

***A WOMAN
IN A BODY COSTUME***

A Collection of Short Stories

By

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Dedication

*Among Banquets, there is a dying soul, or
waiting for a gesture from a conscience,*

So..

*I do not aspire, but for punishing the wheat
of humanity for its blasphemy*

wafaa

For Hers, Mine, I Do Not Know

Actually I don't know, but as far as I know, she washed in my bath, used my towel and favorite perfume.

She sprayed some of its fragrance on her childhood, watched tiny wrinkles around her eyes, kept staring at the mirror for minutes, looking for a childhood or purity concealed in one of her features, she wore her simple clothes, examined her cotton blouse and jeans, then she hanged a modest bag over her right shoulder. Before leaving the room, she stood for a while in front of the mirror, like someone who wants to extinguish a candle or light it, eyelid stopped a bit; she stormed out, went down the stairs quickly, and went out.

What I don't know is that she left home exactly at the same time I went out. She opened her bag, took out tissues, wiped under her eyes, and continuously walked to the bus stop.

Today's wind is tranquil, although the sky is overcast, showing a hint of heavy rain. The day is generally

between gray and yellowish, whenever she looked at the sky, and this is a habit acquired in childhood, found it full of clouds and thunder, her hair tufts flew, spraying the aroma perfume in the air, she lifted a tuft on her cheek, which bent over it, leaned to her neck and went up again.

Pink-color lipstick and pale smile were on her lips, in her eyes there was a look that was following flowers through the bus window, a spring breeze was brightly shining on her lips whenever the bus passed by indigenous roses, her heartbeats were moving faster to accord their multiple color making her dream of a companionship with a male or female friend. When the bus stopped at the station she wanted, she unleashed her body to the street air like a harp coming out from a tavern.

I stumbled over a pit in the street, and when I was almost to lift myself up from the ground, I found her in front of me, giving me my bag, after she wiped it from stagnant rainwater of a hole, her face was warm, in which I found an image of my grandmother and a scent of my elder sister, from her gaze with its curved tender

sadness, my mother's heart sneaked out, she smiled at me and left.

There was no place or destination that I have intended to go shopping there, I went out only to kill time, to turn it off by silence, while it turns me off by its unpleasantness, as if I was walking in a street with no end, seeing the market with its shops as a demolished city, the shoppers as insects, and the sellers as mice of abandoned churches.

At one of fast food restaurants, she ordered a cheeseburger sandwich and drank a Coca-Cola can before she finished the meal; trees always thirsty and die so soon in case they are neglected.

I found her looking for sadness through peoples' faces; perhaps she would feel it without being indicated in any of their words or signs.

One of them went out, leaving remains of fresh meat, while a very pretty girl entered with a black man. She finished her meal, threw food remains in the place specified for them, breathed in deepness of a hurtful regret and went out.

Trees also leave their lands when they are uprooted by a woodsman, they are brought into houses to make them warm in silence, this is the desire of trees; keep their smoke for themselves and grant warmth for others.

The same things on the way back, a look through the dirty bus window, passengers' hats wetted with rain, the blond, the black, the yellow, the brunet, the shaky patient, children, and flowers were hanged in flowerpots by houses owners, young girls in school uniform, boyishness of naughty students, the possible, the rare and the strange thing.

All the things went back with her, even the rottenness of trees trunks due to the rain.

My Indian neighbor smiled at me when I arrived home, and entered her house because her baby was crying, I opened my bag to take out the key, an electricity bill fell down; I remembered that there was a purpose for my leaving home which I did not remember at that time, she handed me the bill, took the key of my hand, and got in.

She went up the stairs in bold steps, opened my closet, hid her modest bag, wore my slipper, made

herself a cup of tea and sat, watching on my television and holding the remote control, which was taut like her. Whenever she switch a channel, a pig appeared on the screen, she turned off the television and went up to my bedroom, I asked her: "who are you?", "I do not know" she replied, "me neither" I replied.

Actually I don't know whether this home is mine or hers, I don't know.

Four Fools and a Roof

• First Foot:

Sky was extremely clear, and divine beauty was embodied in the stars necklace which shaped its gown, I wished if I could climb the staircase; a wooden staircase made by the house owner and left in the middle of the big emptiness, a house which was empty of any furniture or anything that may lead the person who comes into it to know the kind or the number of its dwellers. When I was imagining a clear sky, I said: "perhaps I will see nobler world through its clearness".

I strove so long for having an arm, one arm on which I can lean on, or a knee to move it climbing the beginning of the staircase, one step at least, to confess before my weakness that I tried, I also wished to have a second foot, but it came in a form of a spider. Spiders have ability to jump, so it may pass the stairs and reach the roof by one jump, where the house owner made it of thirty stairs.

Did he have any purpose behind that? I don't know.

Am I "Spider"? Why not? I will imagine that and make my own web preventing others from crossing it; I will feed on intruders' blood and spit on them. So, I am Spider, I am Spider and you have to know my abilities; I know the route that led to the roof, I will be fit for being Spider and climb, it is my wisdom in rebellion against the conscience's mind or the mind's conscience, both are alike, I will go and build with firm belief my own web. Who dare then? And whoever dares not to see the twisted thing as if it is straight?

• **Second Foot:**

Would barking be like this? Barking has its grateful rhythms, smile and buzz. It really deserves to be concerned although it refreshes my thoughts when air gets rotten and reminds me of my condition as a dog, but I like it; I have been imitating it since childhood, shaking my tail with pleasure for what my master presented to me of bones that remained from his banquet.

Dark nights will not make me afraid, masters fear from seeing ghosts; hence, they decided to raise those infected with barking.

I am not an amputated foot, but I do respect amputation, and I like gecko for the fact that his tail can regrow even after its amputation; I also like it when it doesn't care for the disgust of those who see it.

What does this foot aspire to?

I bothered it by my barking, while its thoughts bothered me.

I am not ashamed of what I hide from you to feel pity for you; I am at the thirtieth step, while you are just a foot having an impassioned dream to see the moon of the surface, such desire will remain eat your gut away.

No, you rotten! I will not allow you to disturb my joy, if you want to come with me, be silent, don't forget, ok. Be silent, the holiest thing that you have got is to run and pant, but understand the wisdom of illness.

• **Third Foot:**

He, who is led by a pig's foot, is cursed. But why is this curse? Am I trying to please someone who is good at sleeping on his butt? Each one is free with his butt. Despite the pleasure of this freedom, he implores the human inside himself to explain things to him, he is

aware of the nature wisdom, such wisdom says that every subordinate has a boss and every perfume has a rancid smell, and for each animal has a one who leads it; each pig's foot has its own way of leading beasts.

I am not used to go up to the roof, but I would rather point my finger to it and all on it goes down, make wings for donkeys, fly on them and lead them to the roof. You are really heavy on my shoulders, you, who find your sleep pleasant; I will kindly make you a banquet for whoever would feel sad for your happiness.

• **Fourth Foot:**

I send them my glances, and then my abstention prevents me from going up. A foot, a foot you dance to its taps on the ground, how long would they dance up there? How? Who would drum and for whom?

I hear the noise of their feet and imagine the whole situation; I could even know the language of their breath holding.

Consolation, they deserve the biggest consolation, which I give and say to myself: I am a courageous foot which

is looking for those who prolong life and detect its eternity while they moving up by its shortness.

Oh staircase, my friend, why don't you be guided by the trees' wisdom? Believe me, they will let their parasites crawling over you, here you are before four wisdoms, pull your arm from their mucks and chose yourself, be the fourth and return as you were; the tree which I watered it with my childhood, I see myself the richest man by owning you, the richest man by owning you, so put your hand in mine, we will both splash water on each other, we have our own avenue, and they have the roof.

The dream amazed me, maybe I babbled after a fatty dinner feast, and woke up babbling on my assumptions about the existence of the only avenue for all.

How annoying is my old neighbor, she doesn't stop fighting with her husband at midnight.

The Upside down Driver

Everybody gets in the taxi; takes any turning they want, any direction or street. Except me, taxi gets in me, negotiates for fare, defines me exactly his destination and address, while I fulfill his desires and drive.

I stopped once "to give a lift" for a wonderful blue arrogant one, I broadened my walls and opened my chest windows to breathe the fresh air of spring.

I asked her: What is your destination, O the virtuous?

She replied in the same arrogance: I have no destination; I just like roaming the city streets.

I tried to flirt her by nice flattery, praised her paint type, glitter and the name of its company. She proudly stretched its front, played with her horn like a child wiping his nose, and alerted with a smile: beep... beep, thanks.

- Where are you from girl?
- I am from the original "Chevrolet" family, you idiot!

- Excuse me, I didn't mean your origin or tribe name, but who is your owner, you slim and honey tongue!

She passed her hand on the light-blue-colored front seat that was made of plush, opened the front glove box and took out the title deed:

Take and read it, I am owned by "Ayef Zahqan", an employee at Oil Company, he is married to three women; each has four girls, hence, God didn't give him a boy. Those sons of a bitch have tortured me; transporting twelve girls to four houses every week, four girls play on my fabric of the back seat. Look how its color differs from the front one. Here, his wives sit with their different color, height and the extent of love inside Mr "Ayef". But his youngest wife, God damn her, takes me on her husband's holiday, on which he has his own joy, to her Pakistani lover's house, and I lie to "Ayef" and keep the secret for necessity of silence. His middle wife boringly interrogates me; however, I tolerate it for she takes me to her family and spends the whole day.

I take the chance when the family gathers, to flirt with "BM", who loves me, he is rich like his owner, he made me a promise for marriage, but, that cursed betrayer betrayed me to his neighbor "Mercedes" after what he has done to me. Why don't males satisfy with just one? They have one in their hand and desire ten others outside.

- Take it easy Ms "Chevy", do likewise and take your revenge.

I slammed on the brakes and said "betray"? I am of a noble origin, what shall I say to my brother "Chevy", would I outrage his modesty? No, I wouldn't, but come on! "Chevy" he loves "BM"'s sister, whose name is "BMEY" and nicknamed as "MEMY". Let me tell you a secret, he wants her but for gaining the palace, servants, travelling abroad, diamonds and Filipino maids.

My feet started to feel bored and tired of the heavy load, so, I said to her: I am tired, shall I drive you to a specific place, or return you to brother "Ayef's" home?

No, drive me to the nearest gas station, Mr. "Ayef" should have got back now from his new beloved and

future fourth wife's house; he allowed me to go far from him so that no one could know him by my number.

I dragged two tired feet and stopped at the nearest gas station, before asking her for fare, she took out a diamond watch from the front glove box and presented it to me as a gift:

Here you are, you deserve its price because I don't have money, so, take this.

The watch fabulously glittered as I have never seen such a thing before.

- Such watch is a thousand times more expensive than my fare; I cannot pay its price even if I roam with you the city for ten years.

She flirtatiously winked at me and said: don't be embarrassed and take it, let me tell you mister..., oh... Come on! I forgot to ask you about your name!

- My name is "Hafi Ben Aryan from Bani Moteb"

She loudly laughed drawing attention of the other cars: Beep... Beep... Beep... Beep!!

She made me feel ashamed by her annoying voice, I firmly told her: "be quiet please!"

