

CRAZY ME

?

**BY,
MAGDY SHOKRY**

NY

2020

Crazy Me

The crazy life of a Wise man

From the birth to the grave



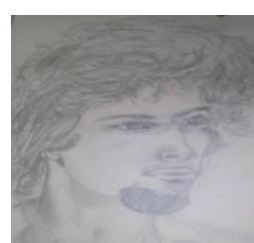
Chapter 1



Chapter 2



Chapter 3



Chapter 4



Chapter 5



Chapter 6



Chapters 7 - 9



Chapter 10



Chapter 11



Chapter 12



NCAC team 2012-2018



2018



2019 All my children



Chapter 14



When I die? Later

CRAZY ME

On 02/05/2020 I just turned 60 years old. In each year in this day in my past 20 years since I came to the state in 2000.

I always set with myself and do a small conversation! What we did this last year? Did we manage to survive? Did we establish any new way for living? Did I achieved what I was planning to reached in this year? And a lot of other old and new questions.

This past birthday, the 60, I said to myself I might not have more upcoming anniversary to set and review my last year's events!

And because this past year – the 2019 -was the craziest year ever for me, the whole 12 months filled up with unbelievable events and things that I never thought even 25 % of it could happen to one person at the same year?

I decided to write my life story, the only crazy things, situations, and suffering that make me laugh very hard when I remember it.

And because they are too many, and my English is my second language, I will try quickly to mention them.

Also, I will put them according to the age stages and then according to the place and time.

It will be a good reference for my two little daughters (3 and 4 years old) when they grow and can read and understand by themselves.

Table of Content

| | |
|--------------------|---|
| CHAPTER 1. | HOW I GET TO THIS WORLD 02/05/1960 |
| CHAPTER 2. | PRE-SCHOOL LIFE, 1960-1966. ASWAN |
| CHAPTER 3. | PRIMARY SCHOOL - MENYET EL SERIG- SHOBRA 1967-1972 |
| CHAPTER 4. | MIDDLE AND HIGH SCHOOL -EL KHALAFAWY 1973-1978 |
| CHAPTER 5. | FACULTY OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION 1979-1987 |
| CHAPTER 6. | SAUDI ARABIA 1988-1993 |
| CHAPTER 7. | SADAT CITY 1993-1995, EGYPT |
| CHAPTER 8. | USA, 1. LUISIANA 1995 |
| CHAPTER 9. | ZAGAZIG CITY, EGYPT 1996-2000 |
| CHAPTER 10. | USA, 2. NEW YORK BROOKLYN 2000-2005 |
| CHAPTER 11. | QUEENS, BOYS' CLUB OF NEW YORK 2006-2011 |
| CHAPTER 12. | My Own Swim Team NCAC 2011-2018 |
| CHAPTER 13. | Worse Year in My Life USA! 2019 |
| CHAPTER 14. | NEW SETTLEMENT, BRONX, MT. VERNON, 2019/2020 |
| CHAPTER 15. | COVID 19, MY WORKOUT, BOOKS, ZOOM MEETINGS |

DEDICATION TO



“MY BELOVED PARENTS”

-RIP-

Father: Mahmoud Shokry, 08/02/1924-01/15/1990 EGY.

Mother: Fawzyia El Attar, 04/28/1932- 06/12/1992 KSA.

CHAPTER 1.

CHAPTER 1. HOW I GET TO THIS WORLD 02/05/1960

My Birthday

02/05/1960- Egypt

It was dark, raining, and big thunder storm is hitting the sky of Al Shatby area in Alexandria, almost 11.00 pm, Thursday night February 4th 1960 when my mother felt badly that it is time to give birth of me soon, she had her other 5 children at their a small three-bed rooms apartment in that poor area, they all sleeping while her husband-my Dad- was working night shift in one of the biggest factories not far from where we live. Five kids are supposed sleeping except the older one - NADIA, 8 years old- she was awake and asking my mom; if the baby is coming soon? My mom told her shouting YES, run now and let our neighbor -the women next door- to come quickly to watch the kids, when my mom decided to go to nearest hospital to give birth of me. My mom held an old umbrella over her head and grabbed Nadia' hand shouting; let's go to the hospital now.....

Walking few blocks under the rain, all her feet gets wet from her old shoe, walking with pain, baby hitting her belly very hard, am I bad? pulling Nadia's hand, and waiting a while in that winter weather until the public transportation came.

It was a one cart old blue tram-way, my mom hardly stepped up and set opening her legs and just crying.

It is almost 12 midnight when the tramway- arrived to the hospital station, and here are other worse 10 minutes of that night for my mom dragging her feet and taking the first step on the stairs of the hospital while her water brook!!!! when she start to pass-out and felt on the stairs.

Little Nadia screaming mom, mom, mom, in a few minutes nurses and a guard carry my mom up and took her to give birth while she is passed out.

Here I am a very hairy baby, opening my small eyes and moving my arms and legs Everywhere, they told me later, that I almost look like a real little monkey, hair everywhere, opening my small eyes, with my big ears and has very funny looking! That makes all around my mom smiling and congratulated her for the baby boy. It was around 2.00 am on the Friday, February 5th, 1960.

My mom woke up carrying me and kissing my hairy face and my little shoulders saying; you son of the monkeys you almost make me die.... And keep kissing and crying.

Dr. Magdy, the physician who helped my mom to give birth- and saved our both lives, told my mom; my name is Dr. Magdy and thanks God for your healthy and the baby too, it was fast and easy process. Welcome aboard little boy. She thanked him a lot with tearing and weeping from the pain and happiness saying; how can I thank you Dr Magdy?

He said to her you can just name your son Magdy after my name because I really loved this baby, he has something special make me love him.

My mom said I will wait for my husband to come in the morning and write that name in my son birth certificate.

....my mom and Nadia told me that many times when I grew up and asking them or while they as women keep talking about everything every time!!!! And repeated as part of memorize the past when chances come like birthdays, wedding, even funerals? They always have somethings to say!!!!

CHAPTER 2

CHAPTER 2. PRE-SCHOOL LIFE, 1960-1966. ASWAN**Aswan, Egypt 1960-1967**

Few months after my birth, my father got a job in Aswan at Egyptian Chemical Industrial Company and we all moved from Alexandria at the north cost of Egypt -to miss this city and it's beautiful beaches on the Mediterranean See- moving to the far south of Egypt in Aswan in a village that close to the Lake of Nasser in the middle of the dissert while our president in that time -The Leader Gamal Abdul Nasser- was building the High Dam.



We lived there in three bed rooms' apartment in Chima or Kima' the compound that consists of many buildings in different levels and looks for everyone who are working in that company, labors, supervisors, engineers, and the members of management committee or the big bosses. All those buildings look like the projects in the United States of America now that government built it to the limited income people.

On the other side of that small village in the desert, there were another better-looking compound for the people who are building the Egyptian High Dam, which have a lot of Russians experts and their families, who came to produce electricity and power from the high dam helping and supervising the Egyptians. In that place north of the Lake of Nasser where the Nile river far about few miles to the west and some mountains on the east side.

I remember this compound has one bus station that takes people in and out from the compound to the city and vise-versa, and a primary school for boys and girls, also a small shopping center and a sporting club which have a swimming pool. And here I have to say that pool and swimming every day, they shaped the life I was always want to be around in my current and future life. Like a Water Man.

In this chapter I will collect whatever funny memories that I remember in those first 6 years of my life.

Where is Magdy?

I was about two and half years old in the summer of 1962 in that hot weather, the village where the temperature usually on July and August each year reaches over 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

It was after 11.00 pm while my mom has a new baby sister Mona 6-month-old to join our big family of 7 kids now. In that time my four older sisters Nadia 10, Nagwa 9, Fatma 8, Hanaa 6.5 and my older brother Mohamed almost 5 years old they all sleeping on their 2 beds or on the sofa, or the floor it was hot, quite, and dark when my mom put the baby to sleep and come to check on the other kids as usual routine, but where is Magdy? She looks everywhere; under the beds, my parents' room, in the kitchen, bathroom, in the balcony, every inch of that apartment on the third floor of the building of 5 floors heights.

She turned all lights on screaming to my father who reading a book or newspaper as usual before sleeping and wakes up everyone; WHERE IS MAGDY shouting to the sisters; go look for your little brother.

My father grabbed a flash light quickly from the cabinet on the bathroom, and went down stairs to look for me, while one or two of my big sisters checking on the upstairs stairs and floors. In a flash, another three men from our neighbors joined my dad with their flash light to look in our garden around each building of this compound and other close buildings too. But no luck!

The lights and shouting wake up some of wild dogs that live in the dissert and very close from our building, those dogs are usually comes at night to look for food around our compound which is make people here are very scary to go out alone after dark. My father knew that I love dogs and most of those dogs are very friend of me and laves my hands and my face at the same time they not friend with most people in our neighborhoods!

Anyway, my dad pointed the light toward this few dogs and sow behind them another group of dogs in deep sleep while I am sleeping among the first group of dogs, like I am one of them!

The three men and my father pointed the lights on the dog with one hand and the men grabbed some stones from the floor with the other hands and starting shouting, running toward the dogs and throwing the stones just to scare the dogs to get me out, so all dogs ran away and those men think that they saved me but my father laugh and told them these dogs are his best friends and they will never hurt him and mentioned that he saw me many times steeling the waste food or the bread from the kitchen each day and through it to those dogs from the balcony but he never thought that I will go farther to be with them alone and at night of this the dark ! Which make them coming and gathering under the balcony many times waiting for some food.

Little Boy Yes, But People Can Count on Me

After every one of our compounds heard my story about hanging out with those wild dogs, I was famous and helping other kids to be friends with those poor dogs

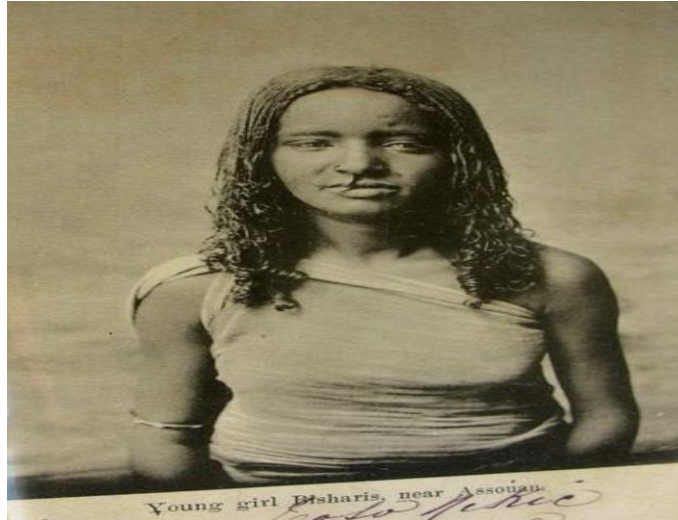
but they have to feed them too! by giving them something to eat or put some water to drink. On few hundred meters to the east of our compound there were a high hill where some people live there named BASH-SHAREYA, with long hair usually priding, no showers, no shoes, they always looks dusty so most people in our compound really scare from them but on the other hand they bake a wonderful bread in their muddy oven that gives special taste to this bread, so we always see them sailing that bread and also sailing other staff to our neighbor in the day light.

If your home have no bread and dark is come you will have to wait until next day when the big grocery store open at 9 am – they call it: the Cooperative Association- or if you have a car you can drive to the city and buy it. But because we and most people in that compound has no cars so we all wait, except if you can put away your fears and clime up to BASH-SHAREYA to get fresh bread that they can bake for you in 10-15 minutes. But to go there you have to go through those wild dogs and maybe some Hyenas too? You be lucky if no scorpions and snakes were in your way!

Here we are where is magdy? Believe me tens of times I helped others to go uphill and buy the bread while all those dogs surrounded us back and forth first for being my friends, also they chasing the scorpions or snakes if they are in our ways.

Feeling important or VIP kid from early life, gives me more encourage to face and overcome fear in that age and forever after.

Thanks to my dog friends and my early neighborhood.



Workers Union of the Company of Kima

At Kima company, where my dad works and we all live in their compound, there are a committee that managing union of labors, my father was selected to be the president of this Union of labors.

It was summer of 1964 I was four and half years old and always see my dad gathering with few peoples almost every evening to set down talking, smoking, playing backgammon and drinking a lot of hot tea and hot coffee, usually the wives of those men do that hot coffees and teas.

Among those people were 5 persons are very unique that they are can't miss ever. Mr. Farahat who was 6.7 feet tall, Mr. Abdul Sattar who has one finger cut in his right hand, Mr Salamah who always wearing gray suit that never change it, and Mr. Edriss was African and he has very shiny black skin and Mr. Abdul Monem, who was very Short plus a group of normal or regular looking people.

Each Thursday of each week in summer, this Union bring a projector or 8 mm camera and put a very big white sheet on the side of one of those buildings as a screen to play a new movie for our compound, I remember that it was always new Arabic-Egyptian movie, or Indian movie for Rajinder Kumar or Raj Kapoor, at that night and everyone was enjoying laid on the ground and drinking hot black

tea or Turkish Coffee, some others drinking cold or hot Hibiscus from our fresh garden around the buildings in that time during watching the movie.

Kids Laing on their back their heeds on mom's lap, some bringing mattresses, some bringing chairs and most are bringing bed sheets to sit on, and making finger foods too.

All the way back where my dad was sitting playing backgammon with a group of his friends mostly are members of the labor union.

Suddenly they saw me playing with those wild dogs not far from them and heard me calling them with my father's friend names: ABDULSATTAR COME HERE, GOOD BOY, FARAHAHAT; SET DOWN BAD BOY ...AND YOU UGLY SHORT ABDUL MONEM, NO FOOD FOR YOU then they found out that I gave names to over 6 dogs same as my father's friends.

They all shocked from the way I control the dogs but those names that I gave for those dogs, also shocked few of my fathers' friends specially those I used their name to call my dogs? they all laughed including my father but he promised to give me something to let me remember forever when we go home.

Yes dad, I still remember ...HE GAVE ME 10 SMAKING WITH HIS BELT ON MY RIGHT HAND

It was hurting a lot, but you know that I didn't even cry, I was a tough boy who makes fun, and whatever done is done!!!

A Bad Boy or a Little Man?

Before turning my 5 years old, we have at our apartment in the third floor in Aswan, two nice balconies facing the back of the building where the garden then the fins are surrounding our campus. I used to try to push my older brother Mohamed from the room to the balcony as I enjoying make him suffer and cry when we fight together for something, he was very nice boy but very soft too, since he was born right after 4 older girls, and my dad was in work all times, so the first three years of his life he was surrounded by my 4 nice sisters and my very kind mom. He was acting in that time like one of those sisters, sobbing and crying like them even his voice too. So, I was enjoying bothering him and push him to the balcony threatening him I will through him out from the balcony if he keeps

crying, so, he always cut it off. But in this time, my brother keep winning and continued crying so, I keep pushing him toward the fins of the balcony and try to left his legs up, thanks God I left one leg at a time, so he stand on the others while he madly crying and shouting Mom, Mom, Mom, so my Mom heard him, she left whatever in her hands, running from the kitchen and pulling me from my back very hard and saved my older brother from falling from third floor by his wild younger brother- me!!!! she kept saying to me" you are animal, I don't know where you get this wildness from? She doesn't know, but I knew. It was born to be different, to be wild, to be strong. Thanks God, I enjoy it.

Ali Abou Al -Qassem!

I just passed 5 years old, our neighbor Ali Aboul Qassem was 10 years old and my older brother was 7.5 years old, one day Mohamed my older brother came crying and shouting to my older sisters Ali beat me up, Ali beat me up, my mom told him it's okay I will talk to his mom later! Why he beat you and how, Mohamed said he pushed me against the wall so my head hits the wall and hurts me, my mom said that is like boys normal acting, be strong and don't cry.

I looked to my brother and said to myself I can do something make Ali never touch my brother again. In a moment I went downstairs bringing few small stones with some mud and dirt from the garden and I was going to through this stones and mud on Ali's face, I was scare he can hold me and beat me up, so while I am collecting the stones that can hurt Ali, I found one of my favorite wild dogs come close to me wagging its tail, I said that is it, I keep playing with the dog in front of our building entrance until Ali shows up I quickly hid the plastic bag with the stones and mud behind my back and cursed Ali so he runs toward me to punish me, but he scare from the dog and stop few yards before he found the big dog look at him and scare him, in that time I automatically through this bag of mud and few big stones toward Ali's face, he got hurt, he got blood in his face and he

looks very dirty, in one second I ran to my apartment, laughing and want to hide under my bed.

I heard Ali crying and calling his Mom to come for him while he is closing his eyes can't open them because of the dirt and the blood.

While I am under the bed thinking about the reaction from my mom, and dad! thanks God my father was in work not upstairs! Less than two minutes after that- while I am still hiding under the bed, Ali's mom came and knocked our door holding Ali's hand in one hand and showing my mother the piece of cotton with some blood telling her what I just did to Ali.

My mom said no way magdy is five years old! how come he could beat a 10 years old big boy, and Ali last thirty minutes was just pushed Mohamed toward the wall and hurt his head, and I didn't complain because it is always happened boys play stupid! anyway the moms were a good friends and they both said that just kids playing so each mom decided to deal with her kids, Ali's mom just pushed Ali and told him you the one started all that by pushing Mohamed and shouting to him don't beat any younger kids than you, while my mother keep looking for me.

But she got busy with her other 7 children now- she got another baby boy to complete 8 children now. My older sister was 13 while my youngest brother was just 2 years old. Sometimes big family is advantage, so dad working many hours every day and mom busy take care of all 8 kids all day and most of the nights too. So, I passed the punishment this time from her - Thanks God, she didn't tell my Dad this time, or I will get another twenty hits with a belt again from my wonderful dad.

Hey but when my father knew what happened after few days from my big brother, he gave me 20 piasters as a prize that I am a man and revenge for my brother, but he still gave me also 20 belt hits on my both hands as a punishment. AGAIN!!!! I used on it already.

What a Little Monkey

Our building and all other buildings in Kima compound are consist of four apartments in each floor. The building also has two entries each one entry has two apartments. Each apartment in our building has three rooms, two rooms has balconies and one room in between has a window. So, you see from outside one balcony, one window, then one balcony, and keep going balcony, window, balcony....to form four apartments in each floor.

One of the Thursdays when all families go downstairs to watch movie in our compound garden while they put a big white sheet on the side of one building that has no windows or balconies and run 8 mm film mostly an Indian movie there. This night in summer of 1965 I was 5.5 years old and all my big family are watching the movie, eating sandwiches or eating seeds, drinking hot tea, Turkish coffee or cold Hibiscus, or just enjoy talking and watching the movie.

After the end of each movie most women clean after their families and take young kids to go their homes, while older kids hanging out talking or playing soccer or hide and seek, and fathers are usually gathering and discussing some issues for the labor committee or other stuff.

My mom went upstairs and one of my sisters ahead of her trying to open the door with the key, it seems that the key was rusty or not in good shape anymore so, it brooks inside the door and all my brothers and sister including me can't get in!!! Mohamed my older brother ran down to my father asking him to come and open the door, but my father said he left the key in his room inside the home.

Some of my father's friend tried their home keys to open our door but no way because the broken part still inside, the only two options are to open the door from inside or just breaking the door from outside and that will be bad and cost money to fix it.

Our neighbor who lives in next door was in vacation in Cairo, and no one in his apartment, so it is not going to happen to jump from our neighbor next door to our balcony.

The wild monkey inside me told me that I can jump from outside third apartment to cross our absent neighbor balcony, window, and second balcony, then I can come to our balcony then I can get inside our house and open the door.

The third floor where our home is, it was far from the garden level by 7 exactly meters almost over 22 feet high, I told my father I can do it, he said I knew you can do it, but the problem is our next-door window is closed, I told my dad I did

it before! By grabbing the metal thing that holds the windows when it is open so the winds can't close the window.

Anyway, I just did it with more than ten of my father's friends holding a blanket in the garden under me while I am moving like a monkey swinging from balcony of my third neighbor to first balcony to our next door neighbor to his window to his second balcony to our first balcony with sheering and applaud like a hero.

It feels good to do what others can't do, and open the door from inside to my family, WOW, I am a hero.

Naked at The School

Last week of September 1966, I was six and half years old but they didn't accept me in first grade of the only school in our compound because I didn't reach seven years old yet, so I have to wait another year to enroll of the first grade.

In that time, I was very close to my third sister in order Fatema, she was older five years than me. We both every day in the evening together for several hours at the swimming pool almost all year round in that very hot and humidity city of Aswan. One day I decided to go school with my sister Fatema, I PUT ON ME a short and v-neck t-shirt, wearing a sandal on my feet. Setting close to my sister for few hours in one place makes me crazy so, I got hot and bored I took my t-shirt off so, all students in the class start laughing. The teacher was writing on the blackboard when she heard the laughing turned around very upset and shouting to all class to be quite saying by Egyptian slang (Bas Ya Klap) that means shut up Dogs....without any thinking as usual I found myself make fun of her in one second and keep saying BAS YA KLAB MOOKING ON HER AND IMITATING HER VOICE.....

The teacher runs after me with her ruler in her right hand trying to beat me up -in that time in this country, teachers allowed to beat up students very hard if STUDENTS DIDN'T OBEY THEM- I keep running around the disks and push the disks toward her until she hit one of them... as much as the all class laughing hard

and shouting I keep making fun of her voice and suddenly she stop running AND GET OUT OF BREATH.

At this moment I jumped up on her desk in front of the whole class and took off my short to be completely naked for few seconds to proof to her that I am not only can take my shirt off but also I can be full naked if I want, then I pulled my short up and running to the door into my home before the other teachers or older students catch me.

YES, MY FATHER BEAT ME UP AGAIN OF COURSE!

Young Coach

Mr. Attef was a muscular guy who friend of my father and was a good swimmer too, we all called him captain Attef. He always teaches me how to swim in the right way. Me and Captain Attef' Son were the best two kids can swim very good freestyle and backstroke and we keep challenging each other and also challenging the older kids in our compound. We always win and feel good with honor and proud that we are under seven years old but we can swim fast backstroke and freestyle beating all other kids in our compound.

One day Captain Attef took us to the High Dam compound to swim against the Russian kids in our same ages. That was the first time in my life to be aware that I love swimming more than anything in the world.

