

# Mido

in Egyptian Arabic



# میدو



lingualism

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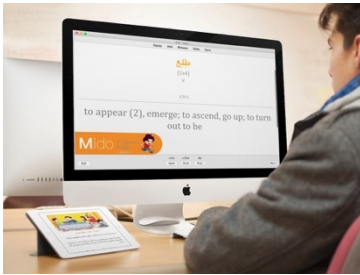
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# Table of Contents

2	Introduction
3	Orthography
4	الفصل الأوّل: عَيْلَة مِيدو
18	الفصل التّاني: المحطّة الخاطِئَة
32	الفصل التّالِث: زِيَارَة تَيْتِه
48	الفصل الرّابِع: المعاد السّرّي
62	الفصل الخامِس: تَرْوِغ عَمْرُو
76	الفصل السّادِس: صديق مِيدو السّرّي
96	الفصل السّابِع: الازمِه
112	الفصل الثّامِن: كُبّايَة شاي عُنْد الجيران
128	الفصل التّاسِع: محفَظَة الأُحلام
146	الفصل العاشِر: مخطوف

Supplementary materials for **Mido in Egyptian Arabic** are available at [www.lingualism.com/mido-ea](http://www.lingualism.com/mido-ea):



- Free audio files
- Free PDF with page-by-page vocabulary lists and an alphabetical glossary
- Anki flashcards with audio (available separately)

# Introduction

I remember with great fondness reading *Le Petit Nicolas* stories in college. Childlike in their innocence, they were a welcome break from the more serious literature in the syllabus. This inspired me to create *Mido* for Arabic students.

The stories in this book are light-hearted and easy to follow, but also engaging, all the while presenting the lively language and culture of Egyptians today. However, these stories are aimed at adult language-learners—and not children—as secrets and lies and crime make appearances.

The first chapter serves as an introduction to Mido and his family, as we take a peek at the household's typical morning. Mido's father, mother, brother, and sister each feature in a chapter showing a day in their lives. And Mido, our hero, stars in the remaining chapters.

The Egyptian Arabic texts appear on the left-facing pages, while the English translations can be found on the right-facing pages along with cultural and language notes, as well as photographs.

Dozens of beautiful illustrations can be found throughout the book to help the reader better understand the texts. Audio professionally recorded by voice actors in Cairo is available to stream or download for free from: [www.lingualism.com/mido-ea](http://www.lingualism.com/mido-ea)

I would like to thank Mona Mohamed, Mohamed Ibrahim, Amel Shafii, and Remon Maher for their contributions to this project. And I wish to extend a special thank-you to Mariam Khaled, who listened to my ideas about Mido and his family's adventures and turned them into the wonderful, vivid stories in this book, which would never have been possible without her creativity and hard work. Thank you, Mariam!

I hope you enjoy *Mido* and learn more Egyptian Arabic along the way.

Matthew Aldrich

# Orthography

There is no official system of spelling Egyptian Colloquial Arabic. There are many conventions used by the majority of Egyptians, but individual preferences abound. The official, written language is, of course, Modern Standard Arabic. But when Egyptians do write in their dialect, they tend to follow orthographic rules of MSA to a point, while sounding things out and spelling them as they see fit when in doubt.

In *Lingualism* publications, every effort has been made to standardize the spelling for consistency, using some of the most common spelling preferences among Egyptians. This includes omitting dots from final *yaa* (ى instead of ي) and *taa marbuta* (ة instead of ة). ة is only written when in an *idaafa* construct, being pronounced *t*.

The texts contain *tashkeel* (diacritics) to assist in reading. *Kasra* (◌ِ) and *damma* (◌ُ) are written to mark short vowels. They are not written before the long vowels *yaa* and *waw*.

*Sukuun* (◌ْ) is not written word-final to avoid cluttering the text, as Egyptian Arabic does not have case endings (*i3raab*). *Sukuun* is written over *waw* when pronounced *ō* and over *yaa* when pronounced *ē*: يوم (yōm day), بيت (bēt house).

