



**Zahera, Robo7 and the Tree**

**Dr. Mohamed Abou El-khir**

**Participation Theater for Children**

**Robo7's Adventures**

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“Robo7’s Adventures”  
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A play inspired by the great writer Abdel Tawab Youssef

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# **Zahera, Robo7 and the Tree**

## **Characters**

Dr. Zahera: PhD in Arborology, 30 years

Zahera: 9 years

Am Rabe: Zahera's father, 40 years

Robo7: A robot loves trees

Teacher: 25 years

Manger: 50 years

Two employees to cut down trees

The owner of the garden: 65 years

A group of young students

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## Preface

1) Thinking is the essence of learning. Participation between the performer and the recipient in a child's theater is considered a primary stimulus to thinking. Hence, the play is based on the "Participation Theater" approach, as the play includes in its dramatic construction some scenes that allow a direct relationship of discussion and interaction with the audience of children during the performance. And this requires the director with the actors to explain the topic under discussion in its many details during the exercises, and what they should behave in different situations during the event, this participation contributes to the growth and development of the cognitive and aesthetic aspects of the children, whether the performers or the audience of participants, realizing the principle of the educational scientist Vygotsky "THE ZONE OF PROXIMAL DEVELOPMENT" In the context of this vision, theater is considered an active and influential element in developing the child's personality with new experiences and knowledge that keep pace with the civilized development of the knowledge age, and face future challenges.

2) The directorial vision expands in presenting this play to different styles in the type of vocabulary of the theatrical performance, where the stage can be, from designing scenes, accessories, "accessories" to clothes, lighting, and composing music .... it depends on advanced technology, and in another way the show can be presented with a method. The simple theater "where the place is a garden, a playground or a suitable hall ... and the materials that make up the show depend on the creativity of solutions in the use of simple clothes, the use of symbols that give significance to the event and the character, and also the use of live music with musical or recorded instruments that create the psychological atmosphere of the situation, ... But it is important and necessary that the artistic elements in both styles - audible and visual - harmonize and complement each other and fulfill the values of the theatrical performance.

## Scene 1: The Garden

*(A theater is in the garden, the sound of a horn, attracting children from the garden to come the stage of the performance, and when everyone sits, two children appear. each carries a bouquet of roses which were picked. Dr. Zahera saw them fiddling with flowers.)*

Dr. Zahera: What is this? What did you two do?

Hossam: What?

Nader: Nothing, these are some roses.

Dr. Zahera: Don't you realize your mistake?

Nader: Our mistake?

Dr. Zahera: Yes, your mistake (looking at the roses).

Hossam: No, these are some of the roses we cut because we love roses.

Dr. Zahera: “Smiling” You like roses. You reminded me of my neighbor’s son. He loves to play, yet he breaks them.

Hossam: But we want to enjoy and smell the beauty of roses.

Dr. Zahera: We all love to enjoy and smell roses. But if we assume that everyone who loves roses picks them, then what is the result?

Hossam and Nader: This means that roses may not remain at all.

Dr. Zahera: Of course, roses were created to be enjoyed in gardens and orchards, or to be used in perfumery, not to be tampered with and picked as you did.

Hossam: Really, but are you the owner of this garden?

Dr. Zahera: No, but it is not that I own of the garden, my profession and my love for roses don't make me accept anyone insulting the roses.

Nader: Your profession?!

Dr. Zahera: Yes, my profession.

Nader: What do you do?

Dr. Zahera: I am the supervisor of this garden, and I also have a PhD in Arborology.

Hossam: Tree Science!!!

Dr. Zahera: Yes, and my love for trees has a story, would you like to hear it?

Everyone: Yes.

Dr. Zahera: I will tell you, and all the loved ones with us, the story of my love for trees.

*(Zahera speaks to the audience)*

I will tell you about my memories, I will tell you about my life, I will tell you how young I was? And how did it become old? I will talk about the village, and my father, and the school, and the city. I will tell you the story of my love for trees, I will tell the story of the triumphant tree. I like to tell it from the beginning, since I was loving my dad when I was little.

