

WAVE OF BLACK SAND

VERY SHORT STORIES

Written by: Khairi BOZANI Translated by: Shamal Akrayi Title: THE WAVE OF BLACK SAND

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Reviewed by: Dr. Ahmed Khalis Shalan

Design: Hassan Omar

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Dedicated to ...

Victims of the Yazidis' genocide

Translator Introduction

Why did I translate this very short story collection?

In the beginning, I would like to point out that many non-Kurds may not have a correct and clear picture of the truth of what happened to the Yazidi Kurds during the control Isis fore Sinjar and the surrounding areas.

It was and still remains on the Kurdish parties concerned, which despite the existence of a huge amount of documents, evidence and data, what happened over time from the tragedies and woes of the Kurds in general and the Kurds Yazidis in particular, but these parties did not deal with evidence and evidence to the world as it should. As we see in every occasion and memory to revive what happened, we find that most of the Kurdish media explain and publish happened from the what events and disasters of the

Kurds in Kurdish, as if not much to provide a real picture of what suffered the original part of the Kurdish people in other languages, The world was like an internal Kurdish affair.

These very short stories are realistic stories, not fiction or far from the truth, but they are the truth itself, and it is the tip of the iceberg of what happened to Sinjar and its peaceful people.

Khairi BOZANI, through his job position, as a general

manager of the Yazidis affairs in the Ministry **Endowments and Religious** Affairs in the Kurdistan Region, is trying to understand the suffering of the followers of his religion more than others, and on the same time he is a short storywriter. What motivates me to translate this collection into Arabic and English to in these very short stories, is that t what has happened to the Yazidis is should be considered as one

of the most heinous crimes known in humanity history.

Shamal Akrayi 29.5.2019

Briefly ..

WAVE OF BLACK SAND: The wave of the rotten thought, the wave of the predatory monsters and the wave of thieves and bandits.

WAVE OF BLACK SAND is a collection of very short stories. It consists of some convulsions and reflections of what the terrorist invasion have left behind in Sinjar region. In addition to several other stories that reflect the social,

political and humanitarian cases.

I put this collection between your hands, with apologizing of any lapse.

Khairi BOZANI

11.11.2017

When they raised their black flag .. The urbanization has ruined.

At night he put his head on the pillow: "O my God, have mercy on us" In the morning ... with the word (Allah Akbar – God is Great) he woke up and there was

Escape.. Cutting heads.. Captivity.. Looting.

The infant was not crying for milk, and his small body was not hurting, but his mother's cry when they cut off his father's head was the cause of his crying.

They asked a child:

- Where is your mother?
- Isis took her.
- Where is your father?
- Isis cut off his head.
- Then with whom do you live?
- With my troubles!.

Post, that all of his family has been kidnapped by Isis, he returned home to see their pictures on the wall. But when he arrived, he even did not find the wall.

A survivor from the Isis:

They used to slaughter sheep in their feasts; nevertheless they killed us every day.

She wanted to know only one truth, was she a virgin or non-virgin, a widow, or a divorced!!

When she failed to do so,

I spat on both the earth and the heaven.

When Isis killed and kidnapped all of his relatives, he was a little child and not aware to cry, but when felt aware, he found himself selling tissues to live.

The Isis Bulling bullets
were ashamed to
penetrate the breasts of
women and children,
but they were so
terrified of Isis's horror
that they did not dare
to become cool.

In the name of Allah he passed his knife on his

neck ... and in the name of Allah, he lost the soul of who has been created by Allah.

After the wolves licked his puppet. they bit and tore her, He once again hugged and flushed her then lived with her.

She was always crying.
However, her tears did
not fall on the ground
where her father and
her brothers were killed,
and she was raped.

After his son was survived from Isis, the son said to him: Father I

love you so much, and I hope that Allah loved too thus you have to pronounce The shahada* and pray !.

*: The Shahada is an Islamic creed, one of the Five Pillars of Islam, declaring belief in the oneness of God (TAWHID) and the acceptance of

Muhammad as God's prophet.

They put an ember on the heart of a father whose daughter was captured by Isis, and they waited ... at the end, the ember put out and his heart did not burn anymore!

He searched in all the dictionaries; he did not find a word uglier than the (decapitation).

Three children:

- When I grow up I will become a doctor.
- And I will become a teacher.
- So I'll be a pilot.
 After several months,
 the three of them saw
 each other in the alleys
 of homelessness.

Monsters are
everywhere, in the
house, in the alleys, in
the workplaces, they are
all monsters. Even the
non-monsters have
turned into monsters.
They hope to become
angels after death.

