

EVERY TIME I WRAP MY ARMS AROUND YOU, IT'S LIKE COMING HOME TO WHERE I BELONG.

# LAST HOPE

a novel by  
Munawaridin  
LAKANWAL

[Ketabton.com](http://Ketabton.com)

## **Recognition of Novel**

Name: Last Hope

Author: Munawardin Lakanwal

Design: Munawardin Lakanwal

Print Year: 2023

Number of copies: 1000

Contact the author;

Phone/WhatsApp No: 0779355428

Facebook/Munawardin Lakanwal

YouTube/Munawardin Lakanwal, Barya Pashto

Instagram/munawardinlakanwal

Munawardin Lakanwal who is the Co-founder of Elite Academic Studies and ELSA Educational Platform where he teaches advanced academic English like TOEFL IBT, IELTS, Duolingo, Gre and assists international tests.

Add: Opposite Muslim Institute, Mamoryat Intersection,  
Ahmad Shah Baba Maina, Kabul, Afghanistan

## **Introduction**

In a world filled with chaos and uncertainties, there exists a remarkable phenomenon that transcends all boundaries and conquers every heart: love. Picture two souls, a boy and a girl, drawn together by an undeniable force, their hearts entwined in a tapestry of emotions. As they navigate the labyrinth of life, their love illuminates the darkest corners, bringing warmth, joy, and a profound sense of purpose. This feeling, this indescribable connection, holds the power to heal wounds, inspire greatness, and remind us why life is worth living. It is the very essence of human existence, sweeping away Doubt's cynicism and Fear's hesitation, allowing us to dare to dream, to hope, and to believe in the extraordinary power of love.

This is a short novel that delves deep into the love life of two Afghan lovebirds Zain and Arzo. Furthermore, without any further due, Let's dive into the novel.

## The Start

In Suleiman's sons, Zain was, out of many traits of excellence, a person of intelligence and word. He was wise, discerning and diligent from his infancy and childhood. Furthermore, he was crazy about his studies and education from the very beginning of his lifespan of childhood.

He was very young if we talk according to his age, but basing his experience, manners, fashion of spoken communication and smarts, he was purely unique, mature and astute. Everybody fancied him in his village. When people were seeing him in the farm, they would frequently give him the name, "Young Farmer." As he was always helping his mother in chores, he was the first sibling in his households who was playing the role of a perfectly supportive daughter. The village damsels would call him "Cook" as they saw him, they would directly hail him "What have you cooked today Mr. cook?"

With such words, Zain was usually getting furious on the girls and then he would scold them starkly badly. He would tell those girls, "Don't you feel shame and embarrassment telling me such words!" But those naughty girls were relishing his fury and anger.

Once, Zain went to a far province with young and physically robust boys of his village for working and earning livelihood. Although, his family was not allowing him to go, but despite, he went. That province was very destroyed, most of the territories and districts of that province were under the seizure and rule of the armed opponents (Taliban, Daesh). It was the primary and leading reason that people in that province could

not access facilities easily, especially medical facilities. In fact, in that area, a doctor would inject only an injection by charging 50 AFN. One simple serum with 100 AFN and just a kind of small bandage with charging of 300 AFN. As Zain was somewhat accustomed to injection, serum and bandage, he would aid the patients of that province in these things. Once a patient moaned to him about the cruelty and barbarousness of doctors in that village, so Zain told him, "You should not go to those doctors anymore, I will inject the injections to you." The villager did as he told him to do. Zain injected a number of injections to that patient. So, the patient spread the news and told all the villagers about him, "Here a boy has come that knows somewhat about medicine, but he has come for working here as a laborer."

After the treatment and help of Zain with that patient by the name of Saleem, most of the patients of village and province would come to Zain for help and treatment. He got famous with the name of "Young doctor" in that place. Then people would not allow him to work, instead people would tell him that he should not work anymore. They told him that the amount of money that his friends earn in labor, they will give him twice of that amount, but he shouldn't work. Being in such a state of respect and dignity, most of his friends were quarreling with him. They were angry on him. They were jealous of his love, respect and dedication that the villagers displayed towards him.

When Zain and his friends were going back from that territory to their own province, the villagers told Zain that if his friends would not get disappointed, they urged him not to go from their village. The villagers were telling him that if he stayed here, they will cater a lot of facilities for him. As the villagers

were badly hopeless and annoyed by the other doctors, so they expected Zain to stay there, but he and his friends rejected the proposal of the villagers because they knew that the circumstance of the village was very bad and life-threatening. On daily basis, a couple of people were dying there. Then, their dead bodies were found around the village.

While Zain was leaving that village, the people were extremely doleful. When he returned from his labor in that province, after some time, he got a handsome and high-paying job in Kabul city for which he and his family were majorly content and ecstatic. Now, his sisters in his family were grown up enough that they could help their mother in the chores of home with high degree of ease. So, his sisters were deemed to be a kind of huge support for his mother, and simultaneously, his younger brothers would give back to his father in different walks of life.

He would come to his home once in a month from his occupation. He would homelily pass three to five days with his beloved family and acquaintances. Then he would return to his calling which was in Kabul city.

Once upon a time to be dated back, he came to his home at 10:00PM overnight from his job. It was a bleak winter; the weather was extraordinarily frigid. When he made it to home, only his mother was awake. She was looking to the entrance of the yard, waiting for him. Unexpectedly, she saw him entering into the yard; So, she thanked Allah, got up and greeted him. After salutation, she asked him for meal or tea; so, Zain said, “No my cute mom, I don’t want to have them. I am unusually tired. I am drifting off; I want to retire for the bed. My sisters are also asleep, better not to wake them up, let

them sleep comfortably. I am not hungry; you can also go and sleep. It is very late.”

Both of them went to their bedrooms to sleep for forty winks. In the morning, all the family, young, old, children, all of them gathered around the breakfast to have that together. As Zain had come late at night, so the children were sleeping. As a result, in the morning, all of the children were around him. Zain was also sitting next to his mom. He was about to pick up the cup of tea that unexpectedly, his phone rang in his pocket. With the ringing of phone, his mother glanced at him and angrily told him:

His mom: My dear son, your friends are like ghosts. you haven't yet gotten comforted, that they started calling you. She took the phone from him and told him that let anyone be, just drink your tea comfortably. They are just free to call you.

But this number was new. Consequently, he didn't recognize it. So, he told his mom, “Mama! There might be someone else, he may have something special or urgent to share it with me, and that the caller is not my friend, because all the numbers of my friends are saved with me in my contacts list.”

But that number was unsaved and unknown, so his mom gave him the phone and commanded the children to value sheer silence. The call rang for so long, it was about to cut, that Zain hit the answer button. It was Zain's decent nature that he was starting talking in a call with first putting forward the Islamic greeting which is “Asa Salaam Alaykum.” There are a big number of people who say hello, hi, can you hear me, and so on, while picking up the call. Someone answered him back with the same Islamic greeting, and that person with a very muffled, sneaking tone asked Zain that who he was?