She wiped her "headlights" tears, and winked at me in a half eye, saying:

- Look, actually I didn't buy this watch; it is for Mr. "BM" where "Rolls-Royce's" wife has presented it to him. Oh! If you knew how much my uncle "Rolls" is handsome, you would be sigh for him, anyway, "Rolls'" wife presented this watch to "BM", then he presented it to his sister "BMI" who presented it again to my brother "Chevro", then I have stolen it, which means that I didn't feel tired, rather brought to me on a golden plate, have you ever heard such proverb?
- Well, why did you steal it from "Chevro"?
- I thought I may need it one day for a flirting, a chasing or a dissipated evening in "Ford" palace or on uncle 'Ferrari's' yacht, I prefer to see it in your hand rather than being worn by our Filipino maid.

I thanked her and walked back home, I stooped at the watermelon seller to buy one for my family when I saw an old woman that was standing in the queue waiting for

her turn. Since I felt pity for her, I gave her my turn; she thanked me. I asked her: what is your name my lady?

- Oh mom, my name is "Toyota", she replied.

She was in a miserable condition, which made me ask her about her owner, but she initiated giving me her answer, as if she knew what was in my mind.

- Oh mom, the owner name is "Kaseb Taban from Makdood tribe", he is tired and cannot stand in the queue, so I came instead to buy a watermelon and also to buy bread on my way, which will be the supper of his family.

I presented the watch, and said: hey lady, take this to brother "Kaseb" and go back to his home; you will not be in need for bread or watermelon anymore.

She examined the watch and, as a one who knows nothing, she wondered: what is this?, "Kaseb" knows, I replied.

I woke up in sore pain in the morning; found the street was full of guards and policemen. It was a strange situation, something must have happened. I asked a policeman who was near me:

- What's wrong?

He replied with a stuffy face:

- Yes, we have received a report about a thief sneaked into the house of minister "Royals" and stole his safe and the minister's most precious watches and ran away.

Under Whiteness Shade

I always dream that I am a priestess where between her and God is just a space of a spirit, from nostalgia to another, I return to as I have been an ordinary person, buy the "Metro" ticket that is heading to "Ealing Broadway" station.

Whenever she wants, this priestess incarnates my form, imposes her gorgeous presence, intones between herself and her proximity to God and imprisons me in her and her special prayers.

I may look strange to the passengers, or none of them could cohere with my affection. But from time to time, I awake from my mindedness and spontaneously stare at the person in front of me.

Two passengers have got on in one of the stations, where I couldn't notice them for being in the presence of the priestess.

A forty-year-old woman and a young man who is almost twenty-five-year-old; the woman chose the seat opposite of mine, while the young man sat next to me.

I Managed to get myself not to be stolen by the priestess and to get lost for my station; I kept myself busy in writing notices about the passengers, as I used to write down anything that attracts me at the places from which human smell spreads, whether it was tangled of a white and black, a Muslim and Christian, or English or Arab human; he is for me the son of humanity. The African, Asian and I are human being who has what makes him pleased or sad. We all gathered to represent one individual who came closer to me and let his hand touch me with its heat.

It might be just a coincidence, and he didn't mean to be bad in his behavior. I noticed the forty years old woman carefully watching his actions and referring to him by signals using her eyes and finger. He didn't take heed of her warnings; where he extended his neck towards mine and smelled my perfume, rubbed his pug nose as if he has smelled milk, and his saliva ran out of his mouth; which made him wipe it on his lined blouse's sleeve. He extended his arm behind my back, leaving his head on my shoulder like a child.

The forty years old woman smiled to me apologizing; I smiled to her in return accepting her apology.

Sometimes, words cannot be useful or enough for describing a thanking moment; like the forty years old woman when she couldn't express by words about a tear inside soul, as well as she couldn't control her trembling lips.

Like a child, or maybe less, like a baby he stuck to me more and strongly smelled me, this time I felt he was salivating on my clothes and involuntarily I fully turned my torso to him with a furious suppressed anger tremble on my lips.

The forty years old woman, as if she wanted to end this embarrassment, decided to get off at the next station. Once the stopping was announced at "White City" station, she hurried to pull her son by his hand in kind firmness, and with firm kindness she got through the crowd, but he barked like a dog and stretched out his tongue till it licked his palate.

His eyes shrank and came closer to each other more than they were. He was trying to escape from her hand while she was pulling him outside. He bit his lips, stretched them, pouted, and protruded out his long tongue, moving it rightwards and leftwards, barked as

three dogs barking together, and became with smacked four pouts. He smacked with his pouts.

He pressed his palate until it became like a red ball, waved me goodbye by his right hand; while he was pulling his waist belt by his left one. He strongly barked and walked away.

The voice of whiteness is deep; it is white like a bride adorned as a peacock under a whiteness shade, wedding her soul to a white shade.

Perhaps he dreamed of a wedding, or maybe the smell of female perfume has aroused a mind of a child and body of a lustful mongoloid man.

Mazmaihaaraa

The first thing that draws my attention is the passenger shaking in the bus, since he is swaying due to the normal movement and sometimes due to the shake inside himself.

I wanted to break her silence; the African woman whose words started flowing owing to my question about her place of residence, where she got on the bus from the same region in which I live.

We exchanged conversations female-to-female and mother-to-mother.

- How many children do you have, lady?
- She intensively scrubbed her short hair, and said:
- I have two children; the elder one is going to marry after a couple of weeks.

I felt happy because the one next to me is a mother who suffers from the same problem as mine. We may differ in some points but meanwhile we are similar in motherhood. However, I continued asking her:

- What about the other one, is he in a state of aversion to marriage?
- He has been married for a year.
- I congratulate and bless the family.

I don't know why it came to her mind to ask me about my religion:

- Are you Muslim?

I answered without any desire for answering, since I believe in humanity rather than any religion, color or nationality, however, I caught up with her just to satisfy her inquiry.

- Yes, I am a British Muslim of an Arab origin and Arab roots.
- My husband is Muslim while I am Christian, she said.

After seeing worry in her eyes, I asked:

- What is wrong with that?

In a kind hearted voice and a kinder hand, she showed me an image of her son; and said:

- Nothing wrong at all, but my son is baffled whether he shall marry in the church or in the mosque.
- Oh lady, at both places; i.e. a contract to be concluded by a marriage official, and another state-run official one, I said.

She squeezed my hand, gave me her address and phone number and invited me to the wedding, specifying me the day, time and place.

Before getting off the bus, I asked her:

- May I attend both contracts?

Her heart was filled with happiness, she said: it is a pleasure, I am waiting for you.

Two days before the wedding, she phoned to tell me the name of the mosque; because the marriage official was too busy and had no time to come to their house. That was an honor to me, I started preparing myself by dyeing my gray hair and ironing two dresses, and then I purchased two gifts; one for the bride and another one for the groom.

The marriage was concluded as it has been agreed, all joyfully shook hands and agreed to come to the church on the next day.

A lady caught my attention, such lady was sitting at one of the mosque's far corners, and her eyes were scanning hearts and eyes. Although she was quite the whole time, but she embraced everyone in her eyes and left before we left the mosque. I asked my friend about her, but she told me that she doesn't know her; perhaps she is the marriage official's wife.

At the church's door, flower bouquets were distributed in their brightly colors. Children with flower baskets in their hands entered. The church was covered with whiteness, joy, calmness and fright of the place's dignity.

Everyone was busy with the ceremony of the new life celebration, while I was busy with the same lady who attended the mosque with us. So many inquiries revolved in my head about her identity, personality and why she didn't talk with anybody. Is she a friend of the groom's family? Definitely not; because I asked my friend. Maybe she is a friend of the bride's family? Well,

if she is, why didn't she enter? Why she also was sitting at that corner in the church, as if she had a desire to embrace the whole wedding?

I noticed the priest who while concluding the marriage, he tensely and joyfully flounced with tension upon noticing her. Therefore, I thought I should ask him, perhaps I would find the answer; since the lady left just after the priest finished. I approached to thank him for his style for performing the marriage ceremony, and then I summed our talk to ask my question:

- Reverend, I think you have seen the lady who standing far away, do you know her?

He nodded his head with a satisfied smile, and said:

- Yes, I do know her.
- What is her name?
- Her name is "Mazmai haraa".
- This is a strange name that I have never heard before, is she?

Before I asking my second question, he put his hands on his chest in a cross mark, wiped on my hair, and said:

- My daughter, Zahraa for you and Mary for us, but they met at one of the houses of God, and took on name that gathers them in any of His houses.

I went back home, may two saints keep my two sons safe from any evil.

A Child with Harees (Mash) Dish

I wish all soil would become grass, I wish sand would become wheat.

Three children and a woman, three girls and mourning, forty skeletons and a rice dish, and a thousand swelters in a drop of water.

Like any poet when he googles an address he needs, I was searching in my computer for Iraqi women's faces, I was really in need of a mother.

I didn't want any mother, but my mother the tree, I found my hand has dived into the search sea, I refused any website that opens an old grandmother chest to me; I didn't want any grandmother but my grandmother the wheat ear.

A website that furnishes me a house of a maternal aunt with a cloak and a tattoo, I didn't want any aunt, but my aunt the palm, I refused any website that opens me a heart of a paternal aunt, I didn't want any but my aunt the wheat.

I refused the maternal and paternal aunts, I refused all women dressed in black, beautified, who wore their hunger, I refused all related to femininity and shouted.

- I want you, my mother the earth.

I laboriously looked for her, and I wish I didn't. I know the curiosity of my serious hand when searching for a global scandal or a humanitarian one.

I didn't know myself, who I am at that night, I became a sky that was chattering about her tears and blubbering.

I was not asleep, but I had to take a rest, how can I apologize to my friend for not accepting her invitation for having dinner with the wives of the country's seniors.

I was overcome by tiredness, exhaustion and oppression and fell asleep for half an hour. Then, I woke up quickly to prepare myself for being in a white-red coated face; for deceiving myself before they do the same to me with glittering jewelry, kind hearts, and ridiculous minds, I don't generalize, God forbid, where some of them are quiet and decent.

I wore a dress and took it off, I wore a fourth and fifth one; I had no desire for enjoyment, but what shall I do? Necessity knows no law.

A strong disappointment was inside me, which was clear from my lukewarm smile at my hostess and attendees; I laughed with them for dissolute jokes of which their knives passed through me, and I mocked my lips for their obedience to the life trivia.

Three hours passed as if it is lasting forever, till the maid saved me when she whispered to her mistress. We didn't know what she said, but we understood later when the mistress invited us for dinner.

- "God bless the house and its owners", I sincerely said; for I like the lady and respect her humanitarian attitudes.

The forks, spoons and juice glasses roamed, and hands competed for fresh delicious food. Except me, where I froze at my place when I saw a skeleton of an African woman crawled along the table, spiritlessly revolving around the pots; unable to extend her hand bones to compete with others.

When the hostess noticed my plate was empty, she took it to fill it with Qouzi on the toasted and saffron scented rice. I strongly took the plate from her hand, saying:

- I don't want lamb meat; I realized my fault and presented an excuse, convincing everyone that meat causes me stomach upset.

I saw a Lebanese girl child was grilled, toasted and surrounded with almonds and pistachios. I thought to myself: "there is no power nor might except by Allah".

However, the lady didn't leave me alone until I bowed to her insistence and accepted a "Shawarma" dish with vegetables and potatoes; when I stuck the fork, a slice of palm meat grew which was smashed by a shell which fell in a popular market in Baghdad.

I prayed to God and was about to empty my stomach despite the fact that it was already empty. I felt a severe pain that was mashing up my intestines.

