

Novel

The Farfata Theory

Youssef Al-Nasr

ISBN: 978-977-8957-76-1

Hello, American citizen,

You are special. You are beautiful. For a long time, we, the people of the Third World, have looked up to you with admiration, seeing you as the embodiment of a perfect life—one without problems, without suffering, without pain. We believed you lived in a world full of opportunities, where everything was possible, where every dream could come true.

But reality is different.

I have come to realize that beneath this brilliance, many of you suffer in silence. Depression, loneliness, a sense of being lost—these are monsters that devour countless souls, pushing many to the edge, to the thought of ending their own lives. I have seen it, I have felt it, and I have come to understand that pain has no nationality, and suffering knows no borders.

That is why I bring you this novel.

"The Theory of Farfata" was first published in Egypt in 2023, and it was more than just a story—it was a lifeline. Over the course of a year and a half, these words have helped save hundreds of lives from suicide. And today, on March 12, 2025—my 27th birthday—I have decided to share this experience with you in your own language, making it freely available to all. Because this is not just a novel; it is a message, and perhaps... a second chance.

The novel has already achieved great success in Arabic, and I am certain it will have an even greater impact in your hands.

This is not just a story about suicide. It is a story about life, about pain, and about the hope that emerges when we think it is lost.

Welcome to "The Theory of Farfata."

Youssef Al-Nasr

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce myself. I am Dr. Sherif... well, just Sherif, actually.

Wait, did you just wake up, Dr. Genius?"

"Nah, that was my brother. You know, family always gives you that much-needed boost of positivity. Anyway, back to me. Born and raised in Cairo, I studied psychology at Cairo University and—by some miracle—graduated with a 'barely-passing' grade. I wanted to pursue higher studies, but unfortunately, fate had other plans. So, I decided to open my own clinic. And let me tell you, business is booming! My most loyal clients? A handful of flies keeping me company. Bless them."

"But today, my friends, history is about to be made. The world will remember this moment. Today, I launch my groundbreaking theory—The Theory of Frafata! We must all embrace 'Frafata' because Frafata is the answer!"

"Sherif!"

"Yes, Mom?"

"Go check on your aunt. Her teeth are killing her."

"See? No one in my family takes me seriously as a psychologist. To them, I'm just a doctor for whatever random pain they have. But let's get back on track."

"What is The Theory of Frafata, you ask? It's simple. I have created a device—a revolutionary invention! It allows people who want to die to choose their preferred method of death. No more outdated techniques! No more boring old hanging, wrist-slashing, or overdosing on rat poison. It's time to innovate!"

"I even put out an ad, and today, 20 people have signed up to be part of history. The only requirements? First, they must have a specific method of death in mind—no indecisiveness allowed! Second, they need a valid reason to die. I mean, come on, if we let anyone in just because they had a bad day, we'd never keep up with demand!"

"And so, here we are. 20 lucky participants, ready to Frafata! Among them, we have five women, one child, two elderly men, and 12 young men between 15 and 30."

"Alright, everyone, settle down! There's no need for all this chaos. You're just 20 people, and I promise, you'll all get your turn. But let's be

efficient—before you step inside, have your preferred method of death ready. If you're unsure, don't worry! We've prepared a list of the most efficient and stylish ways to go. Pick one before entering. Also, your reason for dying must be serious—no silly excuses allowed! Now, let's get started. Khaled, bring them in one by one."

"Khaled: Got it, Doc. Alright, Mr. Faheem, you're up first."

"Dr. Sherif: So, Mr. Faheem, what's troubling you?"

"Mr. Faheem: Son, my problem is simple—I have no value."

"Dr. Sherif: What do you mean? How can you say that?"

"Mr. Faheem: I worked hard all my life. I raised my kids, provided for them, educated them. And now? They threw me away like an old shoe. No one calls, no one visits, except for the occasional check-in to see if I'm still breathing."

"Dr. Sherif: When was the last time you saw your children, Mr. Faheem?"

Fahim: Nine months ago, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: And in all those nine months, not a single visit?

Fahim: Son, they're all too busy chasing their futures. Time is money for them now. But you know what hurts the most? Raising a tree, watering it every day, nurturing it, only to watch it grow tall and provide shade for itself alone.

Dr. Sherif: And your grandchildren? Surely they come to visit. They say grandchildren are even dearer than one's own children.

Fahim: Oh, how I long to see them, to hold them, to watch them run around the house, filling it with laughter. But my own kids won't let me see them. They claim the kids are always busy with school, as if studying is all that matters in life. They forget—what goes around comes around. One day, they'll be old too. A father should be treated like a son when he grows old. I'm not a blanket or a winter coat to be taken out once a year. I'm a human being, made of flesh and blood. I need someone to check on me, to give me my medicine on time, to bring me water when I'm thirsty at night. And when I die... I want someone to notice.

Dr. Sherif: Is that why you're here today, Fahim?

Fahim: The moment I saw your ad, I knew this was my chance. If I die here, at least you'll bury me. I won't have to wait until the neighbors smell my rotting corpse before my children come to claim me. That's my only wish—bury me the moment I pass. Here's the key to my family tomb. Don't tell them I'm dead. It won't matter to them anyway.

Dr. Sherif: I'll do as you ask. How do you want to go?

Fahim: Any way is fine, son. No death could be worse than this life. But if I had a choice... I want to die like a lion. Let a lion devour me.

Dr. Sherif: As you wish. Take this pill, step inside the machine, and in ten minutes, you'll be at peace.

Fahim: Just as I asked, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: Alright. Khaled, start the process. Fahim, any last words?

Fahim: Come here, my lion... Ahh... Ahhh... Ahhh...

Dr. Sherif: Why the tears? This is what you wanted. Rest in peace, old man. Khaled, bring in the next patient. Wait until the lion finishes, then take what's left and bury him.

Khaled: Got it, Doctor. Abdulrahman, you're next.

Dr. Sherif: And why are you calling him by his full name? Bring him in.

(Abdulrahman enters.)

Dr. Sherif: So, what's your reason for wanting to die?

Abdulrahman: I want to see my mother.

Dr. Sherif: I see. Is she... deceased?

Abdulrahman: I killed her.

Dr. Sherif: ...What?

Abdulrahman: I was high, Doctor. I didn't know what I was doing.

Dr. Sherif: Start from the beginning.

Abdulrahman: I was a top student in college, studying information systems. One day, a guy from my neighborhood asked me to recover his hacked social media account. He said he'd give me something nice in return. It was easy—I got his account back. And then, he handed me a little package. When I opened it, I found hash. I thought, "Why not try it? What's the worst that could happen?" And honestly... it felt amazing.

The next day, another guy came with a similar problem. I fixed it, got another package. Before I knew it, I had a reputation. People started

calling me a hacker. I cracked WiFi passwords, hacked accounts, all for the same reward—another package.

Then, I got hired by a real company. A legitimate job with a real salary. But my paycheck wasn't enough to support my habit. So, after work, I went back to hacking on the side. One day, I landed a job that paid half a kilo of hash. I thought, "This is it. I've made it. This will last me two weeks—no more hacking necessary."

I hid the stash in my room, but my mother knew. She always knew. She called a rehab center, and before I realized what was happening, they took me away. I spent three months in treatment. Three months of hell. But I got clean. I came home determined to change.

But then... the stash was still there. The temptation was too strong. "Just a little," I thought. "One hit." But when I smoked it, it wasn't the same. It didn't feel as good as before. That's when I realized—I wasn't addicted to the high. I was addicted to the destruction.

I thought I had left it behind. I really did. But addiction is a sly whisperer, nudging at the back of your mind until you give in. And I did. Not only did I relapse, but I doubled my intake, chasing that first high that once made everything feel weightless. The stash I had? Gone in no time. I dug into my savings, then my paycheck, but it was never enough. Desperation set in, and I went back to hacking—my old gig—just to finance the habit.

But even that wasn't cutting it. My tolerance had skyrocketed. No matter how much I got, it was never enough. So I started selling off things at home—the expensive ones that wouldn't be missed at first.

My mom's jewelry, my dad's old watch... piece by piece, I fed my addiction. Until there was nothing left.

Then I turned to my phone. And hers. I pawned them both and fed her some lie about taking them in for repairs. The next day, I told her they got stolen. She believed me, or maybe she just wanted to.

But I wasn't done. I convinced her to pull money from the bank to buy me a new phone—told her it was for work, for my image. She withdrew a decent amount, and the second I got my hands on it, I blew it all on a stash that lasted two months. Every time she asked about the phone, I made up some excuse—the company didn't have it in stock, it was on backorder, shipping delays.

Then, of course, I ran out again.

I told her she had to withdraw more money the next day. That's when she looked at me, really looked at me, and said, "You're using again, aren't you?"

I snapped. I screamed at her, told her I didn't care. Told her I needed the money.

And then she slapped me.

Maybe that should've been my wake-up call. Maybe it should've knocked some sense into me.

But instead, I lost control. My mind went blank, my hands moved on their own. I grabbed a knife from the kitchen and—

I don't even remember how it happened. One moment she was standing there, the next... she was on the floor. But she wasn't

screaming. She wasn't even trying to fight back. She just looked at me... and smiled.

That smile has never left me. It haunts me.

I would give anything—everything—just to see her again. Just for a few seconds. But she's gone. And I can't bring her back.

So I have to go to her.

Dr. Sharif: *What do you mean by "go to her," Abdelrahman?*

Abdelrahman: *When they arrested me, the judge looked me dead in the eyes and said, "If I lock you up, I'd be doing you a favor. But I want you to suffer." He gave me six months for drug possession. But for the murder? He let me walk.*

I wish he'd sentenced me. I wish he'd put me away forever. Hell, I wish he'd given me the death penalty. Anything would've been better than living with this.

Do you know what it's like to have heaven right in front of you, and then slam the door shut yourself?

Mothers... they're everything. They love you more than anyone ever will. They worry about you. They call you just to check in. And I... I killed mine.

Doctor, I need you to end this. Burn me. Slowly. I don't want an easy way out. I want to suffer. I deserve it.

Dr. Sharif: *The machine's ready, Khaled?*

Khaled: *Yeah, doc. It's ready.*

Dr. Sharif: *Take this pill, Abdelrahman. Then step inside. This is how you want to go, right?*

Abdelrahman: *A man who kills his own mother doesn't deserve mercy. Set me on fire, doc. Make it slow. If there's even a speck of me left untouched, burn it again.*

Dr. Sharif: *Any last words?*

Abdelrahman: *Yeah... Mom, I'm coming. I'm so sorry. Please... please don't hate me.*

(Screams fill the room. Khaled watches in silence.)

Khaled: *You okay, doc?*

Dr. Sharif: *No. Bring in the next one.*

(Khaled opens the door.)

Khaled: *Come on in, buddy.*

Dr. Sharif: *Well, hello there. What's your name?*

Boy: *Boodi.*

Dr. Sharif: *Nice to meet you, Boodi. Your mom know you're here?*

Boodi: *No. And don't tell her.*

Dr. Sharif: *Alright, I won't. How'd you hear about us?*

Boodi: *I found a flyer on the street. Read it. Came here.*

Dr. Sharif: *How old are you, Boodi?*

Boodi: *Nine.*

Dr. Sharif: *Third grade, huh?*

Boodi: *Yeah.*

Dr. Sharif: *Why are you here, kid? You know suicide is wrong, right? That it makes God sad?*

Boodi: *Then why are you doing it?*

(Dr. Sharif falls silent.)