We had a real challenge that we won some kids but many other Russian kids were much faster than me and Captain Attef' son- I really forgot his name?

I figured out that Russian kids have better starts and faster arms than us.

After we came back to our compound, I spent more than one hour each single day to improve my racing dive and speed up my arms like I am a seven years old swim coach. Not only that, but I started help my sisters and our friends to improve their swimming skills. 1966 was the year I discover how much I love swimming and teaching other kids how to swim too



Myself, Hurghada, Red See, Egypt summer 1965

June War, 1967 with Israel

“Or the 1967’ or defeat – the Born of My Poetry Talent

My last Memory from Aswan and my first 7 years of my life there, was the 1967 War between Egypt and Israel. In this war, Egypt defeated from Israel and lost Sinai too. My father was in Cairo, while we all are still in Aswan, my father got promotion and moved to Cairo to prepare for us to join him soon, but the war started and finished in a week. We find group of volunteer’s men during this war and after that week, they called the Civil Defense Forces. This group of people walking or drive slow pick-up cars and using microphones to give us as the people of all cities instructions for what to do and not do during this hard time as for safety and care. I remember that this group keep shouting and saying cheers like:

- YOU HAVE TO PAINT YOUR WINDOW GLASSES WITH THE BLUE COLORS,**
- YOU HAVE TO PUT TAPE ON EACH WINDOW GLASSES IN YOUR APARTMENT.**
- EVERYONE; WHEN YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF THE ALARM YOU HAVE TO TURN ALL YOUR HOUSE LIGHTS OFF, AND RUN DOWNSTAIRS ASAP, ETC.**

But the funny things that I have to mentioned here are, the rhythm and the wards they sometimes used which stocked in my memory until now, and helped me to do poem when I grow up. BUT THE FUNNY THINGS THAT I WANT TO MENTION HERE SOME OF THOSE FAMOUS CALLING with nice rhythm and musical sound – by our slang language:

-HAN HAREB HAN HAREB ISRAEL ARANEB means: we will fight we will fight Israel are rabbits.

-TAFY ELNOOR YA WELYA, IHNA ASAKER DAWREYA means: hey women; turn the light off, we are patrol soldiers.

-TAFY ELNOOR YA OM SALAH, EHNA ASAKER BEL SELAH means: turn light off salah' mother, we are solders with weapons.

In that time and in my early age, I really loved the poem that I heard it from those people and from the broadcasting every day as new songs that makes people feel the love of the country and we have to revenge to get our Saini back from that enemy.

I started to create some poet and make small song I really don't remember any of them right now, but remember people around me like what I wrote in that time.

CHAPTER 3.

CHAPTER 3. PRIMARY SCHOOL - MENYET EL SERIG- SHOBRA 1967-1972

“MENYET EL SERIG” **My First Primary School in Cairo**

We left Aswan few weeks after 1967 war to stay in Cairo, my father moved to the head quarter of the same company in Cairo and we got an apartment in first floor as a two-family live in first floor and other two family live in second floor. Our house was 3 rooms and nice backyard. In front of this new house, there was a canal that supply water to a big corn field just other side of this canal.



My Dad in the middle, Hanaa on his right side, Nagwa on his left side, My Mom in the middle, me in front of her, and my younger sister Mona on my left and my younger brother Medhat on my right side.

Our family of 10 people (Dad, Mom, me, two brothers, and 5 sisters) was sharing first floor with our Christian neighbor Mr. Samir Aziz who lives with his mother. On the second floor a big family of two brothers and their wives and 8 kids too.

One of those two brothers who live upstairs was an Islamic preacher, and the brothers own a grocery near our home too.

We all together were as a one big family, all care about each other. When my mom cooked, she gives some food to our neighbors and vice-versa.

I joined my first primary school in Cairo called MENYET EL SERIG PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. I was in second grade, Mohamed my older brother in fifth grade, and Hanaa my sister in six grade at same school. My father was elected in the school' parent council. Our school was far from our house by only 10 minutes' walk. And again, there are many wild dogs live in this corn farm. At this time in the 1960s the wild dogs were everywhere, most of them are nice dogs but some were really dangerous.

That was introduction to my new school and new neighborhood which I have some funny memories here and there.

Magdy or Mandy?

In 1968, two of those wild dogs were living in our back yard so, technically they belongs to us, we called the black male dog Mandy, and called the off-white female dog Fulla (Fulla by Arabic means Jasmine flower, because she was beautiful and same color as this flower. The both dogs were around 60-70 pounds weight. Mandy was gorgeous with very shiny clear black hair, those two dogs were very happy and play together, chasing us together, and have a lot of love stories together. They make us all happy. But Mandy was my best friend overall, as usual all dogs in my area quickly turned to be my close friends, the nice ones and the dangerous ones too.

Mandy starts to walk me to school every day and other wild dogs joining me back home after school each day. Mandy also was with me all day long until I go to bed. One day my grandmother came from Alexandria to visit us and to stay few weeks, she never called me Magdy, she always calls me Mandy, the dog name.

Not only that she called the dog Magdy like she means to make me upset, any way I never liked her, she was weird, real weirdo! She knew the different but she was intention to do so.

The Tricky Grandmother

My grandmother was smoker person, but she didn't have enough money, she didn't work, so she has no income that helps her get some extra money to buy cigarettes. My mother used to give her some change each day, but this old woman needs more. She always asks my dad when he comes home after work by 5 or 6 pm for cigarettes and he always give her. Once upon a time my father went for a week for other city for work and my grandmother has no money to buy cigarettes or my dad around to lend her some. So, in the morning we found her cover her face with her scarf and went to the Tram-way station, then ride the car, then set on the floor and begging people for money, I was sneaking behind her to see where she is going and what to do? She is bad.

When she got some money, she stepped out from this car to go to other side and take other car back home! What a smart ass is this?

I told my mom, and at same day my mother' big brother arrived to take his mom to stay few days with his family in other city.

Thanks God, what a relief! I said, wow...just on time. She was a nightmare.

Fulla is Cheating on Mandy

Usually Mandy and Fulla our beautiful dogs, playing, eating, and living together 24 hours. Sometimes they both going out and plying with other dogs for little times then they come back to our house as their house too. Once upon a time, Fulla had a new boyfriend- I mean dog-friend- and gave Mandy a red card, so Mandy find himself out of the picture, starts crying, no eating, no playing, and he became very sad! As you know Mandy is close to me more than my real brothers and sisters and I have to do something to get Fulla back to him before he die or run away forever. By looking to Fulla and her late behavior, we -my dad and I find out that she left Mandy and always away hanging out with a new dog with fluffy hair, looks like an Affenpinscher dog! Really! He looks cuter and bigger than our Mandy! So, we decided to get rid of that intruder dog. My father acting more violence with that dog, every time he sees the dog, he through a stone or even a brick mold, just to scare him, but sometimes my dad hit him hard! I found out

that new dog is slow in reaction and also in walking and running, that is why he got hit from my father. I used to jump from our home roof to our next-door roof, Because the buildings are too close like 2- yards away from each other, and full and Mandy also used to do it, almost every day. And of-course because I was a wild boy. My diabolical thoughts took me to the idea of a final disposal of this dog, if he became my friend and come with me and Fulla to the roof and jump from roof to roof maybe in one time he will fall and get hurt or get lost. As expert, the easy way to be friend with and dog is to give them food and be nice with them. I got this in just three days after my evil plan, the new dog tries to follow me and Fulla in his first jump but he didn't do it and hit the wall and it fell to the ground from a height of about 7 meters and became disabled for a while, before I heard from a friend of mine that this dog gets better later. And automatically Fulla came back to Mandy gradually. We no longer see this dog forever. And I no longer see Mandy sad. I knew if Mandy can talk, he absolutely will tell me: thank you brother Magdy.

Something Green on My Table

My father one day shouting to my mother saying, you have to put something green on my table for launch or dinner. He means vegetables to make the dite is healthy, so my mom start put Radish, Arugula, Cucumber, latus, and other vegetable ever day. One day my mother forgot to put a green food on our big round table for the dinner, my father was in a bad mode, so he shouting; I need to see anything green right now, my mom went to the kitchen but no luck, no green, I automatically put my green slippers on the table to break this bad time with my practical joke! My father looked at me smiled then turned of the table and the food over me with some cursing to me and my mom. I love him so, that is no harm for me or my mother. By the way, in that dinner, there was some cocked spinach in one plate just landing over my head to look green. We all laughed and never forgot our wild father and wild me.

Making Fun of My Teachers!

In 1968-1969 school year, I was the president of my class in third grade at Menyet El Serig Elementary School. In Shobra. My teacher Fekreya, asked me to watch the class until she come back, she has to talk to the school dean. She spent over twenty minutes out of the class. In first 5 minutes I was okay, but after that I start writing with my beautiful hand writing on the blackboard my name on one line, then some names of my friends at this class, then the names of the dean, and some special teachers from our school. All students in my class start laughing, then I found myself like a comedian actor who makes everybody laugh, so I start writing a nick name for the dean as: Man with too many eyes- because he has only one eye, miss Fatty instead of Fatine because she was very fat, miss sarsaa-means with very laud and whiny voice instead of her real name Ehsan, and miss Fikreya el moftareya, that mean wild one. And Samir Takh Takh means very chubby, before I keep going, my teacher Fekreya came with the dean of school and everyone in my class suddenly shuts up, while I am keep writing. It was last class and we will go home in few minutes! As soon as I looked back, I found them, and the door of the classroom was open, I run away to the door, leaving my book back and other stuff on my desk and keep running until my house.

On the next day, they call me in the morning assembly, and I came to the middle of school playground. One of the teachers hold tight my long hair from front by one hand, and hold microphone in other hand, telling all the school what I just did yesterday, then he put away the manual microphone and tries to smack my face! I just moved my head hard to the back and pushed his hand with my both hands up and running again, but this time to the school gate and in a flash, I jumped over the gate like a monkey running home to complain to my dad before he leave our home to go work. My dad was already in front of the door going his work, in ten minutes after, we went back to school and my father solved the problem since he knew the dean very well. I went to my class like a hero, and all kids were smiling, but when I went home later at about 2.00 pm, I was expecting another 20-40 beats by my father belt, but didn't happen. Thanks God. And thanks God again when the dean told all teachers to let it go, I am just a kid!

Run Magdy Run!

One of the many times that I watch the class for my teachers when they leave for any reason because I am in that time was the class president. Usually all the classmates are very friendly listening to me when I ask them that don't leave your desk until the teacher come back except one girl doesn't like me at all. Her name was "HANNAA ABDUL GAWAD". This girl was short and sneaky, she doesn't look good at all. Her father owns a bakery in the middle way between the school and my house. She also has a brother older than us by 4 or 5 years.

It was that time when she challenged me and said I will do what I want, and I will set back when I see the teacher coming only. Anyway we keep argue until I asked her to go and set right now, she refused and I just pushed her hardly toward her desk and pushed her again to force her to set down, so she got very upset and promised that she will tell her older brother to beat me up after school. I didn't care about what she just said. I thought that she just talking.

Second day in the break, while I was playing soccer in the playground, a 13/14 years old boy called my name behind the school gate from outside, which was a double metal door that closed with a chain and big lock. I approached toward him with my face sweating and I was trying to clean my sweat by my back hand. As soon as moved my hand down, this boy hit my head with a piece of wood was in his hand and ran away. I found out that I am bleeding! I am not a hearo, but I was fast... really fast to react and take a decision.

I jumped over the gate, running after that boy, he was a little taller than me, but chubby and slower than me. He almost got his father's bakery but like 25 – 30 yards before this building I kicked his leg with my right feet so he felt on his face at the same time I through some dust over his head and kicked his body while he is in the ground as a revenge for his cowardly acting with me. One of his father's worker has a bicycle and carrying like 100 breads over his head on that light wood carrier as a transportation for the bread from the bakery to the grocery stores around. This guy was confusing to put the bicycle aside or the bread aside to help the boss's son! Or to just push me away with one hand after he stopped on his bicycle close to me, as soon as he pulled my t-shirt hard, I stand up suddenly, so he lost his balance, at the same time I ran behind him so he completely felt down over the poor boy I just beat him up, instead of I have to run away after my mission accomplished, I kept kick both of them and through dust over them. All these things happened in a minute or two, few seconds later, one of my teachers

arrive and help them to stand up, while some of my classmates picked up the bread from the ground and hit it in each other to clean it! And put it back over the guy carrier. As usual, my dad knew that from the teacher somehow, and I get this time my regular 40 hits of my favorite Dad's belt.

5 Rounds for 10 Piaster!

I remember that first money I ever earn it was from the "SWINGS". When I stand of the sides of the swing while the other kid setting in the swing and waiting for me to turn it over in circles, I was professional doing this for the others they can't do it by themselves. 5 rounds for 10 piasters (like 10 cents) I missed this swings.



Don't be surprising. 50 years ago, in Egypt some people have the power and skills to make the "Swings" turning in the air in circles as much as they want. I was one of those people but I used my skills to make some money- yes. In front of our school there were two swings that looking like a boat moving forward – backward and some people can make them going higher and higher until they can turn in circles but they have to stand up and bending their knees up and down using their muscles to push the swing both ways until turning. I figured out that many of my classmates wishing if they can ride the swing and turn in the air even if for one time just to feel that turning in the air.

I told one of my close friends to set tight inside the swing and I will stand up putting my feet on the upper edge of the swing and keep swinging and pushing until I turn that swing. We did it without any risk and a lot of the girls in my class were watching us waiting their turn but my fees were a one piaster for each round (that is like one cent cost for each round then we make it as a flat rate 10 piaster for five rounds).

I enjoyed making some money every day after school from that first smart way in my life to make money for two or three years.... In that time, with 10 piasters you can buy many things, it is still a big deal for our poor neighborhood so, the fees went down a lot after few days from my experiment... I changed until 10 rounds for 5 piasters until the swings one day moved from that location in front of our school to somewhere else. What a lose!!

“Aly Aotta”

Aotta by Egyptian is a slang word means Tomato. Aly got his nick name because his all family were selling vegetables specially tomato. Aly himself works with his parents after school until sun set 7 days a week. Ali also was in six grade in our school and he was 13 years old.

Aly was the strongest kid in our school and guess who is the second strongest one in this school? The answer is me, but I was only 10 YEARS OLD in fourth grade and tall enough to look like a 12 years old boy.

Normal school kids when they take the break each day, they usually eat their sandwiches or playing soccer before getting back to the classroom but me and Aly Aotta usually wrestling other kids. Our wrestling was quick and fun, the winner is the one who drop the others to the floor, one against one. We have many challengers every day Aly challenge half of them and I challenge the other half, one by one. And many times, Aly and me dropped our challengers in just 5-10 seconds into the floor. We didn't learn wrestling or watching TV shows in that times. It was just nature talent with strength and agility. And that was one of two reasons that I went when I grew up to Physical Education college to take my Bachelor degree and When Aly graduated in 1970 from our school, I became the strongest student of my school without doubt for whole two years until I graduated in 1972

“My Dog Bol Bol”

My Best Friend Ever

I mentioned before how close I was to the dogs when I was young. In 1972 we moved from 28 El-Sayieda Khadega Street into 88 Abdul Hameed El-deep street, which is far about half a mile toward Shubra Street, leaving the corn farm and wild dogs moving to more civilization and 7 floors building with more room at this new home. One year ago, fulla was taking by the officials who hunt the wild dogs from streets, and few weeks later Mandy died sad for her lose.

Every weekday when I get out from school six to 10 wild dogs as usual come to me and walk around me from the school to my old home. But one of them, he was big size, about 80 pounds weight, always keep walking with me almost until my new home, then I go up while he goes back to the corn farm where he always there. I always play with those dogs every day after school through a piece of wood far, and some of them fight together with fun way to pull it from each other and usually one of them bring it back to me to through it again. Sometimes I have a handmade soccer ball in the size of a grape fruit and I kick it hard in front of me, and some of them bring it back to me, and most times I just push their faces hard with my right hand like fighting with them and they keep pulling my right slave as a kind of play with joy and some barking. I love them all and they all were my very close friends. When I reach my old house one or more dogs just go back to where they came from, but others still keep playing around me. Mostly when I am close like one block from my new home only one dog keeps going with me like he is my own dog; I named him “BOL BOL”.

BOL BOL was about 70 pounds in of-white color. He looks always clean! I have no idea how an off-white street dog keeps clean like that dog. Not only BOL BOL was walking with me all the way to my home but sometimes he also go upstairs with me to the fifth floor where I live! Then he sets or lie down in front of our two doors apartment for a while or until someone lives upstairs kick or shouting to him. I usually set in front of my doors to pit him or give him something to eat or water to drink until my mom pull me inside and shut the door off.

How nice and strange was this dog, I loved him and remember him more than many of my classmates or neighbors. I barely heard him barking, he was a very quiet and friendly big and old dog. I missed him a lot. Until I graduate from this elementary school and never go back to this area again. I missed his companionship and sharing my way to go home after school I never saw him

again. He might get older and die in or get caught. It was one sad ending anyway to lose him forever. NO MORE BOLBOL.

The Scar Mark in My Face

In our apartment, we have four rooms and living room, one room for my 5 sister, one room for the 3 boys, one for my parents and the last one for our guests or visitors. in our boys' room we have two beds,



FROM _____ A _____ TO _____ B _____ IS OK

BUT NOT FROM B TO A

I usually stand on bed A and jump to bed B, there is about 4-5 feet between the two beds so, I stand on the end of bed A that close to bed B and jump to bed B. One time I try to challenge myself to jump from bed B to bed A! after many tries I did it and avoided to het the wood of the bed A. In another day I decided to jump from bed B and touch the lamp between the two beds, by my hand and land on the bed A safely...and I did it many times. Then, I challenge myself more to try to jump from bed B to bed A and touch the lamp by my head! So, my two brothers Mohamed older 2 years and two months than me and Medhat three years younger than me told me YOU CAN NOT EVER TOUCH THE LAMP BY YOUR HAIR! I accept the challenge and warm up for high jump!!!!

Then I jumped very hard that my forehead hit the lamp very strong and break it and then I closed my eyes for a moment, but guess what happened? I hit the wood end of bed A to get 5 stitches in my left eyebrow but because I was stubborn, I refuse to even cry and washed my face with cold water, and hold it by my hand for one hour without my parents knew anything about it. I was 9 years old but I had also a crazy brain. I still have that mark until today.

My Family' Troubles

From 1971 to 1975, my older sister Nadya was in her 4 years college, studying Philosophy and was very active political young lady in whole university of Ain Shams in Cairo. In that time in Egypt there were a lot of arresting for those active people against the government, and police every day and night put thin in jail. Those students usually spent a week or two in jail before releasing them, but they keep some of those protestors for more time could be couple months, my sister was one of those famous active ones. So, we used to see police men coming to our apartment to arrest my sister specially one or two days before our Egyptian President speeches so, they arrest those disturbed students before they do demonstrations or protests against the authority in the university or streets. They always come after mid night. All Egypt calling these visits by police is: **Visiting Dawn**. One time, my younger brother was in deep sleep when he gets hit in his head by a hard object! it was a gun for a short police man very close to the bed who was searching for any posts or publications. So, my brother 9 years old wakes up and says to me; are we sleeping in Shobra Street? Why all those police men in our room? I told him; it is okay, just close your eyes, and keep sleeping, it is just a dream. My older brother later followed my old sister thoughts and believes.



President Sadat 1970-1981

And the Visiting of the Dawn series

Appendix Operation

Right now, Right here!

I was almost 12 years old when I went with my older sister Nadia, to the university to spend the day watching older students and eating some liver sandwiches. Suddenly, I bend my head and upper body down and felt very bad pain in my right side under my belly- button, I told Nadia, I can't stand and I have crazy pain in my stomach, fortunately, she has a lot of friends from medicine college in final years, one of them told me just relax on floor and he put his three fingers on my right side of my stomach and push it hard, and then repeated for few times! it was crazy bad painful, he told Nadia, we have to take him right now to the university hospital- which is less than half mile away- from where we sit. And sent another medicine student to the hospital to prepare for Appendix operation. In the longest thirty minutes in my short life I walks very slowly and three other guys were supporting me until we arrived to the gate of the hospital, where 2 nurses were waiting for me and took me to the operation room directly to get that shot of anesthetize, to wake up after few hours with a lot of cotton on my stomach and find myself on the bed surrounded with my other sisters for two more days. That makes me respect my older sister more than ever for saving my life.

CHAPTER 4.

CHAPTER 4. MIDDLE AND HIGH SCHOOL -EL KHALAFAWY 1973-1978

My Middle School

1973-1978 or The teenage period of my life was focused on playing soccer in the streets, playing backgammon in coffee shops, swimming 2 -3 months in Alexandria each summer, try to hang out with girls, problems in schools, dealing with fashion and copy John Travolta , and fishing with my best two friends Adel Abdul Bar and Khalid Essa. I will mention some crazy memories from each part of those. Let's see how did going?

Soccer Memories

Once upon a time, there were a big square called EL MAMALEEK, that I leave in one building away from that square, my best friend Adel' family own one of big buildings that facing that square. A big pharmacy in first floor of Adel's building.

We used to play soccer in the dust in front of Adel Building for few hours in the evening each day and all day long on Fridays (our day off from school). One of those free Friday I hit the ball many times into the pharmacy' gate and window display, and few times the ball get inside the pharmacy and each time I go get it by myself with nice toon, bad toon, or no toon at all, but last time I shoot the ball hard to hit one old customer and she get upset and cursed me, of course I curse her back and the owner of the pharmacy was very upset from me too and he screamed to me and said, Magdy; if the ball hit here one more time I will destroy it and complain to your dad when I see him. I said; I don't care just give me my ball. And run out to continue the game. After about 30 seconds only of that situation, I brook my right shoe and play without shoe. Few minutes after I shoot a can filled with asphalt and almost cut four of my toes in my right foot. Automatically, I found myself jumping on my left foot, running to the pharmacy and my blood flowing to the ground asking for help. The same doctor looks at me and say OMG, I can just ignore you and let your toes fall of your feet, but I will take care of you. So, he cleans the wound and put stuff on it and wrap it in professionally matter with care and patience. I felt so sorry about my former

behave with this nice guy, but it taught me how to be a better boy not only with him but also in general, I became more polite and respectful.

