

# WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU LOSE YOUR **wallet** IN KUWAIT

## 'Lost driver's license, Civil ID most important to replace immediately'

By Ben Garcia

I lost my wallet two weeks ago with all my important identification and bank cards inside. This unfortunate incident led me to face the tedious bureaucratic process of reacquiring my Civil ID card and driving license, which unquestionably are the most important and most-needed documents for any expat in Kuwait.

### The first step

When you lose hope of finding your wallet, the next thing to do is to report the incident to the authorities and set the process in motion. The police desk was cooperative. When I told the police officer I had lost my wallet, he asked where and when it happened. In order to continue with the process, the police at the desk provided me with all the documents needed to file the report.

First, you will need a letter from your employer for the driving license and Civil ID. Along with it, you need to provide a copy of your company's etimad tawqia (authorized signature form), a copy of your passport and a printout from the traffic department of the lost/stolen license.

In my case, the police told me that this can be done in a day. But my boss was out of Kuwait, so there was no way I could secure the documents I wanted in a day. I had to wait till he returned, as he is the only person allowed to sign the letter. This is why the etimad tawqia is needed - to verify the signature. After my boss returned, he signed my request, and I immediately went to the police station for the papers that I had to take to the traffic department in Jabriya.

### Jabriya traffic department

There, the police papers will be attached to a typed form in a room, for which you are required to pay KD 1. After securing the typed documents, the next step is to go to another room where an officer conducts a brief interview to find out why you need a new license. This officer seems to be the final arbiter to decide if you are allowed to get a new driving license. If you are denied, you will have to go to a higher-ranked police officer in the building for an appeal. But since I already had a license, I only needed him to sign.

The officer signed and told me to take the signed documents to another counter. At that counter, I faced a new issue - officers told me to pay the penalties, which took another hour. When I returned, another issue arose - I needed to provide them my photograph for the license. I didn't have one, but a photography room there does it for free. The wait for the new license starts only after your papers are accepted at the



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counter. Here, they'll print out your new license and your name will be called when it's ready.

### The Civil id procedure

For my Civil ID, I didn't know it can be reissued even without a police report. Though I did obtain papers from the police, when I went to the Public Authority for Civil Information (PACI), they did not ask for the police report. What they needed

though was a copy of the civil ID, passport or both.

But take note of this important point - you must have a debit card to pay the penalty of KD 20 (no cash is accepted) for the lost Civil ID card. Since my ATM card was also stolen along with my wallet, I had to ask someone else to pay using his debit card (which is allowed). I then repaid him in cash. The entire process took three days - from inquiry to paying the fines to finally getting the ID card.

in my view

## THENATOPHOBIA-FEAR OF VIOLENCE

By Ramona Crasto

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Returning to Kuwait was so exciting; I have a perfect job, life and family. All that I could wish for, I have. But all of a sudden, a deep feeling of fear crawls through me, raising my heartbeat. Every day there is a new attack, every day thousands are dying. I fear violence. Strange but true, every time I step out of my house, I am scared. Travelling alone, traveling anywhere scares me. Like me, billions were raised in a lifestyle that saw minimum violence; we had playful summers and snow-fighting winters. Just like the temperature, these terror attacks still give me goose bumps.

I start to wonder if I am safe. Will there ever be peace?

After the recent attacks, I told my friend that I am having a hard time. There is a fear inside me, accumulating on a daily basis. She said that I was suffering from Thenatophobia, meaning fear of violence. Suffering? It's a feeling so many people experience daily. This statement

alone makes my stomach sink, thinking how many children must have walled-off their heart without sharing a word of their fear.

Is the future generation going to be born in such a world? Kids learn what they see. Scary, annoying, but true. I grew up watching Superman and Batman save the world, and I am still a fan of Ironman. I always thought good triumphs over evil. Well, does it? Is there an end to this? Will future generations grow up witnessing this ugly side of our world?

Someone asked me where I see myself in 10 years. Well, some place peaceful, rather alive. I agree not every country has faced an attack but how do I convince myself it won't reach my door step? Every time I take a bus in broad daylight, I am scared of people, being a young girl, we face weird experiences that make us suspicious about people. This fear can also fall under the same category.

Unknown people showing friendly gesture no more makes me happy, all I feel is suspicion, whether they want to hurt me or abuse me in any way. This constant fear of something bad that is going to happen is what has become a prison world for us which we cannot even see. For instance, we avoid empty streets, avoid traveling alone after noon, keep our close ones informed about our where-

abouts, keep ourselves busy in our phones while traveling, avoid making new friends easily even though we travel with the same commuters for years. This world that we have made for ourselves is a prison, however liberal we become. We still live in a cage to be safe from someone or something.

The world is ready to face attacks from aliens. What about the ones that we live with? The circle ends with the same question: Are we safe? Is there an end to this? And by that I mean in the right way. Innocence cannot pay the price for inhuman acts anymore. At first, I was scared of isolated bags and suitcases; somewhere deep inside I prayed it shouldn't turn out to be what I feared. But now, everything scares me; if vehicles can turn into weapons, what else should I not expect in this developing world of ours?

Attacks and wars are everywhere. Is everyone waiting for the apocalypse, wondering if that is the start of something or an end? I pray for all the souls, especially those young spirits who were the future of this world. Their souls seek justice. Not for the living but for the sake of the dead, someone has to stop these acts. We don't need super powers to become superheroes; it is the power of our determination that makes us one. I am sad to live in a world where villains exist, but no superheroes!