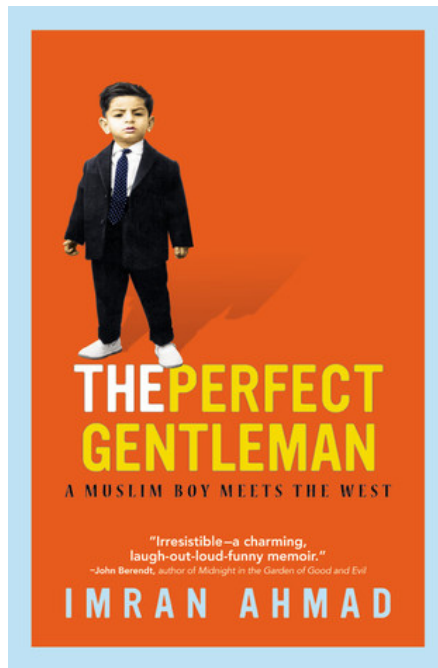




The Perfect Gentleman: A Muslim Boy Meets the West

Imran Ahmad

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The Perfect Gentleman: A Muslim Boy Meets the West Imran Ahmad

Both deliciously funny and deeply insightful, THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN is a beguiling multi-layered memoir that has touched the hearts of readers all over the world. At the age of one, Imran Ahmad moved from Pakistan to London, growing up torn between his Islamic identity and his desire to embrace the West. Join Imran in his lifelong struggle against corruption and injustice, and as he grapples with some of Life's most profound questions. What does God do exactly? Do you automatically go to Hell for following the wrong religion? How do you persuade a beautiful woman to become your girlfriend (and would driving a Jaguar XJS help?) Can you maintain a James Bond persona without the vodka, cigarettes and women - even whilst your parents are trying to arrange your marriage? Imran's unimagined journey makes thoughtful, compelling, and downright delightful reading. With a unique style and unflinching honesty, THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN addresses serious issues in an extraordinarily light way, and will leave readers both thinking deeply and laughing out loud.

The Perfect Gentleman: A Muslim Boy Meets the West Details

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From Reader Review The Perfect Gentleman: A Muslim Boy Meets the West for online ebook

Sooraya Evans says

Bought my copy after meeting the author during the World Halal Forum (Kuala Lumpur) back in 2012. An overall charming and interesting read. But I didn't quite get the ending and epilogue.

Stephanie (Stepping out of the Page) says

A decent read. I liked the chronology of this book and reading Ahmad's difference in thoughts as he grew older. Reading Ahmad's experiences was interesting and it gave a good idea of what life was like for 'coloureds' living in the United Kingdom during the 60's and even later. I found that his developing thoughts on his own religion were also interesting, with the current events of the time well interweaved with his thoughts. A reasonably easy read, but not entirely compelling - Unfortunately, I found myself to take a dislike to Ahmad as the book progressed.

Ali says

I thoroughly enjoyed this memoir. It's written in a very readable and deceptively simple style. In his own quiet, subtle way Imran Ahmad has addressed some big themes. The writing though is engaging, and honest, remarkably so, and Imran emerges as a decent young man, with all the bad habits, concerns and confusions of the young. Many of his trial and tribulations along the way are hilarious, and touching, and any of us who have had an unrequited love, or tried to bargain with God, will be able to sympathise with him.

Miguel says

<http://silenciosquefalam.blogspot.pt/...>

Puty says

Entertaining memoir from an interesting point of view: Moslem boy meets the West. It's really honest that it's funny, talking about a lot of things, from ridiculous students problem like body odour, to discrimination and inter-religion debate. I really like the way Imran pointing out quite a lot of stuff about Islam in a very rational & universal way, to the level I'm recommending it to both non-Moslem & Moslem. Also recommending it to Moslem parents who are raising kids in Western culture because it will give you even the slightest idea what kind of struggle your kids are facing.

Enjoyable!

Baljit says

Finished this in a day..... Absolutely refreshing!

Imran writes candidly about his life as a Pakistani boy in London. From a room in a bedsit, to his parents own home, his entrance into a prestigious grammar school and his university days in Scotland. But thru his ups and downs he is plagued by religious questions and his discussions with various Christian evangelists fuel his doubts about Islam being the true path. Life is a journey as Imran discovers....