So, Zain told her that she has called him, so she should introduce herself. The caller was a girl. He had never talked with any girl in front of his parents, so he looked around and with the bliss of Allah, he was saved in that occasion by the cutting of the call. He ignored her because he thought that she might have mistaken the number, but after 15 minutes, she called him back, it was the same number. Now, he had eaten his breakfast. He was safe and sound from all angles. He comfortably went out from the room and answered the call. But, the girl restated the same previous sentence, she asked him that who he was and from where did he find her number?

So, Zain got angry and retorted her back that who am I is deemed to be the second point, firstly, you had better introduce yourself because you have called me.

The girl said to Zain, “Don’t be smart with me, tell me the reality that from where you have found my number because from this number a missed call at 10:00 pm came to me, but at that time I was asleep and couldn’t wake up for the call, so, I didn’t answer you.

Zain got tired from telling him lies, so he told her, “Listen! if you want to play around or flirt, find someone else for yourself and call someone else. And please don’t annoy and irritate me.”

But the girl appeared to be serious in her talks. The girl swore to him that it is like what she said to him, but Zain couldn’t accept that because he hadn’t called her and including he didn’t know the number. This time, the talks with each other about the issue of calling were in continuation for 15 minutes. I mean they talked with each other for 15 minutes. Zain was

somewhat busy and took permission from her for cutting the call, but he promised her that he will call her back.

With the hanging off the call, he went into imaginations and world of thinking, he was asking himself frequently, that oh god! Who is she, is this really like that what she said? Then he would murmur with himself that she might be a girl from his office, or she might be a girl from his relatives, or she might be someone who is just trying to check that whether I want to talk with girls through phone or not, or she might be someone confirming that whether am I the person who is infected with the virus of playing around with girls or not?

As he promised to call her, so, he did so. He called her. When she picked up the call; they were still talking around the same topic of introduction, but finally, Zain told her to introduce herself to him with great kindness that who she is, where she is from, whether she is a graduate, or she is a girl with a job?

Zain completely introduced himself to her. So, after that, she also introduced herself. She told him that her name is Maryam. She said that she was living in Nangarhar, and one of the high schools of Nangarhar, she is a student of class 12. Her father is a military officer.

Zain had talked a lot with girls both on phone and face to face, like with coworkers in the office, with classmates in courses, and including in a lot of workshops, but he had never talked with any girl with such an enthusiasm and sweet manner. He found a kind of nobility, purity, and cleanness from any kind of bad moral or bad intentions in her speeches and talks. He found her feeling very special.

She would tell Zain that his voice looks and feels really familiar to her, she told him the name of an Afghan TV

journalist, and said that his voice was familiar with that journalist's voice.

Zain said, "Perhaps."

After the passage of sometime and days in talking with each other, he got that much addicted to her voice that if she hadn't talked with him for a while, he would feel as if he has lost something extremely precious and valuable.

With the availability of the information that the girl told him, he started searching about her to find her exact address and family tree information. His heart was still doubtful even with that much talking and love that he would receive from her, he wasn't calm, he was always thinking suspiciously that the girl might have made a plan for him and that she might put him in a serious trouble.

Finally, through the help of his friend, he found the girls home. And he got all the information about her, he learned all the names; her father's, brothers', uncle's and most of her relatives' names.

Once he was chatting with her, that unexpectedly, he told her the name of her brother, so the girl got bewildered, she couldn't talk because of shock!

"From where do you know my brother?" she asked him. Zain directly made himself as he knew nothing and he said to her, "He is my friend, coworker and he is a great boy." But she had complete trust that he was talking about her brother. So, she told him, "I was from the beginning thinking that you know my family and you are from our near relatives, it is enough, I am not going to talk with you anymore, and please let's forget each other."

Zain told her, “Listen Maryam! I am neither much interested in talking with you nor I have any problem in forgetting you. I have seen none of your family members yet, but if I want to, I will be able to find them very easily. I can find concrete information about you because I am a journalist and finding information is quite easy for me but the girl told Zain, “I and you are talking with each other, nobody should know and no one will know it, neither your family nor mine.”

Zain told her, “If you are facing any problem because of me or because of talking with me, so, it would be better not to talk to me, and be carefree about me. I will manage myself.”

Zain told these words very confidently and seriously to Maryam, but he didn't know the state in which his heart was, and what his heart was going through. He didn't know that he was that much accustomed to Maryam, that if someone would give the example of a beautiful girl, so his mind would directly be attracted to Maryam even though he hadn't seen her yet. His heart always wanted to see her, to meet her, to hug her, to keep her tight to his body, but because of some Pashtun cultures, it was not possible. His luck was not befriending with him in that scenario.

Once, Maryam told Zain, “As I consider you the most important part of my life and heart, and I can't keep secrets from you, I want to tell you something.”

Zain got really anxious and petrified. He held the phone very tightly to his ear, from one angle, she would talk very slowly. She said, “Among all the things that I have told you, there is only one thing that I have lied to you in that. Moreover, I swear by Allah that I have told you everything the realities and facts. If you are not getting angry, I will tell you this one

as well, but firstly, you must promise me that you wouldn't get angry on me. Because the love of my life, I love you very much, I can't tolerate your anger."

Zain: Okay, promise, I will not get angry on you my dear.

Maryam: The thing that I have lied to you is that my name is not Maryam.

Zain got stunned, his thinking ability got zero, he didn't have the ability of hearing, for a long while, he was stunned and silent, she was calling him and was shouting in cries, it was his first time that he came to get angry on her, he said to her, "What sort of stupidity is this that you are committing!"

She retorted back, "Please my Zain! In the very beginning, I told you that you shouldn't get angry on me. I am dying when you get angry on me, please I really fear from your anger. Please listen to what I am trying to tell you."

but Zain who couldn't control his anger, told her, "I want to hear nothing from you, enough is enough! From today on, Zain died for you."

But she told her, "Please Zain, what are you saying, how directly you get the decision of life and death. I think it is the bliss of Allah that you aren't the angel of death, otherwise you would have killed all the people much more earlier. And now there would have been nothing and no one in this world. Don't cut the call please, don't hang of the call on me."

Zain told her, "So quickly, tell me that what your name is." but she told him, "Not now please and don't compel me to tell you now as well because I want to tell you my name myself with my own decision Insha'Allah."

With these words, he cut the phone on her. With the passage of moment by moment, his anger was increasing. He got angry on himself as well, that why he was so optimistic that he hid nothing from her, but that why he was deceived by him. His thoughts got suspicious. Second after second, he was becoming distrustful, his pressure got low, he didn't enjoy working in the office as well today. He left everything messy in the office and directly went to his room. He stretched and lied down. A bulk of anxieties struck his mind. He started fighting with himself. He suddenly got up and screamed that why she did like this to him as if Maryam was in front of her.

The name of Maryam was deeply stuck in his mind and was on his lips like a stamp that has stamped a paper. He suddenly shook around his head, "No, no! she can't do this to me and she will never do this to me. She might have jested with me. She is Maryam. She loves me very much. I am dear to her more than anyone else."

For two days, he didn't call her; His heart was completely impatient for her, on the third day, she called him, but he didn't respond the call. She called him numerously, but he didn't respond because he was saying that he doesn't want her anymore.

Finally, she teased him very much with calling a lot that he finally answered her call, with the saying of hello, she laughed uproariously, but her laughter was completely different and strange today which dazzled Zain. For it to show some anger and sadness, he got angry on her.