**(Blackout)**

## Scene 2: The Village Square

The Group: (*Zahera sings with the children's group*)

In our beautiful village,  
we wake up with the call to prayer,  
we wake up with the birds,  
we greet the morning with a breath of faith,  
and the joy of the morning greets us with the sunrise,  
with the dance of the rays, so we go on the road,  
and spread the sail for hard work, to reach hope.  
And we live happily in our beautiful countryside,  
we wake up with the call to prayer,  
we wake up with the birds,  
we receive the morning,  
with a breath of faith,  
and the joy of first-born in our beautiful countryside,  
everyone is tormented by striving and struggle and time is not  
wasted to reap the fruits,  
With the breath of faith,  
and the joy of first-born in the calm of the evening,  
we included the stories, and the joy of the summer,  
the stories of my grandmother, the stories of Sindbad,  
with its magic revolve in our beautiful countryside,

we wake up with the call to prayer, we wake up with the birds,  
we receive the morning,  
with the breath of faith,  
and the joy of first-born.

Zahera: I'm Zahera, when I knock on the door, a voice comes from behind him asking me from there? I reply in my name like this, like a whiff of perfume, and when my teacher, or someone from the village, perhaps a stranger, asks me who are you? I whisper in a sweet, sweet melody, I am Zahera, and I sneak behind my father, as he sits in the village square reciting the Qur'an.

Am Rabe: In the name of Allah, the most Gracious, the most Merciful,

{It is He who sends down water from the sky, for you to drink from it and from it trees in which you breathe (10) He grows for you with it the crops, the olives, the palms, the vines, and from all the fruits, for in that is a sign of harm (11)} An-Nahl. God the Great has spoken the truth.

Zahera: puts her hand on his eyes, "Who am I?"

Am Rabe: I seek refuge in God from the accursed Satan, who?

Zahera: "Who am I, who am I?"

Am Rabe: "He pulls her by the arms and holds her to his chest."

Zahera, where are you coming from?

Zahera: I used to bring food and water to chickens and geese.

Am Rabee: I am happy for you, Zahera, because you are working.

Zahera: It is work that makes a person valuable, Dad.

Am Rabee: Really?

Zahera: Yes, and they also build civilizations.

Am Rabee: And where did you learn that?

Zahera: At school, dad.

Am Rabee: It is nice to hear this from you, and know, my daughter, that work is an obligation, rather it is an obligation on every human being, and it is not only a person who works, but every living being in this existence has what they do to preserve his life and be assured of their livelihood.

Zahera: Indeed, my father, I studied this in school, and the teacher told us that birds, animals and insects work, and he gave us examples from the community of bees and ants.....

Am Rabee: (interrupting) And why are we looking away? Have you forgotten, our beautiful donkey, he works with me in the field day and night, and I reward him with food.

Zahera: Have you watered your trees this morning, Dad?

Am Rabee: Yes, I watered them, thank God, but they are not my tree

Zahera: then, whose trees?

Am Rabee: The trees of God are for people, all people.

Zahera: People call them Uncle Rabie's trees.

Am Rabee: They are kidding with me, no more, no less.

Zahera: And why are you watering them when they are not yours?

Am Rabee: Because it must be fed by a human, to grow like you.

Zahera: But you only water them, where did the food come from?

Am Rabee: Nice question, where did the food come from? You don't know, so I'll ask our loved ones who are with us.

*(Am Rabee asks the audience how do trees feed to grow? Am Rabee tries to get to know the answers from the children, until he reaches the correct scientific answers, which he studied before in the exercises.)*

Am Rabea: Now do you know where the food came from?

Zahera: Yes, father, I knew... (a period of silence)

Am Rabie: Zahera, what do you think?

Zahera: You told me that these trees are not your trees, but God's trees

Am Rabea: Indeed, Zahera, the trees of God ... meaning that God Almighty created them and made them to benefit humans, as God created other things such as the sun, moon, stars, and seas, all of which are for the service of humans.

Zahera: The human?

Am Rabei: Yes, the human, you and me and your classmates, and our friends who are present with us, the human, all human.

Zahera: It is great that we have all of that, but sorry dad, I have to go to school immediately, bye.

Dr. Zahera: School, I think I was nine years old when at school they gave us sketchbooks and pens and our teacher asked us to draw something.

**(Blackout)**

### **Scene 3: A Primary School**

*(Children are singing together)*

Pupils: In the sky of the school, we embrace the morning, and the breeze of fragrance, love, and success, in the schoolyard, we embrace life, the laughter of hope, and the smile of the lips in the schoolyard, we will go on the road, to rise to heights, and have the sparkle.

Long live the school,

Our affectionate mother, tomorrow with you, we will be

Without guidance and knowledge, we will not be

*(a bell sound)*

My dear brothers, come forward

The bell called for seriousness and order

For seriousness and order, for seriousness and order

*(The teacher discusses with the students)*

Teacher: Please, my children, don't talk with one another, kindly be calm.

