



MY MAGNUM OPUS

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WARNING

Character is fictional and any actions
done are fictional.

The Book may portray mental illness,
pedophilia, violence, gore,
sexualization, etc.

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Introduction

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Chapter 1: post nativitatem

I was born in Saudi Arabia April, 22, 2006. I was named “**Mohamed**” after the Muslim prophets name to symbolize a response by my father to the acts done in Denmark at the time -the controversy of the works of **Kurt Westergaard**, the Danish cartoonist that enraged many Muslims- and stayed in **Saudi Arabia** for a year. After leaving Saudi Arabia I stayed in **Egypt** for a short period of time for kindergarten’s first year before moving again to the **United Arab Emirates, Dubai**, and staying there for a large portion of my childhood.

I remember at the time in Egypt when I visited my grandfather’s place, there were protests ongoing due to the rage against **Hosni Mubarak** -current president at the time- which increased the risk for violence and potential use of firearms, I have a vague memory of my grandfather’s balcony being shot that might not be real. I didn’t visit as much, and continued my life in Dubai. it was interesting to see the fall of my country from afar, dictator after dictator, streets full of rubble, distress and sometimes bodies. I was told stories of Egypt’s wealth and greatness but never saw any of it with my own eyes, as the **25 January Revolution** happened I sat in a comfortable chair watching it unravel. Later I watched again as president **Mohamed Morsi** died and as the radicalized group of the **Muslim Brotherhood** spread chaos in Egypt, it was interesting to see all these developments happen while I had a peaceful and quiet life.

In Dubai my life was quiet and peaceful, I was non-social and reserved. Didn’t speak much nor did I do well from an academic stand point, I got Os in everything and was always zoned out due to a habit I used to have. I was what you’d call “detached” from reality, never talking or doing anything, just quietly walking from place to place. I had a habit of day dreaming, I would put myself in an imaginary environment with characters I made up and run different scenarios. I had no friends or any type of human interaction outside of my family and teachers and gradually due to my abnormal behavior, in people’s eyes, and my concerning academic performance I was transferred to the special education system with 1-2 other students mostly taking either one on one classes or classes with 1 or 2 other people.

Special education made it easy for me to score higher grades, they would help me read, write, and sometimes even give me test answers. That didn't make me come out with a better education but it did kick-start my grades to uniformly increase. After school I usually went back with my mother or father until I started using the **Dubai metro system**, and it was amazing. The time I had after school for myself, I loved time alone because I wasn't a big fan of people. I would go to the metro station and eat noodles with flaming hot Cheetos before my train came, my metro card didn't always have money in it so I sometimes jumped the glass barrier and rode the train for free.

My father from time to time would have minor financial issues but we lived among the wealthy, I was comfortable but a little dejected. My life was boring and unsatisfactory. I woke up, ate, went to school, came back from school, watched TV/videos, or studied then slept again and repeated the process the next day.

Since the only two things I did in my life were observe others and daydream, I developed a habit of criticizing people in my thoughts, there habits, clothing, ideologies, etc. I even started criticizing **Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum** -ruler of Dubai- and **Ahmed bin Rashid Al Maktoum** -member of the house of Maktoum- but my parents advised against it because they were supposedly well liked and didn't want there 8-11 year old child showing defying political agendas or for people to not take my criticism lightly and either respond to me aggressively or link it back to my parents.

I continued to criticize people in my head, often negatively as I had an illogical hate for most people equally. I usually kept it to myself but occasionally I would talk to people outside my family, people who would fit the word "acquaintance" more than "friend". One of those "acquaintances" approached me in the metro and had asked me about a few things, I was having fun because I usually never got approached. The conversation went on and it got deep when I started to talk about my hatred for my family, his sister warned me not to tell him anything personal because he'd rush to tell his parents, and I trusted people easily. After I told him my father would scream at me the next day about how I made them look in-front of other people, my parents were obsessed with their reputation which I found pathetic. My father's reaction meant that the "acquaintance" told his parents about me, many situations like this made me realize I'm quite gullible. I started to trust people less easily and think about the situation more, to avoid conflict or getting used.

When I was younger I had an apparent **inferiority complex**, and though I regularly felt inferior to other people, there was one thing that I felt superior at. My morality. I saw myself as a good person surrounded by human scum, as if they were all filth and I was pure. That thought would justify any action I did in my head, as I didn't see others as humans with feelings, I saw them as sickening low lives. I would regularly enjoy imagining horrible things happen to them as a response to me occasionally getting bullied. I had vague memories of people calling me disgusting, I wasn't liked in school nor did 90% of the school even remember my name. I remember a kid with the name **abd el wahed** dragging me by my leg under the student tables creating friction between my clothes and the floor, Being called disgusting in kindergarten and people not wanting to pair with me, and continuously being treated like a abominable human being.

The memories of me being treated badly aren't very trust worthy as I sometimes remember things that never happened which end up making me have feelings of rage over something that never happened. Which is why I never use these things in conversations and just keep it going. In conversations I tend to agree with the other party even if my opinion is different to not show the contradiction or conflict in our differing personalities, I tend to act differently based on the person I'm talking to, to gain likeability. To deceit and use people like this you need to control feelings of empathy and sympathy, which I realized I don't have much of for human beings.

People's distaste for me would regularly make me imagine killing them to satisfy feelings of anger, at first I was very emotional about reactions from other people to me but as I got older I started to care less and become more indifferent to it. I didn't care much for my reputation unless it stopped a goal I had, social consequences were never a fear of mine. Though I wasn't as motivated so I rarely had goals, So my life in Dubai continued to be the same for almost 9-10 years. Every day being a repeat of the day before it with very minor developments in my personality as I didn't even feel alive.

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Chapter 2: in capite meo

My childhood consisted of me constantly day dreaming or sleeping a-lot making me more engulfed in my imagination. The way I dreamed was organized, I had a slightly different planet earth for each type of scenario. All of them were closely packed in a black space but never colliding, Each earth having a layer of transparent barrier separating them from the other planet earths. Each having either slight differences from the original or extreme ones, all scenarios created were based on my current emotional feeling and due to my feelings of inferiority I would always have a very small role to play and would constantly be the victim in any scenario I created.

To others these daydreams would look abnormal as I'd just freeze and start looking at a certain area without shifting views or being aware of my surroundings, I'd rarely blink or answer any one when he talks to me in that state. These dreams were my version of entertainment or passing time as I had almost no interests other than slight ones in **computer science** and the **Hacktivist group Anonymous** - activist and hacktivist collective and movement- that I never built further on.

After some time this daydreaming form of passing time shifted to zoning out on a TV for 70% of the day, creating new forms of entertainment to fill my day as to not feel like time is slowly moving for me due to the lack of anything happening. If I didn't create these distractions I'd be open to reality and would stop being an observer, which at the time was an idea that I was fond of. I later shifted to other forms of digital distractions when I got my first phone, and later became engrossed in YouTube watching video after video slowly falling down the rabbit hole. Every video making me live through other people's lives instead of focusing on my own, I had a fascination with videos about games. This was around the time I left special education and started taking classes with other students, the school started using laptops as part of there program so we'd play games in our free time. through this I developed an obsession with 2 games, **five nights at Freddy's** and **Minecraft**. I started watching playthroughs, mod reviews, challenges, roleplays and etc. This took over most of my day as a new mechanism of wasting time.

my new fascination with games came with a few benefits, I finally had something to socialize about and an excuse to talk to people. I could actually talk to people more often now and not be constantly disinterested in the topic of discussion. For the first time I felt as if I was sentient and not just a shallow corpse going through the motions, I didn't feel like a slave to the notions surrounding me following other people's aspirations. this might be something very minor to other people but to me this was an opening for a-lot of new opportunities.

