

## بَى ابْهُ التَّقَالَيْنُ الْعَرَبِّية فِي الْمُحْرَبِ الْعِرَدِي

## Arab Traditions and Literature Gate

	Answer
1	Aleppo, Syria
2	Any three of the following:
	- From folk tales.
	A Day for One Man.
	- Stones of Our Land.
	- The Cobra Makes Honey.
	- Dream of Closed Eyelids.
	– Jasmine Arbor.
	- Folk Tales
	- Because You Are with Me.
· AX	- The Taste of Birds.
3	Short stories
4	My School and the Earthquake

Emad was overjoyed when he saw the gate of his new school. It was a wide, broad gate, topped by a decorated stone arch with the words "Al-Amal School" written on it in clear, beautiful handwriting.

However, at the gate, he and his mother were stopped by the gatekeeper. His mother said to him, "I want to speak with the principal."



Arab Traditions and Literature Gate

2

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However, at the gate, he and his mother were stopped by the gatekeeper. His mother said to him: "I want to speak with the principal."

The mother climbed the stairs to the headteacher's office and knocked lightly on the door with her fingers. From inside, she heard a voice say: "Come in." Immediately, the principal's assistant asked her, "Which neighbourhood are you from?"

I don't know. Last night was my first night in this neighbourhood. I'm still in shock from the earthquake. The walls swayed, cracked, and the ground beneath us shook. The sound of rumbling filled our ears and hearts, louder than thunder, like giant stones being hurled by a massive truck, like the sound of volcanic eruptions. I am a displaced person, living here in the villa of Dr. Abdul Jalil, the paediatrician. In the villa's garden, there is a separate annex where he has hosted us. My husband works as a nurse in his clinic in the city. Our house, in the eastern neighbourhood, was destroyed by the earthquake. Dr. Abdul Jalil was kind enough to offer us that building to live in. My son Emad's school was destroyed.

The assistant tapped her finger on the globe, spinning it, then said: "Look, God's earth is vast. If your son's school was destroyed, there are many schools in the old neighbourhood that were not destroyed. Go and look there for a school that the earthquake did not strike and take him there."

The mother said: "All the schools were destroyed, and all the houses were either destroyed or damaged. I know the eastern neighbourhood of the city better than you. I lived there. The homes of the poor are the ones that were destroyed. The homes of the rich were not destroyed. Do you know why?"

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بُيُوتُ الْأَغْنِيَاءِ قَويَّةُ الْبِنَاءِ، أَمَّا بُيُوتُ الْفُقَرَاءِ، فَهِي مِنَ الْوَرَقِ الْمُقَوَّى