

Short stories
RIYAD AL KADI

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Nisreen

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Most of the youth talks in this weary time are only for two purposes: love and politics. Because the story-Nisreen-was a modern story in the mind and imagination of its lover as if God hadn't created other women. He forgot the daughters of Eve and made Nisreen a symbol of passion and love in his life who reached her twentieth now, and her story became obliterated over the years like a tattoo on the hand or across the chest.

This angel, who was the body of Eve, was a golden opportunity to complete his life with. Perhaps most of the women in the lives of the writers and poets are influenced by pleasure and pain or spectrum in the dark. Nisreen has become in a certain period of beau writer's life as a bright planet illuminates forever and light up his life even for a small period of time. What mesmerized the young poet about her was her elegant body and soft chest and looks he stole from her good-looking face and her white body.

Her elegant made him become in an ethereal world, breathe a blooming life into him like the life which spring spread in its elite fields and orchards. Maybe she is the one who will put an end his tiring life.

He knew her when she was teaching him the language for a short period in London. They were attracted to each other, it doesn't matter who revealed the admiration first. He couldn't write love poems and dream about marrying her one day; she unlocked his heart without permission, opened fire of her femininity on him, burned him with her lovely voice and shocked him with her eyes. He even felt pity for his behaviour, because he stole tufts of her hair,

during the break and kept it among the folds of his book.

She was crazy about him as much as crazy about self-love. She didn't shy away from those situations while he was writing the most amazing thoughts and poems but she imagined him as Nizar Qabbani. He reckoned her as his romance Mecca but also the heart of his soul which came back to life the moment he saw her.

Despite the steady trials and the fancies but our friend didn't seem to forget her love, on the contrary, he wrote in his diary that he know love the moment he had met his immortal girlfriend. The suffering of desire and greed to attain her love become his goal.

After his first love message, she asked him about his opinion on her body? She thinks she is fat... he soon admitted when she was teaching him, he was watching her, her movements, and her white chubby body sways with a tortured look. He wouldn't find himself in safety except when the class is finished and everyone is heading his way, then he is back to his senses. What kind of enchanting illusion is this?

He was the only one in the world when she smiles in the temptation to burn his heart, how can this Miss, who has shone his life, walked the street of London, will never be forgotten.

Here he is, imagines every time, in every corner, street, rain drop a golden name as much like her golden lock of hair- Nisreen- as if the rain drops were descending perfume of the sacred words from the sky. He is overwhelmed by the passion of longing and seeing her. Here are the five days of the lessons are over and he left the institution but how is he going to see her again?

Can't dare to leave her, they got attached to each other. Every time he talked to her, he made her feel like they are two lovers got separated and met again. His eagerness for her like was everything to him.

It's the madness of love, if you touched it, it has harmful consequences. When Nisreen smiles, it breeds temptation. Here is the banquet of love is opened and the lover poet began to write about her with every affection he has. Both drunk by love, madness and longing.

After two years of love, what happened? What was not expected occurred. They were texting until the small hours. His imagination observes her face, her body in a red nightwear. He is imagining, she will be his own, indisputably. The most beautiful breasts this beauty has will be his own. But after two years he discovered, she had hidden the matter of her divorce and, she still in the care of a man she doesn't love but didn't admit.

His face turned into a scowl, his eyes darkened, he felt he lives like a homeless and he is madly in love with her.... Why she didn't tell him? She hasn't felt sorry for him through the last two years unless she wanted this lover to be her drug in which she could forget the agony of her husband's desert to her leaving his young little daughter and boy to her.

However, he stepped to fix the situation, defence misery but it was in vain. His nerves were beating his heart.... She was married not divorced because she was even reluctant to get a divorce. She couldn't make him feel safe again, what troubled her

from tragedy and her friend Zainab, plays a role as if she was her guidance, who was poking her nose in everything was the reason of shattering his historic love that was just unprecedented and was the reason of separation of the two lovers.

The writer wrote during the period of his love twelve books or even more and then he thought no more of loving any other woman for the fear of forgetting Nisreen.

Grandson of Bey¹

¹ Bey means (formerly) a title of respect for a man in Turkey or Egypt.
<https://en.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/bey>

Zaher Zafer Ismail Bey Chalabi, he is the grandson of Ismail Bey, one of the Notables of Bagdad in 1912 and after him Zaher Bey who didn't complete his region as Bey because of the revolutions occurred, after king Faisal had wiped all the glory and the history of the Pashas and the Notables of Bagdad, prevented this.

Zaher was sitting in the Zahawi cafe in AL-Rasheed street drinking tea and showing off flies. He is almost reached fifty years and still didn't get married yet. The only property he still has is his own home in Adhamiyah neat the Royal cemetery.

Here he is after losing everything in gambling, he recalls his days of glory and being Pasha, his memories of feasts and celebration in the palaces and the Sarayat and he cries over the years he had wasted. Where are the Notables and the people who were surrounding him are gone now after being sure of his bankruptcy.....what a shame...I wish I gave them poison instead of arak and whiskey which the expensive bottles came from Switzerland and London, he said to himself.

The most complicated matter is he didn't like being single. He knew artists and dancers but didn't get lucky meeting someone of lineage and kinship, he blamed himself for living a filthy life, how could he able to know such girls.

The woman who made him lose his possessions is Lamea the singer and dancer at the Red Rose club in Abu Nwas. He still remembers giving her a

necklace costed him a great fortune in an evening which they were eating an Iraqi fish called Al masgouf -grilled on charcoal- with a high-quality imported bottle of whiskey.

Whenever he remembers the amount of money he wasted, he puts his hand on his stomach hitting the paunch to silence the voice of his bowel that is starving. He has to eat a piece of bread even if it's dry. The voracious hunger is attacking him and he has only ten fils, the price of the cup of tea, then he will say goodbye to his day.

He must endure until tomorrow as his rich uncle will give him his paycheck. His relation with his uncle Abd Al Reda Pasha is very good, he is a lawyer at Al Rasheed street. Whenever they offer Zaher Bey a job, he would say disapprovingly:

The son of Beys and grandson of Pashas weren't created to work but to order and eat.