*Fatha*, the most common vowel in Arabic, is not normally written, in order to avoid clutter, as well. When a consonant is not marked, the default vowel is *fatha*. It is, however, written above an initial *waw* or *yaa*, and in a few other cases, for clarity. It is also written before *waw* and *yaa* when they are pronounced as diphthongs: هيكون (haykūn will be), موجود (mawgūd present).

*Kasra* is not written in the definite article ال. The word اللى (illi) is written without *kasra* and *sukuun*.

The PDF eBook version of this book, available at [www.lingualism.com/mido-ea](http://www.lingualism.com/mido-ea) includes an unvoiced version for those who prefer reading without *tashkeel*.



## الفصل الاول: عيلة ميدو

”ميدو! انت يا واد يا ميدو! اصحى! طابور المدرسه هيفوتك يا وله!“

صوت امر عمرو و هي بتصحى ميدو للمدرسه هو زى نشيد الصباح او الموسيقى التصويريه بتاعه كل يوم فى بيت عيلة ميدو و يمكن فى كل البيوت.

ابو عمرو صحى على الصوت طبعاً و بعصبية قال: ”الزفت ده لسه مش عاوز يقوم!“ ميدو سمع خطوات ابوه الغضبانه بتقرب من الاوضه، راح نط من السرير بسرعه و قال:  
— انا صحيت اهو يا بابا خلاص.  
— قوم يلا يا فالج بدل ما يقفلوا باب المدرسه\*.

## Chapter 1: Mido's Family

“Mido! Come on, Mido! Wake up! You’re going to miss the morning assembly at school!”

The voice of Om Amr calling for Mido to wake up is like a daily morning anthem or a soundtrack in Mido’s family’s house and probably in every house.

Abu Amr woke up because of the noise. Annoyed, he said, “That stupid boy is still sleeping?” As soon as Mido heard his father’s angry footsteps approaching, he jumped out of bed and nervously said,

“I’m up, dad!”

“Hurry up before the school doors close.”

---

يا واد = يا ولد = hey boy!

طابور المدرسه (lit. *school line-up*) is the morning assembly that begins each school day in Egypt. Students line up in the school yard for the national anthem and physical exercise.



زفت (lit. *asphalt, tar*; here: used as an insult) *idiot, bastard*

يا فالج (saracstic) *wise guy!*

\*The school door is normally locked fifteen minutes after the start of the first class, after which students must wait until the next period to enter.



بصّ ميدو لإخوه **عمرو** الكبير، الولد الأكبر في العيله (اللى بيتنادى لإبوه و مامته بإسمه "أمّ عمرو" و "أبو عمرو"\*) اللى كان نايم فى السرير و محدش بيصحيه بدري زيّه عشان هوّ بيصحي متأخر و مدرسته الثانويه مُمْكِن يفضّل الباب مفتوح لحدّ الساعه ٩، مش ٧ و نصّ زيّه.

عمرو كمان مُمْكِن يختار يروح أوّ يعيب براحتّه. ميدو فكّر: "إمتى هكبر زيّ عمرو و اعْمَل اللى انا عاوزّه؟"

قطع صوت افكاره، صوت مامته و هيّ بتنادى:  
— يا ميدو يلاّ عشان تلحق تفطر يا حبيبي. انا عملتلك سندويشيين  
جبنه **نستو** و واحد مربّى و واحد **حلاوه**.

راح ميدو ليس هِدوم المدرسه الكُحلى مع القميص الابيض المِخطّط و طلع عشان يفطر.

— حطيت كلّ كتّبك و كرارك اللى محتاجها فى الشنطه؟ **اوعى**  
تكون نسيت حاجه؟

— لا يا ماما، متخافيش. حطيت كلّ حاجه.  
— يلاّ خد رغيف عيش و كل من الطعميه السُخنه و البطاطس  
المُحمّره اللى عاملهاها عشانك.

