

Definition of : a

I am a Nubian ...

My name is Farida Mohiuddin Ali From the Arab Republic of Egypt – Aswan – Abu Simbl Village – street 55 – house No 19 – Age 68 years

I sent you two stories

1- Parting and bitter departure

( part one )

2- Excuse me , sweetheart , Julia

( a second part )

To participate in the literature , arts and science contest

The first story tells of his suffering , which we found during immigration due to the construction of the high dam and we fled from our country from the banks of the Nile to the Kom ombo mountains

As for the second story :

When I left my dog ( bobby) and was crying desperately for fear that the river would sweep it and kill it , and I returned again with the American Julia to my village to return with bobby , but I found it had left our world in front of our house

I hope to win , god willing

Good bye .

This picture was taken by UNESCO on the Day of Immigration in 1964 and on the north of the image from the inside, the story was written and it was 10 years old

Farida Mohiuddin Ali



## Story No 1

Everyone fell silent when the mayor was overwhelmed by the news. No one asked and no one spoke now that the crowd answered everything that came to mind and at the end of his speech he said: We do not want disobedience from anyone because President Gamal Abdel Nasser took the lead in building the High Dam and his dream must be the most important interest of the homeland !! !!! I was in fifth grade at the time, when we immigrated and left our homes and lands,

And Professor Mahmoud, the teacher of the Arabic language, may God give him health, preserves us daily in the school, the song of immigration (God help the desert of Osninog Arneso the best of the day) in order to sing it on the ship. The village realized very well that separation is inevitable. Our dead people scattered the grain on top of them and put water in the (sake), and some of them went to the valleys and wells.

Which ancestors and some dug over the lands

The farmer sits and looks at her, while others wander over the roads and homes, and we, as the youngsters, are sitting on the Nile Bridge, looking for world experts as they move the Abu Simbel temple to the top of the mountain with their annoying machines.

Al-Ghafeer said: To collect your belongings and write down the street and house numbers in paints, then put ear and nose markers on the sheep and cows, and early in the morning the ship that carries animals and luggage will come. No one slept on that fateful night, and in the morning the young men took it upon themselves to carry the things on the animals and on their shoulders at other times. The paths of the village started escaping people either coming from the Nile Bridge or going carrying luggage on the Nile Bridge, animals began to pile up under palm trees, and women guarded them until the arrival of the ship. The whole family went down under the palm trees, and everyone worked women and men, and the boat came at noon and perched on the river's page until it anchored on the bridge. And our tears are falling from our eyeballs.

Some families were preparing a place to sleep under the palm trees, and others refused to sleep and looked at the empty houses, and we also went to our house. Sorrows? Maybe !!

We slept on the floor of the yard and slept from extreme fatigue and tiredness, but the whole village was in a deep sleep. In the morning we went under the palm trees with our food and the rest of our belongings, waiting for the ship, as it is today to take us to the new country. None of us felt much joy because leaving the place was a very difficult thing. I cannot describe the feelings that prevailed among our people. It was the expressions of faces and tears that were speaking and which countries we are leaving, a country in which we have lived for thousands of years, playing, singing, singing and making groups of groups, and the group is the only means for our survival, no one ever worked alone, our cohesion and our interdependence gave us this strength, so we were able to live, and it was Our civilization is a wonderful and unique example of this interdependence. So the muezzin Mohiuddin, the mercy of God, upon him the noon and afternoon prayers, then sunset and dinner, and the ship did not come. We slept under palm trees and we were terrified, there is a law of nature in our country that we and the predatory animals share during the day we labor and work until sunset, and then we leave the way for them all night, have fun They drink water from the canals and the river, and they hunt their prey, and in the morning they return to the river and hunt their prey, and in the morning they return to their hideouts, and whoever breaks this rule is perishing them and us. The women feared for their children under the palm trees, as the crawling insects came out from the bush, and none of them slept. On the second day, the situation remained the same and the ship did not come, and the Moon almost ended, and the women of the other villages came with food in the morning Morning and evening, everyone is bored and in great distress and sadness. Each house slaughtered the sheep and sheep they had in anticipation of the way, as the journey would take four days and nights, and the ship only went during the day. Hours were passing slowly.