Although his uncle hadn't fired him or even chided him once. In spite of Zaher's arrogance, he still has mercy within his heart. He saved his uncle several times from the coma of diabetes and took him to the hospital and stayed with him while his uncle's family were in London to attend a relative's wedding.

As for Abd Al Reda Bey's children, they are not less educated than their father and they deemed Zaher Bey as a brother and if it wasn't for them, he would have sold the house with the possessions he wasted, he would have been a loiter in the streets of Bagdad.

Zaher Bey paid the ten fils, then he took a walk to forget his hunger. The weather was cool and have a bit of spring tenderness. The idea of meeting a woman to love was still in his head but he was tired of thinking.

Then suddenly found a food truck, food smell delicious enough to lose his train of thoughts, he didn't stop himself to stand nearby to satisfy his hunger of the smell emitted mercilessly until he encountered his fellow and childhood friend- Safwat Hikmat Al Qadi- he was going to the food truck during his work break as, a journalist at the local newspaper, in addition to being a political activist like his father, who was executed by the English in the Fallujah battle back then.

He was eating greedily forgetting his exhaustion and work pressure. Zaher Bey thought to surprise - Safwat Al Qadi- in a way it looks like a coincidence and says Hi to his friend and at the same time Safwat is a very generous man and he will invite him for lunch and that's certain. Perhaps he would eat a piece of food that could satisfy his hunger. But he has to do it in a way looks as a coincidence, thus he killed two birds with one stone.

As soon as he surprised Safwat, they shook hands warmly and began to cuss each other, joke they used to say back in the time, Safwat didn't hesitate to order a meat and rice dish for Zaher Bey who pretended pride of himself but accepted the invitation quickly arguing it was from a friend who hadn't seen in a long time and he will invite back sooner or later. They started eating off their plate, then talking about political talks, economic talks and finally social talks.

Both of them were good at these important topics no doubt.

Safwat asked Zaher Bey about his work, the latter replied:

- I have an import and export company but because of bad luck, the conditions and the last revolution of 1968 affected the company.

-What is the name of the company?

- It was a shock to Zaher Bey but rapidly replied Al-Sahab he continued Al-Sahab company.

-Al-Sahab?? Safwat Al Qadi wondered, then continued, I never heard of it mostly because of I meet with companies' owners and I know a lot of companies not just in Bagdad but all over Iraq. Zaher Bey was greatly annoyed by his friend's curiosity, he pretended that the smell of good food affected him and he lifts the dish to smell it and said:

-This man's cooking is so wonderful. After more than an hour talking, they agreed to meet at the weekend. Zaher Bey didn't want to sit his friend mush but he ate and satisfied his hunger.

Then he left and headed his own way, his wandering eyes found a beautiful face, swaying in a transparent dress, her nipples almost showing through he silky dress, her chest attracted his eyes which they widened in amazement and astounding of the scene while she was getting closer and closer until she was a few feet away. Now he is full and his insane mind is thinking rapidly to satisfy his instincts, he wanted to wink to this stray nipple, then he jumped and said to

himself:

-Today I am full, let's try tomorrow with this beauty,
My uncle and his paycheck.

Execution of dead man

There is not a good single thing for Basra to remember for the generations from the Iraqi memory except war and Iraqi victory over Iran. Wars continued and young people are still burning in the scourge of war only to please the rulers and their ambitions. In the eighties, Basra suffered from Iranian shelling of its cities and borders.

After the bloody war ended, the people of Basra expected that the ear of war was gone irrevocably.

but as soon as the nineties approached, they were disappointed and return to a zero point to taste the poverty all over again, their struggle to defend homeland was in vain.

Location: Basra – Hayaniya- where inhabited by young, handsome and elegant dressed man with a friendly characteristic and look close to tenderness. He was a truck driver at the grain center- Basra branch and as usual every morning he takes a taxi to go to his work. He arrived to receive a trust of tons of wheat to deliver to the Silo and then return to do some work for the company.

It was a rough day, the weather is hot, the July sun has spare neither human life nor stones. He went home exhausted, played with his little son and entered his room for a break after a hot bath, he recovered.

At sunset, he went to meet his friends at the cafe. They play dice and the sounds of laughing and joking around are heard. They meet with only love for each other in their hearts. Hussein goes to work every day

looking neat and elegance aside from his sense of humor and his loved by all.

Tahseen Zobaa, one of the company's driver but unlike Hussein – cruel man- he is hiding his hatred, he is faking his goodness, in fact he is a mixture of ugliness and gossip and rush to the love of evil as if he relishes the burning fire.

Tahseen severely hated Hussein, a long time ago, he planned to trap the latter into afflictions. He tried months ago to involve him with the party by writing a fabricated report stating:

Hussein has relatives opposing the Iraqi regime, he meets them in Jordan and exchanges intelligence with them but he miraculously pulled through.

Tahseen winked at the female employee to follow him to place far away from the staff...

-Tonight,I am going to be with you “he said confidently as if the acceptance was certain”.

- No, my husband came from Dubai and I can't be with you at my place. Tahseen gazed at her cleavage, he was shocked by the NO.

Then he said: we still have plenty of time, don't worry, the apartment still there. He looked right and left to make sure there was no one from the staff then he smacked her with his hand on the back with a sly laugh. She returned to her office, sat on her desk and tried to look normal among her co-workers. She tried to put a smile on her face so she wouldn't raise doubts.

As for Tahseen he was down because of the rejection of the night's program...He mumbled to himself:

-We got to get rid of him or it's going to be tough, then he left to his truck in the garage and started up the engine and head to work. At sunset Hussein sat with his friends at cafe playing dice. As usual the winner celebrates and the drinks are on the loser and the loser argues and justifies his defeat and blames his luck.

The joy is on the faces after rough day throughout the day. They try to forget the hardships of work. They gathered for fun talks and games....

During what's happening at the cafe of entertainment among young people, there were things taking place which reflects evil contrary to the Public cafe. There was a chat among Tahseen and three others, Tahseen was answering his friend's questions. There are matters aren't clear for them and it had to be cleared as if they are planning to do something super-secret. They sat in a small room around a round table with beer bottles and a large bottle of whiskey.