Handicap Soccer Players or

El-Mekassaheen Soccer Team

In the seventies, in Cairo there were a very famous soccer team names: EL MEKASSAHEEN Soccer Team, it is a slang in Egyptian languages means men who lost their legs. This team are all handicaps, they play soccer by their hands. They use their hands to move, run, and flip too. they put a bandage or gloves on their hands and stand on the small part of their remaining thighs and hold the soccer ball by one hand only. They also can use their heads or flip their legs by standing on their hands and hit the ball with their butts! As part of the show-off. They were very talented and skillful, and we all enjoy watching them if they are around. They were very funny, and most of them in their thirties. One of the best street soccer players in our area, he asked only me from among hundreds of players to be the goal keeper for our neighborhood team against El Mekassaheen. I was 15 years old, and the youngest one of our team was over 20 years old. But I was the chosen one and I did it, IT WAS MY HONOR. I saved my goal many times. I tried my best, but THIS TEAM BEATS US BADLEY. LIKE 12 TO 7, in that time, I figured out that all my best or even close friends are older at least 3-4 years than me...I felt that I am a head of my age. It was Fun, and make me famous and proud of myself.

Al AHLY Club

Best Soccer Team in Egypt

ESMAT FAZLAKA, and Fazlaka in Egyptian slang language means the show off guy. A poor friend of mine- like me- who playing in the AHLY Club -which is until now the biggest sports club in all Egypt. He sees in my soccer skills, body strength, my height, and speed that I can easily get accepted in the tests and

measurements that AHLY club do it each summer to recruited new players for all age groups teams. Thousands of beginners from all over the country who has never played in organized soccer leagues before are going each year to this qualification tests hoping that they get accepted and maybe get famous and rich in future!

So, I went there and passed all the tests and they put me as new to the team- under test- I was very happy and lucky. But because I have no one there to stand for me or support me, I was ignored. The famous ones have it all, each one at this club respects them, they set in best chairs, they eat first, take shower first, they do whatever in nice ways, then me and few other ignored kids do! I really felt like I am in third level comparing to them. Anyway, for few weeks until they chose me to play in practice so, they put me as defense or Back right, and asked me to just stay in my spot! be in front of my goal keeper to clean up the right side of my goal. Just to defend our goal passing the ball to our playmakers to start attacking the other team. I did will defending our area and pass the ball in right timing to our playmakers or our center half players. Each time, and in each practice if they allow me to participate, I do the good job and pass the ball then they always not score or finishing in good way.

One time I said to myself, I will take the ball and try to move up to the other goal maybe I score since our team always has no finishing or scoring a goal. Yes, I did it, and run very fast passing everyone from other team using my sprint running to be in front of the other team goal keeper! one of my teammates calls me I am here pass to me then I pass to him and finally he scores.

So, the coach cheers up for him, hugged him, and clapping to him at the same time he told me never do that again! Dealing with me like I am piece of garbage. I went home and decided, NEVER GO BACK TO AHLY CLUB. And from that time, I switched to be a fan of the competitive soccer club in Egypt to be fan of ZAMALEK Soccer team. That was in 1976. By the way, this soccer coach later in 1995 after 19 years become our co-worker in my university after I graduated and be the head of Swimming department in my college. What a small world.

1:00 - 3:00 pm

My Daily Coffee Shop Time

You will not believe that during my three high school years 1976/77 and 1978, I almost never attend last two classes in my high school, like all other my classmates. In spite of this, I always pass and never fail! how? I tell you how! It is for two reasons: First, I am one of few students that controlling the school or helping our school administrations to keep the school in order from 7 am to 12 noon 6 days a week. So, we are very close to the administration people, the vice principle, the principle, and military officers in our military school. So, we are safe, we have access to change the monthly report for our attendance, and more things. We are the elite ones.

As soon as we finish the break by noon each day after I play soccer in school teams and doing great, I just say goodbye to my other elite ones to cover me, and head to FAHMY AGAYBI COFFEE SHOP. To play backgammon and the winner don't pay for any drinks (I mean, tea, coffee, and other Egyptian drinks-not alcoholic). In backgammon, we play many games like MAHBOOSA means: prisoner, GILBOHAR, I don't know what that mean but depending on the simulator dices like 1 and 1, or 2 and 2, etc. or AADA, that means Habit, the regular backgammon which is the famous game worldwide. or 31 and more.... I always win in GILBOHAR and Backgammon, it is fun, it is free drinks, and it is challenging each day with new people, they all older than me for sure. Then at three pm, when the high school girls finishing their school day and going home, I start another mission, which is adverse girls after they leave school, beautiful girls only.

MISS FAIZA,

The French Language Teacher

One day in the morning, it was Tuesday in November 1976. I was in the first grade of my military high school. Many of my classmates told me that they have new teacher that teach us French. Her name is Ms. Faiza, she is beautiful, young

and asking about me, why I don't attend her class at 1:30 pm on Monday and Wednesday? They told her that I am from the elite group that our school administration supporting us and covering us, she said I will let him regret if he is not show up on my next class on Wednesday.

Humm, I need a plan. That make everyone in the class will laugh on her not on me.... Okay I got it...

My father had a Samsonite man hand bag -very nice one- and has a lot of suites and jackets, his size in jacket is 44 R, I was 42 L. So, I took one of his nice jackets and his Samsonite bag and I really looked like over 20 years old not 16 and half.

I came to her class at 1:30 pm on Wednesday knocked on the class room door pretending that I am from the College of Languages and I am in last year and would like to be her assistant today to learn from her how to teach French. It was normal in that time that all colleges of education sending students to schools for practical education.

So, she shook my hand and welcomed me and asked me to set in her desk facing the student- which they all my class mates- as soon as she turned her back to the student to write something on the blackboard, I smiled to the students, and they all start smiling then laughing. Ms. Faiza turned to say what happened? No one said anything but they all shut ups.

She turned her face back again and walk to the blackboard and I walked like her for few steps and moved my butt up and down like her. In that moment all boys in my class laugh crazy with tears and the class turned to be lost control. Suddenly, she figured out that I am one of those kids, since they start shouting my name. She grabbed a wood ruler was on her desk and hit the desk very hard like ten times to stop everyone from making noise or laughing. At the same time I start move slowly to the door to get out before she catching me, but she start running toward me but in one minute I was not only out of the classroom, or the third floor where our class take place, but also from the whole school.

Don't worry I didn't fail in her class or any other class but barley passed (15/30).

Thanks for Major Hassan, who fixed the situation with Ms. Faiza and I attend some of her classes just to get the minimum grade to pass.

Let's Go Fishing

Somebody uses worms to attract the fish to eat from the fishhook, somebody use bread, and some others use dead fish or shrimp to catch fish. But me and my best two friends Adel and Khaled decided to use Cockroaches! Yes, we found out that Tilapia fish loves the cockroaches. And the best place to find that Cockroaches big and plenty of them is when you open the street drains at late nights. We tried before to look for crocks at our homes but sometimes have no luck at all, or they are very small. But because the big ones that have wings and can fly for few yards, we had to find a way to get the majority of them when we open a drain at night.

We try a lot of experiments in how to catch the most of them fast and easy.

plenty way. I have to say that I am the one who discover or create that new way. Okay here what I did for many years to catch fast and enough cockroaches from one or two drains: I put on old GALABIYA, that means the long dress that men and women were it to cover all the body.



Anyway, my two colleagues open the drain for me and I jump in with my legs only and my arms hold the upper age of the drain, opening my Galabiya to let cockroaches get inside the bottom of it, and my two friends try to catch as much

as they can from the ones that try to scape outside of the drain! It is a Dirty Job But we got every time over 100 cockroaches from the two drains.

Of course, we put them in jars, each one of us has one, big one like gallon size or bigger. Some cockroaches died while the catch, some of them scape but we managing. How we put it in the fishhook? I am always generous. So, I put some times the upper half or the lower half, but my friends use them as quarters each time. They usually catch more than me, but I am always catch one or two most bigger ones. Of course, while we fishing from the Nile, I jumped to swim quickly for a minute or more and come out, it helps me to have more fun, feel cleaner and of course I waste more times for the fun and show off swimming skills so I am always catching less fish.

Is That a Shark?

I was in vacation to MARSА MATROOH, it is beautiful city in Egypt on the Mediterranean Sea, less than 300 kilometers to the west of Alexandria toward Libya. On one beautiful beach called Rommel, taken his name from The German General Erwin Rommel, when they invaded Egypt in World War II.

This beach was in a gulf that you have only two ways to go there; First, by The Road Transportation, it's about 4 miles around the gulf. Second, by swimming in the Water through the sea, which you can take a boat or you swim to cross the Bay for almost one mile.

Usually when we are groups, we leave our family to take a road transportation and we jump in water to cross the Bay in 45-60 minutes in that straight line between the main street and Rommel Beach. There is a Military water port in that Bay too. So, sometimes we expect that a piece of the Egyptian war fleet might crossing in that gulf to the open water. We usually cross the bay only when no ships are coming in the horizon.

One from those times that we cross in groups, three guys from my family took me with them to swim from the beach to the main road -we did it many times- to buy food, to make a phone call, or to do some stuff on the main street. But in one day, three of my older boys in my family challenged me that they can run on the 4 miles road back to Rommel Beach before I swim the one mile to cross

the Bay! We all on the Main Street and there is a big challenge between me and these three cousins for WHO CAN GET TO THE BEACH FIRST? I was just 16 years old and three of them over twenty-one years old and they knew that I am a good swimmer, So I accept the challenge....it was first time I swim alone in that deep water!!!! Let's Do

It.

They run to the right side on the coast of the Gulf and I dive into the north direction of the see to start my scary swimming journey to the other side.

I started swimming not that fast because I knew they are carrying some plastic bags and have no shoes on. So, they definitely will be slow.

after ten- fifteen minutes while I am swimming, I saw them doing good and they are fast. I told myself I will lose the challenge for sure, and I have to speed up now, no more swim slowly. While I am taking breath from my right side, I thought that I see something? What is that? I told myself, is that a Shark Fin? OMG! I was not sure but at the same time something touched my right heel! What? Why me? Am I going to die? Alone! Here? Why now? I wished if I didn't accept that challenge. The second wend inside my heart said No, not me! Not now! Not here. I moved my arms very fast, very straight, and took breath each four or six strokes and kick my feet like crazy until arriving to green and very clear water like 100 or 150 yards from the shore. Wow, I came first. Thanks for the Shark or the shark thought!



Rommel Beach, this is a 2015 modern picture for the beach. But in my time 1976 there were no buildings close to the beach and the road was so far and cars are slower too

DIRTY

But Funny Story

Once upon a time, in Alexandria, Egypt, in the mid-seventies, at GLIME BEACH. I was sixteen and half years old, with bunch of family members who all live in Alexandria, but me, I am the only one live in Cairo. We used to swim from the shore to the island that is far about a mile from the shore. We were around the island looking for SEA URCHIN which they live inside the rooks in this island. I was really wanted to go to bathroom for number two, but it needs a lot of work and time to swim back to the shore and wait for public bathroom. So, I got a bad and dirty thought that I might able to do it over the island if no one can see me. I get out from the water, up on the island and keep walking on hard rocks, looking for an empty area to start my mission! but no luck! People everywhere! I got very upset and think about another dirty thought that I might do number 2 inside the sea if no one watching me by swim a little far from the island. So, I kept walking on the edge of the island hurting my feet on some rooks or onetime almost on a sea urchin, any way I saw a young man in my age treading the deep water and looking everywhere, he looks suspension! He is for sure was doing or try to do something wrong. I hide behind a big rook and sneaky watching him. Guess What? He was pooping!!!! I told myself what is that flying behind his back to land on his hair and his shoulders from the back. Guess What it was his pooping. I hated that, and find myself swim away from this spot to the shore whenever it takes, I can wait until find a restroom! or I will be the same as that disgusting one, no, no, and no, not me.



John Travolta Time

Who in the world in late 1977 and 1978 didn't love John Travolta and his Movies Saturday Night Fever, and Grease? Who didn't grow his hair and wear the Charleston Jeans and trying to attract beautiful high school girls? It was my wonderful naughty time ever! everyday playing 2-3 hours Domino game or backgammon on our neighborhood coffee shop, then adverse girls with decorated words and fake personality to fail in love with us or accept my friendships. In fact, my friends and myself were challenging each other who can hang out first with the most beautiful ones in our near girls' high school. Many times, I won the challenge.



John Travolta 1978



Myself in 1978

High School Girls

I have many stories with girls in the last two years of my high school during 1977 and 1978. I will mention here only three of those stories

Manal

We used to stand on one corner of our Mamaleek Square, me and a lot of boys and young men, just to watch the girls coming out from the girls' high school near us. Sometimes we just look at them or smiling, sometimes one of us says nice flattering words, or sometimes making fun of what they wear or how they walk, and few times I leave my friends and walk slowly behind the chosen one, of course the best looking girl in the whole school and start saying stuff like I will keep looking at you, I will keep walking close to you, it's my dream just to be friend of you!!! Not bad for a young man never hang out with girls before, I just use my poet talented and keep adding each day few lines until the girl respond to me. Usually she leaves her girl-friends or the school mates, and stop to talk to me. Then I ask her if she can meet me in "Casino Happy Land" to drink some juice, get Ice Cream, or hot tea with me. By the way, Casino in Egypt

usually means an outdoor Coffee shop or diner not a Gambling Place. Then I let my boys see me as a prove that I let her get out and meet me. It was like a big challenge in that time for all innocent boys to get the best girls to hang out with them just for an ice cream or something to drink -not alcoholic. And I always win. Until I met Manal, the most beautiful girl who is younger one year than me, and very shy. She has beautiful smile but she hiding sadness inside her. We were close friends for over a year, then when she graduated from high school, she went to a college that I never see her again in my area. Anyway, later on my crazy me story, in summer 1983 she was my first Fiancé, when she graduated from her college.

Nashwa

Mona my own sister was two years younger than me, and Nashwa was her best friend ever. Nashwa was in fifth floor like us and her room in front of my room. We both have balcony in our rooms. Our two buildings have only 10 yards away from each other, Nashwa was my first and pure love from 1975 to 1981 almost seven years. Her dad working with my father in same company, and most times Nashwa in our house with my sister Mona, so we have long time to play, talk, walk, and feel each other, that is what I thought. So, when I met Manal or other girls in 1976-1978, that was just to show my friends that I am the man and I can hang out with the best. We all did the same thing, just hang out with girls for show off only, of course I have few other boys were doing more than innocent friendships, you knew what, I mean like adultery relationships with many girls or even older women, but I never did that or my best two friends Adel and Khalid, we were very polite in this side. The times, the poets, the real love with Nashwa for seven years as my first love. This love remained with me and affected all my relationships with females from 1971 to 1994. That means I suffered from losing her in 1981 for almost thirteen years after we split, and my heart never open to anyone during all those years until I met my second wife in 1994. Dr. Z. Short story, I loved Nashwa from my fifth grade when I was 11 until my third grade in college when I was 21 years old. In October, 1981 I was in third grade at the Faculty of Physical Education for boys in the Pyramids area in Giza- it's about 20 miles away from my home in south-west direction, while Nashwa went for her first year in college of commence in the east cost of Cairo in about 15 miles away from our home. We still together as two young lovers

just talk, walk, love, hangout, holding hands, and few times try to kiss but we both have 0 experience in that direction! So, we prefer don't to do it and both satisfied with real warm long hugs, with my tears always while I am kissing her hands and say a poet for her, I remember kissing her arm, her forehead, her hair, her legs over the cloth, and her feet too in a very romantic way. Ahmed Kedra", and Kedra in Egypt Slang language means the container that people use it to cook the famous Egyptian food – PINTO BEANS- because his father have a store to sell that food. Ahmed was a street wild boy in that time, has a lot of relationships with women and has bad friends that they are like gangs fighting, smoke weeds, and more stuff. Ahmed was in her college in third grade, He told me that he saw Nashwa holding hands of other guy in her new college and both seam they are in love. True love and asked me what you need me to do for you? Because all my friends, neighbors, her family, my family knew how much I love her and we will get married when we graduated later, in this time with my all true love for here, I really can die for her.

I cried, and can't speak for few minutes and try to revenge, to do something will hurt both of them Nashwa and her new lover. But I need to see that by myself before decided what or how I will harm them! So, I told him, I will let you know later...and can you do a favor for me, bring me her schedule and when and where she will be with him? Few days after, I got all info, then I went to the college by myself to see her, she was setting close to him, side to side, legs touching, shoulders touching, look at him with proud, love, that I never saw her looking at me like that. Then I saw them singing with their other students and then stand, walk away, holding hands that anyone can say they are in true love. I just cried turned my back to them and run very fast to take the bus and leave this area. Ahmed and my other 5 bad friends- but they all not criminals- they just wild young men around my age 20 to 22 years old, they all come to help me in my revenge, but after I left the scene, they all met me later at the coffee shop as we all meet to play backgammon. Next few days I decide to beat this guy in the college when no one can catch me, like hit and run, and my four bad friends came to help, We all went to her college waited until she comes, and keep waiting to this guy to meet her then we can start, but what happened is she saw me first, and she came in hurry toward me saying, I am glad to see you, it has been over a month we didn't met how are you? She also hugged me, then she saw the tears in my eyes, the anger and the provoked in my face, she said to me did you know? I said what you think? I have friends everywhere. Why? She said I grew up with you, you are my first love but not for to my husband and wife,

you are my teacher, my guard, my best friend, but I never felt with you like a woman need you as a man, I am like part of you, but not a lover, I said stop, don't say any more words, I loved you from my deep soul, bottom of my heart, I planned you inside my eyes, I wrote poems every day for you, I never loved any girl or touch any woman because you are with me in each step I ever did. I pushed her a little to the back and said to her: listen to me I don't know if I see you next time what I will do, I might hit your face, I might hug you, cry on your chest, or kiss you by force, or even, I might hurt you or hurt myself badly. Close your window when you see me, leave the balcony, and get inside your room, if I get to my balcony, avoid me, don't visit my sister at my home never again. Just avoid me please until I can forget you. I need time to heal, then more tears invaded my eyes and I turned my back and left this place forever. That was last time I talk to her... she married this guy after three years and I was in my balcony watching her wedding and crying. I spent almost every night for next few years in my balcony in front of hers, just singing or listen to soft music and write poems for her. Sometimes I through whatever in my hand toward her room. She makes me have no space in my heart to anyone else for a long time.

Nahed

Nahed was just a nice girl that I respect her and she respected me too, so we were just good friends. It all started when I was in a bus have I seat while the bus was very crowded, and she was standing near me, I told her you are my neighbor, come please take my seat, she told me thank you and she set. When we get out of the bus at the same stop to go home, she smiled to me and said, I sow you play soccer many times and I knew your name too, its Magdy wright? I said: yes my dear, and what is your name? she said Nahed. We walk together for few more minutes before I reach my house so, we just say to each other see you later. Many other times I meet her in a store or a bus or walking in the street. In third week of July 1978, Nahed and me passed the high school year and she got good grades that let her applied for colleges in first stage so, has advantage to get better colleges, but me just pass with 51% only, yes very bad

student, I knew. Anyway, I saw Nahed holding few folders in her hand and try to jump in the crowded bus but she failed to ride that bus.

I was standing in the same station, so I said to Nahed, just wait I will get a seat for you, and in few minutes later I got a seat for both of us. She thanks me and told me that she is going to the university to apply for a college and she asked me if I can come with her please to help her again to get in front of the line, since she has no one to help. Everything is not easy in Egypt. We have to fight to get a seat in crowded bus, to fight in lines in almost everywhere if we are poor people not have someone to help. Anyway, I went with her for few hours, she applied and was very happy with me for being very helpful for her. After we don from the applications, we took a bus home together, and again walked back from bus stop to my house but we keep talking until her house, saying bye with her appreciation. Just few steps before she gets to her home, we found the son of her building's owner who is very rich and in love with her! but she never responded to him, she told me that few months ago. This young man gets very jealous and upset that can't hold his anger when he sees us together! This Guy suddenly cursed me and approached to me with his anger to hurt me, he is shorter and older than me. I told Nahed to go up now and I told him what's is your problem? What is wrong with you? he didn't answer and he tries hit my head with a piece of wood from the floor! Wow, I am under attack! My guts told me do something fast. I just moved toward him before he move his arm back to hit me and pushed him hard so, he filled on the floor, at the same time I jump away to the other side and started to run toward my home! I found myself chasing by more than five persons holding different building supplies and running after me. There is a long hole or digging in the street to put new electric cable, so, when that young man felt down in this whole, some of the people sow me pushing him and they were working in this electric company and they work for his father company! That is why all of then want a piece of me? I ran fast to reach the coffee shop and shouting, guys I need your help, over 8 persons in the coffee shop through whatever in their hands away pushing chairs and tables back and jumped to help me, and fight in my side without asking what is going on? In one minute, we had a street battle between us as residents and those workers who were not belong to our area but just come for work for this guy' father. I myself through a lot of stones over those people and hurt some of them, my people scare away all those people and many owner of the stores around came to solve the problem and in 15 minutes from the start of this fight, a police pick up truck came so, every one left back to where they

come from. All this happened in a flash and gun with the wind when police arrived. That is it. It was a story that repeated in the streets of Egypt every day, different reasons, different persons, and different level, but just a fight.

When People Died for Stupid Reasons

“Stories that Taught me not to fight ever again”

Two of my older friends from our neighborhood died in street’ fights for stupid reasons.

Sayed Korsy

Korsy By Arabic means a chair, also Korsy means in Drug Language- like a doze - for smoking It was summer 1978, Sayed Korsy, was in mid-thirties, setting in our coffee shop smoke drugs as usual, playing cards for fun with other bunch of people around his age, and they all were having good time when such a fight started in few blocks away from that coffee shop.

