

Synopsis of *Willow Trees Don't Weep* Novel

Amman, Jordan has a culture that harms women's life. This country applies the patriarchal culture. Patriarchal culture is a culture which the woman's position is under the position of man. The main female character, Najwa lived in some countries which have the patriarchal culture. Almost all of the sectors or fields in a society held by the man. Najwa only lived with two women, they are her grandmother, Zainab and her mother, Raneen. Najwa lived without her father, Omar because he left the house when Najwa was three years old. Therefore, Najwa got many unpleasant treatments from patriarchal society and especially from man. There were many kinds of unpleasant treatment received by Najwa such as getting bad statement or stereotyping, psychological violence, sexual violence, marginalization and subordination. There was no Najwa's male relative who protects, helps, and defends her and her family in their difficult situation.

When Najwa was twenty-four years old, her mother, Raneen was passed away after suffered by cancer. After the passing away of her mother, Najwa only lived with her grandmother. Her grandmother was very old and she thought that she would not live longer. Najwa asked by her grandmother to look for her father's whereabouts. Zainab did not want that Najwa will get bad things in her future life. Actually, Najwa did not want to look for Omar because Najwa was disappointed and got angry with her father's attitude. Najwa forced by Zainab to look for her father quickly because she afraid if she would not live longer and left Najwa alone. Zainab always gave advice and counsel to Najwa intended to Najwa

willing to look for Omar. Zainab hoped that the presence of her father can provide protection and security for Najwa's life. Moreover, Zainab wanted that the Najwa's dignity became better rather than when Omar's left the house. In searching her father's whereabouts, Najwa got many obstacles that harms Najwa's life. She faced many bad things in several countries which applied the patriarchal culture. Najwa got these bad things from Jordan, Pakistan, Afghanistan and also adapted in every countries which visited by her.

In her father's quest, Najwa only got little by little the clue or instruction that related to her father's whereabouts. Najwa could not do anything. She was forced to accept unpleasant treatments because she wanted to complete and finish her father's quest mission quickly. She wanted to know the reason why her father gone. One by one the instruction that she gained was solved immediately. The last clue made Najwa very surprised and shocked. It made Najwa even more angry to Omar. Najwa did not believe and did not accept that Omar was imprisoned in Durham's prison. She became very angry because she has assumption that Omar was a very dangerous prisoner and commits a major crime. Najwa came to Durham's prison and met Omar with unstable emotions. She could not control her emotion when she met and beside her father. She came to prison for only a short time. Najwa rushed to go home because she could not hold her emotion. After the first meeting with her father, Najwa told to her grandmother that she was very angry and could not control her emotion. Her grandmother told Najwa that there was a secret about her father's past. The secret was in the box. However, the box containing all of Omar's past objects with her mother was left behind in Jordan.

Zainab sent the box to Najwa. It was intended to open Najwa's mind about her father. When the box arrived, Najwa opened and knew the facts/ Najwa met her father for a second time. Najwa took Omar's past belongings and asked why Omar left Najwa. She conveyed all the peculiarity that is in her heart and her mind to Omar. Omar explained all the reasons behind his leaving from the house. Finally, they apologized each other and the problem resolved at that moment. In the third meeting with Omar, Najwa told to Omar that Elizabeth who gave the room for Najwa was passed away. Najwa was very confused about who to live with after Elizabeth's death. Omar could do nothing because Omar had to finish her punishment in Durham's prison. Then, Omar recommended Najwa to stay with Hani's parents. Hani initially hesitated at Omar's suggestion. After Najwa thought about it, Najwa agreed to her father's suggestion. Najwa will return to Jordan for a temporary stay with her grandmother till the end of her grandmother's age. After that, Najwa will move to Hani's parents house while waiting for her father's freedom from prison.

A. Discourse Construction seen from the Dimension of Analytical Text

Category	Sub-Catagory	Code	Data
Macrostructure	Sub-Theme : Violence towards the Woman	A.1.a.01	When we arrived, my grandmother brewed some tea, added fresh sage and poured it in our best tea set, the one my late mother designated for classy guests and kept locked in the display cabinet. It was never used, for no one visited us. No male guardian, no honour, no status in this neighbourhood. (Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014 : 5).
		A.1.a.02	<p>‘Now your mother is dead, you have to go and look for your father.’</p> <p>My father, Omar Rahman, who walked out on us when I was three, loomed large in the past, a featureless dark shadow, without eyes, lips, or voice. I remembered very little: his strong, bushy hair, a scar at the end of his left eyebrow, the warmth of his bony fingers clasping my ribcage before flinging me up in the air. ‘Why?’</p> <p>‘Because I don’t have long to live and you’ll end up alone in this house.’</p> <p>‘Don’t say that, Grandma! And I have a job and can survive.’</p> <p>‘You know how it is Amman and particularly in this neighbourhood. Chaste women don’t live on their own. Tongues will wag. You’ll be ostracised, <i>habibt</i>. And you have no relatives. As they say, “Better a man’s shadow than that of a wall.”’ (Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014 : 6).</p>

		A.1.a.03	Our ‘religious’ neighbour told my grandmother the whole story. His family married him off to the daughter of a Syrian merchant. ‘Najwa is not marriage material,’ his father said, ‘because, rumour has it, her father is a drug baron somewhere on the borders of China. Also, brought up in a house without men, she wouldn’t know how to show my son respect and tend him. Their’s is a joyless house, with three shrivelling women rattling about in it. (Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014: 10).
		A.1.a.04	Although my mother didn’t allow me to wear a veil, like the other women of the neighbourhood, figure-hugging clothes were also banned. ‘With an absent father, people might think you’re a harlot. ’ So, caught in the middle, it was impossible to find the right outfit and leave the house without being reprimanded. Normally one parent dampens the temper of another, but I had to ‘soar solo’, as my teacher of English language would say. (Psychological Violence, Sexual Violence). (WTDW, 2014: 14).
		A.1.a.05	She spat blood this morning. ‘My mother is getting worse.’ ‘I am sorry, Najwa. May Allah cure her!’ She didn’t believe in Allah for him to cure her. ‘I have to take her to the doctor tomorrow for her chemo.’ ‘Fine, but you’ll only be paid if your bum is on this seat.’ He cackled.

			He never missed an opportunity to be impolite. (Psychological Violence, Sexual Violence) (WTDW, 2014 : 15).
		A.1.a.06	[...] The driver ogled me in the mirror; being the daughter of an absent father , they saw me as common land, without a fence or borders. I looked out at the setting sun and wondered who made that web you find yourself caught in. How did I end up here? Was there a way out? Can you soar solo? (Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014: 15).
		A.1.a.07	Taxis swerved tooting around buses, a truck full of breeze blocks was stuck in the traffic, street peddlers lined the pavements offering imitation watches and smuggled cigarettes, and the tamarind and carob drink peddler struck his cymbals rhythmically. ‘Quench your thirst!’ The pedestrians, a mixture of farmers, natives and immigrant workers, surged forward under the colourful kaftans and scarves hung above our heads. Someone touched my bum and I leapt forward silently. If I resisted or shouted, people would find out about the violation and all the shame would be mine. I bit my tongue, something I am used to doing. (Sexual Violence, Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014: 22-23).
		A.1.a.08	I stood on the pavement in the scorching heat opposite the Grand Mosque, which, despite its delicate appearance and pink-and-white stones, dominated the square. I had no option but to find my father. If my

			grandmother died, I would live alone in that house, something this city would not tolerate. Only women of ill repute live on their own without a male guardian. I would be pursued by predators, ostracised, and my door would be marked. (Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014 : 23).
		A.1.a.09	The toothless mosque attendant soaked the mop in the bucket full of water, dark with grime, wrung it out, then wiped the floor. Steam rose as soon as it touched the hot marble. He stopped and gawped when he saw me leaning against the gate. ‘What do you want?’ ‘I would like to see the imam.’ My eyes met his. He wagged his finger. ‘Shoo! It’s prayer time. No women, chit-chat or nonsense.’ ‘Please.’ ‘Shoo!’ He raised the mop. This mission was going to be harder than I thought. (Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014 : 24).
		A.1.a.10	I rushed to the gold market, past the juice kiosk, the cassette stand and the trinkets shop. The floor was swept then sprinkled with water to cool the air in its alleyways. The necklaces dangling in the show windows glinted in the sun. They were pure, high in carat and dark. If I were like other girls I would be shopping for a set with my future husband, not skulking like a thief. My grandmother had advised me to keep checking for nosy hags, relatives with wagging tongues and neighbourhood gossips.

			(Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014 : 24).
		A.1.a.11	<p>A man stopped his car next to me. ‘Psst! Psst! Come here!’</p> <p>He thought I was a prostitute in disguise. Some wore the Islamic dress to hide their identity. ‘just wait there!’ I said.</p> <p>‘Police!’</p> <p>“Your loss!” He pressed down on the accelerator and raced away. (Psychological Violence, Sexual Violence). (WTDW, 2014: 26).</p>
		A.1.a.12	<p>Clasping the photo, I went to the local internet café, a space out of bounds for chaste women. Only men went there, to sit in front of the computer screens, cracking roasted watermelon seeds, smoking hubbly bubbly and searching for sites of ill repute. If I walked in, they would think that I was looking for chance encounters. Breaking the rules of the community was easy. One foot after another and I was right in the middle of that cloud of smoke and nicotine. I asked for a two-dinar pass and sat down. I keyed in <i>Mazar</i> and the search engine packed up.</p> <p>[...]</p> <p>When I keyed in <i>Mazar Taliban War</i>, the screen went blank, but before it did I was able to read, <i>Afghan massacre. The convoy of death.</i></p> <p>The cyber café attendant said, ‘Now the system has truly crashed. Certain words make the censor jittery. OK, <i>shabab!</i> You can go home now. The server is</p>

			<p>down.’</p> <p>Suddenly all the men turned and ogled me. I buttoned up my mother’s jacket and walked out, tainted and with little information or Mazar-e-Sharif. (Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014: 49-50).</p>
		A.1.a.13	<p>In the morning, I kissed my grandmother’s hand and took a taxi to the Identity and Pasport Service in the west side. The man by the gate asked, ‘Why are you here alone?’</p> <p>I have no male relatives.’</p> <p>He sized me up. ‘I don’t believe you. Did you grow out of tree?’</p> <p>‘My father is away, my mother is dead and my grandmother is too old to leave the house.’</p> <p>He let me in. It took three hours to get to the front of the queue and hold the attention of the civil servant in charge of issuing passports. (Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014 : 51).</p>
		A.1.a.14	<p>‘What’s he like?’</p> <p>‘Absent-minded medic.’</p> <p>‘Absent-minded?’</p> <p>‘Always thinking, thinking. Not pious enough.’</p> <p>‘What do you mean?’</p> <p>‘Did not pray regularly.’ He spat another splinter.</p> <p>‘Did you?’</p> <p>‘Yes. Five times a day, plus night prayer.’</p> <p>‘Why pray, then train to shoot?’</p> <p>‘Because the world is full of <i>kafirs</i>, like you, who</p>

			<p>are killing Muslims wherever they find them.'</p> <p>'Like me?'</p> <p>'Yes. The old woman told me. You don't know how to pray.'</p> <p>'Is that a crime?' I turned into Raneen, my mother. Her revenge was complete.</p> <p>'It should be.' (Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014 : 94).</p>
		A.1.a.15	<p>I dozed off then woke up suddenly. My heart was pounding. I took in my surroundings. Where was I? A reel of the past few months ran through my mind's eye. The boy next door rejecting me because I was the daughter of a missing father, with little honour and decorum. [...] (WTDW, 2014 : 113).</p>
		A.1.a.16	<p>My next taks was to go to a mobile phone shop. I asked Charles id he knew of any. He said that there was one by the Tube station and that I had to hurry because they would shut in half an hour. He gave me a map and located it for me. I ran through the streets, trying to avoid people, probably students, businessmen, tramps, and policemen. When I got there, the African shopkeeper smiled, which was the first time in London. 'What can I do for you for?'</p> <p>I tucked my fringe behind my ear. ' I need a mobile phone.'</p> <p>'Contract? Pay-as-you-go? Smart phone?'</p> <p>A contract seemed like a commitment. I didn't know how long I would be staying in England. 'Pay-as-you-</p>

			<p>go.’</p> <p>‘A sexy number?’</p> <p>‘No. Ordinary number.’</p> <p>He got a pink phone of a box, slipped in a SIM card and dialled a few numbers to connect it, his eyes lingering over my breasts.</p> <p>I paid him the thirty pounds and left the shop. Men in the old country never looked at you openly and were experts in stealing glances. (Sexual Violence, Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014 : 180-181).</p>
		A.1.a.17	<p>I could have been married to our neighbour’s son by now, but his father wouldn’t hear of it. Omar Rahman alone was the culprit. (Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014 : 182).</p>
	Sub-Theme : Restriction of Woman’s Movement	A.1.b.01	<p>My grandmother arranged for her coffin to be carried to the mosque, where they performed the Funeral Prayer, and then to be driven in a van to the local cemetery. Women were not allowed to go there, but she insisted. The driver sped over uneven roads and we huddled on mattresses in the back, holding on to the coffin. (WTDW, 2014 : 3).</p>
		A.1.b.02	<p>Our ‘religious’ neighbour told my grandmother the whole story. His family married him off to the daughter of a Syrian merchant. ‘Najwa is not marriage material,’ his father said, ‘because, rumour has it, her father is a drug baron somewhere on the borders of China. Also, brought up in a house without men, she wouldn’t know how</p>

			to show my son respect and tend him. Their's is a joyless house, with three shrivelling women rattling about in it. (WTDW, 2014 : 10).
		A.1.b.03	Although my mother didn't allow me to wear a veil, like the other women of the neighbourhood, figure-hugging clothes were also banned. 'With an absent father, people might think you're a harlot.' So, caught in the middle, it was impossible to find the right outfit and leave the house without being reprimanded. Normally one parent dampens the temper of another, but I had to 'soar solo', as my teacher of English language would say. (WTDW, 2014 : 14).
		A.1.b.04	She spat blood this morning. 'My mother is getting worse.' 'I am sorry, Najwa. May Allah cure her!' She didn't believe in Allah for him to cure her. 'I have to take her to the doctor tomorrow for her chemo.' 'Fine, but you'll only be paid if your bum is on this seat.' He cackled. He never missed an opportunity to be impolite. (WTDW, 2014 : 15).
		A.1.b.05	'How can a man be a mumarida?' adding the /t/ of the feminine marker to the world to exclude his son. 'How can a man tend the sick, a woman?' I answered him using a sentence I had heard on the radio, 'Nursing is an honest profession.' Words spoken for the benefit of fathers and brothers to

			<p>convince them to allow their womenfolk to join the profession .’</p> <p>‘My son! Wiping people’s bottoms! Judgement day is nigh!’</p> <p>I chose it simply because not many women are allowed to become nurses, whores in the eyes of many. Hani the joker said, ‘Nurses have a bad reputation although most.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 18).</p>
		A.1.b.06	<p>Taxi swerved tooting around buses, a truck full of breeze blocks was stuck in the traffic, street peddlers lined the pavements offering imitation watches and smuggled cigarettes, and the tamarind and carob drink peddler struck his cymbals rhythmically. ‘Quench your thirst!’ The pedestrians, a mixture of farmers, natives and immigrant workers, surged forward under the colourful kaftans and scarves hung above our heads. Someone touched my bum and I leapt forward silently. If I resisted or shouted, people would find out about the violation and all the shame would be mine. I bit my tongue, something I am used to doing. (WTDW, 2014 : 22-23).</p>
		A.1.b.07	<p>The toothless mosque attendant soaked the mop in the bucket full of water, dark with grime, wrung it out, then wiped the floor. Steam rose as soon as it touched the hot marble. He stopped and gawped when he saw me leaning against the gate. ‘What do you want?’</p> <p>‘I would like to see the imam.’ My eyes met his.</p> <p>He wagged his finger. ‘Shoo! It’s prayer time. No</p>

			<p>women, chit-chat or nonsense.’ ‘Please.’ ‘Shoo!’ He raised the mop. This mission was going to be harder than I thought. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).</p>
		A.1.b.08	<p>Clasping the photo, I went to the local internet café, a space out of bounds for chaste women. Only men went there, to sit in front of the computer screens, cracking roasted watermelon seeds, smoking hubbly bubbly and searching for sites of ill repute. If I walked in, they would think that I was looking for chance encounters. Breaking the rules of the community was easy. One foot after another and I was right in the middle of that cloud of smoke and nicotine. I asked for a two-dinar pass and sat down. I keyed in <i>Mazar</i> and the search engine packed up. [...] When I keyed in <i>Mazar Taliban War</i>, the screen went blank, but before it did I was able to read, <i>Afghan massacre. The convoy of death.</i> The cyber café attendant said, ‘Now the system has truly crashed. Certain words make the censor jittery. OK, <i>shabab!</i> You can go home now. The server is down.’ Suddenly all the men turned and ogled me. I buttoned up my mother’s jacket and walked out, tainted and with little information or Mazar-e-Sharif. (WTDW, 2014 : 49-50).</p>

		A.1.b.09	<p>In the morning, I kissed my grandmother’s hand and took a taxi to the Identity and Passport Service in the west side. The man by the gate asked, ‘Why are you here alone?’</p> <p>‘I have no male relatives.’</p> <p>He sized me up. ‘I don’t believe you. Did you grow out of a tree?’</p> <p>‘My father is away, my mother is dead and my grandmother is too old to leave the house.’</p> <p>He let me in. It took three hours to get to the front of the queue and hold the attention of the civil servant in charge of issuing passports. My grandmother had insisted that I wear my mother’s best teaching suit and the cheap material absorbed rather than deflected the heat. The form I handed him was damp.</p> <p>‘Are you married? If you are I need your husband’s permission.’</p> <p>‘No, I am not married.’ I wrung my hands.</p> <p>‘Go over there and write a statement pledging that you are single! Don’t forget the stamps.’</p> <p>I wrote it, signed it, stuck the postal stamps on it, then joined the queue again.</p> <p>He fingered his trimmed moustache. ‘Not many women come here on their own like that to get their passport issued.’</p> <p>I bit my lower lip and handed him the papers. My grandmother had told me to keep quiet about my father. <i>‘If they find out that you intend to travel to</i></p>
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			<p><i>Pakistan, you'll be in trouble.</i></p> <p>'My father is away and mother is dead.'</p> <p>He hesitated , stamped it and passed it. A few minutes and your pasport will be ready.' (WTDW, 2014 : 51-52).</p>
		A.1.b.10	<p>I could cross its borders, take a taxi for hours or board a plane. Under the watchful eye of the Pasport Service guards, I went to the nearest kiosk and bought a bottle of fizzy drink to celebrate. My grandmother told me that Muslim men and women were not supposed to eat in public. They were dicredited and their testimony would not be accepted in court. I unscrewed the top and drank. Its couldness and sweetness was so refreshing. Men were stealing glances at me. (WTDW, 2014 : 52).</p>
		A.1.b.11	<p>The old woman stuck her leathery hand out from under the blue burqa and handed me a piece of bread. I took it then ate it gingerly. Since I'd arrived here, I hadn't seen a single woman eat in public. It must be frowned upon. (WTDW, 2014 : 103).</p>
		A.1.b.12	<p>I dozed off then woke up suddenly. My heart was pounding. I took in my surroundings. Where was I? A reel of the past few months ran through my mind's eye. The boy next door rejecting me because I was the daughter of a missing father, with little honour and decorum. [...] (WTDW, 2014 : 113).</p>
		A.1.b.13	<p>I could have been married to our neighbour's son by now, but his father wouldn't hear of it. Omar</p>

			Rahman alone was the culprit. (WTDW, 2014 : 182).
		A.1.b.14	<p>I told Jane about my father and how he had left us when I was three years old. ‘My mother fell apart so my grandmother took over. She raised me.’</p> <p>‘Lucky, that.’</p> <p>‘After the death of my mother, she advised me to sell the family’s gold and go and look for my father. It would be really bad for my reputation to live alone after she dies. Shamefull.’</p> <p>‘Shameful?’</p> <p>‘No one would get married to a woman who lived on her own.’</p> <p>She laughed. ‘That’s one third of the population of England tarred.’</p> <p>‘Is it OK for women to live on their own?’</p> <p>‘Yes. Not a problem.’</p> <p>‘That’s good. I might end up alone here.’</p> <p>‘Not an attractive woman like you, surely? You’ll be swept off your feet.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 205).</p>
	Sub-Theme : Male Figure as a Superior	A.1.c.01	<p>‘You know how it is in Amman and paticularly in this neighbourhood. Chaste women don’t live on their own. Tongues will wag. You’ll be ostracised, <i>habibti</i>. And you have no relatives. As they say, “Better a man’s shadow than that of a wall.”’</p> <p>‘He’s dead to me. They both are.’</p> <p>‘Don’t say that!’ (WTDW, 2014 : 6)</p>
		A.1.c.02	When he left, twenty-four years ago, my mother changed. She took off her veil, cut her hair, packed

			my father's clothes, Qur'ans, books, prayer beads, aftershave, comb and tweezers in a suitcase, hurled it in the loft and forbade me from mentioning him. (WTDW, 2014 : 7).
		A.1.c.03	My mother wanted me to study French at college, 'because it's the most secular country on earth' , but it was not on offer so she spent days looking at the list of subject taught at community colleges then decided that I would train as a tourist guide and work in one of the hotels by the Dead sea, the most cosmopolitan and secular of environment. (WTDW, 2014 : 9-10).
		A.1.c.04	Our 'religious' neighbour told my grandmother the whole story. His family married him off to the daughter of a Syrian merchant. 'Najwa is not marriage material,' his father said, 'because, rumour has it, her father is a drug baron somewhere on the borders of China. Also, brought up in a house without men, she wouldn't know how to show my son respect and tend him. Their's is a joyless house, with three shrivelling women rattling about in it. (WTDW, 2014: 10).
		A.1.c.05	I answered him using a sentence I had heard on the radio, 'Nursing is an honest profession.' Words spoken for the benefit of fathers and brothers to convince them to allow their womenfolk to join the profession. 'My son! Wiping people's bottoms! Judgement day is

