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### My Father the Fanatic

As I walk down the stairs I can feel his cold eyes stare at me. My father the one who at one point was my best companion cannot even look at me anymore without being ashamed. It confuses me honestly for I have done nothing wrong, although I cannot say the same about him. Now you see my father has fallen into a trap, he's been consumed by this corrupted world full of nothing but greedy and evil people. He loves England but for me this world is just full of horrible things and I do not want to be involved in any of it. I try to stick to my roots and pray that things will be better but I can't even pray without someone throwing me a suspicious glance. I hate everything about this place but most of all I hate what it has done to my poor father he probably isn't even aware of the damage it has done to him. Yet, he has the guts to think I'm the crazy one.

In the past couple of days I have removed many things from my room in order for me to focus on more important things such as praying. This has caused my dad to not only spy on me but perhaps even talk about me amongst his friends at work. Why doesn't he understand that I'm still the same old me the same Ali who gets good grades and does as he is told. Does he really think me not becoming more Western is a bad thing? If he changed his ways just to try fit in then that is not a good reason. I know that his job consists of taking strangers home and who knows

how many of them try to convert him into becoming even more Western. He probably even talks to some of those wretched prostitutes like that one lady named Bettina. But why does he? He has a beautiful wife at home but does not even pay much attention to her because he is too busy trying to find out what I am up to even though it's nothing bad. He's become a whole new person just so he could "fit in." My father never had a drinking problem but as the days pass by he drinks more and more just to take his sorrows away. I'm pretty sure I'm his only sorrow he has, although he does try to have conversations with me it's just no matter how hard he tries to remake our bond it is already too late, I've lost my father.

I often wish I could share my beliefs with more people but here in England it is rare if I find someone like that. There's barely any mosques in town where I can go pray, imagine me finding a huge group of people with the same beliefs it'd be like finding a needle in a haystack. Is that the Western coming out of me? Oh I hope not I mean it's just some silly saying I remembered right? I quickly pass by my father to go up to my room when he suddenly starts to speak. Not wanting to listen I run up the stairs taking two at a time. At that moment I realize is it wrong of me to be shutting out my father and not caring about what he has to say. There just is not any point to listening. I'm not sorry at all my father brought this upon himself he should have been more wise and stuck to his roots. I did it and I'm a young boy, he should have known better and he'll repent all his mistakes later on but it will be too late.