I no longer had to be just an observer, I could also be part of the actions done as well as spectate there results. I could interact and not look at people like I'm watching a sitcom but be immersed enough to feel like I'm part of it. I may have had many extreme feelings of sadness but I still felt more like an inanimate object even though I was capable of thought and emotions. Though even when I started to interact, my isolation affected it negatively. Because of my isolation I've developed slow responses, issues with trust, impulsiveness, a hard time understanding tones and people's emotions.

This was a setback to my evolution, it made my social interactions awkward or abnormal, I'd usually mimic what other people did instead of creating my own conversation. I still wasn't as immersed as other people so I had to follow there steps because I had no idea what "normal" was in a conversation or how an average interaction should be.

I think what made me so indifferent was my special education as it isolated me from the rest of the students and affected my way of thinking as I had a more delayed development due to my lack of human interaction, and my isolation from the rest of the world. Through my childhood years I didn't leave my house much, I had only a few specified destinations that I'd go to through out the day: school, the metro, and home.

Though there were 2 other places my mother would take me, those places were the mosque and **Al Khor park** where her Muslim friends would gather at and make events and contests. She'd essentially force me to go to groups so I can memorize verses and sections in the **Quran**, which I didn't mind at first but later on started finding its repetitive nature repulsive though I couldn't say it out loud because that would show a sort of betrayal because I wouldn't be as religious as my parents were. Not that I cared about my parent's reaction, I just didn't want to start an avoidable conflict.

I had more firm and rigid religious beliefs when I was younger so it took me a very long time to be capable of telling my mother I didn't want to go, I didn't want to seem like I had skepticism in god or Muslim beliefs. Eventually I would tell her I didn't want to go and I'd gradually stop praying, I had stopped being as religious as I used to but I still believed in god and the core values of Islam.

From then on my visits to the mosque would become less common and I would slowly forget my Muslim teachings, I would become less educated on my religion and focus on other distractions to pass the time. Though out of fear I would sometimes go and pray to lessen my chances of going to hell, my beliefs stayed visible throughout my childhood.

I'd also stop going with my mother to the park gatherings because I was too socially inept for the gatherings to have any type of positive effect on my mental state. The problem created by my special education that made me abnormal.

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Chapter 3: specialis

My special education got assigned to me because of a new addition to my old school, her name was **Maya**. She approached me taking me out of class then pressured me asking who annoys me in class, I kept saying nobody did but since she would keep on asking and not believing me I lied so she would leave me alone. I did an act of me crying then made up things about students that never did anything to me, she believed it and went to class calling out all the students I mentioned. I didn't care for the consequences the students would have on something they didn't do as it didn't effect me directly.

After that with agreement from the principle Maya transferred me into special education with another student, I don't remember his name but he was very hostile and didn't like me looking at him. Whenever I'd look at him he'd ask why I was looking at him aggressively then he'd say that he "isn't my lover" so I should stop looking so much.

This was what originally made me so isolated, **Maya** would assign me to teachers. She made me continue to study in this system until she left the school against my mother's wishes, she might've thought I was mentally unwell even though I didn't show signs of mental illness from my point of view. The way I saw it she was gathering up children to up her career while affecting the students chosen without testing or any proof for a need of special education, but that was ok. Making money on other people's discomfort was understandable since any job would need a certain level of coldness for a decision or choice.

My constant isolation didn't fully make me indifferent, I didn't have feelings for certain interests other people had but I was very sensitive. I'd cry easily and had no control over my emotions, I was impulsive and easily enraged, saddened or cheered. My mood swings weren't as visible in my childhood but they later would cause many episodes.

Even though I was sensitive I didn't have much emotional attachment to anything except my mother, I had a-lot of love for my mother when I was 1-7 even asking her to marry me. Of course at the time I didn't understand the taboo implications and had pure intentions, regardless this obsessive love for my mother didn't last.

My mother has always had anger issues and wasn't the best at dealing with children, throughout our study sessions she'd regularly call me an idiot and undermine my intelligence. I was scared of the dark at that age she'd sleep in with me in bed because I was scared but she'd leave after a little bit with an excuse she made up and lied saying she'd come back, She never came back and I'd be too scared to sleep. My mother was Neglectful of me emotionally and was very verbally hostile, I remember that one time she made my brothers tie me up and left me tied up crying. She later came and untied me giving me juice and trying to apologize for tying me up.

Her acts of kindness were very rare as she'd constantly insult me, it felt like she had more interest for material possessions then my own safety. whenever something broke on me she'd be more worried about it stating its pricing and would never check if I was injured. Her personality was repulsive since I had to hear her screaming 24/7 in our apartment, she was easy to anger and would constantly fight with anyone she talked to unless they got along.

I developed an immense disgust for my mother, on the other hand with my father there was not even an existent relationship. we rarely talked, but my father was exceptional. I had a fear of him when I was a child but later realized he's soft and understanding.

My relationships with others were just as unsuccessful, in kindergarten nobody would pair up with me in classes because they were disgusted by me. Only a girl called **Dana** would pair with me because the teachers would give bonus grades for whoever did, she'd take advantage of the fact that I wasn't well liked to her own benefit. When I entered higher levels of education I was still not well liked. I was incapable of creating any kind of lasting relationship that was meaningful in any way. It was mostly because of my disgusting habits and body fat.

I was born in a household with me, 3 brothers, 1 sister and my parents. Due to our big family our apartment wasn't the quietest place, I'd constantly have intense headaches strong enough to make me scream. I didn't like loud noises, and our family produced a-lot of that with them constantly fighting. Having a large family wasn't enjoyable since it hindered our collective financial growth and created an unpleasant environment.

The only pleasant relationship I had was with my grandpa which eventually died, when he did my brothers and sister laughed and kept playing card games and nobody was effected. I saw that as dishonorable so I tried to force out a cry at night but it barely worked, I was surprised because me and my grandfather had the best relationship I've ever had yet I moved on almost instantly. through out years I've realized that I don't have much of a reaction to people's death, people moving on and separating from my life or much of any of that. I moved on easily, not like there was a choice in my head other than moving forward. I wasn't one to grief which was proven by other deaths, I didn't have a fear for other people's death but I was highly aware of my mortality and terrified of my death.

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Chapter 4: A Trip in Portsaid

Portsaid city is where my family mainly originates from, Portsaid extends along the coast of the **Mediterranean**. Portsaid has **the Suez Canal** which is a trade route Egypt uses that connects to the **Red Sea**, it isn't a natural route and was artificially made.

Portsaid wasn't the safest place as it had a history of riots, and a constant outbreak of violence between teen demographics, but it was still a pleasant place to be in and had a-lot of things to see. Before my grandfather died we visited him at a time where the riots stopped.