It was really strange while they were laughing and exchanging stuffed grape leaves and chicken. Haven't they seen the children who spread in the place and crowded around them and me? Why am I the only one

who sees them? Is this a punishment for watching their images on the computer?

My friend, the hostess, sat next to me and said: "you are not as usual today, didn't you like our cooking?"

I was embarrassed, "No, darling, I just unfortunately have a stomachache today".

- Well, I will bring you Harees (Mash).

Her words made me speechless, while she gently filled the dish with "Harees" and gave it to me.

All children gathered around me and the table became just like my computer screen; a grilled child here, an infant was swimming in the broth here, an old man was sleeping in the fruits dish there, fresh meat were just brought out from the holocaust, from the fire, from the missiles, and from the rubble.

I noticed the hostess shaking my shoulder "here it is, the most delicious Harees".

The spoon was in my right hand while the dish was in the left one, the food table was a computer; television screens, I didn't taste the Harees. By the edges of the

spoon, I touched the feathers of an eagle that I saw in one of the images while it was waiting for the death of an African child crawling on his head towards the relief tent. I examined the place in which the Harees dish was put on the table where I saw the same child getting out of it, and lying on the edges of the dish unable even to lick his finger. He looked at me with an eye from which the liquid of Harees flowed down, and a half-eye that was full of non-mashed grains.

I screamed with fear. The house manager ran behind me, splashing rose water on my face and saying: "shall I call the doctor?"

- No, I am fine.

I apologized to the ladies and the hostess, they were partaking sweets and tea; I thought maybe I can enjoy the taste of sweets, therefore, I lifted a silver cover which was put also on a silver tray, I was shocked, "what is this? Eyes with sugar syrup?". A pretty woman approached the tray and filled her dish with those eyes.

When she saw my shock, she thought I was watching her, so, she returned two pieces; fearing of being envied, and said:

- I like Lokmat Al Kadhi very much; to the extent that I neglect diet if it falls into my hands.

Seemingly, she was justifying for herself rather than for me.

I only drank tea sipping it slowly. After a while, servants entered pushing the cake trolley, “we baked the most delicious cake for you today and bought the Palestinian oil in order to eat freely”, said the lady, she pointed to me, saying: "Palestinian oil doesn't cause stomach disorder".

Everyone gathered around the cake, while the house manager turned on the television to let the ladies enjoy the cake and music.

I didn't realize what I heard or what was showed on television, music was played and the cake trolley was moved from one lady to another including me; I was alone, singing the song of wheat and ears, and blaming it.

As for the party, it has its own ambition for entertaining soul and stomach; I have my own ambition as well.

“I do not aspire, but for punishing wheat of humanity for its blasphemy”.

A Woman in a body costume

I lifted my head up; took it off like an old hat, I put it on the food table near to the fruit basket, I let it watches their bright colors; they were really bright because I buy fresh fruits and vegetables every day. I was looked attentively how it was turning his eyes away from radish, closing them, and peeking again at the table map.

It liked neither to sleep nor to rest, and since it has never let me quiet for a moment in my life, I pulled it out of my neck and left it only contemplating, where it couldn't eat or drink, completely speechless. My hair drooped on the table, the same hair which in its white bands, guiding the dream of its school bag to galaxies; to another shout which has a sailing sign with the other ships.

The two captured eyes were like two bridges on which coming and going people pass, two springs get up in the morning, breastfeeding patience to grow up, its bitter silence grew up, widened, they also widened like it, competing to water the bed pillow.

A forehead on which lanterns were put, it lighted the walls of the room, the walls of the hall, the kitchen, the bathroom, the garden, the house door from the outside and the threshold. It cheered for the silent one until he uttered, laughed for the annoyed one until he loudly laughed, lightened for needing clouds, thundered as a smile from a conquering chest and cried. It cried alone without that tribe, without that noise which ran out its oil. Wrinkles turned blue as waves and spilled itself as a beach and a forehead.

Two lips as two rubies that combined contrast with contrast; between the black hair and the skin gloss they glittered as a heart, a song, a bird longing for a kiss, a plate contained the tears' pearls, a yellowish withering after a desire and a balcony, and suddenly they found out that they have no container to be comprised in as tears.

Nose characteristic is its sense of remote discovering odors and distinguishing the sweetest, even if it was caught by a strange, foul or spicy one. Its permanent conflict with the left eye doesn't end; for the eye is sensitive of odors while nose has its desire for discovering them.

They were resorting in many of their disputes to two black eyebrows; a right cheek was always lamenting for them, a left cheek was laughing at them, and a round palate was mocking at them for their tiny minds and lasting fight.

Today, I took them all off, I left my head alone bearing its affliction, I made for myself a cup of coffee and sat opposite of it, sipping coffee slowly, I remembered something that surprised me in my right hand, which tampered for a while without caring for my shoulder, lifted a heavier weight than it, carried a weight that it is tens kilos heavier than its weight, it didn't manicure its nails like pampered ladies do, fingers blamed it very much; as much as it blamed, its veins begged for kindness. That fiddler, I remembered it now; now after the sourness of years, I remembered it.

Never mind, I will also take it off near a head to rub its hair and slap it.

You are not useful except for toilet, in this way your parents disciplined and appreciated you, you are spoiled since your birth and love feces slavery. I don't like slavery; I intensely hate it, curse it, and pray to God at

night and morning to infect it with vitiligo. I spit on it, stone toilet adulteress, stone it to death, I take it off to fight with its right sister on an empty place near a rotten head.

I don't like you; you are two donkeys ridden by a body and a head, two donkeys for carrying and running, running away from bearing the burden which put up with the fight of days and their criminal punishment. You are two feet that dived into me and mud without exhaustion, if you feel tired you stop; not for taking a rest or for a weakness, but to return again to the beginning of the road, running away with a head that spins in its ideas, disappointment and conquering spiral, roaming through the streets to make it forget and calm down from its two slaves.

I am not in need of two donkeys, I satisfyingly take you off, don't be happy, I am not going to put you on the table, I am not going to ease you, I will punish you standing in your shadow wherever you are; for donkeys sleep while standing, take a nap and give your skin a rest from whipping.

What would I need from an intestines filled with gases and poisons, inflated with pains that don't yield to analgesics or sedatives? Get off me and be close to that idiot whom I gave my perfumes, clothes, blouses, nightgowns, memo pad, jewelry, rings and earrings. I made all my money as sacrifices for him to calm down and sleep even for an hour at night. I gathered my years in a flower bouquet for that conceited rejecter just to settle for an hour; I swore by a shadow of an exhausted woman, I swore by mothers for just an hour, a moment, even for an unreal moment. Rejecter, I reject him now as well as who helped him; go away from me and be steady wherever you are in a corner near to the window to be blown away by wind.

A sieve heart, I talk to you in vain, let me blow you, faugh! go away!

A crazy adorer, your craziness underestimated and undervalued me, fie on you!

Oh! I am free now, I have two breasts which I begged long ago not to let me down, I know they are sharing me, my white half and its white half which it also equally shared water penetration to our depths.

_____ **A WOMAN IN A BODY COSTUME** _____

Today, I am not alone, I am on the top of a tree, two breasts are my nest; reading freely about a woman who was in a body shape.

Another Texture

Does she know every driver by his name? Does she know all people?

Where does she get this deep confident paced flying?

She knows them all, I have never seen her not talking to them, and even they know her, they hold conversations with her in a language that I don't understand.

Once in Indian, once again in bad English, and other times by only shouting, nothing more than shouting to prove to herself that she is an object of interest and has friends who understand her language.

The same clothes, an old woolen scarf on her neck, a woolen blouse, and a jeans jacket two times bigger than her size.

Whenever I see her, I relate between her and a man who resides at our street, in the fourth house before mine. He enjoys an eastern look with ragged wear; maybe it was the clothes which made me combined between them.

However, he is different where he wakes up in the morning, holding a can of beer in his hand, crossing the street back and forth, searching in waste containers for thrown cigarette remains or looking for metro tickets, sometimes he gets on the metro by an expired ticket; just like him, since he has expired long ago where he has nothing in life more than his drunkenness and self-simulation.

She is also different, although she is similar to him in two habits, chattering and old clothes, but she is neither drunkard nor unemployed.

When I saw him for the first time, I thought he is disordered; this is why I avoid him and don't return his greeting.

His greeting is not clear, just snuffling, I hate his smell and I rather hate his pants rotten with pee.

She is not similar to him; she is clean despite her neediness, chaste despite his poverty, I have never seen her without a thick nylon sack filled with different things that have no relation to each other.

Where does she go in the morning? And where does she get back at night? Does she have children? If she does, why do they leave such an old woman with a twisted neck as if she is looking at her back? And why are they away from her?

I supposed she lives alone, and through her activity, in spite of her twisted neck and bent back, I ascertained that she has a job from which she receives an enough salary for being not in need of a son or any male name.

While he lives at state expense to get drunk, she makes her living to live with dignity.

While he is with himself, a partner with his hallucination and the alienation of people from him, she is with all passengers.

I am still confused between him and her; shall I ask her about her place or keep silent? If I open her mouth's door, it won't be closed.

I am home alone, I don't hear my voice as it doesn't hear me, throaty comes out when the futile phone rings, then I feel happy and say "I will try my voice", I became afraid on my throat for not using it.

They differ from me by chattering, while I differ from them by silence.

They are definitely not similar to me in everything, definitely.

Surely we are similar in the most important thing; in loss.

Snow is on my lips, and an old man is coughing on my chest.

I did think that when they resided in this region, and when walking was stable and straight, pant is clean without pee, and mind was sound, they said to two persons who were similar in loss as what I am saying to them now: "I must know your story, two who exchange positions whenever calmness creeps into the path".

I think, rather assert that four years later, a new guest will reside in our neighbor's house; laughing joyfully, walking with a slim body, and put on a pink-colored scarf just as I like.

When I go out with my walking stick, she is definitely going to say: here was a woman on the chest of her the morning sleeps.

Bus, Corner and Train

Good and evil, happiness and sadness, calmness and movement, sunset and sunrise; every contrary has its special smell and a special corner in a small space on a bus or a train.

I like exploring the other; exploring is my constant research, where I fill myself and let it creep into my fingers. None can see the night blueness except who penetrates the blackness point and looks at a blue spring.

It was ten o'clock AM; nails were on my back, where they came one night to settle down and then being pleased with the place. As my eye looked at the blueness of the night spring, its blackness was steady in its bluish well also. In my bag, there was a calmness of money that was twisting its lips at an empty purse; perhaps there was a cockroach in it, which was enough for buying a cheese sandwich.

Since the sun doesn't rise in the fog lands, I put on a hat that gathers my hair, preserving it from a sudden rain. I like dark colors, even the brown blackish dogs; and the strange thing is that I love the dark sky.

Although I love dark color; I liked its red dress with green roses. And even though my exerted effort in penetrating the night and exploring its blueness; its blue blouse amused me.

My stringed playing on the silence instrument and my discovering musical notes that none had discovered made me keep silent to listen to them alone. Whenever I ride a bus or get on a metro, a bus metro, a metro bus; these two couples are a symphony of a woman in a body shape.

In their looks, there is an influential tenderness, a deep gold and trees rustling.

At ten a.m., there were two opposite trees, which warm silence can contain all London's parks;

I widened like them as if I was looking for a child star, when their rays sneaked into my heart, I smiled, I felt unmatched pleasure for holding two trees which they fructified in their twentieth gloss, and passed by my gray moon with their spinning.

