out, an idea that did not leave his mind all along the trip. At last, Samba did enjoy his life as half of his dream was fulfilled.

The next day, Samba got out of the hotel and decided to walk and discover Madrid, the capital of his dreams; he strolled along its vast streets, nodding to people, gazing at the skyscrapers, reading the walls. He stopped to have a refreshment, a snack and a newspaper. He discovered the university, located it and decided to go back home to prepare himself for the next day.

Samba's dream was to establish himself as a permanent refugee in Spain so he addressed a file to the local authorities but he was refused. He could register as an international student yet he could not settle permanently in Spain. He would leave it after his studies finish. Samba's dreams evaporated and now he was thinking of changing into another European country.

Africans he thought "*Are not greatly welcomed in Europe* –" their social being, racial structure, health problems and permanent diseases had worsened their chances to be accepted as permanent refugees. Hence, though he enrolled at the university, his chance to live there dwindled and as he felt himself a stranger, things started to narrow in his eyes and the more pessimism sprang into his heart, the more he looked at the future with half squinting eyes, with a gloomy view, a combination of obscurity and haze where his

projects of bringing his family to live with him in Europe seemed an impossible mission to realize.

He reluctantly moved forward. A blockade he sensed; life did not in fact give to everyone-Even a refuge status could not be obtained-A puff of pure oxygen is not to sold –

Later, when he sat to himself and evoked the souvenirs of his first departure and the nostalgic appeal that incessantly called him, he relentlessly looked upon himself and wept, he wept for his fate and the fate of thousands of other Africans who departed before him and were deported to their countries-Ebola he thought a label for the Africans not to go far, not to travel to the remote but to die afflicted by the same plague-even the disease had its nostalgic appeal.

December 22nd, 2014

18

The Solitary

He dwelt by a solitary creek that when moving up, it made a roaring noise, a noise of the rippling water caressing the surface of the pointed stones. Nobody seemed to dwell there except Rachid the solitary-a mid aged father who abandoned his wife and his three little kids. He once in his lifetime was traumatized by an accident he witnessed at the age of twenty five on his return from a party. He saw his father and his mother dying in front of him.

Since that time he lost his consciousness; he did not even know he was married and had children. His wife visited him many times in his first days of absence mindedness then she took her children and left.

Adelkader was his name and he had only an eldest brother who visited him and brought to him some necessities of life. Abdelkader was taken to hospital where he spent two years. And then, he had regained some parts of his lost spirit. He went after to his wife

and his children to bring them back but it was too late- the wife had already married and the children were dispatched amidst the kith and kin. Two children were taken by their uncle and one remained with his grandfather. Abdelkader had a great love for his former wife and many a time he joined her family to beg her to come and live with him but his wife had resigned.

In trying for a vain pursuit, Abdelkader insisted to live solitary by his old cabin there, adjacent to the running creek. He was a scenery nut and did never go and join his brother down town. Nature had become a part of him and he never thought to abandon his nostalgic native land. He used to hunt in the wood, living and eating only from what nature bestowed.

He fished in the creek and made from his extra lot of fish an exporting dowry that he sold in the village weekly market. In the days where the sun rose to its full, Abdelkader got out with his spanish three goats that he bred for milk. He milked them traditionally, made curdled milk and whey and he even made cheese. His extra dairy produce was sold on the village market.

Abdelkader's second experience with his departed wife made him a fearful person who decided not to engage in any future enterprise. He decided to live as *Robinson Crusoe* once did – a self complacent, bearing his own modest life to which he seemed full to the brim. He often sat to himself musing about the produce he had harvested from this wicked life and talked to himself that he had learnt many lessons that

life in fact was a great school whose implicatures for the individual's life were catastrophic.

He learnt that often life of solitude bred only solitary acts that did never produce; but the solitary should never immerse himself in pure solitude; hence he started avoiding being solitary by going to the market, inviting some friends to form a fishing and hunting club; he exchanged visits within the limits of his geographical boundaries.

Abdelkader did not stop there, so he visited his three children and promised to forgive himself for not taking care of the young innocents when they were still young. The little kids, then grown to maturity had well understood how shocking was their father at a stage his life could have gone.

More intimacy had then grown between the members of the family. And in his constant visits to his sons, he longed to meet their mother but she refused to see him and she preferred to stay solitary as her husband wanted himself to be.

