

AUK STUDENT MAGAZINE

# VOICE



Summer 2021 | Vol. 17 | Issue 4



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# Editor's Note

VOICE as an institution and magazine has perpetually been putting out issues for the last fifteen years; long before I took the reins- and in the last few months, irrespective of a global pandemic - VOICE has continued to produce the magazine; in that regard, I'm proud, and profoundly thankful to the team and the good folks in student life who have allowed VOICE to persevere.

I sometimes wonder what the members of VOICE team, ten years ago are doing now, I wonder, how are the former advisors, directors of student life- and freelancers doing in today's unpredictable and increasingly somber world. These questions are best left unanswered, the value of which- lie in the nuance of its reverie.

The truth is, with each team that comes and goes, with each graduating class- people are simply building upon their predecessors- the same sort of- cyclical essentialism could be said about a number of different phenomena; but in the case of VOICE- it's a fundamental attribute that makes up the institution's ethos- that is, a torch that is passed off from one person to the other, a literary carrera de relevos.

Dartmouth's university newspaper was founded in 1799, that's 222 years ago. However, VOICE was founded two short years after the university was established- still we're young in comparison to the multitude of different institutions around the world- yet we seem to build upon the achievements of students and faculty, year after year; and in that regard, I do believe that there is something special about AUK, something inexplicable in the spirit that it carries.

My hopes, like those who have come before me, and those who will come after, won't be in vain. I'm grateful for having worked with such a cordial and affable team; and I wish for the best- for the teams that will follow.

- Abdulwahab Al – Othman

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# Meet the Team

## Co- Editor

It has been an immense pleasure to work alongside such fantastic and proactive individuals. The past year has not been easy as we were a completely new team who met virtually; however, we had a repertoire of constantly coming up with new ideas, bouncing them off each other to ensure the best outcome was produced. An embarking evidence of this is the successful four issues published by the team. This is not merely a goodbye rather a moment to hold on to the fond memories created as a team.

- Lavena Jacob



## Graphic Designer

Goodbyes were never just sad endings... they have deeper meanings, new beginnings, and new lifetime. It is all about living the experience and enjoying it. It is also about having fun with your team and share your different thoughts. I am not actually saying goodbye, but I am saying thank you... for my team, for the time I spent gaining experience, and for the skills I learned through the pandemic since I spent most of the time at home. I loved voice... and I loved working with the team!

-Iman Chebli



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## Reporter

Words can never be enough to describe the team I shared my first Job in AUK with. I learned more and more every day in my position, and I understood new perspectives. Thank you for this amazing opportunity to share this experience with a well-organized, fun, creative team and hopefully You will see me more in the future.

-Abdolwahab AlQarooni



## Reporter

Working for VOICE was one of the most interesting experiences I had in AUK. I expected working with a remote team to be a hassle, but it turned out to be a passion-driven and exciting experience. As this is my last issue for AUK, this is definitely not a goodbye; this is the beginning of a new journey.

– Sarah Zayed



# Content Page

## Turning Over a New Leaf

New Milestone

Say Goodbye to Hollywood

Why Does Time Go by so Fast?

Unwanted Times

Tough Finale

Comic Strip

The Pandemic Did Not Cage Us

Rejection Rejection Rejection

Around the Corner

Next Hope

## Jaunt Season

Life and Movies

Summer Routine

'Tis the Dry Season

Adventures of DJ Eric

Endless Summer

الغرباء

## Land of Palestine





# TURNING OVER a NEW LEAF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



# New Milestone

Anonymous

This is one of the hardest things  
I have ever had to do  
I do not want to leave  
I do not want to let go

Of all the memories we had  
Of all the times I was happy  
And even when I was sad

I do not want to forget  
The thought is making me sweat  
I want to stay here forever  
That cannot be possible, however

I can look back  
And smile  
I can be grateful  
Though it may take a while....

Because nothing  
will be the same  
And there's  
No one to blame

So, uni, this is for you  
I love all that is you  
It is some tough stuff  
That only YOU got me through



# Say Goodbye to Hollywood

Anonymous

As a student who did not say his goodbyes  
I never believed in the concept that time flies  
Thinking that one day I must bid a farewell?

That thought never rang a bell

I graduated so abruptly

And to be honest, it was kind of ugly

Maybe the universe spared me

But does that mean I'm free?

It does not feel right

Goodbyes are hard, but I cannot go without a fight

So here goes

Goodbye to the assignments that made me feel like a pro

Goodbye to the finals

Goodbye to the countless homework trials

Goodbye to the parking lot

"Am I going to arrive on time?" that is what I thought

Goodbye to my plays

The best rehearsals were on Saturdays

Goodbye to the library

It made me feel like a chef studying culinary

And most importantly

Thanks to those who supported me





# WHY DOES TIME GO BY SO FAST

Sara Zayed

I think we can all agree that when we say last year, we are referring to 2019. We have a distorted perspective of time after being quarantined for about a year for some bizarre reason. But is it only the quarantine, or is there some absurd theory we can pin this phenomenon to?

Adrian Bejan, a Romanian-American professor and a contributor to modern thermodynamics, suggested that time does indeed go faster as we age. He poses that over time, the visual information slows down, making time speed up as we age. Now, this remains a theory, but that is something to make us feel better about wasting our day.

Our brain develops more as we grow older, so does the complexity of our neurons that causes a faster travel time to process visual information. Long story short, your brain takes more time to process information, explaining why you remember your first-grade vacation like it lasted a year. But do not take it to heart; there are countless other theories that suggest more answers.

Now that we have the logistics pointed out, we need to ask ourselves, when do we feel like time passes by fast the most? Some people argue that they felt days passed by faster during the lockdown because there was a monotonous routine with no new experiences. Clocks still work as they did before, but our grasp of time has changed.





Another thing to think of is that everything stopped operating during the first lockdown, and everyone was locked at home. Those two weeks of March felt so long, yet the pace changed when we suddenly reached June in a glimpse of an eye, so it could be a matter of adjusting to the time. Another thing to keep in mind is that time flies by when you are having fun. Accordingly, the first weeks of lockdown were unpleasant and long, and once a routine was set, the experience became more pleasant. To add to that, think of the times you felt sad or anxious; you would notice that time feels slower while enjoyable experiences do not last as long.