My cousin would visit me at my grandfather's place when we came around, we loved to play with **sawareekh** and smash glass bottles against walls so they'd break into shards. There was one time my cousin tricked me and convinced me to keep a **saroukh** in my hand even though we lit the fuse, it exploded in my hand and it got swollen. I had no hard feelings for him since I wasn't one to care at the time, I still enjoyed playing with sawareekh though and wanted more. On one of our visits I took some money from my grandfather to buy some from the **kushk** (كوشك) we had under my grandfather's place, but instead of going to the kushk I followed a stray cat. I had a fascination with animals, so I couldn't help but want to see it up close, I followed it into an alleyway that had so many aggressive strays. When I entered the alleyway they all hissed at me than ran in my direction trying to scratch me and jump me, I ran trying not to get injured as a horde of them pursued me. I ran till I fell on shards of glass, one of these shards was deeply inserted into my knee creating a visible gap and starting innumerable flows of blood out of my knee. I kept walking with this injury for hours across Port Said, I went so far that I passed 1 or more neighborhoods. I started approaching a wooden looking fence, on its right there was a group sitting on a black car: One was a midget, the others were average height, and had necklaces and chains. They saw me approaching with my bleeding injury, one of them picked me up and helped me on his motorcycle, he passed many places asking around if anyone knew me. One of the people he asked was the owner of the kushk we had under my grandfather's place, he carried me and delivered me to my grandfather's place. When I came back my mother wasn't pleased with my actions and would scream at me before aggressively cleaning my wound, I would stay with that gap in my knee for a while.

We went to Egyptian doctors but they said I didn't have anything, when we came back to Dubai my father pulled out a huge bloodied piece of glass out of my knee. This made me realize how untrustworthy Egyptian doctors are, they told me there was nothing wrong with my knee which if not doubted could've made me ignore it. If I ignored it then the injury would've healed and the glass shard would've faltered my leg movements for the rest of my life.

This visit was the last visit I made to Port Said before my grandfather died, I wasn't even there to witness his death nor did we visit any type of memorial or funeral. Life moved on like he never even existed.

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Chapter 5: Later Life

I was in the double digits now, it couldn't go on with me constantly either completely isolated from society, beaten or fucking humiliated. I didn't want to incorporate into the dynamic of children that can't treat me with basic human decency in the first place, of course I could work on myself but is that really needed for morals to apply to my person?

I didn't have as much empathy as an average person but I've always taken care of my mannerisms, my etiquette, and I've been polite. I can't even remember if all these memories are true or I just like victimizing myself, the feeling that I'm the one being wronged not the offender. Some of the few memories I have from childhood are beatings, not from my father or mother but from other students. Going to school was the worst experience I could have because even after I stopped getting beat I was transferred to special education and couldn't even be perceived as slightly normal, when they had activities, parties, gifts, classes I'd only get to see the finished after math of there average day. I wasn't even average, I was blank, less then average. I was stuck in this repetitive loop of self loathing and basic human responsibility. I never had an outing at the time that wasn't forced, for family, or school related.

I couldn't have a bad or good personality, a personality barely even existed. Its ok, I was finally out of special education after Maya left. I can remember when I told that lie about the kids annoying me before she transferred me to special education, one of the kids I lied about was called **Rachid** and he kept saying that he didn't do anything. I said I felt indifferent about it but in truth it felt good.

There is one difference now that I was out of special education, I felt less... bad? I still remember a few moments of ridicule like when kids told me how unlikeable I was and I'd cry in the car then my mother would go to school and tell them because the students made me cry, which I didn't like because it made me feel weak and made my inferiority obvious in-front of my classmates. Being emotional isn't something to be proud of and I knew that. then at home I had to keep up with less educated insufferable parents with a mom that has such a high ego I think she needs mental help. She fucking tied me up in a room then left for hours if not most of the day, it was so tight when I tried to get out I couldn't and fell a few times, hit my head and accidentally aggressively bumped into a few things.

BUT its ok, it wasn't that bad. I was just dramatic and liked to play depressed, of course all these problems were simple so they didn't have to escalate so much that I was isolated enough not to be able to incorporate into human society if I had someone to talk to, I didn't have someone to talk to so I talked to myself. I told me I was being over-dramatic and that my childhood was blossoming compared to other people, I told me that any problems I had were just a minor inconvenience and I should just man-up... he was right.

I told me my short comings with bad hygiene and my horrible diet that made me overweight, he said that the reason I wasn't liked was my lack of care for myself and my annoying personality and oversensitivity. I helped me care less about these moments of personal failure, he'd remind me of times like when I shat myself in class when I was younger. He liked to point out my failures and show me that I was at fault for my treatment, I made sense to me.

So I talked to me about how I wanted some affection from my mother instead of talking to a brick wall, That I wanted to feel her chest in a motherly embrace. he said I didn't need it. That was the end of our conversation, and I liked me a-lot. I knew about my suicide attempt when I was 9-11 years old, my sister had gone in the bathroom and attempted suicide by choking... it was interesting to watch my dad break the door and stop her. After she did it I thought I should try too, to me at the time it was an amazing discovery that I realized I can quit life at any given moment I wanted. I went in the bathroom and started choking myself to death, though unlike my sister nobody even noticed me gone after hours upon hours of time spent in the bathroom of me contemplating suicide. I told me that I was a pussy, that I relished in victimizing and over dramatizing my life.

I kept complaining to me, I tried looking for problems that I couldn't control. Like how I was born with an under average penis and lack of certain hormones which would make me grow less hair when I was older and make me grow fat in a way that wouldn't look right on a man, I was scared of being perceived as feminine or that somebody would find out my laughable size and how it was so small I had to pull it out because it would sometimes fall into the inside of the skin. He told me my contradiction in thought, how I always prided myself about not caring what other people thought though my argument now shows vulnerability and insecurity. He was right, I'm a pussy.

My extreme headaches started going away, I no longer heard strong rings of sound in my ear followed by extreme pain in my brain. I finally opened my eyelids fully, almost like a glare but with no ill intention. I have always looked at everything with a slight squint but now I can see so many more views that were unavailable to my eyes.

My surroundings almost looked like they had a grey tint usually from all my negativity, but I could see vibrant warm and cold colors now. I actually had some energy for once, I felt as if I was high. I didn't get any hallucinations before sleep of things entering my room, well it would be more accurate to call them child imagination... maybe as a result of my lack of sleep. Regardless I didn't have to see imaginary scenes play out before sleep, that didn't mean I would easily sleep as I always had problems with sleep. I'd need 1-2 hours to be able to sleep, and usually need to highly exhaust myself or I could stay awake to 3-4 hours before I can go to sleep... but I still slept better without a scene playing out in-front of me.

My special education was over and done with, I was happy. I started going to normal classes and me socializing was usually restricted to games or something lighthearted, I could finally talk to people and I even made my first friend that I still remember. His name was **Yousif Sarmad** or what foreigners would call him "**Joseph**", he used a hearing aid and would usually have problems with it breaking or him bleeding. He talked weirdly and had a stutter, he was deaf. I don't remember much about him other than that, the reason I said he's the first friend I "remember" is because I've been told I had others. My mother showed me photos of people I don't recognize, it was easy for me to forget there existence. I guess a good way of describing it is that most are expendable to me, they can be replaced. Like a neighbor of ours that I left my parents for before and they kept looking for me thinking I went missing, and now I don't even know his name or what he looks like.