They still loved each other but through distance, heart within hearts yet with a solitary spirit. See how life was odd, how life seemed strange where two souls destined to live together; yet, they could accomplish what fate had already drawn.

Children stood in the middle but as they persisted, the mother decided to visit her former husband on his secluded solitary cabin when he was, at last, devoured by a permanent disease.

He could not recognize her but he observed her shape that he had long folded in the memories of the past; he suffered alone to die two days after in a complete seclusion with only the very rare dearest friends of the neighbouring village who came to bury him and witness his farewell to his eternal world.

December 23rd, 2014

19

The Dead living Man

Once upon a time, there lived a man whose longevity was said to be more astonishing than ever. He died at the age of one hundred, a specimen not to find nowadays and its rarity is flagrantly observed. Sid Ahmed was his name and he lived to his seventeen stepsons and daughters running after him as a beehive. His life from its start was full of mysteries and adventures. He took part in the Algerian liberation war, he was exiled and imprisoned and travelled to Morocco and Tunisia at times the barbed wires were secluding the frontiers.

Sid Ahmed was a symbol of devotion and generosity. He used to help the poor and the needy, a great farmer whose hands bled from cuts and frost. When you approach him he recounted thousands of stories that needed to be jot down. Here is one of his mysterious stories that he himself recounted as it came to us down from his progenitures.

Sid Ahmed was born on the highest mountain of Khenchela, Algeria where he grew up as poor shepherd in a colonial farm; his father was a farmer in a french colony and had a chance to recruit his child as a shepherd, an occupation at that time dear and not given to any Algerian. He was proud of the occupation and he spent nearly all the day keeping guard of the herds and giving fodder to the young lambkins, surveying the barns, feeding the cows and the horses. He went back home very tired and often went to bed without even taking his supper.

He slept on a thin shaby mat often in his wet clothes. He lived in the same circumstance for fifteen years and he was not even capable of collecting a dowry for his marriage. He waited for long to get married until the age of twenty five. An age his elders had already two or three children. In his time, boys married young to taste the responsibility and grew mature. His french colonizer helped him marry by offering him a ewe from the group of cattle he was himself taking care of. A gesture for Sid Ahmed, a grandiose act he would never forget.

Days went by and the Algerian circumstances were terribly heart penetrating, famine and diseases were harvesting lives; poverty was at its extreme, and even the weather was very harsh. Cold and rain fell down incessant, together with snow that drifted non stop. What poor dwellings could resist the frost and the water courses that traversed the floors. Roofs were

generously leaking to add adversity to the social situation.

Sid Ahmed, as a grown mature, profitted from the days of sun to repair the leaks of the roofs, his wife worked to his shoulder and gave him assistance.

A few days later, snow started to fall again and the same story of the leakages was repeated. Poor materials within poor hands could do nothing in the face of the angry weather. There passed a long tempest where people could not leave their houses, no electricity, no gaz, no appropriate food, no sanity and health care except deadwet wood and the remains of animals or petrol lamps that flickered here and there. A great miserable state Sid Ahmed and his family passed by: they considered themselves as dead before their time.

When the Algerian liberation war broke out, Sid Ahmed had already desisted from shepherdness to join the freedom fighters. He spent the rest of his life on the mountains where he did join the Tunisian frontiers as a mail transporter then he worked in different other posts until Algeria got its independence.

Sid Ahmed confined his wife and children to his father who kept silent all the time lest the French boss would hear about his son's departure to the mountain. The father worked and doubled efforts for he had two families to feed.

When Algeria gained its independence, Sid Ahmed returned to his village and regained his home. He did not recognize his children who had grown

mature. He returned with a great pride and in his own latent person he was satisfied with the few he possessed. He lived seven years with his wife – a life full of love and devotion. He tried to compensate for the years he had lost. He reconstructed a house with the help of the village authorities.

Then, his new house was electrified and roads were constructed. People started to taste the sweetness of life in a free atmosphere of a great brotherhood. People, at that epoch, were one hand; solidarity, assistance and unity. But fate that did not wait for anybody affected his wife. His tender partner was hurt with pneumonia and she could not resist so she succumbed after one week lying on bed.