Dr. Sharif: *Smart kid. I... I didn't have someone to tell me it was wrong when I was your age. But I'm telling you now—this isn't the answer.*

Boodi: *Don't worry, I don't want to grow up. I just want to die.*

Dr. Sharif: *Why, Boodi? Why don't you want to grow up? You could be anything—doctor, engineer, police officer, TV star...*

Boodi: *No. I just want to die.*

Dr. Sharif: *Why?*

Boodi: *I just do. Please, mister. Kill me.*

(Dr. Sharif exhales, rubbing his temples. The room feels colder now.)

Dr. Sharif: *Listen, kid, I can't let you go through with this unless I know why you want to die. That's the rule. You tell me, or it's off the table. So?*

Boodi: *Okay, but you have to promise not to tell my mom, my dad, or Miss Rajaa.*

Dr. Sharif: *I promise. And to prove I'm serious, I'll get you a watermelon-flavored lollipop. Khaled!*

Khaled: *Yeah, Doc?*

Dr. Sharif: *Go grab a watermelon lollipop for Boodi.*

Boodi: *Apple.*

Dr. Sharif: *Make that apple, Khaled.*

Khaled: *Right, Doc. But we're running a daycare now or what?*

Dr. Sharif: *Alright, Boodi, my little champ. Tell me—what's got you feeling like this?*

Boodi: *My friends at school. And the teachers too.*

Dr. Sharif: *Why? What's happening?*

Boodi: *They make fun of how I look, Uncle.*

Dr. Sharif: *How so? What do they say?*

Boodi: *They say I'm ugly. They make fun of my shoes. And when I try to play soccer with them, they tell me I suck and make me stand in goal. And when school ends—*

Khaled: *Here you go, Doc. Got two lollipops since I didn't have change.*

Dr. Sharif: *Great. Give 'em here. Alright, Boodi, one for you and one for me. Mmm, tastes great, huh?*

Boodi: *Yeah, it's good.*

Dr. Sharif: *Now tell me—what happens when you leave school?*

Boodi: *They call me fat. They call me a loser. Sometimes they hit me and run. I try to chase them, but I'm too slow.*

Dr. Sharif: *Have you told your teacher?*

Boodi: *Miss Rajaa makes fun of me too.*

Dr. Sharif: *What does she say?*

Boodi: *She says my hair is long enough to wash her dishes with. And when I get answers wrong in class, she calls me a fat cow.*

Dr. Sharif: *What about your dad? Did you ask him to come to school with you?*

Boodi: *Dad's not home.*

Dr. Sharif: *I know he's at work, buddy. But why not tell him when he gets back?*

Boodi: *Mom says Dad isn't coming back.*

Dr. Sharif: *Why? Did he... pass away?*

Boodi: *No. He's at his mom's house. He and Mom had a fight.*

Dr. Sharif: *Do they fight a lot?*

Boodi: *Every day. Until one day, he left and never came back.*

Dr. Sharif: *Has it been a long time?*

Boodi: *Yeah.*

Dr. Sharif: *What about your mom? Did you tell her what's happening at school?*

Boodi: *I did. She told me to cut my hair—said if I did, no one would make fun of me anymore. But I love my hair, Uncle.*

Dr. Sharif: *Your hair's great, kid. So you never tried asking her again? Pushing her to come with you?*

Boodi: *She was always too busy with the divorce. She told Miss Rajaa instead, and Miss Rajaa hit me and told me never to bring it up again.*

Dr. Sharif: *Do you even know what divorce means, Boodi?*

Boodi: *No, Uncle. But Mom said she'd come to school after it's over.*

Dr. Sharif: *Alright, buddy, here's the deal—I'll come with you to school tomorrow. I'll make sure Miss Rajaa never hits you again, and your classmates stop messing with you. Sound good? Or do you still want to go through with this?*

Boodi: *No, I still want to die, Uncle.*

Dr. Sharif: *Final answer?*

Boodi: *Yeah.*

Dr. Sharif: *You sure? No take-backs?*

Boodi: *I'm sure.*

Dr. Sharif: *Khaled, get the machine ready.*

Khaled: *But Doc... he's just a kid.*

Dr. Sharif: *Death doesn't care about age, Khaled. Now, Boodi, how do you want to go?*

Boodi: *I want to die with dirt. Throw dust in my face until I breathe it in and choke, Uncle.*

Dr. Sharif: *Dirt won't kill you, kid. How about water? Just kidding. Here, take this pill. Any last words?*

Boodi: *Tell my dad I wanted the light-up sneakers.*

Dr. Sharif: *I'll tell him, buddy. Anything else?*

Boodi: *No, Uncle.*

Dr. Sharif: *Drown him, Khaled.*

Khaled: *What?! Are you insane? He's a child!*

Dr. Sharif: *And? Did I drag him here, or did he come on his own? Did I put this idea in his head? Now, get out. Bring in the next one. Goodbye, Boodi. I'll miss you.*

(Khaled sighs, shaking his head.)

Khaled: *Alright, Miss Hanan, come on in. Let's get this over with.*

Dr. Sharif: *Welcome, Hanan. Take a seat. A beautiful woman like you—what's making you want to die?*

Hanan: *They said if I don't do it myself, they'll do it for me.*

Dr. Sharif: *Who's "they"?*

Hanan: *I don't know. But they're here, Doctor. Can't you hear them?*

Dr. Sharif: *No. But tell me—what exactly are they saying?*

Hanan: *They say they're going to kill me. I have to die first.*

Dr. Sharif: *Alright, don't worry. I'll take care of it. But first—do you see them?*

Hanan: *No.*

Dr. Sharif: Why don't you just tell them you want to see them?

Hanan: No... I'm scared.

Dr. Sharif: Scared of what? You're going to die anyway.

Hanan: I'm afraid they'll kill me.

Dr. Sharif: And what difference does it make? Whether you do it yourself or they do it for you, the result is the same.

Hanan: No! I don't want them to kill me. I want to do it myself! I want to end it now! End it, Doctor! Please, kill me!

Dr. Sharif: Alright, but before you go, take this pill.

Hanan: Give it to me! Hurry, I just want to die!

Dr. Sharif: Sure. How do you want to go?

Hanan: Anything! Just make it quick!

Dr. Sharif: Don't you want to leave a message for anyone?

Hanan: No! I just want it to end! That voice... that awful voice! It's speaking again! Make it stop, Doctor! Please, I beg you!

Dr. Sharif: Set up the device, Khaled. She's going out by jumping off a high place—fast and efficient.

Hanan: Thank you, Doctor... ha... ha...

Dr. Sharif: Don't thank me. Fly away. Next! Khaled, bring in the next one. God help the few who are still left.

Khaled: Come in, Mr. Hassani.

Dr. Sharif: Have a seat, sir. Tell me, why do you want to end your life?

Hassani: I've become a burden to my family.

Dr. Sharif: A burden? How so?

Hassani: I'm old. I can't take care of myself anymore. My sons have to do everything for me. They feed me, bathe me, even take me to the bathroom. I can't do a thing on my own.

Dr. Sharif: But you got here on your own just fine. I don't see why this is worth dying over. You raised your children well, and now they're taking care of you. Seems fair to me.

Hassani: No, son. There are problems between my kids and their wives because of me. And I don't want to leave this world with people cursing my name, blaming me for ruining their lives before I go.

Dr. Sharif: What kind of problems?

Hassani: Money. That cursed thing ruins everything. Back in the '50s, money was scarce, and people still managed. A single dollar made you feel like a millionaire. People lived with less, and there was peace.

Dr. Sharif: So your problem is financial?

Hassani: My kids work hard, but they don't make much. My medication costs a fortune every month. I can't work to help them, and their wages barely cover their own families. They're sacrificing food from their own kids' mouths just to keep me alive. And for what? For an old man stuck in a wheelchair. Enough is enough. I can't keep doing this to them.

Dr. Sharif: Strange. Most people crave love and care. And you have it... yet you want to die.

Hassani: Love is a two-way street. I'm just taking; I'm not giving.

Dr. Sharif: If that's how you feel, how do you want to go?

Hassani: A gunshot. One clean bullet, and it's over.

Dr. Sharif: As you wish. Take this pill first. Any last words?

Hassani: Yes. Tell my sons... thank you for everything. And tell them... their father died proud of them.

Dr. Sharif: I'll let them know. Khaled, how many more do we have outside?

Khaled: Fifteen more cases, Doctor.

Dr. Sharif: Good. Bring in the next one.

Khaled: Should I reset the machine?

Dr. Sharif: No, I'll handle it myself for Mr. Hassani. Go ahead, bring in the next.

Khaled: Miss Farrah, you can come in.

Farrah: Hi! How are you, Doctor?

Dr. Sharif: And what brings you here? Too much happiness? Give me a second, Miss Farrah... Alright. Wow, your name fits you well—you light up the room.

Farrah: Oh, that's sweet of you, Doctor.

Dr. Sharif: You must be in the wrong place. The dentist's office is downstairs.

Farrah: No, Doctor. I'm in the right place. I came here to kill myself.

Dr. Sharif: The confidence in your voice doesn't exactly scream 'suicidal.'

Farrah: I know, right?

Dr. Sharif: So, what's the reason?

Farrah: Yesterday was my birthday.

Dr. Sharif: Oh! Well, happy belated birthday!

Farrah: You're the first person to say that. No one else remembered. Not my parents, not my siblings, not even my friends. It's like I don't exist.

Dr. Sharif: So you want to die because people forgot your birthday?

Farrah: It's not just that... It's the feeling of being invisible.

Dr. Sharif: But you just said some people do care about you.

Farrah: Yeah... but I need the world to notice me.

Dr. Sharif: So let me get this straight. You want to die... just to prove to people that you're alive?

Farrah: Exactly.

Dr. Sharif: Oh, for God's sake. Khaled, fire up the machine. I think I'm the one who needs to die now. I can't take this anymore. You want to

die so you can tell the world you exist?! I'm sorry, but that's some serious sci-fi nonsense, and I'm not qualified for that.

Farrah: No, Doctor! You don't understand! I want to *attempt* suicide.

Dr. Sharif: Lord, give me strength. You want to try but not succeed? What do you expect me to do? Bring in a stunt double to die for you?

Farrah: No, I just need a failed attempt.

Dr. Sharif: Ah, a *failed* suicide attempt. Now we're getting somewhere...

Dr. Sherif: Unfortunately, all my attempts are successful. Once someone decides, there's no turning back—zero failure rate.

Farah: So, you can actually make me die? And then they'll find out and feel bad for me, right?

Dr. Sherif: No one's gonna feel bad for you. In fact, after I help you end your life, your father and the government might even honor me for the great achievement.

Farah: Stop joking, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: You're the one joking, Farah. You're not serious about this at all.

Farah: No, I am, Doctor! I'm serious! I've even chosen how I want to die.

Dr. Sherif: Sorry, but we don't offer a "death by laughter" package here.

Farah: No, Doctor. I want to die in a car accident. I'll record a video beforehand, telling everyone how much I love them and how kind they

were to me. I'll say, "I'm just stepping out for a bit, I'll be back soon," just to see how much they really care. Then, one of those cars going at 90 km/h—those ones you know so well, Doctor—will hit me. I'll fly into the air, then crash down. But the ground has to be made of foam so I don't get hurt... just so I can die peacefully. Oh, and I need a hairstylist to straighten my hair with keratin. That way, when I get hit, my hair flows beautifully in the wind.

Dr. Sherif: Wouldn't you rather have Muhannad be the one driving?

Farah: Oh, that would be amazing, Doctor! I love him so much. We can make it "The Muhannad & Farah Accident" story.

Dr. Sherif: May God give me the strength to fulfill all your wishes. But honestly, this is way beyond my expertise. Listen, take these two pills. Actually, never mind—two won't do anything to you. You'll need the entire pack. And then, step into this machine.