*(Pupils talk and move from place to place)*

Teacher: Please each one, sit in your place, so that we can begin the lesson. *“The movement is slow”* My children, I hope that each of you respects the order.

Pupil 1: Mr, Mustafa has taken my seat.

Teacher: What's the matter? please sit somewhere else.

Student 1: But I sat here yesterday.

Zahera: I hope we can finish this quickly.

Pupil 3: Let's start the lesson.

Student 4: What is this, Mustafa? Didn't you sing to the order a while ago?

Pupil 5: What you say, you should do.

Pupil 6: Don't be like a parrot that repeats things and doesn't understand them.

Student 2: Excuse me guys, I'll take my place.

The teacher: I appreciate you for this good spirit, as you must understand that order is the basis for the progress of nations and people, and that the difference between the developed humans and the non-developed humans is the system, Clear?

Everyone: Very clear.

Teacher: Now to today's lesson, we are going to draw a new topic which is trees, what do you think?

Pupils: Nice topic...great...we all love trees

Teacher: But before we start drawing, I like to discuss first, and then draw. I like to ask what are the seasons of the year?

Student 1: The seasons of the year are spring.

Teacher: And...

Pupil 2: Summer.

Teacher: And...

Pupil 3: Autumn.

Teacher: And...

Pupil 4: Winter.

Teacher: It is spring and autumn and summer and winter, but would there be a difference, if we draw flowers and trees in the spring than in the autumn?

Pupil 1: Yes, there is a big difference.

Teacher: Why?

Student 2: Because flowers and trees are bright leafy in spring

Teacher: In the fall.

Student 3: Its leaves are withered and fallen.

Teacher: That's right, another question, what colors will you use to paint the trees?

Pupil 1: The green color of twigs and leaves.

Pupil 2: The torso is brown.

Teacher: Does anyone know how green is made? Which two colors together give us green?

Pupil 1: Yellow and red.

Teacher: No... No, that gives us orange

Pupil 3: Black and white

Teacher: Not true, this gives us the color gray

Pupil 4: Yellow and blue.

Teacher: That's right... If we mix yellow with blue, it gives us green, and as we know that everything symbolizes something else, for example, the sun symbolizes light, the book symbolizes culture and knowledge, and the sky symbolizes purity and transcendence. I want to know, what does the tree symbolize?

Pupil 1: It symbolizes giving, because we take from it fruits and wood.

Student 2: It symbolizes strength because it is solid, and its roots extend into the soil.

Pupil 3: It is a symbol of growth because it grows and rises.

Pupil 4: It symbolizes comfort that we are in its shadow.

Pupil 5: It is a symbol of beauty in its composition and colours.

Teacher: (to the audience) Would any of you like to add something to what your classmates have said...

*(The discussion turns around the colors and what the tree symbolizes)*

Teacher: Very great... Now after this interesting discussion, let's draw.

*(Zahera raises her hand)*

Teacher: What do you want, Zahera?

Zahera: Mr, would you allow me, before we start drawing, to read to colleagues a topic I wrote about the tree?

Teacher: But we are in a drawing class, Zahera... not in a reading class.

Zahera: But I like it and would love for you to hear it.

Teacher: Let's take the opinion of colleagues, whoever wants to hear about Zahera should raise his hand (75% of the class rises)

Teacher: And since we respect the opinion of the majority, then please go ahead, Zahera.

Zahera: Egypt is a tree that we must irrigate with sweat and love. Its feet and roots are planted in Lake Nasser. Its firm and sturdy trunk extends along the upper level. Its arms, limbs, twigs, and branches are spread throughout the Delta.

*(Everyone applause)*

Teacher: We thank Zahera for this topic and now onto the drawing

*(The teacher walks among the students)*

Teacher: What is this?

Pupil 1: A large sycamore tree, tall, steady, smiling, raising its arms and branches to the sky in a prayer.

Teacher: What color is this?

Pupil 3: It's green

Teacher: (to Zahera) You draw trees as if they were human.

Zahera: Yes, I love trees, they are my father and mother.

Teacher: Good idea, your thinking is older than your age, Zahera.

Zahera: I want to grow like my father's trees...and my mother's chickens and their little weights, I want to grow bigger, bigger, bigger in people's eyes.