Hope this brilliant writer produces more fine work

Bruce Cline says

The Perfect Gentleman, A Muslim Boy Meets the West by Imran Ahmad (pp 333). This is one of the most interesting social commentaries in the guise of a memoir I've ever read. Much of it is written from a youthful perspective that effectively uses naïveté ignorance (used non-pejoratively) to shed light on physical difference, relationships (mostly imagined), discrimination, racism, classism, school, culture, family, and above all religion. As the author, a Pakistani transplant along with his family, living in England and later Scotland, moved through childhood and into adulthood (including more relationships—also mostly imagined), higher education, politics, cars, and work, he increasingly talked about religion. As he was 'accosted' by evangelical Christians in obnoxious and repeated attempts to pull him away from Islam (sometimes harshly), he openly explores the two religions, their similarities & dissimilarities, faith versus rationally based beliefs, the historical Jesus and Muhammad, his own temptations, religious practice, comparisons of theological precepts and their real world applications, and more. His observations about himself, his beliefs, his very real doubts, his fellow believers, all the while making honest comparisons with other religions (though mostly Christianity and its adherents) are fascinating. All of this very heavy material is explored within a mostly lightweight framework and it seamlessly flows in, out, and through more mundane and secular elements of everyday life. Refreshingly, Ahmad is effortlessly humorous, never breaking a sweat while revealing humor in everyday events and situations. Because his views on all aspects of life come from an angle literally foreign to most of us, his observations are delightfully askew and above all insightful. This is an amazingly easy read, yet is as thoughtful and provocative a book as I have read in recent memory.

Rick says

On one level this is an endearing coming of age story told by a person who is a Pakistani Muslim living in Great Britain. On another level it is an apologetic for moderate Islam which ends up evolving into a warm and fuzzy universalism.

It was eye-opening to observe Ahmad's faith journey as he grappled with a religious culture clash. His story is told against the framework of selected key historical events, helping to flesh out his decisions in a known time frame.

Although I enjoyed many aspects of his intellectual honesty and found myself truly enjoying his wit and humor, as a Christian I have disagreements with some of his starting assumptions and resulting conclusions.

Neil Rendall says

A happy library book find; although a few years younger than me, I really identified with the way the author describes his primary and secondary school years and his home life - quite surprising since I'm white, and a product of the time of more overt casual and not-so-casual racism. He writes chronologically through his education years, providing insight into how he thought of God/Allah and confusions and insights, not as a theological exercise but simply as an incidental record alongside all the other ups and downs going on through his life. At points in time he often presents his views and conclusions as simple and naive, although he's clearly neither of those. It is a clever device and reminds us how whatever we are now, we are built on what's gone before. I didn't go to University, so I didn't identify so much with his continuing academic life, but it was interesting as to how he developed into his adulthood. An enjoyable read, related with self-deprecating humour at times.

The cover shown here has the sub-title, 'A Muslim Boy Meets the West'. There's something wrong with that; my version has the sub-title, 'Muhammad, Jesus and James Bond'. Much better.

TC says

This book proves that apparently it is possible to lead an undistinguished, unremarkable life, and yet be given the opportunity to publish your memoirs not only in your home country, but to have a special "American Translation" published to help break you to a whole new market. (This edition is clearly meant for the US, with helpful footnotes explaining some intricacies of UK schooling, and also replaces Britishisms for their American equivalents, like "subway" and "cell phone." I guess his publisher figured none of his readers would be fans of PBS.)

As best as I can tell, Imran Ahmed lived a somewhat privileged life, enjoying the free grammar school and free college education that one once used to receive in the UK, all while dreaming of owning a Jaguar, imagining himself as better than he is, and wondering how to talk to girls.

What's supposed to make it somewhat unique, I guess, is that he was an immigrant from Pakistan. He does occasionally deal with the ignorant racism of his neighbors and classmates. But it's not as if his house was firebombed, or he was beaten to near-death, or he was denied numerous opportunities because of his race. His subtle "outsider" status could easily be echoed by any nebbish schoolboy who got picked on.

He spends a lot of time wondering about his faith as a Muslim, mostly because he seems to constantly attract American-style Evangelicals who scare him with a lot of talk of imminent eschatology. It challenges him to examine his own faith, and, unsurprisingly, he eventually comes to accept it as the one that's right for him.

He does this not at a remarkable age, either, but around the same time most of us do--as a young adult. For the book takes us painstakingly through each year of his schooling, from grade school through post-graduate, with a few chapters thrown in about his first job, which was as a young management trainee for Unilever, one of the largest companies in the world. I feel his pain.

In short, he seems to have had a better life than I've had. So I struggle to understand what I'm supposed to learn from this.

