

# Mido

in Modern Standard  
Arabic



# میدو



lingualism

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Conceptualized and edited by Matthew Aldrich

Written by Mariam Khaled

Edited by Lilia Khachroum

Illustrated by Mona Mohamed

Photographs by Remon Maher

Audio by Mohamed Ibrahim

website: [www.lingualism.com](http://www.lingualism.com)

email: [contact@lingualism.com](mailto:contact@lingualism.com)

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# Introduction

I remember with great fondness reading *Le Petit Nicolas* stories in college. Childlike in their innocence, they were a welcome break from the more serious literature in the syllabus. This inspired me to create *Mido* for Arabic students.

The stories in this book are light-hearted and easy to follow, but also engaging, all the while providing excellent reading practice in Modern Standard Arabic for students who are perhaps not yet ready to tackle Arabic literature.

The first chapter serves as an introduction to Mido and his family, as we take a peek at the household's typical morning. Mido's father, mother, brother, and sister each feature in a chapter showing a day in their lives. And Mido, our hero, stars in the remaining chapters.

The Arabic texts appear on even-numbered pages, while the English translations follow on odd-numbered pages along with cultural and language notes, as well as photographs.

Dozens of beautiful illustrations can be found throughout the book to help the reader better understand the texts. Professionally recorded audio is available to stream or download for free from [www.lingualism.com](http://www.lingualism.com).

I would like to thank Mona Mohamed, Mohamed Ibrahim, Amel Shafii, Lilia Khachroum, and Remon Maher for their contributions to this project. And I wish to extend a special thank-you to Mariam Khaled, who listened to my ideas about Mido and his family's adventures and turned them into the wonderful, vivid stories in this book, which would never have been possible without her creativity and hard work. Thank you, Mariam!

I hope you enjoy *Mido: In Modern Standard Arabic* and improve your Arabic along the way.

Matthew Aldrich

## The Mido Series

**Mido: in Egyptian Arabic** is available in paperback, Kindle, and PDF eBook. Written in the colloquial dialect of Cairo, it offers a unique opportunity to read and listen to Arabic as spoken by Egyptians in their daily lives. Study **Mido: in Modern Standard Arabic** alongside **Mido: in Egyptian Arabic** to compare the differences and similarities between these two varieties of Arabic.



The PDF eBook version of this book, available at [www.lingualism.com](http://www.lingualism.com), includes an unvoveled version for those who prefer reading without *tashkeel*.

Supplementary materials for **Mido in Modern Standard Arabic** are available at [www.lingualism.com/mido-msa](http://www.lingualism.com/mido-msa):



- Free audio files
- Free PDF with page-by-page vocabulary lists and an alphabetical glossary
- Anki flashcards with audio (available separately)



## الفصل الأول: عائلة ميدو

"ميدو! استيقظ وإلا سيفوتك طابور الصباح يا فتى!"

أصيح صوت أم عمرو وهي توظف ميدو للمدرسة كالنشيد الصباحي الروتيني أو كالتسجيل الصوتي اليومي في بيت عائلة ميدو أو ربما في كل البيوت.

استيقظ أبو عمرو على صوتها وقال بغضب: "لا يزال هذا الغبي نائما؟" سمع ميدو خطوات أبيه تقترب من غرفته فقفز من السرير مسرعا وقال:

— استيقظت يا أبي!

— هيا إنهض يا كسول قبل أن تغلق المدرسة أبوابها.\*

## Chapter 1: Mido's Family

“Mido! Come on, Mido! Wake up! You’re going to miss the morning assembly at school!”

The voice of Om Amr calling for Mido to wake up is like a daily morning anthem or a soundtrack in Mido’s family’s house and probably in every house.

Abu Amr woke up because of the noise. Annoyed, he said, “That stupid boy is still sleeping?” Once Mido heard his father’s angry footsteps approaching, he jumped out of bed and said,

“I’m up, Dad!”

“Hurry up, lazy, before the school doors close!”

---

طَائُورُ الصَّبَاحِ (lit. *morning line-up*) is

the morning assembly that begins each school day in Egypt. Students line up in the school yard for the national anthem and physical exercise.