Dr. Zahera: I remembered some words my father told me, that you must courage in you, and if that does not happen, you become a weak, you must grow honesty in yourself, and if that does not happen, you become a liar, and this is the same case for honesty, magnanimity, loyalty and love... Rebels see evil in everything, they destroy, but builders are the ones who make everything, they build and grow. I remember coming back from school. I decided to tell my father what my teacher told me, but I found him sad.

**(Blackout)**

## Scene 4: The Village

Zahera: (happy) We will go on the road to rise to the top and have the sparkle.

Am Rabee: (sitting)

Zahera: (puts her hands on his eyes) Who am I?

Am Rabee: (doesn't reply)

Zahera: I'm asking who I am.

Am Rabee: (doesn't reply)

Zahera: No, there is something, please tell me.

Am Rabee: The land, the land, my daughter.

Zahera: Earth, what about the land?

Am Rabee: (doesn't reply)

Zahera: Dad answer, what happened?

Am Rabee: The land is no longer suitable for cultivation.

Zahera: Our land?

Am Rabee: Yes.

Zahera: How and when?

Am Rabee: There was an attempt to reclaim agricultural lands in a high place, west of our village. They dug wide and deep canals ... and raised water to them, and if they seeped into the ground, and for the length of their stay in our land, the roots of palms and trees

rotted, and when they pulled the water from the ground, they found that the soil It has decomposed and became dust, salt and dust that does not grow plants or trees.

Zahera: only our land, father?

Am Rabee: No, all the lands of the village.

Zahera: What should we do?

Am Rabee: I pray to God for sound thinking.

Zahera: Is there a solution?

Am Rabee: There is, but... but it's unfortunate because they want to chop down all the trees and sell their wood.

Zahera: Cut down all the trees, what?

Am Rabee: Yes.

Zahera: But the trees shade the people of the village and animals, and the birds consider it a home, and a nest. No, my father, do not cut down the trees, do not cut down the trees.

Dr. Zahera: The tree company workers came out with axes in their hands, and they began attacking the logs, and under the weight of the blows the trees fell, and they rejoiced as if they were in a battle in which they were victorious over the enemies.

*(The Village disappears)*

Zahera: (sings)

You cut down trees, birds are not happy,

They were with the children singing happily,

Now what happens to my beautiful village,

It is now without fields or shaded meadow,  
Why are you guys wiping out my village?  
Oh, my little friend, my smile is lost,  
Oh, spring season your green leaves,  
Its beautiful color disappeared with winter,  
So, Dad, let's go with life,  
No despair, no despair of God's mercy.

Am Rabee: Yes, my daughter. I was born here, and I lived here, and I have beautiful memories in this beloved village. I used to work with my father in the field when I came back from the book, as you return from school now. Cheerfully with my friends among the trees, how often I woke up to the sound of birds and bulbuls, how often I rested in the shade of a large sycamore tree, how often I shook the mulberry tree, how often I picked grapes, oranges, and tangerines.

Zahera: (crying) Dad.

Am Rabee: Zahera, I can't live without trees, it's my life.

Zahera: I am like you, dad, but we must leave.

Am Rabee: Yes, we must leave, but as you said, Zahera, there is no despair or despair of God's mercy.

**(Blackout)**

## Scene 5: A Street in the City

*(Houses, a house garden whose trees are barren)*

Dr. Zahera: In the morning we arrived in the city. This was the first time I visited her. I found her bare of trees, and people did not find anything in which to shade. My father chose for us a house that was as close as possible to a hut on the outskirts of the city, characterized by a tall green tree in front of it, and my father was looking for work.

*(A Singing dialogue between Zahera and Am Rabee)*

Zahera: Look, dad, this city, how tough it looks,  
There are no trees, no birds, on the horizon,  
Where are the fields? Where are the meadows where?  
Tell me, dad, but where is the river?  
My beloved village, my beautiful village,  
You were a mother caring about me,  
Am Rabee: Do not be sad, my girl,  
who is more precious than my life,  
And I will walk in life with a good feeling,  
Oh, my little girl, oh my innocent baby,

This city has a second life.

Zahera: What do you do and what do you work?

My father, if you knew what was wrong with me.

Am Rabee: I will do a lot and work a lot,

The land in the city needs me,

With the axe and cultivation,

I will remove the conflict,

And spread greenery on every side,

I will save the city from the sound of the machine,

The branches dance high in the air,

The crowd must know calm,

The smoke must come from a faraway land.

Zahera: Yes, Dad, you answer my request.

Am Rabee: Of course, Zahera, my little girl.

