

radically intersecting streets and boulevards. France is not just the Champs-Élysées and other places frequented by Gulf tourists. The city and its suburbs have a great deal of beauty and secrets worth discovering.

As soon as I entered the airport, I noticed another thing that doesn't seem to have changed. No one questions the purpose of your visit, what you're doing, or where you live. The officer only browses your passport to make sure the visa is valid, then stamps it and lets you in. That's it and God is your protector. The last time I visited, France was still under a state of emergency, but their treatment of visitors had not changed and was much better than in the UK or America.

Tourism in Paris is certainly not our topic, but after participating in the opening of my late father's project in Tunisia I decided to spend a few days there in an attempt to complete some of my writings. On the banks of the Seine, memories took me back to my very first visit and the Iraqi *Baathist* commander, Bu Abeer, crossed my mind. He introduced himself by saying, "I'm your brother, Bu Abeer, a member of the Baath Party for thirty years. I killed a man with my own hands!" As introductions go, I think this may have been one of the most terrifying. I responded sharply, "Are you proud with the way you introduce yourself? Shut up before someone hears you and has you executed." He just laughed. "They don't execute people in France, and their relationship with Iraq allows me to speak freely."

Anyways, I will leave Bu Abeer's story for our next article where we will learn a valuable lesson.