Farah: What about my video, Doctor?

Dr. Sherif: The machine records videos automatically. Don't worry, just get in and say whatever you want. Anything else before you die?

Farah: Yeah, my phone is unlocked. I want you to take my video, post it online, and boost it with a paid ad—500 pounds. Make sure the whole world knows I'm gone.

Dr. Sherif: Finally! My first real accomplishment since I graduated. I've done humanity a favor. Ready, Farah?

Farah: Let's do this, Doctor!

Dr. Sherif: Do what? You think this is an amusement park, Farah?
[Turning to Khaled] Next! Please bring me someone rational, for God's sake.

Khaled: Up next—Mr. Wadie Dafallah.

Dr. Sherif: Welcome, Wadie! How's Egypt treating you?

Wadie: Hello, boss!

Dr. Sherif: Boss? No, I'm a doctor.

Wadie: Oh, I know! You're a great doctor. That's why I came to you—to end my life.

Dr. Sherif: And why do you want to die, Wadie?

Wadie: It's a long story, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: I've got time. Tell me.

Wadie: I lived in Sudan, happily playing with my beloved chicken. Then, a guy from Egypt told me about a job opportunity in Cairo. I was thrilled! I danced all the way here. I came to Cairo, to the historic Al-Muizz Street, and I fell in love with Egypt. I worked in Badr City and the capital, and I lived in Al-Mosky district.

Dr. Sherif: So far, this sounds like a great story. Why do you want to die?

Wadie: Because of you Egyptians! You people drive me crazy, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: So, you want to die just because of Egyptians? Nothing else?

Wadie: Well... there's one more thing.

Dr. Sherif: What is it?

Wadie: Migration, Doctor. In Sudan, I lived peacefully with my dear chicken. But here? This country is too crowded! How do you people even live like this? I can't handle it! And your questions... your questions make no sense. I once saw a car crash in Badr City, and an Egyptian guy said, "Oh no, an accident!" And I thought—wait, are they in mating season or something?

Dr. Sherif: ...Mating season?

Wadie: And why, Doctor, why do you people knock on bathroom doors when they're obviously occupied?

Dr. Sherif: To let the person inside know someone is waiting.

Wadie: But why, Doctor?! What is the person inside supposed to do? Invent teleportation? And why do Egyptians ask weird questions like "Do you love your mom or your dad more?" I'm a grown man, Doctor! Why is some random guy asking me that?!

Dr. Sherif: Anything else, Wadie?

Wadie: Oh, plenty! Why do you wake someone up just to ask, "Were you sleeping?" No, my friend, I was just rehearsing for a coma! And why, Doctor, why, when I ask an Egyptian a question, they answer with another question? Why not just answer me?!

Dr. Sherif: Wow, you really have a lot of built-up frustration with Egyptians.

Wadie: A whole lot, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: So, you want to die because of migration, cultural differences, and social interactions? That's all?

Wadie: No, Doctor. Also—racism. Egyptians are very racist towards Sudanese people.

Dr. Sherif: That's not true! We love you! Egypt and Sudan were one country once!

Wadie: That was in the past, Doctor. But now, you Egyptians have become really tough on Sudanese people.

Dr. Sherif: Anything else you want to get off your chest?

Wadie: That's enough, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, here's a pill. How do you want to die?

Wadie: Hanging.

Dr. Sherif: Alright. Any last words? A message for someone? A final request?

Wadie: Yes, please... after I die, don't steal my organs. In Sudan, they warn us to be careful in Egypt because you guys steal people's organs.

Dr. Sherif: Don't worry, Wadie. I'll bury you with all your organs intact. We don't steal organs here. Have a safe journey. *[Turning to Khaled]*
Next!

Khaled: Up next—Mrs. Heidi.

Dr. Sherif: How are you, Mrs. Heidi?

Heidi: I'm doing well, Doctor. I'm honored to be part of your brilliant theory. I take great pride in being one of your cases.

Dr. Sherif: It's an honor to have you. But you seem so full of life—why do you want to die?

Heidi: I want to see my son again.

Dr. Sherif: He passed away? Oh... calm down, Heidi. Tell me everything from the beginning. Or better yet, let's start from your wedding day. What was your husband's name?

Heidi: Moaz.

Dr. Sherif: And did you marry him out of love or through an arranged setup?

Heidi: Love.

Dr. Sherif: That's great! Tell me how you two met, how long you were engaged, and when you got married.

Haidi: I met Moaz in college. We talked, connected instantly, and after a year, he proposed. We got engaged for six months and then got married. Those were the best two years of my life—until our son, Khaled, was born. He was our light. But six months later, my doctor gave me the worst news: I had cervical cancer. The only way to survive was a hysterectomy.

Dr. Sherif: And Moaz... was he okay with it?

Haidi: It didn't matter. My choices were clear—have the surgery or die. I chose life... for my son.

Dr. Sherif: How did Moaz react afterward?

Haidi: He was upset at first, but over time, things went back to normal. Khaled kept growing, and my joy grew with him. He started preschool,

then elementary school, and soon, he was in fourth grade. That summer, we took a vacation—just the three of us. One day at the beach, he went into the water... and never came back. The waves took him. We searched for twenty days. Divers, rescue teams... nothing. No body. No farewell. Just... gone. That was the moment my life ended.

Dr. Sherif: And Moaz?

Haidi: A month after the accident, I received divorce papers. A single sentence was written inside: *"A woman who can't protect her child or bear another doesn't deserve to live. You are divorced."*

Dr. Sherif: And that's why you're here? Because of what he said?

Haidi: Him? I pray he rots in prison.

Dr. Sherif: Prison? What happened? What did you do?

Haidi: I turned him in.

Dr. Sherif: For what?

Haidi: For stealing my life.

Dr. Sherif: So, you decided to steal his too? How long is his sentence?

Haidi: Life.

Dr. Sherif: Life?! That's 25 years! What did you report him for?

Haidi: Heroin, doctor. He was selling heroin. Can you believe it? The man I trusted, the father of my child... was a drug dealer. I even have a bag of it here. Want to try? I can get you a room next to his in prison.

Dr. Sherif: No, thanks! Look, your husband was a terrible person, but what does that have to do with me?

Haidi: You just ask too many questions.

Dr. Sherif: No, I need to understand. Why do you want to kill yourself? Before I let you try the machine, I need to know.

Haidi: My son is gone, doctor. The only light in my life... vanished. His father? Dead to me. I just want to see my son again, hold him, hear him call me *Mom* one more time. I need to be with him.

Dr. Sherif: Haidi, your son is in a better place. A place where he doesn't need you. Where there's no pain, no sadness.

Haidi: No. He needs me. I can't leave him alone anymore.

Dr. Sherif: Alright... take this.

Haidi: What is it?

Dr. Sherif: A pill. It'll make the process painless.

Haidi: No. I don't want it. I want to feel the pain—just like my son did.

Dr. Sherif: If you don't take the pill, you won't be able to use the machine.

Haidi: I told you, I don't want anything! And if you don't let me in, I'll report you right now.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, alright. You're really in a hurry, huh? Any final words?

Haidi: Just let me see my son.

Dr. Sherif: Alright... Goodbye, Haidi. Khaled, bring in the next case.

Khaled: Right away, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: Increase the oxygen compound... double the amount. She refused the pill.

Khaled: Understood, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: Welcome, Salem. Tell me, what's troubling a young man like you so much that you want to die?

Salem: ...

Dr. Sherif: Ah, I see. Alright, Khaled, let him go. He doesn't need to be here.

Salem: No! I want to do this.

Dr. Sherif: Everyone's in such a rush to die today. Look, you'll get your turn, but I need to understand why.

Salem: It's personal.

Dr. Sherif: Love? Relationships? Come on, we've all been through heartbreak. It passes. I've been there too. Tell me about it.

Salem: No, doctor. It's not love. It's just... personal.

Dr. Sherif: So, family problems? Every home has issues. They don't last forever.

Salem: No, it's not my family. I just want to die, that's all. Stop dragging this out.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, I get it. It's assault, isn't it?

Salem: I said I'm not talking! Either let me use the machine, or I'll go do it somewhere else.

Dr. Sherif: No need for that, this is your place. You can end it whenever you want. But I need some basic information first.

Salem: I won't talk, doctor. Just do what you have to do.

Dr. Sherif: I don't need you to talk. Just answer yes or no. If you don't want to answer, shake your head, and I'll move on.

Salem: ...Fine.

Dr. Sherif: Was the person who did this to you older or younger?

Salem: Older.

Dr. Sherif: Was it forced?

Salem: Yes.

Dr. Sherif: How long ago?

Salem: Two months.

Dr. Sherif: Have you seen them since?

Salem: Yes.

Dr. Sherif: What did you do when you saw them?

Salem: I went home... and hid.

Dr. Sherif: Alright. Was it a man or a woman?

Dr. Sherif: A man.

Salem: Yes.

Dr. Sherif: That's all I needed to know. You were a victim of a man whose brain chemistry was off, someone who filled his void by preying

on others like him. And now, here you are. Do you want to leave anything behind before you go?

Salem: No.

Dr. Sherif: Take the pill. Don't be scared. Just swallow it and step into the machine. Less than five minutes, and it's all over. How do you want to go?

Salem: I want to slit my wrists.

Dr. Sherif: As you wish. Next! Khaled, bring in the next one.

Khaled: Omar, it's your turn.

Dr. Sherif: Omar. That's a strong name. Doesn't suit someone who's giving up. Why are you here?

Omar: Too many reasons. Do you have time to listen?

Dr. Sherif: That's why I'm here. Tell me everything.

Omar: Ever wondered why our parents put us through school, high school, college? Why they spent every penny on us?

Dr. Sherif: I don't know. Do you?

Omar: Yeah. They want us to be better than them. To see the fruit of their labor. To watch the tree they watered every day finally bear fruit.

Dr. Sherif: And did you?

Omar: No. I never bore any fruit. I died a little every time I searched for a job and found nothing. I'm twenty-nine, still taking money from my father. Tell me, Doctor, isn't that death in itself?

Dr. Sherif: So your issue is money? Work?

Omar: Both. No work means no money.

Dr. Sherif: Why not keep searching? Try again and again until you find something.

Omar: You don't live in our world, Doctor. Employers today ask for ridiculous things just to consider hiring you.

Dr. Sherif: Like what?

Omar: Fluency in two languages. A driver's license. Proficiency in Excel and Word. Willingness to work under extreme pressure. The ability to travel for long periods. All that, just to earn 1,800 pounds a month. That's 60 pounds a day. Two packs of cigarettes cost more than that!

And the worst part? The jobs that pay well—3,000 pounds for easy work—those are for "attractive women only." No language skills, no experience, no qualifications. Just "good appearance." Tell me, how the hell am I supposed to survive in this world? Women fought for equality once. Now I'm the one asking for equality with them!

Dr. Sherif: What kind of jobs have you done before?

Omar: Butcher's apprentice, electrician's assistant, painter's helper, sales rep, street vendor, marketing promoter, janitor, security guard, tuk-tuk driver. I've done it all.

Dr. Sherif: Then why didn't you stick to one?

Omar: None of them were permanent. Always a temporary fix. Filling in for someone on leave, covering for a staff shortage. I was never *the* guy—just a substitute.

Dr. Sherif: Give yourself another chance. Keep looking.

Omar: Got any extra cash, Doc? If I don't die today, I'll die tomorrow from hunger. I just need enough for two pieces of bread and a falafel. That's it. Do you have money, Doctor?

Dr. Sherif: Of course.

Omar: Then hold onto it tight. One day, you might be in my place. And when money's gone, it never comes back.