The last 2 years or 1 in Dubai felt good, I was finally talking to people and going to normal classes. It was also around the time I noticed I've lived and still feel like I don't have enough to show that I have. There was no proof I even existed as a human being other than legal paperwork, I had no personality, no connections, no social skills, no accomplishments, and no ambitions or dreams. My abnormalities made me jealous of my siblings who had normal lives from what I saw, pictures of them with friends and seeing them hangout with people and have interests.

My Mother was white with black hair and a tint of brunette, my father like most of us was olive-toned or brownish tanned. He worked in the clothing industry, I think he was an executive manager. My oldest brother had most of his traits from my mother, he was the only Caucasian sibling I had. He regularly worked out and was fit, he'd boast about his muscles. he had long curly black hair that he took good care of, and wore glasses. He was athletic and liked playing football, and would take me with him sometimes. My second oldest brother was skinny and tan, not proud to say he's a rapper.

He had this expensive mike and setup he'd use to record himself singing then make music in **FL studio**. My sister was a generic Muslim girl, she used to have Barbies which repulsed me. I always removed there clothing to check the texture of plastic they had because I'm not a fan of certain types of plastic, like certain products made with **polystyrene plastic**.

After my sister in order, Was me. There was nothing notable to say about me, I was the youngest child. I wanted a younger brother badly so I finally had someone to talk to, so I kept nagging my mother about the concept of her getting another child. After some time she was pregnant with my little brother. That was the extent of my family besides my mother's first failed pregnancy where the child died, we were a large family so if my father lost his job we'd have an issue immediately. I got to experience 1 or 2 years outside of special education before the company my dad worked in went bankrupt. At the time our family got separated, my father and 2 oldest brothers stayed in Dubai and me, my sister, little brother, and mother went to Egypt. I was still in my inflated episode of happiness when we got there.

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Chapter 6: Masr

Egypt is one of if not the richest country in terms of history, with its history going before 3100 BC. Its unification was recorded 3100 BC with the **Predynastic Egyptian era**, where civilization started taking root in the **Nile valley** making Egypt one of the first ever civilizations in man kind. The **Great Pyramid of Giza** was built in Egypt, one of the seven wonders of the world, just as many other great monuments were left behind from ancient Egypt.

At 3150 BC specifically the unification between lower and upper Egypt was established under the **pharaoh Narmer**, and us Egyptians kept ruling until the **Achaemenid Empire** came along and colonized Egypt. Which was just the start of a history of getting colonized, Later **Alexander the great** came and took control of Egypt in place of the Achaemenid empire establishing the **Macedonian Empire**, then came the **Hellenistic Ptolemaic Kingdom**, then the **romans** conquered us after **queen Cleopatra** killed herself (according to popular belief) and stayed as a mistress to **Julius Caesar**, and was never recognized as his wife. Cleopatra was the last leader of the Hellenistic Ptolemaic Kingdom. The list goes on with colonizers, as we got colonized by everyone.

Ancient Egypt's history is grand so I'll just say a few highlights, after the Romans conquered Egypt, **Christianity** came to Egypt and replaced Egyptian religion. The **Sasanian Empire** then came and with it many Muslim dynasties and **khilafahs**, **Mameluke** took control. Not long after that Egypt was absorbed into the **Ottoman Empire** then came the occupation of the **French** with **Napoleon Bonaparte's massacres**, but after French occupation Egypt became the **Khedivate of Egypt** then the **British** came and occupied Egypt.

As you can see it almost felt like a running gag how many non-egyptians were in control of us. Of course at some point **Cairo** was established as the capital before the Ottoman empire and the Suez Canal was built in Port Said which was what gradually led to British occupation. After that Egypt finally gets its independence with **King Fuad I** with the Egyptian revolution after **World War 1** becoming **The Kingdom of Egypt**, of course the British still had some control over Egypt. Later the **Modern Republic of Egypt** was created. If you couldn't tell from me rambling about Egypt's history, I loved it. I was obsessed with Egypt and its history, I would sometimes beg my father to make us live in Egypt- I wanted some fucking action. Of course I wasn't aware of Egypt's modern history and its corruption, a brief of it is that after the modern republic of Egypt was established- motherfucker **Gamal Abd el Nasser** was president, the guy that overthrew the monarchy with **Muhammad Najib** with a coup and replaced **King Farouk**. He aligned himself with **The Soviet Union** and created the **Arab Socialist Union**, as if we fucking needed communists aligned with Egypt but I guess he did build the **Nile River Dam at Aswan**. Then again the 2 wars he started with **Israel** went shit for us ignoring his authoritarianism. He was an important part of our independence and focused on the **North Yemen Civil War** and the **Arab Cold War**, and was part of the formation of the **United Arab Republic** with **Syria**. **Anwar Sadat** re-instituted the multi-party system, regained the **Sinai Peninsula** that Israel occupied then initiated a peace treaty with Israel and Egypt. After that came president Hosni Mubarak, the dipshit that stayed president for 30 years and cashed in by stealing from the country's money and making his heritage rich as fuck while fucking over all of Egypt and indirectly creating violence because of the riots just for his own benefit. The population is too retarded to hate him for it saying things like "he might've stolen from us but we had food on the table when he was in power, better than our position now with president Abdel Fattah El-Sisi" but they removed him after the 2011 revolution. At the time the Muslim Brotherhood that was originally founded by **Hassan al-Banna** had a-lot of power in Egypt and president Mohamed Morsi went into power, Mohamed Morsi was essentially elected by the Muslim Brotherhood as he was a member so they can use him as a puppet to their agendas.

Mohamed Morsi was the first democratically elected president, but the group behind him was an Islamic extremist organization. Islamic Extremism was a problem in Egypt which was obvious because of the bombings of the 2 **Coptic** churches in **Alexandria** and **Tanta**, and the attack on the cathedral complex in Cairo. Groups like **Ansar Bayt al-Maqdis** existed, the **Salafist party** and **Hizb al-Nour** appeared but the Muslim brotherhood dominated Egypt. All of which would try to take advantage and create an **Islamic state**, Morsi was the step in the Muslim brotherhood had after **Khairat el-Shater** was disqualified. Morsi studied material science in **University of Southern California** and during his time in **America** he was disgusted because of casual male on female interactions, Morsi would deny 9/11 and would indirectly blame it on the Jews. He'd tell people not to pay attention to media because it was false, **I also don't like casual interactions between men and women but his conspiracy theories are why I have to be around so many retards now always thinking the Jews are behind everything.** After ruling for a year Morsi was sentenced and died in court, then one of the people involved in overthrowing Morsi would run in the elections.

Abdel Fattah El-Sisi had become president, and that's where we are now... after my family separated into two my father would send us money from Dubai as we lived in Egypt, when we first came we started applying for schools. At the time I was starting to realize the corruption in Egypt when I tried to apply to some schools and was told I needed a "**wasta**", a **wasta** is someone or something that gets you to pass. As an example you have a sibling that has some kind of position within the school, with that sibling you can get in.

After doing tests in a-lot of schools I settled on **Qaitbay international school** which I assumed was named after **Sultan Abu Al-Nasr Sayf ad-Din Al-Ashraf Qaitbay** or the **Qaitbay Citadel**, the educational year hadn't started yet and we started settling into our new apartment in **New Cairo's 5th settlement** which wasn't yet furnished. The room I stayed was empty except for a fan I got with me and a camping bed, we didn't have a router yet, my day consisted of me zoning out and playing **Shadow Fight 2** waiting for us to get Wi-Fi or for the educational year to start.

