

Elise Tykkyläinen

The Seed of New Life



Desert's life

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Elise Tykkyläinen
(Originally written and published in Finnish,
2011/Mediapinta)

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Picture on cover: Mahmoud Al-Abassy

Originally published in Finnish 2011 /Mediapinta

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ISBN 9-789523-183179

Publisher: BoD - Books on Demand, Helsinki, Finland

Printing: BoD - Books on Demand, Norderstedt, Germany

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PREFACE

I often do not read any book's preface. I'm so impatient that I go immediately to the point. I think that they are just useless chatter, because the book, however, is what it is. Back in high school times our Mother tongue teacher often spoke of Finland's most common place in the form, which is the "excusative." This means that the author of the text rationalizes and apologizes first his text and is willing to read it loud after that. I think she was right: the Finns actually do have this habit of explaining their deeds a lot.

But this book's preface, however, I want to write. I'm writing it because my life in Egypt was kind of divided into four time periods, each of which is different stage of life, and it may be easier to read the book when you understand this.

This book is not written in chronological order, because time tends to take leaps. Some periods of life seem long and others for short don't them? Some periods that would, according to the time, be just short moments, seem like the longest in life and vice versa. Things should be told about by their *relevance*, not the time of their occurrence.

Here are a few portions of the contents of the book.

Chapter 4: How my life's path led me to Egypt?

There was a time before I met Methad. (Chronologically, this would happen before the first chapter of the book.) It was early spring 2002 and August of 2002. It was the time that gave me the best memories and during that time I totally recovered from depression that had been bothering me. I hitchhiked at that time from Israel to Egypt, and lived in

downtown Cairo in a budget hotel for couple of months. During that time, I got to know the strangest people and I experienced a lot of new things. However, my book does not focus fully at that time only, as even more remarkable things happened in Dahab.

Chapter 1: Life beside the Living Sea.

There was a time, which can be considered as starting from when I met Methad and got pregnant. That time included a turbulent period of life, in which I was pregnant to a Bedouin man and lived with him in the desert of Sinai.

Chapter 2: Moving to the river Nile.

And there was a time, which can be considered as starting from when we moved to Methad's parents' home village. It was a poor Bedouin village, south of Cairo. There, I became a mother of a tiny and sweet, half Egyptian daughter.

Chapter 3: "...will forever yearn to be by the Nile again.*"

And the time came when I left Egypt.

I'm not a fiction writer. These things, of which I tell about in this book, have occurred to me as I describe them in this "puppet theater" of life, which we call the truth. Some of the things may seem unreal, but that is what happened and how I experienced things.

**) He who has once drunk of Nile water will forever yearn to be by the Nile again – Mika Waltari*

This is a fascinating autobiographical story about a Finnish woman's life in Egypt where she got pregnant and gave birth to a new life with a Bedouin man. The author says Finland and Egypt are like night and day. There is nothing similar with them.

“The village was called Arab Abou Tamma. If I understood it right, all the people in the village were in some way related to each other. I often wondered what made them live so close together. Was it fear? What would they have been afraid of, in a small village, surrounded by flowering gardens and where farmers tilled their land along the Nile? Women washed their laundry at the fork of the Nile, which also served as a dump. Strange crustaceans and whatever living things from the river would move around at that little fork of the river. Everything was dirty and full of sand.

I was a freak for them. No one understood why I was staying in that village, and I did not understand it myself either. I could not go anywhere by myself, even though I was longing for loneliness or to just go out for a walk. I lived in the same house with my husband's family, symbolically saying, chained, and no one understood me. I was deeply depressed and withered inside, but I did not know where else to go.”



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