			<p>nigh!’</p> <p>I choose it simply because not many women are allowed to become nurses, whores in the eyes of many. (WTDW, 2014 : 18).</p>
		A.1.c.06	<p>I stood on the pavement in the scorching heat opposite the Grand Mosque, which, despite its delicate appearance and pink-and-white stones, dominated the square. I had no option but to find my father. If my grandmother died, I would live alone in that house, something this city would not tolerate. Only women of ill repute live on their own without a male guardian. I would be pursued by predators, ostracised, and my door would be marked. If I’d had any choice, I would have let him go, for he was nothing to me, not even a memory. (WTDW, 2014 : 23).</p>
		A.1.c.07	<p>The toothless mosque attendant soaked the mop in the bucket full of water, dark with grime, wrung it out, then wiped the floor. Steam rose as soon as it touched the hot marble. He stopped and gawped when he saw me leaning against the gate. ‘What do you want?’</p> <p>‘I would like to see the imam.’ My eyes met his.</p> <p>He wagged his finger. ‘Shoo! It’s prayer time. No women, chit-chat or nonsense.’</p> <p>‘Please.’</p> <p>‘Shoo!’ He raised the mop.</p> <p>This mission was going to be harder than I thought. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).</p>

		A.1.c.08	<p>I rushed to the gold market, past the juice kiosk, the cassette stand and the trinkets shop. The floor was swept then sprinkled with water to cool the air in its alleyways. The necklaces dangling in the show windows glinted in the sun. They were pure, high in carat and dark. If I were like other girls I would be shopping for a set with my future husband, not skulking like a thief. My grandmother had advised me to keep checking for nosy hags, relatives with wagging tongues and neighbourhood gossips. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).</p>
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			<p>OK, <i>shabab!</i> You can go home now. The server is down.’</p> <p>Suddenly all the men turned and ogled me. I buttoned up my mother’s jacket and walked out, tainted and with little information or Mazar-e-Sharif. (WTDW, 2014 : 49-50).</p>
		A.1.c.10	<p>In the morning, I kissed my grandmother’s hand and took a taxi to the Identity and Passport Service in the west side. The man by the gate asked, ‘Why are you here alone?’</p> <p>‘I have no male relatives.’</p> <p>He sized me up. ‘I don’t believe you. Did you grow out of a tree?’</p> <p>‘My father is away, my mother is dead and my grandmother is too old to leave the house.’</p> <p>He let me in. It took three hours to get to the front of the queue and hold the attention of the civil servant in charge of issuing passports. My grandmother had insisted that I wear my mother’s best teaching suit and the cheap material absorbed rather than deflected the heat. The form I handed him was damp.</p> <p>‘Are you married? If you are I need your husband’s permission.’</p> <p>‘No, I am not married.’ I wrung my hands.</p> <p>‘Go over there and write a statement pledging that you are single! Don’t forget the stamps.’</p> <p>I wrote it, signed it, stuck the postal stamps on it, then joined the queue again.</p>

			<p>He fingered his trimmed moustache. ‘Not many women come here on their own like that to get their pasport issued.’</p> <p>I bit my lower lip and handed him the papers. My grandmother had told me to keep quiet about my father. <i>‘If they find out that you intend to travel to Pakistan, you’ll be in trouble.’</i></p> <p>‘My father is away and mother is dead.’</p> <p>He hesitated , stamped it and passed it. A few minutes and your pasport will be ready.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 51-52).</p>
		A.1.c.11	<p>Holding my pasport, she walked out of the mosque, her emerald veil trailing behind her. My heart sank. What if I don’t see her or it again? I was in a foreign city, surrounded by strangers, without any identity papers. Great. If the police arrested me, how would I explain visiting a mosque after claiming that I was interested in music? What would I do if I could not travel forward or back? I was angry. It’s because of you I left my country, my grandmother, and travelled here. It’s because you are a cruel father without a shred of compassion in your heart. I hate you. (WTDW, 2014 : 84-85).</p>
		A.1.c.12	<p>Then I saw him. Similar to the policemen in Amman, he looked like an upright insect in camouflage. ‘U.S. army,’ said the driver. The only Americans I came across were the ones I saw on television. Without my mother’s knowledge, I used to stay up late to watch</p>

			repeats of <i>The Bold and the Beautiful</i> and <i>Love Boat</i> , in which everyone was slim, tanned and happy. Romance was also on the list of forbidden things in our house. ‘Men are predators and they’re wired to betray you.’ She didn’t know how to tend my father and drove him away. (WTDW, 2014 : 105).
		A.1.c.13	I could have been married to our neighbour’s son by now, but his father wouldn’t hear of it. Omar Rahman alone was the culprit.(WTDW, 2014 : 182).
	Sub-Theme : Bad Statement towards the Woman	A.1.d.01	When we arrived, my grandmother brewed some tea, added fresh sage and poured it in our best tea set, the one my late mother designated for classy guests and kept locked in the display cabinet. It was never used, for no one visited us. No male guardian, no honour, no status in this neighbourhood. (WTDW, 2014 : 5).
		A.1.d.02	‘Now your mother is dead, you have to go and look for your father.’ My father, Omar Rahman, who walked out on us when I was three, loomed large in the past, a featureless dark shadow, without eyes, lips, or voice. I remembered very little: his strong, bushy hair, a scar at the end of his left eyebrow, the warmth of his bony fingers clasping my ribcage before flinging me up in the air. ‘Why?’ ‘Because I don’t have long to live and you’ll end up alone in this house.’ ‘Don’t say that, Grandma! And I have a job and can survive.’

			<p>'You know how it is Amman and particularly in this neighbourhood. Chaste women don't live on their own. Tongues will wag. You'll be ostracised, <i>habibti</i>. And you have no relatives. As they say, "Better a man's shadow than that of a wall.'" (WTDW, 2014 : 6).</p>
		A.1.d.03	<p>Our 'religious' neighbour told my grandmother the whole story. His family married him off to the daughter of a Syrian merchant. 'Najwa is not marriage material,' his father said, 'because, rumour has it, her father is a drug baron somewhere on the borders of China. Also, brought up in a house without men, she wouldn't know how to show my son respect and tend him. Their's is a joyless house, with three shrivelling women rattling about in it. (WTDW, 2014: 10).</p>
		A.1.d.04	<p>Although my mother didn't allow me to wear a veil, like the other women of the neighbourhood, figure-hugging clothes were also banned. 'With an absent father, people might think you're a harlot.' So, caught in the middle, it was impossible to find the right outfit and leave the house without being reprimanded. Normally one parent dampens the temper of another, but I had to 'soar solo', as my teacher of English language would say. (WTDW, 2014: 14).</p>
		A.1.d.05	<p>I stood on the pavement in the scorching heat opposite the Grand Mosque, which, despite its delicate</p>

			<p>appearance and pink-and-white stones, dominated the square. I had no option but to find my father. If my grandmother died, I would live alone in that house, something this city would not tolerate. Only women of ill repute live on their own without a male guardian. I would be pursued by predators, ostracised, and my door would be marked. If I'd had any choice, I would have let him go, for he was nothing to me, not even a memory. (WTDW, 2014 : 23).</p>
		A.1.d.06	<p>I rushed to the gold market, past the juice kiosk, the cassette stand and the trinkets shop. The floor was swept then sprinkled with water to cool the air in its alleyways. The necklaces dangling in the show windows glinted in the sun. They were pure, high in carat and dark. If I were like other girls I would be shopping for a set with my future husband, not skulking like a thief. My grandmother had advised me to keep checking for nosy hags, relatives with wagging tongues and neighbourhood gossips. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).</p>
		A.1.d.07	<p>A man stopped his car next to me. 'Psst! Psst! Come here!' He thought I was a prostitute in disguise. Some wore the Islamic dress to hide their identity. 'just wait there!' I said. 'Police!' 'Your loss!' He pressed down on the accelerator and</p>

			raced away. (WTDW, 2014: 26).
		A.1.d.08	<p>I clasped her stiff fingers. ‘I do hope you have a safe journey to Mecca, Grandmother. May Allah accept your pilgrimage and grant you a place in his paradise!’ If my mother heard me she would tear her shrouds.</p> <p>‘Najwa, Allah willing, you’ll find your father. I know how much that means to you.’ Her eyes filled up. I could not shed a tear.</p> <p>She held me, sniffed, then kissed my neck. ‘When are you leaving? Don’t stay too long alone in that house! Tongues will wag.’ (WTDW, 2014 :61).</p>
Superstructure	Plot : Exposition	A.2.a.01	<p>The day was perfect for departure. It was dry as usual, the sky clear, sun shining, but there was a chill in the air that goose-pimpled you all over. <i>No Islamic funeral! were my mother’s last words, but my grandmother ignored her wishes. She asked our ‘religious’ neighbour, who was never allowed into our house when my mother was still alive, to wash her and perform religious rituals.</i> I spent all morning spying on her, something that was second nature to me. She scooped water, reciting verses from the Qur’an, poured it over mother’s bald head, scrubbed her body with a loofah, performed her ablutions, dried her and then wrapped her scraggy corpse in white haj clothes. If she were alive and heard her say, ‘In the Name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful,’ she would have gouged</p>

			out her eyes. (WTDW, 2014 : 3).
		A.2.a.02	My grandmother arranged for her coffin to be carried to the mosque, where they performed the Funeral Prayer, and then to be driven in a van to the local cemetery. Women were not allowed to go there, but she insisted. The driver sped over uneven roads and we huddled on mattresses in the back, holding on to the coffin. (WTDW, 2014 : 3).
		A.2.a.03	The cemetery was a flat, arid piece of land on top of a hill, dotted with slabs of concrete and white markers. The soil was cracked and there were no trees or plants, except for a few thorns that grew in the cracks or between the graves. Sparrows gathered when we arrived, craving a crumb or two. I walked behind the procession, holding my grandmother's hand. Tears ran down the furrows on her face all the way to her neck, soaking her knotted veil. (WTDW, 2014 : 4).
		A.2.a.04	No tears from me, Najwa, daughter of Raneen and Omar Rahman and granddaughter of Zainab! I stood there a cripple, unable to grieve for you, my so-called father, or for her. (WTDW, 2014 : 4)
		A.2.a.05	When we arrived, my grandmother brewed some tea, added fresh sage and poured it in our best tea set, the one my late mother designated for classy guests and kept locked in the display cabinet. It was never used, for no one visited us. No male guardian, no honour, no status in this neighbourhood. 'Najwa, sweetheart!'

		<p><i>Sweetheart</i> was an indication that the discussion would be serious. I tucked my fringe behind my ear, tied my hair and sat down on one of the cushions my mother had scattered in the garden. She used to arrange and rearrange them to make it look homely.</p> <p>‘Now your mother is dead, you have to go and look for your father.’</p> <p>My father, Omar Rahman, who walked out on us when I was three, loomed large in the past, a featureless dark shadow, without eyes, lips or voice. I remembered very little: his strong, bushy hair, a scar at the end of his left eyebrow, the warmth of his bony fingers claspng my ribcage before flinging me up in the air. ‘Why?’</p> <p>Because I don’t have long to live and you’ll end up alone in this house.’</p> <p>‘Don’t say that , Grandma! And I have a job and can survive.’</p> <p>‘You know how it is in Amman and particularly in this neighbourhood. Chaste women don’t live on their own. Tongues will wag. You’ll be ostracised, <i>habibti</i>. And you have no relatives. As they say, “Better a man’s shadow than that of a wall.”’</p> <p>‘He’s dead to me. They both are.’</p> <p>‘Don’t say that!’</p> <p>‘He left us and never looked back. No cards or recorded messages, like the ones you hear on the <i>Greeting for You</i> radio programme.’ (WTDW, 2014 :</p>
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	Plot : Rising Action	A.2.b.01	<p>‘Why would I go searching for him? He should look for me, his daughter.’</p> <p>‘Darling! He sent you letters, gifts and photographs, but my daughter – my Allah forgive her – destroyed or hid them.’</p> <p>[...]</p> <p>‘Najwa! You’re twenty-seven so stop acting like a child.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 6-7).</p>
		A.2.b.02	<p>Our ‘religious’ neighbour told my grandmother the whole story. His family married him off to the daughter of Syrian merchant. ‘Najwa is not marriage material,’ his father said, ‘because, rumour has it, her father is a drug baron somewhere on the borders of China. Also, brought up in a house without men, she wouldn’t know how to show my son respect and tend him. Their’s is a joyless house, with three shrivelling women rattling about in it.’</p> <p>My heart fell, banged against the tiles and broke into pieces like a demitasse. I sat with my mother under the lemon tree. ‘Why did he abandon us, leave us like this, fending for ourselves?’</p> <p>‘It’s this ugly thing called religion. Allah is more important to him than us.’ My mother gathered up her thinning hair.</p> <p>My grandmother sucked her last tooth. ‘Some say he got married to an Asian beauty and now lives like a king in the mountains of the Himalayas.’</p>

			My mother's chin quivered. She was still in love with you. (WTDW, 2014 :10-11).
		A.2.b.03	<p>I stood on the pavement in the scorching heat opposite the Grand Mosque, which, despite its delicate appearance and pink-and-white stones, dominated the square. I had no option but to find my father. If my grandmother died, I would live alone in that house, something this city would not tolerate. Only women of ill repute live on their own without a male guardian. I would be pursued by predators, ostracised, and my door would be marked. If I'd had any choice, I would have let him go, for he was nothing to me, not even a memory.</p> <p>Who could help me in this big city? The world was a maze and I didn't know where to enter it, how to navigate it and whether I would find a way out. If I asked the imam about my father's whereabouts, he might give me a clue or two. My late mother told me that before he abandoned us, my father went there every Friday to pray and returned home late. The call for Noon Prayer rose out of its two minarets and filled the market with its eternal sound. (WTDW, 2014 : 23).</p>
		A.2.b.04	I rushed to the gold market, past the juice kiosk, the cassette stand and the trinkets shop. The floor was swept then sprinkled with water to cool the air in its alleyways. The necklaces dangling in the show windows glinted in the sun. They were pure, high in

			carat and dark. If I were like other girls I would be shopping for a set with my future husband, not skulking like a thief. My grandmother had advised me to keep checking for nosy hags, relatives with wagging tongues and neighbourhood gossips. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).
		A.2.b.05	My grandmother ran her fingers over it. ‘I have lost her and now I will . . .’ Her chin quivered. ‘I could stay.’ Her hand was swollen and stiff in mine. ‘No, you must go and look for your father. The past might make you whole.’ ‘What about you?’ ‘I’ll not last long. You cannot live in this house on your own after I am gone. What would people say?’ ‘But . . .’ ‘ If you end up on your own in this house, it will be so shameful. Only loose women, ‘ahirat, live alone. You belong with your father.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 28).
		A.2.b.06	A few weeks after the death of my mother, the imposer of rules and regulations, I had been free to search the house for clues, photos, documents – anything that would help me construct a father. (WTDW, 2014 : 34).
		A.2.b.07	My grandmother advised me to approach the subject gently. ‘thank you for agreeing to see me, imam. I assure you I am not after money. What I need is your help.’

		<p>‘Allah willing. I will be able to offer it to you.’</p> <p>I stuck my hand in the hidden pocket of the abaya, pulled my father’s photo out and placed it on the desk in front of him. ‘I am looking for my father.’</p> <p>He stood up. ‘You’re Omar Rahman’s daughter. Welcome! Welcome! What an honour!’</p> <p>‘I need to find him, revered imam. Do you know where he is?’</p> <p>‘My daughter,’ he said, although, at twenty-seven, I was too old to be his daughter, ‘no one knows his whereabouts. He was a disciple of Sheikh Muhammad, a protégé of Sheikh Azzam. They all left the country.’</p> <p>‘Sheikh Muhammad? Sheikh Azzam?’</p> <p>He hid his astonishment. ‘When the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan in 1979, Sheikh Azzam, Allah bless his soul, issued a fatwa declaring that both the Afghan and Palestinian struggles were jihads, holy wars.’</p> <p>‘And?’</p> <p>‘Sheikh Muhammad, here, spread his message. Your father spent hours debating Azzam’s fatwa with Sheikh Muhammad. Many young men decided to join.’</p> <p>‘Join what?’</p> <p>‘Global jihad, of course. They were given salaries, plane tickets and accomodation at the other end.’</p> <p>‘Where?’</p> <p>The imam hesitated, stopped counting the prayer</p>
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			<p>beads, picked up the telephone receiver then put it down.</p> <p>‘I need to find him. It’s urgent.’ I clasped my hands and put them in my lap.</p> <p>‘The only way forward is to talk to his friend Hani’s family. Rumour has it that he was with him when he was martyred. They live just around the corner, past the spice shop.’</p> <p>‘His friend Hani is dead?’</p> <p>‘Yes, he died. May Allah bless his soul!’</p> <p>‘Thank you so much for your help.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 38-40).</p>
		A.2.b.08	<p>‘Was your visit to the mosque useful?’</p> <p>‘Yes; the imam said that my father went away with his friend Hani.’ I gulped down the food. ‘I’ll go to see his family this afternoon.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 46).</p>
		A.2.b.09	<p>I stood outside Hani’s family house, hair tied, back straight and uncomfortable in one of my mother’s suits. The gate was open so I walked through an empty yard to the house in the middle. There were no flowers in the beds, no fountain, no pots full of begonia. Weeds sprang from the cracks between the concrete walls and the ground. I knocked on the door and heard a feeble. ‘Come in!’</p> <p>I went into a dark room with built-in seats. A grey-haired woman reclined on one of them. She looked up.</p> <p>‘Peace be upon you!’</p>

		<p>‘Who are you? Are you a gypsy beggar?’ ‘No. I am Najwa.’ She stuck her finger in her ear and shook it. ‘Najwa?’ ‘Omar Rahman’s daughter.’ She knocked her head against the wall, rubbed it, got up and rushed to the kitchen. ‘Abu-Hani! Guess who is in our house? Omar Rahman’s daughter!’ Hani’s father shuffled in, fixed his white kaffiyeh and said, ‘<i>Ahlan!</i> Welcome to my house! You brought light and gladness to this darkness.’ He urged me to sit down. The woman kissed me on both cheeks. ‘Are you Hani’s mother?’ ‘Yes, I am the martyr’s mother.’ ‘Long life to you and your children!’ My grandmother advised me to fill my mouth with sugar to sweeten the words. ‘I hope that you’re in good health and spirits.’ ‘Unfortunately we are in good health, but our spirits . . .’ Hani’s father said, ‘Thanks be to Allah. Whatever He decrees, we accept.’ ‘I heard about your loss. I am sorry.’ ‘Thank you!’ ‘What can we do for you?’ ‘I am here to ask you about my father.’ ‘Your father is the most honourable of men. He carried my son over his shoulder for miles. Hani – my</p>
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		<p>precious, my heart, my eyesight – died in his arms.’ ‘Died in his arms?’ Where?’ ‘In Mazar.’ ‘When?’ ‘Six years ago.’ She stood up, went to the kitchen and came back with tea and a photo of Hani and my father standing in the middle of a field of poppies, the mountains high behind them. His head was covered with a black shawl, his beard was bushy and he looked tall and thin in a tunic and loose trousers. ‘This is the shalwar kameez of the Taliban,’ Hani’s father said. You were covered with dust and looked rugged and weather-beaten. ‘He can’t be my dad.’ ‘It’s your father. He is a <i>mujahid</i>.’ ‘A mujahid?’ ‘Yes; he is fighting for Allah.’ ‘Fighting for Allah.’ ‘He’s one of the soldiers of Islam.’ ‘One of the soldiers of Islam!’ I parroted. The house smelt of dust and decay. I wanted to leave, but I fixed my feet to the ground and had another sip of the extra-sweet tea. They told me that Hani had decided to go to Afghanistan and managed to convince my father to join him. They went to Peshwar. Hani’s parents didn’t know much. The rest was hearsay. After the massacre in the mountains of</p>
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			<p>Afghanistan, my father, who was a medic, carried Hani all the way to the nearest hospital. He died on the way. My father pressed his intestines back into the cavity of his belly. He was clean. There was no blood. Martyrs die clean and fragrant. After that, no one had heard from my father.</p> <p>‘Perhaps he’s in the caves of Tora Bora with Sheikh Osama,’ Hani’s father said.</p> <p>They didn’t know my father’s whereabouts, but they agreed to give me a copy of the photo. ‘I have so many hanging around the house.’</p> <p>I shook Hani’s father hand, kissed his mother and left. (WTDW, 2014 : 46-49).</p>
		A.2.b.10	<p>Clasping the photo, I went to the local internet café, a space out of bounds for chaste women. Only men went there, to sit in front of the computer screens, cracking roasted watermelon seeds, smoking hubbly bubbly and searching for sites of ill repute. If I walked in, they would think that I was looking for chance encounters. Breaking the rules of the community was easy. One foot after another and I was right in the middle of that cloud of smoke and nicotine. I asked for a two-dinar pass and sat down. I keyed in Mazar and the search engine packed up. (WTDW, 2014 : 49).</p>
		A.2.b.11	<p>In the morning, I kissed my grandmother’s hand and took a taxi to the Identity and Passport Service in the west side. (WTDW, 2014 : 51).</p>

		A.2.b.12	After I visited them, Hani’s family sent me a letter. My grandmother found it in the geranium bed one morning. ‘They must have flung it over the wall.’ It said, among other things, <i>If you decide to go to Afghanistan to look for your father, you must go via Peshawar in Pakistan. Go straight to the al-Zahrani mosque and ask for Abu-Bakr; he will help you travel through the Khyber Pass.</i> (WTDW, 2014 : 77).
		A.2.b.13	Alone in a mosque in Peshawar , I waited for that kind lady to return. (WTDW, 2014 : 84).
		A.2.b.14	An old man in a wool cap, long shalwar kameez shirt, an embroidered coat lined with goatskin, baggy trousers and leather boots sat by the gate of the mosque. He was cleaning his teeth with a Meswak twig. When he saw me, he stood up, pressed his right hand on his chest and said in Arabic, ‘ <i>As-salam alaikum!</i> ’ He was holding the note I had sent with the mosque attendant. ‘Peace be upon you too. Are you Abu-Bakr?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘I am Omar Rahman’s daughter.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 92).
		A.2.b.15	Abu-Bakr – old, bearded, scrawny and wrapped in a shawl – stood hunched against the morning sun. He gave me the permission he had obtained for me to cross to Afghanistan, a letter and a hundred Afghanis. (WTDW, 2014 : 101).
		A.2.b.16	And, here in Afghanistan , a real American man stood before me. (WTDW, 2014 : 105).