After some time and getting a router, my year in Qaitbay finally started. My first day I tried to sit in the back to not have as many people around me, the class was filled and they all seemed familiar with each other. I didn't mind not talking to anyone, I was used to it. Later I became acquaintance with 2 students, **Abd el Malek** and **Amr**, I didn't see them as much of friends but they were the people I talked to.

At the time I didn't completely get over my habit of zoning out, but I started doing it less because I had people to talk to. I still didn't talk as much so some of my classmates thought I was mute and were surprised when they heard my voice, my school year at qaitbay was uneventful... but my habits were getting worse.

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Chapter 7: habits

Ever since I was a kid I've had weird habits. I guess one of them was picking out my nose, I hated it when it was filled with nose mucus that can later dry up and make my nose uncomfortable or effect breathing- **stop**. One of my habits was, well. I used to scratch myself so hard over my body till I started to bleed, mosquitos loved me and I would scratch behind them till it opened up. I did it so much my legs looked horrid, as if I was sick and I relished in the smell of blood that came out every time. After some time they didn't even need to be mosquitos, I'd just be itchy and have this urge to scratch. I'd keep scratching till the skin peeled off. I later developed another habit of eating the scabs of my wounds when I grew older.

During my time in Qaitbay this habit was at its worst, and then I picked up a new kind of addiction. In Qaitbay my time was short and nothing notable happened, I was still not well liked. I was weird and not everyone liked that, My only highlight was when I was playing with my acquaintance Abd el malek I had a episode. There was this game we were playing, when I found him I jokingly pulled up the chair to signify a threat... for some reason my head completely went blank when I raised it, I had no recollection of what was happening or why he was on the floor. I walked forward and was going to beat him with the chair before the whole class tried to hold me off but I kept walking, I wanted to beat him so bad even though there were no rational reasons to. Later I got sent to the principle's office and **she kept nagging me, I didn't remember much shit about what was happening so I said the only thing I remember... he said jokingly "I'm gonna hit you"**, not that time but he did it before. Couldn't let a lil shit say that, someone that's borderline inferior to me. I had to be higher and he had to be lower, I lied and bullshitted with the principle and it went along with out anything happening since I was stopped before I can beat him with the chair.

Since I was in my pre-teen years and teens developed “crushes” I thought it would make me seem normal if I had established feelings for a girl of my choosing so any other weird habits would be ignored. I chose one that was blonde, blue eyes, and caucasian which was what I preferred. Then the class played games and I found out my classmate Amr liked her, of course I didn’t care since to me “crushes” were childish, she was a name kept in my mind just as proof I didn’t have abnormal preferences if anybody asked so I had no concerns.

This was around the time we took sexual reproduction in 6th grade, at the time I didn’t know what sex was. I found out because of the unusual reaction my classmates had to the lesson, I didn’t search it because I was told not to at first but later I was redirected through a website to a live porn site. I saw lives of women, opened one where she had a bikini on, I’d constantly tell her in the chat to show me her “private parts”. At the time I wasn’t aware what I was feeling, I kept telling her to show me before she sent a message “you show me yours first” **then I pulled my dick out and kept wiggling that shit in-front of the camera** until I realized it wasn’t a shared live. I kept going through lives until I found some lives with women that had a zoomed in camera shots at there **vaginas while they played with some weird ass piece of plastic that looked like a pacifier from the back**, it was my first time seeing female genitals, I thought they had a penile organ like males.

I switched to non-live porn videos, the first one I saw was a stepmother video, the man in the video did something that I was unaware of. He started stroking his genitals and moving his hands on it in an up and down motion, I tried doing the same. I kept doing it till a white transparent liquid like sticky substance was dispensed, I didn’t know what was happening but it was pleasurable. Although I was unaware at the time I was in my growing period so my sexual urges would go wild, I didn’t understand but kept doing it for pleasure until I finished and started feeling immense amounts of shame and disgust.

Since I was a kid I had no idea what sexual intercourse was, at first I would derive pleasure from kissing challenges on YouTube. Then I would watch kissing scenes from movies, after some time I discovered foot worship on YouTube. These videos would pleasure me mentally but I wanted more, instead of the kissing being mouth to mouth I wanted it to be involved with genitals... at first I didn’t know that was actually a thing, so after my discovery of porn and masturbation I was addicted.

Although I always had a distaste for women I was more aroused in videos where women would be dominant sexually, but still polite and somewhat caring. My distaste for women first started when I was in kindergarten, they’d always walk around with their long hair and it would cover my food which ruined my appetite and made me throw it away.

Then it turned more into hate as I grew up, I wasn't treated nicely by them. Whenever I'd zone out to pass time and my eye accidentally goes there direction they'd make a big deal out of it as if I'm a fucking freak checking them out, they flattered themselves I'd rather think of a chair. An inanimate object would be more appealing. Of course I knew it was irrational to hate a whole gender just because of my bad experiences with a small majority including my mother, but hate isn't rational its a subjective emotion and I couldn't help it. I've always been self aware of my flaws, I simply choose to indulge them because its thrilling. I didn't see it as an obligation to have objectively rational habits since I found most people to be contradicting to the notion of objectiveness, but these habits at my young age didn't concern me. Sexual interests and fetishes were normal for pre-teens and up, some feelings of hatred for the opposite sex weren't unheard of in middle school years, and the scratching was mostly due to insect allergies but got out of hand. What concerned me was that my habits got worse and worse.

Those weren't the only types of habits I developed in my pre-teen years, I learned to sometimes get what I want through pity. I'd cry and they'd see vulnerability, then they'd respond with empathy. I used it in a social studies exam that I didn't write anything in and they let me repeat it, of course I was normally sensitive so I didn't have to fake it most of the time. This method has flaws as it wouldn't always work depending on the recipient, it ruined self image, and it needed helping factors like the presence of a guardian sometimes for them to have some kind of reaction.

Most of these habits were in the innocent stage and didn't turn as bad but small habits can eventually develop into bad personality traits like most of mine did. one of my more innocent ones: I had a weird sense of gratification if I ever defied a teacher or any sense of authority though I didn't do it a-lot. Back in Dubai when kids used to bully me they'd take my pencil case and throw around my stuff trying to make me catch it then throw it again, the teachers would talk to me instead of them when I tried to take my stuff back because I was causing a disturbance so when they'd tell me to sit or do something and I said "no" I was in deep satisfaction. I was a pushover so I didn't get to throw around the word "no" that much, so when I did it was almost like a dirty pleasure.

My last one was developing some anger issues, my anger issues would only surface when I came back home. I'd be quiet and passive at school but wouldn't be able to control myself when I came back, most of it was usually directed to my mother but it could go around.

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Chapter 8: Qaitbay

When I first went to Qaitbay they made me repeat 6th grade because of a technicality, they told me I was a few months too young even though some other people applied to other schools with a younger age and didn't repeat. I knew it was bullshit but didn't get why'd they do it, extra money for the repeated year on top of the other years? but it wasn't a sure thing I'd stay at the school.