\*The school door is normally locked fifteen minutes after the start of the first class, after which students who come late must wait until the next period to enter.





نَظَرَ مِيدُو لِأَخِيهِ الْأَكْبَرِ **عَمْرُو** (وَالَّذِي يُكْنَى أَبُوهُ بِاسْمِهِ "أُمُّ عَمْرُو" وَ"أَبُو عَمْرُو" \*). إِنَّهُ لَا يَزَالُ نَائِمًا وَلَا أَحَدٌ يُحَاوِلُ إِيقَازَهُ وَذَلِكَ لِأَنَّ مَدْرَسَتَهُ فِي التَّاسِعَةِ وَابْنِ فِي السَّابِعَةِ وَالنَّصْفِ مِثْلَهُ. كَمَا يُمَكِّنُهُ الْإِخْتِيَارُ أَيضًا إِنْ كَانَ يُرِيدُ الذَّهَابَ أَمْ لَا. فَكَّرَ مِيدُو فِي نَفْسِهِ: "مَتَى سَأَكْبُرُ وَأَصْبِحُ مِثْلَ عَمْرُو وَأَفْعَلُ مَا أُرِيدُ؟"

قَطَعَ حَبْلَ أَفْكَارِهِ صَوْتٌ وَالِدَيْهِ وَهِيَ تُنَادِيهِ:

— هَيَّا يَا مِيدُو أَسْرِعْ لِتَتَنَاوَلَ الْفُطُورَ قَبْلَ ذَهَابِكَ! لَقَدْ حَضَرْتُ لَكَ شَطِيرَتَيْنِ جُبْنِ، وَشَطِيرَةَ مُرَبِّي وَأُخْرَى **حَلَاوَةَ**.

ارْتَدَى مِيدُو زِيَّ الْمَدْرَسَةِ الْأَزْرَقِ الْكُحْلِيِّ مَعَ الْقَمِيصِ الْأَبْيَضِ الْمُحَطَّطِ وَخَرَجَ لِتَنَاوُلِ الْفُطُورِ.

— هَلْ وَضَعْتَ كُلَّ كُتْبِكَ وَدَفَاتِرِكَ فِي الْحَقِيْبَةِ إِحْرِصْ أَلَّا تَنْسِيَ شَيْئًا.

— لَا تَقْلَقْ يَا أُمِّي. وَضَعْتُ كُلَّ مَا أَحْتَاجُهُ.

— هَيَّا إِذَا، تَنَاوَلَ الْخُبْزَ وَتَنَاوَلَ الْفَلَافِلَ وَالْبَطَاطِسَ الْمَقْلِيَّةَ الَّتِي حَضَرَتْهَا مِنْ

أَجْلِكَ.

Mido looked at his elder brother, Amr, the eldest son in the family (and that's why his parents are called "Abu Amr" and "Om Amr"). He was still asleep in bed without anyone waking him up early. That's because he can wake up late as his high school leaves the door open until 9:00 a.m., and not 7:30 like his.

Amr also gets to choose whether he wants to go or not. Mido thought to himself, "When will I grow up like Amr and do what I want."

His mother's voice interrupted his thoughts as she called, "Mido! Hurry so you have time to eat breakfast. I made you two cream cheese sandwiches, one jam, and one halva".

Mido put on his navy-blue school uniform, with a white striped shirt, and went to eat breakfast.

"Have you put all your books and notebooks you need in your bag? Careful not to forget anything."

"Don't worry, Mom. I got everything."

"Here. Take this loaf of bread and eat the hot falafel and French fries I made for you."

---

عَمْرُو – Notice that the final و in the name عَمْرُو Amr is silent, but it helps distinguish it from another common name, عُمَرُ Omar.

\*Such names are كُنْيَةٌ (teknonyms), whereby parents are informally known by the name of their eldest son, or, in the absence of a son, their eldest daughter.

حَلَاوَةٌ halva is a dense, sweet, crumbly confection made with tahini and sugar, sometimes containing nuts or dried fruit.