		A.2.b.17	<p>A thin, tall woman walked in, her orange burqa trailing behind her. When she took it off, I was looking at a carnival mirror – for it was me, but thinner and with slightly narrower eyes. Her skin was dark, hair curly, eyebrows arched, lips generous, her teeth gapped and eyes downcast with embarrassment. Gulnar held her arm tightly. ‘Say hello to Najwat!’ A sheepish ‘Hello!’ She walked tentatively towards me.</p> <p>[...]</p> <p>Gulnar paled. ‘Mee, stepmother. She your sister, Amani.’ (WTDW 2014 : 139).</p>
		A.2.b.18	<p>‘Where is my father?’ My voice quivered. He swallowed. ‘Your father, Sheikh Omar Rahman, joined the residence in 1986 and travelled to Afghanistan in 1987. He worked as a medic in Mazar, not far from here. Seven years after he’d arrived here, he got married.’</p> <p>I rubbed my wet hands on my thighs. ‘It took him seven years to forget us.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 148).</p>
		A.2.b.19	<p>When the aeroplane landed in London, I was surprised to see such giant buildings made of steel and glass. (WTDW, 2014 : 168).</p>
		A.2.b.20	<p>When we arrived in Paddington, Andy carried my suitcase to the platform. ‘Call me!’ he pleaded. (WTDW, 2014 : 173).</p>
		A.2.b.21	<p>When we arrived in Leeds, I got off, put on my jacket and tightened my shoelaces, then tied them. (WTDW,</p>

			2014 : 216).
	Plot : Crisis	A.2.c.01	<p>I arrived at a town square dotted with trees and branches. Baskets full of flowers were hung on the street lamps, which were old and ornate. I sat to catch my breath. A man with short ginger hair, blue eyes and a beard, holding some blue prayer beads, appeared suddenly and sat next to me, I smoothed my jacket, mopped my brow, tucked my hair behind my ears.</p> <p>He counted the beads. ‘You must be Najwa.’</p> <p>His voice was deep and smooth like that a muezzin.</p> <p>‘How did you know?’</p> <p>‘You look like him, <i>masha Allah</i>.’ He smiled, revealing chipped front teeth.</p> <p>‘My father . . .’ My heart stopped. I cleared my throat, coughed and breathed out. ‘You have met him.’</p> <p>‘Yes. Sheikh Omar Rahman.’ He watched the traffic.</p> <p>I held on to my rucksack. ‘You’re not just saying this.’</p> <p>‘No.’</p> <p>‘Really?’</p> <p>‘Yes. ‘He caressed the prayer beads.</p> <p>‘Where?’ My voice was hoarse now I was close to the end of the trail.</p> <p>‘I was inside.’</p> <p>‘Inside?’</p> <p>‘Yes. Inside. A guest of Her Majesty.’ He winked.</p> <p>‘I don’t understand.’</p>

			<p>'In prison.' 'That were you met him?' My English abandoned me. 'Yes. Inside.' 'Is he in prison?' 'Yep.' 'My dad is in prison.' He nodded and counted his prayer beads quickly. The beads clicked against each other. (WTDW, 2014 : 218-219)</p>
		A.2.c.02	<p>You were also a criminal; an abandoner, traitor, deserter of wife and child, saviour, fighter and convict. Great! My anger welled up. I came all this way, risked everything, probably criminalised myself in the proces, only to find you behind bars. I sucked both lips and bit hard to stop myself from falling apart. The best thing to do was to put all of this behind me, take a train to London and fly back home. (WTDW, 2014 : 219).</p>
		A.2.c.03	<p>I held the mug with both hands, seeking warmth. 'Ed?' 'Yes.' 'Where is my father?' 'Your dad is in a high-security prison in Durham.' 'Durham?' 'A town up north.' 'Is it far?' 'No. Less than an hour by train.'</p>

			<p>‘Can I travel there today?’ ‘Yes. I’ll drive you to Leeds.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 224-225)</p>
		A.2.c.04	<p>I arrived in Durham at five o’clock in the afternoon. Praying costume – the gift from neighbour in Amman – in suitcase, locket around neck, father’s wedding ring on thumb, grandmother’s shawl in rucksack, stepmother’s woven bracelet on wrist, dead half-sister’s letter in pocket, I stepped out of the carriage. (WTDW, 2014 : 229).</p>
		A.2.c.05	<p>When we arrived, I joined the queue. Mothers with whining babies, fathers, reluctant teenage sons and grandmothers carrying plastic bags stood waiting. When they checked my passport and permit, I thought that would be the end of the journey. They might see the forged visa, put me in a police car, take me to the airport and deport me. With my luck the way it was, this could be it. (WTDW, 2014 : 241).</p>
		A.2.c.06	<p>The prison guard gave me back my passport and a key. Winded with relief, I almost fell. ‘Please put your mobile phone, keys and sharp objects in the locker.’ Finger scanned, face photographed. I was led to the search area. The smell of musty shoes and sweat filled the airless space. I put my father’s wedding ring, two locket necklaces, watch, money and key in a tray. My bag and shoes were X-rayed. I was instructed to go through a metal detector, then a woman guard</p>

			<p>padded me down. I blushed when I was spreadeagled and intimately frisked like that in public. The guard sitting by the X-ray machine asked, ‘What are these empty bottles?’ My English evaporated. ‘Think my father gave to my mother.’</p> <p>‘Why are you taking them with you?’</p> <p>‘This is first time I see him.’</p> <p>‘The first time you’ve seen your father?’</p> <p>‘Yes. He left when I was three.’</p> <p>He gave me my bag and waved me through. The woman guard who’d searched me led me to another reception area. ‘You’ll be accompanied by someone. You’ll see your father soon.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 242).</p>
		A.2.c.07	<p>I breathed out slowly, whispered the names of trees, and stretched my hands on the table to steady them. He was the last to enter. The old man couldn’t be my father! I stood up and the guard, who was watching us closely, waved me down. He was tall, olive-skinned, bespectacled, bearded. A white crochet cap covered his bristly grey hair. Was that man my father? He paled, stood and inspected me. Hair frizzed up, face aglow with sweat, cheek twitching and hands trembling, I must have seemed unstable to him. When I bit my lip to stop it from quivering, he scratched his beard, turned his face towards the sunrays streaking through the window bars, then sat down, a total stranger. I lowered my gaze to my bag, full of empty</p>

			perfume bottles, and my feet shod in white trainers. I twisted his wedding ring around my thumb. (WTDW, 2014 : 243-244).
		A.2.c.08	<p>‘Najwa?’ A silky voice. He took off his glasses, wiped the corners of his eyes, which were bright with unshed tears. The scar at the end of his left eyebrow was barely visible, his beard grey, cheeks blotchy, chin sagging, neck covered with moles, elbows scabby, and hands knitted with veins.</p> <p>I had a sudden urge to leave all this behind me, travel back to my country, take care of my grandmother and keep her alive as long as possible. I was doubt to stand up. Then the are where my ribs met, and her blood trickled, felt warmer. I cleared my throat. ‘Yes.’</p> <p>He gestured something to the guard, who seemed flushed, and he nodded his approval. The betrayer, deserter, heart-breaker, absconder, traitor stood up, walked around the table, took hold of my arm, pulled me up and hugged me. His scent, unpleasant and familiar, reminded me of my mother. My head on his chest, I could feel his heartbeat against my twitching cheek. Then the warmth of his arms around my shoulders seeped through the fabric of my shirt. I remembered our neighbour’s son’s rejection and Andy’s frosty farewell. Resentment welled up inside me and I stepped back. He sat down, took off his glasses again and wiped them.</p>

			I willed myself to be kind and to free my heart from all its fear, but couldn't. If only I could place my hand gently over his. But my mother rocked in her plastic chair in the garden, tranquillised, broken and bitter. I was angry with you and for you. (WTDW, 2014 : 244-245).
		A.2.c.09	'I came here to give you this letter and leave.' Ed's friend had got me permission to give him one sheet of paper. 'It's from your real daughter, Amani. She's dead, by the way. My mother too. You killed her.' He howled, flung himself at me, was restrained by the guards and pulled out. His screams echoed inside the prison and followed me all the way out and through the yard. Standing at the bus stop, I could still hear them. (WTDW, 2014 : 245).
	Plot : Falling Action	A.2.d.01	The calls from Ed began. 'He speaks about you all the time.' ' <i>Her hair dark, spiky and her skin olive. Najwa is like a bulbul.</i> ' 'He remembers clearly when you had a fever and he stayed up all night, applying cold compress to your forehead. Your ribcage rose up and down in his grip.' 'When you were a baby, you loved mashed bananas mixed with orange juice.' 'You had your siesta on his chest.' 'You crawled out of your cot and slept next to him. You must've loved him when you were a baby.'

			<p>‘How can you not forgive your dad? I wish I had a dad to forgive.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 249-250).</p>
		A.2.d.02	<p>‘Did you find your father, sweetheart?’ ‘Yes, he’s in prison in the UK.’ ‘In prison? A gentle man like him?’ ‘Yes. He also has a family in Afghanistan.’ ‘That explains it.’ ‘He had a daughter. She died.’ ‘I see.’ ‘I don’t want to see him, Grandma.’ ‘It’s time, my child, to see the contents of that box.’ ‘What box?’ ‘The box I left you. I wanted you to open it when you were about to meet him. You forgot to take it with you. Our neighbour found it in the garden and kept it for me.’ ‘Oh! Can you please post it?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Grandma, I did some awful things.’ Amani wept in the kitchen. Ashraf kissed me. A masked man gave me the sewing kit full of lethal data. Andy pushed his fingers into me. ‘No one is squeaky clean.’ ‘Not even you?’ ‘Don’t waste your money chatting me!’ Hugs and kisses, granddaughter of mine. Give your address to our neighbour!’ ‘I love you, <i>tita</i>.’</p>

			'I love you too.' (WTDW, 2014 : 254).
		A.2.d.03	Two weeks later, the parcel arrived. I took it upstairs and locked the door. It was the same shoebox. I had left behind on the steps of the veranda. Still taped, it was wrapped in brown paper. The past, crammed in there for years, was about to pop out like a jack-in-the-box or a devil. I tore off the wrapping, removed the lid and emptied its contents on the rug. Shreds of old paper fell out. (WTDW, 2014 : 257).
		A.2.d.04	I went back, had a shower, changed, had breakfast and worked at the reception. Just before my coffee break, Ed's sister rang Elizabeth, who seemed distressed and kept trying to loosen her collar. She told her that my father didn't want to set his eyes on me again. 'But you don't worry! Ed is working on him.' Prisoners in Britain had the right to accept or reject a visitor and my father had refused 'point blank' to sign the permit. Ed told him that everyone deserved a second chance, even his own daughter, but he wouldn't hear of it. (WTDW, 2014 : 261-262).
		A.2.d.05	This afternoon, I received a letter in the post. My father, Sheikh Omar Rahman, had agreed to see me. It felt like a date with a stranger. I had my hair trimmed and straightened, plucked my eyebrows, bleached my facial hair and put on Amani's shirt. Groomed, made-up, wrist adorned with the silver bracelet he had sent me, I went downstairs. Elizabeth smiled. 'You look lovely. Grown up.'

			<p>‘Do you think he’ll approve?’ ‘Yes. I would have you as my daughter any day.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 264).</p>
		A.2.d.06	<p>While in the queue, waiting to be searched, Ed’s friend came and said hello. ‘It’s good to see you again, Miss Rahman. Your father is better and is looking forward to your visit.’ ‘Better?’ ‘I’m sorry. Didn’t you know? He was ill.’ With your death looming, I was suddenly free to love you. Omar Rahman – murderer, baby-abandoner, wife-jilter – was about to cease. Your treachery tucked away in the other life and your face hidden behind the horizon, any emotion was possible. The dam burst. Blood raced into myveins. It was hot in that confined place reeking of mould, cleaning substances and the breath of search dogs. ‘I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have told you.’ English words came out with difficulty. ‘it better to know.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 264-265).</p>
		A.2.d.07	<p>The he said, ‘Najwa.’ It sounded right coming out of the mouth of the man who named me. I wiped the tears with the back od my sleeve. ‘Please, sit down! Your leg! What happened?’ He looked sheepish, even young. ‘The day you visited me, I went crazy. Never happened before. Kicked everything: the ebd, table, chair. Broke my shin. Then I got really ill.’</p>

			<p>I swallowed. ‘Amani was beautiful. This is her shirt, by the way. Gulnar gave it to me.’</p> <p>He shook his head. ‘You abandon one daughter, then lose another. Checks and balances. <i>They plot, but Allah is the best conspirator.</i>’</p> <p>‘A grand design, then.’</p> <p>‘It could be.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 267).</p>
		A.2.d.08	<p>I spread my memorabilia on the table. Under the watchful eye of the guard, I lined up the empty perfume bottles: Ramage eau de cologne, with azure top and a gold plate inside; L’air du Temps, with a dovescrew top; and Charlie.</p> <p>He gawped. ‘Where did you find them?’</p> <p>‘In a tin in the kitchen. She used to take a pink pill, spray herself with perfume and sit in the garden, thinking of you.’</p> <p>His pressed his hands on his cheeks. ‘So sorry.’ His velvety voice had lost its smoothness.</p> <p>‘She couldn’t get rid of them. She also kept all your things in the loft, including an untouched box of Black Magic chocolates.’</p> <p>‘I loved her. She was a good woman, but too wound u.’</p> <p>‘Is that enough of an excuse, father?’ My tongue faltered over ‘Father’. I showed him the wedding photo, my mother’s hair gathered to one side. Then I got out the pearl hair comb with organza flowers. (WTDW, 2014 : 267-268)</p>

		A.2.d.09	<p>‘How innocent and unaware we were!’ ‘What happened? What made you leave?’ ‘Hani. What you don’t know won’t hurt you . . . or might.’ I pointed at the bracelet adorning my wrist. ‘What does <i>falak</i> mean?’ ‘Fate, destiny. Allah has written our story.’ ‘What about choice? Do you think we can change what has been ordained?’ ‘Allah is the knower of all things; nothing exists outside of his will and decree. He inscribed all things in the preserved tablet fifty thousand years before he created the universe. A person is not forced to obey or disobey, but Allah can predicate our motives and deeds.’ ‘So, more or less, our life is mapped out.’ ‘Our characters are, therefore, our fate.’ ‘You leaving us, my travels and my half-sister’s death are all part of a design?’ ‘It could be. Or as a result of the way I am.’ ‘A grand narrative?’ He pointed at my neck. ‘You’re wearing the locket. It passed through the iron curtain.’ ‘No; I found it in “your” suitcase after my mother’s death.’ ‘I’m sorry she’s dead, Najwa.’ He kissed my forehead. (WTDW, 2014 : 268).</p>
	Plot : Catastrophe	A.2.e.01	It happened at six a.m. A thud. I rushed down to the

			<p>sitting room and found Elizabeth on the floor, flushed, gasping for air, with her gown wrapped around her thighs. ‘Cannot breathe!’</p> <p>I sat down and rested her head on my thigh. ‘Relax!’ Grey-faced and clammy, she convulsed on the rug. ‘My heart’s racing. Chest tight.’</p> <p>I undid the buttons of her nightgown. She opened her eyes and looked at me. Her lashes were grey. ‘If I had . . .’ She coughed.</p> <p>One of the guests rushed in his pyjamas. ‘Call 999!’ He crossed his hands and pressed her chest. A grunt. When the medics arrived, she was dead. (WTDW, 2014 : 271).</p>
		A.2.e.02	<p>When I went to visit my father, I was full of cold. With his beard shaved, hair longer and without his crochet cap, he seemed younger. ‘Take some tahini and honey for that cough!’</p> <p>‘Is that good?’</p> <p>‘Yes. Soothing. Listen to your old man! He’s a “doktor”.’</p> <p>When he smiled, the crescent-shaped scar disappeared.</p> <p>‘How did you get that?’ I pointed at my temple.</p> <p>‘I used to tease Hani so much. I once hid all the marbles he had won. He looked for them everywhere. Then he hurled himself at me and scratched my face. I was seven years old.’</p> <p>When he laughed, I had a glimpse of the man my</p>

			<p>mother had fallen in love with, the one in flared trousers and sideburns. He seemed carefree. ‘What changed you?’</p> <p>‘What do you mean?’</p> <p>‘What changed you from a Westernised man who loved jazz, to a . . . ?’</p> <p>‘Life, death, other people.’</p> <p>‘Dad, Elizabeth died.’ I bit the inside of my lower lip.</p> <p>‘Yes, Ed told me. That kind landlady. May she rest in peace!’</p> <p>‘There is nothing left for me here, except you. But you’re in prison.’</p> <p>‘I know.’ He pulled at the sagging skin of his Adam’s apple.</p> <p>‘Why?’ I was asking him about his crimes.</p> <p>‘One day you’ll forgive me for leaving you. Perhaps when I am dead.’</p> <p>‘Why?’ I pointed at the guards.</p> <p>‘One should keep one’s heart wired to one’s head.’</p> <p>‘Will you ever be released?’</p> <p>‘Perhaps a few weeks before I die.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 273-274).</p>
		A.2.e.03	<p>‘Then I should go back, make some money, save up for flights.’</p> <p>‘I think that’s best.’</p> <p>‘But my grandmother won’t hear of it.’</p> <p>‘Why?’</p>

			<p>‘She’ll die soon, she said, and tongues will wag if I live there on my own.’ I rubbed my right cheek. He grasped my hand with his flaky fingers. ‘I have one debt that I haven’t cashed. It’s long overdue.’ ‘You do?’</p> <p>‘I’ll arrange for you to live with Hani’s parents.’</p> <p>‘Will they agree to that? A stranger in their house?’</p> <p>‘Yes. You’re like a granddaughter to them.’</p> <p>‘Did Hani have any children?’</p> <p>‘No.’ He peeled a scab off the side of his knuckle.</p> <p>‘Long life to my grandmother! So when she dies, I can move in with them?’</p> <p>‘Yes. Taking care of you will rejuvenate them.’</p> <p>‘You loved him, Dad?’</p> <p>He took off his glasses and wiped them. ‘Too much, perhaps.’</p> <p>‘Too much?’ I put my hand over his.</p> <p>‘One of Prophet Muhammad’s sayings: <i>Ahbib habibak hawnan ma</i>. Love those you adore with moderation, for they may be your foes one day. And hate those you despise with moderation, for they may become your beloved one day.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 274-275).</p>
		A.2.e.04	I must go back to sweep my mother’s grave. (WTDW, 2014 : 276)
Microstructure	Rhetoric : Metaphor	A.3.a.01	I walked behind the procession, holding my grandmother’s hand. Tears ran down the furrows on

			her face all the way to her neck , soaking her knotted veil. (WTDW, 2014 : 4).
		A.3.a.02	Normally mourners gather for a meal after the funeral, but they all found excuses and vanished . (WTDW, 2014 : 5).
		A.3.a.03	Although I was free to breathe, walk, work, I felt like a prisoner, condemned to my life. The shoe repairer knew my grandmother well and threw a warm salaam at her. ‘Long life yo you!’ She thanked him and asked him to kiss his youngest child, ‘that crazy, kind rascal.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 5).
		A.3.a.04	I remembered very little: his trong, bushy hair, a scar at the end of his left eyebrow, the warmth of his bony fingers clasping my ribcage before flinging me up in the air . (WTDW, 2014 : 6).
		A.3.a.05	‘You know how it is in Amman and particularly in this neighbourhood. Chaste women don’t live on their own. Tongues will wag. You’ll be ostracised, <i>habibti</i> . And you have no relatives. As they say, “Better a man’s shadow than that of a wall.” ’ (WTDW, 2014 : 6).
		A.3.a.06	My grandmother told me that whenever someone knocked on the door I used to run, thinking it was my dad. ‘The sound of your little feet tap-tapping on the floor fanned the embers in your mother’s heart . She would unhook all the curtains and wash them by hand, hang them in the garden and watch them billow in the breeze for hours. She cried over

			<p>him for months, but she would wake up in the morning dry-eyed, put on her suit and trudge to school. She said that she had to hold on to her job to put food on the table. “Teaching the children, with their ready laughter, helps somehow,” she said.’ But that was when she started taking tranquillisers. (WTDW, 2014 : 7).</p>
		A.3.a.07	<p>Our neighbourhood’s son was always there. I went out in the early morning, walked to the end of the alley and waited for a public car or bus to appear. He was always there watching me from a decent distance. It happened every day until I began noticing him with his angular shape, shorn hair, large eyes and small ears. He wore the same white shirt and trousers, which shone with endless ironing. I would steal a glance at him and jump into the waiting car. It was my <i>salaam</i>. One day he did not show up and I got worried. Was he ill? Did he give up on me? Was I too stuck up for him? (WTDW, 2014 : 10).</p>
		A.3.a.08	<p>Our ‘religious’ neighbour told my grandmother the whole story. His family married him off to the daughter of a Syrian merchant. ‘Najwa is not marriage material,’ his father said, ‘because, rumour has it, her father is a drug baron somewhere on the borders of China. Also, brought up in a house without men, she wouldn’t know how to show my son respect and tend him. Their’s is a joyless house, with three shrivelling women rattling about in it.</p>