Apart from that, think of how multitasking ruined our attention span and distorted our grasp of time. You think you are saving time when you do two things simultaneously. But you are inputting your minimum effort and lowers your efficiency, and you will be spending more prolonged time to complete two simple tasks. Giving each task its own time and organizing your time will provide you with more free time, and time will not feel like it is flying by.



The last note to keep in mind is that productivity defines how we perceive time. Think of a time in your life where you had a tight schedule with many errands or work and compare it to quarantine. One way to feel like time goes by in a normal manner is when we are doing something memorable. So, if you feel like you have the same route every day, take a different route and see how that day makes you feel compared to other days. Does it matter if time goes by quickly or slowly? I do not think it matters, but I know that days do not come back, so utilize your time how you would want.



# Unwanted Times

Yasir BiZaroo



Today we're forced to stay at  
home  
we are feeling a bit alone

I'm sure it's out of your hand  
The whole world would  
understand

So many plans have been  
postponed  
Got nothing else to look for

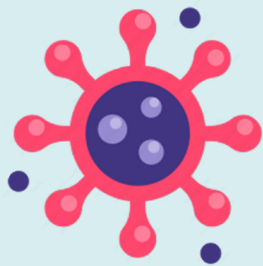
Now it's in our dreams  
We're drowning in this  
disease

I promise it's just for a while  
Soon things will come back  
as before

This is supposed to be our  
last year  
We were gonna graduate

These times will end, we'll  
meet our friends  
The world will celebrate





# Tough Finale

Anonymous

How will this end?  
What's left of the world  
after all this?  
I can't touch her  
And I can't touch him

I am held captive  
By what seems  
A disastrous virus  
That's after me even in my dreams

I am kept away  
From my home  
The one thing  
That keeps me from going rogue

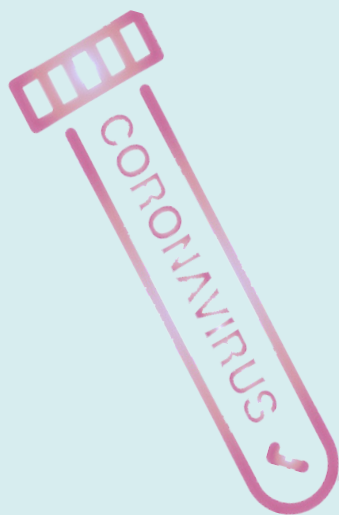
We are all turned insane inside  
We are all ruined  
And forgot how to socialize  
This world has become cruel

We became more hygienic and clean  
Maybe that's the upside  
Though it was all through a screen  
We truly tried

In the end  
It'll all be a tough memory  
In which we will pretend  
Was treasury

Because there's a lot  
Left in this world  
That we much cherish  
and behold

I will not pretend  
And I won't make a scene  
Thus the end  
Of covid-19





# COMIC STRIP

Zinab K Hassan





# The Pandemic Did Not Cage Us

Lea Calingasan

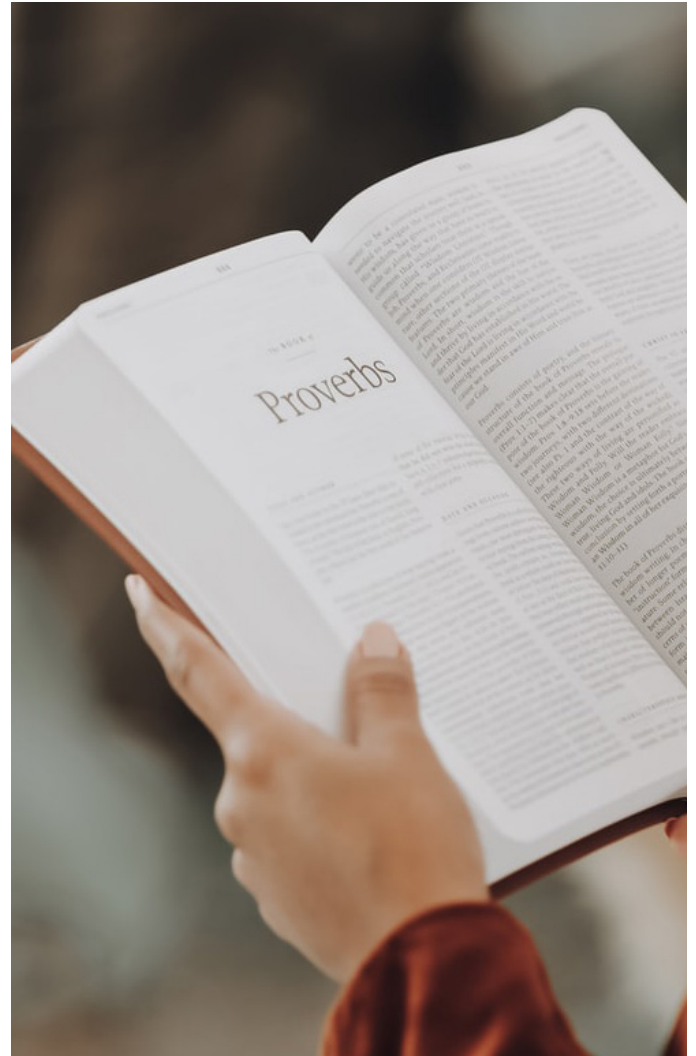
We can all agree on how dreadful days are since the pandemic started, and lockdowns and curfews were implemented. We have no choice but to do everything remotely, cancel travel plans, and just stay home.

Everyone is scared, anxious, and waiting for a 'go signal' to get back to their regular routines. While we are busy being extra cautious and hygienic, searching for shows to watch to kill time, and learning crochet or new recipes to keep our minds away from the chaos that is happening in the world, we forget that we are still in control.

We love to blame, argue, and prove that we are right. We blame everyone and everything for the challenges we face. At one point, some people hated Chinese people because of that one person who ate bat soup. We critique the government for slacking off or not doing what we think they should be. It is understandable. We're in a crisis.







