

WATER IS LIFE

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Jason Black was an American billionaire whose only ambition was to become more and more rich. While his limo passed through the poor civilians of Egypt and their poor homes, he thought of how he was going to extend his industry and destroy all of these ugly huts. He didn't care a bit for all of those poor people whose lives were already very tough. The limo suddenly stopped, drawing him away from his visionary but as well greedy thoughts. He waited for his chauffeur to open the door so as to make an even more impressive entrance. He got out of the car but when he was ready to close the door his eyes fell to a younger woman who was trying to drink some little drops of water that were falling from a broken pipe. Her characteristics were dark, suitable with the Egyptian climate. She looked at him as well. She admitted in herself that he was handsome. His blonde hair sparkled under the sun but his green eyes showed that his last name was not the only black thing. His heart was black as well. Noticing that she was looking at him an evil smile appeared to his face. He took one of his expensive bottles with water from the car and started drinking it in a cruel way and when he finished it, he sighed with satisfaction to show her how refreshing it was. Then he threw the empty bottle to her.



He waited to see jealousy or even hate to her eyes but he was caught by surprise when he saw that she felt sorry about him. He felt anger take over his whole body. She felt sorry for him! She who had nothing felt sorry for him who had everything! He passed beside her without wanting to continue seeing that look in her eyes.

He entered the huge hotel and then his luxurious room. Almost everything in there was made by gold but he couldn't admire the wealth because her eyes weren't fading from his mind. He walked up and down his room for hours and when the representatives knocked his room's door he needed some time to understand that he should open it. They entered the room and after sitting on two chairs, they started asking him about the terms of the contract of the terrain he was going to buy but his mind was obviously somewhere else. His answers were confused and sometimes incomprehensible. When they finally left his room, he poured some expensive whiskey on a glass. He just couldn't understand why he got so upset with the look of a random civilian! When he finally fell asleep, he was drunk and his head ached but not as much as the next morning.

He woke up at 12:30 with difficulty! Everything was obscure at the beginning but as the time passed by he was getting better and better. He walked until he reached the room's window. He saw the expansion of the terrain in front of him and visioned his factories making that place useful. His eyes caught some thin people who were drinking water from a puddle which meant that they were actually drinking some kind of liquid mud. He laughed when he saw that even those who found some kind of clean water didn't keep it for themselves but they shared it with the others. For him that was not a good action but something really stupid!

He decided to make a stroll to the town so that he could show his power to all these inferiors. He wore his most expensive costume and descended the stairs of the hotel. He then got out. At first, he thought to take his limo but he wanted to walk even to the narrow tracks and that kind of car couldn't enter this kind of road. He started walking with an arrogant smile in his lips and a superior walking. He acted like he was the king of the world or some kind of celebrity walking on the red carpet.

The hours passed and he decided that it was enough for that day and he better return at his hotel. And then was the moment he realized that he didn't know how to return. His i-phone had no signal of course, so he started walking without knowing if he was taking the right or the wrong way. At the end of the day he ended up in the middle of a desert. He wanted to continue walking but his feet were so fatigued that they "melted".



His sleep was so upset that when he woke up the next morning he felt all his body being tense and the trekking started again. The hours passed and he was always fighting with the wind that was hot and covered his face with sand. After some moments, he didn't care about how expensive his clothes were because he felt them like chains that didn't let him move. So in the end he was only with his pants whose edges were turned reaching his knee and his feet were bare so that he could walk more easily in the sand. He could feel his mouth being as dry as the desert and he even ran out of saliva. He couldn't stand seeing desert anymore! Every step he took was a step closer to madness. Suddenly, an oasis appeared and he ran to it with the enthusiasm making his heart beat faster. He dug his face into the lake wanting to feel the water cover his whole body but some minutes later his disappointment was indescribable when he realized that it was just an illusion.

He shouted hoping that someone was going to hear him but mostly because he was desperate. He fell in the sand and looked at the sun who made his eyes hurt. Everything was turning around and around again and again that he even felt dizzy! He couldn't stand it anymore! It was unbearable! His eyes closed and he was sure that they were never going to open again. He would die there with nobody by his side.

The next morning came and the moment he was sure that he was going to leave his last breath, something cold touched his lips and entered his mouth. He could feel it descending his body and he found the power to open his eyes. A woman appeared in his field of view. At first he thought she was an angel because the sun behind her looked like a halo but then he recognized the girl he had seen two days before. He had thrown at her an empty bottle like she was a dog and she was the one saving his life!



-Why did you save me? He asked some minutes later with his voice being barely heard. She looked at him weirdly.

