

life as if they were still living in Kuwait. They even wore their traditional *dishdasha* and *ghutra* to classes. It was an odd scene indeed. Some of the more clever students were there to study at well-known universities, but the vast majority would enroll in the less respectable institutes. They would sign up for a full course load, never attend a class, yet they still managed to pass. The students' academic achievement was the least concern of the "Princes" of "Al-Arqam House." It was far more important for them to attract a crowd and spread the message of the Muslim Brotherhood among them. During the summers there were dozens of Kuwaiti students registered in many courses and receiving full marks effortlessly. The Kuwait Cultural Office at the time was fully aware that this was happening, but decided to turn a blind eye.

This is the reason that my friends and I went to Worcester for summer classes in 1978. Each of us had at least one class we had failed and we all knew that we could go to Worcester and make up for it easily. There were four of us who rented an apartment together for a month. As I recall, there were over a hundred Kuwaiti students there at the time, all representing multiple religious communities. The Holy Month of Ramadan also happened to coincide with that summer, and it was chaos. The schedule I kept for myself that summer is that I would break my fast at "Al-Arqam House," recite the *Isha* and *Tarawih* prayers with the Salafi, then spend the rest of the night staying up until dawn with the more liberal students, watching television, listening to records of Umm Kulthum and Awad Al Dokhi, and of course playing card games such as *Kout* and *Hand*.

One day, one of the "Princes" confronted me and asked, "Adnan, why don't you pray *Tarawih* with us, or socialize with us in the evenings?" I couldn't lie, so I told