Baba Metwally opened the small radio station Sawt al-Arab from Cairo \_ the news bulletin \_ the government continues in its congratulations to the Egyptian people for its victories for the glorious July revolution, and the president congratulates all the Egyptian people for this great victory. Sadness and tension increased between the families, and the grandmothers began praying in all their prayers that God would release this distress

The boat came on the fourth day, and all the families entered, and some young men went to the houses and started calling, perhaps one of them was at home, all the families spread out on the floor of the ship and took a place for it. He refuses while the dog looks at me, and what I will do. Will he survive with us or is he perishing under the water of the river?

The boat moved and my eyes did not leave Bobby as he was walking on the bridge and the boat on the river until he disappeared from my sight. I kept crying a lot and when I got tired of crying I slept, I only came when the steamer's engines stopped.

The men flattened over the sand with the bright moonlight, the Nile was reduced in its course, and the beetroot drums in the middle of the river were lying at distances to go and come in place to announce to the captain the depth of the river, the sun emitted a golden color and the captain moved the ship's generator to sail.

We reached the port of Aswan and went out to find hard and gigantic work to build the dam. There are dumps, excavators, and caravans. We accept large and small, gravel, cement, iron, dust filling the air and people like bees. Sigh.

Silence is dumbfounded on us and amazement. We do not know what is the fate of this which we present ourselves and left to the government, but fear and terror fill our hearts towards this unknown source.

The buses stood in the middle of the square in the village, which is the youth center now, and we went down to dive into a sea of cement filled in the square. One of them sits in front of a table on the right of the house card stacks and on the north of the stacked small buttons. On wood fixed on table boxes, Rajab sits underneath, they kept



us in long lines under the heat of the sun that we had not seen before, hot air wrapped our faces, each one taking the card of the house as a minister, there were sheep at the other end of the square that kept cooling from the intensity of the heat. My uncle was the way of God's mercy on him, he had a card, and so was Baba Mutwali. When we left the square, we found houses (Oda Wira) in front of us, so we entered them.

We found the workers in the last finishes, put our things and entered the room, so there was an oven with a degree of 150%, and we could not bear it, so we went out under the shadow of the high walls, sheltering under it.

In the square there was the owner of a restaurant, Asma / Akoush, feeding the workers with food. He came to us loaded with dishes of beans, falafel, pickles, and other things. People bought food from him for the first time in currencies, as the pockets were filled with money as compensation.

My sister and I were dying of thirst. I would say to my lord: Come, let us answer the cold water from the river. He will respond: In his heart, I wish my daughter, salvation. We left the river, the house, and the palm trees, so I and my sister cried.

. From the first day we set foot in the country, there was a strange phenomenon. The ghost of death began to haunt us every day. Six and a few children and the elderly die, and the 64-year-old books and records tell about the deaths of that stage. The Nubians could not bear this heat and the unusual atmosphere, so they were dying. Is there anything more difficult than this in this world ?? I do not think Baba Mutwali and I and my sister traveled with us to Cairo to complete our education at Abu Al-Farag Primary School in Bulaq Abu Al-Ela ... I did not return until after three years to continue my education at Balana Preparatory School ..

**The End**

## Story No 2

In the first week of our immigration to Kom Ombo, the Nubians could not bear the heat of the sun. My sister and I were crying a lot, and we could not sleep either at night because of the many scorpions, nor during the day because of the sun disk that fell on us with all its strength and intensity. Baba Metwally bought four boxes of tin sweets and then Empty the sweets inside, then fill the cans with water and place each box under the legs of the bed so that the scorpions do not climb onto the leaflet.