			My heart fell , banged against the tiles and broke into pieces like a demitasse. I sat with my mother under the lemon tress. (WTDW, 2014: 10-11).
		A.3.a.09	Although my mother didn't allow me to wear a veil, like the other women of the neighbourhood, figure-hugging clothes were also banned. ‘With an absent father, people might think you're a harlot.’ So, caught in the middle, it was impossible to find the right outfit and leave the house without being reprimanded. Normally one parent dampens the temper of another, but I had to ‘soar solo’ , as my teacher of English language would say. (WTDW, 2014 : 14).
		A.3.a.10	Our guests were mainly suited foreign men. ‘What do they do?’ ‘They're journalists, arms' dealers and drug lords.’ ‘Really?’ ‘Yes. Most of them are.’ ‘Why do they come to Jordan? Not much happens here.’ ‘They come to unearth the truth.’ He laughed, was gripped by a fit of coughing, then spat phlegm into his handkerchief. (WTDW, 2014 : 15).
		A.3.a.11	I answered him using a sentence I had herad on the radio, ‘Nursing is an honest profession.’ Words spoken for the benefit of fathers and brothers to convince them to allow their womenfolk to join the

			profession. (WTDW, 2014 : 18).
		A.3.a.12	Somebody was playing the saxophone, my favourite instrument. It caressed my very heart. The hoariness and nostalgia of it. It tugged, it frisked and even licked. (WTDW, 2014 : 20).
		A.3.a.13	Somebody was playing the saxophone, my favourite instrument. It caressed my very heart. The hoariness and nostalgia of it. It tugged, it frisked and even licked. (WTDW, 2014 : 20).
		A.3.a.14	My grandmother had sucked her last tooth, a gesture that sometimes meant no and other times wonderment, when she told me, ‘You must haggle with the greedy usurers.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 25).
		A.3.a.15	I dreamt about him walking through that door, kneeling down and kissing my hair, eyes, cheeks, hands. ‘Forgive me for leaving you behind.’ He stroked me, sniffed my neck and held me tight. ‘What if he does not want to see me, have anything to do with me?’ She put my mother’s photo back in the box and spread the parsley leaves in the tray. ‘Then his heart is made of flint.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 28).
		A.3.a.16	She was a sparrow in my arms: warm, her ribcage small, heart throbbing. I whispered in her ear. (WTDW, 2014 : 29).
		A.3.a.17	She is soft and malleable, unlike her mother. (WTDW, 2014 : 29).
		A.3.a.18	When I looked up, there was the citadel, its columns

			still standing. Seven thousand years of history. It looked eerie in the first light. Those who lived in it – multiplied, celebrated and grieved, buried babies in jars under tiles – are no more. The breeze carried their cries and laughter to my ears. Perhaps there is something beyond this soil and sperm. Perhaps we are little islands floating on fresh water endlessly, eternally. (WTDW, 2014 : 32).
		A.3.a.19	When I looked up, there was the citadel, its columns still standing. Seven thousand years of history. It looked eerie in the first light. Those who lived in it – multiplied, celebrated and grieved, buried babies in jars under tiles – are no more. The breeze carried their cries and laughter to my ears. Perhaps there is something beyond this soil and sperm. Perhaps we are little islands floating on fresh water endlessly, eternally. (WTDW, 2014 : 32).
		A.3.a.20	It was five o'clock in the morning when I finally arrived home. I took off my clothes in the sitting room and tiptoed to the bedroom. My mother-in-law was snoring. Thank God my wife, the interior minister, was asleep, her chest rising and falling. (WTDW, 2014 : 32).
		A.3.a.21	I picked up my notebook and began writing. She often asks me why I keep scribbling, which is what it really is. I write to hold on to the present, tie it down before it becomes past, navigate through the maze of my life, understand where I am at, see the larger picture,

			where the forest begins and ends, so to speak. Keeping a diary is the act of a small man – poor, subjugated, powerless. I spill in and dreams on the page. Prophet Mohammed said, ‘When you see and evil act you have to stop it with your hand. If you can’t then at least speake out against it with your tongue. If you can’t then ar least resist it in your heart. And this is the weakest of faith.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 33).
		A.3.a.22	A few weeks after the death of my mother, the imposer of rules and regulations, I had been free to search the house for clues, photos, documents – anything that would help me construct a father. I climbed up to the loft, switched on the light, dusted the suitcase and unzipped it. My father’s prayer shirt was at the top. With trembling fingers I held it up and has sniff. A faint, pleasant scent – musk or sandalwood, perhaps – mingled with your natural smell. I hugged it and and warapped the sleeves around me. You used to hold me tight and fling me up in the air. Your hands were large, your fingers strong around my waist. (WTDW, 2014 : 34).
		A.3.a.23	It was a humble 1940s building by the roadside with an open metal gate, glass windows and a minaret lined with green neon lights. Worshippers flooded out after the noon prayer. I stood in the cool shade of the building, painting. One of the men pointed at me. ‘What does she want?’ (WTDW, 2014 : 37).
		A.3.a.24	Hani began spewing a pre-rehearsed argument. He

			<p>spoke about using logic to prove the existence of Allah.</p> <p>‘An atheist asked Imam Abu Hanifa if Allah really exists. “Forget it! At the moment I am busy thinking about his ship. There is no one to steer it, yet it traverses big waves on the oceans; it stops at the locations that it is supposed to head. This ship has no captain and no one planning its strips.”</p> <p>‘The atheist who posed the question interrupted, “How can any intelligent person think that something like this is possible?”</p> <p>‘Imam Abu Hanifa said, “I feel sorry for you! You cannot imagine one ship running without a captain, yet you think that no one looks after or owns this whole world, which runs precisely.”</p> <p>‘Hearing the reply, the atheist was left speechless. He finally found the truth and proclaimed Islam.’</p> <p>I was dumbfounded. Hanu the secular sounded like the imam of the Martyr’s Mosque. He spewed out nonsense for hours. (WTDW, 2014 : 45).</p>
		A.3.a.25	<p>Hanu began spewing a pre-rehearsed argument. He spoke about using logic to prove the existence of Allah.</p> <p>‘An atheist asked Imam Abu Hanifa if Allah really exists. “Forget it! At the moment I am busy thinking about his ship. There is no one to steer it, yet it traverses big waves on the oceans; it stops at the locations that it is supposed to head. This ship has no</p>

			<p>captain and no one planning its strips.”</p> <p>‘The atheist who posed the question interrupted, “How can any intelligent person think that something like this is possible?”</p> <p>‘Imam Abu Hanifa said, “I feel sorry for you! You cannot imagine one ship running without a captain, yet you think that no one looks after or owns this whole world, which runs precisely.”</p> <p>‘Hearing the reply, the atheist was left speechless. He finally found the truth and proclaimed Islam.’</p> <p>I was dumbfounded. Hanif the secular sounded like the imam of the Martyr’s Mosque. He spewed out nonsense for hours. (WTDW, 2014 : 45).</p>
		A.3.a.26	<p>Hanif began spewing a pre-rehearsed argument. He spoke about using logic to prove the existence of Allah.</p> <p>‘An atheist asked Imam Abu Hanifa if Allah really exists. “Forget it! At the moment I am busy thinking about his ship. There is no one to steer it, yet it traverses big waves on the oceans; it stops at the locations that it is supposed to head. This ship has no captain and no one planning its strips.”</p> <p>‘The atheist who posed the question interrupted, “How can any intelligent person think that something like this is possible?”</p> <p>‘Imam Abu Hanifa said, “I feel sorry for you! You cannot imagine one ship running without a captain, yet you think that no one looks after or owns this</p>

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		A.3.a.27	<p>Hani’s father shuffled in, fixed his white kaffiyeh and said, ‘<i>Ahlan!</i> Welcome to my house! You brought light and gladness to this darkness.’ He urged me to sit down. (WTDW, 2014 : 47).</p>
		A.3.a.28	<p>The woman kissed me on both cheeks.</p> <p>‘Are you Hani’s mother?’</p> <p>‘Yes, I am the martyr’s mother.’</p> <p>‘Long life to you and your children!’</p> <p>My grandmother advised me to fill my mouth with sugar to sweeten the words. ‘I hope that you’re in good health and spirits.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 47).</p>
		A.3.a.29	<p>‘I heard about your loss. I am sorry.’</p> <p>‘Thank you!’</p> <p>‘What can we do for you?’</p> <p>‘I am here to ask you about my father.’</p> <p>‘Your father is the most honourable of me. He carried my son over his shoulder for miles. Hani – my precious, my heart, my eyesight – died in his arms.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 47).</p>
		A.3.a.30	<p>At the border control, I joined the queue for non-Pakistanis, most of whom seemed either English, American or Indian. The policeman asked the bearded</p>

			man in front of me something. The answer made him angry. He got up, left his booth, took hold of the man's arm and escorted him away. He returned flushed, eyed me and asked me for my passport. My mouth was dry when I handed it to him. He seemed ahitated as he flipped through its pages, then he waved to another officer. (WYDW, 2014 : 73).
		A.3.a.31	'You don't seem to have a visa.' 'I paid the fee and my pasport was stamped,' I stammered. The second officer came and stood behind him. He flicked through the pages again. My heart was thrumming. He looked up then down. He then wiped his forehead and relaxed his jaw. He must have found it. (WTDW, 2014 : 74).
		A.3.a.32	Passengers were greeted by families. They hugged, kissed as chirruped in Urdu, a drawling, dulcet language, similar to that used in Indian films. My mother used to borrow videos from the local shop and watch them with my grandmother again and again in floods of tears. (WTW, 2014 : 74-75).
		A.3.a.33	My mother had died recently, my grandmother was in Mecca doing the pilgrimage, and I was miles and miles away from my home on a wild goose chase, searching for a father I hardly knew. I drank some water, wiped the sweat off my face with a tissue, put essentials in a bag and ran downstairs. (WTDW, 2014

			: 76-77).
		A.3.a.34	When my father said that I would find answers to all my problems in this scripture, I almost burst into laughter. (WTDW, 2014 : 81).
		A.3.a.35	Najwa, my heart, was asleep in her bed. Angel was written in silver letters on her pink pyjamas. Recently she has begun counting to ten. I overheard a ‘conversation’ between her and the cloth doll her grandmother had made for her. ‘So what do you want to become when you grow up? A nurse, like your dad. Why? They’ll give you a beautiful dress to wear, with a tiara and everything. Why? Because you’re a princess. Why?’ (WTDW, 2014 : 83).
		A.3.a.36	Holding my passport, she walked out of the mosque, her emerald veil trailing behind her. My heart sank. What if I don’t see her or it again? I was in a foreign city, surrounded by strangers, without any identity papers. (WTDW, 2014 : 84).
		A.3.a.37	In a hotel room in a foreign country, listening to distant classical music and the chatter of a television somewhere, I yearned for you, the warmth of your hands around my ribcage, to be safe in your shadow. ‘Father,’ I said to the dusty curtains, as if you were standing behind them. (WTDW, 2014 : 91).
		A.3.a.38	Lunch was kabsa, spicy chicken with rice and vegetables. The Saudi chef claimed that he ordered the saffron from ‘Sindh Mahran itself.’ It was the most aromatic and delicious dish I have ever had. We

			ate, cracking jokes about each other's performances. Hani was finding it hard to eat the chicken without his front teeth. When I tore it into pieces and placed it in front of him, he smiled. 'Thank you, my friend, for coming with me. I don't think I would have made it without you.' (WTDW, 2014 : 97).
		A.3.a.39	Abu-Bakr – old, bearded, scrawny and wrapped in a shawl – stood hunched against the morning sun. He gave me the permission he had obtained for me to cross to Afghanistan, a letter and a hundred Afghans. He said it would be safer to travel unescorted by public transport. 'The driver is trustworthy. Whatever happens, don't say a word! Pretend to be extremely pious and refrain from shaking hands or speaking. If you find Sheikh Omar, please give him my warmest regards . I've made sure that you won't go through Jalalabad.' (WTDW, 2014 : 101).
		A.3.a.40	Another boy hit his crutch and he fell. I helped him stand up. His hand was thin and rough in mine, eyes large, lips chapped. I pulled the edges of my mouth up, ignoring the gesticulating driver. He smiled and 'my heart itched and I couldn't scratch it' , as my grandmother would say, describing her love for my late grandfather. (WTDW, 2014: 110).
		A.3.a.41	I dozed off then woke up suddenly. My heart was pounding. I took in my surroundings. Where was I? A reel of the past few months ran through my mind's eye. (WTDW, 2014 : 113).

		A.3.a.42	The elders decided to promote me from nurse to ‘dokter’ and I literally spend most of my days here soaked in blood. I had thought that Dr Death’s lecture on amputations would be a waste of time. How wrong was I? While he was speaking, I’d listened to Olivia Newton-John’s ‘Xanadu’ on a Walkman Hani had bought the week before. (WTDW, 2014 : 115).
		A.3.a.43	We were heading to a town, finally. The meant some tea and naan. My stomach grumbled. The biscuits we shared at breakfast had been digested a long time ago. (WTDW, 2014 : 118).
		A.3.a.44	I glanced at the fingers holding me: strong, dark, cracked with protruding knuckles. An old man. My father? My heart leapt out of my chest. I turned round quickly and, to my horror, my hair brushed the face of the man standing behind me. (WTDW, 2014 : 132).
		A.3.a.45	Amani sat next to me, playing with a cloth doll. Wasn’t she too old for that? Probably seventeen, she was acting like a four-year-old. Perhaps you had spoilt her so much that she could hang on to her childhood? You must have showered her with your love. (WTDW, 2014 : 151).
		A.3.a.46	My grandmother’s voice travelled all the way from Mecca to my ears. She rubuked me: I didn’t bring you up to be cruel, Najwa. That family has taken good care of you, housed you, fed you. Is this how you repay them? She is your half-sister. God is

			compassionate and all-forgiving.’ Perhaps my heart would thaw in the morning. Before I dozed off, I decided to give her a hug tomorrow and make a dress for her naked doll, finishing the job my father had started. (WTDW, 2014 : 153-154).
		A.3.a.47	Najwa, my sweetheart, will be nineteen by now. What would I do to see her eyes again and stroke her hair? If there were a bitter dose of regret that would kill me instantly, I would inject it into my veins. (WTDW, 2014 : 158).
		A.3.a.48	I ran from one hole to another, looking for them. ‘Amani!’ I cried and could not hear myself. A woman pointed at the hills. I couldn’t see through the smoke, dust and soot. She held my arm and dragged me away. Gulnarsat, bare-headed, on the stone wall that separated the farms, pointing at the sky and talking to herself. Her head jerked rhythmically. My heart sank because I had seen that crazy jerk before. (WTDW, 2014 : 160).
		A.3.a.49	I’d never seen so much brightness at night. Electric bulbs lit up pavements, doorways, shop windows, double-decker buses and restaurants. My mission was to melt into this city like a grain of sugar in hot tea. (WTDW, 2014 : 176).
		A.3.a.50	Alone in London, without any leads, contacts or friends, I sipped the tasteless liquid. I was gripped by anger with this father who was supposed to protect me, provide for me, make sure

			that I was warm and well fed, but brought me nothing but grief. His departure had eaten at my mother slowly until she developed cancer and died , putting an extra burden on my grandmother's shoulders so that instead of enjoying her old age, she had to take care of us and the house, and it had deprived me of any chance of happiness. (WTDW, 2014 : 181-182).
		A.3.a.51	I stayed in bed for three days, having one spasm after another. When gripped by fear, my muscles would convulse, my teeth chatter, heart pound and vision blur. The attack would tingle its way down me like an electric current. Was I dying in this filthy hotel room in the middle of London? My skin was pale and covered with scabs, there were dark bags under my eyes , my tummy was bloated and I burped all the time. It must be stomach cancer. Like mother, like daughter. (WTDW, 2014 : 195).
		A.3.a.52	'It is OK for women to live on their own?' 'Yes. Not a problem.' 'That's good. I might end up alone here.' 'Not an attractive woman like you, surely? You'll be swept off your feet. ' (WTDW, 2014 : 205).
		A.3.a.53	He moved closer and caressed it. It felt like sprinkling sugar on my skin. I shuddered. The scent of his aftershave, a mixture of lavender and watermelon, filled my nostrils. When he hugged me, his heartbeat reverberated through the thin fabric of my shirt. (WTDW, 2014 : 206).

		A.3.a.54	I stood on the platform, waiting for the train and shifting my weight from one foot to the other. No kiss, hug or a proper goodbye. Why was he so cold with me? My grandmother had said that men were predators. 'You must not give yourself on a plate to them before they knock on your front door and ask for your hand in marriage.' (WTDW, 2014 : 209-210).
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B. Discourse Construction seen from the Dimension of Social Cognition

Category	Sub-Category	Code	Data
Stereotyping	Woman as an emotional person	B.1.a.01	My grandmother and I were dropped by the mosque and we walked to our house under the warm midday sun. Children in the nearby kindergarten sang rhythmically, ‘I am a bird, I could fly, I could also say goodbye.’ I was not a bird and could neither fly nor say goodbye. Although I was free to breathe, walk, work, I felt like a prisoner, condemned to my life. (WTDW, 2014 : 5).
		B.1.a.02	‘You know how it is in Amman and particularly in this neighbourhood. Chaste women don’t live on their own. Tongues will wag. You’ll be ostracised, <i>habibti</i> . And you have no relatives. As they say, “Better a man’s shadow than that of a wall.”’ ‘ He’s dead to me. They both are.’ ‘Don’t say that!’ ‘ He left us and never looked back. No cards or recorded messages, like the ones you hear on the <i>Greeting for You</i> radio programme.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 6).
		B.1.a.03	‘ Why would I go searching for him? He should look for me, his daughter. ’ ‘Darling! He sent you letters, gifts and photographs, but my daughter - may Allah forgive her – destroyed or hid them.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 6-7).
		B.1.a.04	‘Najwa! You’re twenty-seven so stop acting like a child.’

			You're as bad as each other. You abandoned me and she deceived me. My chest tightened, the muscle in my right cheek twitched and my eyes itched. I rubbed them, praying for wetness. They were dry. (WTDW, 2014 : 7).
		B.1.a.05	Our 'religious' neighbour told my grandmother the whole story. His family married him off to the daughter of a Syrian merchant. 'Najwa is not marriage material,' his father said, 'because, rumour has it, her father is a drug baron somewhere on the borders of China. Also, brought up in a house without men, she wouldn't know how to show my son respect and tend him. Their's is a joyless house, with three shrivelling women rattling about in it. My heart fell, banged against the tiles and broke into pieces like a demitase. I sat with my mother under the the lemon tree. 'Why did he abond us, leave us like this, fendng for ourselves?' (WTDW, 2014: 10-11).
		B.1.a.06	Although my mother didn't allow me to wear a veil, like the other women of the neighbourhood, figure-hugging clothes were also banned. 'With an absent father, people might think you're a harlot.' So, caught in the middle, it was impossible to find the right outfit and leave the house without being reprimanded. Normally one parent dampens the temper of another, but I had to 'soar solo', as my teacher of English language would say. (WTDW, 2014 : 14).

		B.1.a.07	<p>She spat blood this morning. ‘My mother is getting worse.’</p> <p>‘I am sorry, Najwa. May Allah cure her!’</p> <p>She didn’t believe in Allah for him to cure her. ‘I have to take her to the doctor tomorrow for her chemo.’</p> <p>‘Fine, but you’ll only be paid if your bum is on this seat.’ He cackled.</p> <p>He never missed an opportunity to be impolite. (WTDW, 2014 : 15).</p>
		B.1.a.08	<p>Taxis swerved tooting around buses, a truck full of breeze blocks was stuck in the traffic, street peddlers lined the pavements offering imitation watches and smuggled cigarettes, and the tamarind and carob drink peddler struck his cymbals rhythmically. ‘Quench your thirst!’ The pedestrians, a mixture of farmers, natives and immigrant workers, surged forward under the colourful kaftans and scarves hung above our heads. Someone touched my bum and I leapt forward silently. If I resisted or shouted, people would find out about the violation and all the shame would be mine. I bit my tongue, something I am used to doing. (WTDW, 2014: 22-23).</p>
		B.1.a.09	<p>I stood on the pavement in the scorching heat opposite the Grand Mosque, which, despite its delicate appearance and pink-and-white stones, dominated the square. I had no option but to find my father. If my grandmother died, I would live alone in</p>

			<p>that house, something this city would not tolerate. Only women of ill repute live on their own without a male guardian. I would be pursued by predators, ostracised, and my door would be marked. If I'd had any choice, I would have let him go, for he was nothing to me, not even a memory. (WTDW, 2014 : 23).</p>
		B.1.a.10	<p>The toothless mosque attendant soaked the mop in the bucket full of water, dark with grime, wrung it out, then wiped the floor. Steam rose as soon as it touched the hot marble. He stopped and gawped when he saw me leaning against the gate. 'What do you want?' 'I would like to see the imam.' My eyes met his. He wagged his finger. 'Shoo! It's prayer time. No women, chit-chat or nonsense.' 'Please.' 'Shoo!' He raised the mop. This mission was going to be harder than I thought. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).</p>
		B.1.a.11	<p>A man stopped his car next to me. 'Psst! Psst! Come here!' He thought I was a prostitute in disguise. Some wore the Islamic dress to hide their identity. 'just wait there!' I said. 'Police!' 'Your loss!' He pressed down on the accelerator and raced away. (WTDW, 2014: 26).</p>
		B.1.a.12	<p>You were covered with dust and looked rugged and</p>

			<p>weather-beaten. ‘He can’t be my dad.’ ‘It’s your father. He is a <i>mujahid</i>.’ ‘A mujahid?’ ‘Yes; he is fighting for Allah.’ ‘Fighting for Allah.’ ‘He’s one of the soldier of Islam.’ ‘One of the soldiers of Islam!’ I parroted. (WTDW, 2014 : 48).</p>
		B.1.a.13	<p>Clasping the photo, I went to the local internet café, a space out of bounds for chaste women. Only men went there, to sit in front of the computer screens, cracking roasted watermelon seeds, smoking hubbly bubbly and searching for sites of ill repute. If I walked in, they would think that I was looking for chance encounters. Breaking the rules of the community was easy. One foot after another and I was right in the middle of that cloud of smoke and nicotine. I asked for a two-dinar pass and sat down. I keyed in <i>Mazar</i> and the search engine packed up. [...] When I keyed in <i>Mazar Taliban War</i>, the screen went blank, but before it did I was able to read, <i>Afghan massacre. The convoy of death</i>. The cyber café attendant said, ‘Now the system has truly crashed. Certain words make the censor jittery. OK, <i>shabab!</i> You can go home now. The server is down.’ Suddenly all the men turned and ogled me. I buttoned</p>

			up my mother's jacket and walked out, tainted and with little information or Mazar-e-Sharif. (WTDW, 2014: 49-50).
		B.1.a.14	Holding my passport, she walked out the mosque, her emerald veil trailing behind her. My heart sank. What if I don't see her or it again? I was in a foreign city, surrounded by strangers, without any identity papers. Great. If the police arrested me, how would I explain visiting a mosque after claiming that I was interested in music? What would I do if I could not travel forward or back? I was angry. (WTDW, 2014 : 84-85).
		B.1.a.15	It's because of you I left my country, my grandmother, and travelled here. It's because you are a cruel father without a shred of compassion in your heart. I hate you. Dry-eyed, I looked at the sky and the locket hanging around my neck like a noose, and spat on it. (WTDW, 2014 : 85).
		B.1.a.16	He stopped cleaning his teeth. 'Did you say "Zainab"?' 'Yes; my Palestinian grandmother.' He hesitated. 'Please, may Allah protect your daughters,' I said, imitating my grandmother. 'They're all dead.' 'I am sorry.' Panicked, my chin quivered. 'I met him in the Lion's Den.' (WTDW, 2014 : 93).
		B.1.a.17	'Always thinking, thinking. Not pious enough.'

