

Escapade

Alain de Sade

Escapade

Alain de Sade

This book is for sale at <http://leanpub.com/escapade>

This version was published on 2013-11-17



This is a [Leanpub](#) book. Leanpub empowers authors and publishers with the Lean Publishing process. [Lean Publishing](#) is the act of publishing an in-progress ebook using lightweight tools and many iterations to get reader feedback, pivot until you have the right book and build traction once you do.

©2013 Alain de Sade

Tweet This Book!

Please help Alain de Sade by spreading the word about this book on [Twitter!](#)

The suggested hashtag for this book is [#Escapade](#).

Find out what other people are saying about the book by clicking on this link to search for this hashtag on Twitter:

<https://twitter.com/search?q=#Escapade>

1

The dawn billowed the living room with a gentle light that slowly tiptoed around the hazy fabrics of the sofas. Eventually, the prowling light found his face and faded in the opposite corner. It had been a long month. Fasting, preparing for marriage, keeping a wild and sexually deprived beast at bay within proprieties, and working. All were adding up to a depressing state. With shapeless stubble, messed hair and wild gaze, Kareem started to feel aging bags under his eyes weighting heavily. At the age of twenty-one that was frightening.

The living room, where Kareem was sitting, had simple set of furniture. A three-seat sofa occupied the centre between two chairs. A coffee table dominated the front of the sofa with an empty glass. He had just drunk the last glass of water before the fasting had started. It was day twenty-nine of Ramadan, the fasting month. Tomorrow could be Eid or the day after. His wedding is set for the day after whichever way.

The room had two doors; a door connected the room to the rest of the house while the other lead to the house's entrance. An exit from the house without the need to go through it's interior where honor was kept. Women! The female part of the family.

Most Saudi homes are designed with this in mind. Women

are to be separated and wrapped indoors from the hungry eyes of strangers, of men, of the world. Women dominate the heart of the house whilst men play the role of interfacing. In the outset, it showed care and protection, but in the hidden darkness of isolation Saudi women cheated and got abused in equal measures.

Living in Saudi was another aching part of his life. He never wanted it and yet there was no escape from his life in bubble wraps. Not for a Palestinian with Egyptian or Lebanese traveling documents. You simply stuck. The choices were limited at best and bleak at most. Either the slumps of the refugee camps in Lebanon, the run down old houses in Egypt or the so-perceived paradise of working in a Gulf country. And what better than Saudi Arabia. He was in pain and yet envied by his relatives back in the slumps. Which was worse? He could never make up his mind.

Kareem's parents, like the many of Palestinian families, immigrated during the 1948 war. His father's family took the road north while his mother's took the road East. In those days, every Arabic country was up in arms for the Palestinian cause. The refugees were welcomed with open arms. Most Palestinians immigrated to the nearest country to them. Few had the privilege of choosing for financial or political reasons. In the end, all ended up refugees down the pit. Called out from time to time for political gains to be achieved or political plunders for which to be blamed. That became the role and plight of the Palestinians living in Arabic countries. A plight that is rarely mentioned in

the news and people who are rarely recognized to exist. The Palestinians in the brotherly Arabic countries are always considered to be the saved ones from the horror of occupation and for that privilege they are ever in debt to the hosting Arabic countries.

Kareem looked reasonably handsome in the shadow of light wearing his pajamas. He had his bare foot on the table staring at the shadow of morning light blurring the corner of the room. He decided to ring her. He could not wait. He longed to her voice and needed her assurance that their plan would work. Of course, he was the one who was always sure, confident and assuring. She needed that too. She was the weak link in the equation or so was the way the game played.

Lifting the phone receiver, he dialed her number. Her soft voice came streaming down the telephone cables like spring waters. He was thirsty. She was his salvation to give him an impression of normality in his abnormal state of envied exclusion. Causally and softly they exchanged lovers' words and served each other dishes of hope and longing.

'You know I always loved you and I will always do', Kareem said in a pleading voice.

He paused while listening to her reply. His face was glowing bright like a summer sun. He was happy talking to her and the rest did not matter.