"For god sake, just shut up! I have forgotten you and you should also forget me" Zain told her.

Maryam: Please my Zain, why are you so much impatient? I will sacrifice myself for you. You are my soul; how can I forget you? it is I am going to tell you everything now; please just once give me the chance of telling you what I want to tell you.

Zain told her, “Whatever you want to tell me, tell me quickly because I don’t want to hear your cunning and deceptive voice anymore.”

Maryam: Listen my sweet Zain, my name is Arzo, not Maryam, and please don’t be sad with me on this; you know very well that the current generation and circumstances are very bad and wicked, and finding a such a faithful and loyal person who will truly unconditionally love you is majorly difficult; that’s why I used such a method for knowing you and contacting you.

Zain told her, “But how can I trust you now, you crushed my trust into pieces, you broke me, you destroyed all my hopes, you killed me! My feeling for you got minus zero. You deceived me very badly.”

Arzo: It is not a deception my dear. I love you very much. I am fond of you. I really love you and I love you from the core of my heart. I have talked with other people as well, but I swear that I have called none of them for flirting or love and I haven’t given them the chance of it as well. I have called a lot of radios in different episodes, I have talked with the broadcasters of those episodes, but those talks were specifically limited to wanting of a song, or for another limited purpose; if you are not believing me, I have the records of all the calls that I have called till now, I will play them to you, anytime. Just tell me that when you want me to

play them, I will play them to you. But, there is nothing such that you should be suspicious on me for.

Zain: Okay, I want to hear all the records that you have saved and talked with the broadcasters.

Arzo accepted that command of him and told him, “Tell me through whom should I send them and tell me the address.”

Zain said, “Okay, I am going to tell you later about that.”

Zain started pestering with himself; he was murmuring in doubts, “What should I do now, should I trust this girl?”

At the same circumstance, a call came to Zain’s phone, but he wasn’t picking that up; he was not interested to answer because the number was unknown. The person called again. So, Zain picked up the call this time. Zain was invited to one of the famous Television’s live program to attend; the producer of the episode told him the topic that they are going to talk about. As a result, Zain accepted this invitation.

He tried to reach Arzo at night through call, but her phone was off. He got compelled that he had to send a text message, so, he wrote a text message saying;

Asa Salaam Alaykum, these days most of the times, your phone is off; I don’t why? But anyhow, if you want to see me, tomorrow watch POHA episode on Ariana TV in the morning at 07:30am. I told you for the reason that you may complain that I could tell you once, I did so, I conformed to my considered responsibility.

Tomorrow, when Arzo woke up, she saw her phone. She saw that her phone was off, quickly turned it on, then read Zain’s message that he was a guest in an episode at 7:30 am.

Zain was taking preparation for going to the episode that his phone rang; without looking at it, he picked up the call.

Hello, good morning. Are you really a guest there or you are joking?

Zain. No, I am not kidding, I am really invited; I am right now going there.

Arzo. Okay, from right now, I am going to follow that channel. I am going to take the remote control under my command.

Arzo seemed extremely jolly because she was about to see her lover or darling for the first time on TV screen. Her heart was beating around astoundingly. She was in the room in which she was always studying, but there was also a TV.

When it got 7:30, the correspondent of that episode announced the topic and the guest available for that. Arzo's both eyes were stuck on TV that Zain appeared on the screen of TV. The correspondent welcomed him. Zain extended, "I convey my sheer greetings to you, the guests, the correspondents and all the spectators, especially those spectators who are watching us right now."

The last passionate words touched Arzo with the influence of romance, attachment and love to such an extent that she thought that he has only said those unparalleled words for her. Because of immense gleefulness and pleasure, she romantically hugged the TV. on the screen of the TV, she kissed and necked her Zain a number of times leaving red marks of her lip's mouthwatering lipstick. When the episode said its farewells to its continuation, he came out from the studio, turned on his phone, with the turning of the phone, the

call of Arzo touched his communication signals and the phone rang.

After conveying her warm greetings to him, she said to him as a type of appreciating compliment, “Mashallah, my dear, I was pondering that you might be only very courageous while talking on the phone, but you are also very gallant and brave on Television as well. You talk like a talking parrot on TV as well. My Zain is a sui-generis spokesman!”

Zain said, “All right, that is enough or I had better say that enough is enough! Don’t compliment me beyond my capacity of communication. just tell me that didn’t you scare from my ugly and unsightly face?”

Arzo. Please shut up my Zain, a human can never be ugly! Especially, my love is very gorgeous and remarkable, did you get? And the other point is that you are internationally accepted, my prince, and my love, when the host of the TV asked you that whether you have ever fallen in love or not? You said, “Yes”.

Then the host asked, “Whom have you fallen in love with?” Why didn’t you tell the host my name?

Zain said, “Don’t be sensible and sane my treasured love, it is not appropriate to disclose our love there.

Arzo’s desire of seeing her loved one got filled by 50 percent, but Zain was still very much thirsty for the sight of his lover, Arzo when will he be able to see his sweetheart. He was also somewhat skeptical on her beside the desire to see her.

The other day, Arzo was occupied in looking books in a bookshop with her chum; that her friend said, “Wow, have a glance here Arzo, what a great book it is that fortunately, I

had my eyes on! There are illustrious and distinguished narratives existent in this praiseworthy book. Just look here, the titles of the stories are in actuality stunning and exceptional.”

Arzo was still engaged in the other shelf looking for books, she asked, “How is the book, what is the name of the book and who is the author?”

Her comrade said, “The author is Zain...!”

Arzo: What! Who is the author!

Her friend with immense excitement responded, “The author is Zain... but why the heck are you asking about the author with such a huge bewilderment?”

Arzo: without any reason, let me put my look on it.

Her friend gave her the book. She looked the back and front covers of the book. on the back cover of the book, there was biography of Zain with his photo. She couldn't believe it! She told her friend; today, I am going to take this book with myself, and she did so. She took the book to her home, read some of it, that Zain called her. When she answered the phone, she told him gracefully, “So, you have printed a book as well, and you have told me nothing about it. You have hidden such a big matter from me, you must be fined.”

Zain. Okay, I will give you the fine.

Zain was confused that what should he give her as fine? Because he was doubtful on her and he wanted to give her something that he should have some benefits as well in giving that to her.

He finally decided. After talking for forty minutes on phone, he told her that this time when he comes to Jalal Abad, he wants to meet her.

Arzo got shocked and told him, “How can I meet you? As you know better the cultures of Pashtuns that they are very harsh and severe. I have never gone out of my home alone. I have studied 12 years of my school going through car from home and coming back directly to home through a car. In the morning, the driver was picking us from home. In the afternoon, he was bringing us back to home. It goes the same with all my life. I have never gone to any place by myself. I have either had my sister or sister-in-law to go with me whenever I wanted to go somewhere up to now. So now, you tell that I how can I meet you? It is not that I don’t want to see, but the point is that I cannot. In each and every moment of my life, I want to meet and see you, but the situation and the current circumstance don’t allow me to meet you.”

Zain. That’s not my problem. But rather that is your problem, I solely know one thing and that is I want to meet you and that’s full and final.

