

Saul Soriano  
Ms. Walsh  
English 10  
My Son The Fanatic-  
Narrative

### Who's the Fanatic Now?

Cautiously, I walked into the living room with my drunk high school friends and my Angela, my girlfriend. We had just gotten home from an up-all-night party. The first thing we noticed was the embarrassing picture of my drunk father laying on the couch with cans of beers all over the floor. It's been a while since I've got a chance to sit down with him and talk about things meaningful to me. It's been like this since we arrived from Pakistan. Now that I mention it, I don't remember the last time the entire family got on their knees for prayer. My dad is a taxi driver, which means he works at night giving rides to the people. He doesn't seem to notice me nor my mother. It's like we've never existed.

However the things had just started to get worse. One day as I was coming back from my girlfriend's house, I saw my dad and a hooker talking to each other. They seemed very attracted to each other. But of course, he never got time for mom or for me. I was angry. I felt betrayed from my dad. I can't even imagine how mom would feel if she finds out. I remember going to my room, with tears leaking out my eyes. I sat on the bed by the window. I looked around my bedroom and I saw everything a guy my age would possibly want, books, a computer, a guitar, a television, friends, a girlfriend. But I was missing something way more important than all those plastic-physical belongings. I needed love, attention, importance. I've tried so many times to talk to my papa about how I felt, even to my friends, my girl. But they didn't seem to notice. I was alone. One day coming from school, I passed by this old, but well maintained Muslim building. This group of wise-looking elders were talking about the Koran. They seemed very familiar to me. The mood in the building reminded me to what it was like back in Pakistan.



I decided to stay and learn more about. Next thing I noticed about my personality was that I wasn't the same person no more. The same careless, ruthless, reckless teenager than before. This experience had reshaped my life completely. I started to pray everyday and also being loyal to my new beliefs. I grew a beard. I detached myself from my belongings and donated to charity as I was taught to help the needy ones.

Everything was going fine, until, suddenly one day, I discovered my papa sneaking on my door, watching pray as if it was something strange, something he's never seen before. I didn't mind it, and let it pass. However, I felt this event as a chance to create a sort of communication with Papa and make him redeem about his westernized lifestyle of corruption and sins. I was going to start behaving differently so he could come to me worried about my drastic change and get back as a family as the time rolled on. The plan I had didn't seem to workout as good as I expected. After the first two fights I had with him, I decided to give him up, but remain loyal to my beliefs. Why can he just accept the way of life I chose to follow? It's not like I was doing drugs, or stealing. I'm not even harming others. He is just irrational, ignorant, blinded by all the filth he is being surrounded by. That's why he cannot see from my point of view. Later in the weekend, it finally happened, the straw that broke the camel's back. My dad just gave a big step into the firm and narrow dragon's throat. As I was heading my way back home from this chatting group concerning my religion, my dad honk the beep of his taxi so that he could supposedly "give me a ride home", but it was more than clear that this wasn't going to go well, especially after seeing a woman's silhouette in his front seat. As I had inferred, it was the same woman I saw him with way before. That prostitute. I was going to be sincere with her. I didn't like her and the things she does. Her lifestyle is totally against my beliefs. It's a shame to see her with my dad. But she had to open her filthy, damned mouth. She asked me where had I been as if she had any sort of authority over me. I



made myself clear and replied who she was, and what right she has to talk to me. She also started to talk about Papa, as if he was a great man, after all he had done for me. I wish he had done something. His love and attention. He never did. Why is he letting a woman like you touch him like that?- I said, after noticing the way she touched him, without a single sign of respect to his son. She was mad, upset, angry. She threw herself out and ran away from the car, even after all of my father's attempts to bring her back. What a fool!

My dad didn't mention a word in our way back home. No like I was expecting it from him after what happened. I remember being in my room. My dad downstairs pouring himself drinks. I suddenly hear steps approaching towards my doorstep. I see Papa walking in furiously. Who does he think he is? Making his way in like that, as if he had any authority over me after those unmemorable events. He just can't see thoroughly. I feel his hands grab my neck. He throws me down to the floor. He starts beating me up. I decide not to fight back. He is my dad. He is just a drunk and blind sinner. Every punch made me strong enough as to open my eyes, see him directly into his eyes, and with the breath I left I said- "Who is the fanatic now?"



# Identity and Conflict: My Son the Fanatic

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Saif Soriano

Due Monday 25

English 10

## Ali's Response: My Father the Fanatic

Now that we have discussed Identity and conflict in connection to the short story *My Son the Fanatic*, your assessment is to write a one- two page narrative from Ali's perspective titled: *My Father the Fanatic*.

Your goal is to write a narrative as a day in the life of Ali by addressing the following:

- Describe what Ali observes about his father's identity?
- What does he see that leads him to believe his father is a fanatic?
- Discuss what Ali thinks his father Parvez is a fanatic about?
- How does Ali really spend his time/ what causes him to change behavior?

MLA format:

name  
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My Son the  
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Be sure to refer to at least two references from the original story. REMEMBER you are writing as if you are Ali accusing your father of being a fanatic. Staple this sheet to your loose leaf. Use MLA.

Brainstorm Below:

