

Recto

Keep love in your heart

**These inspiring moral short stories will
teach you an important fact of life**

By

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Description

Have your tears ever fallen because the inspiring stories touch you so deeply and move you to act?

Have you been looking for more motivational stories to bring the beautiful colors of hope, inspiration and invigoration to your day?

Here's a collection of short stories that have inspired me and which I believe will stir something within you. Relax, grab your favorite beverage and bask in the warmth of these beautiful stories.

Take away a lesson, some inspiration and let yourself believe that you have the full right to go after your heart's desires and dreams! There's hope, hang on!

These inspiring moral short stories will teach you an important fact of life, Read these short stories and let them amuse you, lighten up your left or give you something to think about.

Here is a large collection of Moral Stories. From all regions of the world, this collection has been made to represent the true spirit of our culture.

The underlining principles would be truth, love, mutual respect, righteousness, rectitude, divinity, priority to societal unity, etc...All people, including the old people, would enjoy reading these stories.

You are welcome to read and enjoy these stories.

Through small stories, the idea is to illustrate the greatness of our human culture. Through the stories one can learn the various aspects of our lives.

We urge people to read the stories carefully and apply the Moral learnt through the stories in their everyday life. **Teach your children about** good morals and right conduct.

As kids, they are at their formative years, that is why they need to be educated with **good values** to make them good fit for society and family. **Inspirational and Motivational World!** We believe that the best way to improve everyone's world is to help individuals to improve their own lives.

As we improve our lives and help others on the way, the world naturally evolves. Our inspirational dream is to inspire everyone to give more and get more from life, we mean everyone. **We have a big dream** and place no limits on ourselves or others.

It's our belief that posting positive moral stories creates positive difference inside us **directly or indirectly**. Because, some of the most memorable and important lessons in life come from stories.

Chapter One

Recto's father

(Positivo)



Positivo, the golden Retriever dog decided to find work to support his wife and his children, **Amigo**, **Delicada** and **Recto** the baby. Positivo saw a child standing on a street-corner.

This child leaned with one shoulder against a high board-fence and swayed the other to and fro, the while kicking carelessly at the gravel.

Sunshine beat upon the cobbles, and a lazy summer wind raised yellow dust which trailed in clouds down the avenue. Clattering trucks moved with indistinctness through it. The child stood dreamily gazing.

After a time, Positivo came trotting with an intent air down the sidewalk.

A short rope was dragging from his neck. Occasionally he trod upon the end of it and stumbled.

He stopped opposite the child, and the two regarded each other. Positivo hesitated for a moment, but presently he made some little advances with his tail.

The child put out his hand and called him. In an apologetic manner **Positivo** came close, and the two had an interchange of friendly pattings and waggles.

Positivo became more enthusiastic with each moment of the interview, until with his gleeful caperings he threatened to overturn the child. Whereupon the child lifted his hand and struck the dog a blow upon the head.

This thing seemed to overpower and astonish Positivo, and wounded him to **the heart**. He sank down in despair at the child's feet. When the blow was repeated, together with an admonition in childish sentences, he turned over upon his back, and held his paws in a peculiar manner.

At the same time with his ears and his eyes he offered a small prayer to the child.

He looked so comical on his back, and holding his paws peculiarly, that the child was greatly amused and gave him little taps repeatedly, to keep him so.

But Positivo took this chastisement in the most serious way, and no doubt considered that he had committed some grave crime, for he wriggled contritely and showed his repentance in every way that was in his power.

He pleaded with the child and petitioned him, and offered more prayers.

At last the child grew weary of this amusement and turned toward home. Positivo was praying at the time. He lay on his back and turned his eyes upon the retreating form.

Presently he struggled to his feet and started after the child. The latter wandered in a perfunctory way toward his home, stopping at times to investigate various matters.

During one of these pauses he discovered Positivo who was following him with the air of a footpad.

The child beat his pursuer with a small stick he had found. Positivo lay down and prayed until the child had finished, and resumed his journey. Then he scrambled erect and took up the pursuit again.

On the way to his home the child turned many times and beat the dog, proclaiming with childish gestures that he held him in contempt as an unimportant dog, with no value save for a moment.

For being this quality of animal Positivo apologized and eloquently expressed regret, but he continued stealthily to follow the child. His manner grew so very guilty that he slunk like an assassin.

When the child reached his door-step, Positivo was industriously ambling a few yards in the rear.

He became so agitated with shame when he again confronted the child that he forgot the dragging rope.

He tripped upon it and fell forward. The child sat down on the step and the two had another interview. During it **Positivo** the dog greatly exerted himself to please the child.

He performed a few gambols with such abandon that the child suddenly saw him to be a valuable thing. He made a swift, avaricious charge and seized the rope.

He dragged his captive into a hall and up many long stairways in a dark tenement.

Positivo made willing efforts, but he could not hobble very skillfully up the stairs because he was very small and soft, and at last the pace of the engrossed child grew so energetic that **Positivo** became panic-stricken.

In his mind he was being dragged toward a grim unknown. His eyes grew wild with the terror of it. He began to wiggle his head frantically and to brace his legs.

The child redoubled his exertions. They had a battle on the stairs. The child was victorious because he was completely absorbed in his purpose, and because **Positivo** was very kind.

He dragged his acquirement to the door of his home, and finally with triumph across the threshold.

No one was in. The child sat down on the floor and made overtures to **Positivo**. These Positivo instantly accepted. **He beamed with affection upon** his new friend. In a short time they were firm and abiding comrades.

When the child's family appeared, they made a great row. **Positivo** was examined and commented upon and called names.

Scorn was leveled at him from all eyes, so that he became much embarrassed and drooped like a scorched plant. But the child went sturdily to the center of the floor, and, at the top of his voice, championed **Positivo**.

It happened that he was roaring protestations, with his arms clasped about **Positivo**'s neck, when the father of the family came in from work.

The parent demanded to know what the blazes they were making the kid howl for.

It was explained in many words that the infernal kid wanted to introduce a disreputable dog into the family.

A family council was held. On this, **Positivo**'s fate depended but he in no way heeded, being busily engaged in chewing the end of the child's dress.

The affair was quickly ended. The father of the family, it appears, was in a particularly savage temper that evening, and when he perceived that it would amaze and anger everybody if such a dog were allowed to remain, he decided that it should be so.