-Well guys, the plan to steal the wheat is complete now. The employee is going to help us to contraband tons of them... everything is agreed and

formal, he said it while taking a cigarette out of the pack of cigarettes and lit the cigarette, then took a deep breath as if he hadn't smoked for a long time.

-So everything is All right? Tahseen, we don't want any troubles, it's important and serious and the merchants are anxiously waiting...the first said.

The other two looked at Tahseen and one of them said:

-So, tomorrow is The Day?

-Yes, it is tomorrow. I am going to meet the employee to pay him the rest in the morning.

Tahseen drank his glass and got up as walking out he said:

-I have an important meeting now, gotto go.
see you tomorrow andhe left quickly.

The car stopped in front of an old house in one of Basra's alleys, then he got out of the cars, knocked on the door quietly trying not to attract attention. The door opened and Ghada appeared gorgeously in a black transparent nightwear, shining in the dark like the sun, spraying perfume in the air, does to the nerves what the fresh music do to the ear.

Tahseen entered the house quickly, closed the door and wanted on her like a lion attacking his prey, she said in a voice has the same impact on his ears as the fragrance was to his nose:

-wait, please, I let my husband away from the house for you.

-Tahseen gazed to the pretty breast with darkened eyes by drinking, then she said liking betrayal:

-Since my husband was in Dubai, you were enjoying

yourself with me but please, understand I can't be for you whatever you want, I have kids who could snitch on me to their father. He could have doubts one day. She went away and said looking frowny:

-Tonight do whatever you want, tomorrow we 'll have another program. He didn't seem to care much about what she said, he lifted her off the ground to his shoulder and took her to the bedroom.

The next day the robbery was committed, everyone has his share, their laugh was pointing to victory. They earned what they wouldn't have dreamt of. After couple days, two cars showed up look like they belong to one of the security services. They quickly passed the first gate of the company and stood for seconds at the second gate to identify why they are here. They went in leaving a sand storm behind them from the brakes. The situation refers, it's not a friendly visit rather they are on a mission.

Security personal got out of the car, dressed in civilian clothes, carrying their weapons, then they head to the company's cafe. They knew where their destination is.

They rushed to Tahseen Zobaa, arrested him, took and handcuffed him, then threw him in the trunk while everyone is watching in a shock. The cars drove away until they went out of sight.

The sun winded up in the western horizon. It was quiet and gloomy and its pale rays penetrate eastward to end the day. The livelihood of the people hasn't changed and everyone is struggling to earn his living but all was in vain, the poor are getting poorer and the rich is getting richer and doesn't seem to care much.

There was a strong knock on Hussein's house, it was enough to freak out everyone in the house. Hussein calmed them down and went to open the door to see who is there. As soon as he opened the door, they recognized him, took him swiftly to the car.

After chaining him and putting a black canvas bag on his head. Despite the begging of his family to release him, they didn't care much and left leaving behind them the voices of crying and wailing.

'Office of Security investigation':

-I hope I didn't disturb your convenience "The Interrogator said to Hussein sarcastically".

Hussein was at that moment blind folded with his hands tied behind his back, sitting on the floor in the Interrogator's office where the latter sits at his modest desk, a dim light illuminates the room while the rest of the room is dark.

The phone rang and the caller was the security manger so the Interrogator immediately adjusted himself and started answering with respect and fear of his boss:

-yes, yes, he is sitting in front of me, Sir.

-I want to you close the case today and transfer the case to the court because the Director of Public Security is waiting.

-Don't worry, Sir. You 'll be pleased with the news, we are about to close the case.

He hangs up, then he starts talking to Hussein.

-your contamination made you lose your sincerity. You have a good character and reputation.

-Your cooperation to steal tons of wheat, it's something unbelievable and strange at the same time? Confess to ease your sentence instead of obtaining it vigorously.

-I swear to God, I didn't know why I am here until one hour ago when I sat in your office. I don't steal and I am pretty sure someone has personal enmity against me who framed me in this case.

-Who do you suspect? He asked Hussein in a scratchy voice.

-I don't know. I don't want to wrong anyone.

-Still denying, fine! He held a sharp object in his grip to threaten him.

-I am going to close the case tonight. He hit the desk, his eyes brightened, his blood flowed quickly in his veins and that was enough to terror Hussein, who said in great fear:

-I am a man who is burdened significantly with my home and my work, even if I am struggling financially, I wouldn't dare to steal money I don't have the least right of it.

The interrogator rang the outer bell to the guards, a security man entered and followed by another one. There looks fear the fear itself, then the interrogator asked them to take him and torture him. He was taken brutally as if he is an animal. The voice started to be louder due to the electric shocks and foot whipping or even pulling fingernails ruthlessly. They tortured him

until dawn, Hussein was moaning from pain, he fell down unconsciously.

The interrogator tucked his shirt and called his boss:

-The confession is complete, Sir.

-Good, tomorrow take them to the court, the judge will be waiting

-Yes, Sir. Are there any other orders?

-No, then he hungup the phone.

The company after couple months:

The female did their make-up, men dressed up as if there will be celebration hours away but Tahseen's friend was little unpleasant, she has no appetite for celebration, she misses her lover. The celebration their Manger had promised them days ago under the guidance of the party. Work is almost approaching its last minutes and they have to be ready to receive the Party and Security delegation who will honor the company.

One of her co-worker and said smilingly:

-Today, the Manger came happily and said that the celebration will be attended by highly-ranking Party Officials and the Director of Security himself. What kind of celebration is this? It's not April to celebrate the President's birthday.

She wondered while doing her make-up.

The sad lover didn't like hearing the name of the Director of Security so she flinched in fear once his name was mentioned, it attracted her co-worker's attention:

-What is wrong? Are you okay?

-Yes, I just feel tired. My husband is very sick and i have to take two days off.

-No days off, they even called the ones in their holidays even if they are sick “Big Celebration Today”.

Then she was worried and wondered:what the holiday has to do with the celebration, then she started to do her make-up.

Moments later, there was a call to gather at the company’s yard and the Manger was the first to attend, he stood under the roof of the pulpit to protect himself from the sun along with his assistants. There were no green flags, chandeliers, roses or even a reception arch of palm leaves or something like that except the wide pulpit which raised questions of the staff.