Mido looked at his elder brother, Amr, the eldest son in the family (and that's why his parents are called "Abu Amr" and "Om Amr"). He was still asleep in bed without anyone waking him up early. That's because he can wake up late as his high school leaves the door open until 9 a.m., and not 7:30 like his.

Amr also gets to choose whether he wants to go or not. Mido thought to himself, "When will I grow up like Amr and do what I want."

A voice interrupted his thoughts, his mother's voice, as she called, "Mido! Hurry so you have time to eat breakfast. I made you two Nesto cheese sandwiches, one jam sandwich, and one halva sandwich".

Mido put on his navy-blue school uniform, with a white striped shirt, and went to eat breakfast.

"Have you put all you books and notebooks you need in your bag? Careful not to forget anything."

"Don't worry, mom. I got everything."

"Here. Take this loaf of bread and eat the hot falafel and French fries I made for you."

---

عَمْرُو - Notice that the final و in the name عَمْرُو *Amr* is silent, but it helps distinguish it from another common name, عُمَرُ *Omar*.

\*Such names are كُنْيَةٌ (teknonyms), whereby parents are informally known by the name of their eldest son, or, in the absence of a son, their eldest daughter.

سَبْعَةٌ = ٧; تِسْعَةٌ = ٩

نَسْتُو *Nesto* is a spreadable processed cheese sold in small, foil-wrapped wedges. It was a popular brand in the 1960s, but the name continues to be used for all such cheese. The most popular brand nowadays is البقرة الضاحكة *The Laughing Cow (La Vache Qui Rit)*.

حَلَاوَةٌ *halva* is a dense, sweet, crumbly confection made with tahini and sugar, sometimes containing nuts or dried fruit.

إِوَعَى (f. إُوَعَى ; pl. إُوَعُوا) + bare imperfect verb = *be careful not to*

—حاضر.

—ميس منال عليك النهارده؟

—اه.

—طيب شد حيلك عشان تديلك درجه كويسه مش زي المره اللي

فاتت لما زعلت منك.

مفيش حاجه ميدو بيحبها اكثر من البطاطس المحمره فى الدنيا. هو  
مستعد ياكلها فطار و غدا و عشا. بدأ يستمتع ميدو بفطاره لما سمع  
صوت باباه اللي طلع من الحمام يقول: "يلا قوم عشان تلحق توصل  
و خد الخمسه جنيه دى عشان تركب و تشتريك كيس شيبسى ولا  
عصير من الكاتين."



ميدو خد الفلوس من باباه و مامته  
حطته السنديوتشات فى جيب  
السنطه و زي كل يوم قالت و هي  
بتساعده يلبس السنطه: "يا ساتر!  
السنطه دى ثقيله كده ليه، ايه  
بتحطه فيها طوب مش كتب؟"

ليس ميدو سنطته و خرج من البيت و مامته بتقول له الوصايا المعتاده:  
"مع السلامه يا حبيبي. على مهلك و انت بتنزّل من الميكروباص. لو حد  
غريب كلمك متردش عليه، فى امان الله."

“Yes, mom.”

“Is Miss Manal teaching you today?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, do your best so she gives you a good grade, unlike last time when she wasn’t so happy with you.”

There’s nothing Mido likes more in the world than French fries. He would eat them for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Mido was enjoying his breakfast when he heard his father coming out of the bathroom saying to him, “Get moving so you arrive on time, and take this five pounds to get the microbus and buy yourself a bag of chips or juice from the cafeteria.”

Mido took the money from his dad while his mom put the sandwiches in his backpack, and just like every day while she’s helping him put on his backpack, she said, “Dear God! This bag is so heavy! What do you put in it, rocks or books?”

Mido put on his backpack and left home while his mom said her usual commandments, “Goodbye, honey! Get off the microbus carefully. If a stranger talks to you, don’t reply. God protect you!”

---

لِحِق (يَلْحِق) + bare imperfect verb = *have time to (do) or do in time (before it’s too late)*

بابا retains the final L when a suffix is added: بابايا *my father*, باباه *his father*, باباها *her father*. However, the final L of ماما becomes ت because it is feminine and treated like taa marbuta (ة): مامتي *my mother*, مامته *his mother*, مامتها *her mother*.