This book is not without its charms. He captures well the kind of self-absorbed bubble that a young person (particularly a young male) goes through as he imagines himself the next James Bond. It's funny to read, because, we've all been there. So from that standpoint, it's an enjoyable light tomb of self-effacing, very relatable humor.

And I might have been OK with that except that at the very end, it's clear that he expects me to believe these experiences somehow give him something important to say, and so we're treated to a rushed account of how he's all different now after twenty years of adulthood (jetting around the world working for international corporations), with deep insights he must share. The *pièce de résistance* is when he crows about how great it is to travel across the US as a guest speaker of the Unitarians, lecturing on Muslim-Christian relations. Great work if you can get it.

Given that he seems to think his life gives him some moral platform in rarefied air on which to make such lofty observations, I can't help but feel irritated by the whole book. If he'd left it as a fun little read of humorous anecdotes about growing up, dealing with bullies, being overwhelmed by the opposite gender, falling in love with cars, slacking off in class then being perplexed at his lack of academic success, and struggling with his faith, it might have been a book we could call "charming." But the last chapter and epilogue makes it seem more like it was one long info-mercial for his new career in colloquium.

Bunga Mawar says

It's just another "what I learned from this book".

Kami pindah ke Pondok Bambu saat saya baru memulai sekolah dasar. Sahabat pertama saya, yaitu teman yang akhirnya menemani perjalanan sepanjang enam tahun pulang pergi dari rumah ke sekolah adalah Joice, seorang gadis Batak. Menjelang Natal, dia akan meletakkan rumput di dalam sepatunya yang diletakkan di luar rumah. "Taruh rumput di sepatu, besok ada hadiahnya. Itu hadiah Natal, dikasih Sinterklas," katanya.

Hmm... asik banget. Selama enam tahun usia saya, keluarga kami tidak pernah Natalan karena kami Muslim. Kami merayakan Lebaran. Kalau Lebaran tidak ada hadiah, tapi ketupat selengkapnyanya, baju baru dan kue2. Tapi Sinterklas itu, kata Joice, memberi hadiah pada semua orang yang meletakkan sepatu berisi rumput. Jadi pada malam Natal, sebelum tidur saya sembunyi2 membawa sepasang sepatu saya ke luar, meletakkannya di bawah pohon jambu sambil meraup segenggam rumput halaman yang kurang subur tumbuhnya. Saya lupa membayangkan hadiah apa yang saya ingin dapat dari Sinterklas, tapi apa pun itu, pokoknya hadiah!

Besoknya, tentu saja libur Natal. Ibu memanggil saya dan menunjukkan sepasang sepatu yang tergeletak di bawah pohon jambu dengan petak2 rumput pitak di sekelilingnya. "Kamu kemarin lupa simpan sepatu, ya? Lihat tuh, sepatu kamu diseret musang sampai ke bawah pohon," kata Ibu. Saya hanya perlu melihat selintas, untuk tahu tidak ada tanda2 Sinterklas (atau musang) mampir semalam.

Ah, Sinterklas nggak asik. Saya cuma diam saja saat besoknya di sekolah Joice bercerita tentang hiasan rambut cantik yang diletakkan Sinterklas di sepatu sebelah kanannya.

Tunggu. Sepatu sebelah kanan?

"Di sepatu kiri, kamu dapat hadiah apa?"

"Ih, nggak ada lah. Sepatu kiriku di rak sepatu. Kan cuma sepatu sebelah kanan yang diisi Sinterklas."

Oh. Sinterklas rupanya nggak suka dengan anak yang meletakkan **sepasang** sepatunya pada malam natal. Dikira anak itu serakah, karena itu tidak diberi hadiah. Saya diam saja, merasa bersalah sendiri. Dan sampai sekarang ibu saya belum tahu balada sepatu berumput di pagi hari di bawah pohon jambu itu (di masa ibu menghabiskan masa remaja dekat kapel Mungkid di Magelang pun mungkin belum pernah ada ritual anak2 meletakkan rumput di sepatu pada malam natal). Apalagi karena besok2nya, saya makin besar, makin banyak makan, makin banyak belajar, makin pandai solat, makin rajin ngaji, dan makin gila membaca. Jangankan saya, Joice sendiri saat kelas 3 SD sudah tidak percaya lagi pada balada Sinterklas memberi kado... :p

Walah, tooong... Kenapa jadi nostalgia begini, yak? Kalau boleh berpendapat *sedikit* tentang balada si Entong Imran di kampung James Bond ini, maka cerita buku ini memang menarik. Singkirkan dulu perbedaan agama antara keluarga imigran ini dengan pribumi Inggris. Perbedaan ras jelas, perbedaan tingkat ekonomi, dan perbedaan standar kegantengan. Dan maklum saja kalau bocah cilik Imran cuma bisa ngomel2 tidak mengerti mengapa dia disingkirkan lingkungannya. Padahal dia juga tidak pernah solat kecuali saat diajak solat Jumat, tapi kok dia tidak boleh makan babi?