Hearing these unexpected outbreak of words, the girl got stunned.

Arzo. So, what is going to happen? Zain, you place forward such difficult conditions to me that I don’t have the courage and tenacity in my weak and feeble heart to fulfill them.

Zain: I just don’t know. I said what I was supposed to say!

The girl got choked; he called on her a couple of times on the phone, “Hello Arzo, can you hear me?” He said that a couple

of times, but finally he realized that she is shocked and has forgotten the words for saying.

Zain. For now, Allah hafiz, I have got works to do. We will talk some other time Insha'Allah.

After 20 minutes, Arzo called again to tell Zain to take his inconsiderate words back.

Arzo. Please my dear love Zain, take your words and decision back, why are you testing me in the subject that I haven't studied even a single page of that?

Zain retorted, "My dear love, life is all about testing. We shouldn't only study for the study tests of school or university.

Arzo said the word "but" that Zain cut her upcoming words;

There is nothing called "but," if you have anything else to say, so tell me, if no, then wait for my coming. I am going to come next week.

Arzo. Off! Zain, why are you blowing my heart up?

While hanging off the phone, the debt of Zain recalled to him that he didn't take from her. From a long time, it was her duty to tell Zain every day before cutting the phone the three magical words three times 'I love you'. So, Zain impatiently told her to tell him the indebted words.

Arzo. No, no, no! I will not tell you today because you stake really difficult and unfulfillable conditions!

Zain, Please my sweet darling, those things are not related to my magic words. Please my cutie, tell me those magical words otherwise, I will not be able to relish my job and work

my gorgeous love. I will keep disturbing you again and again if you don't give me my debt.

Arzo. I am deeply upset today. I cannot say them on the spur of the moment.

Zain. OK, if you don't tell me those words, I will not cut the phone and I will not talk with you as well!

Arzo. off! Zain, my sweet love, you are extremely stubborn. Okay, okay, I love you, I love you, I love you. Did you get filled up!

Zain. Yes!

She cut the call. Zain really loved her weird habits and romance. He smirked playfully with himself thinking about her crazy nature.

This week passed by. Zain's day of arrival was singing the song of its approach. But they were not talking a lot with each other since that day that they had the argument about meeting each other. Maybe the reason was the same condition of meeting. When he was calling her, so, she was making excuses; she was saying that she has guests or she is sick; she was even conveying these messages through text messages not calls.

In the afternoon, Zain departed for his home. The way from Kabul to Zain's home was approximately 150 kilometers. He reached home late at night. The second day, he had the day with his friends and family. He didn't call her during this day. He wanted to talk with her during the night but some guests came by. Up to late night, Zain was with guests. So, he couldn't talk with her.

The night elapsed by. He called her in the morning. But her phone was off. He dialed her number a couple of times, but her phone was still off.

The number you have dialed is either turned off or out of coverage area.

Zain got really furious.

Zain. Just look at this girl that she is fooling me around; I suspected her from the beginning. Anyhow, she hasn't known me yet. She has just seen my love, not my anger. Let her turn her phone on. I will deal with her my own way! She became such an arrogant and high-positioned woman that she turns her phone off because of me.

Because of much infuriation, he couldn't enjoy his time at home. This day passed by as well. He didn't even go out during this day. The next day, he moved towards his job.

When he reached Kabul, a message touched the signal of his phone. In the message, there was written;

My Zain, I know that you might be furiously angry on me and you have the right to do so as well because our love is because of both of us, and what you said and told me to do is connected to both hearts and hearts are maintained by trust. But I swear that my situation doesn't allow me. I can't even go out of my home for a very short moment. My dear love, you have no any idea about my father and brothers, if they know about our affair, they will on the spot kill me. You know my love; I haven't slept because of you for the last three nights. Your book was in front me. As a result, I soaked that in tears three times.

Zain got even much angrier because of this message. So, he didn't reply at all.

Zain whispered with himself, "She intends to deceive me with such messages. She doesn't know that I am a big player, I take thirsty girls to the river, let them know the value of the water and then bring them back without letting them even have a single sip from water. Anyhow, I will deal with her my way."

Then, she sent another text message;

Please my Zain, call me! I cannot pluck the courage to call you. I want to talk with you.

He displayed interest of zilch in replying to her and whispered with himself, "I might say or blurt out something harsh and rude because of infuriation that might trigger malicious influence on my forthcoming life and her concurrent condition."

She finally disturbed him very much. So, he texted her telling her that he is hectically occupied and pay her the call on the spur of the moment.

But, she was not ceasing her persistence and stubbornness. She was consecutively encoding messages delivering, "Please my Zain, call me. Call me please."

She whispered, "Offff! Zain, why don't you understand and feel me? I am out of balance in my phone. Call me and count your minutes, I will for sure refund you for that. I am not as stingy as you are. And right here at the moment, there are no children so that they can go to shop and bring me a balance card. So, call me please!"

By tomorrow, Zain was elected to be the presenter of a conference. On the forthcoming day of the conference, he told everyone to shut their phones down because they disturb during the conference. While he was talking, his phone rang in his pocket which affected him very badly; so, he pressed his phone's red button tightly and shut his phone down.

He urged the attendees' honorable apologies for the inconvenience caused by his call; when his conference put a period to its progress, he turned his phone on, he saw that a lot of calls had been received and there were text messages as well that more than half of the text messages and calls were from Arzo.

So, Zain called her; with picking his call up, Arzo said, "My beautiful judge, may I be redeemed from your verdicts! What are you doing to me? My impatient and blooded heart in your love was about to melt up while awaiting for you!"

Zain retorted, "Will someone do things and behave the way you did to me?"

### **Edited**

Zeenat, "Hey my ZAIN, please don't say that! Are you still angry on me? Please my dear I told you at the very beginning that I really fear from your anger, please don't talk that way with me, please my love don't talk in the mood you are doing right now, otherwise, you will be talking and I will die because of fear please!"

Zain: NO Arzo, you have upset me very much! I will never forgive me. You buried many of my dreams and wishes; that's why I still cannot trust you completely.

Arzo: Offfff! My Zain, please stop it! Why don't you understand and feel me? Is this your last time coming home and you are not coming again?

With these utterances of Arzo, a lot of hopes bloomed. He got silent, got the phone near to his ear so that he could hear everything crystal clearly.

Arzo: don't be naïve my Zain. Everything is going to be okay. Allah is highly merciful. I am dying for your love. No power of the world can stop me from loving you. Haven't you heard that lovers are blind? But please don't hurry. That might be for your goodness.

Today Arzo spoke completely differently. She spoke so nicely as it felt that she had memorized the words line by line and note by note. She spoke sweetly to such an extent that completely attracted and allured Zain. But unexpectedly, his mind twisted.

Zain asking himself, "Zain, is this girl saying these things for pleasing you and deceiving you?"

Arzo might have thought that she will deceive me by saying that we will meet when you come next time and she might have thought that she might just gave hope of waiting because my date of going back is completely unclear. And she might have thought if I come again, she would make another excuse by not meeting me.