Shush the noise and the questions that suddenly raised among employees so they all went silent when they heard the Manger’s call who ascended the red wooden plat form and hold the microphone:

-Attention Please, Director of Security and his companion will enter in a few moments.

He didn’t finish his sentence when a convoy arrived. Black men in commando uniforms with black glasses driving convertible cars, holding their weapons and you don’t a smile on their faces not even a fake one.

The convoy was followed by two trucks carrying six Gallows which freaked everyone out and the

manger is the first of them. Everyone was in silent, the two men got out of their luxury car.

It was only seconds until some news was spread among the employees that:

There will be an execution of two employees but it's not determined who is going to be yet. Every one was afraid, they were shaking, some of the employees wet their pants due to fear within themselves. One of the employees fainted so they put him on the ground far away from the burning rays of the sun.

The nerves of the employees become arebel, their hearts terrified and confused. They went silent after the Director of Security got on the pulpit beside the Official Party, then he spoke like a lion roaring in the jungle:

-Today you 'll see the results of treachery committed by your co-workers who stole tons of wheat grain and sold it in the black market. They are six and they will be an example to others.

Then he pointed to the security commandos to start the execution process.

They put down the ready gallows immediately off the trucks and the guilty got out of the other car. The scene of Tahseen Zobaa was enough to shock his lover who became disabled few days after this incident, she had a severe stroke and partial paralysis after watching the scene and how Tahseen is hanged in front of her eyes.

The accused proceeded to the gallows with their handcuffed and nothing on their eyes. The silence of fear spread over everybody, their bodies were shaking, Security men are surrounding the company, the staff was watching the reaction of what would happen soon. Everybody without exception forced to watch this non-simple and tragic event even the Manger who is already trembling.

They put the ropes around their neck, they rose them on a small table and without telling their testimony of faith or any religious indoctrination as usual in prisons. The table was pulled out at the same time from under their feet and Hussein was among the perpetrators.

After execution, the doctor went to check the bodies, then he arrived at Hussein's body. The doctor spoke to the Director of Security and he was surprised by something:

-Hussein is still alive.

The Director of Security gives him a cold and sharp look, he wasn't pleased by the news then he raised his eyebrows pointing to his men, saying with great pride:

-Finish him off, boys.

It was only seconds after they jostled on him and after they pushed the doctor disrespectfully to the ground. They assailed on his body, one of them was trying to pull his head as if he's trying to separate it from the body while others are hitting and chocking him until his veins exploded and his blood was

bleeding and life snuck out of his body drop by drop until they left him dead body. He slept deeply that no one can awake him up.

This story was famous in Basra in summer 1995. Hussein's tragedy is he's innocent of his guilt of stealing Public property and Security services were aware of this and because Tahseen has a personal enmity against Hussein so he listed his name as a partner in the theft. They forced Hussein to confess under the power of torture to the guilt he never committed.

Tahseen doesn't like good for Hussein and that was it, Hussein is an example of good morals, Tahseen is a jealous young man but there is nothing the poor people can do in this brutal time.

A Lady of Paper

Our basic instincts are mostly sparked by these beautiful ladies by all their scenes because of their

permissiveness and naughty. Emotions and feelings bloom in the heart, make hopes and wishes, rest in mind and create imagines and inspirations. They are made up of rare illusions so breasts of ladies are the nectar for men in morning and night, in awake and sleep.

Ashwaq: is a blond beautiful lady who is fat full of feminine. Her hazel eyes look as innocent and naive. Her body is slender and her legs are hydrated. She has slinky splits and her breasts are big. Her uncovered arms, half legs, and upper of her breast make the viewer tends to be confused and embarrassed before even touch them.

She tends to appear as rich and chaste but in fact she was sleeping with butchers, taxi drivers, and doctors because she uses her body for each class whether the rich or the poor, her aim is only the money.

Mahmoud is one of the arm officers at that time; he is a naval officer in an area located in Basra. He used to live in Baghdad. Mahmoud used to watch Ashwaq many times and he drowned in the lust of her femininity.

She changed him from being decent and modest towards ladies' love. Thus, someday he insisted to talk to her no matter what it costs and he even did not mind to marry her.

He tried to talk to her and he found the suitable time is the next day.

With her costume, she walked without guidance to where her legs drive. Such as her who walks without aim usually because of amusement and dalliance, because of comfort and emptiness.

Ashwaq is not like those or these persons in case she finds a lover. Today, she has a love date with a doctor of women's diseases. She took him to the date for her living.

And when she was walking in street of Elastqlal, the voice of Captain Mahmoud-with his army clothes-disturbed her, saying:

-What is more beautiful than finding a beautiful lady walks – it is rarely!

She smiled quietly and asked him to give a place to continue her path, but he knew that she wanted to talk with him, so he accompanied her by the road.

He found that she looked carefully at him and he thought that she felt in love with him. He started to be a flirt with her saying poems and beautiful words. Suddenly, he watched her shirt which uncovered the upper of her breast, so his eyesight is swerved and he started to be in trouble and disorder.

The silence of Ashwaq did not stay for a long time and she asked him:

-Who are you and what is my issue with you?

-I'm Captain Mahmoud, a naval police officer in Basra port. I lust after your beauty and I adore you.

She looked strangely and questioned:

-Do you know me?!

-Nope, but I want.

She shook her head negatively to pretend tepidity:

-You wish but I am honor girl and my dad may kill me in case he watches us together.

Then Mahmoud drowned in thinking till Ashwaq disturbed him:

-What is the matter with you? You freaked out!

-Nope, but I want to see you tomorrow, I see you busy now

-Ok tomorrow, afternoon, in El-Arab beach, we can sit together and there is no mind to drink something cold and get to know a decent person like you!

His legs did not stiffen and his eyes widened and he smiled ... it is the first time he met a ribald vulgar beautiful lady like Ashwaq

-I will be there Miss ...?

-He waited to say her name: "Ashwaq"

-I will be happy tomorrow... we will have a walk in banks of El-Arab beach.

They parted upon hope to meet in the next day...