'You know that is nonsense' was his reply to hers.

‘Is that you Kareem? What are you doing at this hour of the morning?’

The voice came from inside the house. It startled Kareem. But he was used to it by now. He knows how to keep his composure and pretence. A head peaked from the door that connected the living room to the rest of the house. Her hair was died chestnut color with few white roots. The once beautiful girl is old but never tired looking. She still has some of her past days’ glory. After all and despite the hardship they endured, her father was a merchant. Import, export, cars, tea; you name it. Beside he had good contracts even in bad times as an approved supplier to the British army in historical Palestine. She lived in relative comfort. She could afford staying pretty. ‘Don’t you know your wedding is tomorrow? You should save your strength for your big night, not to embarrass us!’

Her words came down like hammers on Kareem as if he needed a reminder that his ill-fated wedding is tomorrow.

‘Yes mother.’ Replied Kareem in a resigned wretched voice like an old warrior surrendering his castle. ‘Did you eat the liver I cooked earlier for you? It is full of iron, good for the blood; it should give you strength.’ His mother’s assuming voice of knowledge always annoyed him. ‘Yes mother.’ Replied Kareem while pushing a plate out of sight. ‘Good. Go to bed now.’ As she was turning around to leave, Kareem let a sigh of relief that was shortly lived. She turned back facing him with a loving gaze.

‘Ah! Would you like me to make you a hot cup of milk? It

will help you to sleep.’ ‘No, thank you mother.’

With a sigh of admiration, Sawsan looked at her son and turned him over with her eye. ‘You will make a handsome groom tomorrow, you will make me proud.’ ‘Yes mother.’ His voice had a sad fatalist quality.

Kareem got used to responding to his mother with this fatalist attitude. There was no other option. She was a strong lady with steel will that she imposed unchallenged over her family. His father always adopted a set back attitude. Well at least until he got angry then hell got loose. The fatalist attitude Kareem adopted did not always reflect his state of mind. It was always a waiting game.

He waited until he was sure that his mother had gone before resuming his phone conversation.

‘I’d better hang up now; I suspect she will be back snooping around me. She would not settle down until I am in bed or she has to know whom am I talking to.’ He said in a whispering voice over his racing breath. He then paused and listened attentively.

The person on the other end of that conversation, thousands of miles away, was the love of his life. She meant everything to him. And yet they were going through a tough time planning their escape from reality to anticipated happiness. A plan that had been taking place over months and is worthy of A Great Escape style epic movie. An escape they were not sure down which road of life it will lead them.

The frown on his forehead reflected what he was hearing.

'I know sweetheart, I know. I just wish I could do something but you know I cannot.' He said in agitated hushing voice full of hopelessness.

'I know, just think that we will be together soon, very soon.' Kareem paused to listen again.

His face was telling his story, the many stories of his peers, the refugee love in exile colored by uncertainties and prejudices. 'I love you too. Good night my love.' Kareem said with some signs of relief on his face, in his tone, and in his muscles.

'See you tomorrow. At the airport.' He added, as he was about to hang up.

He kissed the receiver ritually as he always did after their romantic conversations and placed it back on the phone's body in slow contemplative motion.

4

A moment of uncomfortable silence passed. Kareem took off his satin jacket and threw it on the sofa. Nahed moved mechanically to the corner and opened a piece of paper in her hand. It resembled a note as if she is revising for her exam before entering the classroom. Just as Kareem was trying to escape from the bedroom, 'Shall I change?' begged Nahed for help in a hushed voice. The exam is too hard and she had no answers for this one in her cheating notes. Kareem looked at her and wondered how much they have to cheat in this test of life. He knew he has been cheating big time and there isn't much he can do about it.

'If you like.' Replied Kareem in a very cold monotonic voice sent the chills down Nahed's spine. 'Shall I come with you?' Nahed's answer was a child's last attempt to hold to her mother's hand, to hold to a rescuing boat, to hold to something semi familiar in surrounding of anxiety.

'I am just going to fetch something from the bedroom. Your suitcases inside, feel free to empty it in the wardrobe.' While turning away from her he murmured to himself 'As if it is worth it. How meaningless?'

