

Creative Writing



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Poetry

My apple tree, my goals, my hope

Sitting beneath the apple tree;
working through my codes' lines;
leaving my overloads back and
appreciating nature;
letting my hippocampus assume its role
for a while.

-
Driving through suburbia
to attain my life goals:
Four-year life goals.

Waiting for the apple to fall
to fulfill its purpose to be eaten, to
share the pleasure.

-
Looking at goals like apples piled
together:
Each one connects with the other;
each one demands effort from its source
like branches bring water to these
apples

Down to up - like going through the
stairs to my goals.

-
Going up the stairs
to my dream college
with broken treads through the way up,
while having hope.

-
Sharing the happiness, healing the ill;
teaching the underprivileged, altering
others' lives;
enjoying the best of my time while
doing these simple things,
while having faith;
waiting to convert these simple things
into more prominent and grander things.

Spending evenings with precious companions;
no one ever understood these cherished companions
because they are distinct, which makes them unique
and special;
special to my heart, special to everybody who will
understand.

-
Spending my whole time studying in the dorm;
working hard to feel a sense of happiness;
even if I didn't obtain top-notched grades in my class,
just being content with the efforts spent my time on is
the best of my life,
while having hope for change for the better.

-
Everyone in the surroundings considers that grades
create by a person, person,
while they don't know what had transpired beyond these
letters (grades);
they don't know how much effort and time we spent;
doing our best to be pleased, working hard to share, and
having a sense of happiness.

They never realized that existence has no perfection;
else, existence would go to fault.

-
Life will take me to where I deserve to be,
while having faith and working hard;
while having hope and trying my best;
while waiting for this little apple to fall and doing what
I love.

Solace Tears

Doom, Terror, Tears, and Thunder.

What do you think about this ingredient?

What do you think about its efficacy?

What do you think?

-
Letting sleeping dogs lie,
Sleeping with opened eyes.
When I weep, I ensure no one is looking.

Strolling in the school's dorm;
When the hallway's light comes on, I wipe my tears;
It'll all end in tears,
Whilst others thoughts that I'm merely bashful.

-
They say that their lips are sealed,
even though they deceive as usual.
No one can be trusted with my deepest secrets;
Brutal words;
Tearing hands.

-
The whole kit and caboodle are black;
Hearts are filled with black;
Blacky eyes;
They're black as a skillet.

-
The sky is black;
I'm no longer able to see it.
A wall separates me from the angles;
Am I confined by this wall among the demons?
Sirius is acting as eyes, reticently observing my misery and sin.

I can't believe what I'm seeing.

My heart broke as I saw my friends go one by one,

Seeing my adversaries succeed while I fail, I'm dejected.

-
It devastates me on the inside.

I was horrified to see what I had done to myself when I looked in the mirror;
By myself, and all because of a scumbag partner,

-
Treating them with kindness,
While the only thing I ever asked for in return was their love,
which they never offered.

-
When I'm awake, they treat me as if I'm dead.
I know they'll be flocking to my grave to apologize when I'm dead.
Do they know I won't be able to hear it at the time?

-
Every second of my life is like a horrific second,
Each heartbreak brings various failures,
Diverse aspirations that they never met.
Howbeit, who cares?

-
I never felt drawn to follow the upright path; I became blind.
I sought solace in my tears.

-
Letting sleeping dogs lie,
Sleeping with opened eyes.
It'll all end in tears,
Whilst others thoughts that I'm merely bashful.

Bolder than ever before

In the sky died me,
Falling through a labyrinth of clouds towards
gloom,
Encompassed by Sirius with its brightness
while I was in my darkness;
Encompassed by the songbirds while I was
bound to the vociferation of the black crow.

-

In the quirky room stood me,
Crying, keeping my cries in, snapping my
fingers, for no one understood me,
Blaming myself for thingummy that is nothing
and weeping.