In thenight, she talked with her father; a weak man, his leg is amputated and he leaned on two crutches. He dressed flimsy Jalabiya. Her father has a trait on his face like shapers and hypocrites. Also, his wife is not different from him, she is ahypocrite. Three of them jointly set in old room which is full of humidity with obvious cracked walls.

-I will steal his money.. He is rich and he will help me to release my husband Qais ... His harsh threads will be ended.

The words of Ashwaq surprised her parents and they were annoyed ... They asked how she can get to know police officer like him how lives richly... He is a masterof his craft which has a top rank among the other professions... They questioned how she thought

to release Qais? And to give him the money? ... It is not easy to make Ashwaq lives an honored life and maybe her heart beats of love and the sweet dreams of him fly around her.

-Are you still thinking about your husband?

Her father asked her angrily.

-Yes, he threatens me every day and I must release him from the prison.. in case I make him escape, I will survive because he will leave the country.

Ashwaq's mother did not like that talk of her, and then she raised the crutch of her husband and threatening her:

-Listen to me, we will not let you do what you want. We are starving each night ... Forget Qais forever ... You must start a new life ... In case you could seduce this officer, you will start a new life with him and we will be in safe.

Then Ashwaq stood quietly and said:

-I will release him from the prison I will force this officer to help me ... The temptations of my body are enough ... I am tired and I cannot decide anything else.

Ashwaq at that time felt a grief and great distress in her heart and she questioned:

-I want to live an honored life in which no one can touch me except who deserve me.

When she has just finished her word, her frivolous father laughed and he mocked his daughter saying:

-Honor?! Miss honor, who deserve to marry a whore like you except a procurer?!

He started to laugh carelessly at the angered look of Ashwaq and her mother. Then Ashwaq stood and booted her father's leg and She rushed into her room.

At noon the next day, Ashwaq accompanied the officer with her face expressions which did not give any proof that she surrendered to despair. Then they got to a Cafe to sit and drink something.

-What makes you get to know me?

- Ashwaq, I am a hero of love and an incomparable character. Among all eyes, my eye took your heart.

-What does this fool say? She asked herself, then she said with her cunning smile:

-I start to feel hot of your sinew and the delight of your heart. His face became red blushing and the blood started to pump in his veins. He swallowed and drunk a cup of water which was in front of him. Then he breathed a sigh of relief to utter his word:

-I am dying from your beauty, can I touch you?!

-She moved a side pretending that she is respectable and said:

-Wait, it can be legally, there is nothing better than it.

-Sure, Sure, legally.

-He said while drying his face sweat disorderly.

Mahmoud knew that he started to be disrespectful when he surged with his incredible passion toward thehell of disturb as if he eliminates the fire. In this rare relationship, he is in peace of paradise or pain of hell.

They sat for hours then she whispered another date then they parted.

This relationship started three months ago and he was still begging for what he needed but she was refusing with cunning and wits as if no one touched her before and as if she is the Virgin Mary who does not exist in this time. She has begun to take what she wanted from him. She knew that it was the time for the tempting talk which will make him without thinking and it will make him prison of fancy. Whatever she will ask for, it will be difficult and unsafe.

In one night, in thegarden, in a place no one can see them except God, he tried to touch her breast and this time, she did not mind but he did not doubt what she was doing, he thought that she fell in love. He started to say flirty words relentlessly with many touches boldly. Ashwaq whispered to him:

-Do you like the mellowness of my breast?!

-I am not the same person ... Where am I ? (he said it disorderly as if he was in a dream.

-He started to ramble, and then Ashwaq pulled herself out after getting him in.

-Enough, it is not legal ... She said that while closing the buttons of her shirt.

-I am ready to make whatever you want.. I will marry you for sure.

-I do not think so.

-Ask for what you want and I will make it real
They silenced for a long time then she looked to his eyes; the eye has its language of instincts and feelings. Then she disturbed the flirt and said:

-I have a brother called Qais and he imprisoned slander ... if you want to help me, the prison officer demands what we cannot pay.

-A huge amount of money?

-The officer asked:

-Yes.

She told him the amount. Then she saw the disorder appeared on his face.

-I do not deny that I like your beauty but the amount you demanded is huge and what you demanded will effect negatively on my future.. Helping a criminal to escape!

Ashwaq felt that she was a fool to disclose the secret to a police officer so she tried to solve what she made:

-I though you want to help me

-Yes but not by this way

She stood and said:

-if you accept and if you man up , then you have my number, you can call me.

He was silent and impressed and her face turned from its beauty to a piece of fire. Then he saw a tear in her eyes, but he said:

-I will do but with a condition. You can take the money and you can do what you want by yourself.

Ashwaq could not give a word but she smiled cunningly.

A number of ladies machinated with a number of police officers to help specific persons to escape through entering small drill equipment to the prison. They thought to use this equipment to drill an outlet in the wall targeted to the popular market directly.

Qais and many other prisoners escaped but the rest could not. This accident was secret and that issue turned away from its real fact.

Then Qais and most of the escaped prisoners arrested after months of escaping. Qais was arrested after the death of Ashwaq who was choked by Qais because the dissatisfaction towards the money she gave to him to leave the country.

And the police officer is still running after the ladies of Elastqlal street under the hot sun of summer and in the cold weather of Basra. The weather does not have any effect on him.

Abu Gharib prison

Kazem is an Iraqi young man who had no great dreams in life but to obey God, his family contains beautiful ten years younger, he is forty years old and his kid is a year and a half. Kazem was very courteous, soft and gentle. Anger doesn't drive him to extreme emotion and aggression but paralyzes him, his temper rushes to his core.

After a long day at work, he returns home tired, looks at his daughter's face features, gazes at her and forgets what he had encountered in his merciless work. The American soldiers took him and imprisoned him in Abo Gharib after the fall of Bagdad in 2003.

They tried to make him a person without dignity as they did to the others.

-Enforcing them to pray naked and then water them cold water in the winter and unleash predatory dogs on them. Enforce prisons to screw each other naked and even men raping men, put naked women with men and enforce them to commit adultery. Many ways were enough for the cruelty to flow in his heart and blood like lightning in the dark cloud.

More than a year has passed suffering the American torture even though Bagdad had suffered from intimidation and murder between 2005-2008 what even Palestine hasn't by the conqueror.