Jadinya, satu hal yang saya pernah bilang, kalau ada apa2 yang aneh pada pemikiran seorang anak kecil, lihat dulu dong apa yang sudah diajarkan orangtuanya. Saat orang tuanya tidak pernah mengajarkan apa2... ya... anak akan cari sendiri. Kalau pencariannya menyimpang ke jalan yang berbeda, yang salah ya orangtuanya, hihhi... *kebiasaan*

*-Bagian berikut ditulis sambil merinding takut didatangi Entong Imran atau para penjaga malamnya. Hush-hush... jangan macem2 ya! *baca mantera paling top di GR minggu ini*-*

Pak Imran, sekarang masih ngaji, nggak?

Dolores says

I met the author a few weeks ago when he gave a talk about the book in Dallas. He is very funny and the passages he read were hilarious. This book is NOT ABOUT A TERRORIST. Far from it. It dispells the myths and propaganda. It is about a Muslim growing up in London and being comfortable in both worlds. It is about reaching out and understanding that we all have the same desires and dreams in life, no matter who we are.

Waqar Saleem says

This book is written out like an autobiography of the author whose family migrated from Pakistan to England shortly after partition when he was still a small child. Its chapters are indexed by the year he is writing about and his age at the time, with rarely more than 6 pages devoted to each year. This makes the book a quick read.

The book lists the author's observations of and reflections on the world around him. The style is candid and the author's personal sense of humour shines through as he tackles living in the West while simultaneously harbouring Islamic values. While the author experiences many of the things of a typical teenage boy at the time, there is an added strain of the conflict between the different realities he finds himself in - the West around him and his traditional Islamic values, his being coloured in a society dominated by white people.

Whereas writings on the above topics can make for heavy and serious reading, I commend the author for presenting a cheery, breezy look at them. He takes no sides and offers no judgments, but writes simply about how he himself along the course of a normal, daily life, comes to terms with these issues.

The book is a good, light read that through its candid humor and frank, sometimes innocent and insightful, observations grips you from the start to the finish. I enjoyed it a lot!

$\Delta x \Delta p \geq \frac{1}{2} \hbar$? says

Pas liat poster launching buku ini, ada satu pertanyaan yang menggajal, *Memangnya kenapa kalau seorang muslim datang dan tinggal di negrinya James Bond (yang notabenenya nonmuslim)? Toh, James Bond pun kalau datang ke negeri muslim dia tidak risau. apalagi ini seorang bocah!*

Karena penasaran apa sebenarnya isi buku ini dan ingin mendapatkan tanda tangan Pidi Baiq (dia datang sbg bintang tamu --memberi kata pengantar buku ini-- dan sukses bikin peserta launching terpingkal-pingkal) buat buku Drunken Marmut saia. sialnya, saia lupa buat bawa ketiga buku lainnya T_T

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Orangtuaku berlangganan majalah *Life* yang datang via pos. Dalam sebuah edisi terdapat artikel berjudul "Yang Tewas Dalam Seminggu". Aku mengitung sebelas halaman berisi foto-foto kecil tentara Amerika yang tewas dalam perang di suatu tempat. Aku tidak pernah menyadari bahwa ada begitu banyak warga Amerika yang berkulit hitam; sebelumnya kupikir hanya ada beberapa. Dalam acara televisi Amerika, kami hanya melihat sesekali orang kulit hitam di sini dan di sana

Beberapa edisi *Life* yang lain menunjukkan foto-foto orang-orang yang pergi ke bulan. Aku menatap foto-foto itu, terpesona... Semua orang ini berkulit putih, tidak seperti mereka yang tewas dalam perang.

