

Mohamed

Zaki

The

Twins

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I do not know how the story began or how ended, but it ended, better than I think and I want.

I married by a traditional way, one of my mother`s relatives, knew the family of the bride, Nahed, introduced me to the family of Nahed, when I saw her, I did not like her. I expected that, what should you wait for marriage, you go to see a girl and she to see you, the two parties want only to marry so quickly, as if we do not do it so quickly, we will be expired. Whatever, I met her many times, I tried to get closer to her, but cry for the moon. At one visit

to Nahed`house, her mother, Nadia, told me that, we should have a ceremonial relationship, she wanted to announce the engagement.

I approved, I did not know why, but perhaps I have not any relationship with another girl. I think also because I was a native like most others. I thought that marriage would be a beginning of happiness. A life filled with love and kindness. I also thought that, the love relationship, I mean..... The sexual relationship would be a fantastic and erotic. There were many problems, the main reasons were the money and the house requirements. The only thing they thought, was how the others saw them, and not what they needed.

Whatever, we could get through the problems.I tried through engagement period, to show her that I be in love with her, But, actually, I did not.

Although she was not ugly, but I did not love her. She has some beautiful signs, she is a white

girl. My mother said she is a white girl, as the whiteness is the only beauty signs. The strangest thing that my mother said, she is a long and a broad - shouldered girl, means a huge girl. I did not know how the broad - shouldered to be one sign of feminine beauty.

My father`s attitude was a stranger. He did not care. I thought, he had something hidden. I could guess what he wanted to say, tomorrow you should regret. What I could not understand, why he did not advise me, although, I discussed this issue with him. His speech was a brief, he said with some hidden irony, Marriage is the law of life and a half of the religion.

I believed, he wanted to say another word, but the presence of my mother, perhaps prevented him or for another reason, As I thought. If the presence of my mother was the problem, he could tell me, when we were alone. What was a strange that I did not discuss this issue with him again. He also did not open a

discussion with me, so I was sure, he did not want to get out of the traditions, so he did not want to tell me about his actual thought towards marriage. For this reason, I did not ask him again about marriage.

I thought, like others that marriage is the beginning of a happy life filled with love and kindness. I also thought that, love may happen after marriage. I was wrong, it is something else, whom could come after marriage. Whatever, during the engagement period, I tried to play the role of a lover and also after marriage, for a short time. ON the other side, Nahed always, said, she loved me from the first time she saw me, and I am her boy of dreams. She told me, she had many dreams about me, even before, she saw me.

I did not know, if she was honest or not, but I was sure, she wanted to marry by anyway, before she expired, if she is a yoghurt. What was strange, although the long period, I could not

love her, but I did not hate her. I imagined myself with her in the bed, I thought I would be happy with her, I was wrong. I could not understand, if she love me or not, whatever I tried to understand and whatever she tried to convince me, that she loved me. I believed that the woman is a box filled with secrets, if anyone could open it, he could not understand what is inside.

Finally , we got married. I tried to enjoy the honeymoon as I have dreamed and as I have heard about the sexual relationship, I do my best to enjoy but to no avail. I could not love her. I did not feel that sexual relationship is erotic and joyous, as I thought. My friends also told me the same sensation. I believed that we painted a fantastic picture about sex, but it was actually wrong, the imagination is always much better than the reality, so I chose the imagination.

After marriage, my father died, I was so sorry , I went to a café, a local café, my father`s friend, Mr Abed El Motaal spoke to me by telephone, and he asked me to meet him in the café, beside my father`s house. He said, he had many pictures with my father and he wanted to give them to me. When I entered there, I was a afraid as I entered a plane for the first time. The concern was clear on my face, Mr Abed El Motaal looked to me, from behind his glasses, he put them on the end of his nose, he looked in the newspaper with a half eye and by the second one to me.

He smiled and called me, I went to him so quickly, he saved me from people looking. I

stumbled many times on my way to him, while all persons surprised. He laughed and said to me, Do not worry, all of us have passed through this, but it means you might like the café.

I did not understand what he said, but I had mixed feelings, to leave or to stay. Mr Abedel Motaal, the expert man, requested a cup of iced hibiscus, I drank it quickly, it moved through my body to wet the dryness I had.

I did not remember, if I went to a local or a native café alone before, No, no.. I remembered, perhaps twos time, the first with my father, and the last with my friends, Adams. Whatever, I have adhered to this place. After a long day of working, as a government employee, the target only is to reach and to leave in time, no one asks you anything else,

All of us, are happy, when the working time ends. All get out quickly as get out of a jail. The only thing, we do not do, to put our hands up and to say, Heh, Heh, Heh. As we did when we

were at school. This situation does not happen when we leave the café. I think the answer is clear, because we should go to the house, I mean the wife.

I went to the café everyday. I knew many friends there, Mokhtar El Nems, the café owner, he set with us and he did not set on his desk, He liked the café more than us, it is his life, Ahmed, Moustafa, Magdy, Mahmoud and others, there are no differences between us, all of us are human beings only, and this is the main advantage of the café.

In the beginning, I spoke with the other in a low tone, especially if I spoke about a personal issue, but after that I did not do. No one interested to hear what you say, this was not because he did not concern, but because he had the same problems and more. Those people did not share each other except in three cases, football, politics and the most important issue is about female super stars.