“Losing control” is our defense mechanism. “If only COVID did not happen... If only vaccines came sooner... If only classes weren’t held online... If only I lived in a bigger house, so I won’t find lockdowns boring.” This is human nature. And yes, there is comfort in knowing that being in this situation is not our fault. But the decision to live up to these excuses is our choice. But we cannot just be stagnant until we get back to our previous setup. We have to move because we can. You see, we have control over what we read and watch. If a Tiktok video does not seem interesting in the first few seconds, we can swipe up right away. There are many options on readings to digest – tweets, news, or books. We are in control of whether or not we will finish Chloe Ting’s workout routines.



We have the choice to apply for that virtual internship, the courses we take each semester, our schedules, and our studying techniques. We are in control whether or not we want to be productive at home and improve ourselves, or again, just blame it all on the sphere we are currently in. If the pandemic really comes to an end, I hope you find fulfillment. You tried to like online classes because it allows you to attend in pajamas, you tried to learn something new like knitting or a sport, or you tried to enhance a skill. I know it is hard to be optimistic during tough times, but sulking due to the things you have no control of is a waste of time. The pandemic did not cage us because we are still in control. It is all on you!

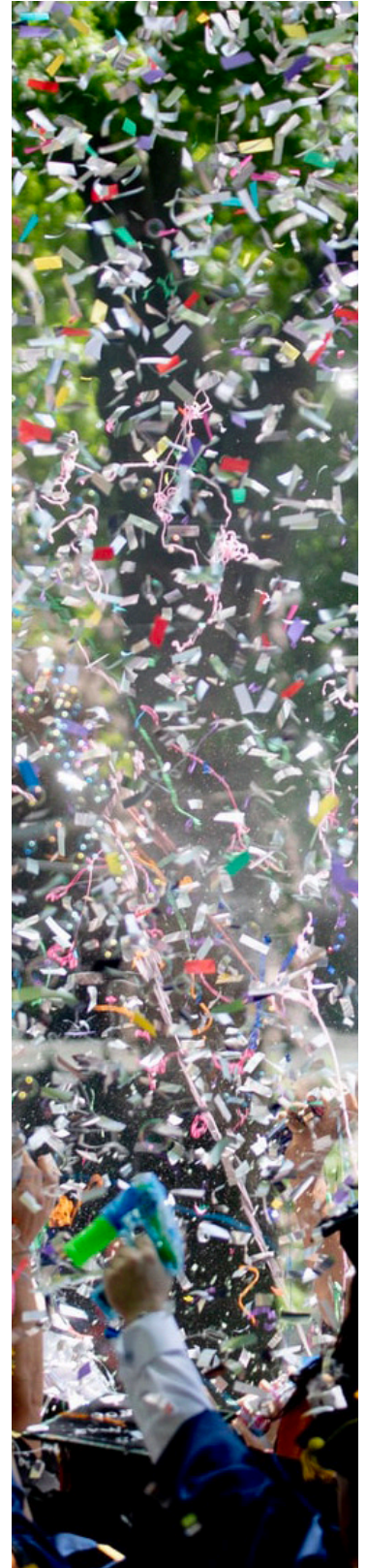


# Rejection Rejection Rejection

Nasser B. Zarooa



Graduation is here!  
Am I no longer a student?  
Oh, dear  
Are you sure?  
So now  
I must find a job,  
And be more responsible  
It is okay; I can do this!  
“Not enough experience.”  
“Not the right nationality.”  
“We aren’t hiring anyone right now!”  
Rejection, rejection, rejection.  
Who said this was easy?  
I already feel queasy  
I feel useless  
Am I really that clueless?  
Try again,  
4th time a charm  
Or was it the 3rd?  
Does not matter, set your alarm  
“We might try you for another position.”  
“You won’t be getting a high salary.”  
“Can you work from home?”  
Let down, let down, let down  
I do not think I can do this  
It was a hit or miss  
I am not capable  
I am only breakable  
No, this cannot be true  
I went through years of university  
I really grew  
I will not go into poverty  
I will not let myself stay  
It is hard to admit  
Wait a second, “Can you come Sunday?”  
I did it, I did it, I did it!





# Around the Corner

Moustafa K Hassan

**W**e now have faith that this pandemic may end, but with more than 3.5 million of losses, it's difficult to infer that the transition will be smooth. We hear a lot in the news, such as the common trope that we will one day wake up, saying "no COVID no more". We need the determination to fulfill this challenge in the end. What we are going to do to the doctors who fought on our behalf, who worked day and night to take us out of this hole? But before all of that, the WHO says this pandemic will end in 2025, doctors are fighting to come up with a solution, when is it going to end? Or how is it going to end? It will not end well, that is one say. The second, might include a plot twist. The third and final say would be ending this pandemic as they have ended in the past. Let us worry about the worst, it will never end or in other words, it will be like other viruses such as flu and chicken pox, it will affect you once or yearly. This is the hardest among all to live with covid forever.