How that fight started? The fight started when one kid lives in few blocks away from our building, his name was Salim, got a new soccer ball which his father in jail – drags convicted- bought it for him to let him be proud of his father and his new ball. Allaa, a silly boy live in our street was walking in front of Salem’ house and saw this beautiful new soccer ball, and he wish if he can get this ball. So Allaa bad thinking pushed him to ask Salim if our street kids can make a soccer match -or game for money-Gambling-So, Salim agree, then Allaa came to us and told us the story, we also agreed and we all went to play against that team, we win the game as usual, and when we ask other team to pay us the dept, they refuse, so Allaa took the New Ball and run toward the coffee shop, showing everyone the new ball. Salim went to his family pick-up truck and drive away fast. In about 20 minutes after that, we found three pick-up trucks full of thugs, and neighborhood bullies comes to get the ball back and beat Allaa up!! So, Sayed Korsy among everyone in the coffee shop and older people from the neighborhood tries to solve the problem by bringing back the ball to Salim,

but the thugs want to revenge from Allaa by beat him badly in front of every one...in few minutes the negotiation between both sides didn't go well and big fight started. In that time, I was taking shower after the game done from more than half hour when I heard women shouting, screaming, crying, and whining and the gates or doors of the all stores smacking loudly as signs of disaster is happening down there. Looking from our balcony in fifth floor to find over twenty strange persons there, some of them holding metal chains in their hands, some have swords, and other have knives and they all attacking our people!!!! Of course, some people called the police but it takes 15-30 minutes for police to come. In 20 minutes, the police were arrived and then the ambulance after, and many of both sides get really hurt but only one guy died. That one was Sayed Korsy, he got many cuts in his head with swords and big knives when he falls in floor and the thugs got him as easy victim same long holes for the electricity company are digging in all street in that summer. FOR WHAT? Why? AND HOW EASY? PEOPLE CAN LOSE THEIR LIVES.

Farid Abbas

Few weeks after the first tragedy of summer 1978. The other tragedy story happened. Emmad Abbas, three years older than me, and his brother Hamdy Abbas, five years older than me, they both were playing soccer very well in our streets and our neighborhood, and Emmad also was in Egyptian National team of Hand Ball. They both were good friends to me. They have an older brother-FARID, he was a captain in the Egyptian army, he was in vacation when a fight started in our neighborhood between two strangers eating in front of food-stand for famous LIVER sandwiches. Then one of those two strangers suddenly pulled a big knife that the food standing sales man use it for cutting the meat, and try to stab the other guy, FARID was also eating a sandwich at the wrong time and wrong place! He was very close to those two crazy persons. Without thinking, he tries to keep them away from each other by holding the man with the knife from the back but unfortunately the knife gets inside the kidney of the captain' Farid, in a second he fell in floor, people gathering fast around him try to help while other called police and ambulance, Farid was bleeding badly for a while before the ambulance come to get him. And he died in his way to the hospital. Again, I scream to myself and say: FOR WHAT? WHY? AND HOW EASY? PEOPLE CAN LOSE THEIR LIVES.

**I HAVE TO GET OUT FROM THIS AREA?
I HAVE TO LEAVE THIS NEIGHBORHOOD SOMEHOW SOON.**

Why I Didn't Go to Military School or Police Academy?

In Egypt, when you graduated with only 51% from high school, you have only 5 options in front of your life that you have to pick up one of them! No more;

- 1. Option one; to go back to high school and try harder for next year if you accept to study again and if your parents allow you to do so.**
- 2. Option two; to apply in military college and pass all tests.**
- 3. Option three; to apply in police Academy and have somebody to help you and pass all tests too.**
- 4. Option four, to apply in Faculty of Physical Education if you are sports man and you have to pass all tests of physical and skills too.**
- 5. Option five: is to go kill yourself! -I just kidding-**

So, I don't like Military at all, for killing other people for political thoughts or for following stupid orders sometimes from stupid leaders. No, no, it is not for me. And I don't like Police Academy for only one big reason; because after I hardly found the person who can help me to get in as a reference (Major General in police in our neighborhood, they force all students to get naked in one long line with no distant among us. Before I get to this line, I told the man in charge; PLEASE I have to go bathroom, then I escaped.

I DON'T LIKE TO GET NAKED IN BUPLIC.

Also, I don't like to waste another year from my life to go back to high school and repeat the whole year. 99% I will get the same results if I repeat that year, or maybe worse! so this option also was rejected.

I am a real Muslim. real Muslims also didn't' kill themselves.

By the way, please Don't ever believe those crazy people who kill themselves; under the name of Jihad or Islamic cause, No Islam is innocent of them!

They are not stable for sure and they didn't understand the real Islam.

Anyway, I have to find away to get accepted in Physical Education College as my last option.

CHAPTER 5.

CHAPTER 5. FACULTY OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION 1979-1987

Faculty of Physical Education

1978-1982 as student, then as a staff member to 1987

How can I get to Physical Education College? I also need a push or someone knew professors there to help me get in? Fawzy Ashosh, one of my older friends that I play with him soccer and backgammon too. His father also the owner of the house that Nashwa- my first love story-next door was living there. Fawzy told me that his Brother Fathy, is already in the third grade of Physical Education College and he has many ways to let me accepted there. That is, it, FATHY, helped me to get in, of course I passed all Physical and medical tests with very high points to put me in the top ten high scores over all. But I get in through the soccer skills not the swimming when Fathy introduced me to one of

the college staff members that he is teaching soccer in this college. So, I followed his directions and I get in. Thanks to Fawzy and Fathy for that great door that they opened for me through the sports in 1978 to start new life, far away from my bad neighborhood and FAHMY AGAYBY coffee shop to start my career, Swimming. And start have a theme: love what you do, and do what you love forever and ever.

In this chapter, I will try to put the major stories and situations that happened in those 4 years in college, and how I started my career in swimming.

First Job in My Life, Swim Instructor at Cairo Sporting Club

In April 15th, 1979, I started first job in my life as swim instructor at Cairo Sporting Club. Dr. Magdy Mansour, my swim teacher at the College, and one of Egyptian National Swim Team Coaches selected 15 students that they are good swimmers and they also very helpful during my first year in PE college. We were 15 good swimmers most of us were in our College swim team from the all 4 grades. I remember 5 of us from first grade and all other 9 instructors were older than us. I also remember that I am the only one from the 15 students that he hired me in August to be his assistant coach, and also have my 10 and under swim team! Why and how that happened? I will tell you....

In the summer of each year, Egyptian Swimming Federation organizes very important swim Championships called 10 and under championship or BUDS Tournament.

In my swim class of over 20 little kids, that I started teach them how to swim in April, and from scratch, since they all were very beginners, more than 6 kids get top 3 places in whole Egypt in this Buds Championships, I remember 4 of them, Tamer Zinhom, Mohamed Khalil, Mohamed Mahmoud, and Sherif Kamal, and others that I forgot now their names. And we won the first place for the boys in that championship for first time. Not only my hard job and good results with my group for 10 and under swim team, but also, my active work with the older swimmers and assist the head coach Dr. Magdy Mansour in each practice before 6 am and after I done from my own class each day. Plus, the very good

graduation for the learn to swim program after the bud's championships when I got most gifts ever from the parents of my class.

By the way, Tamer Zinhom set a lot of swim records for Egypt when he grew up, I coached him and many other good swimmers from 1979 to the end of 1983 at Cairo Sporting Club.

And because the way I coached those swimmers and the way I deal with their families, 4 of them now are swimming coaches in big swim clubs in Egypt.

What an inspiration!

Gymnastic Class

-1978-

In 1978 my first term of my first year of the PE college, from September 1978 to January 1979, we study a lot of sports such as; track and fields, Javelin Throwing, Discuss throwing, Hammer throwing, Hand Ball, Soccer, Basketball, and Racket ball, also fighting sports like; Boxing, Judo, Wrestling, Fencing, and Gymnastic, plus 4-6 theoretical subjects like health, environment, Athletic training, sports recreation, etc. In Gymnastic class, usually, many student have fear or don't like this subject at all. As you may knew that Gymnastic for people has no flexibility, or has no encourage, is a scary sport. So, many of my Gym classes, I was trying to escape the performance when my turn comes to do the skill. We do the new skill each two weeks, and we do it in turns. One day, it was jumping over Vaulting – Horse skill. In fact, I hate Gymnastic class, I always get hurt almost each class. One of those days, when punch of students not good in gymnastic like myself, we were talking, having fun, saying jokes and escaping our turns of doing the skill if our doctor is not paying attention for what we do! We were having nice times until Our Dr. Moneer Gerges, found out what was going on! He stands up from his seat in front of the Piano, and shouting to us to line up in front of him and told us that we all have to do the jump over Vaulting-horse or we all going to fail in this class! Failing in one class means failing in the whole year! So, it was my turn to jump over the Vaulting – Horse. I was strong and very fast runner, especially in sprints.

I ran for take-off very fast!!! and I hit the small trampoline very hard!!! Then I found myself flying over the horse that I didn't even get a chance to touch it, not only that, instead of putting my hand on the horse back I just swim in the air for over about 6-7 yards higher than the floor and over 8-10 yards flying in the

air toward the piano to land with my both hands and both knees under the piano and hit the piano with my chest and part of my head. Wow it hurts! So, All the classmates went into few minutes of crazy continuing laughing on me at same time Dr. Moneer runs to me to see if I am okay. I was strong, so I really didn't not hurt badly, I just stand up saying Okay, okay, I am okay! I am good... with a quick swollen in my forehead, and some scratching in my two knees and some blood in my two hands, plus a bad pain in my chest bones! the good thing is I didn't jump over that Vaulting – Horse any more until the end of the term. Thanks God.

Boxing-Final Test

-1979-

1979, in my second term of my first year of the PE college, which start on January and end in May, at the Practical test of Boxing Class on the end of May. I was waiting for my turn to fight a partner for a few minutes. We were watching other couples testing before us, and everyone trying hard to hurt his partner to get higher points in this final practical exam. I found out that me and my partner- he was my best friend- we both can just imitate that we are boxing hard with each other, I whisper to my partner to do a little game by doing RIGHT- RIGHT LEFT, THEN LEFT - LEFT RIGHT, I do that for one time while you suppose just lift hands up to block the hits, the we take shift and switch turns, then we keep going with different skills like Straight, to head, to the body, Upper Cut, Hook, swinging, circling, etc.

So, we can expect when each other will going to hit, therefore we can avoid getting hurt. That was my plan and my partner agreed for sure.

So, when our turn comes to be tested, Dr. Abdul Hammed Ahmed- the head of the department-wants to see if we do 10 minutes boxing using all kinds of hits, and the defense actions and strategy, with the way we move our legs, etc.

From the head, body and arms, plus the feet movements during the fight.

We started the fight position and before we start the fighting, Suddenly Dr.

Abdul Hameed Ahmed moved from his table to come behind my head and squeezed my ears whispering; RIGHT -RIGHT LEFT, LEFT- LEFT RIGHT, not only that but he added; ME- ME-ME, YOU- YOU- YOU- then he push my partner away and ask us to have real fight or we will fail! He also told me: now you will fight

against that guy- pointed to the strongest student in our class. He wants to see a real fight- real job, maybe real blood of me!

Guess what? I did very good in that test, I avoided his crazy attacking, I moved my body and legs properly, I performed very good defense movements, and I found a way in first minute to give him an upper right hock very hard to make my dear strong partner fail on the floor with some blood in his lips with big shouting and applauding from all the class, then he stands up and give me a lot of his strong straights that my Dr. stopped the fight before my new partner destroy me, and clapping to both of us. I was very proud of myself, happy that my Dr. was right, and I didn't fail in that class. In fact, he taught me to take everything seriously in order to be successful. Thanks, my dear Dr. for teaching me a life lesson.

Youngest Head Swim Coach in Egypt

-1980-

After the Olympics in September each 4 years, Swimmers and Coaches have the right to move from club to club without any fine from the Egyptian swimming federation or the swim clubs. On September 1980 by the end of the Egyptian swim season, my head swim coach Dr. Magdy Mansour at Cairo Sporting Club got a new coaching position to move from our club to one of the biggest sports clubs in Egypt, Gezira Sporting Club. He took with him many of higher-level swimmers from our club and opened the door for some other good swimmers to move to other big swim clubs such as AL AHLY Club. So, it was my pleasure to lead the remaining swimmers at Cairo Sporting Club who decided not to leave our club. I became the none-officially the young Head swim coach in Egypt when I became the charger of coaching Cairo Sporting Club all ages, all levels! At this time, I was at my second grade of the Physical Education college I still the first assistant to my beloved Dr. Magdy Mansour in spit of his moving to other team, I still go to learn from him and assist him while his coaching Gezira Sporting Club or National team of Egypt. I kept doing that job from 1980 to 1983 when the time comes to move from my club to join Dr. Mansour coaching at Gezira Sporting Club. During those three years of being a head coach to a good team and assistant coach for Dr. Mansour, I learned a lot and achieved a lot of results and experiences.

During 1980 to 1982 when I graduated from the college, I also swam for my college swim team and assist Dr. Mahmoud Annan, for coaching our College swim team and Helwan University swim team, But Because I prefer to be a good coach than to be just a regular swimmer, especially In that time, we have a lot of swimmers in our college were recognized Nationally and in Arabic level too. So, let me be a good assistant coach than being just a swimmer.

I Lost Nashwa, But Found Myself

-1981-

In October 1981, after I lost my best and first love with Nashwa, I felt in love - real love- with the swimming. I gain a decent job as ahead coach, great experience as assistant coach for Dr. Mansour, I got love from tons of swimmers and their parents in both Cairo and Gezira Sporting club, and I found myself. I decided to be good in my college too to be top 20 in my year and to graduate next year to be hired at my college as teacher assistant. I studied harder, attended more, and get top twenty in my third years of the college.

Became a Staff Member of My College

-1982-

It was my graduation year, and from the first day of that school year, my best college mate ALI ABDUL MAJEED, told me; if you stick with me and try harder, I will help you to be one of the top 10 and we both will get hired to be staff member in our college. Ali was one of those top 10 each year of his college, and we both studied together harder, focused more, sometimes in his home, or in my home, the school year was finished and I get No. 5th and he got No.6th, and we both get hired in the strongest department of our college, the Department of Methods of Teaching and Coaching in Physical Education.

Ali later became the Dean of the college and real big name of Physical Education not only for Egypt but also, for Arab Countries. I am always proud of him and his friendship with me from first year of the college until now.

Yes, we both got the position but as the Egyptian law, we have to serve in the Egyptian military or the army for one to three years from March 1983, before we can get back to our civil life.

My Military Service was Very Tough

-1982/1983-

While I am coaching Cairo Swimming Club after I graduated from my college, I was also assistant coaching for my professor Dr. Mansour at Gezira Sporting Club. One of the parents of Gezira swim team, Mr. Adel was a head of officer's affairs in the Infantry department in our Egyptian Armed Forces.

Mr. Adel offered to help me like he helped many others because he is the guy with big heart, "RIP". By his authority, I joined Athletic union for the Army, and I never put my military uniform on me, never served as a soldier at all, or even never swim for the army. I was just soldier on the paper.

But I did good thing back to him when his daughter in my age group team came in first place in 50- and 100-meters butterfly for Girls 10 and under events over all Cairo Swim clubs.

Manal

My First Fiancé 1983

As soon as I get accepted in PE college in September 1978 and got first job as swim instructor at Cairo Sporting Club in April 1979, I completely lost contact with all my street people, all the coffee shop friends, and all high school colleagues including the girls we used to hang out with.

Summer, 1983. I met Manal, at the bus station for the first time since we were close friends when we both in the high school in 1978. I am older one year than her so, she just graduated last week from her college. She jumped and hugged me, and asked me to go out right now for a walk, because she wants to talk to

me! Sure, We walked toward a near place we used to set their – Casino Happy Land- and get some ice cream...we both have a memory from first time we hang out together and she ordered Ice Cream, then when she saw the waitress coming behind me- while I can't see her coming- she looks at me and suddenly said; OMG...mine is too big! So, I quickly respond in a wrong way says; Mine too is a good size for you! you will love it when you hold it! but she was talking about the ice cream and I was thinking about my little man down here! So, when her ice cream came, I felt very bad about my thinking and she figure that and she didn't stop laughing for next 10 minutes. Any way we order again ice cream and keep laughing for couple minutes before her face got serious and she asked me can you come to my house and engage me please! I shocked for her request, but at the same second, I said; yes, yes, but tell me more! What's going on? She said I am very serious, she added: I want to get out of my house and from my controlling mother that telling me what to do, what to say, what to wear, what to eat, and what to don't do in every day and everything in my life. I said; Manal, you are real woman, you have a beautiful face, smile, and body, and you are very behaved young lady, I am sure many grooms will be very lucky to take you as a bride. She said; until that time comes, I need your help to take me out from my house and my controlled mother, so I can tell her I am going out with my fiancé, and I will then have a chance to look for jobs and start my own life, please help me, you are the only man I ever open my heart to. I said; I will do anything for you! let me think how to get the dowry or the jewelry that grooms buy it for brides in our eastern traditional countries.

I got it- in Arab countries also, we used to help each other when it needed. So, to get for example, a thousand Dollar tomorrow – you need 10 people from your close friends or family or even your co-workers, each one pays \$100 a week or a month or whenever you all decide to be and that money going to one of the 10 person who in needed right now. Then each week or month, the thousand will go to next one in the order all agreed. I got this first 1000, but in Egyptian money.

So, in three days I got the money and bought a nice jewelry for 700 LE and suite, shoes, shirt and socks by 200 LE, and still have some money for the party. I look ready for that day. I asked my father to go with me, he said NO, that is not right, marriage doesn't come like this, and if you start wrong you will finish wrong. I told him that is exactly what she and me are looking for, He cursed me again and told me NO, go find somebody else to do that for you! Not me.

Fortunately, his partner Mr. Ahmed Harfoush, was in that time lives at the same building but one floor up my future fiancé Manal.

Mr. Ahmed Agreed, and in few weeks, Manal and myself got engaged.

And as the next few months run, I was very busy in my clubs swimming coaching and my Military service then my College teaching, and my Masters researching!

Manal on the other hand, got a fine job, and later she felt in love with the owner's son and that was the end of our engagement and the beginning of her own personal life. Finally, she found her groom who loves and respect her.

I said to her; congratulations and that was it. It took just four months and half from the day I met her at the bus station in July 15th, 1983 until we left each other forever by December, 1983 to let her start a new and a happy life that she was always looking for- with a rich young man that he can take her out of her home problems. Good luck my dear. I never saw her again.

Two Swim Teams

Fighting for Having Me?

November, 1983, just one month before I moved from Cairo Sporting Club – when my salary was only 60 Egyptian pounds (60.00 LE) per month! To Gezira Sporting Club when I started my monthly salary as (130.00 LE). In that time of the year, when cold weather comes, Gezira Sporting Club usually rent the Board of Education indoor pool as extra pool for its elite swimmers. While Cairo Sporting Club swimmers' practice in its outdoor and heated pool. I used to help Dr. Magdy Mansour for coaching his team with him as a volunteer coach at that indoor pool, then when our Cairo Sporting Club rent the same pool at same time with Gezira Sporting Club I went to a big trouble! Because I was coaching the both teams at the same time! Some parents from both teams were wondering what is going on? I am dealing with all 8 lanes' swimmers talking to them, whistling to them, timing to them! There is something wrong? They approached to each other and have this conversation;

From Cairo club {CSC}; why Magdy contacting your team? Does he work for you now?

From Gezira club {GSC}; yes, he works with Dr Magdy Mansour almost every day last three years!

{CSC}; He also with us every day since 1979? How he can manage that?

{GSC}; He is really wonderful young man and swim coach. How much you guys pay him?

{CSC}; we knew that he is perfect coach for our team, we give him now 60.00 LE!

{GSC}; 60 LE is no thing! if he comes to our club, he will start with {130.00LE}.

{CSC}; That mean you going to steal him?

{GSC}; NO, but you have to be fair, give him at least 120 LE so he stays with you.

{CSC}; We can't offer that money for him or any other coach?

{GSC}; So you going to lose him, When you hire him in 1979 you gave him 40 LE he was a young boy in that time, and also now his is engaged and he is a teacher assistant at the PE College too and after 4 years you just raise his salary 20 LE, in our club he will get raise each year minimum 10 % So, if you really care about him and respect his work you have to let him go

I HEARD ALL THIS CONVERSATION AND NEVER FORGOT A WORD OF IT. WOW!

Do Private or not?

Get More Money or Keep My Dignity

From the first day I start coaching swimming, I find out that I have very different personality than most swim coaches I ever saw or ever dealt with.

I always have critical opinion about how I deal with every situation in my life

And always accept the consequences for any decisions I ever made. I always put my feet in other people shoes and see what I suppose to act or to say in these circumstances. I could be wrong for sure, but at least I got a chance to analyze why I did that and what I am expect from my responding.

Here we go, in 1983 to end of 1987 I never helped any swimmer for extra money, and I never helped any swimmer from other teams, only for free, and only for my own swim team. I never liked to miss up other people coaching, or stealing other people' glory. I saw many rich people buying poor people' dignity and I hated, I saw rich people gave you money by one hand and talk about how they make you lifer better with their money, I just don't like this kind of helping. I could be wrong, but I don't like to do extra work for some people because they have money. I don't like to be slaver! I do what I want, and what I love! and I love what I do. Not what other people want.

Crazy me!

First Egyptian Records for My Swimmers 12 and Under

In 1984 as I mentioned before, our Egyptian Swimming Federation, selected Coach Magdy Mansour to be head swim coach for National team that heading to Los Angelo's Olympic Games so I got the first chance to coach by myself my team 9-11 years old, and over 40 other older swimmers belongs to coach Magdy Mansour, I used to assist them with him a lot, they all like me and the way I coach which is very active, whistling, running from side to side of the 50 meter pool. Coach Magdy didn't leave me his work-out for his group, so, I wrote it myself, and in those 4 weeks at Gezira Sporting Club, we went to Cairo Zone Swim Championships and my combiner team brook many Cairo zones records and three Egyptian records and put a question mark for me and for everyone in the team about what I can do if I get a chance to have such a good team by myself. Anyway, parents and administration staff at the club loved me more and respected my talents for coaching all levels of swimmers. And those 4 years of 1984, 1985, 1986, and 1987, my girls or female swimmers 9-11 and 12-14 got first place over all Egypt swim teams' in each winter and summer Championships while my boys at same ages came second after Al Ahly swimmers.