The café became the only outlet and breather for me, from all my suffering, whatever at home, work and others.

I'll be back to talk about my wife, she has a twin sister, she is much like, I could recognize them easily, so I did not know, if they are identical twins or not. Everyone ensured me, they are identical twins. Now, I exclaim, why people say, the identical twins are similar. I do not believe that, there is no similarity, externally or internally, but to contrast to integrate. Maybe, not to integrate but to destroy each other, whatever, the contradictory and antipode is the law of the Universe.

It is easy, when you see them to know they are twin sisters, but after that you will know, the big difference between them. I wish, I know her sister, first, but cry for the moon, I think all my life should be differ, But her mother, had an old plan, to hide the other sister until the groom sees the other one and takes the decision, this because

the groom do not hesitate between the two girls. Actually, I did not do, as I did not know the two girls until this moment, and I have not any feeling towards any of them. But this what happened after that.

The real problem started after that, when Mervit appointed at the same organization, not only that but also at the same department. So, we actually have many discussions, and a long pleasant time together. I discovered the great convergence between us. The greater the divergence between myself and my wife, the greater the convergence between us. No one could understand the relation between us, because she is the twin sister of my wife and as we worked together, so the love story grew freely.

I felt, how much I love her, when one colleague, Saed, said to me, if Mervit is engaged or not?. I felt if someone put an iced water over my body after, a hot shower. I could not move, and I felt, how much I love her. I hated this person. Although my face had changed, I did not think, he understood what was inside me or I wished that. I did not talk for a few minutes, then I said, calmly, trying to hide what is in my heart and mind, It is not important, if she engaged or not, what is important, If she has a lover or not.

I did not know, what he understood, but he did not ask me about this issue again. I did not care about what he thought towards me, but what I thought towards Mervit and also what she thought towards me?. I kept silent even with myself for a short time, then I heard the waited

answer, you should not try to know her feeling and you must stay away.

I went to my office, I found her alone, she greeted me with a beautiful smile, but she noticed what was inside me, the smile disappeared, she said quickly, with a kindly look, what`s the wrong with you?.

I tried to avoid the question, but, she insisted, her voice was so kind, her hand touched my hand, I felt her tenderness, I could not resist, and I believed, I should know, her feeling towards me. Despite, I believed, it would have a bad reflection on me.

Whatever, she loved me or not, I would suffer, however, I wanted reaching to an end and to know the truth. I said, while I am looking in her eyes, Saed wants to marry you. She pulled her hands and moved back, but I continued to look in her eyes, which filled with tears. I felt a strong desire to embrace her, each atom of my body wanted that. I felt, she also wanted that.

I approached her, moved one step forward and the other back, until I found her between my hands, she put her kindly hands on her sleepy eyes. When we touched each other, I felt, she did not want to move away, but, she wanted to melt into my chest, as I also felt. I held her hands and put them calmly, over my hearts, both of us chilled, we looked at each other a lover looking, for the first time. No one tried to hide his feeling. I kissed her hands, which were over my heart, then I kissed her right cheek, then her left one, finally I drew a kiss on her lips. Despite the kiss was so short, I felt quenchable, I did not feel anything like that before, during the long relationship with Nahed.

I wished, I knew her before I married her sisters, what should happen if I married her. I blamed myself to marry Nahed. It came to my mind, if I married Mervet, perhaps I had the same feeling towards Nahed. The earth evolved

me, I found myself alone in the room, and my colleague, said to me, What is the wrong with Marvet, and why she is crying. I did not speak for a moment, then I said, She knew, her sister will suffer from an incurable disease. An idea shined in my head, if I married Mervet, perhaps, I could not love her.

I got out of my work, and I was sure, what would happen, Marvet must leave the work with me, and must leave the organization itself. Everything between us must end, without any hope, I wished, if Saed did not talk about this issue. He opened a closed door, beyond it a strong wind. The Psychological serenity did not return back to me, ever. I continued walking, until I found myself in the café. I said, I may find some solace here, but to no avail. I asked Shisha, I rarely asked Shisha. I found all persons in a difficult situation like me or more, I did not care in the beginning, but after that I heard words which, shaking all my body and spirit.

These were the more difficult words, I heard in my life.

Mokhtar El Nems, the owner of the café, wanted to sell the café to a contractor who wanted to build a residential tower instead of it. I heard, Mokhtar said, he may put a condition with the contractor to give us the ground floor to make it a café. But his tone made me feel that, it would not happen. The love between us evaporated. Mokhtar El Nemes, was angry, he did not set between us, but on his desk, I said to myself, the disasters come together. An idea filled my head, if Mervet talk about this issue with Nahed, it is a disaster.

I calmed a bit, when I heard, Abed El Motaal said to El Nems, He looked to him, as he was a teacher looking at a bad student, O villainous, how do you underestimate the coexistence.

EL Nems, left his desk, and set in a corner of the café and he said, You know that, the café inherited from my father, and I have six sisters share me in the café. I have only one daughter. I have no sons or brothers. This is the problem, if I died, they could not sell it.

The disaster occurred, my wife confronted me, she said, You have to choose, me or the other. I surprised, She was confident, I would choose her, I did not know, why she was confident that I would choose her. I said calmly, If I have the

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