

employees. What about an owner who has five companies and only needs one mandoob, what shall he do then? One of the ministries announced that they would only process transactions for mandoobs on certain days, and the other days would be for business owners, while Thursday is a day off.

One time Zeinhom was in the hospital, so I headed to the Ministry early in the morning and waited at the window. The employee took my papers, set them aside, and disappeared. He came back after a while with a little spot of *foul* on his dishdasha. (In case you're not familiar with it, foul is a popular breakfast food similar to refried beans) He grabbed my papers and handed them to the employee sitting right next to him. I asked her: "You saw me standing right here. You saw my papers on the counter beside you. Why didn't you do anything?!" She said: "He has to hand it to me first." Then she glanced at the paper, handed it back to me and said, "I can't help you with this. You have to go to the head of the department." The department head's secretary was away, so I sat in the waiting room outside his office. His office was all glass, so I could see him and his three friends laughing over their morning dates and coffee. coffee. After a while, I went and opened the door. "Wait outside!" he snapped. Where is the respect?! I'm not only a citizen, but I'm also old enough to be his father! After half an hour, his entourage left and he let me in. "Yeah, I'll approve this for you," he said, "but next time don't enter without permission." What a favor! How generous of him to do his job! Of course, I couldn't say this to him since the Ministry of Justice notice stuck on his door reminds everyone that being rude to a ministry employee is a crime punishable by law. I swallowed my anger and said: "May God have mercy on your parents Zinhom, and bring you back safe and sound. I swear you save me the trouble of meeting such people." Long live Mandoob Park!