There are still horrific ways innovating how to intimidate, kill and chop parts of the human bodies

while they are alive and distort what God has created in the best form.

The American didn't just stop at abusing the prisoners but also recruit them and enforce them to snitch on every one oppose them.

They offered that matter on Kazem, he refused to do it. They warned him from the consequence of his refusal and he didn't care about their intimidation.

Although they released him, knowing he is under surveillance. Kazem stayed on his knees angrily saying to himself:

The curse of the LORD upon you, O rabbles.

Six months after releasing him, the American waited for him to get back to his scenes but in vain. One day they stopped his car and his mother was beside him, they enforced him to get off the car. They had a long conversation with Kazem and when they realized there was no point in talking with him, one of the soldiers released his dog on Kazem's elderly mother to attack her and prey on her.

Kazem tried to defend her but in vain because they tied him and made watch this brutal incident, he was mad and his eyes were starting from the head that he fainted from extreme anger.

Although it's been six months of this incident, Kazem still suffers a psychological issue and an emotional state enough to be vulnerable to traumatic bumps sometimes.

In the morning Kazem took his wife to the doctor and he left his little daughter at his Brother's. Half an hour after leaving, A US Hummer Vehicle stopped in front of the house and number of soldiers got out of it with small arms. They knocked on the door quietly, Kazem's older brother Ali opened the outer door as they enter the courtyard of the house.

The courtyard was decorated with green garden, beautiful flowers. They asked some routine questions and it looked normal and didn't indicate to anger or show that they are on a mission, that brought pleasure and sound to his family after the fear is gone. So, they start laughing and chatting with each other until Kazem's daughter came out laughing and running like a meek cat running in the garden.

-Who is this? The American interpreter asked Ali.
-she is the daughter of my brother Kazem.

The soldiers smiled at each other as if what they have been looking for, came to them by itself. One of them walked to her pretending nice and kind, he left her and started fondling her cheeks. Every one was smiling at the soldier's caresses to the child, then he put her against the wall then he retreated two steps and didn't hesitate shooting the little girl in a blink of an eye, their people couldn't prevent this murder from happening.

The two-year-old girl was executed by the soldier, her pure body parts were scattered everywhere.

The American left the house immediately leaving a scene of crying and wailing of a family that didn't wait for the fate of its member to end in such way.

The crazy soldier

Abbas is an insane soldier, he joined the army to fight on the front against evil Iran.

Despite all the efforts his family has done to exempt him from the service but in vain. All the doctors unanimously that Abbas is capable of holding guns because he can distinguish days such as Thursday from Friday also can distinguish colors without any difficulty and he is not crazy.

His comrades on the front line persevere to eat his bowl and laughed at him all the time because he is so simple minded and mentally immature. (Allah is the healer and the keeper).

Despite his insanity, he has a good heart, so sensitive to grieve and sorrow and he is hot-tempered. At his sadden moments it appeared clearly in his eyes but nevertheless his comrades continued hurting him. They were sleeping in the dark cellar which was lightened by the small oil lantern.

They almost hear the bombs exploding but when they come back they eat their bowls as well as Abbas's who tried to hide it under his bed but in vain. One day he woke up and he didn't find his bowl where he put it, so he went crazy and said incomprehensible and vague words and cried for a while and started doing hysterical movements and intimation indicates he is angry and sad at the same time.

The rest were laughing and continued to laugh at him. His eyes were like two embers sparking and screamed like thunder:

-I hope God blow you all up in one day.

His prayer only increased his comrades' irony from him and everyone covered himself with the quilt and fell sleep. This continued for months until one day he felt he needed to use the bathroom, he had to go out and away the cellar. he carried the jug of water and went out leaving everyone asleep but this time he persevered to hide his bowl under the bed by some of the newspaper which the soldiers get daily.

Abbas went to the bathroom and then he started thinking he is weak-willed and not very bright like the rest. Everyone is making fun of him, he will be back soon but what if he didn't find his bowl? He would be struggling with hunger.

At the exact same time he was thinking what is he going to do with his comrades, a missile fell on the cellar and he was far away fortunately. He tried to hide to avoid the danger of death but the air of the missile flew him away. It was enough to injure him with some bruises and wounds.

After the fallen of the missile, Abbas woke up, gathered himself and wiped the blood from his dust face, he got up and ran towards the cellar as if he remembered something important. He ran towards the destructed cellar, he arrived at the destructed place by the missile and peered to see his way to the cellar. When he entered it, he shouted with terror:

-My bowel.

-After entering the destructed cellar, he found out it in the wreckage and under fire but he didn't care that everyone was dead.

He went to his bed covered with dust. He brought the bowel out from under the bed which was good only covered with dust and newspaper. He tried hard to wipe the dust off then he ran outside because of fire and smoke he almost suffocated.

He stopped coughing, looked at the cellar and stared at it, he became harsh as if he was appparent to what happened then he roared like a lion attacking his prey, he looked at his bowel happily.

He rose and spoke to his dead comrades:

-I warned you but you didn't listen. I am Abbas, watch my prayers, you morons.

Agent 553

Abd Al-Amir Abd Al-Zahra Maaleh is a young man in his thirties. He chose to be an agent and to work as an Iraqi spy, he goes between Iran and Iraq following the order of the Iraqi Public Security Service's to carry out missions in the Iraqi's favor. However, Jargons don't get generated arbitrarily. this man has a pseudonym-553- a destiny to enter into the professional world of spyship in consideration of few dinars.

He used to smuggle goods and sale them in the Iraqi villages, thus make some money. In the nineties, he is so proud whenever the Director of Security of Basra, Major-General Mahdi, is pleased. Above all, his life wasn't only about the present, he desired to get highly regarded form the office of the Director of Public Security to rule and have fun as he pleased, to do as his peers did when they earn powers from the State to suppress the citizens.

For example, Ibrahim Al Awaji in the Justice-the city-Basra, when vested by Hussein Kamel to execute the traitors but Ibrahim was using his power to kill the men so he can have their wives or he was getting rid of his opponents on the pretext of they are not loyal to the Al-Baath Party. After the death of Hussein Kamel, Ibrahim lost all his powers and ran away to unknown destination.