Nahed followed Kareem hypnotized by the confusion of her state. She is still not sure what is happening exactly. Her only salvation is this piece of paper, which she scribbled few notes from her sisters' advice. They were not much

older than her but she went through it all before her. They were the only ones to trust, the only ones to help, the only ones who were there for her anyway. She did not have much choice in the matter. Carrying her suitcase into the new bedroom, her bedroom, she was wondering, does this mean she will stop going to school? She would not have carried much for missing school if it was not for Salma and Huda, her two best friends. Well. She heard that Salma just got engaged herself. So it may not be all that bad. There may not be any good friends left. The world seems, all the sudden, empty. And she felt old and lonely.

Kareem by passed her going back to the living room. He had in his hand what looked like a pack of cigarettes. She can hear him going into the kitchen and lighting the gas stove. Going through her notes, it is time for her to change into one of these nice new nightdresses. The more it shows the better, her notes say. The black silky one looked nice. It showed all her tiny legs, shoulders, and chest. It was almost like wearing a bra and panties. In her mind, she wondered why she is allowed now to wear those. She would have never been able to do so in her home.

Marriage stuff may not be all that bad after all. It might just be as good as her sisters had told her. She wondered if she would be able to use the telephone tomorrow to call her best friends without being told off as usual. She thought it is best to join her husband in the living room. She was not sure what does husband mean but was told she should be near him and make sure he is happy. And most important

make sure to have what they called sex. She knew what sex meant. She watched movies. Arabic movies mostly, but still romance and sex featured prominently. Her cheeks were tinted healthy red from the thought and a tickle in her stomach in anticipation of experience that sounds fun. Why? She had no idea.

Kareem was sipping hot tea from a handleless cup half way through a cigarette. It was his second. He seemed to smoke fast and hard. The air he blew in the air did not seem all smoke but a feed up sigh. Nahed stood near the joining door between their bedroom and the living room waiting for him to say something. He put out the cigarette and started fondling another in his hand.

'I thought you did not smoke!' Nahed said eventually out of frustration.

'I lied!' A short prompt reply Kareem gave back, almost as if to say mind your own business.

It startled her the amount of hostility she sensed in his voice. She may not know what hostility even meant but she sensed it.

'Why?' She was trembling but full of mischief. She would not surrender that easy.

Kareem glanced at her. She looked nice, weak and harmless. She could have been his sister if he had one. Yet, in a firm voice he replied. 'Stop asking questions. And do not tell anyone anything, do you understand?'

'Yes.' In a resigned voice and gesture, she replied and then

sat next to him. Waiting.

Waiting what to come. Questions were filling up her mind and all she had is blank answers. She was slim and short. She had olive skin and beautiful locks of black hair flowing around her face and back to her waste. And like all Palestinian women she was stubborn.

‘Aren’t you going to bed?’ Kareem was sensing her present next to him, flesh to flesh, and he was getting feed up.

He was not sure if his anger was from her or from a culture that allows him to violate a child. At least that is how you saw this marriage. In fact Nahed was not doing too badly among Palestinian community in Saudi. Palestinian girls were not doing too badly either in comparison to Saudi women. The idea is marry them young to keep them in decorum with Islamic laws in reticence. Somehow, Saudi women have high libido from a very young age that defies even this practice and could put pressures on delicate social fabric. But everyone got used to it. Do not ask, do not tell. Many girls practiced sodomy to avoid the un-honorable loss of virginity. Kareem knew through his male companions, who often boasted about their hunting trips, about some of the sexual adventures girls liked to explore, and about the girls they had explored. Some of these girls Kareem knew in person and chose not to believe the stories. Some decency must be maintained, he always thought.

Some of the stories, was told, seemed more of porn movies than reality. But many were reality, a reality of frustrated society in the shackles of propriety as defined by the elderly

or religious police. It is a culture of submission more than real acceptance. It seems that submission to the norms is the plague of the Middle East societies.