			<p>‘What do you mean?’</p> <p>‘Did not pray regularly.’ He spat another splinter.</p> <p>‘Did you?’</p> <p>‘Yes. Five times a day, plus night prayer.’</p> <p>‘Why pray, then train to shoot?’</p> <p>‘Because the world is full of <i>kafirs</i>, like you, who are killing Muslims wherever they find them.’</p> <p>‘Like me?’</p> <p>‘Yes. The old woman told me. You don’t know how to pray.’</p> <p>‘Is that a crime?’ I turned into Raneen, my mother. Her revenge was complete.</p> <p>‘It should be.’</p> <p>I was about to walk away, then I took a deep breath and began counting trees, something my grandmother had taught me to do whenever I was under pressure. Pine, acacia, carob. (WTDW, 2014 : 94).</p>
		B.1.a.18	<p>The boy, who was probably used to seeing ‘insects’, was unfazed. I was unnerved by the sight of him and wondered if he would turn round and shoot me. He might have a gadget that counts your pulse and scans the secrets of your heart, the way they X-rayed my mother’s stomach and found the lurking tumour. (WTDW, 2014 : 105-106).</p>
		B.1.a.19	<p>I had a dream about you once. You drove an old Beetle car towards me then you stopped, opened the door and asked me to get in. When I looked at your</p>

			<p>face, it was just two overgrown lips with no brows, eyes or nose. I woke up screaming and ran to my grandmother. She got up and held me tight. ‘Your father was handsome and he had the most beautiful eyes, the colour of honey in its jars.’ She couldn’t ask me to recite the nine-nine names of Allah to calm my nerves, afraid of my mother. ‘Recite the names of all the flowers, birds and trees I have taught you, and exhale after each one!’</p> <p>Jasmine, carnations, daisies, irises, tulips, lilies, orchids. Breathe out! Sparrows, pigeons, blackbirds, nightingales. Breathe out! Carob, lemon, orange, pine, cypress, eucalyptus. Air rushed out of my lungs.</p> <p>‘Fill your tummy with air then hold it in! When I had relaxed. I told my grandmother, ‘Maybe my dad had eyes, but I couldn’t see them.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 107-108).</p>
		B.1.a.20	<p>I dozed off then woke up suddenly. My heart was pounding. I took in my surroundings. Where was I? A reel of the past few months ran through my mind’s eye. The boy next door rejecting me because I was the daughter of a missing father, with little honour and decorum; [...] (WTDW, 2014 : 113).</p>
		B.1.a.21	<p>A thin, wall woman walked in, her orange burqa trailing behind her. When she took it off, I was looking at a carnival mirror – for it was me, but thinner and with slightly narrower eyes. Her skin was</p>

			<p>dark, hair curly, eyebrows arched, lips generous, her teeth gapped and eyes downcast with embarrassment. Gulnar held her arm tightly. ‘Say hello to Najwat!’ A sheepish ‘Hello!’ She walked tentatively towards me.</p> <p>I pushed my double away. Blood raced through my veins all the way to my head and cold sweat broke out on my brow. I mopped it. ‘Will someone tell me where my father is? Who are you?’</p> <p>Gulnar paled. ‘Me, stepmother. She your sister, Amani.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 139).</p>
		B.1.a.22	<p>I was wearing just pants as she guided me to the kitchen, sat me on a wooden stool, poured warm water over my head, worked up a lather with a bar of soap and rubbed it into my hair. The last time my moher had bathed me, I was five. It felt intimate, but I had no energy ro resist. (WTDW, 2014 : 145-146).</p>
		B.1.a.23	<p>‘Where is my father?’ My voice quivered.</p> <p>He swallowed. ‘Your father, Sheikh Omar Rahman, joined the resistance in 1986 and travelled to Afghanistan in 1987. He worked as a medic in Mazar, not far from here. Seven years after he’d arrived here, he got married.’</p> <p>I rubbed my wet hands on my thighs. ‘It took him seven years to forget us.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 148).</p>
		B.1.a.24	<p>‘He never did. He spoke about you to other mujahideen.’</p>

			<p>‘How do I know if what you’re telling me is true? You betrayed your own country.’ I spat out the juice. ‘My country betrayed me first.’ ‘How?’ ‘It’s complicated. And I am trying to save my country.’ ‘You’re lying to me again.’ ‘Why would I lie to you?’ ‘To protect me from the truth.’ ‘I wanted to---’ ‘Have you met him?’ I smoothed down my shirt. ‘Yes. Once, before he left.’ ‘What is he like?’ ‘Tall, spindly, kind.’ I bit my lower lip hard to stop myself from screaming. The tart taste of blood spread on my tongue. (WTDW, 2014 : 148-149).</p>
		B.1.a.25	<p>Ashraf stepped back, then forward, held my arms and shook me, his eyes blazing. I tried to free myself. He gathered up my hair, tilted my head back and kissed me. Grief chicken, I didn’t feel his skin against mine. I resisted, twisting and turning. When he saw Gulnar, he released me. She ran towards me and grabbed me. ‘Sorry, daughter.’ ‘You’re not my mother!’ (WTDW, 2014 : 149-150).</p>
		B.1.a.26	<p>Amani looked me in the eye. ‘<i>Asfih</i>: I am sorry.’</p>

			<p>‘Don’t speak Arabic. You’re slaughtering my language.’</p> <p>‘My father taught me.’ She tugged at her doll’s hair, made of braided wool.</p> <p>My heart twitched with pain. ‘Why don’t you take your doll and go away? You’re no longer a child.’</p> <p>Her slit eyes began to fill up. They shone in the light of the lamp. ‘I am a woman, like you.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 151-152).</p>
		B.1.a.27	<p>She offered me her hand. Her skin was smooth, without blemishes, her fingers thin and long, with oblong nails identical to mine. I turned away, stretched out on the mattress and closed my eyes.</p> <p>She must have gone into the kitchen. I could hear her snivels intermixed with her mother’s soothing words and the <i>mmmwwa</i> of kisses. Amani was lucky. Throughout my childhood and adulthood I had to soothe my mother, watch over her, lure her away from killing herself. My parents were absent: my father was away and my mother was drugged most of the time. Now she was dead and I blame you for that. Sick with envy, I placed my head on the pillow and pretended to go to sleep. (WTDW, 2014 : 152-153).</p>
		B.1.a.28	<p>My grandmother’s voice travelled all the way from Mecca to my ears. She rebuked me: I didn’t bring you up to be cruel, Najwa. That family has taken good care of you, housed you, fed you. Is this how you</p>

			<p>repay them? She is your half-sister. God is compassionate and all-forgiving.’ Perhaps my heart would thaw in the morning. Before I dozed off, I decided to give her a hug tomorrow and make a dress for her naked doll, finishing the job my father had started. (WTDW, 2014 : 153-154).</p>
		B.1.a.29	<p>When I nestled her head into my arms against my chest, I could feel her warm blood seep through my shirt into me. I trudged towards Gulnar. The sun had risen, but you couldn’t see the sky. Sitting on the wall, rocking and arguing with a ghost, she looked unreal in the faint light permeating through columns of dust and smoke. Unhinged, she repeated something I could not hear.</p> <p>I trembled. ‘She’s dead.’ She tugged at her hair. ‘What?’ Had I gone deaf? She pulled out a strand. ‘She’s dead!’ I shouted. She beat her chest rhythmically. ‘Amani is dead.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 161).</p>
		B.1.a.30	<p>Alone in London, without any leads, contacts or friends, I sipped the tasteless liquid.</p> <p>I was gripped by anger with this father who was supposed to protect me, provide for me, make sure that I was warm and well fed, but brought me nothing but grief. His departure had eaten at my mother slowly until she developed cancer and died,</p>

			putting an extra burden on my grandmother's shoulders so that instead of enjoying her old age, she had to take care of us and the house, and it had deprived me of any chance of happiness. (WTDW, 2014 : 181-182).
		B.1.a.31	I could have been married to our neighbour's son by now, but his father wouldn't hear of it. Omar Rahman alone was the culprit. I'd left my country looking for him, found his alternative family, the one he cherished, and here I was alone in this big city on a forged visa. The money was also running out. I took a deep breath to compose myself. Why not buy a return ticket and give up this futile chase after that deserter, that breaker of promises? Go home and try to get married to an immigrant worker! (WTDW, 2014 : 182).
		B.1.a.32	I lay in bed shivering. Who was this Abu Alaa? What type of information was on the cards? Were they going to kill people using the messages I had couriered? If I was not supposed to open a bank account, use a computer or keep the same phone number longer than a month, then I had become part of this network, whatever it was. An illegal criminal? And for what? Delivering the data? 'I hate you!' I shouted at the curtains, stiff with grime. (WTDW, 2014 : 189).
		B.1.a.33	My body responded by triggering a fever that sped through me. My heart thudded. Drenched, I covered

			<p>my head with the blanket and duvet.</p> <p>A crack: the sound of a heart, an arm or a rib fracturing. ‘You! Bastard!’ (WTDW, 2014 : 190).</p>
		B.1.a.34	<p>I told Jane about my father and how he had left us when I was three years old. ‘My mother fell apart so my grandmother took over. She raised me.’</p> <p>‘Lucky, that.’</p> <p>‘After the death of my mother, she advised me to sell the family’s gold and go and look for my father. It would be really bad for my reputation to live alone after she dies. Shameful.’</p> <p>‘Shameful?’</p> <p>‘No one would get married to a woman who lived on her own.’</p> <p>She laughed. ‘That’s one third of the population of England tarred.’</p> <p>‘Is it OK for women to live on their own?’</p> <p>‘Yes. Not a problem.’</p> <p>‘That’s good. I might end up alone here.’</p> <p>‘Not an attractive woman like you, surely? You’ll be swept off your feet.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 205).</p>
		B.1.a.35	<p>It happened on Sunday, at two a.m., while the pigeons were asleep. Andy stripped quickly, joined me in bed, turned me over and kissed me. His finger explored, probed. Suddenly I unravelled and, like a vase hitting the floor, I broke into pieces. Tufts of hair, puckered skin, lumps and protrusions, some drooping and others firm, pressed against my pubis. I panicked.</p>

			<p>When he slid into me, my treacherous body welcomed the invasion. I tilted my head to the west and let out a cry. I happened like this on a rainy English day. Nothing could stop it now: neither my mother's advice nor my grandmother's warnings about predatory men. Andy held me as I rocked in bed.</p> <p>Relaxed yet flushed, he seemed younger. I held his head with both hands, the way that young woman had done in the café in London, and kissed his ears. We made love again. Andy was gentle. 'You must stop me if you're sore.'</p> <p>'I'm fine.' (WTDW, 2014 : 207-208).</p>
		B.1.a.36	<p>I stood on the platform, waiting for the train and shifting my weight from one foot to the other. No kiss, hug or a proper goodbye. Why was he so cold with me? My grandmother had said that men were predators. 'You must not give yourself on a plate to them before they knock on your front door and ask for your hand in marriage.' Was that the way people did things in this country? Did men lose interest in women after they had slept with them? Or he might not have wanted to get involved with a foreigner. Perhaps he didn't approve of women travelling without an escort. But I went to Afghanistan to look for my father. Could it be forged visa or the SIMs and SD cards? Whatever it was it had turned me into an untouchable. It could be my father again. Who would</p>

			want the daughter of a terrorist? I bit my lip until it tore and blood seeped out and spread, tart and sour, on my tongue. (WTDW, 2014 : 209-210).
		B.1.a.37	<p>I arrived at a town square dotted with trees and branches. Baskets full of flowers were hung on the street lamps, which were old and ornate. I sat to catch my breath. A man with short ginger hair, blue eyes and a beard, holding some blue prayer beads, appeared suddenly and sat next to me, I smoothed my jacket, mopped my brow, tucked my hair behind my ears.</p> <p>He counted the beads. ‘You must be Najwa.’ His voice was deep and smooth like that a muezzin. ‘How did you know?’ ‘You look like him, <i>masha Allah.</i>’ He smiled, revealing chipped front teeth.</p> <p>‘My father . . .’ My heart stopped. I cleared my throat, coughed and breathed out. ‘You have met him.’ ‘Yes. Sheikh Omar Rahman.’ He watched the traffic. I held on to my rucksack. ‘You’re not just saying this.’ ‘No.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 218).</p>
		B.1.a.38	<p>‘You look like him, <i>masha Allah.</i>’ He smiled, revealing chipped front teeth. ‘My father . . .’ My heart stopped. I cleared my throat, coughed and breathed out. ‘You have met him.’ ‘Yes. Sheikh Omar Rahman.’ He watched the traffic.</p>

			<p>I held on to my rucksack. ‘You’re not just saying this.’ ‘No.’ ‘Really?’ ‘Yes. ‘He caressed the prayer beads. ‘Where?’ My voice was hoarse now I was close to the end of the trail. ‘I was inside.’ ‘Inside?’ ‘Yes. Inside. A guest of Her Majesty.’ He winked. ‘I don’t understand.’ ‘In prison.’ ‘That were you met him?’ My English abandoned me. ‘Yes. Inside.’ ‘Is he in prison?’ ‘Yep.’ ‘My dad is in prison.’ He nodded and counted his prayer beads quickly. The beads clicked against each other. You were also a criminal; an abandoner, traitor, deserter of wife and child, saviour, fighter an convict. Great! My anger welled up. I came all this way, risked everything, probably criminalised myself in the process, only to find you behind bars. I sucked both lips and bit hard to stop my self from falling apart. The best thing to do was to put all of this behind me, take a train to London and fly back home. (WTDW, 2014 : 219).</p>
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		B.1.a.39	<p>Ed had told me that my father was in a wing for enhanced prisoners and serious offenders. What did criminals look like? Men, clean-shaven, in T-shirts and jeans, fluorescent belt crossing their chests, rushed in. They were mostly white. Some had a swagger, others were timid, a few seemed relaxed, most seemed on edge, but they all looked normal.</p> <p>I breathed out slowly, whispered the names of trees, and stretched my hands on the table to steady them. He was the last to enter. That old man couldn't be my father! I stood up and the guard, who was watching us closely, waved me down. (WTDW, 2014 : 243).</p>
		B.1.a.40	<p>He was tall, olive-skinned, bespectacled, bearded. A white crochet cap covered his bristly grey hair. Was that man my father? He paled, stood and inspected me. Hair frizzed up, face aglow with sweat, cheek twitching and hands trembling, I must have seemed unstable to him. When I bit my lip to stop it from quivering, he scratched his beard, turned his face towards the sunrays streaking through the window bars, then sat down, a total stranger. (WTDW, 2014 : 243-244).</p>
		B.1.a.41	<p>I willed myself to be kind and to free my heart from all its fear, but couldn't. If only I could place my hand gently over his. But my mother rocked in her plastic chair in the garden, tranquillised, broken and bitter. I was angry with you and for you. (WTDW, 2014 :</p>

			245).
		B.1.a.42	<p>‘I came here to give you this letter and leave.’ Ed’s friend had got me permission to give him one sheet of paper. ‘It’s from your real daughter, Amani. She’s dead, by the way. My mother too. You killed her.’</p> <p>He howled, flung himself at me, was restrained by the guards and pulled out. His screams echoed inside the prison and followed me all the way out and through the yard. Standing at the bus stop, I could still hear them. (WTDW, 2014 : 245).</p>
		B.1.a.43	<p>I went back to the B&B, rushed upstairs, locked myself in the bedroom and refused to eat or drink. The father I had imagined was young and filled me with pride and this one was an old convict. The sheet of glass, which was my life, seemed stained and grimy. How could I clean it? Would the authorities track my forged visa and throw me in jail? Was my grandmother all right? Was she still alive? Our house had been left empty far too long. Had it been burgled? It might have squatters by now! Did my stepmother commit suicide? What was the data on the SIM and SD cards? Did they use the information to blow up a bus, train or aeroplane? Innocent civilians must have been killed. I stretched my fingers on the duvet. Did I have blood on my hands? Could I wash it off? (WTDW, 2014 : 248-249).</p>
		B.1.a.44	<p>The calls from Ed began. ‘He speaks about you all the time.’</p>

			<p><i>'Her hair dark, spiky and her skin olive. Najwa is like a bulbul.'</i></p> <p>'He remembers clearly when you had a fever and he stayed up all night, applying cold compress to your forehead. Your ribcage rose up and down in his grip.'</p> <p>'When you were a baby, you loved mashed bananas mixed with orange juice.'</p> <p>'You had your siesta on his chest.'</p> <p>'You crawled out of your cot and slept next to him. You must've loved him when you were a baby.'</p> <p>'How can you not forgive your dad? I wish I had a dad to forgive.' (WTDW, 2014 : 249-250).</p>
		B.1.a.45	<p>'Did you find your father, sweetheart?'</p> <p>'Yes, he's in prison in the UK.'</p> <p>'In prison? A gentle man like him?'</p> <p>'Yes. He also has a family in Afghanistan.'</p> <p>'That explains it.'</p> <p>'He had a daughter. She died.'</p> <p>'I see.'</p> <p>'I don't want to see him, Grandma.'</p> <p>'It's time, my child, to see the contents of that box.'</p> <p>'What box?'</p> <p>'The box I left you. I wanted you to open it when you were about to meet him. You forgot to take it with you. Our neighbour found it in the garden and kept it for me.'</p> <p>'Oh! Can you please post it?'</p> <p>'Yes.' (WTDW, 2014 : 254).</p>

		B.1.a.46	I filled my nostrils with his smell. My grandmother had told me about the locusts invading Palestine and eating everything during the drought and war of Safar Berlik. ‘We dug the gold cladding out of our teeth and sold it for food.’ It was over. My sharp edges, resolve, collapsed. I fingered my face: wet. My tears, bitter and salty, dripped down to my lips. (WTDW, 2014 : 266).
		B.1.a.47	His tall and spindly torso stooped and tightened its grip. My mother always muttered under her breath, ‘Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?’ I could. Then he said, ‘Najwa.’ It sounded right coming out of the mouth of the man who named me. I wiped the tears with the back of my sleeve. ‘Please, sit down! Your leg! What happened?’ He looked sheepish, even young. ‘The day you visited me, I went crazy. Never happened before. Kicked everything: the bed, table, chair. Broke my shin. Then I got really ill.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 266-267).
		B.1.a.48	‘What changed you from Westernised man who loved jazz, to a . . . ?’ Life, death, other people.’ ‘Dad, Elizabeth died.’ I bit the inside of my lower lip. ‘Yes, Ed told me. That kind landlady. May she rest in peace!’ (WTDW, 2014 : 273).
	Woman as a weak person	B.1.b.01	When we arrived, my grandmother brewed some tea,

			added fresh sage and poured it in our best tea set, the one my late mother designated for classy guests and kept locked in the display cabinet. It was never used, for no one visited us. No male guardian, no honour, no status in this neighbourhood. (WTDW, 2014 : 5).
		B.1.b.02	<p>My father, Omar Rahman, who walked out on us when I was three, loomed large in the past, a featureless dark shadow, without eyes, lips, or voice. I remembered very little: his strong, bushy hair, a scar at the end of his left eyebrow, the warmth of his bony fingers clasp my ribcage before flinging me up in the air. ‘Why?’</p> <p>‘Because I don’t have long to live and you’ll end up alone in this house.’</p> <p>‘Don’t say that, Grandma! And I have a job and can survive.’</p> <p>‘You know how it is Amman and particularly in this neighbourhood. Chaste women don’t live on their own. Tongues will wag. You’ll be ostracised, <i>habibt</i>. And you have no relatives. As they say, “Better a man’s shadow than that of a wall.”’ (WTDW, 2014 : 6).</p>
		B.1.b.03	<p>‘Why would I go searching for him? He should look for me, his daughter.’</p> <p>‘Darling! He sent you letters, gifts and photographs, but my daughter – my Allah forgive her – destroyed or hid them.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 6-7).</p>

		B.1.b.04	<p>‘Najwa! You’re twenty-seven so stop acting like a child.’</p> <p>You’re as bad as each other. You abandoned me and she deceived me. My chest tightened, the muscle in my right cheek twitched and my eyes itched. I rubbed them, praying for wetness. They were dry. (WTDW, 2014 : 7).</p>
		B.1.b.05	<p>Our ‘religious’ neighbour told my grandmother the whole story. His family married him off to the daughter of a Syrian merchant. ‘Najwa is not marriage material,’ his father said, ‘because, rumour has it, her father is a drug baron somewhere on the borders of China. Also, brought up in a house without men, she wouldn’t know how to show my son respect and tend him. Their’s is a joyless house, with three shrivelling women rattling about in it.</p> <p>My heart fell, banged against the tiles and broke into pieces like a demitase. I sat with my mother under the the lemon tree. ‘Why did he abond us, leave us like this, fending for ourselves?’ (WTDW, 2014: 10-11).</p>
		B.1.b.06	<p>She spat blood this morning. ‘My mother is getting worse.’</p> <p>‘I am sorry, Najwa. May Allah cure her!’</p> <p>She didn’t believe in Allah for him to cure her. ‘I have to take her to the doctor tomorrow for her chemo.’</p> <p>‘Fine, but you’ll only be paid if your bum is on this</p>

			<p>seat.’ He cackled. He never missed an opportunity to be impolite. (WTDW, 2014 : 15).</p>
		B.1.b.07	<p>The driver ogled me in the mirror; being the daughter of an absent father, they saw me as common land, without a fence or borders. I looked out at the setting sun and wondered who made that web you find yourself caught in. How did I end up here? Was there a way out? Can you soar solo? (WTDW, 2014: 15).</p>
		B.1.b.08	<p>Taxis swerved tooting around buses, a truck full of breeze blocks was stuck in the traffic, street peddlers lined the pavements offering imitation watches and smuggled cigarettes, and the tamarind and carob drink peddler struck his cymbals rhythmically. ‘Quench your thirst!’ The pedestrians, a mixture of farmers, natives and immigrant workers, surged forward under the colourful kaftans and scarves hung above our heads. Someone touched my bum and I leapt forward silently. If I resisted or shouted, people would find out about the violation and all the shame would be mine. I bit my tongue, something I am used to doing. (WTDW, 2014: 22-23).</p>
		B.1.b.09	<p>The toothless mosque attendant soaked the mop in the bucket full of water, dark with grime, wrung it out, then wiped the floor. Steam rose as soon as it touched the hot marble. He stopped and gawped when he saw me leaning against the gate. ‘What do you want?’</p>

			<p>‘I would like to see the imam.’ My eyes met his. He wagged his finger. ‘Shoo! It’s prayer time. No women, chit-chat or nonsense.’ ‘Please.’ ‘Shoo!’ He raised the mop. This mission was going to be harder than I thought. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).</p>
		B.1.b.10	<p>Clasping the photo, I went to the local internet café, a space out of bounds for chaste women. Only men went there, to sit in front of the computer screens, cracking roasted watermelon seeds, smoking hubbly bubbly and searching for sites of ill repute. If I walked in, they would think that I was looking for chance encounters. Breaking the rules of the community was easy. One foot after another and I was right in the middle of that cloud of smoke and nicotine. I asked for a two-dinar pass and sat down. I keyed in <i>Mazar</i> and the search engine packed up. [...] When I keyed in <i>Mazar Taliban War</i>, the screen went blank, but before it did I was able to read, <i>Afghan massacre. The convoy of death.</i> The cyber café attendant said, ‘Now the system has truly crashed. Certain words make the censor jittery. OK, <i>shabab!</i> You can go home now. The server is down.’ Suddenly all the men turned and ogled me. I buttoned up my mother’s jacket and walked out,</p>

			tainted and with little information or Mazar-e-Sharif. (WTDW, 2014: 49-50).
		B.1.b.11	Holding my pasport, she walked out of the mosque, her emerald veil trailing behind her. My heart sank. What if I don't see her or it again? I was in a foreign city, surrounded by strangers, without any identity papers. Great. If the police arrested me, how would I explain visiting a mosque after claiming that I was interested in music? What would I do if I could not travel forward or back? I was angry. It's because of you I left my country, my grandmother, and travelled here. It's because you are a cruel father without a shred of compassion in your heart. I hate you. (WTDW, 2014 : 84-85).
		B.1.b.12	His parents seemed hard-working, kind. 'Zakir, I am looking for my father.' 'A beautiful girl like you with no father! Gosh almighty!' 'Yes, and he's somewhere in Afghanistan.' 'Much more complicated than I thought.' 'Will you help me?' Zakir stood up, looked at the ceiling, rubbed his chin and sat down. 'I'll try.' (WTDW, 2014 : 90).
		B.1.b.13	'What's he like?' 'Absent-minded medic.' 'Absent-minded?' 'Always thinking, thinking. Not pious enough.' 'What do you mean?'