In school not much happened from my side other then occasionally talking to people, and I hated it when people called me out for it. My English teacher would critic me sometimes saying my English wasn't that good even though I had become more fluent in it then my native language, which pissed me off. Hearing that from a white blonde faggot sounding motherfucker wasn't fun, he'd call the chicks in my class "cuties" which made me wanna vomit. What made me really humiliated is when he said in the middle of class in-front of everyone that I don't have friends and asked why, I was intimidated by the question so I lowered my voice and said "I have a-lot of friends online" which was also a lie and a little pathetic.

Most the male students had the same interest in my class: **Fortnite**, Clans, and Football. They collectively made a clan called **Egy Clan** and posted kill montage videos on YouTube. I got interested in Fortnite too, I started playing early chapter season 2-4 but began seriously playing in the 6th season. I played Fortnite every day on an **iphon 6s** and made a YouTube channel called **CyberDeer** where I posted gameplay and memes, of course it was low quality and bad. I continued even though I wasn't any good at it because it was the first time I had an interest, the other students found out about it when I made an inaudible reaction video to there Egy Clan. My acquaintance Abd el Malek told me to delete the video because it had his Fortnite ID, he only said that because he didn't want his clan associated with my channel. I mostly went with what others did, just trying to do the same I guess. In Qaitbay I still had my habit of crying and pity hunting, when I was playing in our football field. My classmates approached and made some people leave but I stayed and demanded I play too, they knew my sensitivity so they let me get goals and dribble past them. I noticed they let me win on purpose so I cried to alert someone to come and make them play normally. I always got what I wanted that way at the time, of course it felt like I was a pre-teen with the Behaviorisms of a 5 year old.

I was dying for a connection, I actually felt a little lonely that's why I did things to try and force people into talking to me. I remember there was this girl that got surprised when she heard me talk for the first time, she thought I didn't talk or I guess couldn't, she was also the same person that asked "are you crazy?" when I tried to beat my acquaintance Abd el Malek with a chair.

I was the laughing stock, and I was pathetic and desperate but the only thing in Qaitbay that made me feel somewhat special were my grades. I got straight As and was very academically capable except when it came to subjects taught in Arabic, I never had a good basis on my native language, kids in my class used to communicate in **Franco**. Franco was a language created to text Arabic letters and words in the English language and numbers, how it worked "ج" =5 , "خ" =3 , "ع" for example and etc. The rest was English letters that resembled counterparts in Arabic which was also how I learned that Arabic numbers are "0123456789" even though all Arabs used numbers more likely developed by Indians "٠١٢٣٤٥٦٧٨٩" as their native numbers, This is why when you switch from Arabic to English the numbers stay the same. Our Arabic numbers were spread throughout the English speaking world but they are actually of Arabic origin.

I didn't know how to write in Franco yet so I used to text in English, didn't write much on the class' WhatsApp group because I wasn't as familiar with any of them to talk regularly. Most of my 2 years in Qaitbay were spent studying more than interacting with people, I started developing frustrations. I'd always come back home to my mom fighting and screaming about something, so I'd indulge and do the same with her everyday. Sometimes it would go out of hand, one time we were fighting and I pushed her to the ground. I pushed both her and my brother and got ready to **beat the living shit out of her** but I stopped myself, if I beat a woman especially my mom it would be made out into a big deal. I was having problems with these frustrations, it was hard to just sit without breaking something but I held it in. So whenever I'd be frustrated I'd calm down through Masturbation, of course that wasn't enough to stop my fights with my father. My mother and father used to constantly fight in Dubai, their relationship was one of the most toxic relationships I've seen with my own eyes, now that my father didn't live with us I was the one all the fighting was directed towards other than some other smaller fights with my sister and little brother.

The more I got frustrated, the more I masturbated and got addicted. I'd masturbate to my classmates, teachers, family members, porn-stars, art, cartoons, and worse. My fetishes and content that aroused me got weirder and weirder, of course this would never go anywhere except behind closed doors so nobody knew about it.

Masturbating was the only thing I could do to calm down, but sometimes I'd draw. It didn't help calm me down, but it helped pass the time. I started trying to look for my old drawing canvas and its wooden stand from Dubai, but I didn't find it.

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Chapter 9: memoriae

I asked my mother and she said they left it, when we moved to Egypt they left some things that they didn't move here with us. One of them was my drawing canvas which I had so many ideas for, I was **pissed**. Drawing was the only thing I was good at, since I was a kid in Dubai I'd do line art, doodles, concept art and sketches in class since I had nothing else to do. One of my teachers noticed this and gave me an invitation to a contest that had kids my age that was full of students from other schools, but when I came there I found out it was just a timed coloring contest which I saw as childish since it had no complex elements or shading to it and had a base drawing in place.

I used to draw mostly pencil sketches with **finger blend pencil shading** or **hatching**, but when my mother got me the canvas I was happy I could do an actual painting and not just traditional pencil stuff. Then I had no idea what to draw, so I tried to imitate images off Google for game characters. My mother said they were bad so I stopped and stored it for later, I thought that when we got to Egypt I'd work on it till I found out they left it. Most of our stuff was moved to our apartment in Port Said and the rest to the one in Cairo, but a-lot of stuff was either lost or left behind.

I had a-lot of free time remember old things in Qaitbay, how 80% of my day was having a headache from my parents fighting, and my mother's hobby. My mother's hobby was sewing and creating custom **Abayat** which got us some more money on the side, and made her get connections and the branding "**Rumaisa2**" named after my older sister. My dad's salary was also great in Dubai but it was ok since he still sent us money while we lived in Egypt, but living in Egypt still felt like I fell from grace.

Without my canvas I felt **pissed** off and continued fighting with my mother day in and day out, she'd always threaten me with calling my father **as if I was gonna be scared of a man that isn't currently living in the same country**. It wasn't fun to have a person I have so much hate for constantly in my ear, and she didn't have any benefits to make up for her **shitty personality**. She wasn't responsible and had awful communication skills with her children.

After some time we did a visit to my brothers and father in Dubai, we came into our old apartment at the time they were changing apartments. We stay there with them for a little bit, I went back to the room I used to watch all the kissing challenges and foot worship videos in. When I realized nobody would be coming into the room I started dry-humping one of the my mother's mannequins that she used to display her Abayat in **bazaars** or fairs, we were in a high rise apartment which had a huge glass window wall that was an open view. I got naked not being able to control my urges even though the window was right there, I started aggressively humping the mannequin even though the window was directed towards the street in-front of us. The windows were not easy to see through from the other side and there were only cars outside, so nobody could see while I continued to **fuck it non-stop for a little while**.

After that we went to there new apartment in the same complex, it was much smaller then the original one. We didn't stay long before we came back to Egypt, it was such an obvious comparison between the high-rise apartments, expensive cars of Dubai and the 4 floor apartments of the 5th settlement with the unbalanced roads.

After staying in Qaitbay for my repeated 6th grade year and the 7th grade, I kept complaining to my parents about there horrible educational system and the lack of English fluency. Even though I was getting straight As in most classes, I thought I'd have a better education somewhere else. My mother didn't mind since the school had some things she didn't like, like that she heard the kids were smoking something in the bathrooms, like the accident she heard of about a male student taking pictures of a girl in the bathroom, how roughed up the building was. The dividers between the urinals were destroyed and anybody can watch what's happening in the next one over, and some bathroom doors wouldn't close.

My mother decided they'd change schools for me, this was around the time our father came back to start living with us and my mother again but my brothers stayed in Dubai. The only thing I thought I was going to miss was my "friendship" with Amr, Amr would always say he's my friend and I'd deny it. He would sit with me sometimes, it was the first time I had a relationship that somebody wanted me but I didn't want them... It felt empowering.