— حَسَنًا يَا أُمِّي .

— هَلْ سَتَقُومُ الْأُسْتَاذَةُ مَنَالُ بِالتَّدْرِيسِ لَكَ الْيَوْمَ؟

— أَجَلٌ .

— حَسَنًا. أُبَدِّلُ كُلَّ جُهْدِكَ لِكَيْ تَحْصَلَ عَلَيَّ دَرَجَةٌ جَيِّدَةٌ وَلَيْسَ كَالْمَرَّةِ

السَّابِقَةِ عِنْدَمَا لَمْ تَكُنْ رَاضِيَةً عَن مَسْتَوَاكَ .

لَا شَيْءَ يُجِبُّهُ مِيدُو فِي هَذَا الْعَالَمِ كُلِّهِ كَمَا يُحِبُّ الْبَطَاطِسَ الْمَقْلِيَّةَ. إِنَّهُ مُسْتَعِدٌّ لِتَنَاوُلِهَا فِي الْفُطُورِ وَالْعَدَاءِ وَالْعِشَاءِ. كَانَ مِيدُو يَسْتَمْتِعُ بِفُطُورِهِ عِنْدَمَا قَالَ لَهُ وَالِدُهُ:

"هَيَّا تَحْرُكْ لِتَصِلَ فِي مَوْعِدِكَ وَخُذْ هَذِهِ الْخَمْسَةَ جُنَيْهَاتٍ لِتَشْتَرِيَ كَيْسًا مِنَ الْمُقَرَّمَشَاتِ أَوْ عَصِيرًا مِنْ كَافِتِيرِيَا الْمَدْرَسَةِ."



أَخَذَ مِيدُو التُّقُودَ مِنَ وَالِدِهِ بَيْنَمَا وَضَعَتْ  
وَالِدَتُهُ الشُّطَائِرَ فِي الْحَقِيْبَةِ وَمِثْلَ كُلِّ يَوْمٍ

قَالَتْ وَهِيَ تُسَاعِدُهُ فِي إِرْتِدَاءِ الْحَقِيْبَةِ: "يَا

إِلَهِي! هَذِهِ الْحَقِيْبَةُ ثَقِيْلَةٌ جِدًّا! أَتَحْمِلُ

فِيهَا أَحْجَارًا أَمْ كُتُبًا؟"

وَضَعَ مِيدُو حَقِيْبَتَهُ عَلَيَّ ظَهْرِهِ وَخَرَجَ مِنَ الْمَنْزِلِ بَيْنَمَا تَقُولُ لَهُ وَالِدَتُهُ الْوَصَايَا  
الْمُعْتَادَةَ: "مَعَ السَّلَامَةِ يَا حَبِيبِي. تَمَهَّلْ عِنْدَ نَزُولِكَ مِنَ الْحَافِلَةِ. لَا تَتَحَدَّثْ مَعَ

الغُرَبَاءِ. فِي أَمَانِ اللَّهِ!"

“Yes, Mom.”

“Is Miss Manal teaching you today?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, do your best so she gives you a good grade, unlike last time when she wasn’t so happy with you.”

There’s nothing Mido likes more in the world than French fries. He would eat them for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Mido was enjoying his breakfast when his father said to him, “Get moving so you arrive on time, and take these five pounds to get the microbus and buy yourself a bag of chips or juice from the cafeteria.”

Mido took the money from his dad while his mom put the sandwiches in his backpack, and just like every day, she said, “Dear God! This bag is so heavy! What do you put in it, rocks or books?”

Mido put on his backpack and left home while his mom said her usual commandments, “Goodbye, honey! Get off the microbus carefully. If a stranger talks to you, don’t reply. God protect you!”

جَلَسَتْ أُمُّ عَمْرٍو لِتَرْتَاخَ قَلِيلًا وَتَلْتَقِطَ أَنْفَاسَهَا بَعْدَ ذَهَابِ أَحَدِ أَوْلَادِهَا إِلَى الْمَدْرَسَةِ  
قَبْلَ تَكَرَّرِ نَفْسِ الْفَلَمِ مَعَ إِخْوَتِهِ. وَجَاءَ الدَّوْرُ عَلَى هِبَةٍ إِبْتَهَتْهَا الْكُبْرَى الَّتِي تَدْرُسُ فِي  
جَامِعَةِ الْقَاهِرَةِ، كَلِيَّةِ الْآدَابِ، بِقِسْمِ عِلْمِ النَّفْسِ.