			<p>‘Did not pray regularly.’ He spat another splinter. ‘Did you?’ ‘Yes. Five times a day, plus night prayer.’ ‘Why pray, then train to shoot?’ ‘Because the world is full of <i>kafirs</i>, like you, who are killing Muslims wherever they find them.’ ‘Like me?’ ‘Yes. The old woman told me. You don’t know how to pray.’ ‘Is that a crime?’ I turned into Raneen, my mother. Her revenge was complete. ‘It should be.’ I was about to walk away, then I took a deep breath and began counting trees, something my grandmother had taught me to do whenever I was under pressure. Pine, acacia, carob. (WTDW, 2014 : 94).</p>
		B.1.b.14	<p>The boy, who was probably used to seeing ‘insects’, was unfazed. I was unnerved by the sight of him and wondered if he would turn round and shoot me. (WTDW, 2014 : 105).</p>
		B.1.b.15	<p>I had a dream about you once. You drove an old Beetle car towards me then you stopped, opened the door and asked me to get in. When I looked at your face, it was just two overgrown lips with no brows, eyes or nose. I woke up screaming and ran to my grandmother. She got up and held me tight. ‘Your father was handsome and he had the most beautiful</p>

			<p>eyes, the colour of honey in its jars.’ She couldn’t ask me to recite the nine-nine names of Allah to calm my nerves, afraid of my mother. ‘Recite the names of all the flowers, birds and trees I have taught you, and exhale after each one!’</p> <p>Jasmine, carnations, daisies, irises, tulips, lilies, orchids. Breathe out! Sparrows, pigeons, blackbirds, nightingales. Breathe out! Carob, lemon, orange, pine, cypress, eucalyptus. Air rushed out of my lungs.</p> <p>‘Fill your tummy with air then hold it in!</p> <p>When I had relaxed. I told my grandmother, ‘Maybe my dad had eyes, but I couldn’t see them.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 107-108).</p>
		B.1.b.16	<p>My hands shook as I poured some water and drank. I blinked. No tears. Nothing, except the sound of my blood pulsating through my inner ear as it raced up to the top of my head. It felt hot. I sat down. Jasmine, vine. Breathe out! A baby was crying incessantly. Every hour a bright light was torched against the fabric of the gazebo. I gazed at the ceiling, counting animals: cat, tiger, hyena. Would sleep ever come? When dawn broke, I had no energy or will to continue. There was no ‘maybe’ about it: I would die in this country. (WTDW, 2014 : 113).</p>
		B.1.b.17	<p>‘Where is my father?’ My voice quivered. He swallowed. ‘Your father, Sheikh Omar Rahman, joined the residence in 1986 and travelled to</p>

			<p>Afghanistan in 1987. He worked as a medic in Mazar, not far from here. Seven years after he'd arrived here, he got married.'</p> <p>I rubbed my wet hands on my thighs. 'It took him seven years to forget us.' (WTDW, 2014 : 148).</p>
		B.1.b.18	<p>Alone in London, without any leads, contacts or friends, I sipped the tasteless liquid.</p> <p>I was gripped by anger with this father who was supposed to protect me, provide for me, make sure that I was warm and well fed, but brought me nothing but grief. His departure had eaten at my mother slowly until she developed cancer and died, putting an extra burden on my grandmother's shoulders so that instead of enjoying her old age, she had to take care of us and the house, and it had deprived me of any chance of happiness. I could have been married to our neighbour's son by now, found his alternative family, the one he cherished, and here I was alone in this big city on a forged visa. The money was also running out.</p> <p>I took a deep breath to compose myself. Why not buy a return ticket and give up this futile chase after that deserter, that breaker of promises? Go home and try to get married to an immigrant worker! (WTDW, 2014 : 181-182).</p>
		B.1.b.19	<p>'After the death of my mother, she advised me to sell the family's gold and go and look for my father. It would be really bad for my reputation to</p>

		<p>live alone after she dies. Shamefull.' 'Shameful?' 'No one would get married to a woman who lived on her own.' She laughed. 'That's one third of the population of England tarred.' 'Is it OK for women to live on their own?' 'Yes. Not a problem.' 'That's good. I might end up alone here.' 'Not an attractive woman like you, surely? You'll be swept off your feet.' (WTDW, 2014 : 205).</p>
		<p>B.1.b.20 I stood on the platform, waiting for the train and shifting my weight from one foot to the other. No kiss, hug or a proper goodbye. Why was he so cold with me? My grandmother had said that men were predators. 'You must not give yourself on a plate to them before they knock on your front door and ask for your hand in marriage.' Was that the way people did things in this country? Did men lose interest in women after they had slept with them? Or he might not have wanted to get involved with a foreigner. Perhaps he didn't approve of women travelling without an escort. But I went to Afghanistan to look for my father. Could it be forged visa or the SIMs and SD cards? Whatever it was it had turned me into an untouchable. It could be my father again. Who would want the daughter of a terrorist? I bit my lip until it tore and blood seeped out</p>

			and spread, tart and sour, on my tongue. (WTDW, 2014 : 209-210).
		B.1.b.21	I breathed out slowly, whispered the names of trees, and stretched my hands on the table to steady them. He was the last to enter. The old man couldn't be m father! I stood up and the guard, who was watching us closely, waved me down. He was tall, olive-skinned, bespectacled, bearded. A white crochet cap covered his bristly grey hair. Was that man my father? He paled, stood and inspected me. Hair frizzed up, face aglow with sweat, cheek twitchingand hands trembling, I must have seemed unstable to him. When I bit my lip to stop it from quivering, he scratched his beard, turned his face towards the sunrays streaking through the window bars, then sat down, a total stranger. I lowered my gaze to my bag, full of empty perfume bottles, and my feet shod in white trainers. I twisted his wedding ring around my thumb. (WTDW, 2014 : 243-244).
		B.1.b.22	I went back to the B&B, rushed upstairs, locked myself in the bedroom and refused to eat or drink. The father I had imagined was young and filled me with pride and this one was an old convict. The sheet of glass, which was my life, seemed stained and grimy. How could I clean it? Would the authorities track my forged visa and throw me in jail? Was my grandmother all right? Was she still alive? Our house had been left empty far too long. Had it been burgled?

			It might have squatters by now! Did my stepmother commit suicide? What was the data on the SIM and SD cards? Did they use the information to blow up a bus, train or aeroplane? Innocent civilians must have been killed. I stretched my fingers on the duvet. Did I have blood on my hands? Could I wash it off? (WTDW, 2014 : 248-249)
		B.1.b.23	I had no energy. Talking was an effort. The Polish cleaner reasoned with me. ‘Room will be <i>brudny</i> . Not good.’ I massaged my face to ease the tic, wrapped the duvet around my ears and lay on my side, gazing at the wall. (WTDW, 2014 : 249).
		B.1.b.24	‘Grandma, I did some awful things.’ Amani wept in the kitchen. Ashraf kissed me. A masked man gave me the sewing kit full of lethal data. Andy pushed his fingers into me. ‘No one is squeaky clean.’ ‘Not even you?’ ‘Don’t waste your money chatting me!’ Hugs and kisses, granddaughter of mine. Give your address to our neighbour!’ ‘I love you, <i>tita</i> .’ ‘I love you too.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 254).
		B.1.b.25	I filled my nostrils with his smell. My grandmother had told me about the locusts invading Palestine and eating everything during the drought and war of Safar Berlik. ‘We dug the gold cladding out of our teeth and sold it for food.’ It was over. My sharp edges, resolve,

			collapsed. I fingered my face: wet. My tears, bitter and salty, dripped down to my lips. (WTDW, 2014 : 266).
	Woman as a sexual object	B.1.c.01	Although my mother didn't allow me to wear a veil, like the other women of the neighbourhood, figure-hugging clothes were also banned. 'With an absent father, people might think you're a harlot. ' So, caught in the middle, it was impossible to find the right outfit and leave the house without being reprimanded. Normally one parent dampens the temper of another, but I had to 'soar solo', as my teacher of English language would say. (WTDW, 2014: 14).
		B.1.c.02	She spat blood this morning. 'My mother is getting worse.' 'I am sorry, Najwa. May Allah cure her!' She didn't believe in Allah for him to cure her. 'I have to take her to the doctor tomorrow for her chemo.' 'Fine, but you'll only be paid if your bum is on this seat.' He cackled. He never missed an opportunity to be impolite. (WTDW, 2014 : 15).
		B.1.c.03	Taxis swerved tooting around buses, a truck full of breeze blocks was stuck in the traffic, street peddlers lined the pavements offering imitation watches and smuggled cigarettes, and the tamarind and carob drink peddler struck his cymbals rhythmically. 'Quench

			<p>your thirst!’ The pedestrians, a mixture of farmers, natives and immigrant workers, surged forward under the colourful kaftans and scarves hung above our heads. Someone touched my bum and I leapt forward silently. If I resisted or shouted, people would find out about the violation and all the shame would be mine. I bit my tongue, something I am used to doing. (WTDW, 2014: 22-23).</p>
		B.1.c.04	<p>A man stopped his car next to me. ‘Psst! Psst! Come here!’ He thought I was a prostitute in disguise. Some wore the Islamic dress to hide their identity. ‘just wait there!’ I said. ‘Police!’ “Your loss!’ He pressed down on the accelerator and raced away. (WTDW, 2014: 26).</p>
		B.1.c.05	<p>My next taks was to go to a mobile phone shop. I asked Charles id he knew of any. He said that there was one by the Tube station and that I had to hurry because they would shut in half an hour. He gave me a map and located it for me. I ran through the streets, trying to avoid people, probably students, businessmen, tramps, and policemen. When I got there, the African shopkeeper smiled, which was the first time in London. ‘What can I do for you for?’ I tucked my fringe behind my ear. ‘ I need a mobile phone.’ ‘Contract? Pay-as-you-go? Smart phone?’</p>

			<p>A contract seemed like a commitment. I didn't know how long I would be staying in England. 'Pay-as-you-go.'</p> <p>'A sexy number?'</p> <p>'No. Ordinary number.'</p> <p>He got a pink phone of a box, slipped in a SIM card and dialled a few numbers to connect it, his eyes lingering over my breasts.</p> <p>I paid him the thirty pounds and left the shop. Men in the old country never looked at you openly and were experts in stealing glances. (WTDW, 2014 : 180-181).</p>
		B.1.c.06	<p>That night, Andy came to visit me in the 'pigeonloft', holding a large glass of wine. We sat at opposite ends of the sofa and spoke about weather. I was curious about him.</p> <p>'So what do you do?'</p> <p>He rubbed his right ear. 'I'm a mechanical engineer. I help install hydraulic presses.'</p> <p>'What are they?'</p> <p>'They're used in manufacturing many things. Bricks, or example.'</p> <p>'Interesting?'</p> <p>'Boring and mechanical sometimes. It puts food on the table.'</p> <p>He ran his finger round the lip of the glass then licked it.</p> <p>'Can I have a sip? I am curious.'</p> <p>'Are you sure? Curiosity killed the cat.'</p>

			<p>‘Yes.’ It tasted like vinegar with a tinge of sweetness. He put the glass on the table between us.</p> <p>‘So you didn’t work in Afghanistan?’ I took another sip and coughed.</p> <p>‘No. I volunteered during the holiday.’</p> <p>We were silent. I listened to the rhythmic sound of rain, the rattling of shutters and the barking of dogs.</p> <p>‘May I touch your hair?’</p> <p>I tilted my head towards him.</p> <p>He stroked it. ‘Najwa, you’re so beautiful.’</p> <p>‘I have a crooked nose.’</p> <p>‘That makes you more interesting.’ He moved closer and caressed it. It felt like sprinkling sugar on my skin. I shuddered. The scent of his aftershave, a mixture of lavender and watermelon, filled my nostrils. When he hugged me, his heartbeat reverberated through the thin fabric of my shirt. Full of fascination and dread, I wondered what he would look like, feel like, naked. The blue of his eyes was flecked with gold and his lips were tinted with wine. When he kissed me, my callous lips tried to hold on to his, grip him. (WTDW, 2014 : 205-207).</p>
		B.1.c.07	<p>The colour of his eyes deepened. He embraced me, then led me to the bedroom upstairs. I could feel the unevenness of his chest hair under the T-shirt. Silence, except for the classical music downstairs. As he turned to face me, his eyes appeared sunken, his cheeks hollow and his jaw darkened by the unshaven</p>

			<p>stubble. I wanted to say, ‘I’d better not.’ I knew I should turn away, pack and leave, but I stayed put. My thighs ached with the effort to stop them from wrapping themselves around him. He slipped his hand through my shirt, cupped my breast and tweaked my nipple. Tremors of pleasure and pain rushed down to the centre of my pelvic cavity, there, where all nerves met. I paled. He buried his head in my chest and rubbed his bristly face against me. (WTDW, 2014 : 207).</p>
		B.1.c.08	<p>It happened on Sunday, at two a.m., while the pigeons were asleep. Andy stripped quickly, joined me in bed, turned me over and kissed me. His finger explored, probed. Suddenly I unravelled and, like a vase hitting the floor, I broke into pieces. Tufts of hair, puckered skin, lumps and protrusions, some drooping and others firm, pressed against my pubis. I panicked. When he slid into me, my treacherous body welcomed the invasion. I tilted my head to the west and let out a cry. I happened like this on a rainy English day. Nothing could stop it now: neither my mother’s advice nor my grandmother’s warnings about predatory men. Andy held me as I rocked in bed.</p> <p>Relaxed yet flushed, he seemed younger. I held his head with both hands, the way that young woman had done in the café in London, and kissed his ears. We made love again. Andy was gentle. ‘You must stop</p>

			me if you're sore.' 'I'm fine.' (WTDW, 2014 : 207-208).
Violence	Psychological violence	B.2.a.01	When we arrived, my grandmother brewed some tea, added fresh sage and poured it in our best tea set, the one my late mother designated for classy guests and kept locked in the display cabinet. It was never used, for one one visited us. No male guardian, no honour, no status in this neighbourhood. (WTDW, 2014 : 5).
		B.2.a.02	'You know how it is in Amman and particularly in this neighbourhood. Chaste women don't live on their own. Tongues will wag. You'll be ostracised, habibti. And you have no relatives. As they say, "Better a man's shadow than that of a wall." 'He's dead to me. They both are.' 'Don't say that!' (WTDW, 2014 : 6)
		B.2.a.03	Our 'religious' neighbour told my grandmother the whole story. His family married him off to the daughter of Syrian merchant. 'Najwa is not marriage material,' his father said, 'because, rumour has it, her father is a drug baron somewhere on the borders of China. Also, brought up in a house without men, she wouldn't know how to show my son respect and tend him. Their's is a joyless house, with three shrivelling women rattling about in it.' My heart fell, banged against the tiles and broke into pieces like a demitasse. I sat with my mother under the lemon tree. 'Why did he abandon us, leave us like

			<p>this, fending for ourselves?’</p> <p>‘It’s this ugly thing called religion. Allah is more important to him than us.’ My mother gathered up her thinning hair.</p> <p>My grandmother sucked her last tooth. ‘Some say he got married to an Asian beauty and now lives like a king in the mountains of the Himalayas.’</p> <p>My mother’s chin quivered. She was still in love with you. (WTDW, 2014 : 10-11).</p>
		B.2.a.04	<p>Although my mother didn’t allow me to wear a veil, like the other women of the neighbourhood, figure-hugging clothes were also banned. ‘With an absent father, people might think you’re a harlot.’ So, caught in the middle, it was impossible to find the right outfit and leave the house without being reprimanded. Normally one parent dampens the temper of another, but I had to ‘soar solo’, as my teacher of English language would say. (WTDW, 2014: 14).</p>
		B.2.a.05	<p>She spat blood this morning. ‘My mother is getting worse.’</p> <p>‘I am sorry, Najwa. May Allah cure her!’</p> <p>She didn’t believe in Allah for him to cure her. ‘I have to take her to the doctor tomorrow for her chemo.’</p> <p>‘Fine, but you’ll only be paid if your bum is on this seat.’ He cackled.</p> <p>He never missed an opportunity to be impolite.</p>

			(WTDW, 2014 : 15).
		B.2.a.06	The driver ogled me in the mirror; being the daughter of an absent father , they saw me as common land, without a fence or borders. I looked out at the setting sun and wondered who made that web you find yourself caught in. How did I end up here? Was there a way out? Can you soar solo? (WTDW, 2014: 15).
		B.2.a.07	Taxis swerved tooting around buses, a truck full of breeze blocks was stuck in the traffic, street peddlers lined the pavements offering imitation watches and smuggled cigarettes, and the tamarind and carob drink peddler struck his cymbals rhythmically. ‘Quench your thirst!’ The pedestrians, a mixture of farmers, natives and immigrant workers, surged forward under the colourful kaftans and scarves hung above our heads. Someone touched my bum and I leapt forward silently. If I resisted or shouted, people would find out about the violation and all the shame would be mine. I bit my tongue, something I am used to doing. (WTDW, 2014: 22-23).
		B.2.a.08	I stood on the pavement in the scorching heat opposite the Grand Mosque, which, despite its delicate appearance and pink-and-white stones, dominated the square. I had no option but to find my father. If my grandmother died, I would live alone in that house, something this city would not tolerate. Only women of ill repute live on their own

			without a male guardian. I would be pursued by predators, ostracised, and my door would be marked. (WTDW, 2014 : 23).
		B.2.a.09	The toothless mosque attendant soaked the mop in the bucket full of water, dark with grime, wrung it out, then wiped the floor. Steam rose as soon as it touched the hot marble. He stopped and gawped when he saw me leaning against the gate. ‘What do you want?’ ‘I would like to see the imam.’ My eyes met his. He wagged his finger. ‘Shoo! It’s prayer time. No women, chit-chat or nonsense.’ ‘Please.’ ‘Shoo!’ He raised the mop. This mission was going to be harder than I thought. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).
		B.2.a.10	I rushed to the gold market, past the juice kiosk, the cassette stand and the trinkets shop. The floor was swept then sprinkled with water to cool the air in its alleyways. The necklaces dangling in the show windows glinted in the sun. They were pure, high in carat and dark. If I were like other girls I would be shopping for a set with my future husband, not skulking like a thief. My grandmother had advised me to keep checking for nosy hags, relatives with wagging tongues and neighbourhood gossips. (Psychological Violence). (WTDW, 2014 : 24).
		B.2.a.11	A man stopped his car next to me. ‘Psst! Psst! Come here!’

		<p>He thought I was a prostitute in disguise. Some wore the Islamic dress to hide their identity. ‘just wait there!’ I said. ‘Police!’ ‘Your loss!’ He pressed down on the accelerator and raced away. (WTDW, 2014: 26).</p>
	<p>B.2.a.12</p>	<p>Clasping the photo, I went to the local internet café, a space out of bounds for chaste women. Only men went there, to sit in front of the computer screens, cracking roasted watermelon seeds, smoking hubbly bubbly and searching for sites of ill repute. If I walked in, they would think that I was looking for chance encounters. Breaking the rules of the community was easy. One foot after another and I was right in the middle of that cloud of smoke and nicotine. I asked for a two-dinar pass and sat down. I keyed in <i>Mazar</i> and the search engine packed up. [...] When I keyed in <i>Mazar Taliban War</i>, the screen went blank, but before it did I was able to read, <i>Afghan massacre. The convoy of death.</i> The cyber café attendant said, ‘Now the system has truly crashed. Certain words make the censor jittery. OK, <i>shabab!</i> You can go home now. The server is down.’ Suddenly all the men turned and ogled me. I buttoned up my mother’s jacket and walked out, tainted and with little information or Mazar-e-Sharif.</p>

			(WTDW, 2014: 49-50).
		B.2.a.13	<p>In the morning, I kissed my grandmother's hand and took a taxi to the Identity and Pasport Service in the west side. The man by the gate asked, 'Why are you here alone?'</p> <p>I have no male relatives.'</p> <p>He sized me up. 'I don't believe you. Did you grow out of tree?'</p> <p>'My father is away, my mother is dead and my grandmother is too old to leave the house.'</p> <p>He let me in. It took three hours to get to the front of the queue and hold the attention of the civil servant in charge of issuing passports. (WTDW, 2014 : 51).</p>
		B.2.a.14	<p>'What's he like?'</p> <p>'Absent-minded medic.'</p> <p>'Absent-minded?'</p> <p>'Always thinking, thinking. Not pious enough.'</p> <p>'What do you mean?'</p> <p>'Did not pray regularly.' He spat another splinter.</p> <p>'Did you?'</p> <p>'Yes. Five times a day, plus night prayer.'</p> <p>'Why pray, then train to shoot?'</p> <p>'Because the world is full of <i>kafirs</i>, like you, who are killing Muslims wherever they find them.'</p> <p>'Like me?'</p> <p>'Yes. The old woman told me. You don't know how to pray.'</p> <p>'Is that a crime?' I turned into Raneen, my mother.</p>

			Her revenge was complete. 'It should be.' (WTDW, 2014 : 94).
		B.2.a.15	I dozed off then woke up suddenly. My heart was pounding. I took in my surroundings. Where was I? A reel of the past few months ran through my mind's eye. The boy next door rejecting me because I was the daughter of a missing father, with little honour and decorum. [...] (WTDW, 2014 : 113).
		B.2.a.16	My next taks was to go to a mobile phone shop. I asked Charles id he knew of any. He said that there was one by the Tube station and that I had to hurry because they would shut in half an hour. He gave me a map and located it for me. I ran through the streets, trying to avoid people, probably students, businessmen, tramps, and policemen. When I got there, the African shopkeeper smiled, which was the first time in London. 'What can I do for you for?' I tucked my fringe behind my ear. ' I need a mobile phone.' 'Contract? Pay-as-you-go? Smart phone?' A contract seemed like a commitment. I didn't know how long I would be staying in England. 'Pay-as-you-go.' 'A sexy number?' 'No. Ordinary number.' He got a pink phone of a box, slipped in a SIM card and dialled a few numbers to connect it, his eyes lingering over my breasts.