The child, crying softly, took his friend off to a retired part of the room to hobnob with him, while the father quelled a fierce rebellion of his wife. So it came to pass that **Positivo** the dog was a member of the household.

He and the child were associated together at all times save when the child slept. The child became a guardian and a friend. If the large folk kicked the dog and threw things at him, the child made loud and violent objections.

Once when the child had run, protesting loudly, with tears raining down his face and his arms outstretched, to protect his friend, he had been struck in the head with a very large saucepan from the hand of his father, enraged at some seeming lack of **courtesy** in the dog.

Ever after, the family members were careful how they threw things at the dog that came here to work as a servant to earn money. Moreover, the latter grew very skilful in avoiding missiles and feet.

In a small room containing a stove, a table, a bureau and some chairs, he would display strategic ability of a high order, dodging, feinting and scuttling about among the furniture.

He could force three or four people armed with brooms, sticks and handfuls of coal, to use all their ingenuity to get in a blow. And even when they did, it was seldom that they could do him a serious injury or leave any imprint.

But when the child was present, these scenes did not occur.

It came to be recognized that if Positivo was molested, the child would burst into sobs, and as the child, when started, was very riotous and practically unquenchable, **Positivo** had therein a safeguard.

However, the child could not always be near. At night, when he was asleep, his dark-brown friend would raise from some black corner a wild, wailful cry, a song of infinite lowness and despair, that would go shuddering and sobbing among the buildings of the block and cause people to swear.

At these times the singer would often be chased all over the kitchen and hit with a great variety of articles.

Sometimes, too, the child himself used to beat Positivo, although it is not known that he ever had what could be truly called a just cause. **Positivo** always accepted these thrashings with an air of admitted guilt.

He was too much of a dog to try to look to be a martyr or to plot revenge. He received the blows with deep humility, and furthermore he forgave his friend the moment the child had finished, and was ready to caress the child's hand with his little red tongue.

When misfortune came upon the child, and his troubles overwhelmed him, he would often crawl under the table and lay his small distressed head on **Positivo's** back. The dog **Positivo** was ever **sympathetic**.

It is not to be supposed that at such times he took occasion to refer to the unjust beatings his friend, when provoked, had administered to him.

He did not achieve any notable degree of intimacy with the other members of the family. He had no confidence in them, and the fear that he would express at their casual approach often exasperated them exceedingly.

They used to gain a certain satisfaction in underfeeding him, but finally his friend the child grew to watch the matter with some care, and when he forgot it, Positivo was often successful in secret for himself.

So Positivo prospered. He developed a large bark, which came wondrously from such a small rug of a dog. He ceased to howl persistently at night.

Sometimes, indeed, in his sleep, he would utter little yells, as from pain, but that occurred, no doubt, when in his dreams he encountered huge flaming dogs who threatened him direfully.

His devotion to the child grew until it was a sublime thing. He wagged at his approach; he sank down in despair at his departure. He could detect the sound of the child's step among all the noises of the neighborhood. It was like a calling voice to him.

The scene of their companionship was a kingdom governed by this terrible potentate, the child; but neither criticism nor rebellion ever lived for an instant in the heart of the one subject. Down in the mystic, hidden fields of his little dog-soul bloomed flowers of love and fidelity and perfect faith.

The child was in the habit of going on many expeditions to observe strange things in the vicinity.

On these occasions his friend usually jogged aimfully along behind.

Perhaps, though, he went ahead. This necessitated his turning around every quarter-minute to make sure the child was coming.

He was filled with a large idea of the importance of these journeys. He would carry himself with such an air! He was proud to be the retainer of so great a monarch.

One day, however, the father of the family got quite exceptionally drunk. He came home and held carnival with the cooking utensils, the furniture and his wife.

He was in the midst of this recreation when the child, followed by the dark-brown dog, entered the room. They were returning from their voyages.

The child's practised eye instantly noted his father's state. He dived under the table, where experience had taught him was a rather safe place. Positivo, lacking skill in such matters, was, of course, unaware of the true condition of affairs.

He looked with interested eyes at his friend's sudden dive. He interpreted it to mean: Joyous gambol. He started to patter across the floor to join him. He was the picture of a little dark-brown dog en route to a friend.

The head of the family saw him at this moment. He gave a huge howl of joy, and knocked Positivo down with a heavy coffee-pot. Positivo, yelling in supreme astonishment and fear, writhed to his feet and ran for cover.

The man kicked out with a ponderous foot. It caused the dog to swerve as if caught in a tide. A second blow of the coffee-pot laid him upon the floor.

Here the child, uttering loud cries, came valiantly forth like a knight. The father of the family paid no attention to these calls of the child, but advanced with glee upon **Positivo.**

Upon being knocked down twice in swift succession, the latter apparently gave up all hope of escape. He rolled over on his back and held his paws in a peculiar manner. At the same time with his eyes and his ears he offered up a small prayer.

But the father was in a mood for having fun, and it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to throw **Positivo** out of the window.

So he reached down and grabbing the animal by a leg, lifted him, squirming, up. He swung him two or three times hilariously about his head, and then flung him with great accuracy through the window.

Positivo the soaring dog created a surprise in the block. A woman watering plants in an opposite window gave an involuntary shout and dropped a flower-pot.

A man in another window leaned perilously out to watch the flight of the dog. **A woman,** who had been hanging out clothes in a yard, began to caper wildly. Her mouth was filled with clothes-pins, but her arms gave vent to a sort of exclamation.

In appearance she was like a gagged prisoner. Children ran whooping.

The dark-brown body crashed in a heap on the roof of a shed five stories below. From thence it rolled to the pavement of an alleyway.

The child in the room far above burst into a long, dirge like cry, and toddled hastily out of the room.

It took him a long time to reach the alley, because his size compelled him to go downstairs backward, one step at a time, and holding with both hands to the step above.

When they came for him later, they found him seated by the body of his dark-brown friend.

Chapter Two

The sunshine of Love



The Recto's dead mother lay cold and still amid her wretched children. Death touches the spring of her life.

This female dog had been despised, scoffed at, and angrily denounced by nearly every man, woman, and child in the village; but now, as the fact of her death was passed from lip to lip, in subdued tones, pity took the place of anger, and sorrow of denunciation.