Rape and assassinations were too much in this remote area of southern Iraq by those who work with the Security apparatus of Iraq.

The Iraqi President was keen to reduce these manifestations and Punish the perpetrators in a deterrent and merciless way.

Abd Al-Amir was super ambitious and sought revenge on his opponents and causing woe. One of his activities he dedicated a day to the young students attracted by mosques and cafes on holidays and vacations of Basra, they would go to a corner and start talking and discussing.

Those students are just like the rest of the people of the poor public, the only difference is education gave them a high ranking and felt pride in themselves. They were wearing djellabas but also some of them were wearing clogs while going out to the Assemblies or for staying out all night.

That's why Abd Al Amit is resentful from these students because he never liked education nor educated and it's his chance to get them.

One day he could understand what they are saying for the first time:

-they are arguing about politics and other topics. He was over the moon because he was looking for an activity for extremists-that's what he calls them- then one day he heard someone saying in the mosque:

-If Justice is done in this country as it should, all prisons would 've been occupied and the palaces would 've been empty.

He was pretending to pray and to worship, he succeeded at giving the impression that he's busy in praying. In spite of their lower voices, he was able to hear them, then he liked what he is hearing now:

-I give you an example of So-and-So...Do you know how he got his wealth or What is he doing now?

Then he started enumerating the ways of criminal means that person used to extort people's money as if it was a secret or his reference, then everyone continued talking about Political figures and the most important events, revealing the history and the flaws of each one starting his words by this exciting phrase:

-Where is the President? Do you know how he trafficking the Oil and his son imported whiskey?

They were still talking until they realized that time went by and they are late leaving the mosque and Abd Al-Amir pretending to pray and reading Koran, he continued reading until he glanced at the door to ensure they left.

In a meeting with the Director of Security, Abd Al-Amir told him there are a group of students passing around some leaflets opposing the State and they are belonging to an opposing Party. The high-ranking Director of Security was very serious about hearing the story and writing down each and every note.

After three hours, the Director of Security assured Abd Al-Amir to track them down and know their addresses. Then Abd Al-Amir took out some of the opposing leaflets and gave to the Director saying:

-That's what they left in the mosque stealthily, they seem to be distributing it strictly confidential.

The Director of Security read what was in the paper interestingly and then stroked his chin and said:

-I will write a review of the Director of Security and attach these leaflets and you have their names and addresses.

Then Abd Al-Amir prepared to leave and wrapped half of his face with a red scarf-Al-Yashmagh-so no one would recognize him. Then he was escorted by one of the security personnel to the door of the Directorate and it was four in the morning.

Months passed and Abd Al-Amir completed a file of leaflets and wrote down some accurate reports about delusional activities of the students who didn't realize until the last moment of their disappearance from the face of the earth what they did to be imprisoned. The Director of Security issued a warrant to arrest them and bring them to the notorious prison. They were tortured by all unbelievable methods.

One of them was weak that he couldn't endure being beaten up. The detective lured him of innocence if he confessed and the young man believed him. He made a confession of what they hadn't committed and he destroyed his future and his friends' future who were among the finest students of the University of Basra.

They were going to the mosque only for prayer and discussion. After couple months, they were put on trials. They were sentenced to capital punishment,

hence they closed a record of stories of the miserable Iraqi people back then.

The informant

Abir

Every time has its experience, certainly you can't control the situation all the time. If turned on you one day, you 'd wish you were never born.

Abir, who used to overpower men in her youngest days as they wished to have her. In the sixties and the seventies, she was one of the beauties of her region.

No woman would be compared to her beauty, she was unsurpassed. Now Abir is home along with her flabby body and face disguised with make-up, for the gold and diamond jewelry are no longer on her neck, ears or even her forearms.

There is no room for her old beauty and when anyone compliments her, she would feel apathy. Days taught her coldness, she now knows that she means nothing to men, her time is over while she enters fifty-five years old.

Suddenly, she heard a knock on her door- Brigadier General Hassan- Administrative Assistant in the State Security. He knew her since he was a lieutenant. As she opened the door, he leaned on her to kiss her but she refused to kiss him then she let him in.

Brigadier General Hassan, his deeds indicate not only his stupidity but also his weak character, his silver mustache barely visible under his lager nose which has increased his facial atrophy. Who doesn't know him, would feel sorry for him for the way he looks but if they knew how he suppresses people, they would 've hated him and cut him into pieces.

-I have nothing to eat, since yesterday and there is no food,

-She said complaining.

-Don't you have any money?

-Resentment drew its way to the Brigadier General's lips:

-NO doubt, he gave some money but she didn't look pleased with what she got but she hid the money under the pillow of the sofa she sits on. Then she noticed he was looking at her weirdly so asked him:

-What's wrong?

-My son comes to you too much these days, I hope you could prevent him from coming. She looked at him ironically then answered:

-You should minimize your doubts; your son doesn't even want to talk to me. He is in a relationship with someone else and he comes here set up the atmosphere for them.

Then she said, looking down at the Brigadier

-like his father and I when we met in our younger days.

-He'll destroy his future, He began to drink relentlessly, he doesn't do his work well as a security officer and I don't like the way he is right now.

-So tell him to end his relationship with this beauty but me...“interrupted by the doorbell”.

Brigadier General Hassan panicked and went to hide in Abir's room. She giggled at the Brigadier General on her way to open the door.

Its lieutenant Naser, Brigadier Hassan's son. He entered looking elegantly with his black jacket and black trousers which indicated being skinny and tall.

He started looking at the roof at times and at Abir at times and his black heavy square mustache gave him the sincerity and masculinity look.

-Welcome, Sir, How are you? Abir saluted the young man warmly with a big smile on her face indicates her joy.

She made him follow her into the guest room and sat on the chair next to the sofa she sits on. The handsome man noticed a disappointed look on Abir's face, he asked her:

-Did I visit you at an inappropriate time?

His father gritted his teeth from behind the door hiding in the bedroom then he mumbled in a faint and angry voice:

-Really rude, Why did you come now?

-"Never," replied Abir while the anxiety that turned into a fake smile, then Naser looked at her room and she noticed that and quickly said:

-What is your last activity with women, haven't you decided yet to get married?