I wrote on the money the name, record time, and event. Those two of my new records 28.83 in 50 m. free by Mohamed Fahim Salama, and 1:04.04 in 100 m. free by Ahmed Elsiwaify. I still have those money until now

Hannan
My Second Fiancé

Same engagement story repeated again, but this time with a different bride. Hanan, was one year younger than me also, and we were all setting in Girls PE college in Gezira, Cairo. It was the declaring results time for the graduation girls. Usually the college will hire for sure top 8 then might will hire # 9-12 too, and less than. Sometimes the college can still hire more girls too, who knows? According to the need of each department. Anyway, Hanan, one of the girls that she used to be top 10 in last three years in the college, and now she just found out that top 8 names for this year graduated girls are announced and she is not one of them, so she was hysterically crying, the way she pushed me to go toward her and calm her down. In that day I stated to get inside her heart and attract her feelings, and she started pay attention to me as **MAYBE HE IS THE RIGHT ONE**, but for me I was just getting out from my first fiancé' issue and not ready for any other commitments. I just come to the girls' college for my post-graduation classes there.

My club and her college are at the same area and both are sharing the same Tracks and Fields, so after my classes I walk to my club through the girls' track. Few months later, I was just finished my classes and walking to my club, Hanan walks with me and she start talking about her future after she got 9th place and get hired as teacher assistant already, and what is her dreams, etc. We reached my pool and I started my coaching job, she said; Hi to my head coach Dr. Magdy Mansour and set to watch me. After I finished, I have to walk back not only to the college -which is one mile away- but also, I found myself walk with her until her house for another 4 or 5 miles. Believe me, after what I do in each practice, I prefer to lie down on floor and close my eyes not to walk or talk for long time, I **NEED REST**.

She didn't get that and I keep doing same thing three or more times a week. The next expected step for our relationship was holding hands while crossing streets or while just walking, it was good feeling but I didn't get over my first sad love story 1981 or my first breakout with Manal just months ago!

I really didn't enjoy that kind of walk while I am tired after long days, but I don't like to tell her no!

After many times I walk with her until her home and she always say come up to meet my family, a sister and mom- I did it for two times for few minutes, then in third time her mom told me clearly that is much better to engage her to stop any one in our neighborhood from talking about her in bad way, since they all females and when a man hangout with a girl without engaged it looks bad for the girl all the whole family. It is an Egyptian traditional in public areas like her

neighborhood that people talk bad about girls if they see men around them. I told myself; Not again!

After some more pressures from her and her mother, I found that I have only two choices; to leave her now and make her very upset or to be her fiancé!

Okay, Let's get engaged now for few months then if it is not working and I still have big feelings to my first love and can't continue with Hanan, I have to break out with her but in nice way. Again, make this association helping with my friends at the college and I take first collection of 2000 LE this time and put my salary from the college and from the club together to make small party for our engagement. Three months later I decided to stop this fake relationship and let her go with her life, because I am not the right one for her, in fact or for anyone else right now. She is perfect woman, very beautiful and really smart, while I am just a good person and swim coach has big dreams for traveling and go Olympics and write swim books and poem Albums! She didn't know that at all.

She loved me when I support her, when I listen to here and when I became her fiancé. But no one supported me financially, or emotionally! I have a broken heart from my first love story still hurting me and make me crying every time that I feel lonely, that why I like to be engaged or with other females just to forget Nashwa!

She still talking about building our future together in Egypt and be professor in colleges or even dean or something!

The time came to start my way to let her leave me!

I told Dr. Magdy Mansour, you helped me to be a coach, you give me my first job, and I am begging you to let my fiancé know that we have to get separated now better than later. He understood my needs for leaving Egypt, study abroad, traveling, breath good weather and feel freedom. He tries to let me stay with her, but I told him I am not cheater, and I am not liar, please help me. He said he will do his best. From my side I started not talking too much with her after my classes at her college, when she didn't find me at the college she come to my swim practice, and when I see her in one side of the pool I try to be most times on the other side, avoiding conversation with her, making myself busy with the team! Not only I do these stuffs but also, I leave the club right after practice directly to go my home!

I also stop walking her to home like before, I try my best until Dr. Magdy Mansour speaks with her frankly.

Then we broke up before summer 1985.

Big Misunderstanding

-1984-

My head coach Dr. Magdy Mansour, was selected to represent Egypt as head coach for Egyptian swim team for the Los Angeles Olympic Games in 1984. In that time, I was his assistant coach and coach for 12 and under. He spent three weeks in USA while we had Cairo Zone Swimming Championships. When he came back from the Olympics, he told by all parents that young Magdy Shokry-ME-did a great job with the whole team and we broke few Egyptian records and over 12 Cairo zone records! That was shocked everyone but not me!

So, I became famous in all club and all parents became close to me more which made my head coach feel not comfortable to that progress!

Few months after that feelings, the New Year Party at the club arrived and I got final in the dance competition surrounded by hundreds of swimmers, parents and club board members. After the dance they ask me to say something in the microphone, so I did.

But after the party, I found Dr. Mansour is blaming me that I try to be the one in the picture! - meaning that he felt that I am passed my limitation and I was supposed ask him before talking in public or dance or not supposed to do it at all, he didn't know that I do things without thinking too much, I just did it!



As you see, every body was smiling, except me- the tallest one standing in the back with white jacket- second from the right side- after short conversation with my beloved head coach Dr. Mansour.

My Masters' Degree

-1985-

It was last day of December 1985, Tuesday. The day of my Masters' thesis discussion. I was the second person over all to take my master's degree among hundreds of graduated Physical Education person in Egypt from 1981 and 1982 Graduation years. I was very happy for the leading, and my masters until now is one of good references that teacher assistant's usually use during working on their researches.

The funny situation happened in this day, when one of my colleagues told my mother a funny phrase, but my mother didn't understand it and everyone were at the gathering just laughed

She said to my mother" why you let magdy go to buy bread when you teach your other kids to behave? She means that all my family are behave except me! My mother said, no, no, no, I didn't send him to buy anything, only magdy listen to his dad not me!

First Traveling out of Egypt

-GENEVE, SWITZERLAND-

CULTURE SHOCK!

Thursday, January 24th,1985. The day that I will never forget it. The day that opened the door for me to see new countries, new people, and different life in everything. That day when I flight from Cairo, Egypt to Genève, Switzerland. From desert to paradise, from dark gray Nile to clear river in Switzerland. to see clear water in Genève lake that if you through a coin there you can see it going down until reach the bottom of the lake unlike our Nile the dark gray water that you can bury a body there and no one can see it, where if you put your hand in the water it could crash with a dead cow or donkey's body. I have 6 major things happened to me in this 8-day journey to Swiss;

1. **First time in my life to see a female swimmer changing all their clothes on the swimming pool deck in front of everyone! and first time also to see some women setting or standing in display window in street shops in this cold weather completely naked for few seconds before they put back some jackets {they were prostitutes or whores}.**
2. **First time I took my beautiful swimmers to walk in beautiful and clean weather, and to get lost just for fun in Genève streets and keep asking people by French, German, and English where is the train station? Because our hotel was one block away from the train station.**
3. **First time I took a train by myself after last day of the competition and in thirty minutes only, I found myself at the board with Italy! So, I have to go back or I will get lost forever, same thing happened again next day but this time was in other train that going to Germany! Wow, and big
WOW!!!!
How easy, how fast, how in such clean transportations to go from country to country in Europe, while I am taking two hours from my home in Shobra, Every day just to go to my work in PE College in Giza in a very crowded, dirty, and very leaning bus that looks like LEANING TOWER OF PISA IN ITALY.**
4. **After all my swim team members get to their rooms to sleep each night, I quietly sneak to the hotel lobby just to listen for couple hours to the very soft music looks like best Richard Clayderman' music on piano.**
5. **The strange and clean weather in Swiss that you can use same white shirt for a whole week and the collar will still clean, while in Egypt if you put the clean white shirt on you in the morning at your house, the collar will get very dirty in just few hours or less! It's our pollution in the air, I knew! That is everywhere in Cairo.**
6. **What makes me laughing for a long time, that was when I put a white t shirt on me in Geneve, before we leave Switzerland, and as soon as we landed at Cairo**

Airport, and while we are passing the security and waiting for our luggage, I found that my t shirt became dirty from the dust and sweating. The laughing happens when one of the rich parents take us in his Mercedes Benz the luxury and beautiful car, and as soon he turned the radio on, we all heard a song that swears by your soil Egypt, they mean the soil but they song for the dust of Egypt.

Egyptian Prime Minster Aly Lotfy

1986

Legendary Abdulatif Abu Haif, or Mr. Crocodile of the Nile, one of the best swimmers ever in the history of long distances swimming in the world. He swam from England to France then get out take photos and rest then get back to England again! And swim for 60 hours continually for 250 km. in Argentina! every day at Gezira Sporting Club, Abu Haif, swim like an hour in the afternoon, at the Leedo pool (33 yards length) sometimes laying in his back and holding a newspaper in his hands and read the news exactly like setting on a chair! while I am always swim close to him for 15-30 minutes doing my daily lap swimming before I will coach in the 50 meters pool later. One of those days while I just finished my lap swimming and set out in the sun talking to Abu Haif, Suddenly I found police everywhere and Mr. Aly Lotfy the Egyptian Prime minister come to swim. He told Abu Haif that he has to get in the pool for a little every day as therapeutic swimming to his back. Until now that is good, but Abu Haif told Mr Prime Minister that Dr. Magdy Shokry -ME- is a great swim coach and professor in PE college and Magdy can help you and direct you for that kind of movements in water! Wow, I have no idea what he is talking about! They look at me and, in a flash, I ran to them and get to the pool edge to start give my advises. I was going to jump in, but one of his secret guards told me not to do, I am not allowed to get that close!

All right, that was surprise and scary situation. But I did good.

Crocodile of Nile Abdel Latif Abu Heif: A Forgotten legend

Jan 30, 2018 · Abdel Latif Abu Heif - Photo credit by Ahmed Ismail ... Abu Heif chose swimming after watching "Tarzan the Ape Man", which was in theaters in ...



Abu Haif, the Crocodile of the Nile and Mr. Aly Lotfy, Egyptian Prime Minister, November, 1986

Egyptian Celebrities at Gezira Sporting Club

During my work as a swim coach at Gezira sporting club 1983-1987, I had a lot of situations with famous actress and actors who are members of this high-class sporting club in Cairo.

1986

Soad Hosni, or Cinderella Egyptian Screen, (RIP)



she was setting at the Leedo Pool, taking Sun Bath, reading a book, she was very close to the pool while no one was swimming and no crowded at this very peaceful time. I didn't recognize her while I am on the other side of the pool getting ready to do my laps. I set on the edge then sliding in the water slowly since the water was a little chilly and doing my first part of my daily swimming which is swimming under water to the other end of the 33 yards pool then, make a flip turn and start doing my laps. Unfortunately for Soad Hosni, that I was in swimming at same lane end where she was setting outside of the pool, then I make really splashing and hard turn, so she get wet and get upset and stand up waiting for me to come back to curse me or whatever she will do!

While I am doing my turn on the opposite side, **Madam Khory**, Sister of Famous film Director **Yossef Shaheen**, and my friend from the pool, she hold my feet so I stopped, and say hi ms. Khory, she told me that I splashed Soad Hosny on the other side! Wow. I jumped out put my towel on and grab a flower was on each table and run to the other side where Soad standing, I kneel and look at the floor under her feet raising my hand with the flower saying, Sorry....She took the flower, Every one laugh and Soad smiled and set back reading her book again.

1987

Maryam Fakhreddin, one of the most beautiful actresses in Egypt films from 50s and 60s. (RIP)



She is one of Ms. Khory' best friends, they all gathering most of the days at the Leedo pool and set in the afternoon socializing, talking, eating and more! She is very knowing by her polite and soft in all her movies like an angel.

One of those days Maryam was so excited and shouting describing a woman who died in accident last night and all newspaper wrote stories about this died woman, I heard Maryam for first time cursing and insults religion with the swelling of insults, saying wards like:

F. word, daughter of bitch, whore, mother Fuckler, Bastard, Shit, Damn etc. Oh My God, she said it all, So, she is a human being not an angel anymore!

1987

Mostafa Fahmy, is an actor and has an actor brother who is more famous than him too.

Mostafa Fahmy used to come to the Leedo pool around 7:30 to 8:00 am and order something to breakfast, tea or coffee, I forgot! then he leaves. He always wears a yellow sweet shirt almost every day! At these days I always come to the Leedo, after my AM coaching at the big pool, and get my daily honey yogurt and hot tea with mint plus extra sugar.

one day he was setting just three yards behind me in a shade while I am setting in front of the pool closing my umbrella and enjoying the sun, Suddenly Mostafa

left upset and shouting to the server, which make everyone was there look at him and surprising! One minute after, the same waiter, or server came to me to clean up my table and give me the bill, I told him what happened? He said that Mr. Mostafa was upset because he ordered breakfast before me but the waiter bring my order to me first, What A stupid Racist, I said. The server continues saying that this guy-Mostafa Fahmy- is the most stingy and cheap person! I knew that he barely pays tips or give gifts to poor people.

When I don't have money sometimes and after I get my breakfast, I sneak out and run away from the waiter until second time when I get money, I go back to the Leedo and come to the same waiter and give him the bill charge and big tips, telling him, sorry I was in a hurry and have to leave, so everybody happy. They get big tips, and I look generous, and no one ever knew that except you now. Please keep it that way, let me look good!



Mostafa Fahmy and Housain Fahmy

NO Ph.D. for Me! No Problem!

After I get my Masters' degree in last day of 1985, I felt very proud and I prepared myself to move to the next step and take my Ph.D. I enrolled in Ph.D. studies in SEPTEMBER 1986.

Two major things happened to me that makes me not feeling any loyalty to my college or to Physical Education people at all.

In first week of February, 1987, I was just came back from international swim meet in Swiss again, this time, I bought from there a new Arena track suit gray with red stripes and Speedo Slippers gray with red stripes , and I was standing among the students teaching a class for how to be teacher in Physical Education, and how to demonstrate and how to speak and act as a good teacher. in that time, I was really good teacher in this subject and my department was very proud of me and my way to teach that class, which is the most important class in our college. My College' dean shouting to me from his window, in second floor like 50 yards away thinking that I am just one of the students because I was active inside the class, telling me; Hey what are you doing inside the class? And where is your teacher? So, I turned to face him and shouting to let him hear that I am your staff member and I am in the middle of teaching the class and trying to fix their standing positions, and the way they supposed call the drills. He didn't like what I wear, what I do with the students, and what I just said to him when he talked to me, but also, he doesn't like me to talk back to him at all. In that moment He left his office in second floor and step down very fast to scream to me in front of my class, and of course 6 or 7 professors were following him – walking behind him- like the little dukes walking behind mother duck! His major problem with me is how I teach without shoes? So, he screams to me how dare you teach without shoes and how dare you talk back to me? I told him in front of all staff members and all students of my class with higher voice that my Arena slipper is more expensive than any sports shoes than anyone here is put it on! and it is new and looks very professional, because I am a swimming coach before I be just teacher or staff member. He said to me in very bad way; Go to my office right now, I will teach you how dare you talk to me like that.

I didn't stop talk back to him I just added to him that I am not going there, but I am leaving the class and the college too, and going to my swim practice where I belong. In the middle of all staff' chocking!

I heard from my class-mates in the Ph.D. classes that my college' Dean told all professors that they have to let me fail in my Ph.D. studies, so I will never take the Doctorate Degree from any university of all Egypt.

I want to be sure that was really what will be going on! So, I asked many of my close colleagues and professors, they all confirmed that thing in different ways! So, bye bye my Ph.D.

In that case what I supposed to do? Here I am, looking for another alternative way to make me feel good.

I will Study German Language, and make some money then I go west Germany and get my Doctorate. That is, it! what a beautiful plan.

1987 have a new plan for my Ph.D. since I knew how to speak a little Germany, I love all east and west German swimmers special MICHAEL GROSS, who in that time was holding world records in 100/200 butterfly and 200/400 freestyle, and we bring him to Egypt for swim clinics and I talked to him and asked him about best PE colleges in west Germany. So, I will study Germany language at Goutte Institute in Cairo and pass all tests to be ready to study abroad in Germany but! how I will get the money to pay my tuition in those few years there? That was my big concern.

Anyway, I just convinced myself that I have to do first step - which is learning the German language - then for sure God will Help and direct me for the next step which is how I get the money to pay that fees.

Yes, by September 1987, I passed level 6 in those courses and my Germany language level get approved as minimum level for study abroad in Germany.

NOW LET'S SEE HOW POOR GUY LIKE ME will GET AT LEAST 20,000.00 DUCH MARKS TO START MY PH.D. PROGRAM IN COLOGNE SPORTS INSTITUTE IN WEST GERMANY?

In that time all my staff-mate at faculty of Physical Education knew my story with the dean and my willing to leave the country to make money and study abroad.

Here it is, God sent two men from Saudi Arabian Swimming Federation, looking for A head coach for Riyadh zone swim team, and one head coach for Saudi Arabian National Swim Team. They asked few professors for that position but they didn't get good deal so, they refuse the Saudi offer. Dr. Magdy Mansour told them Coach Magdy Shokry wants to work in Saudi Arabia but he is only 27 years old. So, this Saudi Delegation make contract with me but only to coach Riyadh Area. Here we go, the plan is doing very well.

Injury in My Back from Falling from Second Floor

In the first week of December 1987 while we play soccer at Gezira sporting club, I shoot the ball very hard and score a goal but the net of the goal was not in good shape. so, the ball gets through the net and went to the roof of the club' one floor Mosque.

I was sweaty and very tired, but I managed to climb up to the roof and through the ball to the teams to continue the game.

While my way back from the roof to the soccer court, the sweat entered my eyes at the same moment I supposed to hold the roof edge by my hands and let my body hanging so, the floor will be just about 2 yards and I can let my hands go to reach the floor by me both feet! That was the plan, but before holding the roof edge by my hands, I felt like a garbage bag on the floor on my back and hit my pelvic bones very badly, but I continue playing for over one more hour! I still can't stand too much time or walking too much or even walking while carried any heavy things for a short period of time.

Farewell Party at Gezira Sporting Club

In my farewell party night, I was setting close to Dr. Sohair El Attar-Club Board Member- while Dr. Mansour standing behind me Just before we all left the pool to the conference room where the part was taking place.

At the party, I was surrounded by over a hundred swimmers and parents, plus many of Gezira Sporting Club Athletic Department and Club Board members. I was very happy until Mr. Hady Mowafi, the club manager and a father of my lovely swimmer and synchronizing swimmer Egyptian National team member Nada Mowafi- He said We all going to miss coach Shokry and missing his famous and not behavior poem! Ops!



Here I have to go back few months when I used to write poetry for any occasion, so one time it was bad poet about SHIT, FART, NUMBER 2 etc. then Nada Mowafi – one of my swimmers-asked me to take it and to show it to her best friend, I said okay and gave it to her. Then she gave it to me back after few days.

Let's go back to the party night.... Captain Hady Mowafi said in front of each one at the party that he has a story want to share about Magdy that no one knew about it at all! Wow! I get worry!

One day the school principal of his daughter Nada, Calles him in a phone asking him to come to meet with her tomorrow to discuss very important issue about Nada. He went next day in the morning and met the Principal who told him that yesterday all student of Nada' class mate were out of control because Nada show them a poet that taking in very funny and discussing way about SHIT, Fart, etc. it is an elite private school and all students not used to this kind of jokes and funny expression like I wrote in this poet, so the teacher took the poet and show it to the principal they all laugh but they can't let something like this happen again in this school. But because he was a nice man and he knew how hard I work with the swimmers to make them better and how good person I am,

so he kept it secret even his daughter didn't know anything about it until this moment. Every body at the party laughed and some of the board member asked me to say some poet right now right here, my face turned red from the shame but I stand up and said some poet I was prepared already to this party. Beautiful time, wonderful people and unforgettable memories. It was first week in December 1987 then 10 days after, I left Egypt to work in Saudi Arabia as a swim coach for Riyadh Area.

CHAPTER 6

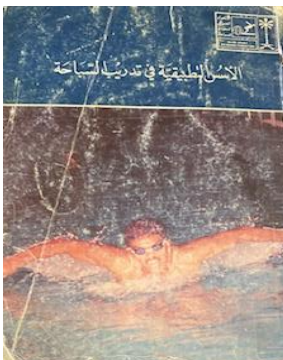
CHAPTER 6. SAUDI ARABIA 1988-1993

First Swim Camp for Saudi Arabian Swim Team

December 12, 1987 the day I started work at Saudi Arabian Swimming Federation as coach for Riyadh Area. In next 11 days, they will have the winter break and they will bring best 20 swimmers from all Saudi Arabia areas, to be in my first test as coach in Saudi Arabia. In 23 of December 1987, I made my first 10 days swim camp in Riyadh, in this camp I made two swim practices each day, and 90 minutes dry-land exercise in between. The swim practice in the morning was for endurance, and the in the evening was for sprints. And guess what? all swimmers improved all their personal times in one or more events, two swimmers brook three records for Saudi Arabian, plus tons of records for each swim Zone in KSA. after just two weeks in Saudi Arabia, I became the Head Coach for Saudi Arabian National Swim Team.

My First Swim Book in Saudi Arabia 1988

Writing Poet is not my only talent, I also was good in swim researches and handling hand out in my swimmers and students from. In Saudi Arabia, I have long free times before and after my daily work, so I invested that times in collecting data, translating swim books, add my favorite swim programs and swim experiences and put it in my first swim book in my life. I name it: Applied Foundations in Swim training, this book until now many swim coaches in many Arab countries use it as an important Arabic swim reference. Prince Faysal bin Fahd makes an introduction to my book, and gave me 10.000 Saudi Ryals.



2 Shark Stories in Saudi Arabia

“First Shark”

Waheed Hammad, or the sea man like what he was love to give himself this nick name, He was one of my beloved swimmers in Saudi National Team, he was 15 when I improved his time in 100 meters Butterfly from 1:07 to 1:01.00 in that event. He also lives by the sea or Arabian Gulf, in Dareen city, eastern zone of Saudi Arabia. He had a small boat and in his normal life beside school and swimming, is fishing almost every day. Once a upon a time while we have a swim camp in eastern zone, he invited us to go fishing in open water with him. So, me him and other 4 swimmers went with him in his boat, we went over 4 miles from the shore, we all having fun trying to catch fish but unfortunately, we all very beginners in that matter. Except Waheed, I swear to God, this Guy Waheed catch big fish almost every 2-3 minutes like some body under the boot connecting the fish to his hook! We all not surprising about that and we all having good times, until he suddenly shouting to all of us Silent! There is shark or more under the boot eating the fish he caught! We all responded by shutting off our mouths. In two minutes of the long silent, we all saw a big fin of one shark just few yards from the boot. The boot was about 8 feet long, and I thought that this big shark might flip our boot upside down and eat us! The second I saw the shark fin close to me my heart rate reach at least 220 beat per minute! And I hated Waheed, Fishing, Sharks, even myself that I agreed to fishing with waheed. The shark made two or three round and disappeared! But my face still red and my pulse rate still high until my feet touch the land again.