يا ساتر is an expression of dismay. ساتر (lit. *protector*) is an epithet of God.

قَعِدَتْ أُمَّ عَمْرٍو تَرْتَاحُ شُوَيْهَ إِئْهَآ خَلِصَتْ مِٔ وَاحِدٍ فِئْهَمْ وَ تِشْمُ نَفْسْهَآ قَبْلَ مَا تُقَوْمُ تِكْمَلُ نَفْسَ الْفِئْلِمِ مَعَ إِخْوَانْهٖ. وَ جِهَ الدَّوْرَ عَلَئِ هِئْهَ بِنْتْهَآ الْكَبِئْرَهَ اللى فِى جَامِعَةِ الْقَاهِرَهَ كَلْبِيَّةَ الْاَدَابِ قِسْمِ عِلْمِ نَفْسِ.

”يَا هِئْهٖ.. يَا هِئْهٖ..“ بِتَهْزِئْهَآ وَ تِشِدُّ الْغَطَا مِٔ عَلِئْهَآ. ”اَنْتِى يَا بِتَّ! يَلَّا عِشَانِ مُحَاضِرَتِكَ السَّاعَهَ ٩، السَّاعَهَ بَقِيتَ ٨ اهِى.“

قَامِتْ هِئْهَ مَخْضُوضَهٗ بِنْتِصَّ فِى الْمَوْبَايَلِ بِنَصَّ عَيْنِ السَّاعَهَ بَقِيتَ كَامِ، لَقِيتَ السَّاعَهَ لِسَّهٗ ٨ اِلَّا تَلْتِ. قَامِتْ هِئْهَ مِتْعَصْبَهٗ مِشْ مِصْدَقَهٗ اِرْآئِ مَامِتْهَآ بِتَعْرِفْ تِضْحَكِ عَلِئْهَآ كُلِّ مَرَّهٗ وَ تِبالِغْ وَ هِئْهٗ بِتَقُولْهَآ السَّاعَهَ كَامِ. وَ طَبْعًا زِيَّهَآ فِى كِدَهٗ زِيَّ كُلِّ الْاَمْهَاتِ الْمَصْرِيَهَ الْاَصِئْلَهٗ.

قَرَّرِتْ هِئْهَ تَعْفَى مَامِتْهَآ مِٔ مُعَانَاةَ تِصْحِيَّهٗ عَمْرٍو الْيَوْمِ دَهٗ وَ تِقَوْمِ هِئْهٗ بِالْدَّوْرِ دَهٗ.

— يَا عَمْرٍو.. مِشْ هِتَقَوْمِ بَقَى؟ قَوْمِ رُوحِ الْمُدْرِسَهٗ وَلَا ذَاكِرِ شُوَيْهٗ  
عِشَانِ دَرَسِ التَّارِئْخِ.. يَا وَادِ يَا عَمْرٍو!  
— اِسْكُنْتِى شُوَيْهٗ! سِئْبِئْنِى!  
— قَوْمِ يَا اَبْنِى بَدَلِ مَا اَخْلَصَّ كُلُّ الطَّعْمِئْهٖ وَ الْبَطَاطِئْسِ وَ مِشْ  
هَسِئْبُئْلكِ.

— يِوِوِوِوِهٗ! طِئْبُّ طِئْبُّ خِلَاصِ قُمَّتِ اهِوِ.

— صَبَاحِ الْخَيْرِ يَا بَابَا. صَبَاحِ الْخَيْرِ يَا مَامَا، هِئْهَ قَالَتْ لِبَابَاهَا وَ  
مَامِتْهَآ.

Om Amr sat down to rest a little now that she had gotten rid of one of them and to catch her breath before the same scene would play out with his brother and sister. Now it was Heba's turn, her eldest daughter, who was at Cairo University, Faculty of Arts, department of psychology.

"Heba... Heba..." She shook her and pulled off the covers. "Hey, girl! Hurry to get to your lectures at nine. It's eight now!"