Now where is your smile and where is your laugh?

And I want them to refresh my days. Zahera: Come on, come on

Goodbye dad, I'm going to school.

Dr. Zahera: My father used to remind me that the city needed someone like him and he also encouraged me to study, and I was remembering seriously, I wanted to succeed with superiority, and one day my father was wandering around the city looking for

work, he passed by a large house surrounded by a barren garden, its trees are dry and withered, so my father looks up to it in sorrow. Am Rabee: Uh, uh, what do I see? See this garden? And how does the owner leave her like this? And my daughter Zahera says to me, what are you doing, Dad, in this city? But how do I work in this garden? Will the owner allow me to work there? Oh my God, if I could do something for this barren tree (asking the audience), but tell me, if there is a tree in the house or school of any of you, or in the street or in front of his house, should they leave it like this?

*(He hears the answers from the audience and recites all the ideas that are consistent with preserving green, and the trees and flowers do not become withered)*

But I want to do something for this tree?

What do you suggest to me? Should I knock on the owner of the house and ask him to work in the garden or what should I do?

*(Enters Garden owner)*

Garden owner: What do I hear, what do you say, man?

Am Rabee: I am annoyed by this view of your garden.

Garden owner: What is your business?

Am Rabee: Pardon, sir. All I want is good for you and for those around you.

Garden owner: Good for me, and for those around me. How, what do you mean?

Am Rabee: Don't you wish to see your garden looking beautiful, its flowers are open, its trees are leafy and fruitful, and it pleases everyone who looks at it?

Garden owner: It's my garden.

Am Rabee: It doesn't look like a garden; you can't leave it in this state.

Garden owner: I told you, it's my garden.

Am Rabee: And because it is your garden, you leave it so careless, and what is the fault of others, when they look at it, and find no pleasure in it for the eye?

Garden owner: And what do you want me to do, and I am always traveling, and I do not have time to take care of the garden, and I do not want to lie to you, I am very upset to see her like this, but what should I do?

Am Rabee: If you give me permission, and you have the desire to reform and renew it, then I am fully prepared.

Garden owner: You mean, you want to work as a gardener for this garden.

Am Rabee: Yes, why not?

Garden owner: It's okay, but how much will you take for that?

Am Rabee: I leave it to your discretion.

The owner of the garden: You seem to be a good man ... and you only care about your work.

Am Rabee: Of course, if my work is farming and cultivating the land, then I am a farmer and I love greenery.

Garden owner: And when does it start?

Am Rabee: I will start tomorrow, God willing.

Garden owner: Be it, I will wait for you tomorrow, God willing.

*(The owner of the garden comes out, then Zahira come in)*

Zahera: Dad, Dad... I've looked for you in all the roads.

Am Rabee: What, Zahira?

Zahera: Thank God, I found you, hurry up with me, Dad, hurry up.

Am Rabee: What's the matter, calm down.

Zahera: Men from the city council want to cut down the tree in the square.

Am Rabea: What?

Zahera: Yes, and they are there with chainsaws and axes.

Am Rabee: What did you do?

Zahera: I told them that the Messenger Muhammed, may God's prayers and peace be upon him, said, "May God curse the boycott of trees"

Am Rabee: What did they say?

Zahera: They didn't hear me while trying to cut them.

Am Rabee: Oh my God, I repair here, and they are cutting there.

Zahera: Hurry up.

**(Blackout)**

## Scene 6: A Square in the City

*(A leafy tree in the model of the square, two workers and their manager trying to cut down the tree, a group of kids watching what's happening, Robo7 enters, then Am Rabee and Zahira)*

Worker 1: This tree is strong.

Worker 2: It's solid.

Manager: You must cut it, come on.

Worker 1: These axes do not work with her.

Worker 2: They got broken, and all the hammers were smashed

Audience: What are they doing... they cut down the tree... why... they want to build a factory... but it is unfair...

*(Robo7 enters and stands in front of the tree, defending it)*

Robo7: The tree has a beautiful view in the field, do not cut it, it purifies the air for you.

Worker 1: (does not turn around) It seems that this tree is protected by God.

Worker 2: We are tired.

Worker 1: What to do, manager?

Manager: Work, try again.

Worker 2: we can't.

Manager: Then pour a can of oil on the trunk of the tree, and kindle a fire in it, so that it is easy for you to cut it with a saw.

Robo7: How do you deal with the tree in this way?

