

Kareem went to Al Mutanabbi Street and hurried towards Al Saki bookshop. the hard-working schoolboy pulled the advert for the new book out of his pocket. Kareem had read all of Al-Nawab's poems at least twice and found them very interesting. As he got closer, he saw there was a long queue forming outside the door to the shop, and his heart sank. The quiet boy spent most of his free time reading or writing his own poems and his parents, friends and teachers all said he was very imaginative. It was Kareem's dream to be a famous poet himself one day. He had been saving up for months and wanted to be the first one to buy the new book by his favourite poet now he would have to wait in line. As he stood waiting