Near to them "Beethoven" stood, rather a whole line of people surrounded them to listen to their tone. They

could sit adjacently but they preferred to be opposite to each other, conversing with their eyes and exchanging questions and answers, in a discussion, in a flirtation or a new date. She was pretty with a round face and a slim body, while he was almost tall, plump and whiter than her.

Overcoming difficulties and self-expressing; a need for getting out of isolation, fear and frustration to an open world. Two trees, two alphabets broke through an imposed isolation; where they wrote by their fingers and formed their letters by reading lips. The complete sign connection exposed two souls intoxicated by heart language passion.

At half past ten in the morning there were two hearts ticking by their hands like a clock for passion and hoping for him to rise.

It started raining slightly, and then rapidly increased to hit the locomotive's window. The young man sat next to his beloved having asked her permission from his fingers and their signs; three times hitting his lips and five times on his shoulder. They stuck like a flower gathering its petals, stayed for a while and got off two

stations after the sticking moment. By the heart shiver steps "Pedro Ponce de Leon, de la Peche and Galloudec" got off behind them.

When I knew the meaning of God's paradise and its messengers on earth, I realized the secret of the Creator in creating His angels with white wings.

"Pedro Ponce de Leon and Galloudec" are two clergymen at the Catholic Church; the first is Spanish, while the latter is French. They lived in the seventeenth century, developed oral communication for the deaf, and succeeded in teaching two deaf brothers to read Latin language, where at the same period the sign alphabet occurred.

"De la Peche" is the father who organized the signs used by the deaf and wrote them down in a small dictionary, where this language became the main language at the schools that were under his supervision.

Punishment or Reward?

My relation with television is like the relation of the sieve with flour; where I sift its insignificant programs and wait for what would remain on the sieve surface. Darkness often floats in its lying or hypocrisy and facts falsifying; not for being pure and clear but rather for its size and weight, since it is hard for the sieve holes to hold and make room for it. If we went back to the evaluation of the sieve; it would sweep them first, and then let the pure flour clear itself by itself, drink a raindrop like it, light its oven by itself and become a loaf, and also to feed hunger by itself.

Is he a genius, while a scientific person used his innovations to give a humanitarian value for the daily uses, and insisted on inducing the straight of them?

I think he is not masterful, while he granted us his time and mind for his virtuous nature and his spiritual virtues. I think also that he aspires through his abilities and our need for them to dig up a well of a radiation inside us.

After my experiment, like anyone else who doesn't enjoy mind and sight freedom or the means of act in his

life as a human, I found out that he is a spinster man who enjoys the pleasure of loss compensation or wisely is dodging from time.

I further think that the television got fed up and bore malice against the one who made it subject to a sterile experiment.

I am an ordinary person who has her modest house and a wide-screen television, turns it on every morning, mutes the volume and lets announcers talk like the mute.

I enjoy seeing them stupidly moving their lips; moving eyes, hands, lineaments and sometimes raising eyebrows, expressing a movement or a word. I turn off the volume to watch their funny shapes, exactly as when they enjoy my unheard pain and fury, and my painful heartburn by scenes they show to me every moment. They bring their frost into my chest and drill; drill like blinds, presidents and brokers.

They are pimps whose pus of their faces and mouths appears on the screen, penetrates it and overflows in my house to fill the places; covers beds and curtains, opens the fridge forming into fruits and vegetables, enters into cooking wares, where it has its own spoons and own

utensils; green like our greenish veins caused by pain, blue like our hearts which its red turned into blue and dried up, cups are brown-colored; so that we cannot see what we drink, heavy weighted; so that you cannot feel its nimbleness.

At this moment, I was turning my eyes away from a paper in which I have written some notes about a woman I wanted to talk about, when I saw the broadcaster; he was silent; doesn't utter a word, I wondered how they accept someone like him! I waited for a moment, maybe he would broadcast any news, but he pointed his finger at me, requesting me to come close to the screen; I thought I will try, perhaps he has a secret for me in person and doesn't want the whole world to hear it. I came closer, then, he said to me:

- Take me out of here; I have been imprisoned for two years.

I complied with his request, extended my hand to him, while he clung like a drowning man clutching at a straw, and I brought him out of the television. I made him a seat on a two-seater couch and went to the kitchen to make him breakfast.

Long time ago, since television entered our house when I was six, as I remember; I had so many questions about it and about the broadcasters, news and programs. The older I get, the more my questions increase, and now they are aging and bending. Nevertheless, I will surprise him with my questions although they are bent back and dark colored. I have the right to do that; for not time but they who bended my back, and also who colored me black, not age.

I served him a sandwich made of cold cuts, bread, lettuce and tomato, along with a cup of hot milk and an orange juice. He thanked my with a smile, extracted the meat and began eating the bread with vegetables and the milk. I thought maybe this is my first question, I will start:

- Don't you like meat?
- "I hated it", he replied in one word.

It is strange! Why doesn't he complete? Maybe because he is hungry, I will let him take his time enjoying then I will continue questioning him. I noticed that I didn't offer him the tea yet; I asked him what he prefer, then he replied: - "Arabic coffee".

I smiled, for his answer became of two words now. Therefore, I expected that his answer will become a whole tape if I keep providing him with fresh and delicious food. Actually I did that to the extent that his abdomen is bloated. I thought "this is my chance and time is on my hands now", I brought a chair and sat in front of him, peeling fruits for him, and storming him with questions:

- I think you are mutinous against the management, or you didn't like the regulations of the channel, so, you asked to get out of it?
- Yes lady, I hated working with fools; they are sheep who follow the rule of unipolar supremacy. For they are weak, they worship the only one, who lies on them; where they believe him and lie to the spectator. A human herd that grows as much as the number of swindlers, influential people and beneficiaries.

I felt strange about the word "worship", I watched his hands interlocking and his confusion, I also became confused, I stared at his eyes and found that I must know his religion:

- Do you believe in monotheism? Excuse me, are you Christian or Muslim?
- I believe in monotheism, and for that they imprisoned me; because of my objection to their belief in the new polar, and they hit me when I said to them: "God is the only one and you are atheists", later they referred me to a trial at the same building of the television channel.
They put me under daily questioning, and finally in prison.
- Your tale is curious.. Tell me its details please! I could possibly find my answers that I have looking for years ago.

He took tissues and wiped the fruit remains from his hands, he straightened himself up, and said: I will immediately begin from the court session and its quick decision that it was an honor for me to gain:

- What is your name?
- My name is Broadcaster, my father News and my mother Universal.
- Why do you refuse reading the new news?
- Because it is false news, sir, where it didn't appear in the way the manager had prepared, rather he

added to it what he wanted or what he has been dictated; and I don't convey to the receiver but the true news.

- Well! Tell me the true news, and how it reached your channel?
- Sir! As any visual media which has a network of correspondents around the world, we have been reported on natural disasters in recent years and their noticeable increase, where the number of victims has reached two million and a half, which most of them were of the poor. The greatest of these disasters was "Tsunami disaster", which struck the countries of Southeast Asia in 2004. This news showed that the countries were unconcerned and not prepared to face violence and punishment of nature.
- Is it false news?
- No sir, it is true news, but the manager punished me for my protestation against the word "*punishment of nature*"; as nature is one of God creatures and God is the punisher for the sins of humanity and nature is nothing but a mean for executing His will. The news is worthier to be as the following:

Nature presented a human ransom by "Tsunami" to God Almighty, pleasing Him to forgive the sins of spirits and consciences in the world. God accepts ransom but rather rewards who ransomed; and Prophet Abraham is the best who ransomed ever.

- Oh, Mister Broadcaster! Haven't you noticed that the "Tsunami" happened in a poor town?
- Why did nature choose the residents of this region to be a ransom? Aren't they poor? Why would the poor be the victim of richness, luxury of the rich and their continuance?
- You mean by these words that God will increasingly enrich people who have money and real estates and provide them by more poor people due to new disasters or earthquakes, in order to present them as another scapegoat whenever their balances are overburdened with falseness, hypocrisy, lying and blood absorption, until their funds in banks will be filled and the life wheel spins in that way. Tell me if my analysis is wrong?

- However, they are in paradise and martyrs are God's dearest ones, where they enjoy for being near to Him now.
- Is their enjoyment for being martyrs or poor?
- For both reasons, sir; because He who has fed them against hunger, and has made them safe from fear.
- May I ask you for a glass of water, lady? my throat dries up whenever I remembered the discussion with the judge.

I brought him cold water, longing to hear the end, I gave it to him entreating him to continue.

- “Doesn’t God love the rich? And if He loves the poor and let them enter paradise by a disaster, why doesn’t He make the whole world poor and unable to make a living, and then cause a strong volcano eruption which would bring them all to Him?”
The judge asked me.

He is able to do that, mister judge, but for examining people; of their good and bad, strong and weak, and mentally disordered and sound. And as much as conscience is clear, truth will be clear and it will be easy

for God's representatives to understand and carry it to the scale of good deeds.

Noise prevailed in the courtroom when the manager stood, protesting for describing him as the unjust and ignorant of the God's wisdom. The Judge banged his gavel to silence everyone.

However, the manager was insistent and kept proving to everyone:

- Believe me, it is for the spectator own interest to be lied to, since facts are frightening and the numbers of victims we have, any victims, whether of wars or disasters, are different from which we broadcast. Believe me mister judge, we lie for them, for if we say what we do know, mental hospitals will overcrowded with patients, even if they know who stands behind the events, they will be struck by a heart attack; for sometimes the true killer could be the brother or the father, where he secretly hires a mercenary to kill his brother, and then walks in his funeral. Believe me, the whole world will become a hospital.

The judge listened to him carefully and asked him to sit and calm down, then, he turned to me:

- What do you think? Are you still looking for your own virtues?
- Wouldn't God be content with banquets of war's children, women and old men; such banquets which are stained with firebrands and fire, and perfumed with gunpowder scent.
- I know the boldness and malice of my question, just as I know the discovery and virtuous honesty in your answers. But the more malice is to write something while doing another, and the most sly of all this is to ascribe what humans do to the Creator. Human is a multi-nicknames predator animal, where he is a falsely bold, unsightly virtuous, impurely honest, indecent hermit and a pious pimp; and there is only one watching all of them.
- Since you haven't fulfilled the orders of the channel manager which is in the interest of humanity, we sentenced you to life in solitary confinement. Nobility you are looking for is not in deeds; where deeds sometimes don't veil, rather

by the need for the nobility of soul just as people doing charitable projects who spend the night on the lap of an adulteress.

- One last advice: while you are in your solitary confinement; when you recognize to yourself that you are alone during day and night, and if you don't believe in everyone, you will turn into a cave.

His face looked yellowish after he has retrieved events that hurt him, I wanted to console him, and said:

- Don't worry! I took you out of your prison; take a little rest, we are going to roam the public parks, perhaps green nature gives you solemnity and quietness to yourself.
- Let me get ready.

I left him for half an hour, in which I completed adorning myself and dressing up, then, I went down the stairs to guide him to the bathroom, when I found that he stabbed himself by a kitchen knife and cut his vein. I was terrified; I don't know what I shall or have to do. I remembered some newspapers I have reserved to use them as a tablecloth under daily meals; I extended him

on the floor, enshrouded him well with newspapers, and turned him back to his grave.

I turned off the television, put a black ribbon on it, and continued my writing and searching for a story which maybe doesn't contain a disaster.