Zain: NO, no, I won't accept what you are saying. You just want to please me now. Haven't you heard that cliché that goes:

If you miss a prayer, you can reoffer it. If you miss your lover's romance of meeting, you have lost the chance forever.

Arzo. Listen my cute Zain, why are you becoming hopeless? My cute babe, I have no one except you in this world. You are my first and last love; so how can I treat you the way you are saying? Please never ever repeat saying these things again my love! Otherwise, I am going to become upset from you. I am not from the list of those girls who are using tricks and trickeries to play with boys. Didn't you recognize me in all that time that we talked with each other my love? Sometimes, you are telling me that you can recognize people in just five minutes; so, what is going on in my case my love?

Two, three days passed by that Zain was once again given a task from the management of the office to go Jalal Abad and deal with that work, finish that in two days and must return back to main campus after that.

So, he made some pretexts while leaving his office and increased and added one other day to these days in Jalal Abad. As he left Kabul, before calling his family, he called Arzo.

Zain: My girl, I am coming to Jalal Abad. If you fabricated any excuse once again, without any consideration, I will delete your number.

Arzo stunned with hearing his words!

Arzo: Okay my gorgeous lover, the apple of my eyes, I will sacrifice myself for you. May you reach safely to Jalal Abad!

Zain got limitlessly pleased. He didn't realize the way from Kabul to Jalal Abad. It passed too quickly.

While reaching Jalal Abad, he called her once again. He told her that he has some work to do. After finishing his work, he said that they will meet each other on third. He told her that she should make her plan for meeting him.

Arzo: So my love, where should we meet, how and what time?

Zain: you should choose the place and the time my queen. Wherever you want me, I am going to come there. I can even come to your home if you want me to do so.

Arzo. Please shut up my cute Zain, don't you want me alive that you are talking about coming to my home.

Then Zain got somewhat romantic and naughty saying:

The queen of my heart, I have heard that being beaten from the brothers and father of your lover is really relishing; let me taste this enjoyment my princess.

Both laughed romantically, and then Arzo said, "You just see my mischievous Zain!"

Arzo; Now till me my love that where do you want to see the very ugly and awkward face of mine?

Zain: I told you before that wherever you feel comfortable is right for me my damsel.

Arzo: No, you choose the place my prince.

Zain: So, let's meet in my friend's office my cutie.

Arzo: what! In your friend's office! What will he think and say about us?

Zain: he will say and think nothing my love. I trust him. Not to worry my ugly lady, hahaha!

Arzo: If he asked you about me that Who am I to you? what are you supposed to respond?

Zain: Don't worry. He is not going to ask me that many questions and if he did so, I am an artist when it comes to talking. I am going to tell him that you are my colleague that you had come here that I requested you to meet me once. Don't worry my princess, your prince is alive yet!

Arzo: Okay my Zain, just pray for me so that I become successful in making excuse for the first time, and go out of home for meeting someone whom I only have the relationship of love and heart with that I have only seen him miles away.

On current day, Zain did some of his works, went to his home that he suddenly received a call from his office saying, "Mr. Zain, you are elected for an official trip from the side office to go Turkey. Reach as early as possible in the morning so you can fulfill the requirements of passport and visa because you only have three days."

He infuriated and said, "May Allah grind to the halt both the office and Turkey!"

What the hell should I do in Turkey? Wasn't there anyone else in the office to send? Am I the only one that the management is choosing for everything to do?

He wanted to call his office and tell them to select someone else and send him to Turkey, but he thought that there might be no one so that the office could trust.

He was totally bewildered about the things that happened, "coming to Jalal Abad, doing the work, arranging meeting with Arzo and now a trip for going to turkey!" he whispered with himself, "Zain, are you daydreaming?"

He said nothing to his family, just told them that he is told from the management that he should go to Turkey. He left his

home early in the morning. All his family got surprised and couldn't believe what he said.

He went to highway of Jalal Abad and Kabul. While coming to the highway, third car stopped, he talked with the driver about the fare and got in car. He was habituated that he was falling asleep after the offering of morning prayer. Although, it was not a good habit, but he had it. After crossing about three kilometers of road, he fell asleep in the car.

As he fell asleep, he entered into a green world of love with Arzo. The he way dreamt about the beauty of Arzo, that same queen was with him; he had taken her hand while walking in water of love and singing together a romantic song for confessing their deep love and attraction to each other. There were tall beautiful and green trees filled with shining and green leaves. Romantic and lovely wind was blowing from all sides. Zeenat was sprinkling water on him and he was sprinkling the drops of the water of love on Arzo. Suddenly, he thought that about how he reached to this place. He said, "this is not Afghanistan, I am sure. So, how did Arzo come here?"

He was feeling really happy and lucky. Talking with Arzo about romance, love, attraction, marriage and their attachment to each other. Whenever Zain was getting romantic and was trying to get near to her; so, she was running away from him and then returning back to him with graceful and lovely steps towards him and was asking him, "Why don't you bring me here every day my prince of love?"

Arzo: I am usually extremely bored in my home my Zain. Please promise me that you will bring me here every day!

Zain had completely drowned in the ocean of love that now saving was out of question. Arzo's sensational and glamorous beauty and magnificence had attracted him to the extent that he had nothing to say or think about except his pure love for her. Arzo was talking with him, but he was drowned in the eyes and face of his love.

Zain finally put his head on the smooth and silky knees of Arzo trying to be drowned much more in her splendor and exceptional structure of beauty.

Arzo: My prince, my Zain, for how long are you more going to be looking to me? Stop it, love. Talk to me; I am yearning to hear your melodious sound and you are just looking to me.

But Zain couldn't hear what she was trying to say because he was 100% busy looking to her face and praising the exceptional creature of Allah. He was looking to her face with such a tactfulness and heed like he was watching the most adventurous and interesting movie trying to feel, record and understand every masterpiece of that movie. Arzo was exceptionally differently created by Allah (SWT). The queen of beauty and miss universe of Zain's life.

After a long time, she raised her hand and place it on the eyes of Zain and told him romantically, "My romantic Ikram! Why aren't you talking to me my love and blood?"

He was still in that lost state in her bewitching grandeur that she gracefully slapped him.

Zain suddenly got his spirit back into his spiritless body lost in Arzo's beauty, she padded his face and told her, "My queen, I want to talk to you, but first of all, please let me feel the beauty of each created cell and atom existed in my

queen's gorgeous face. After sensating you completely, I will talk to you. But, my love, why did you slap me suddenly? To be honest you terrified me my unique world."

With hearing Zain's words, Arzo laughed like a very lively mare shaking her entire glamorous and attractive physique and poked Zain right in his chest and told her smoothly, "I didn't know that you are that much fearful person."

While hearing this sentence from Arzo, both of them laughed uproariously.

Zain gazed into her decent eyes and told her, "My queen, my love, my soul, Arzo, you are in reality exceptionally gorgeous!"

While beamingly smiling, Arzo retracted and contracted her nose and said, "I wish I were beautiful to the expanse that you are complimenting me!"

Zain: My cutie, you have no idea about your beauty and splendor! I think people are so-called saying that Yousef may Allah be pleased with him was the most handsome human ever created! But my standpoint is that there is no one more gorgeous and bewitching than you my love. You are the princess of all the beautiful princesses of the world.