Lahir di Paksitan yang terkoyak (tahun 1962), membuat keluarga Imran (si penulis) mencoba mengadu nasib ke negri Inggris. Sebagai warga yang berbeda dalam hal warna kulit terlebih agama, membuat keluarga mereka sadar, hidup di Inggris tidaklah mudah. Bahkan, di negara semoderat Inggris, terutama saat itu, sistem rasial sangatlah kentara. Mulai dari larangan tinggal di flat dan perumahan khusus orang kulit putih, larangan naik kendaraan umum, hingga perlakuan rasial yang diterima Imran di sekolah, yang semestinya menjadi tempat di mana ajaran-ajaran primitif ttg rasisme dienyahkan, kelak akan terus dikenang dan

meninggalkan kesan mendalam dalam dirinya, rasisme dalam bentuk apapun sama sekali tak manusiawi.

Memang, pada tahun 60-an, masalah rasisme tidak hanya melanda negara-negara miskin dan berkembang (ingat, betapa kejamnya sistem apartheid di Afrika Selatan sehingga perlu figur agung seperti Nelson Mandela untuk menghentikannya), namun juga melanda negara-negara modern yang menjadi kiblat demokratis. Bahkan, untuk negara setaraf Amerika pun perlu tampil sosok-sosok kharismatik seperti Martin Luther King Jr atau Malcolm X. Tak terkecuali di negeri tujuan keluarga Imran memperbaiki nasib, Inggris. (Bahkan, hingga detik ini, rasisme menjadi isu panas yang melanda negara-negara Eropa Barat seperti Perancis, Inggris, Denmark, Belanda, dll)

"Trauma" masa kecil ini membuat Imran kecil menjadi begitu sensitif mengenai masalah perbedaan ras. Dia begitu risau betapa mimpi masa depan yang dirajut keluarganya saat masih di Pakistan ternyata tidak sesuai harapannya. Dia menyadari bahwa rasisme ini bisa muncul dimana-mana, bahkan dalam bentuk yang sangat halus. Mau tak mau, "ketidakadilan" ini telah menjadikan sosok Imran sbg pribadi yang kritis.

Di buku ini, kita akan terkejut betapa utk sosok "sekecil" dan "seumur jagung", Imran telah melihat dunia dengan cara yang tak sama dengan anak sebayanya kebanyakan. Pandangannya penuh keluguan, kepolosan, bahkan kadang terkesan naif (maklum anak-anak). Misalnya, dia begitu membenci semua hal yang berbau India karena alasan India berperang melawan Pakistan, negeri leluhurnya. Hehe... dengan alasan nyaris sama, dulu, pas masih SD, saia membenci segala hal yang berbau Belanda. dari pelajaran IPS, bagaimana Belanda menjajah Indonesia selama 350 tahun, di mata saia pas SD, sangatlah tak termaafkan. jutaan rakyat meninggal karena kerja paksa, atau kelaparan karena culturstelsel (tanam paksa). Betapa licin dan mulusnya jalan-jalan di Belanda sana yg dibangun dari keringat-keringat rakyat Indonesia, namun betapa rusaknya jalan-jalan yang ada di negara kita. Sangat tak adil dan licik. Karenanya, pas ada pengumuman saat Belanda gagal melaju ke final Piala Dunia 1998, saia bersorak :D

Namun, sesekali, pikiran2 Imran kecil begitu sangat mengejutkan sehingga menohok nalar dan keyakinan beriman kita. Misalnya, saat dia membaca berita ttg perang saudara India-Pakistan karena memperebutkan Kashmir. Kashmir yg dijuluki Surga India karena pemandangannya yang spektakuler, memiliki penduduk mayoritas Muslim. namun, secara geopolitik, berada di bawah pemerintahan India (mayoritas Hindu). Pakistan yang merasa "memiliki ikatan historis dan sosial lebih kuat" karena sama-sama mayoritas Muslim mengklaim wilayah itu sbg wilayahnya. Perang pun tak terhindarkan. Ironisnya, perang itu justru "dimenangkan" oleh India yang "kafir". Dan dampaknya lebih buruk lagi... Pakistan Timur malah memerdekakan diri dan membentuk negara baru, Bangladesh atas sokongan India. Dengan gamblang menjadi mimpi buruk orang Muslim Pakistan.