Sid Ahmed wept for her for long and mourned the circumstances that affected his life. He was left alone; a dead living creature that lived in remorse especially when he looked at his children, he drifted tears and thought after rain there would be sunshine for believers in God's fate. *Welcome solemn death, welcome that was God's gift as he created us, he invited us to his paradise. Welcome death, as he reiterated, welcome...*

Sid Ahmed was brave enough to join his children and decided to restart his life a new. His father proposed him another bride that could unite the family and he accepted. The party took place and the modest feast was done. Sid Ahmed found a new job and decided from then on to devote his time to his new wife and his children.

Gone with the time, the situation started to take a new direction and Sid Ahmed joined some farmers to cultivate the colonizers land. His income was more or less descent in comparison to the old times.

Sid Ahmed now aged fifty five started to enjoy his life with his seven children. That year, he married two eldest sons at one time and made a great feast where the different people came as guests. Traditional feasts with traditional horse carriages and rifles upon the shoulders.

Women's yellings mixed with the smoke of the hearths and music of the flutes added another flavour to the party. When food was ready, guests congregated around in the open space and started to gulp down couscous with mutton, coffee and tea and whey and dates. What a jolly atmosphere for dearest brothers to meet?

How sweet was life then in a free country where peace reigned. Schools started to open their doors and young students, though shabby clothed went down the slopes for their first courses, barefooted, without bags, without copybooks yet they descended the slopes to be schooled for the first time in their lives.

The youngsters descended in pride to meet their friends there. They were welcomed by modest teachers whose intellectual abilities were not up to the level, yet they did their best to convey a certain learning to the learners.

Sid Ahmed accompanied his progeniture to school

and in his internal state a look at the back history as it was full of misery and hardships; he did praise God for that blessing but whenever he remembered his first wife and the bitter days he spent with her, he stopped and breathed out for long. Days gone, and Sid Ahmed's health situation started to dwindle for he started suffering from a heart attack.

He went to doctors and they all advised him to stop any physical effort; hence his work was very limited to certain houseworks that he did to please his wife and his children. Hence, Sid Ahmed's place in the farm was attributed to his son to work it out.

In his itinerant wanderings between the land attributed to him and the village, Sid Ahmed started to feel a kind of fatigue and bit by bit he could not walk at all until the day he got a heart attack; his heart stopped breathing all at a sudden and as there were no qualified doctors at the time, his heart stopped and villagers thought that Sid Ahmed's life had come to its end.

Funeral preparation were launched, women's mourned, his family members were confused and in that hurly burly atmosphere, a great shout came from the house –

SID AHMED WAS ALIVE-in fact, his heart stopped for a while then it regained its form. People ran to the house to see Sid Ahmed smiling at them and looking amazingly at the big crowd.

“Thank God all the villagers shouted, with hands up open to heaven with one voice *Amen.*”

Sid Ahmed lived some other thirty more years to bury his second wife and remarry for the third time. He married all his sons and then the family grew up as a mushroom to see Sid ahmed in his late years hugging his progeniture that he longed to see in a free country that suffered great ordeals and deprivations. See where are you in all these events? *for Life is not only deeds but both deeds and years.*

December 23rd, 2014

20

The Poisoned Teacher

Once upon a time, in an urban city where there lived a handsome and smart primary school teacher whose reputation in mastering his subject matter was widespread. His hand, as witnesses recounted, was a magical swift in writing, in handling things with an extreme care and attention. He was too diligent to pay attention to everything. Pertinent and precarious as he was, everybody loved him in the suburbs.

His school students were considered as his sons and daughters and he never knew hatred feelings. Ali the modest teacher whose demeanour in the district was very well noticed.

When he talked, his voice pierced the hearts, a very lenient but stout at heart and never felt embarrassed. He mastered his good conduct and he did what his mind, not his heart dictated. A very logical personality that caused too much respect for the others especially the strangers he did not know well.

He weighed his words before he said anything. An angelic teacher whose preferred clothes were modesty and generosity. A very open hearted individual that he showed to everybody with differing levels. His best friends were the lunatics, the down trodden, the poor and the needy. He encouraged the learned, backed up the needy, consoled the pained, mourned with the affected and laughed with the comic.

A strange combination that a VIP could hold at a low level that he himself considered low. His level of instruction did not reflect his external prepossessing demeanour.

Mr Ali lived in a modest house that his father left for him five years ago when his father succumbed to his death leaving behind Ali and another daughter. Ali used to commute to his school daily and in his back home he passed to the nearest shop to buy some necessities of life. He was the breadwinner of the family.