I'd say my life was easier after I left Qaitbay, but Egypt wasn't a place where things got easier.

VOLUME 1

Chapter 10: Life in Egypt

When I came to Egypt I didn't expect it to be in this state, Qaitbay wasn't the best but it was better than other schools. I was humiliated a-lot there, I remember this kid motioned humping from my back side in-front of another classmate while I was up against the white-board. I was humiliated and snitched to my mother and the teachers, and it wasn't something that's liked. Being a snitch. I snitched a-lot when I was in Qaitbay which must've been one of the reasons I was repulsive, other than the fact I was overly sensitive, somewhat delusional, and pathetic.

Qaitbay generally had some rumors which didn't make it very enticing as a school, so I wasn't as disappointed when I left it. It was all I expected from Egypt, the country that is dominated by its military. Not a single thing in Egypt would satisfy you if you weren't just a tourist or foreigner, the laws aren't even used as much as they are said.

The military is one of the forces dominating Egypt, they make it mandatory in Egypt so that all males from 18-30 with male siblings are forced to serve 1-3 years in the military. They'll write about Egypt as a democracy but it's more of a totalitarianism, all presidents that rise do it through sketchy methods. President El SiSi will always deny his political prisoners but we all know he has them, no word would describe him better than dictator. It's become a running gag in Egypt to not talk about El SiSi because someone might be listening on calls and conversations. Of course nobody usually listens on calls, we just made that joke mostly because free speech isn't much of a thing in Egypt, and informants for president El SiSi are actually across Egypt.

The whole country is run on bribes and wastas. Judges get bribed, police get bribed to let offenses slide. If you get a fine that's worth 3000 **Egyptian Pounds** you can give the officer in question 100-200 Egyptian pounds or less and he'll act like he didn't see a thing, not that laws are even taken seriously usually.

Most laws are either ignored or not enforced. Traffic is a mess, roads are unbalanced, and they were full of holes and abnormalities. Traffic laws were rarely inforced and cars could go in reverse to the road direction usually with no consequences, and if you were the son of someone with a high position in the military, police, or **El Amn El Watani (The National Security Agency, El Mukhabarat)** you don't get stopped at a Kameen.

You could get away with a-lot of things as long as your father was something, and if somebody died or something happened they'd care more and give more coverage and more of a reaction over someone of status. Of course with the lack of enforcement of laws and unfair double standards crime always rises including murder, kidnapping, blackmail, and theft to fraud either caused by that or our diminished economy.

Violence constantly broke out in Egypt, from street fights to more familiar matters. Constant conflicts over the things that didn't deserve it, murder in the streets, physical injuries probably over something much simpler. Not to mention the synthesized drug problem in Egypt, the spread of: **Bango (cannabis herb), hashish (Cannabis), Stroxs, Voodoo**, and etc.

Economically we haven't always been doing the best, our streets were filled to the brim with beggars. Not just any beggars, persistent ones, they wouldn't always take "no" for an answer and would keep asking every day till it became more of a profession than a need. That's not the only type of person waiting out for free money in Egypt, there was also the **Sayes**. A Sayes is a parking attendant that picks a spot which nobody else can take unless they want conflict, they then help someone park in exchange for money or just say a few unhelpful words while he is parking to get money over nothing and technically sometimes by indirect or passive aggressive force.

Our constant economic crisis mixed with low exchange rates for the Egyptian pound and low employment rates didn't make life in Egypt that easy, all these reasons and the chaotic nature of Egyptians was probably the reason why my oldest brothers didn't want to come here. They didn't like life here and were running away from there military service too, my brothers have avoided Egypt and the military for as long as I remember. They ran to stay in other foreign countries, my second oldest stayed in Dubai and my oldest moved to **Germany**. They always didn't like the idea of military service probably because of the 1-3 years wasted, but my mother also told me a story. Said when they were kids they were scared because one of our neighbors that they knew was shot during his service by a superior. I didn't know if it was true or if my brothers were scared because of that but that's what I was told.

Even with all these things, I had more good times in Egypt then I did in Dubai. I saw a-lot of Indians in Dubai, they outsourced Indians. Their culture was everywhere, some shops would have statues of Buddha and most of the barbers had Indian television channels on. Even though Dubai is a luxurious rich country with superb living conditions there were some issues produced sometimes, like I felt that natural born original Emiratis were treated in a more honorary way then us of other nationalities. We also had different accents, different dialect, and our difference in nationality was blatant. I didn't like this so it was nicer when I met actual Egyptians.

In my time in Qaitbay I started noticing how other people always got there way even though they had ill intentions, I was born with strictly religious parents and had always tried my best to keep any bad thought inside me to die with me. I didn't fight much, didn't do much with ill intent. Yet I wanted to, these people looked like they were having the time of there lives, I wanted to feel something too. To get what I want. Be like **Maw**. **Maw Zing** was a character I created in my imagination. He was me but charismatic, confident, smart, manipulative, physically weak but good at fights, strategic, un-empathetic. He had everything I wanted as a trait.

VOLUME 2

MAW ZING

VOLUME 2

Chapter 1: New Me

HOLYSHIT, that shit was awesome. That's the first time I remember my dad beating me, was a bit disappointed I only came out with a few mild bruises that didn't last that long. I was both mad and excited at the time and I didn't get the reason of my excitement, it was because adrenaline was released. The production of adrenaline happens in the adrenal glands and is then released, this happens at moments of fear, stress, or probable danger. It was my first time feeling this feeling, I loved it. I wanted more, and that was understandable since people usually got cravings for this shit. It was addictive and fulfilling, that's why I wanted to be a part of something extreme.

I wasn't that mad that my dad didn't talk to me for a while after that, it was more I was mildly annoyed that he took my phone. Which shit I was mid battle pass in Fortnite, he took it from me before I got the level 100 battle pass skin. I liked games with a sense of progression, it gave an illusion of personal productivity. Things like **open world sandbox games**, games where I could build, have a leveling system, strategy, a player market, trade, bartering, events, item drops, upgrades, character creation, character collection, and etc.

The rest of summer without my phone was boring, that shit sucked ass. Anyways I wish I wasn't a lil whee bitch Karen threatening my parents to call child support over bruises that were laughable, but meh I was a kid so its alright. It was more an act to show defiance. Guess my free time left some way for reflection, woah I never realized just how fucking pathetic I was. All that self deprecating and depressing bullshit, how I acted was just desperate. I'd walk on all fours and act as if I was a dog in Qaitbay, was a weird ass kid. Had my hardest hit to the balls there with a water bottle, cried then locked myself in the bathroom when that weird ass student counseling guy came to, I guess calm me down? I don't know why I acted like that but I felt something different now.

I know I was weird, not only in Qaitbay in Dubai too. I showered every day in Dubai so I don't think the problem was my smell, but I did pick my nose a shit ton. Our house in Dubai was overly infested with cockroaches, which I honestly didn't hate. I liked observing those lil shits, we had a-lot of types of them there: German cockroaches, Baby roaches, albino roaches, etc. I'd see them giving birth and multiplying from time to time, they'd come out when we closed the lights and hide when we opened them.