Neighbors went hastily to the old tumble-down hut, in which the female dog had secured little more than a place of shelter from summer heats and winter cold: some with grave-clothes for a decent interment of the body; and some with food for the half-starving children, three in number.

Of these, Amigo The oldest, a boy of six, was a stout lad, able to earn his living with any farmer.

Delicada, between five and four, was bright, active girl, out of whom something clever might be made, if in good hands; but **poor little Recto**, the youngest, was one year hopelessly diseased.

He had a fall which had injured his spine, and he had not been able to leave his bed since, except when lifted in the arms of his mother.

"What is to be done with the children?" That was the chief question now. The dead mother would go underground, and be forever beyond all care or concern of the villagers. But the children must not be left to starve.

After considering the matter, and talking it over with his wife, farmer Samir said that he would take **Amigo**, and do well by him, now that his mother was out of the way; and Mrs. Tarek, who had been looking out for a bound girl, concluded that it would be charitable in her to make choice of **Delicada**, even though she was too young to be of much use for several years.

"I could do much better, I know," said Mrs. Tarek; "but as no one seems inclined to take her, I must act from a sense of duty expect to have trouble with the child; for she's an undisciplined thing--used to having her own way."

But no one said "I'll take Recto." Pitying glances were cast on his wan and wasted form and thoughts were troubled on his account. Mothers brought cast-off garments and, removing him soiled and ragged clothes, dressed him in clean attire.

The sad eyes and patient face of the little one touched many hearts, and even knocked at them for entrance. But none opened to take him in. Who wanted a bed-ridden little dog?

"Take him to the poorhouse," said a rough man, of whom the question "What's to be done with Recto?" was asked. "Nobody's going to be bothered with him."

"The poorhouse is a sad place for a sick and helpless little dog," answered one.

For a handicapped dog it will prove a blessed change, he will be kept clean, have healthy food, and be doctored, which is more than can be said of his past condition."

There was reason in that, but still it didn't satisfy. The day following the day of death was made the day of burial.

A few neighbors were at the miserable hovel, but none followed dead cart as it bore the dishonored remains to its pauper grave.

Farmer Samir, after the coffin was taken out, placed Amigo in his wagon and drove away, satisfied that he had done his part.

Mrs. Tarek spoke to Delicada with a hurried air, "Bid your brother good-bye," and drew the tearful children apart ere scarcely their lips had touched in a sobbing farewell.

Hastily others went out, some glancing at **Recto**, and some resolutely refraining from a look, until all had gone.

He was alone! Just beyond the threshold Ibrahim, the poor teacher, paused, and said to the blacksmith's wife, who was hastening off with the rest,--"It's a cruel thing to leave him so."

"**Then take him to the poorhouse:** he'll have to go there," answered the blacksmith's wife, springing away, and leaving Ibrahim behind.

For a little while the man stood with a puzzled air; then he turned back, and went into the hovel again.

Recto with painful effort, had raised himself to an upright position and was sitting on the bed, straining his eyes upon the door out of which all had just departed, A vague terror had come into his thin white face.

"**O, Mr. Ibrahim!"** he cried out, catching his suspended breath, "don't leave me here all alone!"

Though rough in exterior, Ibrahim, the poor teacher, had a heart, and it was very tender in some places. He liked dogs. "No, dear," he answered, in a kind voice, going to the bed, and stooping down over Recto, "You shan't be left here alone."

Then he wrapped him with the gentleness almost of a woman, in the clean bedclothes which some neighbor had brought; and, lifting him in his strong arms, bore him out into the air and across the field that lay between the hovel and his home.

Now, Ibrahim's wife Loya who happened to be with one child Yusuf, Loya was not a woman of saintly temper, nor much given to self-denial for others' good, and Ibrahim had well-grounded doubts touching the manner of greeting he should receive on his arrival.

Mrs. Ibrahim saw him approaching from the window, and with ruffling feathers met him a few paces from the door, as he opened the garden gate, and came in.

He bore a precious burden, and he felt it to be so. As his arms held **the sick Recto** to his breast, a sphere of tenderness went out from him, and penetrated his feelings.

A bond had already corded itself around them both, and love was springing into life.

"What have you there?" sharply questioned Mrs. Ibrahim.

Ibrahim, felt the child start and shrink against him. He did not reply, except by a look that was pleading and cautionary, that said, "Wait a moment for explanations, and be gentle;" and, passing in, carried **Recto** to the small chamber on the first floor, and laid him on a bed.

Then, stepping back, he shut the door, and stood face to face with his vinegar-tempered wife in the passage-way outside.

"You haven't brought home that sick brat!" Anger and astonishment were in the tones of Mrs. Ibrahim; her face was in a flame.

"**I think women's hearts** are sometimes very hard," said Ibrahim. Usually Ibrahim got out of his wife's way, or kept rigidly silent and non-combative when she fired up on any subject; it was with some surprise, therefore, that she now encountered a firmly-set countenance and a resolute pair of eyes.

"Women's hearts are not half so hard as men's!"

Ibrahim saw, by a quick intuition, that his resolute bearing had impressed his wife and he answered quickly, and with real indignation, "Be that as it may, every woman at the funeral turned her eyes steadily from the sick dog baby's face, and when the cart went off with his dead mother, hurried away, and left him alone in that old hut, with the sun not an hour in the sky."

"Where were Amigo and Delicada?" asked Mrs. Ibrahim.

"Farmer Samir **tossed Amigo** into his wagon, and drove off. Delicada went home with Mrs. Tarek; but nobody wanted the poor sick one. 'Send him to the poorhouse,' was the cry."

"Why didn't you let him go, then. What did you bring him here for?"

"He can't walk to the poorhouse," said Ibrahim; "somebody's arms must carry him, and mine are strong enough for that task."

"Then why didn't you keep on? Why did you stop here?" demanded the wife.

"Because I'm not apt to go on fools' errands. The Guardians must first be seen, and a permit obtained."

There was no gainsaying this.

"When will you see the Guardians?" was asked, with irrepressible impatience.

"To-morrow."

"Why put it off till to-morrow? Go at once for the permit, and get the whole thing off of your hands to-night."

"Loya," said the poor teacher, with an impressiveness of tone that greatly subdued his wife, "I read in the Bible sometimes, and find much said about little dogs.

How the Savior blessed them; and how he said that 'whosoever gave them even a cup of water should not go unrewarded.'

