

My book is my book

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Back home I have a friend to home I have a great respect, not because of his occupation as civil engineer in a humanitarian organization linked to the U.N. but because of both of his humble and heroic personality. Actually, in this writing I'm not going to tell anything significant about him. If I plan to do that and then introduce this fellow to you a phone call will solve my problem, and I make it happen. And then I will be able to tell you what makes my friend so special and what makes me think about him in this faraway land. Or why I want to share with you his story which is so similar to story life of a protagonist created by some like Nikos Kazantzakis, not almighty God. As soon as you will have got a chance to know him, I'm quite positive that you love to meet him in flesh. And consequently, you might blame persons like me who put their time and destiny into writing about why a person like him is not known by the rest of other people, also arguing about not seeing his name in the national forgotten heroes list if there is one.

So please my dear readers give me some time in order to do this task which I call it a task exactly the moment I thought about it. Hopping, in near future my writing about him satisfy my readers and also my friend. In case of seeing nothing written about him means either no contact has been made or my prose is rejected in a very humble way. Whatever happens do you think this will be a bad luck for my future carrier if I decided to be a journalist one day. And which is I never dreamt about it before, and I think that because there is too much headache in this field.

Oh, dear journalist friends did I said too much headache?
Yes!!

Please accept my apology I didn't mean it; you're not aiming to have a headache after your daily tiring job. And certainly, you feel the consequence of headache better than me.

Here I'm hearing your frustrated reaction.

Could you speak louder!?

Oh, I got it!

You said that a journalist is the one who gives a headache to Me!!

Why me!?

I think you're mistaken I'm not your politician foe.

I'm a person like you who wants to write something good, speaking for myself.

Oh, dear friend let me add this, unless, you are not going to ask me why I want to write.

It said that writing is a process dealing with something is neglected, left behind, or precisely unseen.

So here I do my try and error game, and look how in the very beginning I follow a proper standard of journalism by which I never write an article without having permission from my friend.

What kind a journalist is am I!? I ask.

Too good! You say.

No need for permission!? They say.

I confused with last one, so got a headache!

Additionally, with a bit of it I try to remember something funny about my friend Wisam Toma. And that's to warm you up for my future writing about him and also to refresh my mind from the complexity of journalism.

I went back ward and forward with everything that I have in mind about this fellow. Consequently, I come up with a very short episode hopping not taking too much of your precious time. Nevertheless, I need to give some hints about why I chose a saying by him to become my title above and thus a pass fare for me to enter doors of journalism with a fresh article in my hand.

It's a great coincidence that the word of book has a lovely meaning in my mother tongue Kurdish. Books in which my friend has dug up for years so deep searching for a missing light. Books were everything for him with which he grew up to have no fear and slept to get a never end dream.

What a lucky fellow!

As I said *Book* this dramatic valuable word in the English language means something in my mother tongue, something prettier than book and more meaningful. *Book* in Kurdish means bride. Did I spend too much of your precious time with my useless translating game and matching the English words and Kurdish ones?

Thanks so much for saying yes, because I'm bored too.

And the word of book wasn't a good choice for me as for my friend. It was too late when I realized that two third of Kurdish speakers pronounce *Book*, the bride in Kurdish as *Beek* which is more harmonic, but it didn't work for me to continue my matching game. So you're totally right if you are asking me to hasten a little bit and tell that episode quickly.

The episode:

It was a hot summer day. I was standing beside my pretty bride greeting relatives and friend who lined up to come close either to take a picture with us or say something nice.

Wissam, my friend was in far end smiling at me with his innocent face. I hadn't seen him for years. However, he looked same just a



bit taller a thinner. I was like some body standing on newly pavement road, waiting to meet him.

Finally, he came close, shook our hand, and said his greetings. Before he leaves I stopped him asking if he had any marriage plan. He smiled and said these words below half Kurdish and half English.

"کاک دیدار دووباره پیرۆزباییت لیده کهم،

My book is my book!