Waheed, The Sea Man

“Second Shark”

In 1990, while we having a swim camp in the western zoon of Saudi Arabia. We all went on our day off to the beach. But one night before we bought a few underwater hunting rifles, the ones with hook connected to the gun. While we moving from rock or small island to other rock, we have to swim sometimes 5-20 meters among those small islands that we can stand on them. I am having fun, got many underwater fish different sizes, kinds, and colors. I was standing on one of those rocks and all my legs underwater but my upper body over the surface of the water, with no wave in beautiful and calm deep clear water around. I took a big breath inhaling then I dive under water again to shoot any nice fish, suddenly, 4-5 stingrays moving fast toward me, I really scared a little because their sizes were not that big. In next second while I am underwater, I saw a shark like 20 yards away swimming toward us! Now I panicked and my heart rate got over 250 beats this time, and left my rifle to fill into the bottom, and swim to other rocket that I can stand up with my all body on it, I mean like an island that not sinking underwater, I did it and spend like 30 minutes don't want talking to anyone, they all laughed on me but they left me get some rest and peace before I swim very fast to the shore waiting all of them to get out so we can leave.



Saddam Husain (1)

Just before the end of war between Iraq and Iran, July 1988, we went as National team of Saudi Arabia to participate in Iraqi swimming championships in the honor of President Saddam Husain Birthday. Short talking, we see Pictures of Saddam almost on each building, and Statues of him almost in each square. We heard that half of the people in Iraq work as secret police or in secret service telecommunications, so, we all be very careful.

One day after we came back from the pool in our way to hotel, we heard big explosion, all cars stopped, we change our route to the hotel, we later knew that Iran hit a long – range bomb to Baghdad, very close to our location! We all good, but some people died few buildings from our hotel.

Saddam Husain (2)

July, 29, 1990, We went to Al-Kuwait for the Arab Gulf Swimming Championships. In this championship, we were schedule to practice before the championships with United Arab Emirates swim team. On the August 2nd, our team and Emirates team where practicing at same pool, before ending my practice, I found Mr. Barrake, Saudi head of delegation comes in Caprice Classic car service and ask me to bring all the swimmers to the front of the club in 10 minutes because he rent 6 car service and already took our belongs from the hotel, because we all have to run back to Al khafjy on the board of Saudi and Kuwait because IRAQ INVADED KUWAIT? I told him what about Emirate swimmers and head coach Dr. Abu El Olla my dear friend, he said okay I will rent 5 more caps. And we all took the 10 caprice classics and drive back to Saudi Arabia boards very fast. The distance between the pool in Kuwait' city, to Al Khafjy city about 117 miles, we took it in less than two hours driving. While we are driving, we saw over a 100 Iraqi Tanks going toward the city from different ways, and we heard a gun' shots, bomb' explosion, plus a black smoke behind us. We also get stopped many times by Kuwaiti police or secret agents and we told them what we saw. We went to the board safely, and UAE delegation later switched cars and keep driving to Dubai, while we all spend few hours on the board to fill papers and check passports.

Saddam Husain (3)

Few months later, while we have Swim Camp at Al Khobar, in the eastern Saudi Arabia for the national team, we heard that Iraqi sent two long range Bomb again to this area, one land on the gulf and the other hit some buildings and killed some people few miles away from our locations, thanks God we all safe.

Saddam Husain (4)

Two weeks after the camp, same long-range bomb- called Al Husain Rocket, was sent from Kuwait to Riyadh Area, I swear in God, this time was very close from us, but again God kept us safe.

Hafez al -Assad, Dictator of Syria

I went with Saudi Arabia swim team to Al latakia, in Syria for the seventh Arab games. I was very happy to meet Egyptian National Swim Team- most of them I coached in Egypt before coaching Saudi Arabia.

My swimmers from Saudi did very good and the spent good times with the Egyptians and get very close friends because of me.

Anyway, just as any dictator, every where we go in Syria, the pictures, statues, news all about Hafez el Assad, only him and his family.

For two weeks, different places, but same news, pictures, statues, Same secret intelligent, same fear inside the eyes of poor people.

Quickest Visit to Lebanon

While we are driving back from Al Latakia to Airport of Damascus the driver told me that Lebanon bords is the other side of this Rail Road for the train. Then I told him STOP STOP STOP, So, he suddenly stopped the bus to see what is going on? I told him and the president of our delegation that I have to pie!!!

Instead of going down of the bus just to pie, I cross the RR train to Lebanon Land and pied there, just to add another country to my traveling collection.

My First Marriage

October 1989

After my dream of taking my Ph.D. from Germany gone with the wind, I was hopeless, depressed and sad for few weeks only. I was at Saudi Arabia in June on the phone with my dad in Egypt then I mentioned that I met an African American women older 12 years than me in Germany for few days and she felt in love with me and she offer to marry me and help me get my Ph.D. in the State! He refused the whole idea and told me when you come here to Egypt, I said I will come with the Saudi Team in August for two weeks only for the Arab Swimming Championships and I will stay at hotel with the team, he said I will introduce you to two brides and I supposed to choose one of them. You know what, I told myself the only way I get rid of my depression is to get Married! I saw the first young lady on Tuesday -the day off from the Championship- just for an hour, and I even didn't get a better look to her face, but I knew her father from long time and her family too, so I agreed, going back on Wednesday and Thursday for the championships, and on Friday I went to Al Sagha neighborhood in Cairo and bought Jewelry for my bride, and on Saturday we make quick party for our engagement. By Sunday I flight back to Saudi Arabia and after we finish all our team traveling and I get my yearly vacation, I went back to Egypt on 10.04.1989 and we get married on 10.06.1989 I took her for our honey moon in Hurghada, and I went back to Saudi Arabia finishing her paperwork to admission her to the Kingdom, she arrived on December 1989.

And we got our first son – Ahmed- he is a doctor now, on December 1990. And second son – Mohamed- he is an engineer now, on July 1993.

I remember that, every time I have a swim camp or traveling with national team, I have to cut a ticket for her to Egypt to spend that time with her family instead of stay alone without friends or family around in Saudi Arabia.

The Death of My Father

01/15/1990

On the 14th of January 1990, While I am having a swim camp for National Swim Team of Saudi Arabia in the Western zone after the Christmas break, I went Mecca and make an OMRA, or visiting to The Holly Mosques there and do the ceremony for praying in these Mosque. on the second day I did another Omra to my father- he is sick in Egypt- and I called my sister in Cairo to ask about my father, she cried and said they just buried him 30 minutes ago! I cried and pray to God in this holly places to forgive him and be merciful to his soul. Amen

The Worse Three Trips in My Life

1. To West Germany, 1989

It was my biggest dream to get my Ph.D. from West Germany after what happened to me with my Dean in 1986. So, my last 2 years in Egypt before working in Saudi Arabia, (1986 and 1987) I learned Germany and passed level 5 in this language which was the minimum level for acceptance to study in Deutschland. How a poor Guy like me will have the money to pay the fees - or the tuition- for two and half year in Cologne in Germany? But if God will, anything can be done. I prayed to God to help me somehow to travel to Germany to study my Ph.D. So, in the second week of December 1987 just right after I got the 5 levels in Deutsch Language, I got the job in Saudi Arabia as a Head Swim Coach for the National Team and by August 1988 I saved 10,000 Deutsch Marks, Also in May of 1989 I got another 10.000 Marks from writing my first swim book, Now I have the money I got the visa to go to Germany, THANKS GOD. May 1989, is the best time to leave Saudi Arabia since all my swimmers having the finals soon and no swim meets or camps at all until last week of June. I was very happy that my God helped me to get the language level, the visa to Germany, and the money that helps me to start this dream journey. I went Germany, at Frank Fort, then traveled to Cologne, then I went to the Institute of sports there to apply directly to the Doctorate Program. I was already contacted this institute year ago to be sure that I have all requirements that they accepted for study there. I shocked when they told me; Sorry, we just-

this year- are not accepting any forging students since they are going to concentrate only on German students. I figured few months later, that it was because of the united between East and West Germany!

Anyway, I cried and felt very disappointed and said whatever God will I have to accepted with satisfaction and patient. In that time, I hated all what just happened to me about the Ph.D. but I also said to myself I have to keep going with or without this Doctorate.

To Jazan Province, Saudi Arabia

1992

My Sister Nagwa was in Jazan, Saudi Arabia, for many years teaching arts in a girl's school in this city. I called her few days just before I decided to surprise her and go visit her and her family in Jazan since my swimmers in Jedda will have three days off from the swim camp because of the feast.

She didn't mention anything at all about her moving from her place to another.

It was one night before the Feast Day after month of Ramadan- when Muslim people keep fasting for the whole holly month. I took the last flight in that night from Jedda to Jazan to spend the Feast with them, for two or three days that I was in vacation from coaching National team anyway.

It was very hot weather in this area, very humidity, and I was fasting all day and whole month, just ate a little pit in the airplane before landing.

I bought two large bottles of water and left airport to take any public transportation to her house. But there are only micro buses or van, that can go to her location. I waited over 30 minutes until I get one. Then spent another 45 minutes to get her place. And since I land in Jizan until I get under her home, I tried to call her but no responding at all.

As soon as I left the micro bus it was 2:00 am after mid night. I was sweating, tired, and very upset because she doesn't pick up her phone at all.

I arrived to her home, looking carefully to the number of the building, but no clear one! Some boys are playing with a soccer ball in front of her house where she supposed to be there in that time of the night.

Kids, and older people were looking at me surprisal that a stranger came at this time here while no one knew me! Most men there are wearing plaid skirt covering their waist and all legs to the bottom, and a white tank-top (under- wear) t shirt! Or

topless, and women are completely covering their heads, faces, and bodies in that hot weather!

Anyway, I raised my voice and called her husband name few times...no respond, I then called her two sons names ...no respond! Then I called her name, now I get respond from an old person saying to me: do you need teacher Nagwa? I said yes please, they said she just moved this morning to another house!

I asked him do you know where the other place? He said no, but let me ask for you! For 15 minutes I almost asked everyone was in street there about her new place or contact but no luck.

2:30 am now, I have to go back to airport. I spent another 45 minutes until I find a micro bus takes me to the airport. It is now after 3:00 am and the airport will be closed until 8 am.

and the first flight going back to Jedda, or Riyadh around 10 AM. So, I have to spend the remaining of the night at any hotel around.

Here is one looks nice; very closed to the airport. I got a room by 3:30 am and really want to sleep.

I get to the room, thanked the hotel attendant, closed the door, put the bag on the floor and jumped to the bed then I put the phone over the disk near my head and my home and want to put my car keys and wallet inside the drawer. As soon as I pulled the drawer to open it, I found three big flying roaches get out of the drawer and fly.

I really don't ever scare from roaches, but I felt disgusted so, I took my wallet and run to the door to change the room.

They gave me in a second another room, which it seems cleaner and the attendant bring me my bag and phone but he didn't bring the keys from the drawer.

Anyway, I drunk all the two bottle of water and slept.

15 minutes before 7:00 am I waked up without alarm and running in a minute to downstairs without breakfast- it was not ready yet and start at 7 am-

I just walked fast to the airport which is 10 minutes away from the hotel.

Very tired, very disappointed, very hot, very upset, and I didn't know that I left my home and car keys at the first room at that hotel until I get back to my building in Riyadh. Where is my keys, oh my God, I remembered that I through them inside the flying roach's drawer and the hotel attendant didn't bring them so, I have no keys for my home, but I knew that I have a spare car keys in my house close to my TV.

I knocked the door for my neighbor but no one was there to help me, since in the feast days everybody is traveling or visiting others.

Somehow! I went to electricity store and I borrowed from him a ladder to jump in my window, thanks God that I am only in second floor not third or more. I break the glass of that window and get in, looking for my extra keys for home and car. I found them, thanks God. Let's bring back the ladder and take a shower, pray, and cry then sleep. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL JOURNE

To Muscat, Oman

1992

24 swimmers representing Saudi Arabian National Team, two officials, 2 Saudi assistant coaches, the delegation boss, and myself, we all coming from Saudi going to Oman, but we have to stop transit in Dubai airport. Our flight to Muscat, Oman was delayed for 6 hours instead of one-hour transit. Mr. Barraka, the boss delegation suggested to me that we all leave the airport and go shopping or hang out in Dubai for 5 hours or so, I agreed and we put all our belongs in few carts and Mr. Barraka rented a mini bus for all of us to spend time in Dubai. I usually make myself as last one to leave to be sure that no swimmers forgot anything, or after to check on everybody in general. They left the gate of the airport to take the bus. Except me and Mr. Barraka. They all showed their passport to the officer and let them go because they all are citizens of the Gulf countries. Except me, I am Egyptian. The security man told me no! you have to stay inside the airport because I am not gulf citizen. 15 minutes we both try hard to convince him that I am one of this delegation but they didn't give a shit to me at all, and this officer or his bosses didn't let me go, saying No- Way! So, I told Mr. Barraka that he has to go to catch the bus with the others and asked him to bring me a gift from Dubai. I just let it go. Until here there was no problem or even no story yet! I look for my hand bag, it was gone with the bus, it has all my money, migraine bells, extra comfortable shoes and book to read, plus my reading glasses. OMG! I didn't have any money on me and I am wearing a slipper on my feet. The airport getting very cold and I left my jacket inside my other bag which is in the bus too! No problem, and I start walk around in this floor for about 30 minutes. Looking to my watch! There are 4.5 more hours until they get back from Dubai. Any way let run to upstairs, it might be warmer! In the first step on the stairs I hit the first step with the front of my slipper in my right foot very hard and I felt

on the stairs while my glasses lenses both brook! And my right slipper brook too plus my knees and my both hands get hurt!

I looked right and left, forward and backward, nobody saw me! Thanks God, I clean the floor from the broken pieces from my glasses and found myself automatically set under the stairs to avoiding people to see me with broken slippers and shivering from the cold. For an hour I was under stairs until same stupid officer ask me to move from under the stairs! I hold my slippers in my hand and moved to another place to sit down. I got migraine and now I felt miserable so, my tears start to fall with hate for those freaky officers and for feeling that Egyptian is not good enough! It was very bad emotionally time. But in few minutes I feel relief when the secretary of the Saudi Arabian Swimming Federation came from no where to see me very sad, then as soon as he heard what happened to me he gave me 500 Saudi Riyals, I went directly to buy a new shoes from the free duty, to buy migraine pills from the store, and food to eat.

The Death of My Mother

Mecca, 06/12/1992

Two months before the time of the Hajj for Muslim people, when they come from all over the globe to Mecca for a week or two. I bring my mother to Riyadh, to stay with us me, my young wife and the baby, then I will send her to Mecca for Hajj later. Short story; I was having a swim camp at eastern zoon of the kingdom, while I already sent my mother to Hajj with people I knew from Riyadh.

Dr. magdy Mansour and dr. Osama Rateb my former collegiate from the college when I was there teaching 1982-1987, they called me that my mother just died in Mecca, and they are waiting for me at Jeddah Airport to take me to Mecca to grave my mom.

What happened was the hajj delegation contacted my work during the hajj and inform them with my mother death, a friend of mine Dr. Karem Metwally from my college in Egypt, he works with me at the swimming federation in Riyadh, and he contacted other two professors in Jeddah to help me for grave my mother in Mecca where they both working there at that time.

Anyway, I got free first-class flight tickets from Saudi swimming officials who working at Saudi Air Lines, and was at my swim camp in that day with his two sons in my national youth team. I got free ride from Jeddah to Mecca from my both professors, and we buried my mother at the same area that Khadeja our Mohamed Profit' Wife was buried there. What an honor and indemnity that my mother got from God. Rest in Peace mother. God bless you.

Barcelona Olympic Games

1992

- It was supposed to take with me 6 swimmers not 2 to the Olympic Games.
 - It was supposed to be in Spain for my preparation swim camp before the Olympic Games, not in United States after the Olympic Games.
 - It was supposed to be 30-45 days swim camp in high altitude at the Alps, not 21 days to see his American family in New Mexico! And After the Games.
 - It was supposed to be I am just coaching the swimmers, not responsible for buying sports uniforms for the whole Saudi delegation.
 - And my swimmers not suppose to be in the opening ceremony for many hours while next day they both will compete in the Swimming events.
- So, in my plan for last preparing for the Olympic was to take my best 6 swimmers to the Alps for swim camp in high altitude and give them all care that they need in order to make real good results! But nothing from my plan happened at all.

Anyway, in the morning of the day before the opening ceremony the administrative person of our Saudi Delegation force me to go buy sports uniforms for the swimmers, coaches, and all other athletes participating in this delegation. I went with my best two swimmers to the biggest sports store, where we met No. 1 tennis player in world Stephanie Graf or -nick name- Schteevy graf, and many other world class athletes. Also, we saw many TV channels from all over the world were making interview with everybody. American Sports News like TBS or other, I don't remember, they make an interview with me:

TV Anchor: hi there, can I make interview with you?

Me: yes

TV Anchor: where you guys come from?

Me: I coach Swim team for Saudi Arabia, but I am Egyptian

TV Anchor: how many swimmers you have here?

Me: only two.

TV Anchor: are you guys come for compete or just participate?

Me: of course, to participate, and doing their best.

TV Anchor: do you think you can get a medal for your country?

Me: no way, they need long time in Saudi Arabia and better plans in order to get to this level.

TV Anchor: when you expect your team can get a gold medal in swimming?

Me: I laughed and said may be in 50 years!

TV Anchor last question: are you will be after 50 years still coaching the team?

Me: of course not, but maybe my sone will do that.

We all laughed and dismissed.

After we bought the uniforms and slept, then in the opening ceremony for the Games, somebody from Saudi embassy in America saw part of that interview and thought that is an insulting to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. They informed one of Saudi prices was there and second day of swimming events, I found myself face to face with Prince Mohamed Ben Saud, for investigation!

Technically, yes, in that time 1992 the different between Egypt and Saudi is more that 20 years (Men 50 meters Freestyle in Egypt was 25.10 from the seventies. When American record in this event was 25.10 that was like in the late 40s or in the 1950s.

I asked a friend of mine professor in our college in Egypt to do research for me as comparison between 50 meter freestyle record in Saudi, Egypt and USA, to have a scientific proof for what I said, that helps me in all upcoming investigations with me that happened in Barcelona, Riyadh airport , and the ministry of youth care there!

The real-world record in men 50 meterS freestyle swimming recognized by FINA started from 1976 when the record was 23.86 by Jonty Skinner from South Africa, then became 23.74 in 1977 by American Swimmer Joe Bottom.

It was 24.50 in Egypt in the mid-eighties by Alaa Gabr, by then Mohamed Youssef. While Saudi Arabia record done by my swimmer in 1992 in 25.10.

I knew that the record for Saudi Arabia men 50 free now is 23.66 which is equal the time done in USA since 1977 so it is over 40 years between Saudi and USA. If you look back to all events, the difference between the two countries will be about 50 years.! I was scientifically wright!

Anyway, I spent very long bad times in fear and under controlling until I left Saudi 15 month later to back to Egypt in one piece! I AM NOT A PROUD OR A SHAME FOR WHAT I SAID AT THAT INTERVIEW, BUT THAT WAS WHAT HAPPENED AOUTOMATICALLY WITHOUT THINKING OR PREPARATION!

Little Monkey in My Car

Abha, 1993

While we are having a swim camp in Abha, KSA, I had my wife and my 2 years old first-born boy with me. At the weekend, when I have one day off from coaching the team, I took my family to drive up hill all the way to top of these mountains, over 2000 meters above the see level! Suddenly my brand-new Toyota rental car stopped and start going back in scary moments, so I pull up the hand break, and try again, as soon as I start the shifting car and drive on the first shift the car go up but as soon as I gave it the second shift the car stopped and slide back again!. An old guy drive behind me stop his car and come to me and asking: are you new here? I said yes sir. H added: is this car rental? I said yes sir, he added do you have an Automatic car not shift trans-meter car? I said yes, he said okay please when you driving up-hill you have to keep it on the first shift not second or third, and everything will be alright. I did it and yes, and all my trip after that was alright. Until we stopped on the top of the mountain where the clouds were under us? And were above of the sky! The fogs hit us in wonderful high altitude and beautiful nature.

Suddenly we found over 20 monkeys jumping everywhere! In a few minutes we figured out that these monkeys come to eat since visitors give the monkeys any food to eat. Monkeys loves the bean-nuts and the dates, fortunately, I had both and more other food. We get out of the car taking pictures near the monkeys, and start feed them. My devil brain told me to show off! So, I told my wife and my little son, do you like the little monkeys? They said sure, so, I said I will capture one for you! My wife said no way! I said you will see. As soon I see a little monkey separated from his mom, I through some beans close to my car, then closer, then inside my car over the back seat, he keeps coming to eat the beans until get inside my car, I close the door and capture him, he was very cute. But after he ate all the beans inside the car, he starts making noise, he was shouting calling his mom! That is when we find a big female baboon coming to the car jumping on the roof hitting the window from outside and the little one

hitting same window from outside. My wife was carrying my son and about 10 steps away from the car, while I ran into other side of my car, opened the front door and run back to my wife and son, in one second the baby monkey jump out from my car over his mom's back and the climbed down to the mountain where other hundreds of monkeys live there.

What a Coincidence!

In April 1992, I went with Saudi National Swim Team to Asian Championship in Hiroshima, Japan. And we all visited the area that American Atom Bomb hit it in the WW2 in 1945 and some other museum and historical places to show everyone what Atom bomb did in Hiroshima. and in August 1992 after the Olympic games I went with the team to USA for 28 days for a swim camp. We stay at Albuquerque, and Santa Fee, and Los Alamos, New Mexico. And we all got the chance to visit the American Lap or the museum that show how they make the Atom bomb that they use it over Hiroshima and Nagasaki to end the WW2. Who knew which side gain more or suffer more, I hate war, any war, Human being are bad?