Heba jumped up, freaked out, and squinted at her cell phone to check the time, and saw it was still 7:40. Heba got up annoyed, not believing how her mom could pull that over on her every time, exaggerating the time. Just a typical Egyptian mom.

Heba decided to save her mom the fuss of waking Amr up that day and to do it herself.

"Amr, aren't you getting up? Go to school or study a bit for your history class. Amr!"

"Shut up! Leave me alone!"

"Get up or I'll eat all the falafel and French fries and not leave you any."

"Arghhh! Okay, okay! I'm up."

"Good morning, Dad! Good morning, Mom!" Heba said to her parents.

---

تَسْعَه = ٩

تَمَائِيَه = ٨

اهو (m.) and اهي (f.) are particles that follow a phrase to emphasize or draw attention to it.

زَيّ... زَيّ = *just like*

يا ابني (lit. *my son*) – Notice that Heba says this to her brother mockingly. Such usage of forms of address is common among Egyptians.

محدّش ردّ عليها. ابوها كان مركز في اللاب توب بتاعه و في ايده كوباية الشاي، و مامتها كانت بدأت خلاص روتين كل يوم في تزويق البيت مطرح ما ميدو سايب بيجامته و شراباته و حاجته.

قعدت هبه تفر و نادت:

—ماما!..ماما!..فين كوباية الشاي بلبن بتاعتي؟

—حاضر حاضر..هصّبها لك اهو. خفت اصّبها لك من بدرى تبرد.

—شكراً يا ماما يا حبيبتى.

باعتبار هبه البنت الوحيدة فاهي اللي حد ما دلوعة باباها و مامتها وسط الولدين. بس مش زى ميدو اخر العنقود اللي مامته بتخاف عليه اكثر منهم كلهم.

—عاوزانى اعملك حاجة تاخديها معاكى الجامعه؟

—ايه الكلام ده بس يا ماما؟ انتى عاوزه الناس تضحك عليك! لا

طبعا هشتري سندويتش من الكافتريا.

—طب يا ستى **حقك عليك!**

اخيراً عمرو **بيته شرف** و جه يفطر. قعد على الطريزه بدون كلام و هو مكشّر و بدأ ياكل. فضلت هبه باصاله خيفه تتكلم و هو مفرّف كده لانه بيكره الصحيان بدرى.

No one responded. Her father was focused looking at his laptop with a cup of tea in one hand, while her mom had already begun her daily routine of picking up the house wherever Mido left his pajamas, socks, and things.

Heba sat down to have breakfast and called, “Mom! Mom! Where’s my cup of tea with milk?”

“All right, all right, I’m making it. I didn’t want to pour it for you earlier or it’d get cold.”

“Thanks, my lovely mom.”

Heba, being the only girl among the children, was more or less spoiled by her parents, but not as much as Mido, the youngest child, whose mother worried about him the most.

“Do you want me to make you something to eat at the university?”

“What are you talking about, Mom? Do you want people to laugh at me? Of course not! I’ll buy a sandwich from the cafeteria.”

“All right, sorry I asked!”

At last Mr. Amr showed up to breakfast. He sat down at the table without saying a word. He was grumpy and started eating. Heba looked at him scared to talk when he was that fussy, as he really hates waking up early.

---

طَبَّ = طَيَّب (interjection to express agreement or begin an utterance or response) *well, then, okay*

حَقًّا عَلَيَّا (sincere or sarcastic apology) *I’m sorry!; My bad!*

بَيْهٍ an overly formal and old-fashioned title nowadays commonly used to flatter, or, as here, to show sarcasm.

شَرَّفَ to honor (with one’s presence) (here, used sarcastically)



بعْدَ صَمْتِ طَوِيلِ ابُو عَمْرُو قَالَ: "مَاشِي يَا وِلَادِ اَنَا هَنْزِلِ اَنَا عَشَانِ اَلْحَقِّ  
اَفْتَحِ الصَّيْدَ لِيهِ. عَاوَزِينِ حَاجَهُ؟"

قَبْلَ مَا يَخْلُصُ الْجُمْلَةَ رَدَّ عَمْرُو وَ هَبِهَ فِي نَفْسِ الْوَقْتِ:

—عَاوَزِينِ الْمَصْرُوفِ!

