

shake the desire to get one for himself. He also owned two cars, a two-door Chevrolet, and a black sports car with gold trim; which he claimed was a special edition of which they only manufactured thirteen. *Bon Appétit!* The problem was, who paid for all of this? It's a shame to say that his mother was known to sell her own jewelry so she can send him the money, and on account of their close friendship, she had even asked my mother to help her pay for the expenses. One time when I was visiting home, my mother asked me about him. When I found out she had been giving him money, I said "you helped him buy two cars and a waterbed!" She understood what two cars were, but I had to explain the waterbed. I told my mother not to give her friend any more money because her sons were slaves to money. He had even given his American girlfriend a necklace which he stole from his sister. He also had a brother who was no better than him, but his brother was much more cunning with his ability to borrow money from everyone and, a few times, even from me.

Once I visited his brother and was amazed at what I saw. His apartment was located in a luxurious complex and he had two bedrooms. He also had two cars, a Volkswagen Rabbit and a Delorean, a rare limited edition car. People like this do not fear God, neither do they take into account the sufferings of their pious parents who suffer the humiliation of begging for money so their children can spend it on nonsense. Even now, they haven't changed. To this very day, they have no conscience about cheating, lying under oath, or providing false testimony with such an ease of mind as if truth didn't matter. So I'll repeat the mantra which I've followed since those days:

*"Stretch your legs no further than the end of your quilt."*