Dr. Sherif: So you've made up your mind?

Omar: I'm going to the highest place in Egypt. I'll throw myself off the Cairo Tower.

Dr. Sherif: No need to go that far. I've brought the tower to you. Take this pill. Step into the machine. You'll find yourself at the top. Jump whenever you're ready.

Omar: ...I leave behind good memories.

Dr. Sherif: Good for you. Next! Khaled, send in the next one.

Khaled: Hadir, it's your turn.

Dr. Sherif: Hadir, what's your reason?

Hadir: Nothing.

Dr. Sherif: Then why do you want to die?

Hadir: I just want to go where my father is. He's gone, Doctor. The one who had my back, the one who was my world—he's gone.

Dr. Sherif: Calm down, Hadir. We've got time. Take a breath. Your father passed away, and that's why you're here?

Hadir: Yes, but—

Dr. Sherif: No "buts." Khaled, start the machine.

Hadir: But I want to talk!

Dr. Sherif: I already know what you're going to say. I'm not selling potatoes here. Start the machine.

Hadir: So you won't even listen? My father used to listen. He understood me before I even spoke. And now he's gone.

Dr. Sherif: The warm embrace is gone. The safe place where you could share all your secrets is gone.

Hadir: How do you know?

Dr. Sherif: You came to a psychiatrist, Hadir. I know what a father means to his daughter. Nothing I say will change your mind, and you're not here to be convinced otherwise. So why waste time?

Hadir: ...You're right, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: Before you go through with this, I have a small question.

Hadir: Go ahead.

Dr. Sherif: When did your father pass away?

Hadir: Six months ago.

Dr. Sherif: Okay. Before he died, were you in a relationship with anyone?

Hadir: That's my personal life, and I won't let you pry into it.

Dr. Sherif: Personal life? Hmm. You do realize you're about to die, right? Even if you told me something, what could I possibly do with that information? You'd be gone. Think about it.

Hadir: No, my father was everything to me. I never even thought about loving anyone else. He filled my heart completely—I didn't need anyone else.

Dr. Sherif: And after he passed? In these six months, has anyone come into your life?

Hadir: No.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, last question. When your father died, where did he go?

Hadir: To heaven, of course.

Dr. Sherif: And when you kill yourself, where do you think you'll go?

Hadir: I'll go to him.

Dr. Sherif: No. He's in heaven. You? You'll go straight to hell. Suicide won't reunite you with him.

Hadir: God will understand. He knows what I've been through.

Dr. Sherif: Can you reconsider this decision?

Hadir: No.

Dr. Sherif: Alright. How do you want to go?

Hadir: Drowning.

Dr. Sherif: Okay. See that machine over there? Step inside. Yes, just like that. Good job. Do you have any last messages? Anything you want to leave behind for someone?

Hadir: No need. I'm about to see them myself.

Dr. Sherif: Well then... happy drowning. Khaled, next case. And please, let it be a man this time. Have mercy on me.

Khaled: Got it, Doctor. Step up, Farghaly.

Farghaly: Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, what brings you here?

Farghaly: So, I've done a lot of reading on suicide. A deep dive, actually. I studied cases, their struggles, what led them to it.

Dr. Sherif: And? You studied all that, yet you still came here to do it?

Farghaly: That's the problem, Doctor. The more you read, the more curious you get. And human nature? It thrives on curiosity.

Dr. Sherif: So you're here... what? To satisfy your curiosity? Hate to break it to you, but you won't live long enough to reflect on the experience.

Farghaly: No, I don't just want to try it. I want to *live* the full experience—right to the end.

Dr. Sherif: And once you're dead, what's the benefit?

Farghaly: At least I'll understand. I'll know what they felt.

Dr. Sherif: You know what, Farghaly? I'm gonna let you do this.

Farghaly: Really? Why?

Dr. Sherif: To spare the world. Hell, to spare the entire Milky Way from your genius. If you kept living, you might actually invent something groundbreaking, maybe even win a Nobel Prize like Ahmed Zewail. And *that* is something I refuse to let happen.

Farghaly: Wait... you think I could win a Nobel Prize?

Dr. Sherif: Of course! Listen, my guy, see that machine over there? Get inside. There's a girl in there—push her out and take her place. Yep, just like that. Don't waste time; grab death by the horns. How do you want to go?

Farghaly: Well, most cases I've read about ended in hanging. I think I'll go with that.

Dr. Sherif: Any final words? A message you want to leave behind?

Farghaly: Yes! This—what I'm doing—is heroic. I'm sacrificing myself for the sake of research. The government should recognize my contribution. They should name a square after me! No, a whole *school*! Maybe even—

Dr. Sherif: You know what? Let's rename the national anthem after you while we're at it. Khaled, I told you—bring me a *real* case, someone with a reason worth dying for. And you send me *this*?

Khaled: What's wrong with Farghaly, Doctor?

Dr. Sherif: Nothing, my dear Khaled. Except he wants to die just to *experience* suicide. And then he expects a school and a statue in his honor.

Khaled: Well, let's give him what he wants. Up next: a beauty queen. A literal princess. Her name's Amira.

Dr. Sherif: Bring her in. Let's see what this one's about.

Khaled: Step in, Miss Amira.

Dr. Sherif: Unbelievable. A face like yours... dressed in black? What a crime.

Amira: ...

Dr. Sherif: What, you're not talking to me?

Amira: Listen, Doctor. I came here to die. You? You're just furniture in this room. Just sit there and wait for it to happen.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, fine. Why do you want to die?

Amira: Life sucks.

Dr. Sherif: You're not wrong. But tell me, what's the worst thing about it?

Amira: Not having anything worth living for.

Dr. Sherif: I see. Were you ever in a relationship?

Amira: Three years ago.

Dr. Sherif: And then?

Amira: We got married.

Dr. Sherif: To someone else?

Amira: No, to the same man.

Dr. Sherif: That's great! Marrying someone you love is—

Amira: *Was.* It *was* great.

Dr. Sherif: Did he cheat?

Amira: No.

Dr. Sherif: Then what happened?

Amira: Sometimes, marriage destroys love. And here's a free lesson for you, Doctor—love without marriage is a thousand times better than love with it.

Dr. Sherif: Why do you say that?

Amira: I'll tell you why. When you're in love, you care about your partner. They're your whole world. You check on them all the time. They worry when you're upset. They can't sleep without hearing your voice.

Dr. Sherif: Okay, and after marriage, did those things continue?

Amira: No. After marriage, life becomes transactional. Sweet words for the sake of intimacy. Attention for the sake of food. But love? It disappears. Love before marriage is real love. Love after marriage? That's just convenience.

Dr. Sherif: And then?

Amira: I felt suffocated.

Dr. Sherif: What caused the fight?

Amira: That's private.

Dr. Sherif: Fair enough. You're still protecting his secrets, which means you still love him.

Amira: The man I loved existed before the marriage, not after it.

Dr. Sherif: They're the same person, Amira. It's just that responsibilities change things. So, you fought. Then what?

Amira: He slapped me.

Dr. Sherif: And, of course, you packed your things and left, right?

Amira: No, I stayed. Because I loved him. But it got worse. The hitting became daily. That's when I realized the man I fell in love with was gone. So, I went back to my mother's house. I stayed there for five months. We never saw each other.

Dr. Sherif: Did you try to reach out?

Amira: Many times. But every time I did, I felt like I was lowering myself.

Dr. Sherif: So, you got divorced?

Amira: Yes.

Dr. Sherif: And what did he do afterward?

Amira: He got married.

Dr. Sherif: And you? Did you move on?

Amira: No. He refused to divorce me.

Dr. Sherif: Why didn't you file for a divorce?

Amira: Why bother? I'm leaving this entire world now anyway.

Dr. Sherif: Okay... but what if you gave yourself another chance?

Amira: I've made my decision.

Dr. Sherif: Then why are you crying?

Amira: Because I wasted years of my life on a man who wasn't worth it. And now, I'm dying because of the same man who wasn't worth it.

Dr. Sherif: But you still have time. You could move on. Love again. Find happiness again.

Amira: Nothing will ever be like what I lost. It's over, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: How do you want to go?

Amira: I'll slit my wrists.

Dr. Sherif: Alright. Step into the machine. Any last message for someone?

Amira: Yes. Tell Khaled I never loved anyone but him. And I didn't die today—I died five months ago when we separated. Tell him I waited for him every day, counting the hours, the minutes. Even now, as I'm dying, all I wanted was to see him one last time.

Dr. Sherif: I'll pass on the message, Amira.

(He turns to Khaled.)

Dr. Sherif: Khaled... she was married to a guy named Khaled. That's not you, is it?

Khaled: If only it were. I'd rather have died with her than lived without her. How could anyone leave a woman like that? Doctor, you have no heart.

Dr. Sherif: You're docked two days' pay. Now, bring in the next patient.

Khaled: Two days? May God put you in that machine someday, Sherif.

Dr. Sherif: Did you say something?

Khaled: No, Doctor. Just bringing in the next case. Mr. Maher, come in.

(Maher enters, aggressive.)

Maher: What's up, you little brat? Why are you standing? Sit down!

Dr. Sherif: Sure, sir. No problem. But why are you so angry?

Maher: I'm not angry, you idiot!

Dr. Sherif: Then what are you?

Maher: It's the world that's angry! You wouldn't understand. You're just a kid.

Dr. Sherif: Try me.

Maher: Try you? Who do you think you are? Just some kid with no purpose, sitting there acting like you know everything.

Dr. Sherif: But you came here. To me. To die. Why?

Maher: None of your damn business! I'll die however I want. You gonna judge me?

Dr. Sherif: No, sir. Not at all. Hey, Khaled, bring me some lemonade. Better yet, bring me a whole lemon tree for Mr. Maher here.

Khaled: On it, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: I ordered you some lemonade, sir. Thought it might help you relax.

Maher: Relax? You think I'm bouncing off the walls here?

Dr. Sherif: No, sir. Not at all.

(Khaled brings the lemonade.)

Dr. Sherif: Here, drink this. Now, tell me, Maher—why do you want to die?

Maher: Because of everything happening in this godforsaken world!

Dr. Sherif: Like what?

Maher: Listen, back in the '90s, I lived in Fayoum. My hometown. My ancestors' hometown. Beautiful place.

Dr. Sherif: Sounds nice. Why did you leave?

Maher: I had no choice. My job sent me to Cairo.

Dr. Sherif: Cairo's nice too.

Maher: Are you out of your mind? Cairo is nothing compared to Fayoum. You city people are miserable.

Dr. Sherif: Why do you think so?

Maher: Because you live like animals!

Dr. Sherif: More lemonade, Khaled. Fast!

Maher: I don't want any more damn lemonade! You don't get it, do you? Back home, I never got angry. The air was fresh. The scenery was beautiful. But here? Here, it's nothing but noise and stress. In Cairo,

you need two, three jobs just to survive. In Fayoum, even if you have no job, you can still live. You eat what you grow. Milk, cheese, everything is homemade. And the best part? There's still *blessing* in the things we have. But you people? You sell arugula!

Dr. Sherif: ...Arugula?

Maher: You *sell* arugula! What kind of people sell a plant that grows everywhere? Back home, we plant it and share it with everyone. Here, you sell it like it's gold!

Dr. Sherif: So, Mr. Maher, have you ever thought about going back to Fayoum?

Maher: Going back? That was a long time ago, before I wasted my whole life in this city. Do you even know how many years I've been in Cairo?

Dr. Sherif: How many?

Maher: 23 years.

Dr. Sherif: And after 23 years, you still haven't gotten used to the crowds and the noise?

Maher: Never have, never will.