Arzo: stop my Zain. Hahahah, no please don't make fun of me by saying these things.

While saying these words, Zain hugged her so tightly that she couldn't move from him. Holding her gently close to his body, he put his hands on her eyes and long-kissed her on her lips. Arzo shook and tried to move her lips away, but as Zain avoided her not to move. As he kissed her tasteful and

mouthwatering lips, a very stormy and banging blast ruined the paradise of his love.

Scenic and green landscape, beautiful scenes, and in fragile clothes the beautiful Arzo, all these were taken from Zain.

Moreover, Zain didn't understand that what happened and where he was.

After this occurrence, he entered into a real world, a world of real day of judgment. There were limitless number of people. He could see both the hell and the paradise. All the people were wet in perspiration up to their throats because of fear and trepidation. All the people were naked, but none of them were looking to each other's body parts. Zain faced to such a situation that killed him and brought him to life number of times.

But he was never given the turn to reach the time of questioning by his creator. Like all the other terrified people, he was also standing there deeply petrified waiting for his turn to be questioned. Among all those people, Zain was extremely hopeless and I think he should be because everyone is compelled to face his own trial and deal with the day of judgment. Even brothers reject each other's recognition, a father rejects the recognition of his children. He tried to run away and ran a number of times, but, as far as he could run, he couldn't go out of mahshr (the huge ground on the day of judgment that all the people will be standing there) because it was sizelessly long and wide.

Suddenly, all these things and this condition changed, it was felt as Zain got conscious and opened his eyes, but he wasn't sure. Unexpectedly, he realized that whatever he saw was just a dream. Zain tried a number of times to open his eyes, but he

wasn't able to do so. But, he was still in the process of struggling to open his eyes. In his last try, he opened his eyes for a few seconds and entered into a different circumstance.

Someday, Zain went out of his office with his friends out for the purpose of tour, his friends had come from Nangarhar, they wanted to see a lot of sights and sceneries. His friends were journalists. They wanted to observe and see a lot of places that's why they were walking on foot. Once, in very much crowd, Zain was bitten by a dog. On that spot, one of his friends flashed towards the vicious dog to hurt it, but the dog succeeded in fleeing the certain environment.

Now, Zain was dreaming about the above state, but when the dog strived to bite Zain, he suddenly woke up and got conscious. Right at that moment, he realized that he is on a bed and his younger brother Sahil is standing beside him and has faced a strange and critical situation in an unfamiliar situation.

With the opening of the eyes of Zain, Sahil sounded and yelled on his mother in state he is was both crying and laughing painfully.

Sahil: Mom! My dear mom, Zain got conscious!

Zain went into a state of thinking, and whispered with himself, "What! What did he say? Got conscious? Who got conscious? I was with Arzo, where is my Arzo?"

Zain went into thinking state again and thought, "How is this possible? Coming out of that lovely world with my Arzo, experiencing day of judgment, getting conscious? What is going on? What has happened to me? This cannot be believed!"

Zain was wandering roamingly in his thoughts that his mother compassionately leaned herself towards him and said, “Thank you so much my Allah, I am thankful to you for saving my Zain! I was completely hopeless. I had lost complete hope about his life. Thank you my almighty!”

His mother was crying and moaning highly painfully, his father who was always weeping took Zain’s mom from her hands and told her to sit beside Zain and said to her, “ the other patients are going to be disturbed. Please it is not sane to talk too loudly when patients are there and it is also not good for Zain to talk or cry too loudly in front of him. Just thank Allah that he gave our son back to us and put him back into the cradle of our life.”

While advising Zain’s mom, his father himself got highly emotional and cried mournfully and went out of the room, so that Zain’s mom should not start shouting again.

When Zain’s mom got calm, and Sahil took her out of his’s room, so his father came to the room and put himself on Zain and cried very much on him. He cried to such an extent that he fainted. Zain was considering this situation as hallucination and imagination. Everything felt extremely different for Zain. He could neither cry nor laugh, but he could see his family members and relatives that they were crying.

Zain couldn’t talk. Sometimes, he was conscious and sometimes, unconscious. He called his mom.

Zain. Mom! Can you hear me mom!

Sahil rapidly came and asked, “What happened, what do you want?”

Zain; what has happened to me and where is this place?

Sahil: you are a little bit hurt, but now you are okay.

Zain looked around and saw other patients that they were on their beds, so he realized that he is in the government hospital of Nangarhar. He recognized the hospital because he had by himself come here a number of times when he was sick and he had also come with other patients. As well as, when he had the operation of appendix, he had come to this hospital.

Zain told Sahil, "I am completely fine and can understand everything, tell me what happened?"

Sahil: Talking a lot is not good for you, and the doctor has said that talking a lot is not good for you and if you talk, they will get angry on me. They are saying that I shouldn't talk a lot to you if I do, this thing will create problems for you. As you have recently come out of unconsciousness, so we had better talk less or not at all.

But Zain wasn't accepting what Sahil was suggesting. He was just repeating his words that Sahil should tell him everything.

Zain finally compelled Sahil to tell him everything.

Sahil: On Sunday, when you were going to Kabul, your car crashed in Sarobi district of Kabul, you and two other guys were brought here after helping in basic aid in Sarobi. And then, we were called from the hospital about your accident.

Zain: Oh my god! What the hell am I hearing? So if you are saying that I had the accident on Sunday, then what day is today?

Sahil: Today, it is Friday!

Zain: What! Friday!

Sahil: Yeah.

Zain: You mean that today, it is fifth day of mine here!

Sahil: Yes.

Zain: Okay, where is my phone?

Sahil: Your cards and wallet were given to us, but there was no bag or phone with them. Don't worry about phone, thank god that you are okay. We will buy a new phone inshallah. Okay. So, now you should rest. You shouldn't say a single word. Because if you talk, your doctors will scold me because your head is somewhat bumped. If you talk a lot, possibilities are that you may face problems. Just rest please. If you want anything, tell me with your gestures, I will understand and provide that inshallah.

Zain whispered with himself, "Doctors are saying that I should relax, but they don't know that my relaxation is talking with Arzo. How will she be, what would have elapsed over here in this last five days? A lot of things have happened to me. Have these things for sure happened to me?"

He said these things silently so that his brother shouldn't here. After a while, doctors came, doctors put an ambol (sleep medicine) in his serum and he fell asleep. While sleeping, he dreamed Arzo in his dream, he saw that she was extremely melancholy and mournful. She was sad from him. She event didn't want to talk to him. She told Zain:

You have forgotten me my love, all your promises were nothing but just fabricated lies. You have never loved me, you have just deceived me till now pretending to be in love with me.

Zain swore a lot for her about his honesty and faithfulness, but she weepingly left and went away from him. He yelled a lot after her to return, but she didn't stop and went. He ran after her in dream that he suddenly woke up; he had serious headache. His brain was bouncing with pain! He started mourning in pain.

His father called the doctor to come; the doctor stopped serum and injected an injection of pain killer in his veins. After a while, his pain was killed by the injection.

When his pain relieved, he told Sahil to buy him a mobile plus a sim card, but he rejected buying the phone and said, "Never! You are not allowed to talk. Can't you be silent for a while? The others are also patients here. Only you are disturbing here!"

