

Between

„Mummy, mummy! What is between the earth and the sun?“ a small kid seemed to have asked his mother. But Mohammad did not stare at the happy family which was walking through the park enjoying Sunday afternoon. There were a number of things that had been running through Mohammad’s mind since he entered high school in a beautiful and sophisticated city located somewhere in the central-east of Europe. The parents with kids outmarched him rapidly, but maybe it was only him who walked slowly amid the vivid green trees, benefiting from every single sunbeam. He has never really needed the dazzling sun, because of his relatively dark skin in comparison with other citizens who lived in a country.

A man.

Mohammad was a typical example of a genuine virile man. To some extent he has been taking care of his look, but in a contradiction with a majority of Europeans, he has not become a feminine man. The media has propagated weird lifestyle and mindset for him, so he has never taken advantage from them. He has exercised in a gym for 3 years, but then he assessed that his silhouette is muscled enough and he would never have been seen again in any other gym in the world. His classgirls fell in love with his black dark hair which resembles silk of fresh lily’s fragrance. The auburn eyes interested in the surroundings were exploring hidden traps and beauties of a nature. The more attention he paid, the more details he was able to notice and detect. Always smiley face should have attracted people to him, but in fact, there were a few God’s creatures that understood him well.

The problems appeared when he started school and the pupils were reluctant to him. Why? Because of his origin? Mohammad was born here, in this European country. He underwent lots of nasty actions, virtually everyone called him the names, the clashes and arguments were very common. After some months he was able to sacrifice his origin, religion, personality to become normal native guy. But what and who is normal?

I met Mohammad during a students’ exchange. The closest seat to mine was free in the airplane and Mohammad was curious if he could seat there. I nodded affirmatively. He looked scared, at least I thought so. Never have I gotten to know with anyone on board. Mohammad was not really a stranger. The school has been gossiping about his relations with Al-Qaeeda, terrorist dreamt targets and other rubbish like those. After 09/11 and the blasts in the London’s subway, his life has changed dramatically. If I had been him, I would have felt humiliated at the airport, because some people were crying “check if he has a gun!” or “don’t let him enter!” Where did the common decency disappear? Thereupon, the guards checked him more than an hour at the airport. All of his personal things: cell phone, pocket, even clothes were checked carefully.

The plane took off.

I knew that this man is valuable. I tried to make out on to his heart to find out who he really was. What are his distinctive traits and conventions? The questions had seemed to be unsolved as long as I stood aloof from him. The open minded people

would be on a better position as they have no fear to start conversation with a stranger.

A turmoil.

I opened up my heart to him. He did the same. Mohammad recounted me a story of his life. Mohammad's father, Fatih, had migrated from Kuwait when a war in Gulf began. At the outbreak of that war, he was supposed to fight for the freedom in Kuwait, but he climbed up. In Europe, he had fallen in love with a Slavic woman, they got married and have had three kids. One of them is Mohammad. The life in Europe was arduous and tedious for Fatih. He has always wanted to come back to Kuwait, but he had settled down here. He felt responsible for the country that gave him a shelter once.

Patriotism was a core value for Mohammad and his family. Patriotism to a country that he belonged to. I asked him why. Why do you love a country where so many people are racist, where you are undergone a number of mishaps and aggressive incidents? He steeped in the thoughts pondering over using appropriate words to let me understand his feelings. "The world is abundant in God's creatures. Everyone is not the same". I knew that. "The most important thing in human's life is to find people who love you no matter of your color of skin, religion and, furthermore, sexual preferences. Essentially, a man is able to have no more than three close friends. Otherwise, he would not be able to pay much attention on the rest. It is madly significant. You contribute significantly to the life of other people, of people who you love and who love you. Would you like to hurt any of your brother or sister? Or let the stranger hurt your mother or father? Life is not as easy as ABC. I try to stay neutral to the harms experienced from other people. At least, I suppose it all comes from God. It does not kill me, I can survive it and it makes me stronger. My friends help me in solving difficult coincidences or woes. The reliable friend is as important as brain in your head!" I understood, even though it sounded like a mixture of every single sphere of life. "My father keeps to tradition, he loves Kuwait and other countries combined with League of Arab States. Each year, I visit my aunts and uncles in Kuwait, Qatar, Bahrain and my friends in Yemen and Saudi Arabia. Mostly they are against Europe." "Why" I asked. "People from Middle East, beginning with Israel, ending on Iraq are assessed by what fanatics did. We became a target of Media, Internet which say that we are bad in every meaning of this word. They assess negatively the customs, traditions and they belittle our influence in history of Europe. I take it as a thing from God. I believe it must be like that. Who knows, maybe within some years people will change the attitude to me, us."

The plane landed.

I saw Mohammad at the airport. He was between two muscled guards who checked him savagely. I noticed they made him take off his clothes. They strewed his content of luggage on the floor. The guards tore up the photo of Mohammad's parents wittingly. No one reacted.

What did he do wrong? Nothing.

He just lived.

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