			I paid him the thirty pounds and left the shop. Men in the old country never looked at you openly and were experts in stealing glances. (WTDW, 2014 : 180-181).
		B.2.a.17	<p>I was gripped by anger with this father who was supposed to protect me, provide for me, make sure that I was warm and well fed, but brought me nothing but grief. His departure had eaten at my mother slowly until she developed cancer and died, putting an extra burden on my grandmother's shoulders so that instead of enjoying her old age, she had to take care of us and the house, and it had deprived me of any chance of happiness. I could have been married to our neighbour's son by now, but his father wouldn't hear of it. Omar Rahman alone was the culprit. I'd left my country looking for him, found his alternative family, the one he cherished, and here I was alone in this big city on a forged visa. The money was also running out.</p> <p>I took a deep breath to compose myself. Why not buy a return ticket and give up this futile chase after that deserter, that breaker of promises? Go home and try to get married to an immigrant worker! (WTDW, 2014 : 181-182).</p>
	Sexual violence	B.2.b.01	Although my mother didn't allow me to wear a veil, like the other women of the neighbourhood, figure-hugging clothes were also banned. 'With an absent father, people might think you're a harlot. ' So, caught in the middle, it was impossible to find the

			right outfit and leave the house without being reprimanded. Normally one parent dampens the temper of another, but I had to ‘soar solo’, as my teacher of English language would say. (WTDW, 2014: 14).
		B.2.b.02	<p>She spat blood this morning. ‘My mother is getting worse.’</p> <p>‘I am sorry, Najwa. May Allah cure her!’</p> <p>She didn’t believe in Allah for him to cure her. ‘I have to take her to the doctor tomorrow for her chemo.’</p> <p>‘Fine, but you’ll only be paid if your bum is on this seat.’ He cackled.</p> <p>He never missed an opportunity to be impolite. (WTDW, 2014 : 15).</p>
		B.2.b.03	<p>Taxis swerved tooting around buses, a truck full of breeze blocks was stuck in the traffic, street peddlers lined the pavements offering imitation watches and smuggled cigarettes, and the tamarind and carob drink peddler struck his cymbals rhythmically. ‘Quench your thirst!’ The pedestrians, a mixture of farmers, natives and immigrant workers, surged forward under the colourful kaftans and scarves hung above our heads. Someone touched my bum and I leapt forward silently. If I resisted or shouted, people would find out about the violation and all the shame would be mine. I bit my tongue, something I am used to doing. (WTDW, 2014: 22-23).</p>

		B.2.b.04	<p>A man stopped his car next to me. ‘Psst! Psst! Come here!’ He thought I was a prostitute in disguise. Some wore the Islamic dress to hide their identity. ‘just wait there!’ I said. ‘Police!’ ‘Your loss!’ He pressed down on the accelerator and raced away. (WTDW, 2014: 26).</p>
		B.2.b.05	<p>My next taks was to go to a mobile phone shop. I asked Charles id he knew of any. He said that there was one by the Tube station and that I had to hurry because they would shut in half an hour. He gave me a map and located it for me. I ran through the streets, trying to avoid people, probably students, businessmen, tramps, and policemen. When I got there, the African shopkeeper smiled, which was the first time in London. ‘What can I do for you for?’ I tucked my fringe behind my ear. ‘ I need a mobile phone.’ ‘Contract? Pay-as-you-go? Smart phone?’ A contract seemed like a commitment. I didn’t know how long I would be staying in England. ‘Pay-as-you-go.’ ‘A sexy number?’ ‘No. Ordinary number.’ He got a pink phone of a box, slipped in a SIM card and dialled a few numbers to connect it, his eyes lingering over my breasts.</p>

			I paid him the thirty pounds and left the shop. Men in the old country never looked at you openly and were experts in stealing glances. (WTDW, 2014 : 180-181).
Subordination	Woman's mobilities are restricted	B.3.a.01	My grandmother arranged for her coffin to be carried to the mosque, where they performed the Funeral Prayer, and then to be driven in a van to the local cemetery. Women were not allowed to go there , but she insisted. The driver sped over uneven roads and we huddled on mattresses in the back, holding on to the coffin. (WTDW, 2014 : 3).
		B.3.a.02	Our 'religious' neighbour told my grandmother the whole story. His family married him off to the daughter of Syrian merchant. 'Najwa is not marriage material,' his father said, 'because, rumour has it, her father is a drug baron somewhere on the borders of China. Also, brought up in a house without men, she wouldn't know how to show my son respect and tend him. Their's is a joyless house, with three shrivelling women rattling about in it.' My heart fell, banged against the tiles and broke into pieces like a demitasse. I sat with my mother under the lemon tree. 'Why did he abandon us, leave us like this, fending for ourselves?' 'It's this ugly thing called religion. Allah is more important to him than us.' My mother gathered up her thinning hair. My grandmother sucked her last tooth. 'Some say he got married to an Asian beauty and now lives like a

			king in the mountains of the Himalayas.’ My mother’s chin quivered. She was still in love with you. (WTDW, 2014 :10-11).
		B.3.a.03	Although my mother didn’t allow me to wear a veil, like the other women of the neighbourhood, figure-hugging clothes were also banned. ‘With an absent father, people might think you’re a harlot.’ So, caught in the middle, it was impossible to find the right outfit and leave the house without being reprimanded. Normally one parent dampens the temper of another, but I had to ‘soar solo’, as my teacher of English language would say. (WTDW, 2014: 14).
		B.3.a.04	She spat blood this morning. ‘My mother is getting worse.’ ‘I am sorry, Najwa. May Allah cure her!’ She didn’t believe in Allah for him to cure her. ‘I have to take her to the doctor tomorrow for her chemo.’ ‘Fine, but you’ll only be paid if your bum is on this seat.’ He cackled. He never missed an opportunity to be impolite. (WTDW, 2014 : 15).
		B.3.a.05	I chose it simply because not many women are allowed to become nurses , whores in the eyes of many. Hani the joker said, ‘Nurses have a bad reputation although most of the screwing is done by

			women teachers. (WTDW, 2014 : 18).
		B.3.a.06	Taxis swerved tooting around buses, a truck full of breeze blocks was stuck in the traffic, street peddlers lined the pavements offering imitation watches and smuggled cigarettes, and the tamarind and carob drink peddler struck his cymbals rhythmically. ‘Quench your thirst!’ The pedestrians, a mixture of farmers, natives and immigrant workers, surged forward under the colourful kaftans and scarves hung above our heads. Someone touched my bum and I leapt forward silently. If I resisted or shouted, people would find out about the violation and all the shame would be mine. I bit my tongue, something I am used to doing. (WTDW, 2014: 22-23).
		B.3.a.07	The toothless mosque attendant soaked the mop in the bucket full of water, dark with grime, wrung it out, then wiped the floor. Steam rose as soon as it touched the hot marble. He stopped and gawped when he saw me leaning against the gate. ‘What do you want?’ ‘I would like to see the imam.’ My eyes met his. He wagged his finger. ‘Shoo! It’s prayer time. No women, chit-chat or nonsense. ’ ‘Please.’ ‘Shoo!’ He raised the mop. This mission was going to be harder than I thought. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).
		B.3.a.08	Clasping the photo, I went to the local internet café, a space out of bounds for chaste women. Only

		<p>men went there, to sit in front of the computer screens, cracking roasted watermelon seeds, smoking hubbly bubbly and searching for sites of ill repute. If I walked in, they would think that I was looking for chance encounters. Breaking the rules of the community was easy. One foot after another and I was right in the middle of that cloud of smoke and nicotine. I asked for a two-dinar pass and sat down. I keyed in <i>Mazar</i> and the search engine packed up. [...] When I keyed in <i>Mazar Taliban War</i>, the screen went blank, but before it did I was able to read, <i>Afghan massacre. The convoy of death.</i> The cyber café attendant said, ‘Now the system has truly crashed. Certain words make the censor jittery. OK, <i>shabab!</i> You can go home now. The server is down.’ Suddenly all the men turned and ogled me. I buttoned up my mother’s jacket and walked out, tainted and with little information or Mazar-e-Sharif. (WTDW, 2014: 49-50).</p>
		<p>B.3.a.09 In the morning, I kissed my grandmother’s hand and took a taxi to the Identity and Passport Service in the west side. The man by the gate asked, ‘Why are you here alone?’ ‘I have no male relatives.’ He sized me up. ‘I don’t believe you. Did you grow out of a tree?’</p>

			<p>‘My father is away, my mother is dead and my grandmother is too old to leave the house.’ He let me in. It took three hours to get to the front of the queue and hold the attention of the civil servant in charge of issuing passports. My grandmother had insisted that I wear my mother’s best teaching suit and the cheap material absorbed rather than deflected the heat. The form I handed him was damp. ‘Are you married? If you are I need your husband’s permission.’ ‘No, I am not married.’ I wrung my hands. ‘Go over there and write a statement pledging that you are single! Don’t forget the stamps.’ I wrote it, signed it, stuck the postal stamps on it, then joined the queue again. He fingered his trimmed moustache. ‘Not many women come here on their own like that to get their pasport issued.’ I bit my lower lip and handed him the papers. My grandmother had told me to keep quiet about my father. <i>‘If they find out that you intend to travel to Pakistan, you’ll be in trouble.’</i> ‘My father is away and mother is dead.’ He hesitated , stamped it and passed it. A few minutes and your pasport will be ready.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 51-52).</p>
		B.3.a.10	I could cross its borders, take a taxi for hours or board a plane. Under the watchful eye of the Pasport Service

			guards, I went to the nearest kiosk and bought a bottle of fizzy drink to celebrate. My grandmother told me that Muslim men and women were not supposed to eat in public. They were dicredited and their testimony would not be accepted in court. I unscrewed the top and drank. Its couldness and sweetness was so refreshing. Men were stealing glances at me. (WTDW, 2014 : 52).
		B.3.a.11	Since I'd arrived here, I hadn't seen a single woman eat in public. It must be frowned upon. (WTDW, 2014 : 103).
		B.3.a.12	I dozed off then woke up suddenly. My heart was pounding. I took in my surroundings. Where was I? A reel of the past few months ran through my mind's eye. The boy next door rejecting me because I was the daughter of a missing father, with little honour and decorum. [...] (WTDW, 2014 : 113).
		B.3.a.13	I could have been married to our neighbour's son by now, but his father wouldn't hear of it. Omar Rahman alone was the culprit. (WTDW, 2014 : 182).
		B.3.a.14	I told Jane about my father and how he had left us when I was three years old. 'My mother fell apart so my grandmother took over. She raised me.' 'Lucky, that.' 'After the death of my mother, she advised me to sell the family's gold and go and look for my father. It would be really bad for my reputation to live alone after she dies. Shamefull.'

			<p>‘Shameful?’</p> <p>‘No one would get married to a woman who lived on her own.’</p> <p>She laughed. ‘That’s one third of the population of England tarred.’</p> <p>‘Is it OK for women to live on their own?’</p> <p>‘Yes. Not a problem.’</p> <p>‘That’s good. I might end up alone here.’</p> <p>‘Not an attractive woman like you, surely? You’ll be swept off your feet.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 205).</p>
Marginalization	Marginalized from getting public facilities	B.4.a.01	<p>My grandmother arranged for her coffin to be carried to the mosque, where they performed the Funeral Prayer, and then to be driven in a van to the local cemetery. Women were not allowed to go there, but she insisted. The driver sped over uneven roads and we huddled on mattresses in the back, holding on to the coffin. (WTDW, 2014 : 3).</p>
		B.4.a.02	<p>I chose it simply because not many women are allowed to become nurses, whores in the eyes of many. Hani the joker said, ‘Nurses have a bad reputation although most of the screwing is done by women teachers. (WTDW, 2014 : 18).</p>
		B.4.a.03	<p>The toothless mosque attendant soaked the mop in the bucket full of water, dark with grime, wrung it out, then wiped the floor. Steam rose as soon as it touched the hot marble. He stopped and gawped when he saw me leaning against the gate. ‘What do you want?’</p>

			<p>‘I would like to see the imam.’ My eyes met his. He wagged his finger. ‘Shoo! It’s prayer time. No women, chit-chat or nonsense.’</p> <p>‘Please.’</p> <p>‘Shoo!’ He raised the mop.</p> <p>This mission was going to be harder than I thought. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).</p>
		B.4.a.04	<p>Clasping the photo, I went to the local internet café, a space out of bounds for chaste women. Only men went there, to sit in front of the computer screens, cracking roasted watermelon seeds, smoking hubbly bubbly and searching for sites of ill repute. If I walked in, they would think that I was looking for chance encounters. Breaking the rules of the community was easy. One foot after another and I was right in the middle of that cloud of smoke and nicotine. I asked for a two-dinar pass and sat down. I keyed in <i>Mazar</i> and the search engine packed up.</p> <p>[...]</p> <p>When I keyed in <i>Mazar Taliban War</i>, the screen went blank, but before it did I was able to read, <i>Afghan massacre. The convoy of death.</i></p> <p>The cyber café attendant said, ‘Now the system has truly crashed. Certain words make the censor jittery. OK, <i>shabab!</i> You can go home now. The server is down.’</p> <p>Suddenly all the men turned and ogled me. I buttoned up my mother’s jacket and walked out,</p>

			tainted and with little information or Mazar-e-Sharif. (WTDW, 2014: 49-50).
		B.4.a.05	<p>In the morning, I kissed my grandmother's hand and took a taxi to the Identity and Passport Service in the west side. The man by the gate asked, 'Why are you here alone?'</p> <p>'I have no male relatives.'</p> <p>He sized me up. 'I don't believe you. Did you grow out of a tree?'</p> <p>'My father is away, my mother is dead and my grandmother is too old to leave the house.'</p> <p>He let me in. It took three hours to get to the front of the queue and hold the attention of the civil servant in charge of issuing passports. My grandmother had insisted that I wear my mother's best teaching suit and the cheap material absorbed rather than deflected the heat. The form I handed him was damp.</p> <p>'Are you married? If you are I need your husband's permission.'</p> <p>'No, I am not married.' I wrung my hands.</p> <p>'Go over there and write a statement pledging that you are single! Don't forget the stamps.'</p> <p>I wrote it, signed it, stuck the postal stamps on it, then joined the queue again.</p> <p>He fingered his trimmed moustache. 'Not many women come here on their own like that to get their pasport issued.'</p> <p>I bit my lower lip and handed him the papers. My</p>

			<p>grandmother had told me to keep quiet about my father. <i>'If they find out that you intend to travel to Pakistan, you'll be in trouble.'</i></p> <p><i>'My father is away and mother is dead.'</i></p> <p>He hesitated , stamped it and passed it. A few minutes and your pasport will be ready.' (WTDW, 2014 : 51-52).</p>
		B.4.a.06	<p>I could cross its borders, take a taxi for hours or board a plane. Under the watchful eye of the Pasport Service guards, I went to the nearest kiosk and bought a bottle of fizzy drink to celebrate. My grandmother told me that Muslim men and women were not supposed to eat in public. They were dicredited and their testimony would not be accepted in court. I unscrewed the top and drank. Its couldness and sweetness was so refreshing. Men were stealing glances at me. (WTDW, 2014 : 52).</p>
		B.4.a.07	<p>Since I'd arrived here, I hadn't seen a single woman eat in public. It must be frowned upon. (WTDW, 2014 : 103).</p>

C. Discourse Construction seen from the Dimension of Social Context

Country	Category	Code	Data
Jordan	The rule of dressing style	C.1.a.01	The day was perfect for departure. It was dry as usual, the sky clear, sun shining, but there was a chill in the air that goose-pimpled you all over. <i>No Islamic funeral!</i> were my mother's last words, but my grandmother ignored her wishes. She asked our 'religious' neighbour, who was never allowed into our house when my mother was still alive, to wash her and perform religious rituals. I spent all morning spying on her, something that was second nature to me. She scooped water, reciting verses from the Qur'an, poured it over mother's bald head, scrubbed her body with a loofah , performed her ablutions, dried her and then wrapped her scraggy corpse in white haj clothes . If she were alive and heard her say, 'In the Name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful,' she would have gouged out her eyes. (WTDW, 2014 : 3).
		C.1.a.02	I walked behind the procession, holding my grandmother's hand. Tears ran down the furrows on her face all the way to her neck, soaking her knotted veil . (WTDW, 2014 : 4)
		C.1.a.03	When he left, twenty-four years ago, my mother

			changed. She took off her veil , cut her hair, packed my father's clothes, Qur'ans, books, prayer beads, aftershave, comb and tweezers in a suitcase, hurled it in the loft and forbade me from mentioning him. (WTDW, 2014 : 7).
		C.1.a.04	I got out of the car, gathered my abaya and walked to the Bukharan market, I could barely understand his broken Arabic as I stood in the narrow alleyway of Amman's covered market surrounded by rugs, olive-wood camels, prayer beads, hands of Fatima, necklaces and bracelets. (WTDW, 2014 : 21)
		C.1.a.05	My grandmother's yashmak, which I wore to disguise myself , kept slipping back and I pulled it down over my hairline. (WTDW, 2014 : 21-22)
		C.1.a.06	I unpinned the veil , loosened it, let some air in, tightened it again and checked that the face mask was in place. (WTDW, 2014 : 22).
		C.1.a.07	Clasping the locket, I wrapped the abaya around me , checked my purse and walked out of the shade of the market into the heat and hubbub of the city. (WTDW, 2014 : 22)
		C.1.a.08	The pedestrians, a mixture of farmers, natives and immigrant workers, surged forward under the colourful kaftans and scarves hung above our

			heads. (WTDW, 2014 : 23).
		C.1.a.09	When the air-conditioned draught hit my muslin-covered face , I shuddered. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).
		C.1.a.10	‘Hello, Grandma!’ She was sitting in the garden, snipping parsley, her grey hair gathered in a scarf , her eyes beady, face wrinkled and fingers bent with arthritis. (WTDW, 2014 : 27).
		C.1.a.11	I took off the muslin yashmak and the abaya instantly and flung them on the floor. (WTDW, 2014 : 27).
		C.1.a.12	I took off the muslin yashmak and the abaya instantly and flung them on the floor. (WTDW, 2014 : 27).
		C.1.a.13	She had dark curly hair, which was wrapped with a pink-and-white striped scarf , perfect skin, arched brows, large brown eyes, a nose with a slight tilt and an arrow-shaped upper lip and a full lower one. (WTDW, 2014 : 28).
		C.1.a.14	I took my grandmother’s veil , tied it around my head, draped her loose abaya over my shoulders and ran out. (WTDW, 2014 : 37).
		C.1.a.15	I took my grandmother’s veil, tied it around my head, draped her loose abaya over my shoulders and ran out. (WTDW, 2014 : 37).