"يَا هِبَةُ... يَا هِبَةُ... " وَهِيَ تَهْزُهَا وَتَشِدُّ الْعِطَاءَ مِنْ عَلَيْهَا. "أَيْتُهَا الْفَتَاةُ! هَيَّا أَنْهَضِي  
الآنَ حَتَّى لَا تَفُوتَكَ مُحَاضَرَةُ السَّاعَةِ التَّاسِعَةِ. إِنَّهَا الثَّامِنَةُ الْآنَ."

نَهَضَتْ هِبَةُ فَرَعَةً، تَنْظُرُ إِلَى هَانِفِهَا بِنِصْفِ عَيْنٍ لِتَتَفَقَّدَ السَّاعَةَ، وَوَجَدَتْ السَّاعَةَ لَا  
تَزَالُ الثَّامِنَةَ إِلَّا ثُلُثًا. نَهَضَتْ هِبَةُ مِنْ فِرَاشِهَا وَهِيَ غَاضِبَةٌ بِسَبَبِ خِدَاعِ وَالِدَتِهَا لَهَا  
كُلَّ يَوْمٍ بِشَأْنِ الْوَقْتِ الْحَقِيقِيِّ. وَمِثْلَهَا فِي ذَلِكَ كُلِّ الْأَمْهَاتِ الْمِصْرِيَّاتِ  
الْأَصِيلَاتِ.

قَرَّرَتْ هِبَةُ إِعْفَاءَ أُمِّهَا مِنْ مُعَانَاةِ إِيقَاطِ عَمْرٍو الْيَوْمَ لِتَقُومَ هِيَ بِهَذَا الدَّوْرِ.  
— يَا عَمْرٍو... أَلَنْ تَسْتَيْقِظُ؟ هَيَّا لِتَذْهَبِ إِلَى الْمَدْرَسَةِ أَوْ لِتُذَاكِرَ قَلِيلًا دُرُوسَ  
التَّارِيخِ، يَا عَمْرٍو!

— أُسْكُتِي قَلِيلًا! أَتُرْكِينِي!  
— هَيَّا وَإِلَّا سَأَتَنَاوَلُ كُلَّ الْفَلَافِلِ وَالْبَطَاطِسِ وَلَنْ أَتُرِكَ لَكَ أَيَّ شَيْءٍ.  
— حَسَنًا! حَسَنًا! لَقَدْ اسْتَيْقِظْتُ.

— صَبَاحُ الْخَيْرِ يَا أَبِي. صَبَاحُ الْخَيْرِ يَا أُمِّي. قَالَتْ هِبَةُ لِأَبِيهَا وَأُمِّهَا.

Om Amr sat down to rest a little now that she had gotten rid of one of them and to catch her breath before the same scene would play out with his brother and sister. Now it was Heba's turn, her eldest daughter, who was at Cairo University, Faculty of Arts, department of psychology.

"Heba... Heba...!" She shook her and pulled off the covers. "Hey girl! Hurry to catch your lectures at nine. It's eight now!"

Heba jumped up, freaked out, and looked at her cell phone to check the time, and saw it was still 7:40. Heba got up annoyed, not believing how her mom could pull that over on her every time, exaggerating the time. Just a typical Egyptian mother.

Heba decided to save her mom the fuss of waking Amr up this time and to do it herself.

"Amr, aren't you getting up? Go to school or study for your history class a bit. Amr!"

"Shut up! Leave me alone!"

"Get up or I'll eat all the falafel and French fries and not leave you any."

"Arghhh! Okay, okay! I'm up."

"Good morning, Dad! Good morning, Mom!" Heba said to her parents.