Ali was a bachelor and with the years he had and would spend at school he would economize for his future marriage. Ali was engaged to one of his relatives; an orphan daughter selected on the ground that they were both orphans and would knit a common abode together.

Yet, no one knew what fate would hide in a confused epoch; an epoch where witchcraft and conspiracies had grown to the extent that wicked girls could close houses and separate whole families without previous consent. The misfit world was too

wicked for clean people to stay sane-a sane could not resist insanity and even lunatics turned to another degree of lunacy.

Ali, the poor victim, the handsome boy felt into the trap of a jealous girl who worked with him in the same educational institution; she wanted him as a future husband at whatever price. Ali, as usual, intended to smile and laugh to everybody; an act that his colleagues misunderstood and thought he was behind her.

A wrong interpretation led naive persons to judge other persons from their physical traits. Yet, Ali's consideration to the whole affair was totally different- he saw in his colleagues only brothers and sisters; yet behind him there was a concocted conspiracy. The JEALOUS GIRL.

Aicha was her name and she was in her full bloom, a good looking girl whose verve was on its prime; a very active and diligent amateur teacher. She looked optimist and wished to win Ali's heart amidst a group of contesters whose eyes were miraculously pointed on every act he did. Yet, Ali did not bother at all until the doomsday.

It was the fifth of December of the year nineteen sixty nine; it was snowing heavily on Setif, Algeria and particularly on that stony school where Ali was collecting and packing his teaching material. Aicha entered and in her hand was a bottle of juice where a pinch of iron dust was dissolved.

Ali, the unfortunate whose throat was parched from teaching loud, handed his hand to the cursed bottle and swallowed the contents without paying attention. Poor Ali, he quenched his thirst, handed back the empty bottle and thanked the lady and went home. The girl smiled and in her heart a spell of certainty that the poison would complete its effects the long Ali walked to his house.

Ali sensed some pains and some stomach ache as he walked and a kind of dizziness started to creep in his mind. He reached the house with difficulty and asked his sister to throw some blankets on him. He was shivering like a leaf in the blowing wind. The doctor was summoned but it was too late. It was a case of poisoning with the iron powder that spread out as wild fire and made intestines look black; they turned somber and dark and it was impossible to clean.

Doctor claimed that with time, the poisoned victim of such a case would turn lunatic. And, in fact, after one month, Ali stopped his career as a teacher, he lost his consciousness and took all his books and exposed them for sale. That was the end of a profession and the gentle minds and lofty souls would pay at last. Poor Ali, he turned lunatic with a half sane mind; yet he talked about everything except about his profession as a teacher; he had forgotten everything about.

Since then Ali was an invalid person, he did not work at all and he had never been married. He knew who had poisoned him but he had never called upon

her name and in his latent he let her punishment to the providence.

An act of sin would never go unpunished. And *remorse would come eventually at the end. Women remained women and men remained men. Conspiracies had long existed.*

December 24th, 2014

21

The orphan

It was the first of January in the year two thousands and fifteen, the snow had incessantly broken the silence of the sunny days of December. It snowed for nearly one week non stop and it fell down heavily reaching in some places one meter high, roads were blocked and the worsening thing was frost at night. In fact difficult moments made the rabbit get out of its den, nothing to eat for days, no grass to nibble; alas for the poor family that did not find anything to subsist on.

The father deceased for long and the poor child left alone with two small daughters and a mother to feed. Conditions of life in a cold weather with a lack of necessities of life pushed the orphan boy of sixteen to go out in search of a decent job. He at first worked in a *café* as a glass washer where his boss shouted on him and did not respect him at all beside the over exploitation, the boy left his boss without even

receiving his due. Then he went to another boss: this time he worked in a bakery shop where he spent the night preparing bread.

He did not get accustomed to working at night. He could never compensate for the rest of the night in the day; so he worked for one week then desisted. The boy now relinquished home and waited for his fate what to dictate for him to do next. His mother was a little bit ill; otherwise, she suggested for him to go in search of a job but he refused to let her go out. The few coins they economised started to evaporate in an age the stomach had a long crave for luxurious food.

Omar was his name and he was often overwhelmed with pride for being the eldest, he wanted to prove to his mother that he had grown with age and could easily be the breadwinner she expected. After three days of rest, Omar resented bitterness and idleness sitting at home and waiting for a bolt from the blue.

