

Prénom et Nom de l’auteur

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The Sons of the western woman

Ahmed Chtaibi

**Chapter 1 : A FAMILY I DON'T BELONG
TO**

The story fuels itself to begin with the merging sounds coming from grandma's usual gossiping circles with all the women around her in the big yard of our house .

My grandmother - overweening and selfishly proud of herself to vanity , for she is THE EXPERT MIDWIFE OF THE VILLAGE REGARDING ALL WHAT HAS TO DO WITH THE LINAGE of our village : birthdates , stories and histories of the folks living in the village and all the secrets behind them -talks about all the things no woman dares to mention or think about with her costmary boldness i.e. all what is related to women's sexual matters and intimately closed world.

In the course of her talk to the women around her my grandmother addressed Rabiaa : A single mother of three daughters and said : "Rabiaa look at your daughters ! One of them looks like "Ouled Smail", one takes after "Ouled Rashed "not to forget the one who looks just as one of" Ouled Moussa"oh dear! I bet that all the tribes got mixed and fused in your progenies!" women laughed and

so did Rabiaa unembarrassed of what has been said by my grandmother

Haphazardly; she turns to the left and the women follow her move , sees me then carelessly turns to the women surrounding her and says:” don’t you see that girls inherit the features of their fathers while boys inherit the features of their mothers!”

At that very moment, I felt the avid looks of the gossiping women examining or rather decorticating me and my body in astonishment, the astonishment that got interrupted only by Lla Rahma who unconsciously uttered the following line!: “ Hallelujah ! he is the spitting image of his mother!” then the chat ended here simply it never was since fearing my grandma or having petty for me women did not add a word or even draw a smile

I do no longer remember the complex feeling overwhelming me at that particular moment , all I kept in the memory of the little boy I was then , was – to a great extent is as I keep the bitterness of it- the inexplicable line of LLA Rahma “ Hallelujah! He is two drops on his mother!”

Concerned and anxious I was and to not hide it I was worried as well by what I heard and witnessed was deeply pained although I seemed carless to the women to myself for it awakened in me the bitterness of my grandmother’s unjustified hatred