Locusts Invasion

It seems that I have slept too long or woken up late. I always have feelings to go around the self when I get out of my bed; it is not a kind of denial of others, but seeking for meditation beauty, in order to benefit from myself and to settle an account with it for its faults before others do.

Since I belong to this world, I have to enter with it into its time, place and form; for if I look at it from my own perspective, I will consciously or unconsciously isolate myself and I will find for it a thousand and one pretexts to justify its faults.

I insistently tried to get out of the self and to overcome its isolation. My love for flowers that I have planted and my own relationship with it gave me an appropriate chance to get involved with the details of a new day. Once I opened the door of the garden, a swarm of locusts attacked me and stuck to my hair, entered my pockets, and much of it stacked on my face. I tried to remove it to make sure not to swallow up my flowers,

apple trees and my other dearest trees. Despite of my quick look, I couldn't find anything but dry stalks.

I realized the atrocity I was in when three locusts have entered into my eye; all in the garden were looking askance in spite of their dryness. I quickly entered and rashly, stupidly and complaining closed the door. I removed all the locusts, felt happy when I saw them gathering upon the tiles of the kitchen, I sprayed them with insecticide while jumping for they were crawling onto my feet, and it was a pleasure to prevail over them. I quite rubbed my eye for it was severely burning due to the three locusts which they died affected by the insecticide's smell; and this is because I made my eye strongly gazing in defense of its safety, sure that the sticking of the last locust will disappear immediately after its death.

I showered and perfumed my whole body in order to sterilize any trace that may cause any allergy, but I rushed out to the doctor due to a skin eruption that infected my hands and a swelling in my right eye.

Unusual behavior was in the street as the street form also was strange; not like the streets that I used to, the date

was not the first of April to surprise me with a strange joke and watch my stupidity. Everything was dressed in locusts; the doors of the houses, the windows, pedestrian crossings and everything, even the waste bags near the houses were covered by locusts.

I was afraid of missing the chance to write down my instant notes for any event; I extended my hand to take out the pen and the notebook, but I didn't take out anything except locusts. While I was wondering, a big locust passed, pushing a small locust in a cart towards the grocery store. As I was following it and observing it entering, I found the grocer itself a big locust wearing a locust-colored hat.

A male locust crossed the street, holding the post in his hand, he knocked the first door at our street, and four locusts in school uniform came out while the mother locust received letters from his hand.

What is happening today? And who caused this unfamiliar situation? Even buses were in a shape of big locust with locusts passengers inside them.

There was a fear that was leading me to run and resort to the doctor's clinic; the clinic was close to me, at the end

of the street where I reside, near to an auto repair garage. I was not ready to ask myself questions for the trouble that I was seeing, I was surprised that all what was inside it were locusts; from the machinists, to the cars, to the oil cans.

When I rushed into the clinic, I found out that I came to treat myself from locusts and to accept a "locust" moment, starting from the nurses ending to the doctor, who gave me a strange prescription that I couldn't understand until the pharmacist gave me the locust as a medicament which was written on its cover (multi-locusts), I pouted my lip and expected that the doctor locust has found me infected with locust anemic, thus, he prescribed me a set of vitamins of locust juice.

On my way back and at the beginning of the street that leads to my house, I bought a "locust" today's newspaper from the female newspaper vendor. I read a large front page headline:

"By exerted efforts and experiments of biologist professor GARAD (locust) and by his determination to eradicate an infected insect with anemia, an effective insecticide was discovered to eradicate it".

As for the rest of the headlines, they were unclear for my human concept.

I skimmed through the newspaper from the bottom to the top, and from the top to the bottom; I understood that Human is not a standard measure to define humanity in the concept of locusts; rather he is no more than immoral trifles and a dangerous animal for the life.

A Party in a Garbage Container

Am I as I am, or I became a person I don't know? Where are my friends? Why life has combated the one who is similar to me, and the one who I am not similar to, stayed?

There are people who are not similar to each other, why don't I be one of them?

Where do all those come from? Have they ever come after dishes breaking and a revolution of water cups outbreak by a drunken man who has madly shouted at his wife, then realized the ugliness of his deed and secluded himself in his bedroom as a demagogic animal?

I have never surprised anyone by an offense; rather they were putting me in their refrigerator to be a laxative for indigestion or for a bite that stuck in a throat; where indigestion doesn't happen haphazardly, rather by snatching fast fatty bites.

Fatty bite has its own skilled hunter that between him and lawful deed there is the curse of money, and between money and his hands there is permanent

friendship, his hands are sometimes grasped and sometimes extended, but how few are their extending days! And how many are their grasping hours especially when their door is knocked by a needy or a poor man.

It extends when pretending to be generous to a powerful or a high rank guest, to a friend who keeps one woman while fooling with tens of others, to a person who enjoys a leave of conscience, or to a philosopher who philosophize matters as he likes and in accordance with his desire and greediness.

Everything in life has its pain feeling, I have the right to feel pain; deep pain sometimes turns into joy. Today I am very happy, especially when I heard the voices of drunken people who have thrown the empty beer cans into the waste tinplates, they are tottering and I feel happy. Human is really foolish, why is the drunken man with long hair peeing on my head? Didn't he choose other than the waste tinplates to empty what is in his bladder?

Custom is corruption, or of the conditions of vitality is to abandon your wife and go after dogs between lanes; dogs are interested in guarding us, we, the residents of

waste tinplates, while they are interested in the stage that comes after that.

A stray cat jumped from chasing a cat, hid between Coca-Cola and Seven-up cans, stumbled by wine bottles and gave itself a free hand to search for a bone or a piece of meat from the garbage of a minister's daughter or a son of a bitch.

As it didn't find what tempts its sense of smell, it galloped, dragging the cat to another trash can.

I am empty, they drank my water and threw me, and the rest have the smell of dead bodies. We were living organisms; water, greenery, flowers, fruits, meat, fish and ducks, we were living organisms but those scoundrels were equally guilty; their life eternity kills our lives.

They are equal in what is inside them; different in what is in their pockets, minds and consciences.

We are similar in our modest silent nature and temper.

I the water bottle decided in a way that doesn't disturb the neighbors and doesn't change the lifestyle of the perverts or kitchen servants who are annoyed from a

scene of events that they don't dare to refuse or criticize it even for a blink of an eye, decided to approach the rest of my brothers to celebrate like them. I cannot mention my name for it is originally feminine, i.e. a bottle of water, and I don't like the sex that carries bisexuality.

All who reside outside the tinsplate are an educational project, while we are a stinky project, they are from noble origins, while we are despised, insulted and surrendered for cutting, greedy plunder, and for all reasonable deeds by who I called nobles of deeds.

So, let's dance, embrace each other, darling, round in the space limits of the tinsplates, glorify your pleasure and joyful feeling, you are not the only miserable, the rich are also unhappy; they dance for dispute, while we dance with each other for settlement, so, dance!

Carbonated drinks cans glorified who are dancing with; wine hero, whisky hero, arrack hero any hero. I didn't find a heroine, they made me feminize my name, since my maker created me, he gave me a masculine name; I know his wife doesn't give birth to boys, hence, I gave him the right when he made me and gave me the name "Hero". Why don't I dance with the one who is similar

to me? Let me look for someone I am similar to. Each one is dancing outside with his similar one, and here they became similar to each other for dancing. Killers are similar, and the killed also are similar; who is similar to me?

Mice can excel in dancing, where they enter the rich's houses and make them dance on the rope, none could catch up with them, they have light speed, even cats pampered in houses couldn't do that, where they used to wake up late after a long evening next to their mistresses or masters, so, they got fat and heavy.

Now, they make the society of trash cans dancing on two ropes, whenever the trash can shakes, and its smell emanates, their flocks gather, extending their mustaches toward the putrid, and whenever a smell plays with the putrid, I roll to the pride.

My family descent is called "spring", how could I reach it and be filled?

When I became filled I will be heavy, and through my weight, I will oppose the wind to choose a place or a street in which mice are not the masters.

Since I ran away from the waste container, I am still a container of my attempts, where I fall on my head, get up and fall, imagining that a feminine of "Hero" will be made by skilled man in his factory, whose wife doesn't give birth to girls, hence, he will name her "heroine" and nickname her by "mini heroine"; and I wish not to be bisexual or a pervert, then, it won't be any excuse.

Dead bodies drink juice

A new shape is looming, even a thing that is different to what we were familiar with, it needs us to be courageous to humor and harmonize with it. Superficial people, especially who are ready to share the juice mixer, will consider it a normal thing that causes happiness.

These kinds of beings are the most malicious creatures and the most animal of resourceful animals, the most deformed faces, the most sparkling eyes, the most spiteful hearts, and the most that makes me wonder.

I used the word "More" to describe it, thus, I will named it as "More", because it is the most widespread on the street, the most familiar to the passersby who are heading to "Abu Faraj" shop, the dates juice seller.

In Abu faraj's mixer, there are only dates, he sells nothing but their juice, because dates don't need sugar but only water, electricity for operating the mixer, and ice, the fact that makes the price cheap for the buyers; of laborers, students, worker and those whose pockets were pierced by time and oldness, but not much wasting.

"More" has his own mixer, but I don't know why it has been named as "Loins".

Loins mixer, maybe it is the name of the manufacturer company, or it is a one-eyed mixer. But uncle "More" couldn't find a justification for covering loins, perhaps experienced is much wiser; where the proverb says: *Ask one who has experience rather than a physician*; this is means to complete his name and call him Mr. "More Experienced".

His surname still incomplete, there must be a name of his grandfather; I have got a great idea:

"More son of experienced son of Incomplete".

Uncle "More" is frequently marrying, he has got a dozen boys; each son is like the father, distinct treasure, and because he is a mind and heart genius, he taught his tribe, Bani More, extending hand until it becomes clumsy and reckless; and this is the secret behind the geniality of Bani More.

The grandson "Much" has inherited his father's mixer, to say a secret: he is very philosophized, yes; he is a real philosopher and the wisest head among others, where he

has his conclusions that don't cross anybody's mind; i.e. he is a superhuman who doesn't come up but with supernatural things.

Everyone in the city has crowded to "Much" shop to buy juice mixed of various fruits with ice, sugar and pomegranate.

The price list was different, it was written in a language that was not understood, and maybe it was a foreign language that couldn't be understood by common people, which forced him to deal with his customers by signs. He adds pomegranate juice to each kind of juice instead of water, and no one would object that. The Buyer also has to dip his right hand into a cup of pomegranate juice, for "Much" to be generous and give him the juice cups. Then, he registers his name in a big book, and after registration, he will be granted a special honor (Lifetime Free Juice), but signers have to admit that human is not created for human but for becoming a monster.

Buyers badly thought, whispered together and agreed upon one idea: everyone in the family will have his free juice to the end of his life. They came up with a very

important result: to register the names of the family dead members, and to change their forms or to disguise themselves while dipping the hand into the juice, in order to increase their share and swim into pomegranate.

Such human is strange, he has a need for slavery, even for pomegranate; he also has cupidity and greediness, which they struggle or live on each other.

However, dead people were greedier than them, where they didn't miss the chance, they got out of their graves; skeletons were turning around the cart of brother "Much" and licking, then fresh dead bodies followed them, extending their tongues out in thirst.