-

In the dead water drowned me,
Feeling like a fish out of water,
Like a lonely dolphin with a broken heart
seeking for a friend to understand him,
Like a dead pismire drifting in a puddle, with
shattered legs and a broken heart;

-

In the gloomy room, cried me,
Thinking of how I could alter the world with a
broken pencil and a tearful paper,
Like a shoelace, vain in others' lives, then
relinquished the instant they demand it,
tossing and turning.

-

In the bowels of the Earth far below scorched
me,
Being in the love of you,
A pure soul with terrible impulses, a celestial
body with the heart of a demon,
So that you could scorch me with your blistering
voice.
Waiting for the time when I return to accomplish
my fate, bolder than ever before.

Smiley wind

Sitting in the back of the bus
With passengers who I have never come
across;

They seem to be nice.

-

Sitting in the back of the bus;
Opening the window to let the wind share the
reassurance.

The wind is seemingly robust;
Is it because of the bus's velocity
Or because it's a bad day for me?

-

A child is resting across from me
With a belle smile.

Encountering this smile made my day;
Like I have met an old friend,
And the happiness overwhelmed me;
Letting everything behind.

-

Time is passing in slowly instants;
The wind is settling down;
Like soothing a baby.
That smile made my day.
It brought happiness back to my heart.



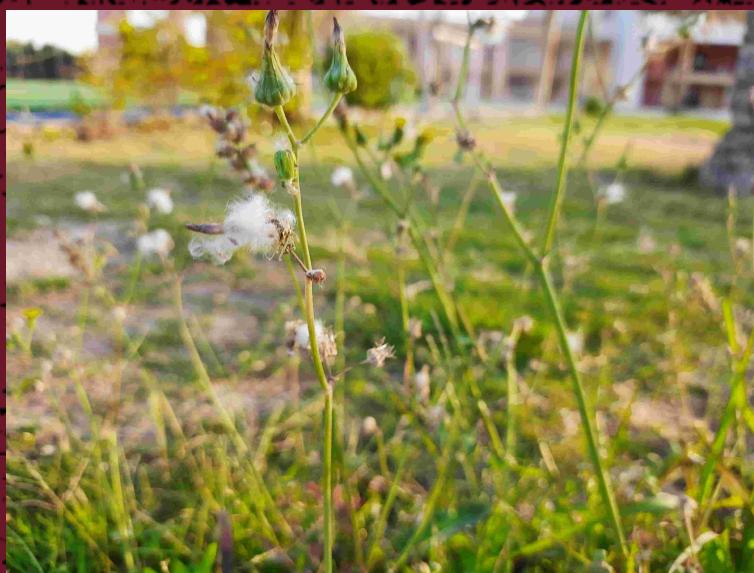
My lovely mug

Silence kept the peace in me
when life was too close.
I heard my heartbreak.
It seems to me like the cracking of a mug.
A mug filled with regrets and mistakes,
instead of a beloved mug of coffee
with its motivation and energy.

-
A storm was hitting hard,
behind the door.
A shelter to heal or a silence to keep the
peace.
The storm ruined;
ruined everything.

-
Damage is done.
The sun and the summer are back;
back with its beauty.

-
The breeze of motivation and energy
with the healed mug.
My beloved mug of coffee;
my garden with its lovely colors;
my colored flowers with their lovely smells.



Magical Cacti

Magic never reveals his secrets.
Dark magic or white magic.
Magic could be helpful or harmful.
A little bouquet of cactus could reveal its
magical secrets.

-
Give me a bouquet of cacti.
Little blossoms blooming
but not endeavoring to conceal behind
them.
Not endeavoring to disguise their dark
magic
or their thorny selves.

-
Dark magic that could reveal the blood
they will draw.
A cacti-cacti, a darky-lighty cactus.
Does the color intensity or the color
degree matter?
Even though they won't endeavor to
disguise their thorny selves.

-
Show me how they will reveal their dark
magic;
Show me how they will draw blood.
Show me that if they touched the dark
spot,
they will inflict harm or show anguish.

-
Charming cacti, sincere cacti.
Cacti that will dim if they bury
themselves.
Do petals really matter that much?
Do they?