My Dream Came True

When I was in USA, we practice in few different swimming pools, with different American swim coaches. I said to myself, I am for sure better than those four swim coaches that I met and my team was swimming close or with them. I mean better education, background, experience and even better interacting with the swimmers! Three of those 4 coaches were over 65 years old, setting all times, taking to somebody during practice! And the 4th coach was just lifeguard, and never swim competitively!

Anyway, I asked God that I really want to move to the state and to have my own swim team.

The doors of the God were open and my dream come true later in 1994.

CHAPTER 7

CHAPTER 7. SADAT CITY 1993-1995, EGYPT

Faculty of Physical Education Minufiya University, 1993-2000

Before I leave Saudi Arabia on October 1993, I was invited to be a Physical Education college staff member and head of the department of Swimming at Sadat University. So, as soon I came back from Saudi Arabia, I get hired at Sadat University. I have many funny memories at this college, and in the period from 1993 until I left Egypt in 2000 forever.

My Chicken BBQ

While we sleep over at the men building that belongs to the first-grade students and the staff members of the college. I was very hungry and three other staff too, there were teachers' assistant just graduated 2 or 3 years ago, I was older 10 years than three of them.

I told them come with me to the market to get something to eat. Mostafa Amaira said: I miss the chicken my mom used to do for me when I go home in my weekend vacation! I told him without thinking, I will do chicken tonight for you, and of course for us too and after you eat my chicken you will not miss your mom's any more, we all laugh and ride my car, Mazda 929 to go look for the dinned!

We bought four life chicken, and asked the guy to clean them for us, then we got some onion, tomato, and green Pepper. Plus, some salts and powder black pepper, and bread. Also, some lemons and vegetables oil.

I cut each chicken into 4 quarters, and put it all in one big plastic bag, with some salt and paper, lemon, onion, and oil, and close it to marinated.

We went back to the college, when no oven, no any cocking equipment, and no one can help!

I told three of them: Saied; go get us any newspaper, text book you don't need it, and any paper because we need to start fire.

then I told the other one: Khaled; please go find a match, and any perfume to make a fire.

Then me and Mostafa, went to look for some bricks and any thing to put it inside the chicken to hang them over the fire.

Twenty minutes looking with hopeless case, not enough papers, no metal to hang the chicken and no bricks were founded.

I told them let me check in my car, 5 minutes I came back with the oil changing and level measurement meter, with my car lifter- the one we use to lift up the car to change the tire!

Any way all these 45 to 60 minutes to start the fire was helping for marinated the chicken,

I put 6 quarters of the chicken in one time inside my oil meter and post it over my car lifter from one side and some bricks on the other side and we put some old wood from the trees in between and start the fire, plus another 30 minutes to BBQ the first group of the chicken, we keep BBQ until all chicken were cocked.

They all enjoyed my well-done cocked chicken and told me that was great chicken they ate ever.

I think they lie on me, but we still remember the gathering and eating while making jocks and have fun. They all full professors now, except me, just happy coach Mega.

Back to Coaching Swimming in Big Swim Clubs

And Back to enroll in my Ph.D. Classes

In November, 1993 as soon, I came back from Saudi Arabia I try to apply in the Ph.D. program in my former college in Cairo, everybody knew me and the dean was changed and the way to my Doctorate is open. But they told me that I am late 4 month and I can't get to this year Doctorate' program, I have to apply next year. From November 1993 to May 1994, I worked in the college and back to coach Gezira Sporting Club as a head coach for all age group swimmers there from November 1993, until August 1994. In the last six years that I spent in KSA, everything changed at Gezira Sporting Club, the board members, the head coach, and the swimmers too. I felt stranger then, I left this club to be a head swim coach at Egyptian Shooting Club. In one swim season I elevated this team from six place last year to second place over all Egypt swim clubs.

Unstable Professor

By September 1994, I started my Ph. D. program at Cairo college. Two days a week that I just stay in Cairo and not going to my college at Sadat City.

In that time, three big things happened to change my life forever;

1. my freaking professor in statistic was – in my opinion- not normal at all, the way he talks, walk, teach, and to deal with all female students in all graduate classes are not normal to me, so, one time I told him in front of all students,: What is wrong with you? You didn't teach us anything last three months? And you put all girls in first two rows to look at their breasts! Are you crazy or what? Teach us anything useful man! He got very upset and left the class running to complain to the new dean there, that I cursed him in front of all students and he needs me out of his class!

The dean told him that Magdy is a great swim coach and a person and he will let me to go to apologize to him. The dean comes to me and told me I have to behave with this guy and just let the year to go and I pass safely. I told him BELIEVE ME THIS GUY IS CRAZY! I knew crazy people very well! He told me please just let it go. Anyway, I felt that I really don't want to stay in Egypt any more or taking my Ph.D. any more.

2. In this time also, a wonderful person called Dr. ZIZI were coming as a visitor professor from other university because of the shortage of our staff at Sadat College. She used to come on the same two days that I am in Cairo for my classes, so, for three months everyone in my college told me that I missed Dr. ZIZI. And told Zizi that she missed me. So, everyone in my college told Zizi about me, and told me about Zizi, which created a kind of mystery connection between me and Zizi. I met Zizi, and we start something we both didn't ask for. By May 1995 we became close friends and we care about each other a lot. At the same time, I have many problems with my wife in Cairo because the long hour I spend out of the house 6 days a week (leaving home by 5 am, going to AM swim practice until 7 am, then going to teach in my college 120 KM away from 9 AM to 3 PM, then drive back to the club for evening practice from 5-7 or 8 pm, then many weekends I have extra swim practices or swim meet or traveling with the team out of Egypt! That is my lifestyle.

3. In April 1995 I Got my lottery visa to USA and finished all my paper works and be ready to leave Egypt and take my wife and two sons to stay in the USA soon. The vice president of Sadat University at this time was a very nice man, when he knew that I got the lottery visa to America, he told me that I am very lucky, and he promised to help me to get one year vacation from my college to look for a college in the state that I can study my Ph.D. there again and he will help to make it an approved scholarship from Sadat University to me to study abroad in the State.

On the other hand, I felt in my Ph.D. because of that crazy person. And I felt in love with Zizi. I didn't cheat on my wife for a second, it was just feelings that grew to fill all of my heart and soul. So, Leaving Egypt was a great healing from failing in love for real since I missed Nashwa from 1981 to 1995 when I really forgot Nashwa, and felt in love with Zizi. In few months close to Zizi, I wrote hundreds of poets for her, 10 times more than I wrote to Nashwa in over 6 years as my first love story.

Lets' start my life as immigrant in the USA.

Teaching Swimming in An Empty Pool!

When we start the school year in September 1995, the swimming pool that we use it for our college was having a problem with the pluming system and the pool has no water for three months!

We don't stop teaching our students how to swim! But we teach them in an empty pool. I let the students set on the edge around the 25meter pool with three to four feet apart, 70 students setting on the edge and another 70 inside the empty pool!

I stayed in the middle of the pool demonstrate the freestyle arm action, very slow, one arm at a time then I asked them to copy and repeat, I fix the 70 students inside the pool and Dr. Mostafa correcting the arm actions for the other 70 on the edge.

We use the shade of the body under the sun to let them perform their arm actions. Same thing with the legs for freestyle kicking, and for the back stroke.

My keys for teaching them is if any one can hold his breath for 20 second or more and put the face down and move the arms and kick in right way, they all can pass the 25meter swimming in freestyle and backstroke.

We have swimming two times a week, two hours each, so, after about three months, the pool got the water.

Most our students never swam before, so it was easy to convince them if they just copy us, they all will be able to swim.

First time those students get in water after a I demonstrate for them the freestyle and backstroke in water, I take 10 swimmers per time to cross the width of the pool in shallow side, then when all did it successfully, I took them to the deep side by width, and they all did it from first or second tries. Then I let them to practice after school with me and Dr. Mostafa, then next week they all pass the 25meter free and back in the final med term test.

We are good, we became legends.

CHAPTER 8

CHAPTER 8. USA, 1. LUISIANA 1995**NEW ORLEANS, USA**

In November 1995, I sell my apartment in Cairo for 85.000 Egyptian pounds, but not in one payment, the new owner gave me 35,000 LE and will pay the remain to my father in law later in two weeks. I sell my car also for 15.000 LE. Now I have about 50 .000 LE, I gave my father in law 25.000 to build an apartment in his house in Alexandria for us when we come for vacation to Egypt, and I bought four flight tickets to me and my family and decided that I go first to the state, rent apartment, look for college to study my Ph.D. I took with me around \$5.000 to start our life in USA. I told my wife that after 2-3 weeks you will come with the kids and bring me the 50,000 LE, remaining.

Three weeks after, she came but with no money, and I already spent \$2000 for the rent for 3 months ahead, and bought a car for \$1.000 And spend another \$1.000 for course in English, some books, and other stuff. Now I have only \$900, and she didn't bring any money with here, I don't know how we will survive, I have a goal to improve my English and contact colleges, not to work for living special when I had a plan to follow for next 6 months! I contact my father in law in Egypt, and his brothers in the USA, but no responding, I have two choices either to find a work to go back to Egypt! Since my plan was brook by my wife and her father.

I try to work as a cap driving for three days, but I almost make an accident and I decided to go back to Egypt. I warning my wife and her father that I have a plan to follow not just find a job to eat!

Three weeks after, all my tries failed with her family, I decided to cell my car, get a ticket and go back to Egypt. I left her in apartment paid the rent for upcoming two more month, and one of her uncles was few buildings away from her in New Orleans.

Back to Egypt

In January 1996, Then I went Egypt again

Waiting for my wife to come, so, we can solve the problem or to get divorce! I have a plan for my life and I will go for it.

In February first she comes and we can't make a deal so, it ended by divorce in February 8th, 1996.

Married to Dr. ZIZI

When I divorced my wife, I found a door was open to marry my collegiate, Dr. Zizi. She was in love with me as I was love her to death, we got married on February 23rd! what a quick married!

TOEFL

Test of English as a foreign Language

Shortly talking, I took this course 15 times between 1997 to 2000, each time costs me \$125 means in that time by Egyptian money about 1000 Egyptian pounds, it is more than my monthly payment from my job at university of Sadat! What a scarified! At same time, what a shame of our education system that just gave us 10-20% from what we need to have in order to get better English language.

Surprise!

Statistic Professor was mentally sick!

In October 1996 the University of Helwan discovered that the statistic professor – the one I had problem with his acting and teaching ways- was having mental troubling in his last few months in USA, while he was in scholarship in the state, and he didn't get his degree that he went there for, so he is not qualified to teach graduate school anymore and they are doing now a big investigation before they will fire him completely in case of he is guilty by lying on the board

and didn't get his degree. The dean of my college in Sadat City told me that I was right about this guy. I went next day to Cairo college to the dean office, as soon as he saw me, he just laughed and told me how did you know that he was crazy, I told him I get it from first day I saw him.

Dr. Darwish, the dean, told me that he will be very happy if I come to study my Ph.D. again in his college, I just smiled and said to him: thanks a lot, but no way I don't like it any more.

CHAPTER 9

CHAPTER 9. ZAGAZIG CITY, EGYPT 1996-2000

My Daily Round Trip 1996-2000

Imagine, when you have no car to drive, you live at Zagazig City (80 KM from Cairo), you coach swimming every morning 6-7:30 am at Cairo, taking the bus by 8:00 am to Sadat University (110 KM from Cairo) going back to coach again in Cairo (110 KM) by 5-7 pm then going back home to your beautiful wife at Zagazig (80KM) by 9 -10 pm. Imagine doing those round trips 5 or 6 days a week?

How much time in transportation you spend? how much time for waiting the transportation to arrive and to departure if not enough costumers? how much money you spend in general and when you pay for extra seat to departure on time? How many times you expose to people not follow any rules like no smoking in the bus, car service but they smoke! No loud music in all those trips! But almost everyone has head phone you can hear it and the driver listen to his own low class songs very loud! plus How tired your brain and body will be special when you have to study English, take courses, write swim books, and many times teaching for the Egyptian Olympic Committee and or for the Egyptian Swimming Federation in Cairo? Plus going back to the United State of America to renew my Green Card every 6 months, and spend a week or so in a motel in NY? Paying flight tickets, hotel renting, food, and gifts to my new 2 babies and wife! That is not a healthy life! That is like hit by a knife!

So, I have to choose to be not head coach for a swim team, or not lecturer in those organizations, or quit teaching in my college, or stay in USA to start a new life, as in my original plan since 1995? I am looking for a clue from God to direct me for my next steps.

Traveling to Switzerland with Egyptian' Long Distance -Handy Cap Swimmer

1999, While I was head swim coach for Cairo Sporting Club, my friend and vice president of the club board, he was also president of sports federation for

handy cap athletes, Dr. Hossam ask me to company (Mostafa Khalil) a handy cap swimmer to Switzerland. I went three times before to this beautiful country, so I accept and went as head coach representing Egypt in an international long - distance swimming championship. It was nice to be here again but this time in summer to more enjoy the nature! Last time I came to Swiss was in 1987 for Geneve international swim meets (1985/1986/and1987) each time was on the last weekend of January with ice everywhere!

Manhattan River Swimming – Race

2000

In spring of 2000 I travel with Mostafa Again, but this time to renew my green card as usual and to do the race of the river in Manhattan, but this time I met an old friend from Egypt, who lives in Staten Island, and told me that I can stay with him in his house until I find a job in NY. That was one big Clue.

Corruption

That gave me the reason to leave Egypt

Things could happen in any place in the world, but the different is the consequences and the re-actions for these kind of act from country to country! One upon a time, I was responsible for big and long Lifeguarding Course for over 65 people from 5 Arab countries under the Egyptian Swimming Federation and Olympic Committee. I was teaching that course by myself, 2-3 hours in water for the males then for other 2 hours for the females, and preparing the curriculums and hand - outs and teaching dry side of the course by myself, plus putting the final applied test and the final written tests by myself. For 45 days (5 days each week). Until here was great. But, when I went to get my money for teaching that course, I didn't find the boss in this time, he was having a sudden meeting in another building, so he asked -before he leaves- the his assistant to let me sign and get my check because he will spend the whole day outside his office.

I went to sign the paper work, I find another three different names on this list! Not only that, they put my name on the bottom for 1500 LE, and the boss name on the top for 7000 LE. And other two GHOST names for 5000 LE and 3000 LE!

THAT IS NOT FAIR. Its kind of scare, in this moment I swear, I don't belong to here, I can't stay in Egypt any more. In a fake, lie, and poor!

My Third Swim Book

August 2000

That was in mid-August 2000, I was in the half way to end writing my third swim book by Arabic, So, I quitted coaching at Cairo Sporting Club in order to have more time to finish my book.

I worked very hard in that book to leave something in Egypt for swimmers and coaches to remember me after I leave Egypt for good!

Be Qualified for Working in the USA

I took American Red Cross lifeguard courses from American School in Maadi, Cairo, my English language now is good enough to be understood, I have all my experience certificates from Egypt and Saudi Arabia, in teaching and coaching, and I have a copy of my three books that I wrote by Arabic. I told my wife; it is time to be or not to be. No more Egypt for me. She understood, supported me and agreed for my immigration to the state. I am going to leave her and our two kids; Sara almost 3 years old, and Mostafa 1.5 years old to start my American journey.

I promised her to call almost every day, and to come visit her and the kids 2 times a year!

Chapter 10

CHAPTER 10. USA, 2. NEW YORK BROOKLYN 2000-2005**USA - Again**

On November 4th, 2000 I came to the state to stay, to work, and to achieve my dream. Two weeks as a guest in Mohamed House- my friend- in Staten Island, then moved to share a room with an Egyptian person at Flatbush Avenue, Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, and get job in men warehouse store at Nostrand Avenue for two weeks only.

Luck and Successful to Get a Job in Swimming!

During these two weeks in men warehouse, I make a membership at Eastern Athletic Club at Prospect Park. I was swimming every day one hour in the morning 7-8 am and one hour at the evening 6-7 pm. For show off. At this club I helped every person at the pool to refining their strokes, and teaching how to do the flip turns, and starts! plus answering any question about dry-land work out and participating in swim teams for young people and masters swimming for adults, I was very lovely and active person in this location.

In just 10 days as a member of this club, I start teaching kids how to swim in the club classes from 3:30 to 6 pm Monday to Friday and for 6 hours on Sunday. So I left the men warehouse for good!

In two other weeks, I stated teaching in other two locations for Eastern Athletic Club at Brooklyn Hight and at Brooklyn Bridge Mariotte hotel.

Couple weeks after, I became head lifeguard at Mariotte location and I took USA Pool Operator, American Swimming Coaches Association Certificate level one and two from New Orleans in 2001, to be qualified Swim Coach. And took before the Water Safety Instructor from Hackensack, New Jersey to be ready to step forward to reach my dream as a swim coach in NY, USA.

**My First English Book
Let Games Teach You How to Swim**

In June 2001 I wrote my first book by English about teaching most swim skills in the 4 strokes through the games, and repeating these games will refining those skills. In this book, Guy Edson, in September 2001 during ASCA swim clinic in New Orleans, American Swimming Coaches Association made an introduction for me, and the owner of Eastern Athletic Clubs gave me \$2,000 as award for that book and to help me to printed out or for publishing.

Head Swim Coach at Brooklyn College

2002-2003

One of my lifeguards I hired her at the Mariotte pool, was just graduated from Brooklyn College and she was member of their swim team, she mentioned that the college are looking now for a head coach for boys and girls swim team. Second day I gave her my resume and copy of my certificates, then I get hired next week. I coached them two swim seasons from September 2002 to March 2004

Dolphin Swimming

From 2002 to 2005, I worked as swim instructor and coach for Dolphin Swimming at BMCC location in Manhattan, NY. While I am teaching, I had a lot of fun with the students and co-worker, and good friendship with the owner of the school too. But one day she found that many students and their parents want to sign up for my advanced classes in level 5, 6 and team prep. She asked them why? and the answer was because I teach fast and very good that all my classes can learn faster and more advanced skills! She came to me and asked me politely, to stop doing that! Her learn to swim program has to be followed by everyone! I told her, I agree but sometimes I keep providing more skills because all my group already performed all the classes' skills perfectly, I can't just keep repeat and be real poring to them and to myself! Anyway, I tried hard don't do that again, but sometimes I keep going! That is me I do what I love and I love what I do! So, it looks like I have to leave this job soon.

Aquatic Director at YMCA

In 2005 I became Aquatic Director for the Dodge YMCA in Brooklyn high, and helped few times Lia Niel and Stanley Wong to refining their freestyle, also worked on the Breaststroke for Stanley! I told Lia' Mother, that Lia will be in USA National team in 50 and 100 free when she growing, that was in 2005, and it happened after 10 years when she became member of USA National team and went 2016 Rio, Olympic Games!

Anyway, it was very good time for me to add a lot of experience for how to run learn to swim program through my work with Dolphin and YMCA.

Quitting YMCA

As soon as we open the Dodge YMCA in Brooklyn high, I found out that my dream to have a swim team at YMCA is not going to be true soon, they just need learn to swim programs and a lot of other aquatic activities but not swim team! I told them; if there is no team, I will quit! And I did it! I need a swim team to coach. So, I quit in March 2006.

Visiting my Family in Egypt

From 2001 to summer 2005, I went back to Egypt to spend two weeks with my family each 6 month, once in March and once in September. Every time my wife tells me that she doesn't like to go America, because she had good carrier in Egypt and she doesn't want to start over from scratching in the state. I believed her but I need her and the kids with me, I really felling lonely.

I passed the 5 years now in the state, and it is time for me to apply for the citizenship. It took three more years until I became citizen in 2008!

During 2006, 2007 and 2008 I went to Egypt only once a year, because of my swim team all year round and traveling with the team to many states.

In 2008 my wife told me that she really not going to leave Egypt to come with me in America, and told me too to go find another wife.

CHAPTER 11

CHAPTER 11. QUEENS, BOYS' CLUB OF NEW YORK 2006-2011**The Boys Club of NY
ABBE Swim Team**

From February 2006 to September 2011, I was the Aquatic Director for the ABBE Clubhouse, the Boys' Club of New York, in Flushing, Queens. During my first month of this job, I told all the swim team members and the lifeguards who are coaching them before I come to the club, in this time, that I will not coach you until you finish your Boys and Girls Championships in NJ by third weekend of March, 2006! Why? First, to get official times for everyone on the team from swimming in this championship. Second, to show them what I can do for them in short time in the next few months until their swim league with other boys and girls club in September 2006 to February 2007. Third, to establish real swim team can compete locally and nationally during USA Swimming. And Fourth, to build my name and get the fame to start my dream in USA.

Clean Up the Team

My first mission to build strong swim team is to clean up the team, I mean to put in the team only the once can keep going and who have potential to get higher level. So, I have to clean the team from whom never will be good swimmer now or in future, like very fat kids, sick kids, very poor families, and bad altitude kids. That was my opinion because I have plan to build a real swim team. With absolute support from Ron Britt, the building director which I gain his trust gradually when my quick results were obvious and everyone can see it and feel it. In September to December 2006 my swimmers beat all other boys and girls club who were at their Championships last March.

From September 2006 to January 2007 I started my first USA- ABBE Swim Team. By paying the registration fees for USA swimming for first 20 swimmers from my own money. In February 2007 we participated in our first swim meet when some of my swimmers dropped like 15 seconds in the 100 free for example, Brian McKenna, 13 years old did 56.99 in 100 yard free while his time in last March was 1:13.20. Same thing happened to most of my swimmers to became

recognized as new strong team and new coach face with my famous very loud whistling to start our golden era in NY Metropolitan Swimming.

In 2008 my swimmer Thomas Lin. Brook 50/100/yards Backstroke and 50/100 yards butterfly for Metropolitan swimming and started to rank top 10 in the Country. In 2009 I got Timothy Ho and Alex Lin to be top 20 in the country too. Also, Boys' Clubs Executive Director Gave me award as employee of the year and gave me \$1000 prize. With Thomas, Timothy Ho, Alex Lin and their over 30 times top 20 in the country, I became ASCA level 3 age group Coach.