-Oh, right! You don't understand English!

-No, I do understand but your question seemed a bit strange. She said with a pretty good accent!

-But how? He asked with astonishment.

-My grandfather had travelled a lot and he taught English to me and my family. She answered and he nodded.

-What's your name? She asked him after some awkward moments in quiet.

-Jason. And you?

-Noura. Come on Jason. Let's help you get up. She said and helped him stand to his feet.

-But you still didn't answer my strange question. She looked at him deeply. So deeply that nobody else had ever looked at him. She saw a very different man. His confidence had disappeared and he looked like a hurt puppy. She didn't know of course that these two days he had the chance to look his self through an hypothetical mirror and he didn't really like what he had seen.

-Well to answer your question....I couldn't just let you die.

-Not even me?

-Not even you. She said being sure and sweet.

-You who have some drops of water, gave me the majority of them while I who had so many bottles of water in my car, didn't give you a single one? He asked not being able to understand her generosity. She didn't answer. They started walking back to his hotel.

-Why did you feel sorry for me the other day? He suddenly asked her breaking the quiet. She stopped walking and looked at him not understanding his question.

-You know, the way you had looked at me, made your eyes imprint in my mind. I couldn't get them out of my mind. She smiled slightly while thinking "You couldn't get me out of your mind?".

-I looked at you that way because in front of me I was seeing someone who thought that he had everything but was empty in him. She said without looking at him and beginning to walk again. He was shocked. He needed two days in the desert to see that and she had seen that during some minutes. They continued walking and he felt something that he hadn't felt before. Something like warmth in him because she was near him. Wanting to stop thinking about that emotion, he started a discussion that was not relative with the fore topics.

-What does Noura mean?

-Huh?

-I mean, every egyptian or arabic name has a meaning. So what does Noura mean? She was surprised by his question but she didn't avoid answering.

-Sunrise. Noura means sunrise. She answered and he laughed.

-What's so funny? She asked him starting being irritated.

-Nothing. It's just that you were my sunrise. He said with his eyes being full of emotions for the first time. They looked at each other for some moments but suddenly two men lifted Jason in their arms. He started moving like crazy to get away but then he realized that they were his bodyguards and that they were heading to his hotel.

-I won't forget what you did for me! He shouted so as she could hear him and then disappeared in the hotel.

-Sure. She said with doubt.

Some days after, she couldn't bear seeing people dying of dehydration as well as she had heard that the plans of the extension of Jason's industry were advancing so she decided to go and talk to him. When she reached his hotel, the receptionist didn't let her go talk to him. After tough negotiation, she convinced him to call Jason so that he could confirm that he knew her. Some minutes passed and he appeared in his expensive suit looking more handsome than ever. He approached the reception. She felt her heart beating faster and faster.

-Mister Black, this girl claims that you know her. Said the receptionist and he looked at her for some moments.

-No, I haven't seen her again. He said coldly and the security lifted her to kick her out of the hotel. She could feel anger possessing her whole body. "That's the "I won't forget what you did for me?"! She thought intensely. However, the last moment before she was going to be forced to leave the hotel, he reached them with a bright smile in his lips.

-Wait. I was kidding. He said and she wanted to kill him then more than before. He took her hand in his, he kissed it and they ascended the stairs until they reached his room. When she entered his room, she felt her eyes hurt from the radiant wealth.

-When I said that I won't forget what you did for me, I meant it. I just couldn't find the courage to invite you and thankfully you came by your own. He said looking at her in very deep way.

That could be explained by the fact that the days they were apart, his heart ached so hard that he understood he was in love with her.

-I want to share my wealth with you. I want to make you the queen of my kingdom. He continued and she felt butterflies for some moments but then she drew her hand away from his.

-I don't want to be a queen in a kingdom whose fundamentals are the blood of innocent people! She said objectionably. He looked at her without understanding what she was talking about.

-The extension of your industry is going to destroy the lives of many people. If you want me to be happy...Stop the extension of your industry and help all of those people. You have money, do something! She shouted at him so that she could wake him up but he was so attached to his money that he couldn't even imagine himself doing what she asked him to do. She got so irritated with the fact that he couldn't see what she was seeing that she grabbed his hand and he drew him to the parts of this terrain that he hadn't see. His eyes hurt from the pain he saw in all of these people. When she got him back to his hotel, he was shocked and ready to faint.

-What do you have to say now?

-I know that the money is rooted in my heart but with your help we can help all of these people step by step. So this was the way that they started their own industry that was helping people of the entire world. Her name was "**Water Is Life**".



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