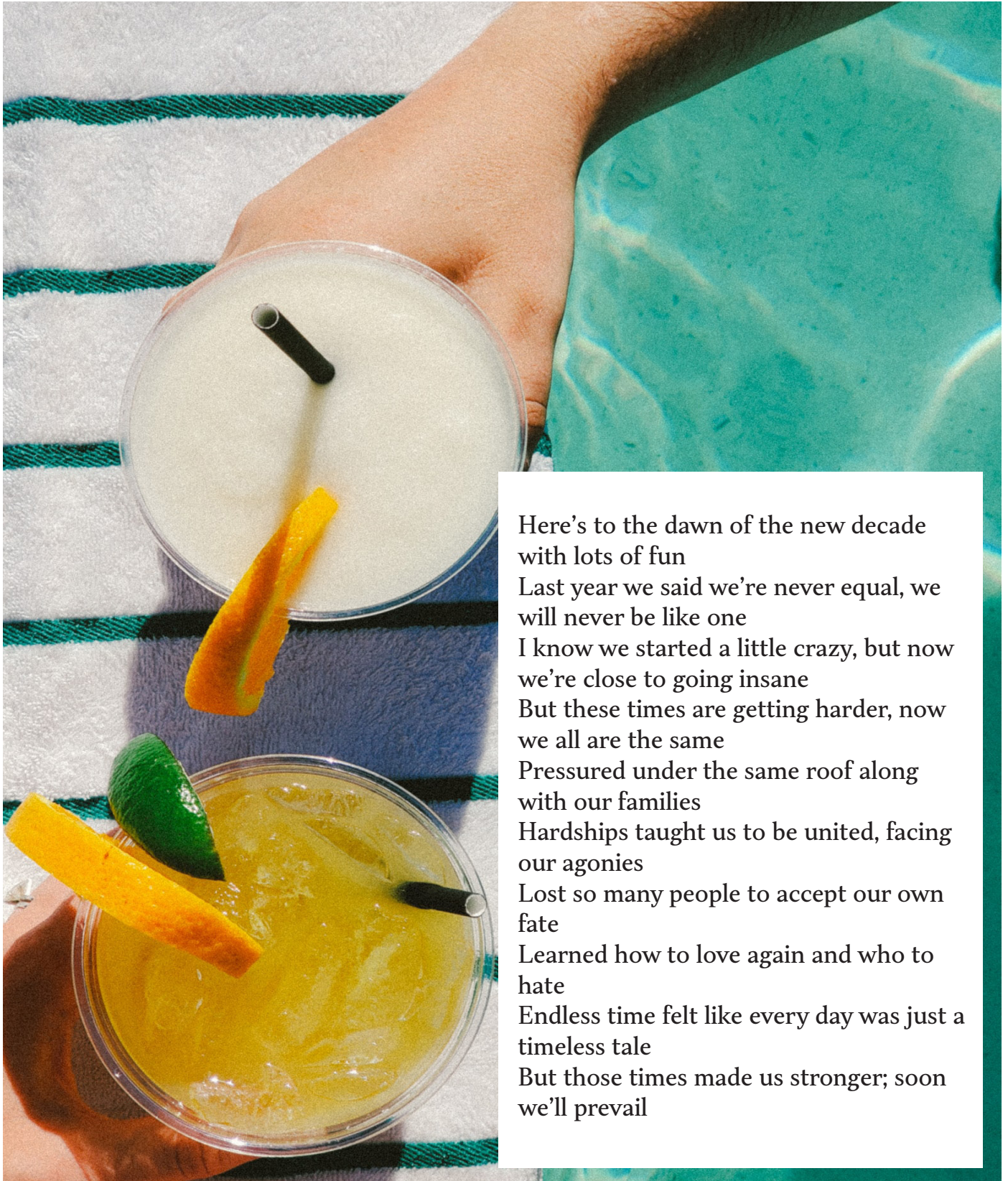


**T**he second worst is to end like past pandemics like plague and chicken pox. It will take with it a large amount of people and then will be treatable. The most interesting end is that the pandemic takes an unexpected turn and surprise us of a new ending to it. Also, it depends on the turn, maybe the turn is left and the story takes us even worse for a third or fourth phase of COVID. It could also take the right turn which we all are hoping, with vaccines being effective, it with it, doing its job to free us from the mistakes we didn't do. Either way or turn, either to end peacefully or harshly, it will never take us back again. We will keep going forward, we will work together to go back to our normal, we will never let anyone or anything prevent us from fulfilling our dreams. We won't let this disease take our hopes, feeling, humanity away. We paid a very expensive price with this pandemic and we need our money back. we won't go down, we will keep moving.



# Next Hope

Seif A Shalaby



Here's to the dawn of the new decade  
with lots of fun  
Last year we said we're never equal, we  
will never be like one  
I know we started a little crazy, but now  
we're close to going insane  
But these times are getting harder, now  
we all are the same  
Pressured under the same roof along  
with our families  
Hardships taught us to be united, facing  
our agonies  
Lost so many people to accept our own  
fate  
Learned how to love again and who to  
hate  
Endless time felt like every day was just a  
timeless tale  
But those times made us stronger; soon  
we'll prevail

