

up the conversation by saying, "As you wish. Just be sure you don't eat the naqrour's eye." Afterwards, the discussion revolved around this Kuwaiti idiom. Years have passed now, and they've returned to their beautiful home in San Francisco. Shika and Dan both got good jobs back there, but ever since our last meeting and until this very day, Dan keeps calling me to say how much they want to come back to Kuwait. *Subhan Allah!* This from a wealthy man who works in one of the largest architectural firms in America. Why would he want to return to Kuwait? His answer is that in Kuwait they found peace, life was beautiful, and Kuwaitis were hospitable. Even Shika, who at first seemed determined not to like Kuwait, missed her women's diwaniya which she opened for the Japanese community in Kuwait. Since returning home, they found themselves trapped in an endless cycle of depression and boredom. "It seems as if we ate the eye of that fish you told us about," he sighed, "I wish we never did. I wish we left Kuwait before falling under its spell."

To summarize this *hzaya*, behind all the meaningless struggles and excessive grumbling which is the result of comfort and wealth, Kuwait still possess charm, intimacy, and beauty.

Oh my dear people, all of you have already eaten the naqrour's eye, take good care of Kuwait because it is your only country.

And by the way, blessings can quickly fade.