—طَبْعاً طَبْعاً، مُسْتَحِيلِ تَنْسُوا حَاجَهُ زَيِّ كِدِهِ. اِنْفُضْ يَا سِيدِي.

اِنْفُضْ يَا سِتِّي.

—شُكْرًا يَا بَابَا.

وَدَّعَتْ اُمُّ عَمْرُو ابُو عَمْرُو: "مَعَ السَّلَامَةِ، اِبْقِي هَاتِ لِلْوِلَادِ فَاكْهَهُ وَ اِنْتِ  
جَايٌ." وَ هَزَّ ابُو عَمْرُو رَاسَهُ وَ قَفَلَ الْبَابَ.

—يَلَا يَا بِنْتَ اِنْتِي وَ هُوَّ عَشَانِ تَلْحَقُوا الْمُدْرَسَةَ وَ الْمُحَاضِرَاتِ.

—حَاضِرِ يَا مَامَا، الْاِثْنَيْنِ فِي نَفْسِ الْوَقْتِ.

—تِحِبِّ نَرْكَبِ سَوَا الْمَتْرُو؟ قَالَتْ هِبِهَ لِعَمْرُو.

—لَا شُكْرًا، هَرُوحَ مَعَ نَاسِ صُحَابِي.

—مَاشِي.

وَقَفَّتْ هِبِهَ قُدَّامِ الدُّوَلَابِ تَفَكَّرَ زَيِّ كُلِّ يَوْمٍ. "اَنَا مَعْنَدِيشِ حَاجَهُ  
اَلْبِسْهَا." اٰخِيْرًا اِسْتَقْرَّتْ عَلٰى شِمِيْزِ وَ بَنْطَلُوْنَ جِيْنِزِ وَ لَفَّتْ **طَرِحَتْهَا** وَ بَدَأَ  
اَكْتَرِ جُزْءِ تَحْدِي فِي الْيَوْمِ:

After a long silence, Abu Amr said, “Okay, kids, I’m taking off to open the pharmacy. Do you need anything?”

Before he even finished his sentence Amr and Heba both replied, “We want our pocket money!”

“Sure, sure. You can’t ever forget something like that. Here you are, sir. Here you are, miss.”

“Thank you, dad.”

Om Amr walked Abu Amr to the door and said, “Goodbye, buy some fruit for the kids on your way home.” Abu Amr nodded and closed the door behind him.

“Hurry, you two, so you don’t miss school and your lectures.”

“Okay, Mom,” they said in unison.

“Do you want to take the subway together?” Heba asked Amr.

“No thanks. I’m going with my friends.”

“Okay.”

Heba stood in front of her wardrobe like every day. “I have nothing to wear.” Finally, she settled on a blouse and jeans and tied her headscarf and then the most challenging part of her day began:

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*طرحه* *headscarf* – Egyptian women typically do not wear headscarves at home.

They will put them on shortly before leaving the house and take them off upon arriving home, as long as only relatives or other women are present.

They will leave their headscarves on in the presence of company or male cousins. Of course, women must cover their heads to perform prayers, as well.

ظَبَطُ الْاِي لِاَيُنْر! بَعْدُ وَقْتُ مَنِ الْمَسْحِ وَ  
 التَّظْبِيْطِ نَجَحَتْ هِبَهْ فِي مُهْمَتِّهَا وَ بَصَّتْ  
 بَصَّهُ اٰخِيْرَهْ فِي الْمِرَايَهْ وَ طَلَعَتْ. "يَلَا  
 سَلَامْ يَا مَامْتِي!" وَ جَرِيَتْ نَاحِيَهْ الْبَابِ  
 قَبْلُ مَا مَامْتِهَا تَلْحَقُ تَقُوْلُ كَالْعَادَهْ: "اِيَهْ  
 الْبَنْطُوْنُ الصَّيْقُ دَهْ؟ رُوْحِيْ غَيْرِيْ  
 هِدُوْمِك!"



