

Chkopistan

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It was Monday 18 March 2019, I was at university and At 11:30 a.m I arrived with others: Chaima, Abdou, and Yacine Wsu Down the library drawer, I found there some hateful people They were wearing ripped pants that showed their brown knees and dark hair polished by keratin and blond strips drop down on their foreheads.

We stayed quiet, even if you spoke no one would listen to you for that it was way better to stay calm and think , it started getting cold and the wind was blowing , the yard was empty in flowers boxes and mimosa animals was died of thirst , and he was passing some publications on the side of his thumb ,his hands was so blue due coldness and he started describing to me one of publication fastly ,and I was incumbent and looking at him ,wearing my silent smile .

On the view , Chaima was standing on the edge of the flower bed In a big lilac shade, she wears a khaki tight dress , Her hair was in a brown braid huge on her arms And a turtle next to her in the plants and a child two years old " poodle Joe".

After a while , I asked Abdou : what is this ?

But he didn't reply to me ,after a while he asked me :what made you laugh? , then Yacine answered :Me then my self .

I answered him without explanation : it's just a publication on Facebook.

In the same moment , a group from a six or seven boys and girls came to the yard towards us , they will go up to the library .

I get annoying when I surrounded by many people, but to avoid that I turned my phone on and I started checking and I found some new videos about what was happening on the capital of Algeria

It was the popular movement it caused a huge sensation but television doesn't show it lately, but I asked my friends: guys did you see those new videos but no one answered me but in the next Friday we all saw another collection of movement's videos, everyone joined the movement even the children and women, the whole Algerian people were there, but my friends didn't care about it at all, it seems that they refused sabotage and I felt that they were hiding something from me from while and I was the only person who cared about the events and the videos while my friends was pretending that they were busy.

Then Abdou looked and he didn't say anything, he keeps scrolling on his laptop screen and listening to his music and Yacine get near to see what was going there but Abdou answered him "nothing" and Yacine swore at him, but he smiled back to him which made him angry and he ordered him to shut his mouth, there were many publications on Facebook and he asking to much which push me to yelled at him.

At this moment, A man appears, called "Younes" standing at the glass door, looks in his thirties, his beard is light a few weeks old, he were hiding his shyness behind smile, he was the director of the library, he didn't surprised us then he called me by my name as an exception because he used to call other with their family name, I knew that he loves me, Younes weren't from 'Wahren', he live with his parents in 'Marseille', exactly on 'Rue de Point du Jour' on In a small three-room apartment in a public housing project. He has a cat and a goldfinch as pets. That what he told us about him.

It is a duty to call you my friend for that he was funny and Abdou said : ask for number and Yacine replied to him : player ,but I avoided seeing the middle finger while I am going up in stairs .

Inside , it was a horrible smell and The humidity of the yellow paper There was a totally different world talking, I was sitting at the tables; Behind the dusty shelves, in the background, comes the negative noise of boys and girls. The monitoring system is not working ,The collapse came from the last rain, I heard a slight laugh, slippers were on the floor ,I heard a voice that sounded like kisses but a while I was sure that it was kisses sound but I didn't comment Unlike Mr. Younes walks mumbling and I follow him calmly In a long corridor lit by outside windows , I lift my head from where a rolled-up piece of paper fell on my bag. A friend sent it to me , Younes said, at a reading table, one of the long tables facing the outside window From which the entire courtyard is open to us, where we can hear calls from outside and far away and the sound of posters flapping in the wind. The whole yard was in front our eyes , here we stay when we get tired by dropping news on the table , Mr.Younes pointed that no one is interested in reading then he started looking at me without a smile and he gave me a news paper , I took a look about the first page Now he looks me in the eye without smiling, hands me the newspaper and I see on the front page that demonstrations have hit the capital I listen to his explanations. Vivid exchanges, small anxious voices dominate the library, the strange smell of tobacco floats, and I have sad memories of this place. "No, they didn't tell me!" I yelled .

Mr. Younes spoke to my homies, who said nothing to me. I knew they were hiding something from me.

He interrupted me: "Anyway, it's about the protests. We must all go against the fifth period! We must be with the others, this Friday ."

"Okay," I replied in a soft voice. I do not believe in anything, for a long time already, no one will leave. I wake up in the morning, my mind in a thick fog, thinking that our misfortunes never die. Democracy is just an illusion!.

There is a book by "Maxime Gorki" on the table, and I do not dare to open it. Large spring notebook. A piece of semi-melted chocolate on its cover. Mr. Yunus' glasses and other things. After that, I don't care about everything that surrounds him and me.

- I don't feel well.

That's all I found to say. It's not the mess at the table that hurts, I'm a messy boy. And my mother would say you're dirty, stay in the bathroom for fifteen minutes, and hardly rub yourself with the cloth. How many times have I eaten my meal without washing my hands...

All the places around us, as if I saw it for the first time, remind me of the day my parents announced their divorce, I took refuge in this library, for two hours in a row, from noon until 2 pm. I was in the first year primary school , My father asked us to remain discreet at first on this subject, my older sister and I, assuming that no one in the family or our surroundings was aware.

My heart rate quickens. I pretend to listen to Mr. Younes who looks down under the table and sees me rubbing my feet against each other.

