

The man who wears his glasses as the unicorn wears its horn...

He wears open shoes with cotton sport socks, slate pants, a foggy morning's bay grey T-shirt, and an olive green shirt. Nothing extraordinary, nothing particular, but this uncharacterized silhouette hides a special person, a smart, sweet, nice seventeen-years-old student.

His features could be painted as a single color declension. His rich soil brown hair and beard surround the *caffè-con-latte* clear complexion of his oval face. Hair, beard and skin encased his vivacious sparkling dark chocolate eyes, delicately set between two dense long black hair lashes' lines. Humaid: his glasses helplessly lying on his forehead, his at-least-half-an-hour-late habit, his colossal vocabulary skill, his small drawings during class time, his left handwriting disturbed by the American classroom desks, his high flute laugh, and a smile always ready to bloom on his lips...

... His nostalgic glance when he shared with me a part of his life.

Just after Ramadan, each year, Humaid and his family celebrate Eid, a family meeting without religious ritual or symbol, a three days feast. Presents and money are exchanged. Family members, friends and acquaintances share the end of the long period during which food and drinks were only available at night. A rebirth.

The morning of the first day, all the members of Humaid's close family (his parents, 2 brothers, 5 sisters and himself) don new clothes for the special occasion. The men wrap themselves up in a long white djellaba and crown their heads with an immaculate turban. No "uniform" for the women, they wear what they want: fancy and elegant clothes, generally.

When they are ready, the procession moves to reach the house of the father of Humaid's father, outside Abu Dhabi. Then, after having presented their respects and wishes to the head of the family, Humaid's grandfather, they join the guests and start a long day of chatting and eating. Guests are going here and there: greeting Humaid's grandfather, having lunch, chatting with some acquaintances and leaving... There are so many friends to visit in three days! By the end of the day, about 250 guests will have benefited from Humaid's family hospitality. During the afternoon, his cousins and younger brothers will discreetly escape the gathering but Humaid never joins them, for his status as the older son of his father obliges him to help taking care of the guests and the party.

The second day is spent at his other grandfather's house and Humaid enjoys this day as a guest only, his cousin is in charge!

I appreciate Humaid for many reasons but largely for the good education he obviously received. He is only seventeen years old, alone in California, far away from his family but he acts seriously, I think. He is conscious that the scholarship he benefits from is a real chance and he never complains. Many teenagers of his age, in this situation, will find some reasons to do so: every single act of the application process to US universities is controlled, students do not have the choice of the university, etc... but not him.

He is wise and when we were talking about his professional projects, I asked him why he did not choose the computer field instead of mechanical engineering. His answer amazed me. He explained to me that he had thought about it a lot (no doubt about that) and finally had decided to keep his hobby as a hobby only, to keep his hobby free of work disagreements as stress, deadlines, boss... Then, I am sure that serenity and happiness will be his life companionships!