

The English Version



Time game

F A K E R B A B A L L A H

Author :



Faker Baballah is from Tunisia, specifically from the Gabes. He was born on the twentieth of Jumada II in the year twenty-one and four hundred and one thousand Hijrah corresponding to the eighteenth of September in the year two thousand AD, in the city of Zarzis. He studied literature at the Institute of Daouihir to obtain his baccalaureate in nineteen and two thousand before joining the University of Languages located in Gabes to obtain a bachelor's degree in the Italian language in the year twenty-two and two thousand.

Faker began writing at the age of sixteen, where he was writing poems and thoughts to reach one hundred and one poem, the last of which is entitled "The Return", and then moved to writing short books, which is his favorite type, where he always said: *"Let's be logical, it is difficult to find today a young man reading a book with five hundred pages, it may seem difficult, of course, there is an exception, so I must be in line with my era and excel in short writings."* He has published five books, four of which are in Arabic: The Meditator, The Blue World, Sai the Adventurer and The Game of Time. The fifth book in English was entitled "The Kingdom of My Heart". This is in addition to writing the most famous sayings: *"The enemy saw me near and when I got closer, I felt myself far away."* Ibn Gabes was not satisfied with this only, but also moved to the world of music, where he wrote more than forty songs in different styles, where he published through his YouTube channel two albums, the first of which carries songs in classical Arabic, the most famous of which are: No despair, friendship and happiness. The second album had songs in the Tunisian dialect. Faker is very fond

of foreign movies and series, as he is a fan of Marvel Studios and its superheroes.

Story:

A short story with a comic fantasy character, talking about a man who moves between times and in each time goes through a certain experience.

Note:

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Enjoyable reading for everyone

Cars fly, buildings move, robots get married and give birth, drinks have become airy and food has become in the body always accompany, I'm not in that galaxy or planet, I'm now in a war, yes a war, and the winner rules the northern part of the galaxy.

I unleashed emergency buttons and announced my escape to an abandoned planet that had been destroyed by the planetary sector. I got up and found a pulp licking my flesh and I slaughtered it and ate it, hunger hit my stomach hard, so I continued walking in this petty place, ah if it was a man hit him with my diamond weapon and brotheritas for my robot to enjoy, one moment I found something that I did not know my eyes did not open, to work for an anti-light system. So I took it with my iron hand and said to my electronic mind, take a picture of this thing and give me information on it, and he said: The sword is a weapon of eggs that has been used as a machine for attack and defense since the Iron Age.

One moment, my mind, are you not the one who used it in one of the conquests of the Avrians? Yes, where I planted this weapon in one of the giant men and he kept shouting my name until he died, how adept I was at using it, how creative I was in using the spear and the spear, the digital world must have robbed my ball, crushed the machines, crushed the era in which technology flourished, my mind is a passion for the system of the past.

Nothing remains like before, my friend, oh sorrow for people who were fighting with elephants, oh for a time when I was with Prince Khynatus dismounting until the whole Sarik tribe met us, so the prince suggested to me that we have a little fun,

what amusement is cutting the necks of men and proving who is the strongest and dedicating these souls to the king of power, King Dokhos , a moment, my mind? But which king and which kill? Bring me my past please.

I got up in the morning in Helsinki where boredom hits me. My mind, which Helsinki? Take me to Asia Minor or Africa.

I jumped from the top of the Alps looking for my gravity but I remembered that the wings are absent and I have no means of flying I am in the second century B.C. Oh my God, I must have died, but if I die, I won't exist in the future, which means I'll lose all myself at that moment. Oh my mind, visit one of the areas.

. So I fell off the drawers and my body was rolling, my mind, please remind me of my happy past, why roll?

I got up in the morning as usual, and as usual, the piano, which remained silent, all that people felt pressure, hatched on it and on its fangs, but its screams give us melodies that move the ear to the other stage of listening. She rose like a board trampled on, for she too withstood for years, suffering until one day they replaced her with bricks. I got up here in the eleventh century and found the sky, no buildings exploding yet and nothing, I went as usual to my job picking apples from the farm to sell them for a gold penny in the Nairobi market. O mind, have you demented and broken her veins and become old to confuse things? Come back to excitement, please.