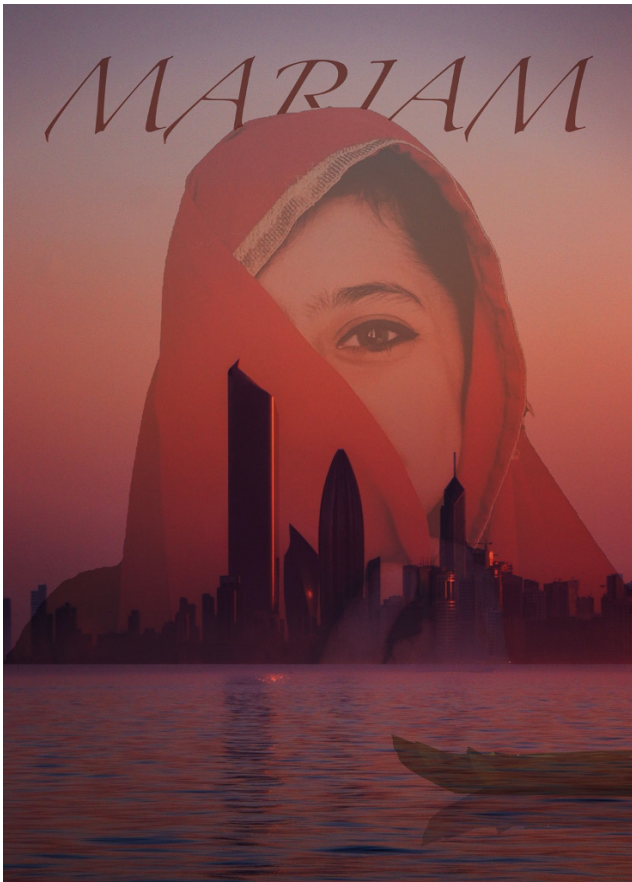




# JAUNT SEASON



# Life and Movies

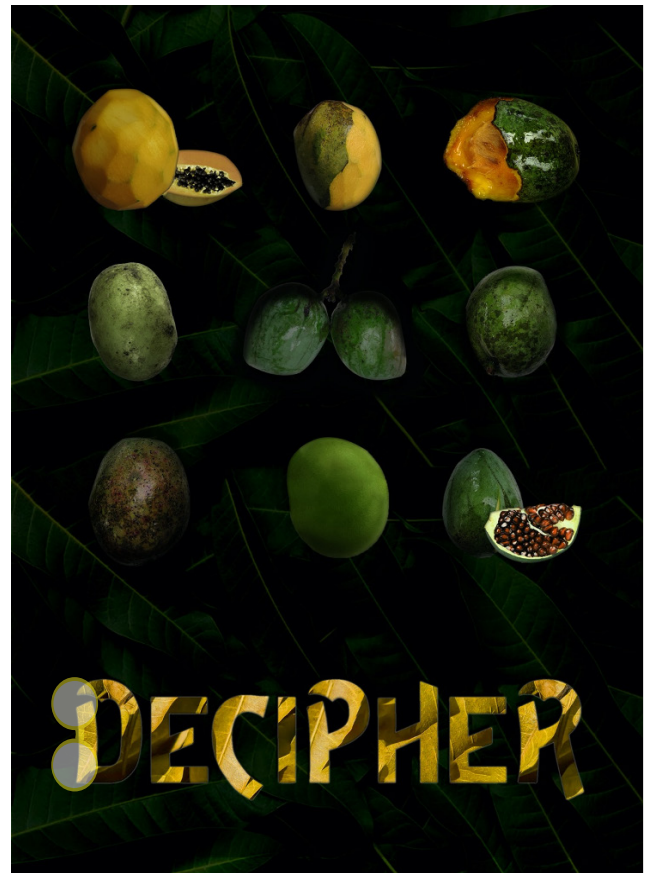


By: Safwana Basheer

The movie poster was inspired by one of my favorite books, *A Thousand Splendid Suns*. The story behind the poster is about a 13-year-old, born and brought up in a village, who goes to the city searching for her father and how she could never go back home. I read the book years ago; however, I've never stopped thinking about the protagonist, Mariam.

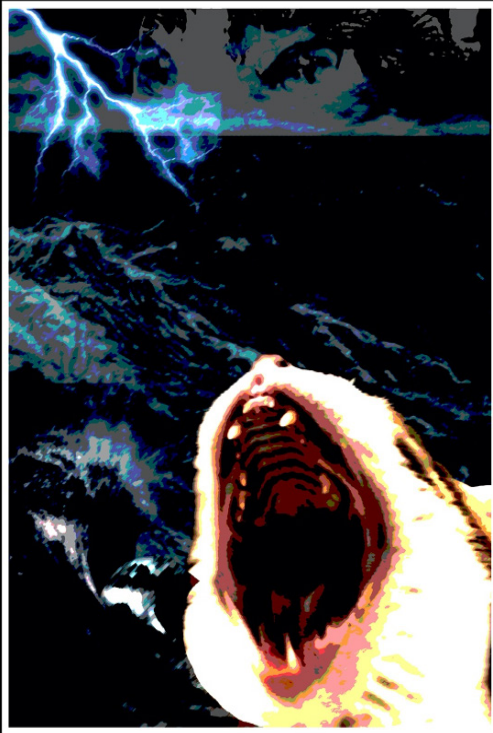
By: Lavena Jacob

*Decipher* takes place in a small town in Kerala, India where the town is renowned for its mango tree that is situated in the center of the town. During the Monsoon season, the tree bears mangoes in various shapes and colors, each fruit that blossoms represent each character in the movie and the deception that resolves around it. Can you decipher if they all are mangoes or if it a wolf in sheep's clothing?





## PAWS



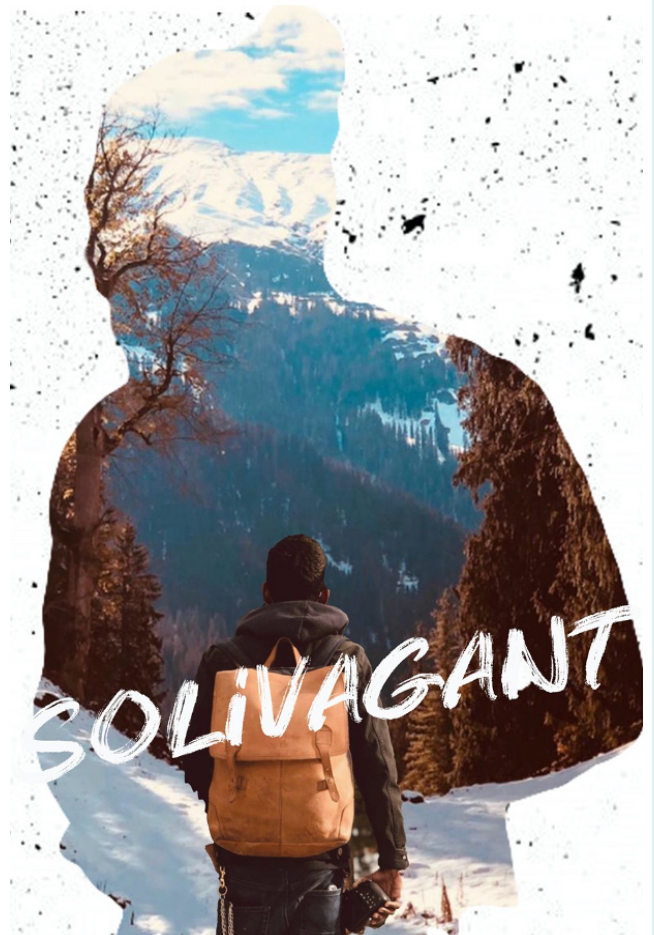
DON'T LET HIM TOUCH THE WATER...

By: Nuha Alsahli

"I'm sure we're all familiar with the movie *JAWS* and its terrifying poster of a shark devouring anything that dares to enter the water. But have you ever tried to bathe your cat? That's ten times more terrifying. In this poster, I turned my innocently yawning cat into an apex predator."

By: Shana Bijumon

Dev, a 26-year MIT graduate, is now on his own, on a long journey, away from the cultural and family pressure. His parents are forcing him to act tough, his relatives are shaming him, and society calls him a failure who can't lead his family as a man. Dev has had enough of the toxic masculinity. During his journey, Dev learns and experiences life's defining moments.