*(The two workers bring a can and try to pour oil on the tree, but suddenly from the heart of the tree, a swarm of bees attack them)*

Am Rabee: (To the manager) The tree is a living being that defends itself and takes revenge on those who want evil with it.

Manager: Really? I will cut it anyway.

Am Rabee: Is there any revenge between you and her?

Manager: You want people to say that the tree has won over us.

Robo7: Sorry. it's an unequal battle... the tree is kind and affectionate.

Manager: And what is your business, robot? (Am Rabea) You said she's taking revenge.

Am Rabee: Don't bother with what I say.

Manager: What really impresses me is that bees living in the tree

Am Rabee: Have you not read the words of God Almighty,

In the name of Allah, the most Gracious, the most Merciful,

{And your Lord inspired to the bee, "Take for yourself among the mountains, houses, and among the trees and [in] that which they construct. Then eat from all the fruits and follow the ways of your

Lord laid down [for you].” There emerges from their bellies a drink, varying in colors, in which there is healing for people. Indeed, in that is a sign for a people who give thought. } An-Nahl 68-69. God the Great has spoken the truth.

*(The manager and the two workers discuss the problem)*

Zahera: Are we really going to lose our garden?

Am Rabee: No, Zahira, no, and a thousand no's.

Robo7: It is the city's lungs.

Manager: The city needs a factory.

Robo7: In the desert, there is room for factories.

Audience 1: We do not want the heart of our city to be polluted with smoke and workshops.

Audience 2: We don't want our city to be gray, dusty yellow.

Audience 3: Rather, we want it green as the color of growth.

Zahera: God's land is wide, why this particular place?

Am Rabee: We don't know who chose it.

Zahera: He must be the butcher of trees.

Am Rabee: We must protect our city from them.

Robo7: We must protect and preserve our city.

*(Am Rabee is discussing with the audience, whether or not they want to cut the tree down, while Zahera goes to her friends and tells them something, and suddenly all the children stand holding hands, forming a wall around the tree)*

Everyone: stop the massacre of trees, long live our green garden,  
stop the massacre of trees.

Zahera: We will not leave our place unless we receive an honorable  
promise to keep the tree.

Robo7: We will not leave our place until we receive an honorable  
promise to keep the tree.

Everyone: We will not leave our place unless we receive an  
honorable promise to keep the tree.

Zahera: No to the butcher of trees.

Everyone: No to the butcher of trees.

Zahera: Let it be green.

Everyone: Let it be green.

Manager: Thank you, and your great love of trees and greenery, and  
I promise you that I will not command a tree or any other tree to be  
cut down, and we will build the factory outside the city.

Zahera: On behalf of my colleagues, we thank you for your noble  
response.

Robo7: Thank you, green-loving manager.

Manager: I thank you.

Zahera: We have a request for you.

Manager: What is that request, future trees?

Zahera: We want to establish a tree lovers association, so that our  
city can be a big park.

Manager: I agree with this excellent idea, and I will help you with whatever you need, and I will even make this day a tree feast in our city.

Robo7: Let me be with you as a member in the association, and I'm going to invite my fellow robots to join you.

Zahera: Of course, Robo7.

Everyone: Long live the tree, long live the green color, long live our city green as the color of growth.

Am Rabee: We want jasmine trees to give us their perfume, we want birds to sing their music.

Everyone: (singing)

Long live the tree! Always green,

Long live growth, love and serenity,

In our free land

O our beloved land, you gave us fertile soil,

The fragrant oasis gives us perfume,

Long live the tree! Always green,

Long live growth, love, and serenity,

In our free land

In the festival of light, we sing and birds,

We pray honestly, praise, and thank,

Long live the tree! Always green.

Long live growth, love, and serenity

In our free land  
Oh, our happy day is green in the color of Eid,  
The trees have achieved glory and victory,  
Long live the tree! Always green.  
Long live growth, love, and serenity,

Dr. Zahera: I introduced myself to you in the beginning. I was Zahera. I was young, and now I see myself as an adult. I have grown up, as they say, I can't jump, clap, and chant my name as I used to do. I would like to put it in your hands,

Dr. Zahera Rabie, Ph.D in trees science,  
And I hope you will accept this gift from me, I have brought you real seeds, I want to give them to you, so that from the moment we begin to make our city a garden, and the color of green pervades the whole country.

*(She gives the children tree seeds, they all come down and distribute to the crowd while they sing)*

long live the tree! Always green,  
Long live growth, love, and serenity  
In our free land.

**The End.**