		C.1.a.16	I stuck my hand in the hidden pocket of the abaya , pulled my father’s photo out and placed it on the desk in front of him. ‘I am looking for my father.’ He stood up. ‘You’re Omar Rahman’s daughter. Welcome! Welcome! What an honour!’ (WTDW, 2014 : 38-39).
		C.1.a.17	I wrapped the abaya round me and rushed past the barber, grocer, the shoe-repair kiosk and the spice shop, and turned right up the hill. (WTDW, 2014 : 40).
		C.1.a.18	I took of the veil and the abaya and flung them on the sofa, there where my mother used to writhe in agony. (WTDW, 2014 : 45).
		C.1.a.19	I took of the veil and the abaya and flung them on the sofa, there where my mother used to writhe in agony. (WTDW, 2014 : 45).
		C.1.a.20	The white sheets covered her like a shroud . Was she dead? I put my palm against her mouth. She was breathing. (WTDW, 2014 : 54).
		C.1.a.21	‘Yes, Grandma!’ I pulled up the white garment to cover her neck. (WTDW, 2014 : 54).
		C.1.a.22	‘What a shame!’ I did my ablutions this morning and wore my ihram clothes, hoping that Allah would have mercy on me and take me away.’ (WTDW,

			2014 : 54).
		C.1.a.23	‘I can arrange for you to go to the had in Mecca. It won’t cost much.’ She changed into her kaftan . ‘I made us some lamb cooked in yogurt.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 55).
		C.1.a.24	My grandmother stood on the pavement in her long jilbab and the best headscarf, holding her only handbag: a box made of fake tooled leather. (WTDW, 2014 : 61).
		C.1.a.25	My grandmother stood on the pavement in her long jilbab and the best headscarf , holding her only handbag: a box made of fake tooled leather. (WTDW, 2014 : 61).
		C.1.a.26	The shawl my grandmother had bought from the Pakistani pedlar was already in my rucksack. I tried it on, covered my head with it and looked in the mirror. (WTDW, 2014 : 64).
		C.1.a.27	Dressed in a modest shirt, jeans and trainers, the Indian shawl wrapped around my shoulders, I went out. (WTDW, 2014 : 66).
		C.1.a.28	The veiled policewoman patted my body, looking for concealed weapons. (WTDW, 2014 : 67).
	The existence of male figure in society	C.1.b.01	My grandmother arranged for her coffin to be carried to the mosque, where they performed the Funeral

			Prayer, and then to be driven in a van to the local cemetery. Women were not allowed to go there , but she insisted. The driver sped over uneven roads and we huddled on mattresses in the back, holding on to the coffin. (WTDW, 2014 : 3).
		C.1.b.02	‘You know how it is Amman and particularly in this neighbourhood. Chaste women don’t live on their own. Tongues will wag. You’ll be ostracised, <i>habibt</i>. And you have no relatives. As they say, “Better a man’s shadow than that of a wall.” ’ (WTDW, 2014 : 6).
		C.1.b.03	When he left, twenty-four years ago, my mother changed. She took off her veil , cut her hair, packed my father’s clothes, Qur’ans, books, prayer beads, aftershave, comb and tweezers in a suitcase, hurled it in the loft and forbade me from mentioning him. (WTDW, 2014 : 7).
		C.1.b.04	My mother wanted me to study French at college, ‘because it’s the most secular country on earth’ , but it was not on offer so she spent days looking at the list of subject taught at community colleges then decided that I would train as a tourist guide and work in one of the hotels by the Dead sea, the most cosmopolitan and secular of environment. (WTDW,

			2014 : 9-10).
		C.1.b.05	Our ‘religious’ neighbour told my grandmother the whole story. His family married him off to the daughter of a Syrian merchant. ‘Najwa is not marriage material,’ his father said, ‘because, rumour has it, her father is a drug baron somewhere on the borders of China. Also, brought up in a house without men, she wouldn’t know how to show my son respect and tend him. Their’s is a joyless house, with three shrivelling women rattling about in it. (WTDW, 2014: 10).
		C.1.b.06	Although my mother didn’t allow me to wear a veil, like the other women of the neighbourhood, figure-hugging clothes were also banned. ‘With an absent father, people might think you’re a harlot. ’ So, caught in the middle, it was impossible to find the right outfit and leave the house without being reprimanded. Normally one parent dampens the temper of another, but I had to ‘soar solo’, as my teacher of English language would say. (WTDW, 2014: 14).
		C.1.b.07	She spat blood this morning. ‘My mother is getting worse.’ ‘I am sorry, Najwa. May Allah cure her!’ She didn’t believe in Allah for him to cure her. ‘I

			<p>have to take her to the doctor tomorrow for her chemo.’</p> <p>‘Fine, but you’ll only be paid if your bum is on this seat.’ He cackled.</p> <p>He never missed an opportunity to be impolite.</p> <p>(WTDW, 2014 : 15).</p>
		C.1.b.08	<p>I chose it simply because not many women are allowed to become nurses, whores in the eyes of many. Hani the joker said, ‘Nurses have a bad reputation although most of the screwing is done by women teachers. (WTDW, 2014 : 18).</p>
		C.1.b.09	<p>Taxis swerved tooting around buses, a truck full of breeze blocks was stuck in the traffic, street peddlers lined the pavements offering imitation watches and smuggled cigarettes, and the tamarind and carob drink peddler struck his cymbals rhythmically. ‘Quench your thirst!’ The pedestrians, a mixture of farmers, natives and immigrant workers, surged forward under the colourful kaftans and scarves hung above our heads. Someone touched my bum and I leapt forward silently. If I resisted or shouted, people would find out about the violation and all the shame would be mine. I bit my tongue, something I am used to doing. (WTDW, 2014: 22-23).</p>

		C.1.b.10	<p>I stood on the pavement in the scorching heat opposite the Grand Mosque, which, despite its delicate appearance and pink-and-white stones, dominated the square. I had no option but to find my father. If my grandmother died, I would live alone in that house, something this city would not tolerate. Only women of ill repute live on their own without a male guardian. I would be pursued by predators, ostracised, and my door would be marked. If I'd had any choice, I would have let him go, for he was nothing to me, not even a memory. (WTDW, 2014 : 23).</p>
		C.1.b.11	<p>The toothless mosque attendant soaked the mop in the bucket full of water, dark with grime, wrung it out, then wiped the floor. Steam rose as soon as it touched the hot marble. He stopped and gawped when he saw me leaning against the gate. 'What do you want?' 'I would like to see the imam.' My eyes met his. He wagged his finger. 'Shoo! It's prayer time. No women, chit-chat or nonsense.' 'Please.' 'Shoo!' He raised the mop. This mission was going to be harder than I thought. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).</p>
		C.1.b.12	<p>My grandmother had advised me to keep checking</p>

			for nosy hags, relatives with wagging tongues and neighbourhood gossips. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).
		C.1.b.13	A man stopped his car next to me. ‘Psst! Psst! Come here!’ He thought I was a prostitute in disguise. Some wore the Islamic dress to hide their identity. ‘just wait there!’ I said. ‘Police!’ “Your loss!’ He pressed down on the accelerator and raced away. (WTDW, 2014: 26).
		C.1.b.14	My grandmother ran her fingers over it. ‘I have lost her and now I will . . .’ Her chin quivered. ‘I could stay.’ Her hand was swollen and stiff in mine. ‘No, you must go and look for for your father. The past might make you whole.’ ‘What about you?’ ‘I’ll not last long. You cannot live in this house on your own after I am gone. What would people say?’ ‘But . . .’ ‘If you end up on your own in this house, it will be so shameful. Only loose women, ‘ahirat, live alone. You belong with your father.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 28).
		C.1.b.15	Clasping the photo, I went to the local internet café, a space out of bounds for chaste women. Only men went there, to sit in front of the computer screens, cracking roasted watermelon seeds,

			<p>smoking hubbly bubbly and searching for sites of ill repute. If I walked in, they would think that I was looking for chance encounters. Breaking the rules of the community was easy. One foot after another and I was right in the middle of that cloud of smoke and nicotine. I asked for a two-dinar pass and sat down. I keyed in <i>Mazar</i> and the search engine packed up. [...] When I keyed in <i>Mazar Taliban War</i>, the screen went blank, but before it did I was able to read, <i>Afghan massacre. The convoy of death.</i> The cyber café attendant said, ‘Now the system has truly crashed. Certain words make the censor jittery. OK, <i>shabab!</i> You can go home now. The server is down.’ Suddenly all the men turned and ogled me. I buttoned up my mother’s jacket and walked out, tainted and with little information or Mazar-e-Sharif. (WTDW, 2014 : 49-50).</p>
		C.1.b.16	<p>In the morning, I kissed my grandmother’s hand and took a taxi to the Identity and Passport Service in the west side. The man by the gate asked, ‘Why are you here alone?’ ‘I have no male relatives.’ He sized me up. ‘I don’t believe you. Did you grow out of a tree?’ ‘My father is away, my mother is dead and my grandmother is too old to leave the house.’</p>

			<p>He let me in. It took three hours to get to the front of the queue and hold the attention of the civil servant in charge of issuing passports. My grandmother had insisted that I wear my mother's best teaching suit and the cheap material absorbed rather than deflected the heat. The form I handed him was damp.</p> <p>'Are you married? If you are I need your husband's permission.'</p> <p>'No, I am not married.' I wrung my hands.</p> <p>'Go over there and write a statement pledging that you are single! Don't forget the stamps.'</p> <p>I wrote it, signed it, stuck the postal stamps on it, then joined the queue again.</p> <p>He fingered his trimmed moustache. 'Not many women come here on their own like that to get their passport issued.'</p> <p>I bit my lower lip and handed him the papers. My grandmother had told me to keep quiet about my father. <i>'If they find out that you intend to travel to Pakistan, you'll be in trouble.'</i></p> <p>'My father is away and mother is dead.'</p> <p>He hesitated , stamped it and passed it. A few minutes and your pasport will be ready.' (WTDW, 2014 : 51-52).</p>
		C.1.b.17	<p>On one side lived honourable women, those protected by their fathers or husbands, and on the other loose women like me. (WTDW, 2014 : 69).</p>

	The great influence of religion	C.1.c.01	My grandmother arranged for her coffin to be carried to the mosque, where they performed the Funeral Prayer, and then to be driven in a van to the local cemetery. Women were not allowed to go there , but she insisted. The driver sped over uneven roads and we huddled on mattresses in the back, holding on to the coffin. (WTDW, 2014 : 3).
		C.1.c.02	<p>‘You know how it is in Amman and particularly in this neighbourhood. Chaste women don’t live on their own. Tongues will wag. You’ll be ostracised, <i>habibti</i>. And you have no relatives. As they say, “Better a man’s shadow than that of a wall.”</p> <p>‘He’s dead to me. They both are.’</p> <p>‘Don’t say that!’</p> <p>‘He left us and never looked back. No cards or recorded messages, like the ones you hear on the <i>Greeting for You</i> radio programme.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 5-6).</p>
		C.1.c.03	I knew I was different. I was not allowed to cover my head, wear a long school uniform or trousers, recite the Qur’an, participate in the Ramadan procession or wear prayer clothes and go to the mosque in the evening with the other children, who carried lanterns. I would stand by the iron

			<p>gate, listening to them sing, ‘Welcome Ramadan!’</p> <p>The house was ‘secular’ and it took me years to understand the meaning of that word. I stood out as if I had a birth defect with my unruly hair, western clothes and uncovered legs. Once, a schoolmate gave me a silver ‘Allah’ pendant for my birthday and my mother confiscated it and locked herself for hours in the guest reception room. ‘No religious words, deeds, texts, symbols, jewellery or dress in this house!’ my grandmother said and twisted her lips. Needless to say, I failed the Islamic faith subject year. Don’t ask me how I finished school and graduated! I just did. (WTDW, 2014 : 9).</p>
		C.1.c.04	<p>Our ‘religious’ neighbour told my grandmother the whole story. (WTDW, 2014 : 10).</p>
		C.1.c.05	<p>Our religious neighbour had told us that it was really difficult to get a visa to Pakistan nowadays. (WTDW, 2014 : 53).</p>
		C.1.c.06	<p>I took the suitcase to our religious neighbour and asked her to give the clothes to the poor. (WTDW, 2014 : 64).</p>
		C.1.c.07	<p>I planned to slip the key under our religious neighbour’s gate before I left. (WTDW, 2014 : 65).</p>
		C.1.c.08	<p>Our religious neighbour ran out barefoot, but head</p>

			covered. (WTDW, 2014 : 66).
		C.1.c.09	I was about to walk away, then I took a deep breath and began counting trees, something my grandmother had taught me to do whenever I was underpressure. Pine, acacia, carob. ‘May paradise be your daughters’ final abode!’ I’d heard our religious neighbour say that to my my grandmother. (WTDW, 2014 : 94).
		C.1.c.10	I could not remember our religious neighbour’s phone number. (WTDW, 2014 : 253).
	The prohibition of woman to travel alone	C.1.d.01	She spat blood this morning. ‘My mother is getting worse.’ ‘I am sorry, Najwa. May Allah cure her!’ She didn’t believe in Allah for him to cure her. ‘I have to take her to the doctor tomorrow for her chemo.’ ‘Fine, but you’ll only be paid if your bum is on this seat.’ He cackled. He never missed an opportunity to be impolite. (WTDW, 2014 : 15).
		C.1.d.02	Taxis swerved tooting around buses, a truck full of breeze blocks was stuck in the traffic, street peddlers lined the pavements offering imitation watches and smuggled cigarettes, and the tamarind and carob drink peddler struck his cymbals rhythmically. ‘Quench your thirst!’ The pedestrians, a mixture of

			farmers, natives and immigrant workers, surged forward under the colourful kaftans and scarves hung above our heads. Someone touched my bum and I leapt forward silently. If I resisted or shouted, people would find out about the violation and all the shame would be mine. I bit my tongue, something I am used to doing. (WTDW, 2014: 22-23).
		C.1.d.03	The toothless mosque attendant soaked the mop in the bucket full of water, dark with grime, wrung it out, then wiped the floor. Steam rose as soon as it touched the hot marble. He stopped and gawped when he saw me leaning against the gate. ‘What do you want?’ ‘I would like to see the imam.’ My eyes met his. He wagged his finger. ‘Shoo! It’s prayer time. No women, chit-chat or nonsense.’ ‘Please.’ ‘Shoo!’ He raised the mop. This mission was going to be harder than I thought. (WTDW, 2014 : 24).
		C.1.d.04	A man stopped his car next to me. ‘Psst! Psst! Come here!’ He thought I was a prostitute in disguise. Some wore the Islamic dress to hide their identity. ‘just wait there!’ I said. ‘Police!’

			<p>“Your loss!” He pressed down on the accelerator and raced away. (WTDW, 2014: 26).</p>
		C.1.d.05	<p>Clasping the photo, I went to the local internet café, a space out of bounds for chaste women. Only men went there, to sit in front of the computer screens, cracking roasted watermelon seeds, smoking hubbly bubbly and searching for sites of ill repute. If I walked in, they would think that I was looking for chance encounters. Breaking the rules of the community was easy. One foot after another and I was right in the middle of that cloud of smoke and nicotine. I asked for a two-dinar pass and sat down. I keyed in <i>Mazar</i> and the search engine packed up.</p> <p>[...]</p> <p>When I keyed in <i>Mazar Taliban War</i>, the screen went blank, but before it did I was able to read, <i>Afghan massacre. The convoy of death.</i></p> <p>The cyber café attendant said, ‘Now the system has truly crashed. Certain words make the censor jittery. OK, <i>shabab!</i> You can go home now. The server is down.’</p> <p>Suddenly all the men turned and ogled me. I buttoned up my mother’s jacket and walked out, tainted and with little information or Mazar-e-Sharif. (WTDW, 2014: 49-50).</p>
		C.1.d.06	<p>In the morning, I kissed my grandmother’s hand and took a taxi to the Identity and Passport Service in the</p>

		<p>west side. The man by the gate asked, ‘Why are you here alone?’</p> <p>‘I have no male relatives.’</p> <p>He sized me up. ‘I don’t believe you. Did you grow out of a tree?’</p> <p>‘My father is away, my mother is dead and my grandmother is too old to leave the house.’</p> <p>He let me in. It took three hours to get to the front of the queue and hold the attention of the civil servant in charge of issuing passports. My grandmother had insisted that I wear my mother’s best teaching suit and the cheap material absorbed rather than deflected the heat. The form I handed him was damp.</p> <p>‘Are you married? If you are I need your husband’s permission.’</p> <p>‘No, I am not married.’ I wrung my hands.</p> <p>‘Go over there and write a statement pledging that you are single! Don’t forget the stamps.’</p> <p>I wrote it, signed it, stuck the postal stamps on it, then joined the queue again.</p> <p>He fingered his trimmed moustache. ‘Not many women come here on their own like that to get their passport issued.’</p> <p>I bit my lower lip and handed him the papers. My grandmother had told me to keep quiet about my father. <i>‘If they find out that you intend to travel to Pakistan, you’ll be in trouble.’</i></p> <p>‘My father is away and mother is dead.’</p>
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			He hesitated , stamped it and passed it. A few minutes and your passport will be ready.’ (WTDW, 2014 : 51-52).
		C.1.d.07	I could cross its borders, take a taxi for hours or board a plane. Under the watchful eye of the Pasport Service guards, I went to the nearest kiosk and bought a bottle of fizzy drink to celebrate. My grandmother told me that Muslim men and women were not supposed to eat in public. They were dicredited and their testimony would not be accepted in court. I unscrewed the top and drank. Its couldness and sweetness was so refreshing. Men were stealing glances at me. (WTDW, 2014 : 52).
	The constraint of woman’s desire	C.1.e.01	I chose it simply because not many women are allowed to become nurses , whores in the eyes of many. Hani the joker said, ‘Nurses have a bad reputation although most of the screwing is done by women teachers. (WTDW, 2014 : 18).
Pakistan	The rule of dressing style	C.2.a.01	I sat next to a veiled , middle-aged Pakistani woman, who spoke perfect English. She explained to me that the curry we were having on the plane was not ‘the genuine article’. (WTDW: 2014 : 73).
		C.2.a.02	He smiled and stamped my passport. I dried my forehead with the end of the scarf , pulled

			it over my hair and entered Pakistan. (WTDW, 2014 : 74).
		C.2.a.03	I smoothed my long shirt, checked my duffel bag and suitcase, tidied my headscarf and rushed away from the loving chatter of families. (WTDW, 2014 : 75).
		C.2.a.04	I took off my shoes, walked on to the cool marble and pulled the veil down to hide my fringer. (WTDW, 2014 : 77).
		C.2.a.05	She wrapped the end of her long emerald scarf around her neck and began to move away. (WTDW, 2014 : 78).
		C.2.a.06	Holding my passport, she walked out of the mosque, her emerald veil trailing behind her. (WTDW, 2014 : 84).
		C.2.a.07	The old woman reappeared waving my passport in the air. I wiped the locket with the end of my veil and stood up. (WTDW, 2014 : 85).
		C.2.a.08	I wiped my forehead with the end of my veil . (WTDW, 2014 : 90).
		C.2.a.09	I dozed off and when I got up I had a shower, put on a long, modest top over my trousers and covered my hair with the long shawl . (WTDW, 2014 : 91).
		C.2.a.10	I bit my lip, lowered my veil and rushed out of the hotel, dragging my suitcase behind me, aware of the

			tic in my right cheek. (WTDW, 2014 : 92).
		C.2.a.11	Wearing a chador , head wrapped in a hijab made of a light woolen fabric, I sat in the back of a taxi next to a Pakistani soldier, two farmers and an old woman in a burqa. (WTDW, 2014 : 101).
		C.2.a.12	Wearing a chador, head wrapped in a hijab made of a light woolen fabric, I sat in the back of a taxi next to a Pakistani soldier, two farmers and an old woman in a burqa. (WTDW, 2014 : 101).
		C.2.a.13	Wearing a chador, head wrapped in a hijab made of a light woolen fabric, I sat in the back of a taxi next to a Pakistani soldier, two farmers and an old woman in a burqa . (WTDW, 2014 : 101).
		C.2.a.14	A young girl, head covered in a green shawl , waved to us. (WTDW, 2014 : 102).
		C.2.a.15	I pulled the shawl down to cover my hair and held my breath. (WTDW, 2014 : 103).
		C.2.a.16	The old woman stuck her leathery hand out from under the blue burqa and handed me a piece of bread. (WTDW, 2014 : 103).
		C.2.a.17	I held the chador up to cover my mouth and chewed on the bread. (WTDW, 2014 : 103).
		C.2.a.18	The old woman objected, raising her arm from under the burqa . (WTDW, 2014 : 104).

	The great influence of religion	C.2.b.01	We drove through busy traffic to the city centre. Cars, bicycle, auto-rickshaws, vans and carriages sped by. A bus, with every inch either painted or decorated, stood to pick up passengers. My country's buses seemed drab compared to this burst of colour. Then it raced by with its tassels, fake flowers and hearts, each chamber painted a different colour: bright green, orange, indigo, crimson. The driver was playing bouncy music as he negotiated the traffic. Allah has willed this and A Qur'anic prayer were written on the bonnet in Urdu – which, to my surprise, I was able to read. How could the driver see the traffic through the densely decorated windscreen? Only the controller, who held on to a bar and flew in the air, seemed sombre in black. (WTDW, 2014 : 76).
Afghanistan	The rule of dressing style	C.3.a.01	I lifted the chador , stuck the ends of my veil inside the collar of my blouse and bent down. (WTDW, 2014 : 108).
		C.3.a.02	I lifted the chador, stuck the ends of my veil inside the collar of my blouse and bent down. (WTDW, 2014 : 108).
		C.3.a.03	Veiled girls and boys in dirty shalwar kameez and embroidered caps kicked a punctured football by a

			stream of water, where skeletal cows with protruding ribcages drank. (WTDW, 2014 : 109).
		C.3.a.04	I adjusted my chador and walked in behind the old woman. (WTDW, 2014 : 110).
		C.3.a.05	I wrapped myself in the chador and covered my hair. (WTDW, 2014 : 118).
		C.3.a.06	She adjusted her burqa , turned to me and said, ' <i>Da khoday pa amaan,</i> ' and walked away beside him. (WTDW, 2014 : 120).
		C.3.a.07	The women, in brightly coloured burqas , stood behind them, chattering and pointing at me. (WTDW, 2014 : 127).
		C.3.a.08	At that moment of great decorum my chador slipped down, revealing my long top, figure-hugging jeans and trainers. (WTDW, 2014 : 127).
		C.3.a.09	I picked it up and wrapped it around my shoulders, adjusted my veil and walked towards the welcoming party. (WTDW, 2014 : 127).
		C.3.a.10	One in a pink embroidered burqa walked towards me, shook my hand and led me to one of the houses, a rectangular mud-brick building with large arched windows and doors and a roof made from straw and sticks. (WTDW, 2014 : 128).
		C.3.a.11	She shut the door, took off her burqa then hugged

			and kissed me. ‘Hello,’ she said in a heavy accent. (WTDW, 2014 : 128).
		C.3.a.12	‘What your name?’ She folded her burqa . (WTDW, 2014 : 129).
		C.3.a.13	She called me <i>farzand</i> , asked me to take off my veil and relax. (WTDW, 2014 : 129).
		C.3.a.14	I wrapped my grandmother’s shawl around my neck and walked on. (WTDW, 2014 : 131).
		C.3.a.15	The women flocked in burqas in all the colours of the rainbow. (WTDW, 2014 : 137).
		C.3.a.16	A thin, tall woman walked in, her orange burqa trailing behind her. (WTDW, 2014 : 139).
	The great influence of religion	C.3.b.01	The attendant brought us some rice, yogurt and bread. We sat around the tray. The Afghani women said, ‘ <i>Bismillah</i> ,’ then ate. (WTDW, 2014 : 111).
		C.3.b.02	The elders stood in a line, their dark turbans wrapped around their ears and chins, framing their tanned, cracked faces. The women, in brightly coloured burqas, stood behind them, chattering and pointing at me. At that moment of great decorum my chador slipped down, revealing my long top, figure-hugging jeans and trainers. I picked it up and wrapped it around my shoulders, adjusted my veil and walked towards the welcoming party. I offered a

			handshake, but they pressed their hands on their chests, refusing to have any physical contact with a strange woman. I bowed. (WTDW, 2014 : 127).
	The prohibition of woman to travel alone	C.3.c.01	I tensed up. As the light dimmed, it dawned on me that I was in the middle of deserted fields, alone with a strange man in a foreign country , which I'd entered on a forged visa, without any knowledge of the native tongue. Where were the farmers, the women and the children? And what if he stopped the car and had his way with me? If I cried out, would anyone hear me or come to my rescue? (WTDW, 2014 : 121-122).

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Saya juga telah memberikan saran dan koreksi dalam penelitian tersebut.

Demikian keterangan ini saya buat dengan sebenar-benarnya agar dapat dipergunakan sebagaimana mestinya.

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Muhammad Arif Nurrahman

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Demikian keterangan ini saya buat dengan sebenar-benarnya agar dapat dipergunakan sebagaimana mestinya.

Yogyakarta, 12-03-2019



Zefki Okta Feri