# Summer Routine

Mohamed Ahmed

Summer Vacation, I am free  
Time to visit the sea  
Let us get our legs burned on the beach  
Relax, it is just a figure of speech  
We will not let our activities be ruined by the sun  
To get the most AC, always call shotgun  
All you need is a cold beverage  
It will calm down your heat rage  
Always be prepared to face some salt  
If you don't have a shower after you swim, it is your fault  
After the sea, hit the swimming pool  
Trust me; it is an official rule  
Where are we going to eat?  
Don't worry; it is my treat  
Go back home, get ready to see a movie  
Lord, that sounds groovy  
Chill with your friends till the midnight  
Till everything gets quite  
Wake up  
We are swimming again, just a heads-up





# 'Tis the Dry Season

Ahmed Al-Zankawi

Summer is here!  
It is time to cheer  
Wait, I am not five  
I need to work and thrive

Yeah, no  
I got vaccinated for a reason  
I need to have fun  
'Tis' the dry season

I am going to run  
And burn under the sun  
I deserve this break  
After all the heartache

I want to read  
And watch Spencer Reid  
Maybe rewatch Harry Potter  
And see who was the dishonor

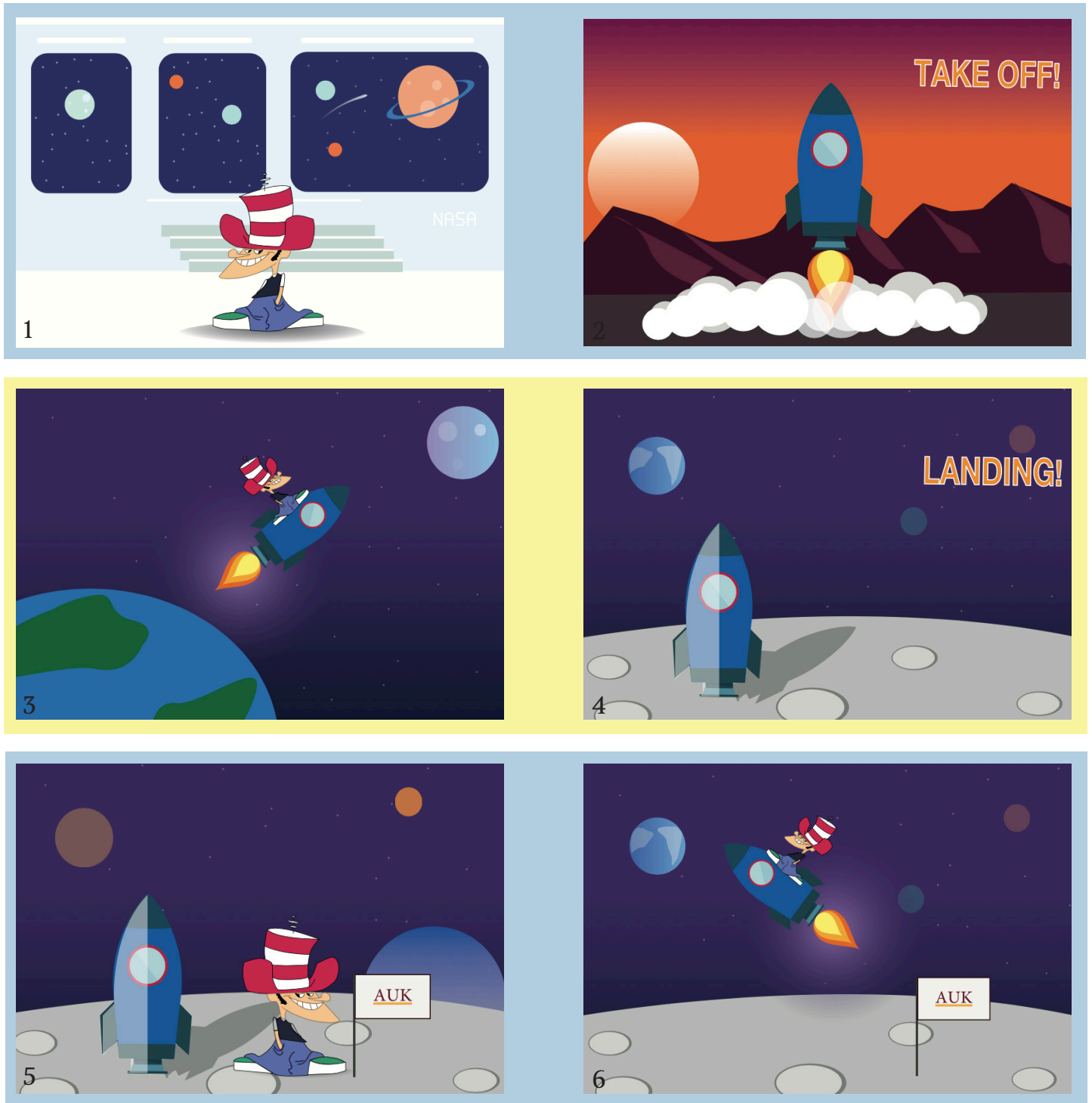
Dumbledore once said  
"It does not do to dwell on dreams and forgot to live"  
He is right  
So now I am going to go and skydive

Have fun this summer  
Stay safe, and take care  
Do not forget to  
Enjoy the dry, summer air

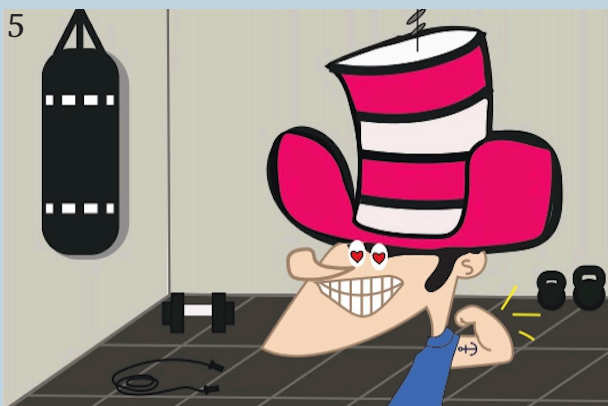
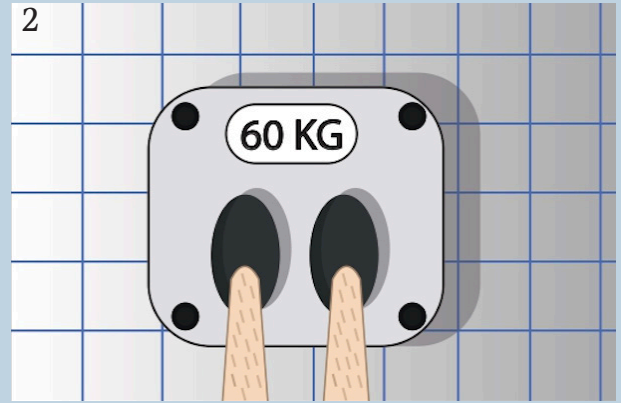