He decided as the rabbit once had done, to get out from his shell and face reality with an open chest, to work at any job offered. He woke up early, it was rather dark outside; frost was on its bitter moments. He decided to go to the town; some 20 kms far from the village where he resided.

He took the bus and sat in a corner, in a quiet place warm and far from the noise and smoke of the conductor. The warmth he sensed in the bus made him fall asleep and he did not wake up until he arrived to the town. He descended and started

moving in the streets of the town entering *cafés* and asking for jobs; two, three and at the fourth public place he was offered a job in a *café*.

Fortunately, the days he got from training in his *ex-café* had saved his face. He was recruited, this time not a glass washer but as a servant. He started immediately after recounting his social state to the boss. His new boss was a mid-aged person who seemed humane and clement. He gave him a new apron and showed him what to do and asked him to start. Omar was very happy and promised to do his job properly and listened to his boss with all ears for *half a loaf is better than no bread*.

25th December, 2014

Heart Blindedness

Man in *Paradise lost* is often the true reflection of his own stature. John Milton had not truly valued the same man twice. The following story reveals the paradox, the catastrophe of man's psychological upheavals in a manner that baffles the spirit.

Rachid who married in 1985 was a well to do businessman whose wealth made of him a VIP, a noble man with his complete social position. A tradesman of first hand, a modest parent of two sons and two daughters. His eldest daughter was an already married woman who had got two young children. The next of heir was his grandson Samir, a bank senior clerk, married and living alone in his new dwelling.

The family was living prosperously where everything was running in a perfect order when a strange occurrence peeped from naught. One day, the wife phoned to her husband but he did not respond.

The wife suspected something eccentric. So when the husband got home, the wife asked him about the reasons he did not answer her calls.

He immediately got angry and thought she was spying on him. He left the house and did never ask after his family. He travelled some 120 kms far from his house and stayed in his uncle's house for nearly six months.

But he had never thought of his responsibility towards his children. His second daughter was very attached to him and was psychologically traumatised. She did not believe to see her father changing in a peevish moment, changing from a piteous, lenient and soft father who brought everything to his house, the father who cared too much about her and her kin to a harsh father who did not even make a phone call.

The girl was a teenage and could not digest the idea that her father suddenly disappeared from her mind. She went after him for long, phoned him but he did not answer and even worse he changed his mobile phone number. After that, he shifted to his uncle's daughter where he stayed for another five months.

The girl was deeply attached to her father and she started to suffer from insomnia; she waited for her father to come back home but he never thought of. One day, she went to visit him but he did not want to see her; he sent his nephew to tell her he was not in. She returned again and again and that time she was sent out from the house.

The girl did not stop crying for her father that she saw fleeing from her hand; he remarried and sent a divorce notification to her mother who was also perplexed to see a divorce that she had never expected. Poor wife, she went to the court to confront her husband but he did not come-he sent his own barrister to defend his cause.

The daughter was half crazy, her warm feelings did never falter to chase her father who spoilt her to the extent she could never let him go-a far cry for a parental love and affection that she tasted for long and grew under her father patronage, a complete overruling in comfort and luxury. Her social status suddenly changed and then she felt alone, isolated with a morally degraded mother; a hopeless case that appeared after thirty years of cosy marriage and family reunion.

What a craze such a man lived in? What parental responsibility did such a misfit endure after leaving his family suffering behind? an oblivious past in an oblivious event-Fatherly pity no more existed as the old days enchanted man.

There must be something behind such an awful scene-the husband must have swollen something of bitter hope, a desolate state characterized by certain witchcraft humanly preparation, a poisonous substance that the husband had taken from the hand of his uncle that eventually showed a great disdain to the quiet stable and defenseless wife.

He drank from that cup of the bitter gull that made him veer all at a sudden to change sail and forget his own family. Such devilish outcome would have been punished if the wife had not a strong hold and good manners. She relentlessly admitted her fate and accepted her divorce without even lifting a voice. Such an oppressive act did never deserve *A Paradise regained*.

That was just an instance of a badly conducted manner whose traits were mapped out by a woman conspirator whose jealousy surpassed the human admittance to logic that a man should never stay in peace with his wife—a rough state in a rough mind could wane man and enfeeble his mind to succumb to his own desolation.

The husband did never wake up to see his real daughter knocking at all doors to seek a solution to her mind division; she turned crazy of her absent love and fortunately the daughter, who was a teenage, did not deviate to a streetwalker because in her consciousness there crept innocence and she lived by the hope that one day her father might regain his consciousness and come back home.