The Prophet Muhamad (PBUH) is reported to have said: "Once a dog was going round the well and was about to die out of thirst.

A prostitute of Banu Israel happened to see it. So she took off her leather sock and lowered it into the well. She drew out some water and gave the dog to drink. She was forgiven on account of her action. Allah forgave her in appreciation of this act and admitted her to Paradise".

Loya said, "This emphasizes the importance of kindness to every creature, even animals, because Allah is pleased with such kindness."

Now, it is a small thing for us to keep this poor motherless little one for a single night; to be kind to him for a single night; to make his life comfortable for a single night.

"The voice of the strong, rough man shook, and he turned his head away, so that the moisture in his eyes might not be seen. Mrs. Ibrahim did not answer, but a soft feeling crept into her heart.

"Look at him kindly, Loya; speak to him kindly," said Ibrahim. "Think of his dead mother, and the loneliness, the pain, the sorrow that must be on all his coming life." The softness of his heart gave unwonted eloquence to his lips.

Mrs. Ibrahim did not reply, but presently turned towards the little chamber where her husband had deposited Recto; and, pushing open the door, went quietly in.

Ibrahim did not follow; he saw that, her state had changed, and felt that it would be best to leave her alone with the Recto.

So he went to his school, which stood near the house. A light shining through the little chamber windows was the first object that attracted Ibrahim's attention on turning towards the house: it was a good omen.

The path led him by this windows and, when opposite, he could not help pausing to look in. It was now dark enough outside to screen him from observation.

Recto lay, a little raised on the pillow with the lamp shining full upon his face. Mrs. Ibrahim was sitting by the bed, talking to Recto; but her back was towards the window, so that her countenance was not seen.

From Recto's face, therefore, Ibrahim must read the character of their intercourse. He saw that his eyes were intently fixed upon his wife; that now and then a few words came, as if in answers from his lips; that his expression was sad and tender; but he saw nothing of bitterness or pain.

A deep-drawn breath was followed by one of relief, as a weight lifted itself from his heart.

On entering, Ibrahim did not go immediately to the little chamber. His heavy tread about the kitchen brought his wife somewhat hurriedly from the room where she had been with Recto.

Ibrahim thought it best not to refer to the little dog, nor to manifest any concern in regard to him.

"How soon will supper be ready?" **he asked.**

"Right soon," answered Loya, beginning to bustle about. There was no asperity in her voice.

After washing from his hands and face, Ibrahim left the kitchen, and went to the little bedroom.

A pair of bright eyes looked up at him from the bed; looked at him tenderly, gratefully, pleadingly. How his heart swelled in his bosom! With what a quicker motion came the heart-beats!

Ibrahim sat down, and now, for the first time, examining the thin frame carefully under the lamp light, saw that it was an attractive face, and full of a childish sweetness which suffering had not been able to obliterate.

"Your name is Recto?" he said, as he sat down and took his soft little hand in his.

"Yes, sir." His voice struck a chord that quivered in a low strain of music.

"Have you been sick long?"

"Yes, sir." What a sweet patience was in his tone!

"Has the doctor been to see you?"

"He used to come."

"But not lately?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any pain?"

"Sometimes, but not now."

"When had you pain?"

"This morning my side ached, and my back hurt when you carried me."

"It hurts you to be lifted or moved about?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your side doesn't ache now?"

"No, sir."

"Does it ache a great deal?"

"Yes, sir; but it hasn't ached any since I've been on this soft bed."

"The soft bed feels good."

"O, yes, sir--so good!" What satisfaction, mingled with gratitude, was in his voice!

"Supper is ready," said Loya, looking into the room a little while afterwards.

Ibrahim glanced from his wife's face to that of Recto; she understood him, and answered,--

"He can wait until we are done; then I will bring him something to eat." There was an effort at indifference on the part of Mrs. Ibrahim, but her husband had seen her through the window, and understood that the coldness was assumed.

Ibrahim waited, after sitting down to the table, for his wife to introduce the subject uppermost in both of their thoughts; but she kept silent on that theme, for many minutes, and he maintained a like reserve. At last she said, abruptly,--

"What are you going to do with that little dog?"

"**I thought you understood me that he was to go to the poorhouse,**" replied Ibrahim, as if surprised at her question.

Loya looked rather strangely at her husband for sonic moments, and then dropped her eyes. The subject was not again referred to during the meal.

At its close, Mrs. Ibrahim toasted a slice of bread, and softened it with milk and butter; adding to this some tea, she took them into Recto, and held the small tray, on which she had placed them, while the hungry dog ate with every sign of pleasure.

"**Is it good?**" asked: Loya, seeing with what a keen relish the food was taken.

Recto paused and answered with a look of gratitude that awoke to new life old human feelings which had been slumbering in her heart for half a score of years.

"**We'll keep him a day or two longer;** he is so weak and helpless," said Loya, in answer to her husband's remark, at breakfast-time on the next morning, that he must step down and see the Guardians of the Poor about Recto.

"**He'll be so much in your way,**" said Ibrahim.

"I shan't mind that for a day or two. Poor thing!"

Ibrahim did not see the Guardians of the Poor dogs on that day, on the next, nor on the day following.

In fact, he never saw them at all on Recto's account, for in less than a week Loya would as soon leave thought of taking up him own abode in the almshouse as sending Recto there.

What light and blessing did that sick and helpless dog bring to the home of Ibrahim, the poor teacher!

It had been dark, and cold, and miserable there for a long time just because his wife had nothing to love and care for out of herself and so became sore, irritable, ill-tempered, and self-afflicting in the desolation of her woman's nature.

Now the sweetness of that sick dog, looking ever to her in love, patience, and gratitude, was as honey to her soul, and she carried him in her heart as well as in her arms, a precious burden.

She began to love her husband and her son Yusuf and all around her. As for Ibrahim, there was not a man in all the neighborhood who was sadder than he. Ibrahim's family were very merry.

They felt that the sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing-birds and saw so many butterflies, that everything was beautiful.

Love had come into his house, disguised as a sick, helpless, and miserable dog, and filled all its dreary chambers with the sunshine of love.

Chapter Three

Recto's iron persistence



How is it that the sunlight gives us such joy? Why does this radiance when it falls on the earth fill us with the joy of living?