# Adventures of DJ Eric

By: Sulaiman AlArfaj









# Endless Summer

Abdullah Bekheet



After a whole year of being trapped inside  
Finally, I'm free to go wherever I desire  
Every plan I planned in my mind  
Every road I sketched will take me higher  
To visit every country I missed  
To get rid of this plot twist  
Music will get louder  
Heard the angel on my shoulder  
Finished all my finals  
Dancing to all my vinyl  
Sleepless nights of studies  
It's time for the endless summer with my buddies  
Road trips enjoying the sun  
Now that's what I can call fun  
A toast to an amazing victory  
Writing my name in history  
From the darkness to the light  
Winning this never-ending fight  
Creating memories with every supper  
This is to the endless summer





# الغرباء

Hasan A Hajiyah

هاجر:

"إياكم أن تكلموا أحد، فأنتم غرباء في السفر ولا تعرفون إن كانت نواياهم سيئة أم حسنة، قبل فترة من الزمن قامت فئة من هؤلاء بطعن أحدهم بالشارع، لا تكلموهم ولا توقعوا أعينكم بأعينهم الخادعة، لا تظنوا بأنهم مساكين فتندمون، أنا نبهتكم وأنتم أحرار بما تفعلون." هكذا وعظنا أبي قبل أول رحلة استكشافية لنا لهذه الدولة الجديدة، ركبت أنا وأخي مع سائق الأجرة الموثوق، قاد بنا السيارة الى السوق القديم وفي الطريق تأملت ملامح أوروبا الشرقية بأشجارها وأجوائها الباردة وبغربانها التي رغم ربطها بأفلام هوليوود المرعبة وجدت بصوتها الغليظ وبسواد وملكية هذه الطيور اعجابا لا يوصف. كنت انظر عبر النافذة الى جميع الكلمات السلافية وأخمن ماذا تعني، أقرأها على لافتة بعد لافتة، متجر بعد متجر حتى رأيت مبنى ضخيم فارغ مسود وحيطانه مزدانة برسومات الغرافيتي، سألت السائق: "ما هذا المكان؟" قال: "هذا المبنى قد ترك كما هو ليدل على الحرب، ان دقت النظر ستري آثار ضرب الرصاص والمتفجرات على الجدران" شدني الفضول وأردت أن أسأل أكثر عن الحرب فسأل أخي: "كم يبعد السوق من موقعنا؟" بدأوا يتحدثون عن التسوق وعقلي ما زال يتخيل ذلك المبنى. وصلنا الى السوق القديم، وعند المدخل الشرقي وجدنا لافتة تقول: "احذروا اللصوص والنشالين!" كانت أعصابي مشدودة بينما كنت متمسك بحقيبة ظهري بإحكام ولو استطاعت الحقيبة على النطق لوبختني لسوء معاملتي لها، لم نسر كثيرا حتى وجدناهم... بجميع الأعمار، بعمر أمي وجدتي، وبعضهم بعمرى، يمدون إلينا راحات أيديهم الفراغة ويتوسلون بلغتهم، كل زوج من أعينهم يجبرني على التأسف، فأقول لهم: "لا أستطيع المساعدة" فيقولون: "اعطنا أي شيء حتى وان كان المبلغ قليل" أو يقولون: "أرجوك لا نريد مالك اشتر لنا وجبة نأكلها" كل مرة تخترقني نظراتهم، أسمع أخي يقول لي: "سر!" وهو يمشي بأقصى سرعة الى الأمام. كان هذا الضغط ثقيل على نفسي حيث أنني لا أمتلك أي حيل للمساعدة، فأشير الى السماء وأقول: "هناك، هو من يستطيع أن يساعدكم."





أكملنا مرادنا من التسوق، هبطت الشمس، أصبح السوق مظلماً وبارداً، حينها رأيت شيئاً لن أنساه، خرجت من بين الأزقة أمٌ تحمل ابنتها ذات العام الواحد تجري بها من متسوق الى الآخر، فقلت لنفسي: "ما أشبهك بهاجر! أرجوك لا تقتربي مني!" أمنيته لم تتحقق، بدأت تلاحقنا رغم مشينا السريع وكانت تجارينا، رأيت الطفلة، خدودها الوردية المتثلجة ووجهها الساكن المليء بالتساؤلات جعل جسمي يرتعش، مددت العون للأم، ثم ودعنتني بإبتسامة وسارت الى أحضان ظلمة الليل.

ركبنا سيارة الأجرة والآن نحن عائدون الى الفندق، "كم أعطيت تلك المرأة يا آدم؟" سألني أخي.

"ليس من الصحيح والمروءة أن أذكر لك أنني أعطيتها مالاً، وأنت تسألني كم؟"

"أعلم أنك أعطيتها عملة ورقية."

"ورقية أم معدنية مالفرك؟"

"أنت تعلم مالفرك، أتعبتني! قل لي كم؟!"

وبإشمزاز قلت: "من فئة العشرين!"