Brother "Much" is high-ranked, for having only one eye in the middle of his forehead, he reminds me of grandmothers' tales about the antichrist. But uncle "Abu Faraj" was left imprisoned by time, so, he, the miserable squatted with an empty juice cup, gazed without any motion, and was embalmed.

Briefly: this story is the most real of the rest of my stories, because I am confident by knowing its mystery, particularly, when I saw the number of skeletons and dead bodies scattered in the street. And the most

miserable gap is that I twisted my knees away from them, and sat near "Abu Faraj" shop, cursing the word "Most", which besieged me more, and I wrote about it more than most of my works.

One of the bodies pointed out asking about me: Who is that?

Another body answered it: It is that.

I am that, daughter of that, son of that, I am still squatting at the shop of the imprisoned uncle, waiting for "Abu Faraj" to get up.

Missing Identity

Shortly after, I am going to leave my dead timber, searching for distant directions from stone. I decided to let my feet for examining roads and drinking sands through bridges and paths.

I have a desire of enjoying another person and another fate that was not chosen for me by others; a fate has attained to defeat, as I have a brave desire leading me to this fate.

Sickness of stupidity is overwhelming me, conversing with my form, investigating its smooth surface. I imitate it, asking the fossilized: find yourself!

Thunder influence and a boring monotony are surrounding me; I begin my day, hover around myself, look at the snake of time and clean myself from it. I have my own walkway and sarcasm of watchers.

I don't prefer place, I don't prefer time, I mean that everything has swollen, even the air and I. A Handful of hallucinations suddenly comes, makes me feel that I would be infected by a fit of fragmentation, so, I

meditate my thoughts and the necessity of getting out of my form, I feel that my life is worried and the life of the world is stable.

Maybe due to my tendencies and my desire to become something different, therefore, I always find myself in an oven. If I suppose that I am the other one who is dreaming, am I going to talk, or would he do?

I wonder how I would be and how could I leave my snow?

What should I do, and how long would I spend in the city?

My size is tiny where it could be buried by dust, streets are overcrowded by the mirrors of those who have crossed, and who felt pain at the first blush of walking, what shall I say to him?

- Shall I return with dreams that are still in the shadow?
- Shall I tell him that he is young and doesn't deserve a dream?

I hate clay that hasn't matured yet in its forty mazes, like a spinster undresses in the air. I feel the roads are as a

fork in a flabby meat, and the air indicates a bad omen. I see the markets as an adulteress, man is split and woman is paralyzed.

While I was counting my first steps towards the street, I passed by one of the bridges, which divides the city and connects it with its suburb or with its other half, I looked at it hoping not to become savage like them, for passersby have seemed as if they came out of a wrestling, but a man who stood at the end of the bridge attracted me more than all, because he was counting by his fingers and seemingly only to ten, then looks at empty heads and blank skulls that are scattered in random on the forepart of the bridge.

I looked for some things belong to me in this strange place, since no one knows me, gives me a sense of self-worth, or feels pleased to my form. I don't know whether they grew old, got exhausted, or there is a disease in their hearts that led them to be pale to this extent.

An old beggar woman leaning on her walking cane approached me, she was with disarranged hair and threadbare clothes, her long yellow teeth looked as a

destroyed cottage and a forest that is squeezing life by its fires.

I wished I could go back to the silent memory and to my black timber, but the vast dream in my eye has retrieved its revelations, where stars have fallen like a delicious hot loaf which made me feel hungry. Another woman crossed the bridge heading towards me, she was washed by horror and delirium was snatching her standing upright, she was plump a little but she was staggering in a crazy coquetry, her heart's window has never been pecked by a bird, or a real question to open her door to it; I don't know whether life has duped her or she has duped the life.

She stood in front of me like someone who is not pleased to my state, she approached until I was about to smell her rotten breaths. The Bridge was filled with naked bodies with bent and lost necks; don't know their destination. Drunken men passed, as a smell emanated from their mouths; a smell that was fermented by their saliva and soured their bodies. The elder one belched while accompanying young man helped another one who fell in drunkenness. I couldn't see the blood running out of yellow faces barefooted boys, I put my hands on my

face, avoiding their painful view, they were all dumb except their youngest boy who approach me, and with a scarcely heard voice he asked me: - Would you like something?

- Yes, I would like ... and I want...

As if my answer didn't please him. Thus, he departed, concluded by his soul absence, he left me fevered by an emptiness that equally shared me my moment and didn't let me continue.

I cannot walk as fast as they do, for my small size doesn't help me. If I didn't decide to let go of her hand, I wouldn't be thirsty. Maybe it was a wrong decision, or when I thought that it was a reasonable idea and possible to be applied, I couldn't imagine its shock or damage.

Her hand was small and it was easy to let go of it, I felt her tears when she cried for losing me.

Strange things and thoughts in my mind made me wonder: Am I really stupid or do I just imagine that? Do I have a neck, a head and a body?

He did nothing, it seemed as if he failed to speak, thus, he slowly digested his bread; a bite in his mouth, a piece in his left hand and three pieces in his right one, while I was begging nobility from hunger and waiting.

When did he leave his parents? Who are his parents? Does anyone here know him?

I stood watching faces at the beginning of the bridge, to be close to those who are coming and going, and to share secrets with them. There was a separator between my face and them. I saw two smiling eyes, announcing a worried look. Then, the child who was slowly digesting his bread disappeared without uttering a single word, and that what made me wonder: Was his look mean? Is it against or with me?

Sun rises towards children, it directed towards a child who put on a necklace of white stone, when I smiled to her, she approached and gave me a round flat loaf of bread which was wrapped by a string that was tied with a lock.

I felt some hunger in my intestines; I checked the loaf and wondered.

- Why the string was tied with a lock, little girl?

I asked her, and she answered:

- In order not to feel its heat, and so as not all poison will leak into your body.
- But it is not hot.

As a kind of courtesy, she touched the loaf of bread with a mocking smile on her mouth:

- I know, and this is what will make it into poison.
- Well, where is the lock key?

She carried her childhood under her arm and left me fevered by questions, it seems that she wanted to leave me, but she turned to me again:

- Would you go back with me?

I threw the lock in the river, leaned on the fence of the bridge, enjoying the first bite. Saliva burned my mouth by its acidity, but I swallowed it and said to myself:

- It is good to give stomach the saliva and bread taste in exchange for its hunger.

I remembered my clay origin; I enjoy a human feeling for the first time.

I swallowed the bite and ate the other, I remembered her curse on me, I wish she realized what are the nail and the meaning of sitting on a nail.

I wetted my deepness with her suspicious saying, and wondered her riddle. At the very moment, I remotely saw a woman was looking around in all sides, hiding her shyness and crying for the road stumbles like someone wriggling in chains. I caught the child's hand and embraced her afraid, her voice rattled in her throat, looking for a whiteness that she couldn't find in the eyes of passersby; eyes which their whiteness has popped out and frozen. I played with the child's hair, reproving her in coquetry:

- Didn't I tell you not to be out of my sight? I was about to lose you.

A small hand in a dust-covered hand embraced each other and continued walking; childhood trembled, dancing with its hands.

Bye.. bye.. bye!

I waved at her by the same movement, and engaged with her word "Bye", until the child looked like a shadow. While I was within the arms of the shadow, I was wondering: Is that "Bye" for me or for the life?

The rupture of my intestines hurts me, despite of my attempts of enduring; patience ran away from me, I strangled my voice in order not to shout, while there were suspicious questions deep inside me:

- Would she come back, and where?
- Is she close and I am far from her?
- Am I alone in the street or she is with me?
- Is this a riddle?
- Did she find me?

She ran away from her mother, looking for me. Therefore, we are coming back. While I was recalling details, I don't know where would she take me, but I will continue my story.

- Is this the life I have long searched and wished?
- A loaf confusing my intestines?
- A pain pervaded my intestines because of a child?
- Is this a curse for who searches for his color in blackness piracy?

- Did she intend to say to me the last farewell by the word "Bye"?
- Why it was she herself? Where is that damned? Did he fear from his parents?
- Was she born at an hour that was poisoned by its potency?

Flat lineaments of yellow faces left the street, eyes that their whiteness popped out for the blackness of the hearts of their owners, deaf, dumb, bread were tied with a lock without a key, ghosts weakly walking, just ghosts that I thought them a life for me.

It has never come to my mind that mouth may suspect from its salvia taste, from bread tied with a lock, or from faces of which lineaments have been spoiled and rotten.

I have never seen a tongue in a shape of knife, I have never heard about a hand in a shape of shovel, or about a hammer foot, a snake braid, a silent slyness, dumb thorns, dumb, or blind, while it is one bridge.

- Why doesn't the bridge collapse and look for sound-hearted passersby?

My ultimate ambition is to see and hear, if it is achieved, I will say I am a human who sees with his eye, hears with his heart and understands with his soul.

I am stuffed with cigarette smoke, thick smoke that made my eyes tear, where did this thickness come from? Is life infatuated with smoking? Is the bridge its ashtray? Am I similar to one of the passersby? I moved out of my snow, while they froze by their movement, is there any explanation?

Time passed as a mean thing as well as a pirate, in a tone of who rides a camel and a pirate, I promised myself to swallow the rest of the bites and shout, to shout at least.

In order to freshen up the bridge, I hummed, pain became severe, I hid it, I tried to run away from it by recalling the child face, I looked towards the bridge which also staggered with staggering, where poison of drunkenness has pleased them all.

I remembered bakers and retracted my recalling:

- What is the benefit of bread tied with a lock?

I smelled the odor of the first clay, I breathed it, I felt an object breaking inside my body, I staggered despite my

stony form, I oppressed my pain and decided to return to my timber. Perhaps the museum guard has woken up and looked for me a lot, for fear that he will be accused of stealing, I have to rescue him. He knows nothing about a Mongolian who entered the museum with his family and stole a statue made of pottery that was tied to a timber by a nail, and gave it as a gift to the first child he saw at the door of the museum.

While I was in her hand, I checked my formation, I didn't find a vein on my body, I praised my maker for he didn't make me to live among those idiots, I felt something like a metal in the palm of my hand, it had a form of a key, I touched it, I played, threw it on the ground and froze, while a beautiful child was playing with a statue that was tied to an old timber. I drank my remorse, and I wish I had never thought of map experience.

C.V

Wafaa Abdul-Razzaq

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- **Born in Iraq - Basra (Wafaa Razaq Mohammed)**
- **United Kingdom - London.**
- **Poet, storyteller and novelist.**

- President and founder of the International Organization of Creativity for Peace, London 2016.

- Editor in Chief (Vision of Peace Magazine London) for International Organization of Creativity for Peace, London 2021.

- Supervisor of the arbitration committee for the Tilmeez Global Refereed Journal, Ministry of Higher Education (City of Jammu and Kashmir, India) 2022.

- Chief Patron of Majalla Qutuf al Hind Journal. New Delhi 2022.
- Quality Guide Ambassador, Belgium, 2020.
- Honorary President of the Arar Media Foundation 2020.
- Appointed member of the advisory committee of the online international refereed Arabic journal (Hilal Al-Hind), Kolkata, India 2021.
- Appointed member of the advisory committee on research of the peer-reviewed Journal “Voice of East India” at the University of Guwahati, Department of Arabic Language, State of Assam, India, 2018.
- Appointed member of the Advisory Committee of the Refereed International Arabic Journal “Arab Studies” published by the Center of Arabic & African Studies, School of Language, Literature & Culture Studies, Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, India, 2020.