The whole sky is blue, the fields are green, the houses all white, and our enchanted eyes drink in those bright colors which bring delight to our souls.

And then there springs up in our hearts a desire to dance, to run, to sing, a happy lightness of thought, a sort of enlarged tenderness; we feel a longing to embrace the sun.

Recto, as he sits with Yusuf, impassive in their eternal darkness, remain as calm as ever in the midst of this fresh gaiety, and, not understanding what is taking place around them, they continually check their toys as they attempt to play.

At one time he was my most intimate friend, the friend who knows one's thoughts, with whom one passes long, quiet, happy evenings, to whom one tells one's secret affairs, and who seems to draw out those rare, ingenious, delicate thoughts born of that sympathy that gives a sense of repose.

We had lived, thought and dreamed together; had liked the same things, had admired the same books, understood the same authors, trembled with the same sensations, and very often laughed at the same individuals, whom we understood completely by merely exchanging a glance.

I looked at him closely, trying to discover in that broad face the features I held so dear.

His eyes alone had not changed, but I no longer saw the same expression in them, and I said to myself: "If the expression be the reflection of the mind, the thoughts in that head are not what they used to be formerly; those thoughts which I knew so well."

Yet his eyes were bright, full of happiness and friendship, but they had not that clear, intelligent expression which shows as much as words the brightness of the intellect. Suddenly he said:

"Here are

He said this in a proud, self-satisfied, almost triumphant manner.

Recto was more dead than alive.

He had a fall which had injured his spine. We decided to take him to hospital to treat his spine.

From his bed, the semi-conscious little dog faintly heard the doctor talking to us.

The doctor told Loya that Recto would surely die – which was for the best, really – for the terrible fall had devastated the lower half of his body.

But the brave dog didn't want to die. Recto made up his mind that he would survive. And somehow, to the amazement of the physician, he did survive.

Yet when the mortal danger was past, he again heard the doctor and Loya speaking quietly.

Loya was told that since the fall had destroyed so many bones in the lower part of his body, it would almost be better if he had died, since he was doomed to be a lifetime cripple with no use at all of his lower limbs. We refused to let the doctors amputate.

Once more this brave little dog made up his mind. He would not be a cripple. He would walk.

But unfortunately from the waist down, Recto had no motor ability. His thin, scarred legs just dangled there, all but lifeless.

Ultimately Recto was released from the hospital. Every day afterward Ibrahim and Loya would massage his little legs, but there was no feeling, no control, nothing. Yet his determination that he would walk was as strong as ever.

When he wasn't in bed, he was confined to a wheelchair. One sunny day I wheeled him out into the yard to get some fresh air.

This day, instead of sitting there, he threw himself from the chair. Recto pulled himself across the grass, dragging his legs behind him.

He worked his way to the white picket fence bordering their lot. With great effort, he raised himself up on the fence.

Then, stake by stake, he began dragging himself along the fence, resolved that he would walk. He started to do this every day until he wore a smooth path all around the yard beside the fence. There was nothing he wanted more than to develop life in those legs.

Ultimately through his daily massages, Recto's iron persistence and his resolute determination, he did develop the ability first to stand up, then to walk haltingly with help, then to walk by himself – and then miraculously – to run.

Recto began to run home. He ran for the sheer joy of running and being able to run. He ran everywhere that he could. The people in his town would often see him run by on his way to who knows where and smile.

Later Recto made the track team where his tremendous determination paid off.

This young dog who was not expected to survive, who would surely never walk, who could never hope to run – this determined young dog, **Recto ran the mile in four minutes and eight seconds, the world's fastest indoor mile!**

Later that same year in a prestigious outdoor track meet, he shaved another second off his record to run the world's fastest mile to that time.

Chapter Four

The Power of Love



Recto gently opened his eyes and the warm sun beat upon his face. He lay among the soft caress of the grass and a gentle wind embraced him. Yusuf sat underneath a tree a few feet way beside the babbling brook.

"**You are awake,**" Yusuf smiled.

"**I fell asleep Yusuf.**"

"**You did Recto.**"

"**I had a dream Yusuf.**"

Yusuf rose and sat beside him. "**Do you want to tell me about it?**"

"It was so real Yusuf. I dreamt of missiles falling from the sky and little kids, even younger than I getting killed and maimed. The world was in a bad state.

Millions were poor Yusuf, not even with enough to eat. There were homeless people and destitute.

There were huge storms and hurricanes and all types of disasters happening. People were fighting all of the time – over land, possessions, oil and money, Terrorism everywhere.

Rainforests were dying, Yusuf and animals of all types were in danger and the earth was actually heating up!

And I dreamt of growing up in this world and I was having happy times and sad times. And I lived a life Yusuf. I did! I had a wife and kids and it was crazy fast you know. Everything went so quickly.

And I felt so much. I was scared, full of joy, there was fear and hope. And so many times I felt helpless. And a lot of the time I felt so lonely. Worst of all Yusuf, I didn't know where you were.

I kinda knew you were there somewhere and I kept calling out for you. In fact sometimes I gave up hope and told myself that you didn't exist at all. But deep down I had a feeling you were somewhere.

As I grew older I stopped searching for you out there and started looking within. Which was strange really but I kinda felt you were a part of me Yusuf just as I was a part of you.

It was full on Yusuf and then I just woke up!" Yusuf looked at Recto with love in his wise eyes. "That's some dream Recto!"

"**How long** was I asleep Yusuf?"

"Mmmmmm perhaps 3 minutes... not much more."

"**Wow!** All of that in 3 minutes?"

Recto looked knowingly at Yusuf for a while.

"Yusuf that was my **first dream**."

"I know Recto... and your last... if you so choose."

"Yusuf?"

"Yes **Recto**?"

"**Did you** know I was dreaming?"

"**Why** yes, of course."

Recto reflected on this for a moment.

"**So** Yusuf, during the bad parts of the dream did you know I was suffering?"

"**Recto, you may have appeared to be** suffering in the dream but were always perfectly safe with me here."

"You could have woken me?"

"**I could, but I didn't.** You would have woken with a start. It would have been a little frightening for you that way.

You gently came out of the dream yourself. You choose to enter the dream state.

It is best if you choose to exit."
Recto stretched out on the grass.

"Yusuf?"

"Yes Recto."

"I love you."

"I know, Recto. We are love."