Dr. Sherif: So, how exactly do you want me to help you get used to Cairo, Mr. Maher?

Maher: I want you to help me by killing me. Just put me out of my misery.

Dr. Sherif: Maybe take a moment to reconsider?

Maher: Are you going to kill me or should I just grab you by the throat myself?

Dr. Sherif: If that's your mood, then step inside that machine over there. Yes, crouch a little as you go in. That's it. Now, before you go, do you want to leave a message for someone? Say something to anyone?

Maher: Yeah, I do. To everyone thinking about leaving their hometown for a better life—stay where you are. Even if you have to eat dry bread with salt, don't come to Cairo to find work. This city is a trap. It sucks you in as a kid and spits you out an old man before you even realize it. Time moves here so fast, and you won't even notice. Now, just do it. End this.

Dr. Sherif: How do you want to go, Mr. Maher?

Maher: I want to be hit by a car. Something that'll shut out all the noise for good.

Dr. Sherif: Alright. Any last requests before you go?

Maher: No, just get it over with. If you don't, I'll tear this whole machine down over your head.

Dr. Sherif: Got it. Next! Khaled, send in the next one.

Khaled: Miss Sara, you're up.

Dr. Sherif: Come in, Miss Sara. You know, the name "Sara" means a lot to me.

Sara: I'm pregnant.

Dr. Sherif: Pregnant? From who? I just told you your name is special to me, and you hit me with "I'm pregnant"? If I'd told you I loved you,

would you have said, “Congrats, you’ll have to sign your kid up for the army next year”?

Sara: No, Doctor, you misunderstood. I’m pregnant from my husband.

Dr. Sherif: Oh, great! Married, pregnant—so, what’s the problem? Soon, God willing, you’ll have a beautiful baby, you’ll raise them well, watch them grow, get married, have their own kids, and then, when the time comes, you’ll die. What’s the rush?

Sara: I don’t want to have a child, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: Then just get rid of it.

Sara: What?! What are you saying?

Dr. Sherif: I’m just saying what you’re thinking. You’re married and pregnant, so what else would you do with the baby?

Sara: I was actually thinking of having an abortion before I saw your ad for this whole "exit" plan. And then I thought, instead of just killing the baby and carrying the guilt, why not just die with it?

Dr. Sherif: Oh, so now this is some kind of “Let’s Die Together” campaign? You don’t just want to bear the guilt of your baby, you want to carry your own too? Want me to add your husband’s guilt to the mix as well? Or are two sins enough for you? I’m here to serve.

Sara: Doctor, this is a clinic, not a restaurant.

Dr. Sherif: Oh, no, I’m done with medicine. I’m thinking of becoming a fruit vendor instead. Bananas—do you prefer them with the peel or without?

Sara: What are you even saying? I don’t understand you.

Dr. Sherif: Perfect! That means we're on the same page. You don't understand me, and I don't understand you. Did you get anything I said earlier?

Sara: No.

Dr. Sherif: And I didn't understand a word you said either. So, let's start over. Why do you want to die?

Sara: Because I don't want to have children. I don't want to lose my beauty, my figure, my femininity.

Dr. Sherif: Wow, I can nominate you for a Nobel Prize right now if you can tell me how you plan to keep your beauty and femininity *after* you're dead.

Sara: No, Doctor, I mean, if I die, I might—

Dr. Sherif: No "might" about it. You *will* die.

Sara: Fine, let's do it.

Dr. Sherif: Do what? This isn't a vacation, lady. You're talking about killing yourself. If you don't have a valid reason, I can't let you do it.

Sara: My reasons aren't valid?

Dr. Sherif: Did you actually say anything valid?

Sara: I want to die because I don't want to be a mother. I don't want a belly, I don't want to lose my beauty or my femininity. If that's not a valid reason, what else should I say?

Dr. Sherif: Nothing. Just step into that machine over there. Lock yourself in. Now, do you want to leave a message for anyone?

Sara: Yes, for my husband, Omar.

Dr. Sherif: What do you want to say to him?

Sara: That this is all his fault. *He* is the reason for all of this.

Dr. Sherif: Got it. And how do you want to go?

Sara: I don't want anything that would harm the baby. Maybe cutting my wrists?

Dr. Sherif: So, you want to die, but the baby shouldn't?

Sara: Exactly.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, we'll cut your wrists so you die, but the baby survives.

Sara: Sounds good, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: No, *you* sound good. You know, if you were a guy, I'd say you're just drunk. But the problem is, this is your normal brain. Off to hell with you, Sara.

Dr. Sherif (to himself): What did Omar ever do to deserve this? A woman who wants to kill herself because she doesn't want to be a mother? Doesn't want to lose her beauty? So why did she even get married in the first place? And, of course, men always take the blame in the end.

(Dr. Sherif and his assistant, Khaled, are in the office. Dr. Sherif is visibly frustrated.)

Khaled: Doctor... Seriously, no power but from God. Are you talking to yourself again?

Dr. Sherif: I'm about to lose my mind, Khaled! These patients are driving me crazy. How many cases do we have left?

Khaled: Five, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: Alright. If any of them is a woman, tell her to come back tomorrow. I'm not in the mood today.

Khaled: No worries, doctor. They're all men.

Dr. Sherif: (Sighs) Then we might as well brace ourselves. Bring in the next one.

Khaled: Right away, doctor.

(Khaled opens the door and calls the next patient.)

Khaled: Mr. Assem, please come in.

(Assem enters the office.)

Dr. Sherif: Welcome, Mr. Assem. Glad to have you here.

Assem: The pleasure is mine, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: So tell me... A good-looking man like yourself—why would you even think of suicide? If you feel like giving up, what should the rest of us do?

Assem: (Chuckles) You're too kind, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: So, what's going on? What's the problem that made you consider this drastic step?

Assem: I made the wrong choice in a life partner, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: That's it? Come on, Assem, that's not a good enough reason to end your life. There are always solutions.

Assem: I've tried everything, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, tell me what happened. What solutions did you try?

Assem: Look, doctor, I was just a regular guy—neither too handsome nor unattractive. I had a simple dream, like most people: finish college, get a job, and get married. That's all I wanted. Nothing extraordinary.

Dr. Sherif: That sounds pretty normal to me. What went wrong?

Assem: It all started with my group of friends. We were tight since grade school, always hanging out, never missing a day together. Even after going to different colleges, we still met at the same café every evening. But one day, our café shut down... and that's where the problem began.

Dr. Sherif: (Points to the door) See that door over there?

Assem: Yes.

Dr. Sherif: Go ahead, open it, step out, and close it behind you. I don't want to see you again.

Assem: Wait! The real issue is still coming!

Dr. Sherif: (Skeptical) There's more to this than just a closed café?

Assem: Yes, doctor. That was just the trigger.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, go on.

Assem: After we lost our usual hangout spot, we drifted apart. We barely saw each other anymore. Meanwhile, at work, I started

interacting daily with a woman—a girl my best friend was dating. We all knew about their relationship. My friend was a great guy—ambitious but struggling financially. He was always talking about big dreams, things that seemed impossible to achieve. We used to tease him about it, telling him he was living in a fantasy. But he always said, ‘One day, you’ll regret doubting me.’

At first, I didn’t think much about his girlfriend. But as time passed, I started noticing her more—her kindness, her personality... and other things.

Dr. Sherif: And what about your friend?

Assem: That was the problem, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: You couldn’t betray him?

Assem: No, the problem was that I couldn’t make her hate him. They truly loved each other. But with time, and through my constant attention and sweet words, I won her over. We started having breakfast together at work. I took advantage of the fact that my friend was always busy and not around much. And, you know, doctor... women love attention.

One day, I invited her to dinner after work. After that, we went to the movies. It was a perfect night. At the end of the evening, I told her, ‘I don’t want to pressure you, but I love you, and I want to spend my life with you.’ Deep down, I knew it was wrong to say that. But when the heart wants something, the brain stops working.

She didn’t respond—she just walked away.

Dr. Sherif: That's exactly how she should have reacted. It was the right thing to do. But tell me, why did you feel guilty about it? If you loved her and wanted to marry her, what was wrong with that?

Assem: Marriage wasn't the issue, doctor. I just didn't want to hurt my friend or take something that wasn't mine. I have a conscience too, you know.

Dr. Sherif: Did you ever stop to think that your friend might feel like dying because of what you did?

Assem: Not at the time. But later, I did.

Dr. Sherif: Go on.

Assem: The next day, she didn't show up at work. I wanted to call her and check on her, but instead, I called her father and asked for a meeting to officially propose to her.

I went to their house with my family, sat down with her father, and told him straight up: 'Sir, I work with your daughter, I have my own apartment, a car, and a good bank balance. I can provide for her. You won't find a better suitor than me.'

Her father seemed pleased. Then she arrived home and was shocked to see me. She went straight to her room without saying a word. After a while, her father went in to talk to her. Fifteen minutes later, she came out, greeted us, and said she had to leave urgently because a friend of hers was in the hospital.

I knew that was a lie. She wasn't visiting any sick friend. She was going to see him—my friend.

Dr. Sherif: And you just sat there, knowing all this?

Assem: I was surprisingly calm. I knew she still loved him, but I pushed forward anyway. Her father said they would consider my proposal and get back to me. I was sure she would reject me... but the opposite happened.

Dr. Sherif: She said yes?

Assem: Yes.

Dr. Sherif: And your friend?

Assem: Doctor, he was just a dreamer, living in fantasies. He was broke. I'm sure when she met him, he told her he couldn't afford to marry her right now.

Dr. Sherif: Financial struggles don't always stop true love.

Assem: Doctor, are you living in an old black-and-white movie?

Dr. Sherif: Why do you say that?

Assem: Because that kind of love only happens in old films. Nowadays, only rich men get married. The poor stay in love forever... but they never get the girl.

Anyway, we got engaged. I bought her gold, and my friends were all in shock. They knew what I did was wrong. I expected them to cut me off... but instead, they all showed up to celebrate with me. Even my best friend—the guy I had betrayed.

For a moment, I thought they came to beat me up. But no. They acted like nothing happened. My best friend even brought snacks and drinks for everyone—more than half his monthly salary.

We partied that night. Then, life went on. I married her. All my friends attended the wedding, including him.

And you know what? The weirdest part... was that at the wedding, he wasn't sad at all. He danced like nothing was wrong...

Dr. Sherif: Alright, I've been waiting forever. Tell me, what happened next?

Asim: Well, after that...

Dr. Sherif: "After that" what? What did the guy do to you?

Asim: You'll understand when you get married, Doc.

Dr. Sherif: I don't need to get married to know. Just keep going.

Asim: So, we got married, spent our honeymoon abroad, then came back and started living a normal life. But unfortunately, no matter what I did for her, no matter how many sacrifices I made, she still loved him.

Dr. Sherif: That's expected. But what kind of sacrifices are we talking about here?

Asim: I loved a woman who loved another man. I endured it, tried to make her happy, took care of her, took her out, and—

Dr. Sherif: Stop right there. You're not gonna find anything else to add because none of that is a sacrifice. You didn't sacrifice anything. Do you know what you actually did?

Asim: What?

Dr. Sherif: You betrayed your friend. You were selfish. And honestly? You weren't raised right.

Asim: Watch your mouth, Doc! What kind of talk is that?

Dr. Sherif: It's the truth. You weren't raised right for two reasons. First, you took something that wasn't yours. And second, you envied what someone else had. That says a lot about your character. Now, keep talking, and lower your voice.

Asim: Fine, whatever. So, after five years, my old friend became a successful businessman. He now owns a huge travel agency and has a ton of money.

Dr. Sherif: And did he get married?