Men used to go out of the houses to check on their families, as well as the women to go to the taps of Abdel Nasser to fill the water and return to the houses, but you could not go back, and they wandered in the streets, because the houses were all the same, tears mixed with laughter .. this was the unknown fate that they feared since a ghost came upon them. Migration in the country of the jinn.

Metwally, may God have mercy on him, told me: "You will go to Aswan after my great urgency, so you can see you after the course of the Nile." There was no way of transportation to take us in Kom Ombo, nor were there any draughts other than the trucks that carried gravel and sand. We got on one of them, and the car took us up, then drove us down and sifted us as it sifted gravel from sand on an unpaved road until we entered the highway by bus from Kom Ombo to Aswan, and we reached the Nile Corniche in front of the Nasr Mosque now and it was a small mosque at the time. On the Corniche. Dry leaves fall over our heads, and the desert from ficus trees and ivy shade the place.

In front of the view of the Nile above, sailboats are strewn with their white castles, with foreigners walking quietly over the river's surface.

The ships were lined up along the coast.

I said to Mutawali: We will go down to the beach and drink water from the river. My joy was indescribable just by seeing the course of the river.

The Nile water here has no taste ,, much different from what we are used to, the floating hotel workers stood looking at us from the balconies, until one of them came with a



bottle of water that was cold and I did not know the existence of refrigerators. Foreign passersby, some smiling at me,

At the end of the bench sat a young woman, aged 20 or over, engaged in writing.

My eyes sometimes met with two beautiful blue eyes, a red face round like a full moon mixed with some traces of the sun, and yellow hair hanging on the shoulders. (What is your name) in English as Matwalli taught me. I said: (Yes) and I breathed a sigh of relief, where are you from? USA

How many days have you been here? A week ago, I came to Aswan two days ago and traveled tomorrow to the Temple of Abu Simbel, then I return to leave Cairo for America, and as soon as she said, I will travel tomorrow Abu Simbel ... until tears fell from my eyes and I started crying and Julia was very upset by my crying, then she gave me tissues to dry my tears .. I remembered Our lost paradise and my dog Bubi who bade farewell to me on the Nile Bridge and left him forced,

Julia insisted in the question and sighed to her: We left our lost paradise and my dog Bobby is there and he will starve to death and be at the bottom of the Nile. Julia understood me with difficulty because I was speaking colloquial because we were always moving between Cairo and the country while she spoke Paschal. She said to me: Why did you leave your homes and came here to me, I replied: Because Gamal Abdel Nasser is building the High Dam and it will flood all of Nubia. I wish I went with you to Abu Simbel to carry it and return to my hug another bitter. Julia was very impressed by my speech and was excited by his thought of going with her, especially since there is poor Bobby. She said: Yes, I must address the express launch driver who will transport us to the temple tomorrow. I could not contain myself from joy ..... Where do I come? It is too late. Why ..?

I said to Julia: Dad will come, let's wait for him a little, please. Metwally came and was about to fly with joy and greeted Julia. The signs of crying are still visible on me. He said to me: What is wrong with you? Out of annoyance I told him to listen and talk to Julia

Julia said to him: I will take her with me to the Temple of Abu Simbel and we will return with us, Bobby Mutwalli immediately agreed and began to ask her about the rest of the details of the trip. Julia took us to the captain of the launch who will transport us to the temple tomorrow. He said: You and Julia will descend in the village and then sail to the west with the tourists where they come. Final move the last stone to the temple in its new location and then return to us in the east and take us and return with us Bobby to the west again, then we all return to Aswan. This is the itinerary. Baba Metwally and I returned to the afflicted, sad people, with its rugged paths and its weather Red Hell, its rigid walls, and sad feelings for its new people ... Indeed, it is the valley of the jinn, which no human being inhabited except for us.

I sat counting the minutes and hours, and I was overwhelmed with joy as I prepared the necessary things in little Shanti, the news began spreading in the gloomy village And questions began surrounding me from the parents who became frustrated because of the harsh conditions they were going through, at first they did not believe because it was a distant dream and I was just like them until I met Julia and regained my soul again after he almost breathed. The appointed day came and brown faces crowded in the street. I could see tears in their eyes as they embraced me, so I could feel their emotions overflowing for those countries dear to our hearts.

