

Two short excerpt by Lina Omar

Race for Dreams

Time ticked softly in the back of my mind. With each passing second, the world around me dimmed, colors fading into a blur. My focus narrowed to a single goal: victory, at any cost. My eyes, sharp as a hawk's, locked onto the race track,

everything else vanishing from sight. I ran with relentless speed for my friends, my family, as if a wildfire chased at my heels.

Years of grueling practice, unwavering dedication, and countless medals had forged this moment. I couldn't let my family down. My future, scholarships, championships, a life secured, dangled before me like a fragile thread, ready to slip into an endless abyss if I faltered. As the other racers closed in, my heart pounded, adrenaline surging through my legs. For a

fleeting moment, I felt myself slipping, doubt creeping in as I sensed my lead erode.

My gaze drifted to the crowd, landing on two figures partially hidden among the sea of faces, my parents, the heartbeat of my journey. My father's cheers roared above the noise, my mother's drumbeats and whistles echoing fiercely, the Egyptian flag vivid on their cheeks.

Hope flared within me, banishing fear. I turned back to the track, eyes fixed on the future,

unburdened by doubt. I surged forward, swift as an eagle diving for its prey, my heart carrying visions of my homeland and loved ones waiting.

I crossed the finish line, shattering the ribbon that bound my dreams. The crowd's cheers faded, leaving only my parents' voices ringing clear. With pride swelling in my chest, I turned to them, knowing I'd made them proud.

Clutching the gold medal, I beckoned my parents to the track, where the judges

welcomed them. I draped the medal around my mother's neck and handed my father the certificate, a tribute to their unwavering support. They shaped me into who I am today, and for that, I am forever grateful.

Franz Kafka Essay

Franz Kafka, a German speaking Bohemian novelist was one of the major figures of the 20th's century's classical literature. He was a

novelist who was known for implementing both realism and fantasy in his Norks. His works featured characters going through intense predicaments and how they overcame such traumatic events. As a result, his works were deemed depressing or bizarre. His works include The Metamorphosis, The Trial, and The Castle. These are just a few examples of many great books he wrote.

He was born in a middle-class Jewish family who spoke German. Kafka was both Herman and Julie Lowy's eldest child. Two of his brothers died in infancy, and three of his sisters were murdered in the holocaust. None of his siblings survived to old age.

Kafka attended German language schools in Prague. When he enrolled in

college, he chose Ferdinand
Univ

ersity, a German school in
Prague. He started as a che-
mistry major but didn't last
long as one. He later switc-
hed to Law. He wasn't by any
means a gifted student.

n fact, professors deemed
him average.

Kafka graduated from Charles-
Ferdinand on 18 June

1906 and did a yearlong unpaid
internship as a clerk in t-
he criminal courts. He quit

and was later hired for his first professional job as a lawyer for Assicurazioni Generali, an Italian insurance company in Prague. He was not passionate about his work as a lawyer. He later resigned from his job.

Kafka desired to be a writer. While in office, he often dedicated some time to his writing. Kafka worked until early afternoon at the Workers Accident Insurance Inst

itute. Then he lunched, rested, exercised, and ate dinner with his family (he lived at home with his parents and sisters). He only sat down to write at 11 p.m. and kept at it for as long as he could keep his eyes open. His diligence paid off slowly. Within a few months of starting work, his first published short stories appeared in Hyperion magazine