Roaches had rapid growth in numbers, they had interesting ways of survival. I knew they weren't as indestructible as they were advertised, these filthy fuckers died pretty easily. The only reason people think that is that cockroaches flatten themselves, have 13 hearts, and sometimes avoid getting killed, but they're very easily killable. Reading about them was interesting, not just them. My earliest form of entertainment after my imagination and toys was **National Geographic Animal Documentaries**.

The roaches were everywhere, sometimes they'd sneak into my school bag and only come out when I was at school. Nobody noticed but I guess it could be considered filthy, I even let them walk all over me all they wanted when I was in the bathroom. I'd just watch them when they walked all the fucking time on my arms, it was mostly baby roaches that did that. Which by now I think it's obvious I was disgusting, but who gives a fuck? I can do whatever I want, I don't know why I thought I had to comply to other people's thoughts.

I wasn't very productive I noticed, used to be in the swimming club in Dubai but wasn't shit here. Always liked being in water and swimming, my dad used to throw my ass in the deep then come pick me up again. He taught me how to swim, then I entered the swimming club in Dubai. Now I didn't do shit, so that had to change. I don't get my whole bullshit attitude before, I mean I got straight As in Qaitbay and my grades were good. I had no problems in discipline or anything, I'm better than certain people. I FUCKING LOVE MYSELF.

This happened around the time I entered a school called **Cornell International School**, the school had just opened and wasn't even licensed yet. I came in loving this school the moment I put eyes on it, the building was cleaner and nicer than Qaitbay and all the teachers were really fucking good. They all talked English good, most of them were coming back from foreign country, some were from America. We had an American or British floor principle, honestly I don't remember his nationality. All I remember from that guy is his name was "sammy" and he used to call me a douchebag. He also had control over just one floor not the whole school and I don't know what the word for that is in English so I'm just gonna call him a principle.

The school was new so nobody knew anybody there and shit I liked the guys there, I got friendly quickly even though I was a bit of a loner at first. Shit I loved it there, I was funnier then I was when I was not a teen I guess. Its cause I discovered fucking comedy. I mean holyshit I'm a depraved piece of shit I needed to loosen up, take shit less seriously and have some fucking fun for once.

I mean in Dubai the only times I had a lil fun was in “in-school camping”, who the fuck does that? anyways the only time I had fun was in that I guess “event”, I talked to alot of lil shits then. I might’ve not thought I had friends when I was a kid but there were people I talked to. I was with this fucker called Rachid and like 2 or more kids I don’t know, something like that. To get this lil bit of story I need to explain what the **Jinn** or what you foreigners call a genie is, they’re “real creatures” that take place in abandoned places or places that haven’t had the Quran being spoken in them. They can posses people and take different forms, and they can harm humans both physically and mentally. Not all Jinn are bad but some could be a horrifying experience for a human being, and dogs can see them.

At my time in camping I guess you could say they were playing make belief, running away from Jinn throughout the school. While running I did actually see a women in black standing there then looked back again and she wasn’t there, I saw her again and told them and I think they took it as part of the game. I wasn’t a dumb kid I knew I didn’t actually see Jinn, but that meant I’m hallucination. is that bad? it might’ve been sleep deprivation since I’ve always had a hard time sleeping. Anyways, that was the funnest time I had in Dubai, that and the patriotic ass **fun days** they had with camels, shows, and local shit.

Back to my time in Cornell, the year started out good. They used to play this game in the school garden at the time, they’d slap the nape of your neck and then you had to spin around in the same spot while they circled around you and slapped till you spot the person that slapped you and say their name then they go in the middle instead of you. Now the problem was that they said their names before, but I didn’t remember any of their fucking names because they didn’t make enough of an impression to be engraved in my head. I was too polite back then to honestly say that so I just kept getting slaps to the nape non-stop, also looked like an idiot.

Didn’t talk as much to them at first but started to talk to the guys in my class later on and got along, around the time I started learning Arabic curse words. Couldn’t go 5 seconds without making an excuse to say “**kos omak**”, it was like a 12 year old kid saying wiener and trying not to giggle like a school girl. I was in 8th grade meaning my thought process was fucking amazing, when someone came to corner me to try to beat me or do something I’d just scream “**Ta7arosh**” which meant “sex” in English but in this context it’d mean “help they’re gonna rape me”. This was around the time my dad gave me back my phone, had to make it clear I could’ve taken it at any time I fucking wanted after I “apologized”. Back in school shit was awesome, met this guy called **yassin shalaby** I think in my German class. He asked where I’m from, I replied “**men kosomy, azdak eh?**” which meant “from my mom’s vagina, what do you mean?”... Guess I got “where are you from” wrong.

I was more social than usual, shit that wasn't the only thing that was different. When my dad beat me everything felt different, I don't know what I was feeling but it was amazing. I was energetic and hyperactive, I was sociable. Kinda confident, I mean my grades should be enough to not doubt myself. I got straight As and a few Bs in Qaitbay and continued getting As in Cornell, at this point I thought it was time to realize my academic potential. I was great, I started having the best years of my life. I knew basically every guy in my grade, shit I usually didn't remember half of the people in my class if any. I remember there was this fat fuck with Yassin Shalaby, we nicknamed him "**Basta**". He was a pretty weak fuck so I could fuck with him, I remember I was talking with a bunch of guys about something sexual then they asked "how?" then I had to demonstrate by humping the air in the direction of his huge ass "like this" they told him and they talked some shit honestly don't remember what happened after that.

Yassin Shalaby was a pretty good looking dude in my opinion, not that I'm a faggot I'm just describing. He was white with freckles, blue eyes, and curly hair. He died his hair so I'm not fucking sure what his natural hair color was, Yassin Shalaby was the first guy in school to see my lil dick. In my first year I was graciously jerking off in the downstairs school bathroom as one does then motherfuckers starting climbing to see me from the opening at the top, yassin shalaby was the only one who managed to see my dick and kept saying "Zebo zo8ayar" which meant "his dick is small" followed by a shit ton of laughter. Really made me realize school bathrooms are not a safe space, alot of shit happens in there.

Not everyone was fun, but most of them were. At least some were fun for me, this guy **seif**, we liked to call seif "**bezzo**". That was because "bezzo" meant "tits" in Arabic, the reason he was buff. It wasn't cause of training or the gym or any of that shit, it was just genetic. There was nothing I loved more groping his chest then calling him "bezzo" and running away, I got the shit beat out of me alot for it but holyshit its more worth it every time. I wasn't the only one that did it: Basta, Yassin Shalaby some guy named **Omar** etc. Omar was what we Egyptians call "**Bedan**" which means he's on a level of annoying that makes your testicles hurt from how annoying he is, I think first time I met him he was trying to shove a ruler in my ass. We'd fight alot, one time I was trying to get out of art class but too many people were in the way for the door. My bag was heavy and full of shit because I never removed books, copybook, papers, or files from there. It wouldn't have taken time but I was too lazy to remove shit then put different shit every day, so I just took a heavy ass bag full of shit on my back everyday. When I was passing by to get out of the art room accidentally hit him that was when we had our first fight. He tried to hit me and I start fucking biting the shit out of him, I was ready to fucking go at that neck till he passed out but he backed off when I bit his hand.

I fucked with everyone, what I mean by that is that I was friendly not that I had sexual relations with my underage classmates. I met a lot of people, including this guy called Saif I used to talk to, there was also

**MORE COMING
SOON**