I rode my horse and one of them sent an arrow that killed my brother. One moment, do I have brothers; I am of my flesh and blood? And for one moment, do you even know, reader, who I am? It's okay, I'll tell you later, you must be excited about this war, yes actually it is the five-year war between Canada and the United States in the thirteenth century, a moment, my mind,

America was discovered in the fifteenth century, are you kidding me? But it's okay to go on and find out what happened. I watched my brother fall to the ground as a man betrayed by his wife, my mind, looking for another clear and more accurate description.

I watched my brother fall to the ground like a turtle that lost her home, poor woman, betrayed by her home after carrying it for years.

Oh my mind you are weak in description my friend, to say I saw my brother fall like a cub saw his father an elder lost his energy learn from me please, so I hurried to him but it was too late his soul flew and Ali bombarded the spirit of the enemies and completed the war victorious joy without damage, I mean, my mind I am waiting for interesting events and you are heading to the conclusion directly. It reminded me of a day I will never forget in the twenty-ninth century, when I went in and met the robot E and I told him tell me about your family and he kept mentioning to me the robot platoons and when he got to his platoon he told me he is fine, so I slapped him and I cried because my hand was intact and I hadn't removed it yet, oh my mind, what am I going to do now with this iron body? I don't want to look like you, I missed human beings, my friend, I missed Karl, Sam, Judy and Amjad.

One day I went with these people to Mexico where the fog hit us and we knew then that we were in the city of dolls, so Judy screamed and Amjad screamed with her and I laughed and Carl laughed with me As for Sam, he grabbed a doll, but what happened was bad, Sam ate the doll and shouted the name of his brother John, but the strangest thing is that John died, and then Carl's and I laughed into screaming, and the crying of J,

Woody and Amjad turned into laughter, and Sam laughed And his brother John, who suddenly came to his imagination, shouted, "How strange it is, I also didn't understand anything, so you must come up with dream interpretation book and explain this dream, because I got up from the next day intact and originally I didn't know these names, oh my God, it's fantasy, my friend.

The hands are holding together and the bell rang and the armies went towards the opponent with all ingenuity, the Germans surrounded us, yes I am the son of St. Peterborough I was afraid of the Nazis for you I am still standing I will not surrender in front of them, they wanted to rob our city, victory is ours , Russians.

Ah, my friend, imagine if you were really in that war, what would happen? I expect that nothing will happen because I am an ordinary soldier, I think.

Here is Brazil in the land of samba in the land of football here where legends were born but I became a legend as soon as I entered these lands, you don't have to go straight to Argentina the land of Maradona and Messi, my mind please don't talk about football , take me to the world from the other side.

Here is France in the land of Napoleon and the world writers , I met Moliere and S.A. Telta about my theater and about Harpagon and we kept walking and we sat watching the lands of Besanson and I told him here will be born the best writer to the heart of some of them Victor Hugo. And I said goodbye to Moliere, and then I went to Italy, and Da Vinci took a unique artistic picture, and I told him, I won't pay you, keep it, and when someone calls you, don't drink a drink that might have poison.

I went to Switzerland how beautiful you are Geneva, how beautiful you are Zurich, I completed my trip to Andalusia, oh my land is a loss, we have lost you, but the taste of Arabism is still sticking to you , goodbye goodbye farewell.

Please, my electronic mind, enough of the days, let's walk around, I got up to see if my feet were still aching or not, yes, thank you for taking care of me . And I wandered around the empty place and kept walking and walking and walking until I noticed a small village , I entered it and found the houses as if they were huts of planet Earth with diamonds as if the sun wanted to cross in its own way.