*** (Certificates):**

- Honorary Academic Certificate from Federico II Academy, Naples, Italy, 2019.

- Certificate of the High Academic Rank from the International Academy of Arab Writers, Thinkers and Intellectuals, 2021.
- Honorary certificate financial analysis consultant, Arab International Academy, 2020.
- Honorary certificate as a financial audit consultant with the Arab International Academy, 2020.
- MA Accounting in International Financial Reporting Standards, Arab Institute for Studies, Egypt, 2020.
- Diploma of Scientific Research in the Culture of Peace, by the World Peace Academy and accredited by the United Nations, 2019.
- Diploma in Financial Accounting, Arab Institute for Studies affiliated to the League of Arab States, Egypt, 2019.
- International Diploma in Preparing Language Correcting Teachers in Arabic for non-native speakers of Arabic / International Institute for Studies / Arab Teachers Union / Egypt, 2020.
- Diploma of International Negotiator Preparation, Arab Dispute Resolution Organization, Leaders Preparation Authority in cooperation with - Arab Institute for Studies - League of Arab States, Egypt, 2020.

- Honorary certificate as an international negotiator by the International Peace Academy, 2019.
- Honorary Certificate in International Arbitration from the World Peace Academy, 2020.
- Course in Human Development Strategy / Regional Institute for Studies and Training, 2019.
- Honorary Certificate in the Program of Advisers of Political Affairs and Diplomatic and Consular Relations, 2019.
- Certificate of achievement from the Craft Center for Arabic Culture of the American Stratford University in India, 2017.
- Doctorate of achievement awarded by Al-Farabi Institute for Graduate Studies by a university decision and (administrative board) made up of professors from several universities in Iraq, 2014.
- Honorary Doctorate from the International Union for the Defense of Arab Human Rights and Children in Conflict Countries, 2019.
- Honorary Doctorate for Creative Achievement / Council of the Supreme Academy of Peace, 2018.

- Honorary Doctorate / Peace Center for Human Rights, 2019.

*** Notable Awards/ Prizes:**

- Nominated for the Nobel Prize by 2022 by Sorbonne University Paris 2022.

- Nominated for the Nobel Prize by Jawaharlal Nahro University India 2022.

- Nominated for the Asian International Excellence Awards Prizes 2021.

- Nominated for the Nobel Prize by Jawaharlal Nahro University India 2021.

- She won the Oscar Award for Pioneering Women, given away by Cultures without Borders in partnership with the United Nations Arts Organization in 2019.

- Nominated for the 2019 Nobel Prize by the International Center for Translation and Training of the United Nations.

- Nominated for the 2017 Nobel Prize for Literature by the Al-Harf Center for Arab Culture at the University of Stratford, USA, 2017.

- Head of the Culture, Literature and Heritage Committee, in the Arab Network for Training and Human Development, 2017.

*** Felicitations by international, Arab and Iraqi universities and institutions:**

Zayed University, Abu Dhabi/ Arab League Office in India/ Iraqi Ministry of Culture/ Avery University, Paris/ Jawaharlal Nehru University/ Delhi University, Delhi/ Jamia Millia Islamia, New Delhi, India/ Ibn Zohr University, Agadir/ Taroudant University, Tiznit University, Morocco/ Wasit University Iraq/ University of Kufa, Iraq / University of Basra, Iraq / Al-Farabi Institute for Graduate Studies, Iraq.

*** Felicitations by Unions and Federations:**

General Union of Writers, Iraq / Union of Writers, Egypt / Union of Writers, Sharjah / Union of Writers, Tunisia / Al-Harf Center for Arab Culture at the American University of Stratford, India / Association of Egyptian Translators and Linguists with honorary membership given away in a ceremony organized by Dr. Husamuddin Mostafa, president of the Association/International Union of Writers, USA/ honorary membership and felicitation by Al-Ahly Club, Bahrain / The Arab Intellectual Foundation, Sydney - Australia / The Word Museum in Spain on becoming one of

the 20 winners of the short story competition out of 35,000 entries from across the world / Egyptian Writers Union, Child Division, Alexandria / Babylon Governorate Council/ Union of Arab Folk Writers/ Union of Colloquial Poets of Iraq/ Union of Colloquial Poets, Basra/ Diwaniyah, Iraq/ Union of Musicians, Babylon, Iraq/ Cultural Forum, London/ Arab Writers Association, Iraq/ Cultural House of Babylon/ Iraqi Cultural Center, London /.

In addition to honors by various international, Arab and Iraqi institutions.

*** Other honors/ felicitations:**

- Awarded the title of “Goodwill Ambassador” by the International Peace Academy and representative of the Academy in London 2020.
- Voted one of the most prominent cultural figures and peace advocates for the year 2019, by the Alphabet International University for Culture and Peace.
- Recognized as one of the best creative personalities in the world for 2019 by the following institutions:
 - Nile Academy for Modern Sciences, Human Development and Scientific Research / Coalition for Egypt (promoting the homeland and citizens) / Association for the Creativity of

the Arab World and Diaspora (Paris - France) / International Center for Translation and Training (United Nations).

- Chosen among the best humanitarian figures for her methodological vision for Arab woman for the year 2019 by the International Academy of Studies and Humanities, in cooperation with the International Body for Entrepreneurship and Women's Support, Conference on Women's Methodology in Building Nation and Homeland.

- Received the Princess of Global Creativity Award from the International Foundation for Peace and Equality in Canada 2019.

- Selected as a Knight of Humanitarian Peace by the World Peace Academic Council, 2019.

- Felicitated as one of the 100 most influential figures in the Middle East in Arabic literature, from the Federation of Middle East Organizations for Rights and Freedoms, Egypt, 2018.

- Appointed as Ambassador of Peace by the Euphrates Organization for World Peace, 2019.

- Named among the most influential figures in the Arab world for the year 2018 by the Family of Change Makers, Development and Training.

- Received the Scientific Research Award from the International Peace Academy, 2018.
- Appointed Commissioner of the International Union of Arab Writers and Poets, 2018.
- Named (Lady of the Earth) and Cultural Personality of the Year 2017 by the International College for Advancing Friendship between Peoples.
- Appointed as ambassador of Arab and International Culture for Love and Peace by the International College for Peace, 2020.
- Appointed Ambassador of Goodwill and Peace among Peoples by the Middle East Organizations for Rights and Freedoms, 2019
- Appointed as Academic Ambassador for Arab Culture in the world by the Al-Harf Center for Arab Studies at the University of Stratford, USA, 2017.
- Appointed as Academic Ambassador for Arabic Narration by the Al-Harf Center for Arab Culture at the University of Stratford, USA, 2017.
- Advisor to the Association of Creativity of the Arab and Diaspora World in the United Kingdom, 2018.

- Member of the Mustafa Gamal El-Din Literary Association, 2019.

*** Works included in academic programs:**

- Her novel (Hamout), translated into English, has been included in the syllabi at the Evry University, Sankanta University, and Sorbonne University in Paris, under the supervision of Dr. Amira Abdel Aziz in 2019.

- Her biography and very short stories (other shackles) were adopted as a full subject in the literary translation lesson for the fourth stage, German Language Department, College of Languages, University of Baghdad, under the supervision of Dr. Ali Abdul Majeed Al-Zubaidi, 2020.

- Stories (in the absence of an answer) were adopted as a model at the Humboldt-Universität Zu University in Berlin, Germany, Faculty of Philosophy, Department of Comparative Oriental Studies, comparing the stories of the writer and poet “Wafa Abdel-Razzaq” and the German writer “Inguschulze” and the effect of their style on the translator, 2019. .

- Her stories were taught (in the absence of an answer) in (Comparative Literature) with the German writer "Inguschulze" and in Comparative Linguistics (Language and Style) at the University of Baghdad, College of

Languages, Department of German Language, under the supervision of Dr. Ali Abdul Majeed Al-Zubaidi. 2019

- Her collection of poetry (from the memoirs of a war child) after its translation into French, "Dar L'Armatan", France in its annual project "One of the Five Continents", to represent the continent of Asia under the supervision of Professor "Philip Tansolan" 2009.

- Her poetic works were subject of study at the International Islamic University, Islamabad, Pakistan.2019.

- Her novel (The Braid and River Dance) was approved as a course for postgraduate research at the University of Al-Qadisiyah, Iraq, 2019.

- Her novels were taught at Bushehr University, Bushire, under the supervision of Dr. Ali Khudri, 2019..

- Her poems were taught at Al-Khwarizmi University, Tehran, Iran, in comparative literature, under the supervision of Dr. Mortaza Zare'e, 2018.

- Her poems were selected in Comparative Literature, Iran Payam Noor University, 2018.

- Her poetry collection (Entrance to the Light) was selected in the curricula of the Faculty of Arts, Ibn Zohr University,

Morocco, by Dr. Abdussalm Fazazi, he had written the preface of the Diwan in 2010.

*** Books on her works:**

- Her literary works have been studied and examined by many critics through studies and critical readings published in various newspapers paper and electronic magazines, the most recent of which are listed hereunder:

(The Expressive Imaginary) by Dr. “Nader Abdel-Khaleq” Egypt / The book (Fantasy of the Text) by Dr. “Walid Jassim Al-Zubaidi, Iraq / (Dancing on the Strings of Words) by “Lalwan Al-Salman” Iraq / A tribute book entitled (Wafaa Abdel-Razzaq A Horizon between Condensation and Experiment) by the Al-Mothaqqaf Foundation Australia,/ In Visual Narrative (Visions and Application) by Alwan Al-Salman, Iraq/ (Diversity of Formation and Effectiveness of Discourse) by Dr. Ikhlas Mahmoud Abdullah, Iraq/ (Space Formation in the Arabic Novel, Novel The Braid and River Dance) as a model by Dr. Zain Zakaria Al-Sheikh. General Book Authority, Egypt. / (Modern Critical Theories, Postmodern Curricula, / And the Game of Dice,) Dr. Mahmoud Khalif Al-Hayani, Iraq. / (Studies in the Very Short Story, Narrative Poetry and Address Thresholds) by Dr. “Muhammad Awaid Al-Sayer” Iraq/ (the poem and its structural body) Dr. “Muhammad

Awaid Al-Sayer” Iraq/ (The doors of Wafaa Abdul-Razzaq and its implications, a study in the title of the poetic poem and the means of forming poetic discourse) in the collection “The House Walks Barefoot”, by Dr. “Mohammed Owaid Al-Sayer,” Iraq/ (The effect of the paradox in drawing the poetic image between the title of the poem and its structural body), in the collection “Do not pity the crystal stature”), by Dr. “Mohammed Owaid Al-Sayer” Iraq/ (Experimentation in the Iraqi Feminist Novel after 2003) by Dr. “Saeed Hamid Kazem” Iraq/ The Relationship between the Visual Text and the Written Text, Poetry and Photograph (Collection: You Enter My Body, I Enter You / Picture and Poem” Prof. Ismail Khalbas and Hadeel Ali Kazem "Wasit University, Iraq / Character Patterns in the Novel “Sheen State” by Dr. Abdul Rahman Mardi, University of Baghdad / Building the Narrative Character in the Novel The Braid and the River Dance by Dr. "Adnan Muhammad" University of Al-Qadisiyah, Iraq / A book from the language of shadows To the Light of Poetry, Zajal Contexts / by the writer "Mohamed Ramses", Morocco with Moroccan and Arab creators dealing with my popular texts / contemporary feminist literature, the writer and poet "Mohammed Khaled Al-Nabali" Jordan / Experimentation in thenovels wafaa Abdul Razzaq by Dr. Abbass Arshad Yousif .Iraq / book about a novel Hamoot. by Dr Waleed Jasim Alzubaydi .Iraq

/in addition to hundreds of studies by professors and researchers around the world.