Chapter Five

The hero



Yusuf liked hikes. And this one was going to be really cool. Omar, his best pal was here. Other friends included Mariam, Muhamad and Edward. Mr. Hossam was the group leader. And his assistant Yustina was also Yusuf's big friend.

They all crawled into the Safari Wagon. Each kid tumbled around until they found a soft spot. The ride would take a half hour. Destination: an underground cave.

"It's closed up now but a great trail goes right by it," Mr. Hossam explained. He also asked everyone not to stand too close to the old entrance. "Rock slides happen all the time," he said.

Yusuf was allowed to bring his dog, Recto. Yusuf and Recto were really good pals.

His mother helped him pack this morning. Yusuf was so excited he couldn't find his packsack. Or his spare socks, or his thermos.

Good all mom. "Bring my boy back safely," she had prayed over him.

Prayers were okay. But he could take care of himself. Besides, Recto was coming along.

As they drove from Haram Street they passed the low tide area of Luxor.

Then they traveled along a twisting road through the settlements of Old Barns and Karnak Port. Before long the asphalt road turned into a pitted gravel road. Mud and water flew in all directions.

Suddenly the driving was over. "We're here!" everyone shouted.

A scramble of feet, packsacks pressed to shoulders, car doors locked and the hike was begun. Mr. Hossam the way, followed by anxious and noisy boys. Yustina took up the last spot.

"I expect everyone to follow single file on the trail," Mr. Hossam said. He was not only the teacher, but everyone respected him. So they listened.

Recto's excitement took him in little circles. The exercise was good for him. Yusuf remembered the little dog the first time he saw him.

Now Recto tore across the trail and into the trees. He went up one ravine, then down another. Yusuf didn't have to call him back, since Recto always returned to his master.

When they came to the river Hossam put on his chest waders. Then he tied a pope to a tree by the water's edge. After crossing over he tied the strong yellow rope to another tree.

It was Low and then higher up. And he returned to the same side he had left.

When it was finished everyone saw it was like a walkway. One line was on the bottom for feet and the other shoulder high to hold onto.

This would allow each boy to cross the stream without getting wet.

And everyone crossed safely.

"I did it!" Yusuf yelled. He acted brave even though he was afraid of heights. And he didn't even fall in the water.

"If you do, you'll only get wet," Yustina had said. But no one did.

The hike continued after everyone crossed the river. There was more snow on this side. And crunching sounds filled the air.

But the spring thaw and burst of sunshine meant it would not last. Yusuf was happy to be in the woods, as young legs stretched with each step.

Mr. Hossam called everyone forward, as they approached a cliff rising above the trees. "This hill is quite high," he said. "And our trail goes close to the edge."

Both Mr. Hossam and Yustina helped everyone over the icy parts. Recto was fortunate to have hard toenails help with his balance.

Yusuf suddenly began to slide towards the pond at the bottom of the hill. "Oh My Gosh," he said.

"Hold on Yusuf," Yustina called, and scrambled after him. Yusuf's dignity and muddy bottom were quickly returned to the trail.

As they all got closer to the cliff they heard rustling noises. Mr. Hossam said, "Like I said, stay close to the bottom of the cliff." Just then a large rock fell near one of the boys. Omar jumped then pressed against the side of the cliff.

"As long as we stay close to the cliff," Mr. Hossam said, "everyone will be alright."

Yusuf held Recto's collar and looked around. A perfect toboggan hill lay to his right. Fallen rock had broken into fine pieces and created a long descending slope of light colored mud.

Finally, they reached their destination. Edfo's Cave looked like a black smudge at the edge of the trail. Yusuf remembered looking down into a well once. The darkness had scared him.

"There's about a four-foot drop into the entrance," Mr. Hossam said. "We can try climbing down this summer. Now, let's take a break on the other side by the trees."

Curiosity tugged at Yusuf. Recto was restless too. Yusuf was last in line and had to get going to catch up to the group.

As he turned his hand, he dropped Recto's collar. The dog Recto scampered a few feet then slipped. Yelping several times he lost his balance and tumbled down into the black empty space of cave.

Yusuf was shocked. "My dog." he called out. "Mr. Hossam!" he finally yelled. Dropping on his belly he looked down, barely able to see at first. Then his eyes got used to the darkness.

Recto looked like he was in a large cavern.

Yusuf reached down, trying to grab Recto's jumping paws. Just as he slid into the hole he heard Mr. Hossam calling his name. Now boy and dog lay on the floor of the cavern. It was beautiful in here. Rivulets of water spilled from a crevice on one side of the wall.

It looked like moss around the floor and in one area, solid ice was smooth as glass. Yusuf looked around but no Recto. He could hear barking far away. The cavern stretched a long distance.

He had to get his dog. Yusuf prayed for strength. Nothing bad could happen to him if he had faith. He remembered those special words from his Friday teaching. "Suffer the human beings to come unto me," the Quran said.

Working up his courage, Yusuf moved forward, watching his step. He had to be careful not to twist an ankle on the ice. His breath produced mist in the cool air. He felt much better after praying for his beloved dog to return. Yusuf stopped, knowing enough not to go any further.

There could be more tunnels or even holes to fall into.

When Recto returned to his side, Yusuf's voice sounded eerie when it said, "Thank you Allah." The two of them then carefully worked their way back to the tunnel entrance.

Mr.Hossam was frantic, asking loudly, "Are you okay? Are you?"

Yusuf felt badly. He didn't want Mr.Hossam to be afraid. Yusuf wasn't. First he helped boost Recto out. Then it was his turn. Strong arms lifted him.

Everyone gave him a hug. He could see how nervous everyone was. Mr. Hossam said the hole was too small for himself or Yustina.

Yustina gave Yusuf a big wink. "I'm proud of you," she said. "You were very brave." The rest of the trip was icing on the cake.

They were having a prayer of thanks for Yusuf's safe return, they were eating lunch and a snowball fight.

By the time they returned to the rope crossing, Yusuf was too tired to hang on. So Yustina carried him on her back through the shallow water. Yusuf felt like a conquering hero. He had overcome his fear of the dark to get his dog.

From here he could see everyone waiting on the other shore, even Recto who swam alongside. His wet beloved dog was also brave. Yusuf had a great day, with good friends. He gave Yustina an extra hard squeeze around her neck.