لَمْ يَرِدْ عَلَيْهَا أَحَدٌ. كَانَ أَبُوهَا يَنْظُرُ بِتَرْكِيضٍ فِي حَاسُوِيهِ الْمَحْمُولِ وَفِي يَدِهِ كُوبُ الشَّايِ. وَكَانَتْ أُمُّهَا قَدْ بَدَأَتْ فِي تَرْتِيبِ الْمَنْزِلِ كَالْمُعْتَادِ بَعْدَمَا تَرَكَ مِيدُو مَلَابِسَهُ وَجَوَارِيَهُ وَأَشْيَاءَهُ مُبَعَثَرَةً.

جَلَسَتْ هَيْبَةً لِتَنَاوُلِ الْفُطُورِ وَنَادَتْ:

— أُمِّي ... أُمِّي ... أَيْنَ كُوبُ الشَّايِ بِالْحَلِيبِ الْخَاصِّ بِي؟

— حَسَنًا حَسَنًا هَا أَنَا أَصْبُهُ الْآنَ. لَمْ أَرِدْ أَنْ أَصْبُهُ مُبَكَّرًا لِكَيْ لَا يَبْرُدَ.

— شُكْرًا يَا أُمِّي الْحَبِيبَةُ.

بِاعْتِبَارِ أَنَّ هَيْبَةَ الْفَتَاةِ الرَّجِيْدَةَ بَيْنَ إِخْوَتِهَا فَهِيَ إِلَى حَدِّ مَا مُدَلَّلَةٌ مِنْ أَبِيهَا وَأُمِّهَا. وَلَكِنْ لَيْسَ كَمِيدُو آخِرِ الْعُنْفُودِ وَالَّذِي تَخَافُ عَلَيْهِ وَالِدَتُهُ أَكْثَرَ مِنْهُمْ جَمِيعًا.

— هَلْ تُرِيدِينَ أَنْ أُحْضَرَ لَكَ شَيْئًا لِتَأْخُذِيهِ مَعَكَ إِلَى الْجَامِعَةِ؟

— مَاذَا تَقُولِينَ يَا أُمِّي؟ هَلْ تُرِيدِينَ أَنْ يَسْخَرُوا مِنِّي؟ بِالطَّبَعِ لَا! سَأَشْتَرِي

شَيْئًا مِنْ مَقْهَى الْجَامِعَةِ.

— حَسَنًا! عُدْرًا عَنِ السُّؤَالِ!

أَخِيرًا حَضَرَ عَمْرُو لِمَائِدَةِ الْفُطُورِ. جَلَسَ عَلَى الْمَائِدَةِ بِدُونِ كَلَامٍ وَهُوَ مُقَطَّبُ الرَّوْحِ وَبَدَأَ يَأْكُلُ. طَلَّتْ هَيْبَةُ تَنْظُرُ إِلَيْهِ خَائِفَةً مِنْ أَنْ تَتَكَلَّمَ وَهُوَ هَكَذَا مُعَكَّرُ الْمِرَاجِ لِأَنَّهُ يَكْرَهُ الْإِسْتِيقَاطَ بَاكِرًا.

No one responded. Her father was focused looking at his laptop with a cup of tea in one hand, while her mom had already begun her daily routine of picking up the house wherever Mido left his pajamas, socks and things.

Heba sat down to have breakfast and called, “Mom! Mom! Where’s my cup of tea with milk?”

“All right, all right, I’m making it. I didn’t want to pour it for you earlier or it’d get cold.”

“Thanks, my lovely mom.”

Heba, being the only girl among the children, was more or less spoiled by her parents, but not as much as Mido, the youngest child, whose mother worried about him the most.

“Do you want me to make you something to eat at the university?”

“What are you talking about, Mom? Do you want people to laugh at me? Of course not! I’ll buy sandwiches from the cafeteria.”

“All right, sorry I asked!”

At last Mr. Amr showed up to breakfast. He sat down at the table without saying a word. He was grumpy and started eating. Heba looked at him scared to talk when he was that fussy, as he really hates waking up early.



