

When I did get home my mother wouldn't budge. Since I was still legally considered a minor by law, the Orphans' Department was the legal guardian over my inheritance from my father, so I went there directly. I met with their manager at the time, Hazza Al Husayan, but he informed me that it wasn't their policy to issue money to minors so they could buy cars. Then he said, "I've come to know you pretty well after your father passed away since you used to come here every month to collect your siblings' allowance. I feel you can be trusted, so I'll make an exception for you." He issued 1,450 dinars for me. Up until this day I cannot think of the reason for issuing that exact amount, but I didn't argue. I just thanked God that my problem was finally solved and that I could now buy myself a new car. The car I got didn't have any of the latest features, it didn't even have a cassette player, just a radio, but that car remained with me throughout the course of my studies.

That wasn't the case with all of the other students though. There were wealthy students who had Lamborghini or Mercedes, but as far as I was concerned it was their money, so it was their right to enjoy it. The students who really bothered me were the ones who came from families with limited income and would drown their families with debt, or drive their parents to ask people for money just so they could look "cool!"

*"Makhroush tah bekhroush"* is a very old Kuwaiti idiom which applies very well to one student I can think of. (As with many idioms, it doesn't translate into English very well, but it literally means "a crazy man plunged into an animal's guts." I said it doesn't translate well, but it's used to describe someone who madly over-indulges on something they don't often have.) I was at this student's apartment once and there, for the first time in my life, I saw a "waterbed." At that time, waterbeds were one of the latest and most expensive fads and he just couldn't