I swear by answering their dear requests, which is the least thing I carry to these sad hearts from these countries, even if it is a handful of their precious soil, and I am sure that they will be submitted and they will not neglect them no matter how long they live. The hours were passing slowly on a journey of torment that no human could endure until we reached Aswan, Julia was waiting for us with signs of anxiety appearing on her, so I apologized to her for the distance and lack of transportation between the new villages and cities. The blue curtains and as soon as I rested my back on the seat next to Julia's seat until I was attacked by sleepiness with the cold air, I didn't feel anything after that until Julia woke me up to our arrival in front of

Port. We rode the high speed launch and the mountain ranges began to extend, covered with yellow sand on the west side, while on the east they were covered equally and in the middle of the riverbed, Julia was taking pictures of these picturesque views. The boat anchored in front of my beloved village from the east, and as soon as my feet touched the land of the village, I became like a child taking its first steps. Before us, dense palm trees full of fruits are about to ripen, so I asked her in anger:

O palm trees for whom are these fruits? Is it for hippos and crocodiles? Why did I bear all these fruits? The palms responded with pain and sadness, or so I imagined: We did not know that you left us forever, and we thought that you would return and the whole village would meet on the day of the harvest and great joy, where your breath mixed with our breath and we put our loads in your hands and love would prevail for a great in our beloved villages

I ran after Julia, shouting between the fields, the drivers, the canals, the streams, the sycamore trees and the acacia trees. I said to them: You have held up until now

I replied: We are still as you left us, we have withstood the erosion factors so that the lands remain with the remnants of the grain harvest so that you may return again

I replied: "How do we go back?"

And sadly, I ran like a madman up to the sandy road and in front of the sad houses screaming and I threw on the sand and hugged her in my chest and said to her: How did you withstand after our departure? I returned the sand in boredom, I tried everything I could to embrace your footprints and the hooves of your animals so that they would not be blurred by the winds. I know her well

We continued walking, Julia and I were completely affected, and she also became sad and was embedded in her chest, and my last appointment was with our homes.

The sad steadfast woman, who, despite the questions, did not answer me, and preferred to remain silent. She answered in broken and humiliating weakness: my limbs were cracked and my sides were broken, and here I fell in the sad houses beneath me, so I felt

compassion on my weakness and my career stopped to lean on it so that my sorrow mixed with her sadness in silence.

Me: Uh, and a thousand, uh ... we long for you, and nostalgia kills us a thousand times every day, so come on to us for a beloved, release your anger and curses, grandfathers, if you step on foot other than ours. I heard the whole village shouting groans and groans with me.

I got up on the high rock and I was calling ..

Wooooo Bobbi ... Woooo Bobby, my voice echoes

Where are you, baby? You feel my breath so you jog from afar and your mouth touches my feet until you almost expect me .. By God, you come back to me

Woo bobi

Here is our Yagulia house with green windows and its huge door with a big cloud, and here is Bobby sleeping in front of the house.

I ran towards him, maybe he was sick or hungry ... He waited for me for a long time and was late for him. Answer to my father: Did I die of hunger, did I die sick, or did I die from separation?

In any case, my fault is not mine, Bobby, but the sin of the red man who rebuked me and refused you entry to the boat

Forgive me, baby, baby, why didn't you wait for me? I came to you specially to accompany you with me ..

How loyal are you to me? I chose to die in front of the house, collapsed completely, fell to the ground and went into a coma

Julia was very touched and hugged me until we had calmed down completely

We returned again to the Nile Bridge and the boat was waiting for us

What a strange fate that brings two hearts together, each of us from a different country and a different religion, and distances us from the seas and mountains, but in the end we are human beings who feel and suffer

I said to her: Excuse me ... My love, Julia

Despite all these sorrows, I loved you so much ..

**The End**