Zain got angry and told Sahil, "Shugt up and do whatever I am telling to do! I want to talk to my teammates."

Sahil; Why don't you understand? Yesterday, all your coworkers had come here, when they knew about accident. They had called me and I told them everything about you.

But, Zain still wanted a phone, this time Sahil got angry and told him, "why don't you understand? Didn't I tell you that talking is not good for you? Your head is seriously injured. Be silent and if you don't do so, I will tell the doctors to inject you with sleep injection that you get calm for a while.

On this day, he wasn't bought any phone.

By tomorrow, when the doctor's visit ended, he told Sahil once again to buy him a phone.

Zain felt that Sahil will not accept what he is trying to say; so, he got friendlier and told Sahil, “Why don’t you understand dear Sahil? I want to tell you that you should know that just understand that buying a phone will bring a lot of relaxation and serenity itself for me.”

He finally compelled Sahil to buy him a phone. So he went outside and bought a phone for him and was brought to him secretly without his parents being aware about it.

When he bought the phone for him, then he couldn’t get chance for talking; all the time two or three people were standing around him. He was waiting for the time that all the patients stay alone and all the caretakers should be taken out.

As all went out, he dialed Arzo’s number, a long call was in process to her phone, but she didn’t answer. He dialed it again, she didn’t answer it again. So, he understood that she is not answering unknown calls, so he sent a text message to her. “Answer me Arzo, this is me Zain.”

As Arzo received Zain’s text message, she on the spot called him.

Zain: Asa Sallam Alayum my cute love!

Arzo: Walikum salaam my jan, my whole life, why did you do like this to me?

Arzo wanted to put forward a lot of sorrows, but Zain interrupted her and told her, “It is not time to say these things, can’t you understand my situation feeling the things that happened to me?”

He got her to understand that he cannot talk a lot and that he is in a hospital.”

Arzo shouted unintentionally, “NO, NO! this cannot happen to you!” she had forgotten now that she was at home and someone might have gotten to know about her affair with him.

Arzo: WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU MY LOVE! Tell me, quickly or else I will die, my heart will stop beating! And which hospital are you my love!

Zain directly told her, “My love, control yourself, someone might see you around please!”

Arzo: Stop telling me nonsense! Tell me where are you, which hospital, in Kabul or in Jalal Abad?

Zain: I am in the governmental hospital of Nangarhar province.

Arzo; I will come right now at this very moment!

Zain: No, my love, please don't come here because all my family members are here with me. Your coming is inappropriate. Your family might also get suspicious, but Arzo cut the call.

Arzo sent a text message to Zain saying that she will make an excuse and find out a way to come there.

Zain: Please don't come here my love, it is not good to come here my cutie!

But, she didn't accept and started her journey towards meeting her love of life. But, Zain went into imagination;

Zain: Making any type of excuse, Arzo will come here to meet me, but I have all my damn family here, what the hell should I do for meeting her? What the hell should I tell my

family members about her, who she is, why she came here, and what my relationship is with her?

He told his brother Sahil that a girl by the name of Arzo is coming here and he is supposed to guide her to meet him and he told him that she was her provincial coworker.

Around 40 minutes had passed, Zain was in deep imaginations imagining about her and her arrival that he suddenly saw someone standing beside him. He saw a beautiful and gorgeous slim girl in hijab standing beside him. She was crying heavily and just staring to her love, Zain.

Arzo had hidden her face highly skillfully in her hijab that recognizing her was almost impossible, but Zain recognized her easily. As he looked to her, she leaned towards him and cried for a long period on her chest. She cried very much but she had the sheer control of her voice that it shouldn't increase. Just weeping, moaning and groaning!

Sahil: Dear sister, please don't cry a lot! He is completely fine. And for your kind information, he is not allowed to talk a lot as well.

But Arzo wasn't stopping, all the nurses, patients, and doctors were staring to her!

She sat beside him on the white brilliant marbles crying for him, Zain held her smooth and silky hands and told her, "My Arzo, my cutie, please calm down! What will these people think about us? Please my dear!" but she couldn't control her tears, she cried a lot, then she cleaned her face and tears and started questioning Zain. But, Sahil didn't allow Zain to answer and interrupted him, and Sahil told her everything, point by point. Arzo was with Zain for a long time. Zain told

Sahil that till Arzo is with him, he shouldn't allow anyone to his room and he should tell everyone that doctors are in his room.

After a long time, Zain told Arzo to leave and go to her home.

Arzo accepted what he told her, but she was not that angel before his accident as she was. Her gorgeous eyes were limitlessly red and watery because of crying a lot. While weeping, she had her goodbye with Zain and left hospital.

After a few days, Zain was discharged from the hospital and went home.

By the passing of a month, he returned to his job.

Once he was sitting in a garden with his friends that Arzo called him, but as Zain was with his friends, he considered this time an inappropriate time for picking up the call, so, he cut the call.

She called a number of times, but he still didn't answer the call, so Arzo sent him a message saying, "Please Zain answer my call, I need to tell you something really important."

But Zain didn't consider it important to talk to him at this time, he thought that he would talk for a long time with her at night while in his room, he said that she is always making a lot of excuses for picking up her call, but when I do so, there is nothing very important.

When he returned to his room in the afternoon, he called Arzo, she was very upset and told him, "I really didn't expect such a behavior from you."

Zain. Please my dear, I couldn't answer because most of my friends were with me.

But, Arzo was really sad, so he told her, "So that you are upset, I am really sorry my love. Now tell me what was the problem, what had happened to my cutie?"

Arzo. A lot happened. Nothing is okay!

Zain understood that the situation is critical.

Zain: Please tell me my love, are you okay, is everyone okay in your family? don't make me panic!

Arzo: yeah! Everyone is fine here. Nobody is struck by a monster.

Zain. So, that everyone is fine, don't worry then, everything is going to be fine.

Arzo. Just shut up, nothing is going to be fine, they are going to come again tonight! And this time, I am damn sure that my father will comply to my engagement. They have come for approximately seven or eight times, and all these times, I have rejected the engagement just for you. You know my love...

While completing this sentence, she started crying and said, "May I die as soon as possible so that we can be free from all these problems!"

Zain. But, you had told me that they won't come again.

Arzo. Offff my Zain! I have no more patience left, but let me clarify this for you that if I got engaged with Omer, I am going to kill myself!

Zain. See, my dear, it is very difficult to talk with parents or stand against them regarding such issues and to be honest, I don't have the courage to talk to my parents as well. And even my elder brother hasn't gotten engaged up to now, so how can I talk to my family about my engagement?

He lied to her just to save himself from her.

Zain. You know better my love that in Pashtuns, it is a trend that first the eldest should get engaged and then the younger one. So, now you should tell me, what should I do? Should I come before your family and tell them that Arzo is my love and wife and you can make her engage someone else.

Arzo. No my love, don't do this! I do not want my family to be defamed, we have a high class family here. We are a very respected family. And I myself do not want people to name me as a girl who has escaped with her lover. And beside all this my love, I don't want people to disrespect you, dishonor you and look upon you as a disrespected person in society.