-
Give me the soreness and ugliness.
You are seemingly the apple of my eye;
Give me the gospel truth.
Give me fidelity.

Shooting Star

How to heal the dingy?
How to heal the darkness?
How to heal the gloom?
Just hitch the wagon to a star.

-
Stars are easy on the eyes
because they twinkle from a distance;
they feign to sparkle
when they are ablaze.

-
I never fathomed why they feigned.
I catch sight of a shooting star.
I failed
I failed to be convinced by the grandeur of a
shooting star,
blazing my longing for this moment to endure.

-
They feign
because they are more willingly to implode
than acquiesce in their hurt
burst upon anyone else.

-
In lieu, they just burn out,
letting the paleness fill their inners,
leaving the sky darker and darker.
Notwithstanding, our naïve eyes are preoccupied
with the ecstasy of life.
All is seemingly to be the same.

-
Just hitch the wagon to a star.
Stars are easy on the eyes
because they are us,
charming to the world
while perishing inside.

Turning over a new leaf

On a journey between the seasons;
Leaves were falling;
falling on the left and right, right and left of the
route.

-
You told me it was the autumn leaves.
I had faith that you wouldn't deceive me;
I thought of you as a kindred spirit;
I was convinced by your sto-- even though the
apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

-
I've gone jack-o-lantern now.
Turning over a new leaf.



Fiction

Valuable gift, thanks Santa

There must be a Santa Claus. Could you think of another word to describe the shift in how people connect throughout the typically dismal winter months? Santa Claus is a catalyst for human goodwill, instilling a genuine concern for our fellow man and bringing us together for this joyous season. Consider how different the World would be if Santa Claus didn't exist. Santa Claus, also known as St. Nick, is one of the most well-known fictional characters globally, and he has touched the hearts of many children. He is renowned for giving presents to children in need. Santa Claus also offers hope to despairing children and smiles to those who have lost theirs. Santa Claus rides in a sleigh pulled by eight reindeer. Children all over the globe wait for his coming while snuggling in their beds, frantically hoping to get a wink of sleep. He manages to satisfy the aspirations of children, dressed in red and with a merry old smile. Santa Claus gives every Christmas season a whole new meaning.

On one of the Christmas nights, I eagerly waited for Santa Claus, hoping to receive the gift I'd always hoped to receive. Eventually, I heard: "Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas!" I saw Santa coming from a distance, flying with his sleigh approaching our chimney, and when he noticed that I saw him, he left immediately, leaving a gift behind. Afterward, I ran towards the chimney and found the gift I'd always wished for!!

Later, I walked to my friend's house to share my happiness with him.

On my way, I saw the poverty of children whose greatest gift would be a crumb of bread, or the very last thing they need is a hug to draw smiles and fill the happiness in their faces. These children were homeless. They were sleeping in the cold weather of Christmas night without any shelter to get warm in. It was a sensitive scene for me watching this poverty in the streets while hoping to get a toy for myself that could help these poor children with their food and needs for a long time.

I couldn't help but feel bad for choosing to get the fanciest toys while other kids suffered the way they did. At that moment, the truth hit me; genuine happiness couldn't be gifted by Santa or anyone else but by putting smiles on the faces of those in desperate need of one. Now regretting my choice, I decided to return home and wait for Santa, hoping he would hear my silent whispers of penitence. My mom told me to go to bed or Santa wouldn't come again. I went to my bed and slept.

Feeling my legs were being tugged, I opened my eyes and saw the long white beard.

"OMG, SANTA!" I said, in a quiet voice, accompanied by tears: "Forgive me. I didn't pick the right choice." But Santa Claus answered with a smile: "Forget that. Tonight, it is my choice, and I chose to spend some time with the best boy in the World, just before I leave you the real gift you've earned for yourself."

The next morning, I found no presents under my Christmas tree, and as I approached my window, I realized that the valuable gift Santa left for me was to have compassion for other children and people.

"We are all unique individuals with strengths and weaknesses, and within each of us lies a precious gift."





In hopes of
my next
journey