Asim: No, he was too focused on his work. But one day, he bought the company I work for. My wife and I both ended up working for him.

Dr. Sherif: *laughs* You see, Asim? God has a way of making things right. Your friend must have prayed for justice, and instead of taking his own life over what you did, life turned around, and now you're the one standing here, ready to give up.

Asim: You're right, Doc. I didn't really want to kill myself.

Dr. Sherif: Of course not! You made a bad choice, and now you're facing the consequences. You stole a woman's heart with money, not love. That was bound to backfire. Now tell me, what happened next?

Asim: My wife completely turned on me. She kept saying she hated me, that I manipulated her, and that she wanted a divorce.

Dr. Sherif: Wait, was this the first time she asked for a divorce?

Asim: Yes.

Dr. Sherif: Do you have any kids together?

Asim: Unfortunately, no.

Dr. Sherif: You've been married for eight years, and no kids? Why? Is there a medical issue?

Asim: No, she just kept saying she wasn't ready. She didn't want us to "grow old too fast."

Dr. Sherif: *scoffs* Asim, you don't need to finish your story. I already know how it ends. She never loved you. She just kept you as a backup plan. If her first love didn't work out, she'd have you as a safety net. But the moment he became successful, she realized she didn't need you anymore.

You wasted your life playing a background role in her love story. You could have had a real relationship with someone who actually loved you, built a family, and lived happily. But instead, you chose to be a *side character*—and a failed one at that.

Now, step into the chamber and lock yourself in.

Asim: Wait, Doc, I just want to say something—

Dr. Sherif: And I *don't* want to hear it. Khaled!

Khaled: Yes, Doc?

Dr. Sherif: Put him in the chamber.

Asim: Come on, Khaled, take it easy! You're holding your nephew, be careful!

Dr. Sherif: Throw him in and lock the door.

Khaled: Got it, Doc.

Dr. Sherif: You know, Asim, I was supposed to ask how you wanted to die, but you don't get to choose. You'll burn—just like you burned your friend's heart and bought his love with money. Goodbye, Asim, the worst person I've ever met.

Khaled?

Khaled: Yes, Doc?

Dr. Sherif: Bring in the next case.

Khaled: Got it, Doc.

Khaled: Mr. Taha, please come in.

Taha: Engineer Taha, CEO of Taha Construction.

Dr. Sherif: Ah, well-known name. Please, have a seat.

Taha: Thank you.

Dr. Sherif: I'm sorry, but why are you here? If you have any medical issues, I'll have to ask you to come back tomorrow. Today, I'm only testing my new theory.

Taha: That's exactly why I'm here.

Dr. Sherif: Look, if you're here to *buy* my theory, it's not for sale. And if you're here to *fund* it, I'm not interested. Either way, nice meeting you, Engineer.

Taha: I'm not here to donate or buy anything. I'm here to end my life.

Dr. Sherif: Khaled, bring two lemonades—quick! And grab the checkbook from the library. Hurry up!

Taha: A checkbook? Why, doctor? Didn't you say you weren't selling anything or accepting donations?

Dr. Sherif: And you believed that? Come on, man! Now, before you go, how many millions are you leaving us?

Taha: Save your breath. I have nothing.

Dr. Sherif: What do you mean, nothing?

Taha: I mean, not a single penny.

Dr. Sherif: You think I wanted the money for myself? No way! I was planning to donate it to a young woman who's been trying to get married for two years but can't afford it... Oh, and no, before you think otherwise, I'm not that guy. I'd never take money for myself.

Taha: Even if you did, it wouldn't matter. I'm broke. I don't even have enough to buy food.

Dr. Sherif: And here I was, thinking I could fund the wedding! What happened, man?

Taha: I lost everything, doctor. The same hand that once gave to others is now reaching out, begging.

Dr. Sherif: Forget money—it comes and goes. Health is what matters.

Taha: I came here to kill myself, doc. No money, no health... nothing left.

Dr. Sherif: Tell me what happened, Taha. Maybe I can help.

Taha: I invested everything in what they call "the opportunity of a lifetime." Took out a loan to support my business.

Dr. Sherif: And then?

Taha: It started off great. Business was booming, demand was high, and life was good.

Dr. Sherif: So what went wrong?

Taha: The world collapsed around me, doc. You have no idea what it's like when everything shuts down on you.

Dr. Sherif: What exactly happened?

Taha: The dollar value shot up, prices skyrocketed, and those who had old stock raised their prices to match the new cost of imports.

Dr. Sherif: That's how the market works. Prices go up and down—it's normal.

Taha: No, doc. Prices only go up. They never really come back down. A merchant selling for a dollar today, if costs rise to \$1.50 tomorrow, even if prices drop again later, he'll still charge \$1.50. The real issue isn't the economy—it's people.

Dr. Sherif: Hmm... keep going.

Taha: I refused to increase my prices. I kept selling at the old rate.

Dr. Sherif: Why? That was your golden opportunity! Business is about profit and loss. You should have raised your prices like everyone else.

Taha: And what about integrity, doc? If I bought at the old price, I should sell at the old price.

Dr. Sherif: But if the whole market adjusted, you were just hurting yourself.

Taha: Hurt myself? What about them? Did they care about me?

Dr. Sherif: What did they do to you?

Taha: Oh, nothing much. Just burned down my warehouses, framed me for drug possession, and got me locked up for a year. When I got out, my house and car were repossessed by the bank. My landlord demanded back rent and compensation for the damage to the warehouse. And there I stood, in front of the ruins of my business, thinking of only one thing: where to find a piece of bread.

Dr. Sherif: What did you do?

Taha: I just got out of prison today.

Dr. Sherif: So you're still starving?

Taha: Unfortunately.

Dr. Sherif: Khaled, get the best meal you can find—right now!

Taha: Don't bother. I want to die hungry, so when I meet God, I can tell Him I starved to death.

Dr. Sherif: Why die? You could start over.

Taha: Start over? With who?

Dr. Sherif: With society. With people.

Taha: Society? People? Aren't they the ones who killed me in the first place? Just get it over with, doc.

Dr. Sherif: But you still have things you want to say.

Taha: It won't change anything.

Dr. Sherif: But I want to hear them. Right, Khaled?

Khaled: That's right, doc.

Dr. Sherif: Then why are you still standing here? Get out and shut the door behind you.

Khaled: Got it, doc.

Taha: Talking is useless. Let's just do this.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, engineer. You'll step into that machine over there and lock yourself in until I come back.

Taha: Got it.

Dr. Sherif: Before you go, do you want to say anything to anyone?

Taha: Just this: "God is my witness. God is my judge."

Dr. Sherif: Any last wishes?

Taha: Yeah. Take this watch—four diamond studs, 24-karat gold hands. Sell it and donate the money...

Dr. Sherif: To a charity for people?

Taha: No, to a hospital for stray dogs.

Dr. Sherif: Dogs? Not humans?

Taha: Yep. I wish I had lived among dogs instead of people. Have you ever seen a dog kill another dog for no reason? Ever seen a dog torture another dog in front of its child? Or a dog steal another's food out of greed, not hunger? Sure, they fight over scraps, but they never kill each other for it. Humans? They kill for money—just pieces of paper that

only have value because we say they do. Look at a dollar, doc. It's nothing but a worthless scrap of paper with some cheap ink on it. But here we are, destroying each other over it.

Dr. Sherif: How do you want to die?

Taha: I always prayed I'd die in my bed, peacefully.

Dr. Sherif: I can make that happen—but I can't bring you the bed. The bank owns it now. Goodbye, engineer. Khaled, bring in the next one.

Khaled: Right away, doc.

Khaled: Mina, you're up next.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, Mina, go ahead. What's your problem?

Mina: Nothing.

Dr. Sherif: Okay, then. Next! Khaled, who's up?

Khaled: Ahmed, your turn.

Mina: Wait, what about me?

Dr. Sherif: What about you? You just said you don't have a problem. Thanks for stopping by, Mina.

Mina: No, wait. I do have a problem.

Dr. Sherif: Then why didn't you say so from the start? Listen, Mina, I've had a long day. Just tell me what's wrong so we can both move on.

Mina: Alright, Doc...

Dr. Sherif: Good. Khaled, hold the door. Mina, talk.

Mina: It's my family, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: That's normal, Mina. How old are you?

Mina: Twenty-four.

Dr. Sherif: You've got your whole life ahead of you. So, what's the issue?

Mina: They want me to get married.

Dr. Sherif: And? That's what families do. You don't want to get married? Do you have some medical issue stopping you?

Mina: No, I'm fine.

Dr. Sherif: Do you have a job?

Mina: Yeah, I work.

Dr. Sherif: Government or private?

Mina: Government.

Dr. Sherif: That's solid. Do you have a place?

Mina: Yeah.

Dr. Sherif: Rental or owned?

Mina: I own it.

Dr. Sherif: A car? Savings?

Mina: I have savings, but no car.

Dr. Sherif: Good savings or barely anything?

Mina: No, it's decent.

Dr. Sherif: Okay... so you've got a job, your own place, money in the bank—what's stopping you?

Mina: Responsibility.

Dr. Sherif: What do you mean?

Mina: Running a household. Kids.

Dr. Sherif: That's just part of life, Mina. It's not as bad as you think.

Mina: Not bad? It's impossible.

Dr. Sherif: Why? You're not doing it alone. Marriage is about partnership—having someone by your side, supporting you, sharing everything. You need to listen to your family.

Mina: No.

Dr. Sherif: No? Marriage is a great thing, Mina.

Mina: Are you married, Doc?

Dr. Sherif: No, but I've heard—

Mina: Then stop listening. Marriage is stress, arguments, "Where were you? Who were you with? Why are you late?" It's like a never-ending interrogation.

Dr. Sherif: You're not wrong, but all of that fades the moment you walk into your home and see someone waiting for you, excited to hear about your day. Someone who cares enough to cook for you, ease your stress, make things feel lighter. And those "interrogations"? That's just love, Mina. It's someone who can't go a second without thinking about you. You've got the wrong idea about marriage. It's beautiful.

Mina: That's your opinion.

Dr. Sherif: Absolutely.

Mina: Keep it to yourself. You'll get married one day, and then you'll be looking for someone to help you escape.

(Silence)

Dr. Sherif: Mina, you came here to die, right? Fine. But first, I need to ask you a few things. Since you're going to die anyway, don't bother lying. You grew up in a family that didn't understand you, right?

(Pauses) I'll take your silence as a yes. Is your issue with marriage in general, or is there someone specific your family is forcing on you?

Mina: No one's forcing me. I just don't want to get married.

Dr. Sherif: Have you ever been in love?

Mina: No.

Dr. Sherif: Ever had a crush on someone?

Mina: No.

Dr. Sherif: So, you have some deep-seated issues with relationships. Maybe fear of rejection? Tell me, why haven't you been in a

relationship?

Mina: I haven't found the right person.

Dr. Sherif: You mean you're too scared to try because you might get rejected? That's normal, Mina. We all fear rejection. But I can help you work through all of this. I can make you feel normal. But here's the thing—you're not here for help. You're here to die. And that's exactly what's going to happen.

Mina: Why?

Dr. Sherif: No "why." You made your choice. I'm just making sure you go through with it.

(Khaled steps forward)

Dr. Sherif: Khaled, is the machine ready?

Khaled: All set, Doc.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, Mina. In you go—your choice: peacefully or forcefully.

Mina: No, I changed my mind! I want help! I don't want to die!

Dr. Sherif: Request denied. Khaled, put him in.

Mina: No, please! Somebody help me! Don't do this! Doctor, please, I'm sorry! I won't think about it again! Please let me go!

Dr. Sherif: Lock him in, Khaled. Step out.

Khaled: Got it, Doc.