Inside each hut there are two beds, on each bed there are silk mattresses, each mattress has its own drawing, the first mattress has dragon and tiger paintings on it and as if it reminds us of Asian countries that you may have known, well even if you do not know them let's move to these countries. The country of the dragon and it is China, of course it is the country that took the dragon as a legend we find in Chinese art and as it is called in China by the term Yang, of course for tigers we know that it is four countries, one of which is famous for a singing band that has become everywhere , two belong to the country that was mentioned to the dragon and the other has seen a high economic leap and is Singapore. Let's go back to the second brush, which had a simple ordinary drawing and is red and green, ah, I have memories with these two colors, in fact, red is a demon that was in the form of a human implanted in the country of the Russians, there is no need to mention the lessons of history, this will make the people of the twenty-first century bored of talking. The red I met many times in my life, of course it is blood poured on the battlefield, the war of a thousand

against the Greeks in a time when cheering was without sound, and how is that? Don't ask me, ask yourself, maybe you know something about me or them, it's okay, think a little. Red is the lip color of a French woman wandering at night in the former neighborhoods of Toulouse in the nineteenth century, where I used to see her whenever I returned from work, fatigue hit my ribs, chest and back, why didn't I say it hit my whole body? It's okay, I wanted to clarify more. Once I stopped her and wanted to see her opinion on the French Revolution, so I turned to the sky and stared for a long time, then she turned to me and smiled and said:

If the star falls to the ground, it won't miss the sky. Believe me, I won't say that I left my home and my home and went to a trivial land full of monsters killing each other. I won't say that I liked the life of the planets. I was spoiled in my hometown. I won't say, but I'll say that freedom came to me, and this is an opportunity to shine and become another name in a world I don't know. They're not like me and you're not like them, I'm not going to say I'm going to get used to a very good environment, I'm not going to see Saturn and worry his eyes, and I'm not going to see Mars, the planet whose name is mentioned so often.

Since then, whenever I see her, I talk to her and talk to me about her life and her concerns, and complain to her and complain to me, until love fell between us and red came again, which is the color of love.

Green is the color of Spain in Malacca, Nature Netherlands in Rotterdam, Nature Norway in Oslo, Nature Indonesia in Bali, Nature France in Besanson, Nature Tunisia in Beja, Nature of

the world in its vast and vast places. Yes green requires me centuries to describe it but that would be ridiculous.

Next to the two beds there were bags overflowing of gold and diamonds, and next to the bags there was a computer from the twenty-third century, so I took it and went out. This computer actually brought back memories of the past when I was sitting wrestling with my existence in meaningless places that lacked inspiration, so what good is it? And what is its place in this world? Didn't this place answer me and tell me, what are you doing in my watch and my field?

It reminded me of the days when I was on top of the trees sharing my laughter with bananas and forest fruits, I was laughing about a joke I remembered for a girl who once said to me: It's strange to speak classical Arabic, why don't you speak your dialect? I replied: It is really strange to forget one's origin and original language. All I remember is really laughing because I still remember the color of her cheek how it changed from shyness, its okay, sister, I ate bananas.

So I continued my walk in this deserted village from which the smell of death emanates as if a war full of human flesh rushing to the buses for a living, this cleans, this dirty, this screams, this cries, this makes a phone call, that laughs, what a wheel for travelers and what a speed of cars, then anxiety hit me in my mind , Anxiety in my heart, anxiety in my stomach because I was simply hungry. This is Sami stopping a taxi in order to join a meeting, these are longings running barefoot but the pain forced her to wear the shoes of misery, why does one color move and the other is fixed? My mind is fixed on the burning and burning color, while forgetting nothingness and the color of peace, what peace am I talking about?

Birds flying and snakes crawling, if you think they're by my side you're wrong. I'm in the process of describing a life, stop reading for a moment, have I ever told you about myself? Do you really want to know me? Is curiosity hitting your mind now? It's okay to go to bed and then continue with me.