In the media, journalists support the system. and others outside, dwelling, feeding, and washing, outside. That's it, I tell myself, we can't

escape, it's our turn, the boys join the demonstrations in Algiers, in Bejaia, in Tizi Ouzou, in Constantine, in Oran, in Tlemcen, in the east and west of the country. . I'm standing like a kid behind his desk at school.

- "Are you nervous?" Younes asks.

- I shook my head "No".

- All is well?

- yes .I nodded .

He gets up to open a plank in the bay window. I take a deep breath of air.

"Don't call me first, call me Younes." I nodded. I will now.

call him Younes.

- You have to invite me like everyone else ... In Summary, for our appointment, you will all come to my house on Friday.

I slept badly that night. And in the morning I find it hard to get up early as my mother asks me. I have dark circles and many dark thoughts in my head. Dark Thoughts: What Makes Me In This Life? Why do I have to endure life? Why are you still alive? why? "You don't say anything to mom, that's fine!

I woke up early this morning. accidental. I can't wait to join the others, but I had to wait until 9 am to get out on the street so my mum wouldn't be suspicious, because she forbids me to join the demonstrations, like fiddling with my cell phone on the table, it's forbidden to drive without a license as all my friends and all the young

people in the neighborhood do in which I live. When I was a teenager, she wouldn't let me go with other people to the beach.

Death will leave scars, as my mother used to say.

Sad memories, we lost my uncle (his younger brother), who taught math in high school, he left in the winter of 1994 and never came back. We often talk about my uncle. Murder. Kidnapping... no one knew. My mother put forward scenarios, and until today she never stopped talking about my uncle's disappearance... she invented stories by browsing photo albums. She told us so many other stories that send shivers down our spine. Cousins who kill cousins. Husbands who kill their wives. Neighbors who kill neighbors. And friends, their friends...

"Mom, why would a man kill a man?" Why?

"Mom, does time heal our scars?"

She will never answer me!

Two years ago this month, my parents divorced, after they decided to paint their bedroom, mine, living room, and hall in salmon color. I remember their quarrel. I remember our last discussion later, with us in the living room was my mother's older brother, my father sitting in his chair, my mother, my older sister Salma, and I with my back to the wall. My uncle doesn't say anything. Mom asked me: "Which of your parents will you live with?"

- with my father.

she looked at me sadly.

- I'm a boy with his habits, mom, and I'm interested in my habits... I want to be with you, Dad... (Dad, you left this world for exactly nine months. I was afraid of death. You told me: We are cowards In the face of death, my son. As long as you are here, father, only your life has counted for me, but today my life has no meaning).

I got on the bus at 10:10 am, the bus is the only place where you can still feel human warmth. I remained standing in the hallway. I carry a clean towel and a bottle of mineral water in my bag. Sitting people talking loudly. I hear the whisper of those who consult. The demonstrations do not start before the absentee prayer when people in Qamis run towards the mosques as if they are fleeing from life to hell.

My laptop screen shows 10:35 a.m. when I arrive on a street "du point de jour " ,Younes lives on the third floor, a building from 1958, like a building all our cities look the same, with a stench, graffiti sprinkled on the walls, hearts, immoral graphics , hate messages. I have sent a message to whoever in Younes.

"I will stay on the street."

I want to smoke my knuckles, even in the early morning. will help me. I need a smoke to withstand my mother's wild screams, and the boredom of an afternoon here.

Building 10, I press the intercom and So's voice sounds strange. He told me: It is open. I enter. Call the elevator. I insist. it does not answer. I go up the stairs. It's clean and marble , cracked to bits. On the third floor, Younes' apartment is clean but dreary.

The floor and furniture lacquer shimmered under the strong light of the lights, Yellowed wallpaper on the walls, two drawing tables, a giant screen, books, piles of books, cans of smelly paint, pots of glue, brushes of different sizes, a laptop and a sofa bed where the wrinkles are.

I can see his cigarette smoke from the door. When did he start smoking? I can not remember. He listens to "Souad Massi" in his headphones. I am sure. He wears a white hat and a dozen other hats stacked on a bedside table in the corner. That's how I wore it It doesn't surprise me. He hides Younes's feelings. Anyone else can confirm this.

I shook sue hands and I said hello to Younes who welcomed me with a smile , he is unprepared, unshaven, in a tracksuit and slippers on his feet. He was cleaning a table by putting everything in a laundry basket. brochures on two drafting tables, banners bearing inscriptions, wooden posts, white paper, staples, stamps, newspaper clippings, pages torn from books; feelings and discomfort. I took a paperback: Darwin Street to read and look at the world through the eyes of others. The Kabylie flag was spread. "It's no coincidence," I said with a broad and benevolent smile, "and it's time for everything to go back to how it was."

My phone vibrates in my pocket, text message from Yassin. He is on the bus. He did not take his motorcycle. he will be on time.

"There are a lot of people on the bus and the street," he wrote to me. Younes shirtless in the hallway, asks me to rest, puts on a gray bathrobe, and goes to the bathroom before the others arrive, who won't be long. With the cover on, I must take the flag from the pile on the chair; In the dining room, there is tea and cake on the table.