- She has published 56 books on poetry, both standard and colloquial and popular, short stories, very short stories, poetic stories, novels and translated books.

- She has won many Arab and international awards.

- She has participated in many Iraqi, Arab and international festivals.

- Her poetry, fiction and novels have been subjects of study at the Masters, and doctoral levels, state doctorates, research for promotion to professorship, and BA graduation certificates).

- 101-theses/ dissertations have been produced on her works at Masters and Ph.D. levels in Iraqi, Arab and international universities.

- 147 more Master's and doctoral dissertations and theses are underway in Iraqi, Arab and international universities

*** Levels of study on her works:**

PhD, state doctorate, professorship, assistant professor, master's, baccalaureate / Important note: In most of the mentioned universities, researchers graduated with different

theses, doctorate, master's, professorship, assistant professor, BA, and several times on a variety of topics from poetry, story to novel.

*** Following universities awarded degrees on her works:in 48 Universities>**

1- Arab Universities:

1- University of Tebessa, Algeria: Poetry, stories, novels.

2- Ibn Zohr University of Agadir, Morocco: Poetry, novel.

3- University of Martyr Hama.

Lakhdar, El-Wadi, Algeria: Stories and novels.

4- Mohamed Sharif Musadia University, Algeria: novels.

5- The Hashemite University, Jordan: Narratives.

6- Hodeidah University, Yemen: stories.

7- Suez University, Faculty of Arts and Humanities: Poetry.

8- Alexandria University: stories at Master's.

9- Minya University, Egypt: novels at Master's.

10- Badji Mokhtar University, Annaba, Algeria: novels.

11- University 8 Mai 1945 Guelma Novels.

12- The Libyan Academy for Postgraduate Studies
School of Languages- all books.

2- Foreign Universities:

1- Evry University, Sankanta, Sorbonne, Paris, Novel
'Hamout' in English translation.

2- (Humboldt-Universität Zu) Berlin, Germany, Faculty of
Philosophy, Department of Comparative Oriental Studies:
Stories.

3- Jawaharlal Nehru University: Novels.

4- Delhi University: Novels.

5- Islamabad University, Pakistan: poetry, stories.

6- Al-Khwarizmi University, Teaching Poems in
Comparative Literature, Dr. Mortada Zare.

7- University of Isfahan, Isfahan, Iran: novels.

8- Bushehr University, Iran: teaching novels and research,
Dr. Ali Khoudri.

9- Persian Gulf University, Iran, novels: Poetry.

10- Payam-e- Noor University, Qom, Iran: poetry.

11- Lorestan University, Lorestan Province, Iran: Poetry, novels.

12- Razi University, Iran: stories.

13-Lorestan University: novels.

14-Lorestan University, Khorramabad: Poetry.

15- Ilam University, Ilam City, Iran: poetry.

16- Payam-e- Noor University, BushiUre: Comparative Literature.

17- University of Tehran: poetry.

18-University of Calicut India.

19-University of Westest Bengal State University.

20-University of Religions in Arabic-tr-ex.

3- Iraqi universities:

1- University of Baghdad: poetry, stories, translation.

2- Wasit University: poetry.

3- Tikrit University: stories, novels.

4- Mosul University: novels.

- 5- University of Babylon: novels, stories, poetry.
- 6- Al-Qadisiyah University: novels.
- 7- Dhi Qar University: poetry, stories.
- 8- Sumer University: novels.
- 9- University of Kufa: novels.
- 10- Anbar University: novels.
- 11- Diyala University: poetry.
- 12- Kirkuk University: novels and poetry.
- 13- Karbala University: Novels.
- 14- Al-Mustansiriya University: poetry.
- 15- The Iraqi University: novels.
- 16- University of Kurdistan: novels.
- 17- College of Education for Human Sciences / Ibn Rushd: Novel.
- 18- Mansoura University: poetry.

*** Published works:**

- Standard Arabic poetry:

1- *This evening does not know me*, muassat al-Intishar al-Arabi, Lebanon, 1999.

2- *When the key is blind*, muassat al-Intishar al-Arabi, Lebanon, 1999.

3- *Mirrors have a sun with wet fringes*, Dar Al Kindi, Jordan, 2000.

4- *A window that escaped from the walls of the house*, Babylon Publications - Iraq, 2006.

5- *From the memoirs of a war child*, Dar Nu'man for Culture, Lebanon, 2008.

6- *A Mongolian tale*, Dar Nu'man for Culture, Lebanon, 2008.

7- *I give to me the self and the map*, Dar Kalima, Egypt, 2009.

8- *The house walks barefoot*, Dar Kalima, Egypt, 2010.

9- *I Enter My Body, I Enter You*, The Arab Intellectual Foundation, Sydney - Australia, and Dar Al Aaref Beirut - Lebanon, 2012.

10- *Entrance to the Light*, The Arab Intellectual Foundation, Sydney - Australia, and Dar Al Aaref Beirut - Lebanon, 2012.

11.-*Black glue*, The Arab Intellectual Foundation, Sydney - Australia, and Dar Al Aaref Beirut, Lebanon – 2015

12- The collection *I doubt even...*, The Arab Intellectual Foundation, Sydney, Australia - Dar Al-Aaref, Beirut, Lebanon 2016.

13- The Collection *Crystal bodies aren't cried over*, Linda House, Syria, 2018.

14- The collection *Poem Lightning Thirt* Almerag Printing And Publishing 2022.

Popular/ Colloquial Arabic poetry:

06 CDs in 2014.

*** Collections:**

1- *Me and a little rain*, Dar Al Kindi, Jordan, 1999.

2- *And she bended the back of the sea*, Dar Al Kindi, Jordan, 1999.

3- *JFlutes f the South*, Dar Al Mousawi, Abu Dhabi, 1996.

4- *I got fully drenched in your light*, Dar Kalima, Egypt, 2010.

5- *Abdullah is a plant who was not read in the field of God*, Dar Kalima Egypt, 2010.

6- *A lump at the heart-the first lump*, Dar Kalima, Egypt, 2010.

7- *A lump at the heart-the second lump*, Dar Kalima, Egypt, 2010.

8- *Sadness of Rose*, in the complete collection *A lump at the heart-the first lump*, Dar Kalima, Egypt, 2010.

9- *The hymn of butterflies* in the collection *A lump at the heart-the first lump*.

10- *Eyes of the Dove* (unpublished)

11-. *Lantern heart* London Printing And Publishing 2022

12. *Flutes that have my shape* (unpublished).

*** Novels:**

1- *A House in the Waiting City*, Dar Al Kindi, Jordan, 2000.

2- *Details that do not help memory*, Dar Al Kindi, Jordan 2001 (**a poetic novel**).

3- *The sky returns to its people*, Dar Kalima, Egypt, 2010.

4- *The height of madness, the void is delirious*, Dar Kalima, Egypt, 2010.

5- *The Impossible Time*, The Intellectual Foundation, Sydney - Australia and Dar Al Aaref, Beirut, Lebanon 2014.

6- *The State of Sheen*, Linda House, Syria, 2018, 2nd edition Avatar House, Egypt, 2019.

7- *Ann*, Avatar House for Printing and Publishing, Egypt / 2019.

8- *Hamout*, 1st Edition 2014, Dal Al Aaref, Lebanon, 2nd Edition Avtar House, Egypt 2019.

9- *The Braid and River Dance*, 1st Edition 2014, Dal Al Aaref, Lebanon, 2nd Edition Avatar House, Egypt 2020.

10- *Ten Prayers for the Body*, Avatar House, Egypt 2020.

11- *Tishreen*, Avatar House, Egypt 2021.

*** Collections of short stories:**

1- *So the night is fine*, Dar Al Kindi, Jordan, 2000.

2- *A woman in a body dress*, Dar Kalima, Egypt, 2008.

3- *Dots*, Dar Kalima, Egypt, 2009.

4- *Some of her nights*, Dar Kalima, Egypt, 2009.

5- *In the absence of an answer*, The Intellectual Foundation, Sydney, Australia, and Dar Al-Aref, Beirut, Lebanon, 2013.

6- *Other Shackles*, Very Short Stories, The Intellectual Foundation, Sydney, Australia and Dar Al Aaref, Beirut - Lebanon 2013.

7- *Faces, ghosts and phantoms*, poetic stories, The Intellectual Foundation, Sydney, Australia and Dar Al Aaref, Beirut - Lebanon, 2013.

8- *The Others*, Linda House, Syria 2017.

9- *The Transformers*, on the authority of Linda, Syria, 2018.

10- *Blind Rain*, Avatar House, Egypt, 2018-2019.

11- A joint short story collection: *A free trembling spot* (a joint poetic fiction project between the writer Souad Al-Jazaery, and Wafaa Abdul-Razzaq, Dar Al-Mada Iraq 2014.

Translations of some poems:

1- English, Persian, French, Spanish, Italian, Turkish, Kurdish. German, Serbian, Urdu, Amazigh.

2- Some of her poetic works were translated into French and included in the International Peace Encyclopaedia of Creativity.

3- Some texts (*from the memoirs of a war child*) were translated into Turkish and included in the Encyclopaedia of Peace for the Child.

*** Published translated novels:**

1- *The Braid and the River Dance* - English Language - Avatar House, Egypt 2019.

2- *Hamout* - English language - Dar Avatar Egypt 2019.

3- *The Braid and River Dance* - Kurdish Language - ENDESE 2019.

A collection from the anthology *from the memoirs of a war child* has been translated into:

A - English Language - Safi America House 2016.

B - The French Language - Dar Laramatan, France 2009.

C - Spanish Language - Info-Brant Press, Morocco.2010.

D - Italian language- EDIZIONI ARIANNA 2016.

E-Persian Language- Dar Hermeneutic, 2012.

F- The novel, *The Braid and the River Dance*, into Amazigh language, translated by the poet "Mazig Yader".

*** Translations of narrative works:**

The collection of short stories, a woman in a body dress, into the French language, Anurant Press, Morocco. 2010.

2-From three collections of stories to the Malayalam 2021.

3- The short story collection, *A woman in a body costume*, into English, AVATAR for printing and publishing 2022.

*** Translations not yet published:**

1-The novel *The Braid and the River Dance* into Persian, translated by Professor "Abdul Aziz Hammadi".

2- The novel *Ten prayers for the body* into the Kurdish language, translated by the poet "Luqman Mansour".

3- Novel *Hamout* into the Persian language, translated by Zahra Khoury, Dr. Rasoul Balawi.

4- Anthology *The Crystal bodies are not cried over* into the English language, translated by Radwan Al-Naji.

5- The short story collection *The Transformers* into Malayalam, translated by Dr. Muhammad Abed.

6- The collection of short stories *The Transformers* into Persian, translated by Dr. Rasoul Balawi.

7- Novel *Ann* into Persian, translated by Dr. Sadiq Hassan.

8- The collection of short stories *The Transformers* into English, translated by Sarmad Muhammad.

9- Poetic collections (I doubt even.../ Black glue/ I Enter my body, I enter you/ Entrance to the Light) into Persian, translated by Dr. "Issa Al-Damni" Iran.

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