She lived by hope wishing that poisonous substance would lose its effects in the future to come. Women's cursed hands when favoured by a warm ground can show teeth and bite in the daylight. A destruction of a family whose consequences the father bore in mind; a tired father whose wings were broken

by that liquid substance that moved in his blood as gull killing him as the case of *Hamlet's father*.

The remaining daughter walked in the streets of her town, a desperate girl in a desperate world torn by certain social taboos of witchcraft, bribery, theft and jealousy that swept the religious norms and rendered the sane foolish.

Such trivial and foolish happenings were the by product of ignorance and illiteracy and though blood is thicker than water, it was often that the same blood that might cause the catastrophe.

The girl then stopped to wonder, my father was lost, my life was lost; what a poor life in its value worser than dust. Then, as she evoked her souvenirs, she fainted.

An ambulance rushed to the hospital yet that was too late for a trauma; the girl became mute, she lost her voice and lost her memory and the day her father heard her news, he visited her in the hospital; yet she did not recognize him; he became a leaf in her past memories; an event that enfolded her dead spirit; a vain hope in a wicked world of losing the thread that once was the umbilical chord.

Her father looked at his infant and tears fell upon his two ayen cheeks, had become old with age; he lost his vane at times his boat deserved the veers.

January2nd, 2015

Contents

Dedication.....	3
Foreword.....	5
Introduction	9
1. On the importance of Teaching and reading literature .	9
1.1. On Literature teaching.....	9
1.2. On Literature Reading.....	10
2. On Creative writing	12
2.1. Definition of creative writing.....	12
2.2. Writing to learn through self evaluative stance.....	13
2.3. Creative writing sample	13
3. On Creative Writing	14
3.1. On Poetry Writing.....	14
3.1.1. Introduction	14
3.1.2. A Personal Insightful spell on poetry writing.	21
1. Wit and wisdom.....	21
2. Creativity:	22
3. Innovation	22
4. Emotional upsurge	22
5. The Choice of Diction and music	23
3.2. On short Story Writing.....	23
3.2.1. Introduction to the Elements of the Short Story	24
3.2.1.1. The Plot	24
3.2.1.2. The Characters.....	25

3.2.1.3. The Setting and Mood:.....	26
3.2.1.4. Point of view	27
3.2.1.5. Figurative language.....	27

Part Two

Collection of Poems

1 – Professions	33
1. The shepherd	33
2. The Soldier	34
3. The Postman	35
4. The Life of a Miner.....	36
5. The hunter.....	37
6. The Hermit.....	38
2 – Nature	41
1. The Beach	41
2. The Daffodils	42
3. The Thunderstorm.....	44
4. The Dense Snow	44
5. Heavy Rain	45
6. Night Flood	45
7. Earthquake in winter	47
8. Forest Fire in Summer	48
9. The Beauty of Mountains.....	48
3 – The Supernatural and metaphysics.....	51
1. Meditation upon the soul.....	51
2. Death.....	52
3. The Devil	53
4. Revenge.....	53
4 – On Humanity.....	55
1. Anger.....	55
2. Bliss	56
3. Enmity.....	56
4. Love	57

Part Three

Tales

1 – The Conspiracy	61
2 – The Greedy Captain	67
3 – The lost Traveler	75
4 – The Shadow	79
5 – The Wise Man and the Sultan.....	83
6 – The Eclipse.....	87
7 – The woman’s battle.....	91
8 – The lovers	95
9 – The Passionate Man	99
10 – True friends	103
11 – Lunacy	107
12 – The Fisherman	111
13 – The Rogue.....	115
14 – The Catastrophe.....	119
15 – The Case of confusion.....	123
16 – The Ghost	129
17 – The Refugee.....	133
18 – The Solitary	139
19 – The Dead living Man	143
20 – The Poisoned Teacher	151
21 – The orphan	157
22 – Heart Blindedness	161

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

www.edilivre.com



Tous nos livres sont imprimés
dans les règles environnementales les plus strictes

Tous droits de reproduction, d'adaptation et de traduction,
intégrale ou partielle réservés pour tous pays.

ISBN papier : 978-2-332-91892-5

ISBN pdf : 978-2-332-91893-2

ISBN epub : 978-2-332-91891-8

Dépôt légal : avril 2015

© Edilivre, 2015

Imprimé en France, 2015