عَمْرُو كَمَا ن طَلَعِ مِّنِ الْاَوْضَهْ لِاِيْسِ اَوَّلُ حَاجَهْ لِقَاهَا قُدَّامُهْ مِّنْ كَوْمِهْ  
 الْهِدُوْمِ الْاِيْ عَلَي الْكُرْسِيْ: بَنْطُوْنُ اِسْوَدُ وَ تِي شِيْرْتِ. وَ فَتَحَ الْبَابَ وَ  
 نَزَلَ.

"عَمْرُو..؟"

طَلَعَتْ اُمُّ عَمْرُو مِّنِ الْمَطْبَخِ بَعْدُ مَا خَلَّصَتْ غَسِيْلَ مَوَاعِيْنِ الْفِطَارِ  
 تَتَّكَّدُ اِنَّ عَمْرُو الْاِيْ فَتَحَ بَابَ الشَّقِّهِ وَ لَقِيَتْ الْبَيْتَ كُلُّهُ نَزَلَ خَلَّاصُ وَ زَيَّ  
 كُلَّ يَوْمٍ قَالَتْ: "هَعْمَلِ غَدَا اِيَهْ النَّهَارُ دَهْ...؟"

*Matching the eye-liner!* After some time removing and adjusting, Heba completed her mission and took a final look in the mirror before she left. “Goodbye, mom!” And she ran to the door before her mom could say anything like “Those pants are too tight. Go change!”

Amr also left his room, wearing the first thing he saw in the pile of clothes on the chair: black pants and a t-shirt. He opened the door and left.

“Amr?”

Om Amr went out of the kitchen after she finished washing the dishes to check if it was Amr who had opened the door of the house. She found the house empty, and, as every day, she said, “What should I cook for lunch today?”

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نَزَلَ (يُنزِلُ) (lit. *to descend*) is used idiomatically to mean *to go out, leave the house*



## الفصل الثاني: المحطه الخاطئه

صوت جرس الحصة الاخيرہ زي المزيكا في وذن ميدو و صحابه. اول ما العيال تسمعہ بتطلع تجرى زي اللي سميع انذار الحريقه. هجووم على باب الفصل و زق على السلالم و اخيراً كل المدرسه بتتحشر في الباب الحديد اللي الخروج منه هو غاية كل العيال اللي مستنيين اللحظه دي من الساعة ٧ الصبح.

بعد معركة الانصراف ميدو و كل العيال طالعين في حاله آي ام لو شافتها هيغمي عليها، قميص مكرمش و طالع من البنطلون، بقع مجهوله المصدر مختلفه على القميص، و طبعاً كوتشي رباطه مفكوك.

مشي ميدو بخطوات بطيئه مرهقه من اليوم الطويل في المدرسه.

التهازده مدرس الرياضيات **مستر** محمود كان غايب و خدوا حصه

## Chapter 2: The Wrong Station

The last class's bell is like music to the ears of Mido and his friends. Once the students hear it, everyone runs as if it were the fire alarm. Everyone rushes to the classroom door, pushes down the stairs, and finally the whole school gets jammed at the iron gates of the school, getting through which is the goal of all the kids, who have been waiting for this moment since 7 a.m.

After the battle of leaving school, Mido and all the kids are in a such a state that if any mother saw, she would faint. A wrinkled, untucked shirt, various stains from unknown sources on the shirt, and, of course, loose shoelaces.

Mido walked slowly, exhausted from the long day at school.

Today, the math teacher, Mr. Mahmoud, was absent, so

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هُجُومٌ عَلَى (lit. *an attack on*) is used as a battle cry: *Chaaarge!*

سَبْعُهُ = ٧

مِيسْتَر and مِيس are borrowed from the English *Mister* and *Miss*, respectively, and are the titles and forms of address for school teachers in Egypt.