Dr. Sherif: Now, Mina... since you're here, you might as well choose. How do you want to die?

Ahmed: I Don't Want to Die

Dr. Sherif: If that's the case, you shouldn't have come here in the first place. Do you want to leave a message for someone or give anything to someone before you die, Ahmed?

Ahmed: I don't want to die.

Dr. Sherif: Unfortunately, once the request is made, it can't be taken back. But since I like you, I'll make it quick—just like slaughtering a chicken. Goodbye, Ahmed.

Ahmed: No! I don't want to die!

Khaled: Why did you do that, doctor? You could've let him live.

Dr. Sherif: Since when have you been here?

Khaled: I never left in the first place.

Dr. Sherif: Then leave now and bring in the next patient.

Khaled: No, I'm done with this! You're insane, Doctor! I don't understand why you're doing this to these people! They're human beings! That guy you just killed—he was a person, not a lab rat! What you're doing is a crime, and I won't be a part of it. Here, take your uniform—I quit!

Dr. Sherif: Sit down and finish the last few cases. It's better for you.

Khaled: Better for me? Is that a threat? If you even think about harming me, I won't hesitate to end you first! I'm walking out of this clinic like I saw nothing, heard nothing, and nothing happened to me. But if you ever come after me, I won't hold back. Goodbye, you lunatic.

Dr. Sherif: You made your choice, so don't regret it later...

Good evening, Mr. Ahmed. You're next. After that, it's Mr. Fadel's turn. I apologize for the delay—our nurse had a personal emergency and had to leave. Since it's just the two of you left, let's cooperate to finish quickly. Please, have a seat, Ahmed.

The Next Patient: Ahmed

Dr. Sherif: Take a seat and relax, Ahmed, while I prepare the machine. Why are you still standing? Sit down.

Ahmed: I can't, Doctor. You have to sit first.

Dr. Sherif: Well, I appreciate your politeness. How old are you, Ahmed?

Ahmed: 18.

Dr. Sherif: 18? And you already want to die? You've endured life for so long!

Ahmed: Are you joking, Doctor?

Dr. Sherif: Of course! A young guy like you, in the prime of his life, wants to die? What kind of problem could make you want that?

Ahmed: The final high school exams, Doctor.

Dr. Sherif: What about them?

Ahmed: They send their regards, Doctor. I want to die because of them.

Dr. Sherif: Why?

Ahmed: Forget about school. I want to die because you're too calm!

Dr. Sherif: You should be calm too—especially during your final exams.

Ahmed: Why?

Dr. Sherif: Because high school feels like the hardest time in your life, but that's just in your head. It's the first real challenge you face, and

after that, you'll get used to life's difficulties. Whenever you go through a tough time, just remember—you have to stay calm to get through it. You'll understand what I mean later.

Now, let's get to the point. What was your score?

Ahmed: 52%.

Dr. Sherif: Not bad! That still gets you into a decent college. What do you want to study?

Ahmed: Doctor, stop joking around.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, fine. I was just trying to ease your tension. You were very nervous when you walked in, but now you seem a bit more relaxed. Now, tell me your story.

Ahmed: Look, Doctor, my dad wanted me to be an engineer. My mom wanted me to be a doctor. And as you know, engineering is science-math, and medicine is science-biology.

Dr. Sherif: I see. And what did *you* want to be?

Ahmed: Not an engineer. Not a doctor. I wanted to be a rap artist.

Dr. Sherif: Is that a new high school subject?

Ahmed: No, Doctor, that's a new career path in life! It's what's trending now. Do you know how many millions of views one rap song gets? Do you know how much money it makes?

Dr. Sherif: How much?

Ahmed: More than your six-month salary, at least.

Dr. Sherif: So it's a good business and pays well?

Ahmed: Yes, Doctor. It's profitable.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, so what if everyone starts rapping to make money? What will happen?

Ahmed: No one will listen to anyone else. But what can we do? That's what's popular right now.

Look, Doctor, I may be younger than you, but I have a lot of life experience.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, give me some of that wisdom.

Ahmed: Listen, success in life comes through three paths:

1. **Football** – If you play well, you make millions.
2. **Rap** – A few songs, and you're rich.
3. **Dancing** – But this one's only for girls. The more you dance, the more famous you become. The more famous you are, the more successful you get—and the more money you make.

Dr. Sherif: And what about other fields? Can't someone succeed in them too?

Ahmed: Of course, but they'll live like a beggar forever.

Dr. Sherif: So, if you understand life this well and know how to succeed, why do you want to die?

Ahmed: Because I feel guilty.

Dr. Sherif: Guilty about what?

Ahmed: About all the money my father spent on my education... and about their dreams for me. I let them down.

Doctor, do you know that my father took on a second job just to afford my tutoring and books so I could become *something*?

That's the only reason I studied so hard—just for him. That's how I managed to score 52%.

Dr. Sherif: You *worked hard* and got 52%?

Ahmed: I swear, Doctor. I studied *three* hours a day for that!

Dr. Sherif: Are you kidding?

Ahmed: No, I'm serious.

Dr. Sherif: Three whole hours?

Ahmed: Honestly, I felt like I should've studied only *two*.

Dr. Sherif: So you planned on becoming a heart surgeon with just three hours of studying per day? That's ambitious! Anyway, Ahmed, I have an interesting idea for you.

Ahmed: Let's hear it, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: If you could go back in time, what would you change?

Ahmed: I'd do a lot of things differently.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, listen. I have a machine here that lets you travel back in time. Would you rather go back and fix things or go ahead with ending it all?

Ahmed: Go back in time, of course!

Dr. Sherif: Great. Step inside that machine, and while you're in there, just think about the exact date you want to return to.

Ahmed: August 18, 2018.

Dr. Sherif: Why that date?

Ahmed: It's a special day, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: Alright. But here's the thing—I lied to you. That machine doesn't take you back in time. It's actually the device that helps you end it all. You still have a chance to say something or leave something behind before it happens. You can even choose how you want to go.

Ahmed: I just want to say one thing: This is wrong. It's all wrong!

Dr. Sherif: What exactly is wrong, Ahmed?

Ahmed: It's wrong for parents to force their children into things they can't handle. Earlier, when I told you that rap music makes money, you asked what would happen if everyone became a rapper. I said no one would listen to each other. Now I'll ask you: What if everyone became a doctor?

Dr. Sherif: What do you mean?

Ahmed: The country would collapse because doctors wouldn't have other doctors to go to. Everyone would just assume they know everything! Look, doctor, God created us all differently for a reason. Until the end of time, people will always be different. Not everyone can be a doctor, an engineer, or even a rapper. We need diversity in skills and professions. Success isn't about entering a specific field—it's about being the best at whatever field you're in!

I always wanted to be a lawyer, doctor. But my parents shut that dream down. They wanted me to follow their dream, not mine. So I stopped

trying. I knew I only needed 50% to get into law school, so that's all I worked for. And when I got exactly that, they refused to let me enroll and told me to repeat the year to get into medicine or engineering. But I refuse to live their dream. I was born free, and I will live and die free. No one gets to decide my future except me.

Dr. Sherif: That's a powerful statement. Do you have any final words for your parents?

Ahmed: Yes. I hope they find comfort in the doctor or engineer they wanted so badly—because when the police raid our house tonight and find the drugs I planted in my dad's closet, they'll be needing a good lawyer!

Dr. Sherif: You planted drugs?

Ahmed: Don't worry, doctor. I arranged everything perfectly.

Dr. Sherif: God help us... Alright, how do you want to go?

Ahmed: Nervous breakdown.

Dr. Sherif: That's a new one. First time I've had this request. Death really is a matter of taste. Any last words?

Ahmed: No.

Dr. Sherif: Goodbye, Ahmed.

(Dr. Sherif calls for the next patient.)

Dr. Sherif: Khaled, send in the next one. Khaled? Khaled!

Fadel: You forgot, doctor? Khaled left.

Dr. Sherif: Oh, right. My mistake. Come on in, Fadel.

Fadel: Thanks, doctor. But... why did Ahmed do that?

Dr. Sherif: Don't think about it too much. And don't look at the machine—it'll only mess with your head. You're here for yourself, not to watch others.

Fadel: You're right, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: So, tell me. Why are you here? What's the problem that made you want to do this?

Fadel: I'm alone, doctor. Ever since my parents died, I've had no one. No one checks on me. No one remembers me.

Dr. Sherif: How long has it been since they passed?

Fadel: Five years.

Dr. Sherif: In all that time, not a single relative called you? Not even once?

Fadel: Not even once, doctor. People are too busy. Everyone has their own life. No one has time to check in on anyone anymore. I spend hours online just hoping for a call—any call. Something that might seem meaningless to the caller, but to me, it would mean everything.

Dr. Sherif: Did you ever try calling them first? Maybe if you reached out, they'd start reaching back.

Fadel: I tried, doctor. Many times. But it became routine—me checking in, them never initiating. Eventually, my calls became an expectation rather than an act of care. No one ever thought to call me first.

Dr. Sherif: Have you thought about marriage?

Fadel: With what money, doctor? Life is expensive. I barely make ends meet.

Dr. Sherif: Do you have any siblings?

Fadel: No.

Dr. Sherif: What about uncles or aunts?

Fadel: They exist.

Dr. Sherif: And cousins?

Fadel: Yes. But I'm alone, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: Tell me about your parents. How did they pass away?

Fadel: I can summarize it in two sentences.

First, my father died of cancer. We sold everything we owned trying to save him.

Second, my mother died from grief exactly a week later. They left me with nothing—no inheritance, no savings, nothing. That's why my relatives never cared.

Dr. Sherif: So, for five years, you held on. What kept you from doing this sooner?

Fadel: Fear of God, doctor. I didn't want to die as a sinner.

Dr. Sherif: And now?

Fadel: Now, I can't take it anymore. Whether I die a sinner or not, it doesn't change the fact that I don't want to live like this.

Dr. Sherif: Why?

Fadel: But you're not Dr. Sherif.

Dr. Sherif: Yeah.

Fadel: And you have this new suicide idea, and you want to make the whole world follow it?

Dr. Sherif: Yes.

Fadel: And I'm one of the first people who supported your idea, even donated to it.

Dr. Sherif: Yes.

Fadel: So, don't call it "dead suicides," doc. Call it "someone who sacrificed their life for science" or "a volunteer," or at least a "test subject." And I'm sure God will forgive me because I didn't kill myself for me—I did it for others.

Dr. Sherif: Listen, man, you're not going to die for others. You're going to die, and so will someone else. You didn't come here to take a virus for us to experiment on you. You came here to end your life, and someone else will come to do the same.

Fadel: So, I'll die a "kafir," doc?

Dr. Sherif: I'm not a religious person to say if you'll die a nonbeliever or not, but scientifically, you'll die by suicide.

Fadel: Suicide, suicide—it doesn't really matter anymore.

Dr. Sherif: Look, I'm supposed to be advising you against this, but I'm not going to. Know why? For two reasons.

Fadel: What's the second reason?

Dr. Sherif: Because I'm tired. From the moment I got here today, people coming in and out, I'm exhausted, Fadel.

Fadel: God give you strength, doc. You look worn out. Do you want me to drive you?

Dr. Sherif: Drive me where? I'll drive you. Look, see that machine over there? Ahmed just got off it. Be careful, it's still warm, but go ahead and take his spot.

Fadel: We're the ones who follow, and they lead. Sorry, Ahmed, I'll take your place.

Dr. Sherif: Easy on the machine. You'll be taken off it in a bit too.

Fadel: Alright, doc. But seriously, when you're disconnecting me from the machine, hit me hard, just to make sure I'm dead. If I'm not, put me on another machine quickly.