The Isis's Farman (The decree) has separated two brothers, one of them died under a tent of the displaced; the other was killed by Isis.

Under the tent, every night he slept in his mother's lap, he woke up in the morning to see

that his head was on the ground and the pillow in his lap.

Those who were displaced, they looked at the black sky from by a tent hole, and then they realized the meaning of "Allah u Akbar".

- A duvet feet child asked a shop owner:
 - Are this pair of shoes suitable for me?
 - Yes, it is fit to your feet..

He ran to tell his mother to buy it for him, but in the middle of the way he remembered that he is an orphan parent.

If the winter feels shame, it would delay its coming till the displaced return to their homes.

The sons of the traitors, where guiding each other to the camps of the displaced people.

When he was kidnapped,
he was calling his
mother (Ma, for the sake
of God, don't leave me),
then when he escaped
from the kidnappers'
hands, he said to his
mother (cover your
hair).

He wished to go to school, study in a class, play in a schoolyard and eat biscuits in its shop. Now, he sells biscuits at the gate of a village school where his family displaced to it.

A group of displaced people: Come; come on, to hold a wicked party

on the shoulders of the false angels. Come, hurry up to hold a drunk prom on (perwestyarana), yes, come on ... so that we can defile all that is called holy, everything is lies and nonsense, The truth is what we see .. Killing.. Kidnapping.. Destruction.. Looting and displacement.

Displaced: My tent is white, the snow is white, the the show is white, but my luck is black.

At the Ferman, a drop of water was too rare to everyone, but the blood was running as rivers.

When his head cut off and went to (Khudê), he filed a complaint against (Allah).

She had written on a scrap of worn-out paper
- I would commit suicide because it was too hard for me to accept a

monkey vomiting on me without my will.

I realized when he took pictures with his closed gun and spread them, my grandchildren would call me the Coward.

He was waiting to receive hid bride, but he never realized that instead of the wedding, groans would fall on him.

A member of Isis:

- What do you worship? A Sinjari guy:
- I worship Khodê..
- Then go to him.. Allah
 u Akbar.. And he cut off
 his head.

A people slept at night ...
At the morning, it
confronted killing,

kidnapping, robbing and displacing.

An Iraqi took of his lovely daughter by force, and he sold the mother to Tunisian by 50 dollars.

In the slaves market..
A virgin girl 14 years..
graceful.. beautiful by 60
dollars.

- To me.
- Mother with her child by 100 dollars.
- To me ..

At the gambling table a people was eliminated.

At the first, America said about the situation in the village of Kuju: Nothing will happen, the situation is under control ... Then said: We are concerned ... Finally said: What happened was against human principles !!.

When he get married his beloved, he loved another one.

He takes out all the goals and success from his dictionary and puts the dreams and hopes instead.

When he pulled the TNT belt in order to blow himself up among people, he saw people in a state of combustion.

They forgot all of their pains and turned into Facebook activists.

When the raven found a foothold, Balbul realized that his twittering would not be heard then, and he migrated to where the crow came from.

In my troubled room, everything before my eyes turns into ghosts, tickles me, and every part of my body goes in its own way and resorts to the neighbors' rooms.

A hot water vial saved five lives from death, and a hot bullet

destroyed the lives of five others.

A donkey, a dog, and a shepherd ... They shall feed a thousand sheep and sheep,

He made all his time and his potential to make them happy, but they spent most of their time and energies to bury him!

For years he accompanied the war and the snow fought against the opponents ...

On a ready-made dish, the antagonists sprinkled the sand on his eyes and the sword cut off his head.

Antichrists and misguided people, blending truths and lies together.

I addressed the big tree, the little tree, and said: I am taller and bigger than you.

I replied: But know that our roots are planted in the ground, but our heads must be cut.

His 60 years, his coarse hands, the smell of his foul mouth and his foul words ... made Nazdar finish her twenty-first year.

The poem, which he wrote with his heart's blood, did not exhort even the likes.

Shedding his eyes with tears, walked a long way, until the edge reached.

I am in the sea day and at night sterile.

The pockets of the powerful became the Bermuda Triangle.

In the excavations found the archaeologist, the heads of square spears address people: your ancestors have died killed.

I did not distinguish the fragrance of roses from the horror of concerns.

I was born in the dark, in black I hugged her, blinded her life, in the end she wore her white palm.

They were at night fighting in the Berne, these day their companies steal.

Tomorrow is Eid, we will visit the graves.

- My father ... Why is the grave of my grandfather not in the cemetery of Qarya?
- My dear son, his grave in the grave of the infidels ..
- What ?? What!!
- Nothing .. What are these many questions, my son !?