Then I added Yik Fung to this group of elite young swimmers Beside Rana Khan, Brian McKenna, Brendan McKenna, Eric Miou, Kyttoh Li, Nikolas Bucero, Arnold Luke, David Jiang, Denes Kan, and many others as elite older kids, we became one of the best age group boys in NY special in 50 and 100 all strokes! Then we start add girls to the team. We break records in our Metropolitan and ranked top 20. In 2009 also, we start adding girls to the team, not only boys club now! And we went for three years to Boys and Girl clubs, National Championships in Florida. In 2010 I was having over 10 Metropolitan swim records and my swimmers are all sprinters. And over 60 times my swimmers get top20 in the country, so, in 2010 I became ASCA level 4. In 2011 Brian made National, and set PSAL record for High School in NY city, which still until now in Boys 50 free in 20.62 seconds. David Jiang, Kyttoh Li, Brendan McKeena, Eric Moiu, Arnold Luke and Grace miou, made Junior Nationals and NCSA level. By 2012, Karim Metwaly make National too, and other 4 swimmers make junior national. And the total of my breaking records passes 60 Metropolitan records.



Family Swimming Center, Inc.

From 2007, I start teaching all swimmers' parents and anyone of their family, with free charges how to swim, and refining their strokes if they can swim. I did that by myself only, in each morning, Monday to Friday.

By 2008 many people around the pool area start coming to my morning classes. I stated charge them a little until they got crowded and I want it to be officially. In October 2008, I established my company Family Swimming Center Inc. for Teaching, Coaching Swimming, then by 2009 I rent the boys club pool in the morning and the Flushing Meadows pool on weekend to start making extra Good income.

Looking for A wife

In 2009 to 2012, I really tried to find a wife since my relationship with my wife was getting apart year after year. As a coach for over 80 swimmers, few single mothers were taking my attention! They all Asians. I went to many swim meets inside and outside NY and Canada while one or two of those three ladies always Comes with their kids to this traveling. One of them was too far to be a wife since we don't have anything in common. The other one that I still love her a lot as a real friend, she liked me a lot but she said we came from different civilization and in China, they have a lot of habits that I can't accept it, like they not believe in God, eat everything, or they are very close to their relatives the way I will not like it, etc.

But the third one was the craziest one I ever met!

A Millionaire woman

She is beautiful, she is crazy, attractive, she was millionaire too! She needs me as her man, her driver, her bodyguard, her kids' teacher, her kid's God father, and her secret boyfriend! But not as a husband!

While I just need her to be my wife!

We went China and South Korea for 5 weeks, staying in 5 stars hotels, driving Mercedes Benz last model. Once upon a time she gave me \$16,000.00 in my hand and said that was the investment of lending somebody \$100,000.00, so I just took it after she insist. A lot of these situations, paying my bills, my rent, anything I need, but I just need a wife. For 2.5 years then when I found out that there is no marriage, I have to get out from her life forever.

Quitting the Boys' Club, and ABBE Swim Team

In the beginning of the 2011, Boys Club hired an assistant building director at Abbe clubhouse. This guy from the first week in his new job, started creating many problems with me, beginning from his willing to cancel the girls swim team, then the whole USA swim team, finishing by asking me to wear a uniform for work!

All that start when he saw my Millionaire girlfriend, and saw how much everyone at the club was like and respect me. He got Jealous.

At the same time, I just refused everything he said to me, and frankly, I told him in front of everybody, that you don't have any idea how hard we build this team in last 5 years! To be in this level of competition not only in Metropolitan but also, we started to be recognized nationally!

And this team is the best thing ever happened to the boys' club since it exists in 1879! I told him also that he is wrong, and I prefer to resining before you miss up with our great swim team.

This guy just bothers me and the team, every day he used to put pressure on me until I just told the director that I am leaving, as soon as you guys find new aquatic director. From that day I give this stupid guy a nick name as A-whole! Because every one at the building said that about him, but they all said that not in front of him, except me, as soon I get into the club I say: hi everyone, how are you? How is the A whole with loud sound to be sure that he heard me? I really don't like all this atmosphere! And count down the days to quit!

Chapter 12

CHAPTER 12. MY OWN SWIM TEAM NCAC 2011-2018

Nile Crocodile Aquatic Club NCAC

In August 2011 at Nationals, Coach Brian Brown and I, were talking about leaving Boys Club and making my own new team! I asked him to help me find a name for the team. And with his help, I decided to have NCAC as Nile Crocodile Aquatic Club to be my own new swim team.

In November 2011 I started my own swim team when I officially took all the 75 swimmers, boys and girls from Abbe Swim team and transfer all of them to my new team NCAC. And I rent Corona Park Aquatic Center, the 25 meters pool, for 8 times a week, Monday to Friday 6:00-7:30 AM, Fridays and Sunday 4-6 pm, plus Wednesday 8:30-10 pm. My Life became very good. The team grew to 90 swimmers in just few weeks, but many parents asking me for having more pm practices.

After a lot of tries, I found that the diving coach didn't use 2 lanes on Mondays and Tuesdays, So, I rent the two lanes on Mondays and Tuesdays too, and after negotiation I also rent 4 lanes in pool one the shallow side on Saturday and Sunday morning.

Now I have a lot of hours at the pool during the 7 days of the week, for teaching, coaching and making swim clinic each two months on Sundays 4-7 pm. What a successful business and flowing in money.

My team looks strong, my swimmers ranked in Metro, they all are sprinters, we having a lot of records in our local swimming committee (MR), and I started running USA short course swim meets almost each month. My dream came true I became famous and I start have some enemies!

Enemies of Me!

The diving coach at Flushing Meadows Corona Park, was the one who hates me most! Why? The story with him started after I rent the two lanes on Mondays and Tuesdays 5:30-7:30 pm. My team growing, I need more time at the pool, no body uses those two lanes, so, I rent them, Simple like this for me.

For the Diving Coach; my swimmers are too many kids, they bothering him walking around while he is coaching, or sometimes my swimmers swim or stay for few seconds in his area- but far away from the diving boards- my loud whistling, and my very loud voices are too much for him, plus almost every one at the pool swimmers, members, lifeguards, employees are my friends and they all like me and vice -versa, I love all of them! On the other hand, almost no one likes him, he is a trouble maker!

First Clash with the Diving Coach

After we both finished one of our practices on one of Mondays, the Diving coach asked me if I have a minute? I said sure and we set behind the diving board to talk. I wish if he said to me to control my swimmers or lower my voice and my whistling, but He said to me the craziest thing I can ever imagine!

He said that I am stealing his logo! His team Color, not only one time but also 10 times, and I have to change my team shirt color or he will complain to Metropolitan Swimming, the pool director and USA Swimming.

I chocked! And I told him are you serious? He said yes and he is very upset and I have to change my team color because that green color belongs to him. Again! I told him:

First, I never knew his logo or his color since he has only 5-8 girls coming with absolutely different swim suits; colors, no swim caps, and they all very close to my swimmers!

Second, I had before I use this pool three different colors for the t-shirts, and every season I design an interesting swim caps for my team plus the original one to keep my team excited.

Third, you are crazy if you think that I look at you or your team during my practice, these are my best 2 hours in my life, so I only see my swimmers in those hours, never see what you or your team are wearing or doing!

Fourth, I am not going to change anything, and I make myself didn't have this stupid conversation.

Finally go complain to all those people and complain to God too, I don't give a Shit.

Series of Diving Coach' Hysterical Emails

This diving coach starts a series of Emails to complain about me and my swimmers almost one or two each month! Sometimes 2 pages, sometime 11 pages of Cursing, Fabrications, and Complaining. Not only the emails, but also talking to his divers' parents, lifeguards, the building director, the park and recreation coordinator and even the commissioner herself. The funny thing that no one believed him for a once! How do I know? Simply the building director is my friend!

Not only that, but he also always comes behind me and curse with low vice like Ass-whole, or thief, or nice color, or nice shoes etc. with his crazy point of view! From 2012 to January 14 2019!!!! You believe that, he never stopped!

I will get back to him later, in order of the events.

My Second Divorce

After I got my citizenship in 2008, and start long journey to bring my wife Dr. Zizi and our two kids Sara, and Mostafa. I did all the paperwork almost in 2011, but my wife instead of coming to the state, she went with the kids to work in other Arab country for year or more. So, all the paper for their admissions and the fees gone with the wind. In 2013 I did it again, and this time my daughter came by herself, and my wife promised to come after one year when Mostafa our son finishes his middle school. Anyway. In 2015, she came and my son too, but she didn't like being here at the state at all, she decided to go back Egypt, and the kids stay with me in USA, and she asked for the divorce. We got divorce and almost a year later in September 2016 I get married for my third time.

My Third Marriage

The pool coordinator at Corona Park was a lady who younger than me 26 years. She was very close to me not only in work and as a friend but also, we rent a big house together in 2014 Just few months before my wife came to the state in 2015. This young lady lives upstairs in one big room and bathroom by herself, and me and my two kids live in first floor. We share with her the same kitchen in first floor. So, when my wife met her, she likes her a lot, but she also thought that it might I am in relationship with this young lady! I was not yet. Anyway, by being official single again, after divorce, I have the right to get married, I asked my kids, about remarried from this beautiful young lady, they agreed. We went to Egypt together to get married there and of course Because she wanted to see the pyramids and ride a camel.

Splitting from My Third Marriage

Things happened and our marriage didn't work! After we have two beautiful baby girls (Laila 4 years now, and Noor be three years on October 2020), we spit, she moved to another house and left me in a big house by myself and older daughter Sara only. Anyway, me and my split wife are doing great now, as a good friend, but not a wife and husband. We splitting on July 2018

Moving to Smaller House

Luckily, I found another smaller house nearby and have only two rooms, one for me and one for my big daughter. We moved to the new house by the end of August 2018.

No Feeding to the Team from Younger swimmers

In 2018 many bad things start to come together to effect on my swim team negatively! By running 6 swim meets and Bronze Championships each year, running swim clinics each month or two, running 12 time trials a year, and traveling with the elite swimmers out of NY, all these things make me have not enough time to take care of the 12 and under swimmers. At the same time, over 30 of my best Senior swimmers graduated from High School and leaving NY for the colleges. Add to all that, having two babies from my third marriage and take care of them like a full time baby sitter! 10 hours a day. Plus, the fact that I didn't have time for little ones in my team, I also didn't have good assistant coaches to take care of younger swimmers, As an expected result, the team getting smaller! I have only 35 swimmers by the end of June 2018.

We are Going to Lose the Pool Rental Contract

I heard from my splitting wife- the building assistant Director- that sooner the park and recreation will kick all the renters out! My team, diving team, LaGuardia swim team, Eddies Group, Swim Strong, Gateway Swim Team, and some other rental too! So, I have to look for an alternative way to keep the team swimming and provide another swimming pool! Luckily, Gateway swim team was looking for a head coach, I knew that they have other 4 locations in Queens and long island

So, I got a plan that I can merge my team with their team together in one team when I became a head coach for both teams. And it happened. On September first, 2018, I became the head coach for both teams, with over 115 USA swimmers and another 25-30 kids who are not USA swimmers. During September 2018 to the end of December 2018 everything was great! Until the problem with the Diving coach get to the point of no retreat or surrender!

Increased my Psychological Pressures

Spending a lot of hours to babysitter 5 or 6 days a week, loosing the pool soon and looking for other available pool nearby, looking for a partner to help me financially renting a new pool, running meets and time trials, and going other swim meets almost every weekend, plus loosing 50% of my incoming plus increasing the harassment from the diving coach now more than ever after I became coaching for two teams and coming more to the pool than before, which make him get crazy hated me.

Chapter 13

CHAPTER 13. WORSE YEAR IN MY LIFE “2019”

Fighting with Diving Coach

January 14th, 2019

Again, diving coach supposed to leave the pool after he ends his work by 7:30 pm. I show up 7:28 pm and try to avoid being on the pool until he leaves, so, I can start quietly!

7:30 now, he didn't leave yet, pretending that he clean after his practice, I came and start my practice by asking my two assistant swim coach to start the warm up, and because the diving coach still on deck, I just walk away from the diving area waiting until he leave.

7:45 now, he still back forward me and cursing me with whispering, I ignore it as usual.

7:50 he came back and push my chair behind my back going to the diving area for sexist time now for no reason while I am facing the pool coaching my team. My wife called me in my phone to leave the practice now because one of my daughters get favor 104 and she need me to meet her at the hospital close to the pool where we were leaving near my former house. In this moment I was taking little fast few stepping back to avoid the swimmers' splashing to my face and my phone! I found this coach behind my back and put his hand on one shoulder and bush me! Automatically, I pushed him by both hands hard so he lost his balance and because we were to close his hand while he failing hit my face, so I hit him back for two or three seconds! He failed on floor pretending that he hit by a bus or so! While he on the floor he Called the police!

I told him get away man from my face, why you still here until 8 o'clock! Then I left the pool to meet my wife and the babies at the hospital, while I am driving, my wife asked me to go to her home directly, because they didn't go to hospital since temperature went to 103! Anyway, I continue driving to her new house and take care of two girls with her, then I told her what just happened!

Law Case Against Me

Second day I found many people at the pool- all are my friends- calling me that the diving coach press a law case against me that I hit him without any reason! And brook three ribs in his chest bone!!!!!!

Anyway, I made few calls and get a lawyer to help me in case the police will come to arrest me.

Short talking, the case starts on January 16, and ended by July 31, almost 7 months. And the case was closed as no convicted, and no case in my records.

I promised all my former NCAC team member to contact them after my case finished to start over with them in other pool!

During this period:

- I Went to court every 6 weeks,**
- I Paid to the lawyer over \$10,000.00**
- I became not allowed to go pool, or coaching my teams any more.**
- USA swimming put my permit to coach or run meets on hold but allowed me temporary to keep going until the case will be ended So.**
- I have no work, and no income!**
- I have to pay monthly: house rental for \$2,000.**
- I have to pay work insurance, life insurance, and car insurance total of \$750.00**
- I have to pay my car financial \$662.00, and gas \$150.00**
- I have to pay Phones and Cable \$400.00**
- I have to pay child support for my two younger girls \$1,000.00**
- I have to spend on my two big kids' college expenses about \$750.00**
- I have to pay my house utility over \$400.00**
- and My dog and my cat food for almost \$100.00**
- And over a \$1,200.000 for our house supplies and food for myself, big daughter, big son when he comes each weekend from studying in PA, plus the two little girls while I am a babysitter for them, plus the 6 credit cards payment about \$950.00**

- Plus the student loan for my son at PA institute over \$48,000.00 but its on him not me, I am just co-signing.

The total amount that I have to spend each month, from February to September 2019 = over \$8,362.00 plus the \$10,000.00 for the lawyer!

In 7 months, I spent about \$65,000.00

I was saving about \$22,000.00 in my bank accounts, and \$11,000.00 investment in BOA, plus, I spent also \$8,500.00 from my retirement program from former 6 years working at the Boys Club of NY. I also get two loans of \$10,000 to surviving!

Didn't Find a Partner To rent a new pool

It was a very difficult to find a swimming pool in Queens, but because of my reputation and a lot of people in the field knew me, I find a wonderful pool at York College! New innovation 6 lane pools with good block starts but very expensive comparing to my former pool at Flushing Meadows Corona Park, plus hard to find a park in this area!

I need a partner who can help me to start over my new team, and I need to start with at least 40 swimmers with payment a head in full for about \$2,000.00 or \$2,400.00 in three payment (each 4 months \$800).

So, I contact my former swimmers by email since swim season is already done and many of them are in vacation all over the world, So, the email is the best way to let them know I am free, and I found pool and give them the option if they want come back with me again in my NCAC.

Almost another Case

It is against USA Swimming rules that coach from other team to contact other swimmers in not his/her team by email or text or phones, it is not allowed to recruit swimmers from another team.

Although, they were in my NCAC for 2-6 years until I merged my team with other team in September 2018, then I let them to sign up all to other team while I am having my court case.

Anyway, I didn't find a partner and I contacted my Local Swimming Committee and promised that I will not have a new team for at least next 6 month.

Bankruptcy and Leave the Country

Depressing, frustration, anger, poor, in dept, no work, no income, and dying for quick change. I applied for Head swim coach position in and out the united states of America

Going through all options, praying to my God to take me out of this situation. I need a miracle or dream of one!

I had many calls interviewing, most of them said that I am over qualified for this job, or they are looking for residents from the same state or even the city.

I almost get the head coach position in Bahamas, and Bangladesh. I was strongly candidate for those both locations, but as number two!

Also, many team in California and Florida contacted me but again, I am over qualified.

In September I decide to go to check with Arab countries like Saudi Arabia, United Arab Emirates, Kuwait, Qatar, and Egypt....

After many contacting, emails, calls I got a job in my country Egypt but not a Head coach for big team! It was just a principle for Learning to swim program.

In that time I was already applied for Bankruptcy! And I have to wait in USA until I get red of my all depts and start over.

Being not a head swim coach after all my career is very difficult for me.

In my age 60 years, my experience 41 years, my level, Barcelona Olympic Game, and my Education Masters degree, plus my achievement as swim books, over 50 Metropolitan Swimming records, run swim 12 swim meets in 2019 for USA swimming and the Bronze Championships. I also still own the NCAC swim team NO, NO, NO, I can not go back to Egypt like a defeated person.

Chapter 14

CHAPTER 14. NEW SETTLEMENT, BRONX, MT. VERNON, 2019/2020

Find a New Job at Bronx New Settlement Community Center

At the same time in September 2019, New Settlement Community Center hired me as head coach, although I am over qualified for them but the Executive Director for the company convinced about what I can do for them.

As soon I got the job at the Community Center, it reminded me with what I did at the boys' club of NY in 2006 when I got that job. Building a team from scratching is my favorite challenging, then taking them to next level, and keep going until you build a team that can break records in this city or country. It makes me feel the power of knowledge, experiences, and expectation of achievements and successes.

From October 2019 to end of February 2020,

- I grew the number of participants from 11 to 41.**
- Run 4 swim clinics and bring national level swimmers in those clinics to perform for my team.**
- Make the pool certified to run USA official time trials and dual swim meets.**
- Make our New Settlement Swim team as USA swim team.**
- And help all team members to improve their levels and times.**
- And two of the swimmers made Junior Olympics while 5 other swimmers made Silver level.**

Moving from Queens to Bronx

The only problem to work at Bronx is the expenses that I will have to face it every day which are, toll fees from Queens to Bronx \$10.00 and from Bronx to back to my house in Queens \$10.00, plus gas about another \$12.00, and three out of five days I don't find free parking, so I have to pay another \$12.00

And that was other reason to leave NY and look for a job in different state or different country!

Thanks God, my dear the Center Director Mr. Jimi, as soon as he knew my problem with these extra expenses, he found next day a room for me in Bronx that will save me \$40.00 each day...thanks God, and thanks Jimi.

So, I decided not to leave NY and accept the new challenge to build up a new promising swim team.

CAPTER 15

CHAPTER 15. COVID 19, MY WORKOUT, MY BOOKS, MY ZOOM MEETINGS

My Early Responded Virtual Work-out

On March 16th, on Face book I made three videos for wor-kout with Cord Bands, Medicine Balls and body weight. I don't think that any other coaches post on Face book or even on there own websites any workout in this time. And I call it KEEP IN SHAPE.



Not only on the face book but also, send it over to our team chat channel on the WhatsApp to my all swimmers.

On March 18 at the last day for us at the center, I get a permission from my building director to give away 15 of my cord bands and 10 of my medicine balls to the swimmers, so they can have it during this pandemic to workout and stay in shape. In addition to that distributing and video workout, in May, we decide to make Monday to Friday 30-45 minute virtual work out with me through the Zoom chat to all of our New Settlement Swimmers.

Continuing to our care of our swimmers in this hard time, we also decide to make three one hour technique to fix our swimmers' style in all strokes by collecting high quality videos from the internet and share it with our swimmers and ask them to try to copy that styles on the air not in water.

Writing a Swim Book

I was asking by the building director, Mr. Jimi to offer hand outs for our assistant coaches as part of my job to educate the staff. But because the more time that most of us have it during the pandemic and of course because of my abilities to write swim books, I decide to author a book that include not only coaching materials, but also teaching classes, how to be a swim coach, how to make USA swim team, and talking about the best resources that anyone in swimming field can find as part of education plus chapter for better communication. I just finished that book on May 14th, 2020 and send it to editing since my English is the second languages.

In May 15th also I sent a hard copy to my Director to have all information that he asked me and more to be good references to the center and for upcoming seasons and new assistant coaches.

In that book also, I collected over 130 tips from swim coaches, professors, USA officials, Parents and Sports Administrators from many countries.



This Book, and Me

I tried to collect my life stories or most of them in one book many times before. I feel like my unique lifestyle and the amount of challenges that I faced in my 60 years old it could be like a reference to my little girls that they always can go back to read it to know their father better, I am 60 years old now and my little once are four and three years old.

I knew that ages in the God hands, but logically I will be gone while they are still too young. So, I hope that this book can represent me any time they want know about their dad and when they miss me special after I will be history.

Thanks to:

- My God who gave me everything I asked him to have.
 - My parents, who gave me my life in 1960.
 - My dad who I inherited from him the love of traveling, culture, courageous to take decisions, and the adventure all his life with us.
 - My three wives for giving birth to my absolutely 6 wonderful children who became very valuable persons to me, to their moms and to their communities.
 - Fawzi Ashoosh who helps me to get in PE college in 1978.
 - For Dr. Magdy Mansour "RIP" who put my feet in that swimming field in 1979.
 - For Mohamed and Naser el Baraka in KSA for standing with me always from 1987 to 1993.
 - Dr. Gamal Hamada, my Dean at Sadat City who believe in me 1993-2000.
 - Mia Hindrell and Marc Sferrazza from Eastern Athletic Club 2001-2006
 - Naomi Abend who open the door for me to coach Brooklyn College in 2002.
 - Ron Britt who believe and support me at Boys' Club in 2006 until now.
 - USA Swimming, ASCA, Guy Edson, Metropolitan Swimming for helping to grow.
 - Michael Gonzalez at Mark Twain pool where I run my swim meets.
 - Wendy Martinez at Lehman College, my meets director and life savior.
 - Jack Doyle the executive Director at New Settlement Community Center for hiring me.
 - My dear friend Jimi Orekoya, our center director at New Settlement, for finding apartment for me, and for his continuing help and supporting.
 - My sister Hanaa Shokry, for her helping and assistant for me when I need it.
 - And finally, thanks to Kiki hatziantoniou for being wonderful parent, and useful friend, and Moran Family for their supporting and helping.
- Thank you all so much, may God Bless you and bring joy and happiness for all of you who still a life, Or RIP for the one who gone to the other world!