Dr. Sherif: Sure. You don't want to leave anything unsaid or anyone with a message?

Fadel: Yeah, doc. I want it written on my grave that if anyone takes a minute to read it or ring the bell, the dead would wake up and respond.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, we'll write that on your grave. Anything else?

Fadel: No.

Dr. Sherif: Do you want to die by something specific?

Fadel: I want to die just like I am—no breaks, no injuries.

Dr. Sherif: You want to die electrocuted?

Fadel: No.

Dr. Sherif: Drown?

Fadel: No.

Dr. Sherif: Poisoned?

Fadel: No.

Dr. Sherif: You're confusing me here. So, how do you want to die?

Fadel: I want to die from depression.

Dr. Sherif: How do you want me to make that happen? I could make it look like a heart attack, close enough to what you want. You good with that?

Fadel: I'm good.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, then. Take care, Fadel... I'll go down, take care of Ahmed and Mina, then come back to wrap things up. Let's see what happens with God's will. Just look at how strong that sense of duty is, even in death... Yeah, Fadel's done, let's shut this down and go. Wonder what Mom's making for dinner tonight... Hope she's made stuffed grape leaves. That'd be awesome.

Madiha: What made you come back early from the clinic, Khaled?

Khaled: I quit the job at the clinic.

Madiha: Oh no, no, no. What are we going to eat now, me and the kids?

Khaled: No one dies from hunger, Madiha. God won't forget us.

Madiha: So, tell me, what happened?

Khaled: The crazy doctor I was working for—he's a devil, not a man. No sane person, following God, would come up with an idea like his. He calls it a theory and is killing people. Today, he killed 20 people.

Madiha: And you let him? You helped him kill 20 people?

Khaled: What did you want me to do?

Madiha: You should've called the police, Khaled!

Khaled: Call the cops? So they can kill me too?

Madiha: And who said he won't kill you now? You know everything about him. Was anyone else with you when he was killing people?

Khaled: No, it was just me and him.

Madiha: Then he'll kill you. He's coming for you. You need to go to the police and tell them everything before he does.

Khaled: Stop it, Madiha. I'll go in the morning, report it at the station.

Madiha: No, you need to go now before he sends someone after you!

Khaled: Sleep, Madiha. I'll go in the morning.

Madiha: No, you're going now. I'm not going to go for you.

Khaled: Are you crazy? I can't decide for you, just sleep.

Madiha: I'm worried about you. What if he kills you and puts me through hell?

Khaled: God help me, let him do it. I'll get some rest before I go out in the morning. If I go now, I'm just giving them the chance to kill me. But

in the morning, even if I die, they'll know who did it. Go to sleep, Madiha. I hope you don't wake up to trouble.

Madiha: God forbid.

Dr. Sherif: I'm so worn out. By the time I get home and take a shower, I'll be lucky if you've made me something nice.

Mom: Of course, doc. But tell me first, did you visit your aunt? What did they say?

Dr. Sherif: She's pregnant, Mom.

Mom: Oh my God, your aunt's pregnant?

Dr. Sherif: How should I know? You all are a strange family!

Mom: So, you didn't go to visit her?

Dr. Sherif: What was I supposed to do, Mom? She's got tooth pain. I'm a psychiatrist, not a dentist.

Mom: Well, treat her the way you treat your patients.

Dr. Sherif: I've been explaining this for 10 years, I'm a psychiatrist, meaning I get patients with depression, schizophrenia, people who talk to themselves.

Mom: Oh, so you're a "crazy people" doctor.

Dr. Sherif: Yeah, mom, call it whatever you want. Just make sure the food's ready, or I'll lose it and start flipping things around here.

Mom: No, no, I'll make the food, my dear... Close your eyes, the best lentil soup is coming right up for my dear Sherif.

Dr. Sherif: Lentil soup?

Mom: Yeah, what's wrong with lentil? You're gonna stop being picky.

Dr. Sherif: Nah, I'm heading to eat with the angels, it's better than lentils. You enjoy that, mom.

Mom: By the way, that lentil will chase you on Judgment Day. Nice and easy at the door.

Dr. Sherif: Mom, I told you, wake me up at 7:00 AM sharp. I mean 7:00 AM, not 5:00 and then tell me it's 9:00. Please, 7:00 AM Cairo time, not Tel Aviv time. Good night, mom.

Dad: Sherif, wake up! It's 6:00.

Dr. Sherif: Good morning, Dad. Where's mom?

Dad: Your mom's upset with you because you didn't eat the lentils, and now she's asking me to wake you up. She's even prepared breakfast for you.

Dr. Sherif: Now that's the way to talk. You go ahead, I'll catch up after I get dressed, wash up, and do my hair.

Dad: I'm waiting for you, but don't be late.

Dr. Sherif: Don't worry, Dad.

Dad: Sherif, Sherif, hurry up, come on!

Dr. Sherif: Wait, Dad, what's this? You reheated the lentils from yesterday with some onions? You didn't tell me.

Dr. Sherif: I'm off to the clinic now. Bye, Dad.

Dad: Aren't you having breakfast?

Dr. Sherif: Nah, I'm good.

Dad: Well, take out the trash with you.

Dr. Sherif: No, no, I'm good.

Dad: This kid's brain must've been fried with all the cases he's seen.

Ahmed: Where are we?

Farah: Wait, how did we not die?

Abdel Rahman: We're dead, but we're just late. Find a devil or something and ask him.

Assem: Stop with the devil talk, we're still alive. The doctor tricked us, guys.

Dr. Sherif: Who said that? Weren't you all the ones who wanted to die?

Everyone: Yeah, we did.

Dr. Sherif: Well, I gave you exactly what you wanted.

Hadeer: But we're still alive, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: I know.

Maher: So you were just playing us?

Dr. Sherif: No, I gave you a second chance.

Fargali: Who said we wanted a second chance? We want to die!

Dr. Sherif: Alright, let me explain the theory I brought you here for, and then whoever wants to die, I'll help them for real, no more jokes. You'll either listen or you'll die.

Taha: I'm not listening, and I'm not interested in hearing anything.

Dr. Sherif: Not interested? You're dead already, and I'm extending a hand to help you.

Taha: I don't want your help.

Dr. Sherif: Listen, guys, the machine you went into the first time doesn't kill. But those who go in twice die. If you can handle the pain and the machine's effect, I'm ready to activate it again. Want to go? If not, I'm still here. The choice is yours.

Everyone except Taha: We're listening, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: And you, engineer?

Taha: So now it's on me to listen? Even if you say whatever, nothing's worse than the pain of that machine.

Dr. Sherif: Alright, the machine you went into is a 3D screen system. The device you had on your head emits electrical waves that send pain signals to the brain. There's also a sedative tube to knock you out. The combination of the screens and the electricity causes a temporary coma through a gradual loss of consciousness. That's the whole point...

Khaled: Officer, here's the crazy doctor I told you about. This is Mena, who didn't want to die, and I made him. This is Taha the engineer,

Assem, Ahmed... they're all dead, and the doctor is with them. Mena, tell the officer how the doctor killed you.

Dr. Sherif: Go ahead, officer, take a seat. What's up?

Officer: The nurse came and reported that you've been killing your patients.

Dr. Sherif: Who's this nurse? Khaled? He's a patient, not a nurse. I don't have nurses here... Officer.

Officer: So he's not your nurse?

Dr. Sherif: No, he's my patient. I've been treating him for schizophrenia. Schizophrenia is when someone sees and hears things that only they experience.

Khaled: No, I'm not crazy, officer. Do I tell him, Hadeer, or should I tell him myself how the doctor killed us?

Officer: We're sorry, doctor. Take him into custody.

Dr. Sherif: I'm sorry, officer, but you can't arrest Khaled. He's a danger to you and your men right now. He's in shock and might go into a seizure, which could kill you and your officers. He needs a sedative and 48 hours of rest.

Officer: But doctor, he's been filing false reports and disturbing the authorities.

Dr. Sherif: Officer, he's mentally ill, and he has a certificate for child treatment. The law won't punish him. I'm offering you help to avoid a bigger catastrophe for you and your men. Please, let me take care of him. I promise I won't let him go until he can live normally in society.

Officer: Fine, we'll let him go. We're sorry, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: No need to apologize, officer. I should be the one apologizing for this madman's actions.

Khaled: But I'm not crazy!

Dr. Sherif: Thanks, officer.

Officer: Take care.

Khaled: How did you all wake up? Did the doctor kill me along with you all, or where are we?

Dr. Sherif: You really thought I was going to kill everyone, Khaled? Do you think I have no heart, no faith, no mercy? These are people, Khaled, not chickens.

Khaled: So, all these people are alive and I'm not crazy?

Dr. Sherif: If you don't want to be crazy, that's fine. The officer hasn't left yet. I'll tell him you're not crazy, and he'll take care of you.

Khaled: No, I'm crazy, and my son's crazy too. Keep going, doctor, your mind's all over the place.

Dr. Sherif: The important thing is, guys, I'm here with you, and I'm never going to leave you. You're not crazy, and you're not mentally ill. You've just been through a shock, and everyone's shock is different. With treatment and time, it'll pass, and life will return to normal — even better than before. I'll stay with you until I get you back to your real selves, even better. But I need to know who's ready to keep going with me, and who wants to die and go into the machine.

Everyone: No, we want to keep going with you, doctor.

Dr. Sherif: And that's the theory of "farting" (fervita). As long as suicide is off the table, there will always be people who want to end it all. But if suicide becomes available as an option, and you're given the chance to experience the pain of suicide, then you get to choose — live or die. You'll always choose life, because the pain of dying is too much to bear. So, we have to refuse suicide, so that we all know how to live. We all have to...

Everyone: "Fart" (fervita), doctor!

Dr. Sherif: Exactly, we all have to "fart" to keep going and enjoy life. Now, we've got a lot of work ahead of us, let's get to it, champions!

(After six months...)

Khaled: The clinic was back to normal, and the patients were all doing better than ever. None of them thought about suicide again after they saw death with their own eyes.

Dr. Sherif was honored by the Minister of Health and the Minister of Youth and Sports for his "farting theory." He was awarded a high position with a "fair" rating, with compassion in medicine. Now, his theory is being taught at the world's top universities. This is the result of thinking outside the box — "farting theory," an Egyptian theory taking over the world's universities.

Oh, and I almost forgot to mention: Sherif's mother forgave him after he ate the lentils, of course. She blessed him, and heaven seemed to open up for him. He received an award — they call it the "Nobel." The lucky son. This was after he saved over a million people who were on the brink of suicide.

Dear Reader,

First of all, thank you for picking up this book and for making it to the end. If you're reading these words, there's a good chance that you've been struggling with some personal challenges or even contemplating the idea of suicide. I want to tell you this: suicide is never the answer.

I know life can feel overwhelming at times. You might feel isolated, unloved, or misunderstood, and the weight of those feelings can make it seem like there's no way out. You might even think that you're a failure or that your life has no purpose. But I'm here to tell you this – you're wrong.

By reading this book, you've already made a great choice. You've taken a step forward. You're not alone, and you don't have to face this by yourself. I want to remind you of something important: **You are loved**, and you are worthy of a second chance. Your life matters, and you deserve to live it fully. So give yourself that chance. You deserve to live a life that brings you joy and fulfillment.

Thank you once again for reading. I hope this book has resonated with you and given you some hope for a better future. If the journey through these pages was difficult at times, I apologize, and I promise that in my future works, you'll find smoother paths ahead. I'm excited to share more stories, and I look forward to bringing you the next chapter in the "Theory of Freedom" series soon.

Remember, life is worth living, and **you are worth it.**