Have you woken up now? Or did you continue reading without rest wanting information about me? It's okay to continue talking. A dagger in the belt and a sword in the heart planted without pity, for a moment what war am I talking about and which sword? , Yes, yes, we were with Sami and Ashwaq , did you like the duo of Sami and Ashwaq? It's okay, maybe it's going to be a tremendous love story, are you feeling hungry now, it's okay, take a break and everything, do you want to eat pizza that mouth-watering food for?

What's going on, I've been dreaming, an object that looks like it's from the west bank of the galaxy just woke me up and said, "I found you complaining of pain in your head, it looks like the computer fell on you." Yes, I felt a little sleepy and fell on my head, so this stranger went to his house, which is about ten thousand kilometers from this village. He introduced me to his family and children, and I kept asking them about this world and how it was like, and they hosted me tonight.

The casting came in its magnificent suit, any scene and any painting painted by this world, and I remembered then verses of poetry:

Morning opened with sunrise morning decorate in a glance

Morning the sweat is gone morning filled the eye and fled
Morning the longing is gone morning...

Oh human beings, it is not time to throw the poetry, I must tell you about the latest results of the war , the Comorians have won at the expense of the people of the sun.

Yes, as I expected, the Comorians have a lethal notto weapon, they must have used it, while the Sunnites have old nuclear weapons, they will not do anything with it, in fact. The nuclear weapons of Hiroshima and Nagasaki no longer work, my friends, this is the time of the notes, the truly destructive weapon.

So she went with this creature to the moon to congratulate them on this victory, which will give them great confidence before they enter a war against the Sikara. Of course, the Sikara are among the fiercest warriors in the entire galaxy, as they are distinguished by their abundance and the intelligence of their leader, who is called the carpo of their planet, who is chosen by both the chief of the warriors between the pretender Nabto, the chief archer alleged by Santo and the chief of the regimes called the Khanto. Sorry, I don't have enough time to talk to you about the Sikara people, maybe in another book that will suffice me. The battle will not be easy and it will be the war of the century.

A war that reminded me of a very distant time when I was walking in a village called the village of Shomar, Shomar is the first father or as the villagers call him is the first spirit of these broad and ancient lands. Where Shomar was known for his short stature but a proverbial man in the Eastern Hemisphere, once Shomar was wandering in the ancient land of China, and suddenly he was stopped by four titan men, who mocked him and wanted to break up his money , but what a poor man

their end was supposed to be better but their end came at the hands of Shomar.

Shomar is a calm person, the smile does not leave his face, but if you make fun of him, believe me, he will not finish his work unless he kills you, and the problem is that his punches are very strong and he does not finish his punches unless he saw your soul coming out of you. Shomar married a woman in India, settling in secluded lands where the village began to grow and was named after him. In his reign, the village did not witness wars, but before his death he left a will to his son and told him to go to India to train and choose the strongest warriors to protect the village, and indeed this village witnessed wars after his death, one of the most famous wars against the Buddhists who ruled the East Bank for years for night, but the people of Shomar rejected the idea of submitting to the rule of the Buddhists so they prepared themselves, and it was called the War of Laughter because the warriors of Shomar before the beginning of the war threw fake statues in the rivers and blew. They laughed and started shouting Shomar's name, and they wiped out the Buddhists. This war was recounted to me by Shomar V when I met him in the village.

That's why the war of the Comorians and the Seracans will be a violent war.

Come on, soldiers, do not go back on a day when victory will be joyful for the people, we are with whom, with the Comorians or the Siraka?

I laughed my usual laugh that had not abandoned me since the ship war there in the eighteenth century AD, I walked the gait of John Shawn when Stephen of Dark was defeated with one hand

in the battle of the year there in the third century BC, I raised my head up and then said:
We're party vandals, my friend.

I am in the future of the future after I was in the past and it is my future, I told you about the past and it is my present past, and I told you about a recent past and it is my present in reality because the experience of time is over, a difficult experience but it is not true. In fact, I enjoyed it a lot, as I expected my future I lived as if it was a game wandering inside the brains, but it is really a game , it's a game of time.