

## A Translation into English of KHALIL I. AL-FUZAI's<sup>1</sup> "AND WORRY INCREASES"<sup>2</sup>

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### ABSTRACT

*When a person violates his wife's social rights, he is determined to take revenge. Hence, he waits in ambush for that person, later attacks him, and does not sleep at night, expecting something worse to take place. In the morning, he discovers that his rival intact. Apparently, he experiences a psychological moment that he mentally lives and plans, but nothing happens. Usually in the Middle Eastern societies, the man is the protector of his relative women, and this fact causes him to pass through such an internal conflict.<sup>3</sup>*

**Keywords:** short story, Al-Fuzai, Saudi, And Worry Increases.

### TRANSLATION

#### AND WORRY INCREASES

He returns late in that winter evening. His body is shivering...<sup>4</sup> he can hear the beats of his heart... nausea overwhelms him violently. He never feels thirsty as he does now. His tongue is like a piece of pottery... he tries to call his wife, but he finds out that he has lost his voice. He stops for a short time in the lobby of the house... in order to hold himself. He recovers his calm... slowly goes up the stairs with caution... and quietly opens the door. In the quiet he sees her sleeping and goes under the cover with her. He does not put his arm under her head as he used to do every night... lest she hear the beats of his heart and wake up. If she does, he will have to then relate the minute details of that horrible night.

Quiet spreads all over... slowly tranquility finds a way to his soul. He feels more secure while lying beside her... dark light hardly allows seeing things, yet her angel face is surrounded with a halo of bright light... that sends assurance to him while she is sleeping. As it is the case while she is awake, when he resorts to her... escaping his worries... naps in her lap, she tickles his head hair with her fingers, and addresses him using loving words. He becomes sorry that they spent a long time before they got married... twenty years they lived a beautiful and wonderful love story. After their marriage, their love becomes more wonderful and beautiful. He used to say repeatedly, "love alone makes miracles... days alone heal injuries... dreams alone make short distances of longing and time of nostalgia, and when wishes materialize... memories still stay memories, full of aroma from the past adds perfumes to the present and the future.

He tries to forget the events of last night, but they insist on his mind... and nothing saves him from their atrocity except for lying beside her... receiving from her presence with him an energy to conquer fear that begins to leave him, replaced with peace of mind that gives him a chance to remember what took place with a clear mind that is not disturbed with fear which controlled him a few minutes ago.

One day she complained about her male colleague's annoyance at work... a volcano of anger exploded inside him... satans of humans and demons got involved. And he decided to take

revenge on this idiot who is known for his bad name because of his play and recklessness, and who had lessons with some people, but he did not benefit from those lessons. And it is time to have a lesson that he will remember as long as he lives. And he did not tell her what he decided to do.

He watched his movements... knew the schedules of his returns from soiree. On this night he hides for him near his house. When he approaches the door of the house, he attacks him from behind. And with all the anger he has, he takes his neck in his arm... the other tries to shout, but he locks his mouth with his hand. He tries to resist but in vain... the resistance continues... the pressure on the mouth and the neck continue. The smallness of the other body aids him... he continues to press on the neck and the mouth... in a fit of anger he does not realize what he is doing. He intends only to punish him... slap of the truth returns to him, something of his conscience; he sees the other man fall down as a lifeless corpse...

He looks at her again... he wants to cling to her, but he worries lest she feel his status... it is enough for him to contemplate her lips about which he said at their wedding party whispering what the daring Arabian poet said:

Who said that this red cut is a mouth?

Indeed, it's a red rose made of meat and blood.

At that time, she smiled shyly.

This beloved satisfies him, becoming more beautiful and shining... the most beautiful, the joy of his inclination in the nights of gloomy despair. The early dawn approaching to assassinate distances... dream of the past, the present, and the future. The rashness of longing, the thoughtlessness of hopes, and the whim of possibility change into a type of passion and a course of pleasant wishes... and the distraction of the heart and the wish of the self... she is a woman, yet she is not like other women.

She moves restlessly in her sleep... runs her hand over the pillow as if she were searching for his arm. He extends his arm to put her head on... he moves toward her until her head is about to touch his chest. He is afraid she may awaken because of the violent beats of his heart... this is one of the habits she insists on as she insists on his beautiful appearance when he leaves home. No one used to worry about him before her. She wants to hear continuously the words of love, and she becomes annoyed more than anything else when she sees him engaged in watching TV because she does not want this machine to busy him even for a few hours... this time may make up for the days he spends away when he travels to his city that doesn't sleep. She accepts all with pleasure... it is a way of expressing love for him... why not accept so thankfully? When she talks, springs of passion burst out... her voice is full of beautiful dreams of the evenings that they spent on the shores of her silence-infected city.

Sometimes she rides the wave of rise and challenge. All locked doors leading to stubbornness open before her... so prairie flowers with colocynth and skies become pregnant with storms and thunder. Yet the rebellious monster inside her does not stay long before yielding without giving in its mutiny and stubbornness. And when the cloud of anger clears, prairies become grass-covered... wormwood, and lavender... and skies get incomparable perfume, and life wears the most beautiful and pleasant jewels.

And because he loves her, he is ready to do anything to protect her from the reasons of worry. So, what makes her sad saddens him, and what causes her happiness makes him happy. When she smiles, he feels that the whole universe smiles for him, and when she becomes sad, all bright colors disappear from his sight, so that he only sees the dark sides of all things. He does not sleep that night.

In the morning, she observes the paleness of his face and the absence of his thought. So, she asks him, "What is the matter with you today... you look odd and worried?"

He stutters... his answer is not clear, and she asks for an explanation, "What did you say?"

"I said, 'I am fine.'"

"But you don't look so."

He draws on his lips a stupid smile that increases her worry. So, she says, "You look like face pale, absent minded! Why?"

"There is no particular reason for this."

He skims through the morning newspaper. He does not find any news... he tries more than once to tell her about what happened... each time he changes his mind at the last moment... repeats the trial and takes back. Finally, he decides to fold this secret between his wings for a while, and sooner or later will come... that day when he will admit to her what happened.

After he drives her to work in the gloomy morning, he sees the other man get down from his car, alive and healthy, so one thousand and one questions jump to his mind.

September 23, 1995.<sup>5</sup>

### Translator's End Notes

- 1- KHALIL I. AL-FUZAI (1940- ) is a literary writer from Saudi Arabia. In his writings, he introduced his culture, addressing many social, cultural, and religious issues he saw in his society.
- 2- "And Worry Increases": this story was translated from the following Arabic source:  
Al-Fuzai, Khalil. A Moment of Collapse and other Stories. لحظة انهيار و قصص أخرى  
Tabouk (Saudi Arabia): Tabouk Literary Club, 2000: 7-15.
- 3- This introduction might help readers understand the context.
- 4- . . . Every now and then there are few dots found in the source text.
- 5- September 23, 1995: This date is found in the source text; it might be a reference to the date of writing the story.

### Author's Profile



Gassim H. Dohal is an Associate Professor of English from Saudi Arabia. He holds a Ph.D. in English Literature. He has contributed research papers and articles in different academic journals. His works appeared in journals like *International Journal of Languages, Literature and Linguistics* (IJLLL), *The IUP Journal of English Studies*, *Academic Research International*, *Annals of the Faculty of Arts* of Egypt: Ain Shams Univ., and *International Journal of Comparative Literature and Translation Studies* (IJCLTS).

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