بَعْدَ صَمْتِ طَوِيلٍ قَالَ أَبُو عَمْرٍو: "حَسَنًا يَا أَوْلَادُ سَأَذْهَبُ أَنَا حَتَّى أَفْتَحَ الصَّيْدَلِيَّةَ.  
هَلْ تُرِيدُونَ شَيْئًا؟"

قَبْلَ أَنْ يُنْهِيَ الْجُمْلَةَ رَدًّا عَمْرُو وَهَيْبَةً فِي نَفْسِ الْوَقْتِ:

— نُزِيدُ الْمَصْرُوفَ!

— طَبْعًا طَبْعًا مُسْتَحِيلٌ أَنْ تَنْسِيَا شَيْئًا كَهَذَا. تَفَضَّلْ يَا أَسْتَاذُ. تَفَضَّلِي يَا

أَسْتَاذَةٌ.

— شُكْرًا يَا أَبِي.

وَدَعَتْ أُمُّ عَمْرُو أَبَا عَمْرٍو: "مَعَ السَّلَامَةِ. أَحْضِرْ لِلْأَوْلَادِ فَآكِهَةً أَثْنَاءَ عَوْدَتِكَ." هَزًّا  
أَبُو عَمْرُو رَأْسَهُ وَأَقْفَلَ الْبَابَ.

— هَيَّا أَيُّهَا الْإِثْنَانِ لِتَلْحَقَا الْمَدْرَسَةَ وَالْمُحَاضِرَاتِ.

— حَاضِرٌ يَا أُمِّي " رَدًّا الْإِثْنَانِ فِي نَفْسِ الْوَقْتِ.

— هَلْ تُرِيدُ أَنْ نَزَكَبَ قِطَارَ الْأَنْفَاقِ سَوِيًّا؟" قَالَتْ هَيْبَةٌ لِعَمْرُو.

— لَا شُكْرًا. سَأَذْهَبُ مَعَ أَصْدِقَائِي.

— حَسَنًا.

وَقَفَّتْ هَيْبَةٌ أَمَامَ خِزَانَةِ الْمَلَابِسِ تُفَكِّرُ مِثْلَ كُلِّ يَوْمٍ: "لَيْسَ لَدَيَّ مَا أَرْتَدِيهِ." أَخِيرًا  
اسْتَقَرَّتْ عَلَى قَمِيصٍ وَبُنْطَالٍ جِينِزٍ وَلَفَّتْ حِجَابَهَا وَبَدَأَ أَكْبَرَ تَحَدُّ فِي الْيَوْمِ:

After a long silence Abu Amr said, “Okay, kids, I’m taking off to open the pharmacy. Do you need anything?”

Before he even finished his sentence Amr and Heba both replied, “We want our pocket money!”

“Sure, sure. You can’t ever forget something like that. Here you are, sir. Here you are, miss.”

“Thank you, Dad.”

Om Amr walked Abu Amr to the door and said, “Goodbye, buy some fruit for the kids on your way home.” Abu Amr nodded and closed the door behind him.

“Hurry, you two, so you don’t miss school and your lectures.”

“Okay, Mom,” they said in unison.

“Do you want to take the subway together?” Heba asked Amr.

“No thanks. I’m going with my friends.”

“Okay.”

Heba stood in front of her wardrobe like every day. “I have nothing to wear.” Finally, she picked a blouse and jeans and tied her head scarf and started the most challenging part of her day:

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حِجَاب *headscarf* – Egyptian women typically do not wear headscarves at home. They will put them on shortly before leaving the house and take them off upon arriving home, as long as only relatives or other women are present. They will leave their headscarves on in the presence of company or male cousins. Of course, women must cover their heads to perform prayers, as well.

ضَبَطُ الْآيِ لِأَيْزٍ. بَعْدَ وَقْتٍ مِنَ الْمَسْحِ  
 وَالضَّبْطِ نَجَحَتْ هِبَةٌ فِي مُهْمَتِهَا وَأَلْقَتْ نَظْرَةً  
 أَخِيرَةً فِي الْمِرْآةِ وَخَرَجَتْ. "إِلَى اللَّقَاءِ يَا أُمِّي."  
 وَجَرَتْ نَاحِيَةَ الْبَابِ قَبْلَ أَنْ تَسْتَطِيعَ أُمُّهَا أَنْ  
 تَقُولَ كَالْعَادَةِ: "مَا هَذَا الْبَنْطَالُ الضَّمِيقُ؟ غَيْرِي  
 ثِيَابِكَ عَلَيَّ الْفَوْرُ!"