Ma .. How did you come to this world? My son is calling you from the door of a mosque.

Since that time, life has been preferred to wander around alleys and streets.

Smoked his cigar .. Filled faces of the board bruises.

When she pressed the keyboard buttons to write, she called the pen to the other friend.

Light sweating removed the makeup of her face to beautify her beauty

They did not buy a bike for him in his childhood.

He did not secure a wheelchair for him when he was old.

In winter he lit firewood.. In the summer he lit.

If you come to another ball, let your coming on relentlessly, be careful not to feed on the When As you come back again, let's be memories, call

them muted in her death. If you do not come out of my heart, so that my memories will not wake up.

She gave him her flower, he gave her his seeds, she gave her fruits to them.

A light voice whispered in his ear: What's happen? Why do you sell so expensive? It is a sin.

When he lost his hope that the sky would not fall the rain. He dropped his tears.

With his dirty legs he kneaded the dough, he took out his bread from the oven and left old mother and immigrated to Europe. When she died, he set up her consolation on Facebook.

Doctor: I have two things to tell you, one of them is a joyful, the other is sad. The joyful is that you are not crazy. The sad one is please leave the insane hospital!

They said to him: Even if you are not suitable for a job, we tomorrow will

appoint you as a guard for oil wells. When we became oil owners, foreign guards did not even allow him to submit an application to the director for appointment as a guard.

I left her to live without me, but by her death she killed me.

He: No matter whatever you go or come back, be away or come closer, you will return back to my lap. I am your nest.

Your cold hands and lukewarm lips will not be able to turn my hot breath into mist and no clouds will form from it, our land forever will remain fallow.

Wake up, it's not sleep time, it's shame for you to move forward.

In this place everything grows up, everything is born and becomes double, only the mind becomes tiny bit.

They did not like to extinguish the fire that broke out in their house, they feared that they would die of thirst in the Summer.

The Story of Man...
Start: Crying.

Content: worries, hard work, joys and sighs.
The end: crying.

When the Fall has come after the Arab Spring, we realize that the Arab peoples are sterile.

Who killed you?
I committed suicide.
Who killed you?
I burned myself.
You are now in the house
of truth, say who killed
you?
He made me commit
suicide ... They made me
burn myself.

Hello, beautiful girl, is there anyone at home? No, just me and my mother are at home.

O my son, do not go out of the house except at night, because in the day time you will either be stolen or killed.

Our guards are busy chatting and Facebook 1.

At the age of young he was destitute does not find a bite to eat, at the age of the elderly he is having cholesterol tablets.

She did not want to give her daughter a ring ... when her granddaughter grew up she gave her that ring.

The darkness of the night never ever frighten me ... but the darkness of the hearts dismayed me:

Cigarette: I will burn myself for you sake. Smoker: I'll kill myself by you!

My son published in Facebook, all my children's toys and cars made of wire, tin and plastic.

Before burying the dead, they were all as custodians talk the good only. After the cemetery, they were competing on saying bad words about the dead.

When all the birds could not imitate a twitter... they dazed his head by their crowd voices.

A glass of wine is the best Psychiatrist.

Good bye mam, I'm going to my school and do not worry about. I'm not worried about you; just call me back when you arrived there.

When they slaughtered the big cock, thousands of cocks shouted.

I was in the elevator, entered a girl and said:

- Hi, How are you?
 - Hi, welcome...

My face whistled when I noticed that she was talking through

Bluetooth with someone else!

Why do you demolish your house? - I just participate in the demolition!

The only hope of his pillow is sleep a night without tears.

- But I'm your husband!!
- Uh, that's not mean to be a military officer in your orders.

- Baba, is there in the paradise mobile and laptop?
- Sure, even you will not need the balance or the charger.

After the monkey has made the number of beautification... It becomes such a bear!!

The more her lips are reddened the more black words come out of her.

To gaze more with his eyes, he wore a black glasses.

- Mama, why the whale is so fat?
- O my dear, because he swallowed the moon.

Bring me a helmet, I told the truth.

When his brain got drunk by wine, he sang a song and slept. When his brain got drunk by word, he blew himself up and died.

The hard hearted man thinks that even at night he is revenging.

They asked the shoe:

Who is less important

than you?

He said: Who throws me

at the other person?

He used to hide the money he was stealing behind the picture of the

great leader hanging on the wall above his head.

Students, I ask each of you write a topic about suicide.

They all painted a picture of a terrorist.

The rich has many problems: millions of dollars, thousands of factories, houses, apartments, cars and ...
Four wives, fifteen children and....
The poor has a few problems: a piece of bread and a quilt.