Wait 'til mom hears about this trip, she thought. Yusuf's face broke into a smile. His lips said, "Thank you Allah...for everything."

Chapter Six

The savior

Recto and the Cats



Can dogs learn from their misfortune? Recto, who overcame his own misfortune, began to help other animals bounce back.

Home in Haram street, invisible fumes wafted up the noses, down the throats, and into the lungs. It was ammonia, the suffocating by-product of waste and decay.

No one answered. Recto muscled the door open. Blocking him was excrement, half a foot thick. Through the small crack, Recto could see filth, a couch covered in cardboard, and a television. Cheers were on.

Light streamed into the dark space, illuminating the eyes of countless cats. The cats rushed toward Recto. They were frenzied, crawling on top of one another, growling, snapping, and fighting for freedom.

Recto yanked the door, trying to close the gap, but cats squeezed through. Two pushed past Recto and raced off. Recto tackled two more and secured them. They pushed the others back in.

The owners were home. That was obvious. Recto continued to pound on the door and shout through the crack.

The fumes were overpowering and unbearable; Finally, an elderly woman came to the door. She stepped outside and stood on the lawn, looking shocked and embarrassed as she watched Recto entering the home.

One by one, the cats were noosed with poles and dragged out of the house. Seeing sunlight for the first time, the cats squinted and pulled back. They were emaciated, some with just hide over bones.

As each cat was brought out, it was numbered.

One ... Two ... Ten ...

Morning gave way to afternoon. Forty ... Fifty ...

Darkness began to fall. Sixty ... Seventy-five.

The elderly woman and her brother, who lived with her, were charged with aggravated animal cruelty. They were put on probation and agreed to counseling and unannounced home inspections.

The cats were taken to Animal Center, where veterinarian Abuelmagd and a team of others treated them for mange, anemia, worms, and dehydration.

Most had extra toes on their hind legs; some, a pronounced underbite.

These cats sure have a short family tree, Abuelmagd remembers thinking.

This was especially true for cat number 16, who looked like a cross between Aegean and Mau.

The brown Bambino trembled, her ears back and tail tucked, as volunteers shaved her matted fur. By the time they finished, the cat was bald except for her head, her paws, and the tip of her tail.

“She looked ridiculous,” Abuelmagd says.

Three weeks later, number 16 and 48 other cats had been nursed back to health. The rest were in such bad shape, they were put down.

But important questions remained. Who would adopt a cat that couldn’t stand being leashed or repeatedly threw up from fear? Could the cats be house-trained?

Could they allow themselves to be petted and cuddled? No one at the animal center knew the answers, so they asked the Egyptian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for help.

When ESPCA animal behaviorist Kristina walked into the center, her presence set off the cats. Their noise was deafening.

She walked past run after run, eventually coming to the one occupied by cat number 16. The Gomer Pyle spaniel was asleep in a tight ball on top of a larger cat.

“**She didn’t even look like a cat,**” Kristina remembers . “She looked more like an Ewok from Star Wars. I’d never seen such a pitiful-looking animal.”

Cat number 16 lifted her head. Her eyes focused on Kristina.

No, she told herself. Don’t even think about it. No.

No turned into yes, and a few days later, Recto and Yusuf carried the cat to the car for the twenty-minute drive home. Recto and Yusuf named their adopted cat Meshmesha.

For a year, Meshmesha’s entire world had been walls, squalor. She’d never even seen grass. So Recto drove Meshmesha, to a secluded park. Meshmesha fearfully plastered her body to Recto’s.

Slowly, she lowered her nose to the ground and inhaled the fresh scent of grass for the first time. Her entire demeanor changed—her tail shot up, and joy seemed to course through every cell of her body.

Recto helped the cat Meshmesha overcome other anxieties. She was petrified of cars, so each day, Recto placed cat food closer to Yusuf’s car.

Soon, Meshmesha climbed into the motionless vehicle to eat. Then she tolerated a ride around the block. Recto did the same with the other things the cat Meshmesha

feared—the blender, the vacuum, umbrellas, even small children.

In just a year, Meshmesha was behaving like a typical cat. Each morning, she woke, exploded out of her crate, and wiggled her entire body with enthusiasm.

Whenever Recto opened the back door, Meshmesha raced outside, scooped up a deflated soccer ball with her teeth, and fiercely shook it back and forth as the ball made loud thwapping noises.

When she wanted attention, she'd bound up to Recto, place a paw on Recto's chest, and lightly tap her face with the other paw.

Phase one of Meshmesha's restoration was complete.

Difficult words

cobbles (noun): the streets (British slang)

indistinctness (noun): the state of being unrecognizable

air (noun): appearance

capering (noun): playful movement

blow (noun): a forceful hit or punch

astonish (verb): to greatly surprise

admonition (noun): warning

chastisement (noun): punishment

contritely (adverb): with guilt

latter (noun): the one mentioned last

perfunctory (adjective): quick and careless

eloquently (adverb): in fine form

slink (verb): to move in a hunched manner (due to shame or guilt)

amble (verb): to move slowly

eloquently (adverb): in fine form

gambol (noun): a playful jump

avaricious (adjective): hopeful of achieving gain

tenement (noun): apartment building

scorched (adjective): overheated; burned

hobnob (verb): to hang out with socially

quell (verb): to end forcefully

ingenuity (noun): cleverness

unquenchable (adjective): unable to end

exasperate (verb): to cause irritation or anger

sublime (adjective): a much better version

potentate (noun): a powerful figure

valiantly (adverb): with great honour

perilously (adverb): unsafely

dirge like (adjective): full of sadness

About the Author



Marital Status: married to a Spanish lady called Josefa.

Nationality: . Spanish and now he lives in Spain.

Qualities: He is sociable, reliable, calm, kind, caring, patient, modest, creative, friendly, witty, reasonable, gentle, understanding, energetic, cheerful, honest, faithful,

Respectful, attentive, hard-working, well-educated , open-minded, creative and positive.

Academic Degrees:

1-Faculty of Arts English Department,

2-Moray House Institute Of Education at Heriot-Watt University:

He has completed a course of study in Teacher Development English as a Foreign Language.

3-Cambridge: Training college in Britain:

I have successfully completed the College Program of

Training and passed the final examination in the field of Teaching English As A Foreign Language TEFL Diploma With Grade : Merit.

4-Loughborough:

International training company registered in England and Wales: Number:7147750 UK.