-Uh No, then he complements talking, Abir, the organization

And he didn't finish talking until Abir jumped to fill a gap with her hands looking worried and then whispered to him:

-My friend in the house.

Naser went silent, but he wasn't convinced that the person was a female whom Abir was afraid of her friend to know what's happening, but he was convinced it was a client But Nasser came to Abeer

when he thought she would alone to expose to her serious matters.

In fact, - Both Brigadier General Hassan and lieutenant Naser have a similar style, both of them got involved in selling security information to the anti-regime organization. Abir herself was also entrusted since the moment she was involved in working with the security agencies. That was in the early sixties with Brigadier General Hassan who used to work in the political investigation back then and had an illegal relationship with Abir and chose her at the same time to work for him in favor of his security work, taking advantage of her beauty and her charm besides she owns a beauty salon. It was the center of all the dubious women's meetings back then.

But Abir was very smart, she was using both of them and takes each piece of security information from Brigadier General Hassan smartly until he got involved without being aware that he provided and fed the curiosity of the anti-regime organization with each and every information they need and after being transferred to the administrative department, now he is useless and they have to get rid of him because Lieutenant Nasser is an efficient officer in the investigation department and will do the job perfectly.

Abir frowned then smiled, she was tense while trying to smile to put an end to his suspicions. He is very smart lieutenant, he succumbed to his instincts quickly though. Despite being the smartest officer in

the investigation department, Abir was able to involve him with the anti-regime organization by irresistible women's bait.

The anti-regime organization whom Abir works with escalated their insistence to get rid of Brigadier General Hassan and all the paper and facts that proves his involvement is complete and ready to be sent in very confidential and personal mail to the Director of Public Security along with his sexual movies which been filmed without his awareness, all the evidence to consider exists since he was a lieutenant until now.

Now he is old and useless, even Abir, who is getting waned and older wouldn't take him as a lover despite her longing to the bed in that age.

The Brigadier General returned to his office exhausted, bloody tired then he worked intensively under the Basmalah Banner. He got lost in endless thinking, he feels that lieutenant Naser-his son-got involved with Abir in exposing security information to the anti-regime organization which is very serious matter.

He opened his eyes feeling severe pain in his chest. As soon as he got up, he landed on his seat heavily from that pain and mumbled to himself:

-The punishment of my dirty deeds befalls onto me, there was no woman got away for my desires. I threatened women with sex while their husbands fighting their fate of death in prison. I have wronged, killed and destroyed many widow's homes that were all on me and circle of evil have its way to my son.

It's too late now Sir, how are you going to handle a situation related to the involvement with state security? How are you going to save your son while you actually involved? He didn't rule out that the anti-regime organization would get rid of him any time they want, so he thought to commit suicide before getting arrested with the gun in his desk, it's ready at any moment to aim the shot to his head and make rest.

what he suffers is not easy. He is old and thinks he time is over, if it's not already over. The rest of his colleagues got promoted; some to General Manger, some to Directors of provinces while he still a Police Administrative Assistant.

He was suspended from due to his bad actions and after being a Director of Investigation, he became an Administrative Officer.

Abir received a message from the anti-regime organization to obtain an abundant and accurate information on the investigation about the Zero-hour operation.

It planned to hit the senior officials in addition to launch attack the katyusha rocket on the Basra Security Directorate but Internal Security and thanks to the serious work of its affiliates were able to contain the case and arrest this terrorist organization within few weeks and before leaving the country.

At the same time the organization didn't delay the preparation of all dossier and the documents proving the involvement of Brigadier General Hassan and submit it to the Director of Public Security to

apprehend him and put an end to his story but after the problem that hit them and their detained members in the Zero-hour operation.

Brigadier General Hassan looked at Abir with a disappointed look and mumbled:

-Please, leave my son out of this game.

-Are you still think I got him involved in gambling and sex? Abir said while sitting half naked with her loose sleeping shirton her usual sofa sipping a glass of red wine.

-You know what I mean, the man involved in political processes and I don't think he could pull it off like his father did.

-Do you think you served us well, Brigadier General? She said it ironically with a drunk and mean laughter.

-It's right I got involved with you and you were smarter than me by knowing my weakness points which I couldn't resist, but please leave my son out of this.

She put her half full cup on the table and stood up to quietly kick him out:

-Please stop talking, Hassan I am expecting some visitors and I 'll be grateful if you can leave now.

It was a slap on his face but he got himself together. He can't refuse, she is stronger than him and she controls the situation and can close his case. He was immensely sad. Where are his prestige and pride? He became weaker and everybody was laughing at him, even the guard of the Directorate didn't greet him one night while returning.

He felt he can't help it, he is dead, although he is still breathing. He got in his car, looked at the house watching it with his sorry doe eyes, then started the engine up and left.

Lieutenant Nasser was very keen to provide the organization with the latest news and security information. The new car, Mercedes, lured him and made him sell every precious thing, he didn't differentiate between his home and the body of a woman, her breasts became his home and his girlfriend.

A beautiful woman and A luxury black leather bag full of dollars sent to him are enough to turn him into a man without a conscience. He is in a relationship with a twenty-four-year-old girl who will take care of him according to the organization's orders.

One morning and a year after to what happened to the Brigadier General Hassan, a package was delivered to the Director of Security's office and after making sure there were no explosives, Director of Security opened the package and it was full of sexual movies and voice records confirm the involvement of Brigadier General Hassan with the anti-regime organization. Director of Security issued an urgent warranty to arrest him.

Director of Security sat in his office complementing around the office until he saw a golden frame banner in the middle of his office: "I wonder how a man can betray his home when I felt pity for selling my home to my brother".

-As soon as the news of the arrest reached the Brigadier Hassan by an unknown phone call, he was dead in his bed, he shot himself in the head committing a suicide, as for Abir, Basra's people found her dead body floating on the river running between the Basra's areas, they caught her body and took her to the forensic medical morgue.

Lieutenant Naser he replays his father's role with Shahira-twenty-four-year-old intrusions mistress by the organization and she was no less brilliant and smart than Abir when she was in her youngest days.

The question is: How long will the story of Naser and Shahira and the organization?

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