Dan, si kecil Imran, merasa gelisah dengan kenyataan ini. Mengapa Tuhan malah memenangkan kaum kafir? mengapa Dia memihak India yang memiliki banyak berhala? Mengapa Tuhan tidak membela orang-orang Islam Pakistan karena *bukankah Tuhan adalah Muslim?*

Jujur saja, dulu saia sempat berpikiran nyaris sama. mengapa Tuhan malah terlihat lebih menyayangi kaum-kaum kafir dan menjadikan mereka lebih makmur? mengapa justru kaum pilihanNya, umat agamaNya, dibiarkan menderita, kelaparan, dan kemiskinan. Siapa sebenarnya yang harus dibela-Nya? *Tuhan macam apa itu?*

Banyak hal kelucuan yang menyegarkan kita saat membaca buku ini. krisis keagamaan dan identitas yang membelenggu kita, tampak sangat kocak sekaligus getir saat dituturkan oleh si bocah Imran. Kita akan belajar banyak hal akan pentingnya dan dalamnya makna dari iman, identitas, dan perbedaan.

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Buku ini menggunakan cara bertutur orang pertama dengan pencerita seorang anak-anak. Dari dulu saia kagum, takjub dan selalu menganggap bahwa cara penceritaan seperti ini (anak-anak yang berceloteh) adalah ajaib dan "sukar". Karya-karya legendaris seperti *To Kill a Mockingbird*-nya Lee, *A Painted House*-nya Grisham, *Forest Gump*-nya Groom, dll adalah karya2 fiksi yang memukau karena menuliskan kerumitan dunia diceritakan melalui kesaksian mata seorang anak-anak.

Namun, tak selamanya gaya penceritaan ini selalu bagus. Saia berpendapat bahwa gaya penceritaan ini perlu "ditangani" secara hati-hati. Jika tidak, kita bukannya melihat dunia dr mata si anak-anak yang polos dan suka mengoceh, tapi malah melihat dunia dari si nenek tua sok tau yang cerwet.

Dan entah mengapa, buku ini, seperti halnya novel *Bright Angel Time*-nya McPhee, "lebih dekat" ke arah si nenek yang cerewet. Kurang paham dengan apa yang saia maksud? Coba deh baca buku-buku di atas, dan Anda bakal tau apa yang maksud saia.

Mungkin juga sih karena buku ini adalah karya non fiksi (tepatnya memoar), jadi gak bisa selincih *To Kill A Mockingbird*. Tapi, ada karya nonfiksi lain yg si pendongengnya juga anak-anak yaitu *Diary of Anne Frank* yang "gila-gilaan" dan menakjubkan. Dan, jika buku ini disandingkan dengan *Diary of Anne Frank*, rasanya seperti melihat *Superman yang perlu baling-baling bambu agar bisa terbang*. :P

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Dan, sekarang, saia jadi tidak terlalu heran lagi, kenapa seorang bocah muslim perlu risau saat dia datang ke negri James Bond namun kita tak perlu risau saat James Bond datang ke negri Muslim. *Karena, jika James Bond datang ke negri Muslim, dia akan dianggap pahlawan dan mungkin akan diagungkan hanya karena dia berkulit putih---bukan sebagai imigran gelap yang hanya menaikan angka statistik penduduk miskin dan kumuh--*, James Bond tak perlu risau karena dia tidak akan mengalami perlakuan rasis...

PS : ada satu fakta menarik yang juga dulu pas masih SD merisaukan saia. Imran Ahmad, saat usia 9 tahun sangat menggemari cerita fantasi legendaris, serial *Narnia*. Dan, saat-saat dia tengah dimabuk oleh kehebohan buku ini, dia mengalami "pukulan" terhadap tradisi dan keagamaannya. Sebagaimana kita ketahui (maksudnya bagi yg dah baca serial *Narnia*), akan menjumpai bahwa musuh-musuh orang Narnia datang dari negri yang bernama Calormen yang kulitnya gelap (*coloured man*, kulit berwarna?). Bangsa Calormen digambarkan bertarung menggunakan pedang melengkung, memakan makanan pedas, dan saat menyebut pemimpin mereka, mereka suka bersorak dengan menambahkan pujian " semoga dia hidup selamanya!", dll. Simbolisasi ini sangat dekat dengan visualisasi orang Islam (terutama abad pertengahan), sebagai perbandingan, saat menyebut nama Muhammad, kaum Muslim akan membaca pujian atasnya, *Sallalaahu alayhi wasalam*, "semoga Allah memberi keselamatan dan kesejahteraan padanya".

Lagipula, para prajurit Narnia digambarkan "berkulit putih" dengan atribut perang seperti tentara Salib. Bagi Imran (dan saia dulu), ini sangat meresahkan, siapa yang harus dibela? tentara Narnia (yang baik) ataw tentara Calormen (yang jahat)?

gieb says

jadi pengen baca. beliin dong, tong!