خَرَجَ عَمْرُو أَيْضًا مِنْ غُرْفَتِهِ، مُرْتَدِيًا أَوَّلَ مَا وَقَعَتْ عَلَيْهِ يَدَاهُ مِنْ تَلَّةِ الْمَلَابِسِ  
 الْمُكَدَّسَةِ عَلَى الْكُرْسِيِّ: بَنْطَالًا أَسْوَدَ اللَّوْنِ وَقَمِيصًا يَدُونِ أَزْرَارٍ. ثُمَّ فَتَحَ الْبَابَ  
 وَخَرَجَ.

"عَمْرُو...؟"

خَرَجَتْ أُمُّ عَمْرُو مِنَ الْمَطْبَخِ بَعْدَ مَا أَنْهَتْ غَسِيلَ الصُّحُونِ لِتَتَأَكَّدَ مِنْ أَنَّ عَمْرُو هُوَ  
 الَّذِي فَتَحَ بَابَ الْمَنْزِلِ. وَوَجَدَتْ الْجَمِيعَ قَدْ خَرَجُوا بِالْفِعْلِ، وَقَالَتْ كَعَادَتِهَا: "مَاذَا  
 سَأَطُهُو الْيَوْمَ لِلْعَدَاءِ؟"

*Matching the eye-liner!* After a while removing and adjusting, she completed her mission and took a final look in the mirror before she left. “Goodbye, Mom!” And she ran to the door before her mom could say anything like “Those pants are too tight. Go change!”

Amr also left his room, wearing the first thing he saw in the pile of clothes on the chair: black pants and a t-shirt. He opened the door and left.

“Amr?”

Om Amr went out of the kitchen after she finished washing the dishes to check that it was Amr who had opened the door of the house. She found the house empty, and, as every day, she said, “What should I cook for lunch today?”



## الفصل الثاني: المحطة الخاطئة

صوتُ جرسِ انتهاءِ الحصّةِ الأخيرةِ هو بمثابة الموسيقى في آذانِ ميدو وأصدقائه. يجري الجميع فور سماعه كمن سمع صافرة إنذار حريقٍ. هجومٌ على باب الصف وتدفّع على السلاالم وأخيرًا ينحسر كلُّ طلابِ المدرسة عبر الباب الحديديّ والذي يُعتبرُ الخروجُ منه هو غايةُ كلِّ الطلابِ الذين انتظروا هذه اللحظة منذ الساعة السابعة صباحًا.

بعد معركة الإنصراف يخرج ميدو وكلُّ الصبيان في حالةٍ لو رآتها أيُّ أمٍّ لسقطت مغشياً عليها: قميصٌ مجعدٌ ومثدليّ خارج البنطال، بقعٌ مختلفةٌ ومجهولة المصدر على القميص، وطبعًا جذاءً مفكوك الرباط.

مضى ميدو بخطواتٍ بطيئةٍ مرهقةٍ من اليوم الطويل في المدرسة.

## Chapter 2: The Wrong Station

The last class's bell is like music to the ears of Mido and his friends. Once the students hear it, everyone runs as if it were the fire alarm. Everyone rushes to the classroom door, pushes down the stairs, and finally the whole school gets jammed at the iron gates [of the school], getting through which is the goal of all the kids, who have been waiting for this moment since 7 a.m.

After the battle of leaving [school], Mido and all the kids are in a such a state that if any mother saw, she would faint. A wrinkled, untucked shirt, various stains from unknown sources on the shirt, and, of course, loose shoelaces.

Mido walked slowly, exhausted from the long day at school.

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هُجُومٌ عَلَى (lit. *an attack on*) is used as a battle cry: *Chaaarge!*