"أمجنون أنت؟ ما تفعله خطأ، أنت تشجعهم على هذه العادة السيئة، أتعلم ان كانوا محتاجين حقاً أم

يتظاهرون؟" فقلت: "ان كانوا قد خدعوني اذن فليسامحهم الله." ضل يرشقني أخي بالوعظ المزعج والذي بدأ

بهز سَكينتي، قلت لنفسي "عجباً، ان كان فعلي هذا من الجنون فهو جنونٌ محمود!" ثم قال: "المشكلة هي

أنك تفعل ذلك على نياتك." كدت أنفجر غضباً لكن بحكم الكاظمين الغيظ والعافين عن الناس استطعت

تمالك نفسي. رجعت الى الفندق، أفرغت حقيبتني، جلست أمام كومة الهدايا فسألت نفسي: "وما الهدف من

هذا؟"

## آدم:

بعد عدة أيام قررنا العودة إلى السوق القديم والذي أشعرنا بأننا في متاهة دايدالوس والخطر متربص بنا، في

استكشافنا هذه المتاهة وعلى رغم الشتاء الذي كاد ينتهي وجدنا ساحة خضراء وكأن اخضرارها هو محصول

أربعين ربيعاً، جميلةٌ للمشبي، تحتوي على تماثيل لشخوص نجهل أهميتهم، وتتوسطها مساحة للعب الشطرنج

بقطع عملاقة محاطة بكبار السن المشجعين للاعبين المتخصصين، جلسنا على أحد الكراسي العامة للراحة ومن لا

مكان ظهر شخص من خلفنا، رجل أوروبي كبير في السن يرتدي اللون الأسود من قبعته الى حذائه، قال لنا:

"السلام عليكم ورحمة الله وبركاته." ردينا السلام فسأل: "أتسمحون لي بأن أجلس معكم؟" بلغة عربية جيدة

لكن مبهرة لشخص لا ينتمي الى إقليم متحدثيها أجبرتني على الابتسام.

"نعم أرجوك تفضل."

جلس بجانبنا مبتسماً قائلاً: "أنا دائماً أجلس هنا... لكي أرى الناس يلعبون..." ارتفع حاجبيه وهو يشير بيده

الى المشجعين.

"الشطرنج؟"

"نعم، الشطرنج. ما هو اسمك؟"

"آدم."



"اووووه أنا اسمي آدم!" ضحك آدم ومد يده بكل حرارة لأصافحها، لا شعوريا وجدت نفسي مساوياً له في النشاط. "ما هو اسمك؟" مواجهاً أخي.  
"أنا اسمي سلمان."

"أوووه مثل سلمان الفارسي؟" "نعم لكنني سلمان العربي." تصافحوا بنفس الشوق.  
"عربي أو فارسي.. لا يوجد.. مشكلة، إنما المؤمنون إخوة." قال آدم.  
"لغتك العربية جيدة. كيف هذا؟" سأل أخي.  
"إنا أنزلناه قرآنًا عربيًا لعلكم تعقلون.. أنا مسلم وأحب اللغة العربية لكنني أحتاج الى ال... practice"  
قلت: "التمرين."

"نعم التمرين شكرا. قولوا لي.. ما رأيكم في هذه الدولة؟"  
قلت: "أتمنى أن تكون صحراءنا خضراء كدولتكم.. إنها جميلة!" ضحك آدم هازا رأسه موافقاً  
"نعم الجو حار عندكم.. أتعلم.. أنا أحب أن أرى مسافرين مثلكم لأنكم تحبون الطبيعة ليس مثل الناس هنا"  
كأنه يقصد بأنهم اعتادوا عليها فنسوا قيمتها. "ربما في الصحراء والجو الحار قيمة خفية؟"  
قلت: "ربما.. عمي لدي سؤال.. ماذا حصل هنا أثناء الحرب؟"  
"كانت مشكلة كبيرة." جلس صامتاً لبعض الوقت. "أترى هذه الجبال؟" أشار بأصبعه الى الجنوب.  
"نعم"  
"وهذه الجبال؟" أشار الى الشمال.  
"نعم، أراها"

"هنا الأرض منخفضة، كان سهل عليهم الرماية، ارتكبوا جرائم كثيرة، كان القتل مخيف، أمتار قليلة فقط بين الجيشين..." في وصفه لما رآه وقعت عيني في عيناه فكانتا تنقل لي ما رأيته من الأرزاء، علمت حينها أنه كان علي أن أسأل شخص آخر لأن عواطفه كانت هائجة وأن هناك جروح قد فُتحت بسبب فضولي الذي كان من السهل اشباعه لو أنني بحثت عن الموضوع عبر الإنترنت، تركناه يشارك ما لديه حتى قال: "هل أكلتم شيئا؟"  
قلنا: "لا"

"أعرف مطعماً سيعجبكم كثيراً!" نظرنا أنا وأخي الى بعضنا البعض بالنظرة العالمية والتي معناها "ما رأيك؟"  
وافقنا ولحقنا به عبر السوق القديم، شرحه لنا لتاريخ السوق بحماسة وابتسامته أزهق ذلك الشعور بالخطر فوجدنا أن حواسنا كانت خاملة، وفي اختفاء تلك المتاهة أدركنا أن لكل قسم ألوان وروائح مميزة، طبعت في ذاكرتي صور حية أستطيع أن أسترجعها لتجعل أيامي أجمل، كانت أشعة الشمس تخترق سُلطة الغيوم لترتطم بزجاجات العطور الملونة، الأرض شهدت وسجلت ضحكات الجالسين في المقاهي، ومحلات الأنتيكات أثارت عواصف ذهنية في رؤوسنا. كان آدم مخلصاً في شرحه حيث أنه كان يذكر كل التفاصيل مما جعله مسلياً. "هذا هو المطعم انه.. original.. وأكله ممتاز" بدخوله المطعم تعرف عليه الجميع وتحدثوا بلغتهم، أشار إلينا بأننا في صحبته فلاقينا ترحيباً حاراً من العاملين هناك، كان آدم يترجم لنا أسئلتهم لنرد عليها، عند وصول الطعام وقفوا حولنا ليسئلو عن الجودة فقال أخي: "هل كنتم تطعمون الأغنام الزهور؟!" ترجم آدم، فضحك الجميع. عزلني عقلي لوهلة ليأتي قطار الأفكار: "أهم الغرباء أم نحن؟ بالتأكيد نحن.. غرباء في بلدهم، وغرباء في الحياة، نريدها ونخاف منها." قال آدم: "أتشربون الشاي؟" فقلت: "نعم نشرب الشاي!"



# Land of Palestine