‘What about you?’ Nahed replied stubbornly breaking through the glass boundaries of Kareem’s thoughts. It brought him back drawing a surprise look on his face. She is a grown up now, she thought. She has the right to question and agree or disagree. It is not just obeying orders as it was with her parents. She is going to stand up for herself. Her idealistic thoughts were soap opera driven rather than realistic. ‘I will follow in a while.’ Kareem replied in a resigned voice. It was after midnight, no time for quarrel. He just wondered if he would have to beat her like some of his male friends do with their wives. Luckily beating women was frowned upon among Palestinian communities even in Saudi. Somehow, he would not need it, he thought briefly before the next reply came his way.

‘You have to come to bed.’ Nahed seemed to act as a proper wife; ordering him around! He thought with a grin on his face.

In a man’s society, the wives usually order the men around. Sex and food keeps the man-beast at bay and gives women the upper hand. But this was not the reason behind her desperate plea.

‘They will come tomorrow morning to see us. Very early in the morning. We have to have something to tell them.’ Her voice was pleading, her face was blushing, and her hands were trembling.

Kareem looked at her with wide eyes and open mouth. He said nothing while observing her sequence of actions. She turned mechanically away while still sitting on the sofa and opened her piece of paper. She read it attentively and quietly like an exam cheat and then turned back to deliver her next line.

‘Blood or something, I have white sheet on the bed already.’ She was close to crying or nerves breakdown or both, Kareem thought.

It is all to do with marrying a virgin and keeping the honor. That honor has to be proven in blood. A virgin blood. The blood shows two honors in fact. A girl’s honor of decency. A boy’s honor of manhood. Later on in life both has to keep the family honor by keeping the descendants’ line. Children as many as possible, as soon as possible. Kareem knew all of this and wondered how she did. She looked too young, too small, too fragile for all of this. He found only one response as his heart sank deep in his chest. ‘We will sort something out.’ Kareem replied to her begging eyes. He felt fear all the sudden. He held her hand and took her to the bedroom switching off the lights on the way.

Several screams later, they both laid in bed bare.

10

Time ran very fast. They did not realize it had been three months since they came to England. Kareem started his Master degree. Amal, by miracles, found a PhD studentship. That created some feeling of competition between the two of them. It added to the fact that they were living in separate University accommodation as if they were complete strangers. With time, Kareem started to introduce Amal as his girlfriend rather than wife. Amal responded in kind and was getting elevated by the feeling of independence that she was gaining, with a husband for a boyfriend, and with her own cash earned from her studentship. They got used to life of wild nights and hard working days. But now they had to stop and think. Kareem has to go back to renew his permission to leave from Saudi Arabia. Every resident in Saudi, who is not a Saudi, must apply for a permission to leave before traveling. Kareem always saw that as slavery. They were only allowed to travel at the pleasure of Kafel, their Saudi owner better known as employer. He always had a bitter taste in his mouth every time he thought about the Leave Permission. But now there is another problem to worry about. Nahed!

The night was still young when Amal came over to see Kareem. Every one was out celebrating in pre-Christmas holidays-to-come parties. They could hear a party going

two blocks down the Avon Way accommodation. These far blocks were the undergraduates' accommodation, far too crowded and noisy. They were nearer the gate where they had smaller flats, fewer people to share, and the body count never doubled over the weekend like it is the case with undergraduates blocks.

Kareem and Amal had their usual sex that is becoming more mechanical and muted but much needed. They shared the cooking and Kareem had a bottle of wine to try. Amal objected fiercely and ordered him to put it away. When he did not comply, she poured it down the sink.

One thing they did not fight over was their meat. It had to be from a Halal shop. That was hard to get by in Colchester. After all, Colchester was still holding to its sleepy English town atmosphere with anything more exciting than pork sausages and lamp chops should be bought in designers like food shops. But with a growing community of foreigners, who are often rich or coming with generous scholarships, there was a lot of money to be made and designer food shops were spreading. For the Arabic community and many non-Arab Muslims, there was the Jewish farm. Something that Kareem always found funny is how the enemies of the Middle East found themselves best of friends in exile.