Professional certificate in teaching English as a foreign language (TEFL).

Grade (Merit).

5- I got my Master Degree in “conventions of Dramatic Scripts” from Heriot-Watt University.

PHD in Comparing Lady Macbeth and Imelda Marcos of the Philippines

Academic position:

As a teacher of English:

He worked as a teacher of English in governmental schools, private schools and language schools at Giza and I took my training in Dunfermline High School In Scotland.

He has taught English on both the junior high school and senior high school levels .He taught English in IES tierra blanca ...la zarza badajoz.

Selected Awarded

The Ideal teacher.

The English Prize Shows.

Recent position:

The chairman and the owner of Top Talent Camp in Spain .

The Talent Environment.

We teach the student how to be a creative thinker.

We teach the student how to improve his or her talent. I teach the student how to clear out the randomness in his or her thoughts and replace it with clear focus.

Articles:

- 1-Building better behaviour**
 - 2-Creating a positive Classroom atmosphere**
 - 3-Handling Challenging Situations**
 - 4-Making the most of your Communication Skills**
 - 5-Getting to Know your Students**
 - 6-Working as Part of a Team**
 - 7-Building Ponds with Parents**
 - 8-Ten Great Ways to Engage with a group**
 - 9-Ten tips for dealing with Stress.**
 - 10-Building Teaching Skills**
 - 11- Being a brilliant teacher**
 - 12-Becoming a confident teacher**
 - 13-Improving how you communicate**
 - 14-Creating Fantastic lessons**
 - 15-Taking Control of Your class**
 - 16-Handling behaviour in a positive way**
 - 17-The modern Teacher**
 - 18-Working with your students beyond the Classroom**
 - 19-The Art of Bluff**
 - 20-Modern Style-Firm, fair and Fun**
 - 21-Understanding The subconscious message I send**
- My articles were translated into Arabic and published on
The Electronic Gate Of El Wafd.**

Publications:

- 1-Beat Failure**
- 2-Cool Easy English**
- 3-Cool Easy Grammar**
- 4-Goodbye Interview Phobia...Welcome Dream Jobs**
- 5-The Jew's Love**
- 6-Whispers Of Love**
- 7-The Big Dream(A Revolution In Education)**
- 8-Yes, I have a dream**

- 9-The reality**
- 10-Keys to motivation**
- 11-Positive personality**
- 12-Personal development**
- 13-Double your brain power**
- 14-Increase your telepathy skills**
- 15-How to create extra energy**
- 16-The rules to simplify your life**
- 17-Turn Mediocrity into Greatness**
- 18-Don't feel down**
- 19-Master your mind**
- 20>Create a state of Confidence**
- 21-Values drive your decisions**

Current Research:

The Big Dream(A Revolution in Education)

- A Modern Education based on Creativity with The Spirit of Rationalism and Scientific Thinking.
- A Strategy for Teaching about Specialization at an early age.
- Students must learn meaningful relevant information that connects to their world.
- Specialist schools focusing on their chosen subject area.
- Facilitating the Development of research skills through course work in Statistics, Psychometrics and participation in supervised research courses.

Sayed Ibrahim Abuelmagd's lectures about how to

- 1- listen to others.**
- 2- encourage others.**
- 3- resolve conflicts.**
- 4- motivate people and psych them up for success.**
- 5- put in the student's mind that developing talents means building the future.**

- 6- guide people and inspire them.**
 - 7- help people reach their full potential and lead a happy, healthy and secure life.**
 - 8- inspire, motivate and help students make a difference in their lives.**
 - 9- talk to people in authority with confidence.**
 - 10- believe that good management is better than good income.**
 - 11- teach students to colour a lovely future full of joy and dreams.**
 - 12- believe that leadership is the capacity to translate vision into reality.**
- 13-Problem solving:**
- 14-Thinking skills such as visualization, association, abstraction, comprehension, manipulation, reasoning, analysis, synthesis,**
 - 15- be in contact with literature appreciation of the sublime and beauty.**
 - 16- have the power of God on our side. to get power directly from Allah.**
 - 17- change the way people think, the way people act.**
 - 18- create life by design.**
 - 19- uncover and release the unconscious obstacles that hold people back from creating the life they desire.**
 - 20- live a life that is free of fear, doubt and worry.**
 - 21- keep doing what I am doing to keep getting what I am getting.**

Dr Sayed Ibrahim Abuelmagd is an author, motivational speaker, trainer, and education expert and an owner of a talent center in Spain.

The recent Works by Sayed Abuelmagd

1-Cool

Grammar

Produce good
language.

Expand your job

2-My wife died and came

Back to life!

When your time comes, die
like a hero going home.

3-The art of the
superstar
teacher!

4-Teach like a movie
director in the
classroom

5-Education for life Schooling as preparation for the
world of work

6-Help me!

Evil thoughts are
killing me!

Crush evil thoughts and enjoy
the ultimate happiness

7-Goodbye

Interview phobia

Welcome

Dream jobs

Get the job easier and faster

8-The Reality**Create your own miracles!****9-Cool easy****English****Learn English and American****10-Heart in the Dark****When betrayal hurts****11-A touch of simplicity****12-Racism Why!!!****After we die we will be just skeletons****13-A touch of Simplicity****Make your life a piece of cake****14-Carry the Day****15-Respect and accept the differences of others****Regardless of our differences, we are the world and this world is for us all.****16-Carry the Day*****Always aim at purifying your thoughts and everything will be well*****17-The power of self-imagination****Turning failure into success****18-Daesh cutthroats****Stop calling this criminal group “Islamic State”****156****19-The Master Key to becoming a Great Writer****Ways to Fall in Love with Words****20-Inspiring Teaching Demos****Smile! You will be an Imaginative Teacher****21-Inspiring Teaching Demos**

Smile! You will be an Imaginative Teacher

22-Hug life with enthusiasm

Enthusiasm moves you from Zero to Hero

23-Create a sense of purpose **Create a better world**

Open up, explore yourself and head for a happy future

24-The craft of acting ,,,Secrets to Landing Your Dream

Job in a film or television

25-Loyalty is the difference maker!

**Loyalty creates the power of Love and withstands the
shocks of adversity**

26- Recto

Keep love in your heart

**These inspiring moral short stories will teach you an
important fact of life**

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