Zain: So, now you should tell me, what should I do my love? I am going to do whatever you tell me to do so.

Arzo: I don't know. Whatever you do relates to you! I just informed you, tomorrow, you shouldn't regret then! And she cut the phone.

Zain Offf my Allah! What the hell am going through! My Allah help me!

He might have prayed for more than five thousand times for the cancellation of her engagement. He said to himself, "You are a real foolish person, suppose that her father rejected her engagement with that person, will you be able to engaged to her? No, you cannot."

As Zain was already satisfied that he cannot get engaged with her, it was another scenario but he couldn't convince his heart and couldn't forget Arzo.

He had lost his way; he didn't know what do to now.

At night, he was in his room, that he suddenly received a message from Arzo, while reading the message, the phone staggeringly dropped from his hands, when it hit the ground, it shattered into pieces. The battery went one side, cover went another side. He started crying extremely loudly, his screams were so loud that all the people came out of their rooms towards him, and asked him about the reason of shouting, but Zain couldn't say anything, he was completely silent saying nothing. Deeply shocked! Finally, a friend of his, named Kamal who was dear to Zain told him the story he said to him, "Arzo got engaged to someone else!"

He couldn't find any place of peace and serenity in the world, the world felt to be a hell for him.

Zain. Oh my Allah, may your blessings be upon us! How will the situation of Arzo be! She will die because of this situation.

He tried to call her, but she didn't answer the phone. He redialed her phone a number of times, but she didn't answer. So, he started crying again.

Like a crazy person, he suddenly got up, took his muffler and said, "I am going to her home! Hook or by crook I will take her from her home. Anyone who comes in front of me will be killed. Now, I don't care whether we can get married with each other or not, but I cannot tolerate her to be in someone else's arms and home. If Arzo opposed, I will cry for her to convince her.

His friends were advising and guiding him.

His friend: Shut up Zain! If she got engaged to someone else, this is none of your business because she is not your property. Her father has given her to someone else and I think that is totally okay. Have you ever sent your parents for getting engaged with her? Have you ever done anything to get her? If not then, calm down. Don't claim the birds of a huge jungle to be yours! Be patient. This is not the way to tackle this arisen problem. Now whatever has happened, has happened now and you can do nothing about that; so, better for you to stay calm, silent and out of this business!

His friend's talks affected him somewhat; so, he calmed down. All his friends left his room, except Kamal so that he should not commit doing something malicious and evil.

On second and third day, he didn't call her. On fourth day, he called her while on the way to university. After a few rings, someone picked up the phone. The voice was different. The person a number of times said the word "Hello", but he didn't respond. At the end of the call, the person said, "Whoever you are please don't call us again disturbing us because we are in hospital."

Zain got shocked feeling as he is hit highly seriously on his head with something extremely heavy. While hearing this, the world collapsed on him, his beating got uncontrollable, loud to such an extent that he could hear his own heart beats. His heart beats were so loud that he felt as if there is someone who is hitting him on his back.

Zain. What! Hospital!

He thought that the girl might have done something to herself or eaten something poisonous.

While saying, “god! God! Save her!” he returned from the midst of his way to university. He had lost the ability to walk properly. He was staggering, he lost his eyesight, so compellingly, he sat to a wall of a building near him, there was a small cabin in front of him selling water and beverages, he called the seller, “Dear brother, would you mind bringing me a glass of water?”

He drank the water, slow and steady sweat appeared on his feet, his forehead was sore, his mouth got completely dry. After some time, he felt energy in himself, stood and started going forward. The way that he was supposed to pass in 10 minutes every day, today he passed that way in 45 minutes.

As he reached his room, he felt limitless chill, his body was shaking, he put two blankets on himself, but was feeling that Arzo was standing in front of her, he suddenly jumped out of his blankets, and said, “I, the unluckiest human of the world, I deserve to die right now, I don’t deserve this life.”

Zain. People sacrifice themselves for their lovers, just look at me, what did I do for my love? Tomorrow, I will be talking to people that once upon I was in love and I would be talking about my bravery! Such a stupid and coward person I am, shame on people like me! Logically thinking, I must poison myself to death. My love, my life, my Arzo got engaged to someone else, her tie got tied with someone else and I am here sleeping under my blankets, how beautiful and brave I look! Such a shameless human I am!

After saying a lot of things to himself, he dialed Arzo’s number a couple of times, but no one answered.

Tomorrow at 10 am, Arzo's father answered her phone, as he heard her father's voice, he recognized him that he is Samander Khan. Her father once again said to the call, "Hello... Whom am I talking to."

Zain. Asa Salaam Alaykum dear uncle,

Her Father: Walikum salaam dear, how are you my dear?

Zain: I am fine, thank you dear uncle. May you be successful and prosperous!

He introduced himself as Arzo's friend's brother.

Zain. I am Haider, Shpani's brother, she told me that her friend, Arzo is sick, she called a lot to her phone but Arzo didn't answer her phone. Dear uncle, can you tell me about Arzo's condition?

Her father: May be prosperous my son! She is fine now. She is resting now. The doctors have told her that she should rest for a few days. You do not worry! Tell my daughter Shpana that her sister or friend is completely fine now.

Zain proceeded and told him, "I will tell her, but she wouldn't be convinced, if possible, could you give the phone to Arzo so that Shpana could talk to her, I am sure that then she will be convinced."

Her father shouted: Jilwi, Jilwi, come here!

From that side, a voice of a small girl got heard, "Yes dad, what do you want daddy?"

Her father; Come here my cutie, take this phone to your sister, her friend wants to talk to her.

The small girl took the phone and was singing with herself up to the room.

The small girl: my aunt! Take this phone, someone has called to talk to you, my dad told me to give you the phone.

Her mother was with her, she said, “why don’t you understand! Can she talk in such a situation?”

Arzo took the phone, without looking to the screen of the phone, very hopelessly she said, “Asa Salaam Alaykum, I cannot hear your voice.”

Her mother: My dear, you keep talking on the phone, I will be back soon.

Zain thanked god that her mother left the room.

From this side, Zain very disappointedly told her, “My Arzo, why did you do this to me? Didn’t you think a little bit about your life and my life, my love?”

Arzo got shocked when she realized that it is Zain on the phone. She thought to herself that how he might have talked to her father. She started crying and cut his call, but Zain retried the phone, while picking the phone up, she told him, “I am fine my dear.” Zain told her that he will call her again after some time. He felt that someone came to her room.

Zain got happy, and felt elated for her good health. He very gratefully thanked god for her health. While thanking his Allah, a message of Zeenat came to his phone saying, “Don’t call me, I will call you once everyone left, there are people every moment in my room.”

For two days, none of them called each other. Finally, Zain couldn't control himself and called her. But her phone was off. By tomorrow, Arzo called him; firstly, she cried a lot in call for him and then told him, "Zain, I am going to kill myself sooner or later, but please I urge you to live the life the way you want to live it. Don't even think about me! You have to take oath on the love that you have with me. You should never ever worry about me. Pretend that we have never met and loved each other."

Zain. Listen my dear, this is not the way this problem is expected to be solved. You should accept that our fates are already written by ALLAH and that cannot be changed. we shouldn't be so selfish and think only about ourselves because most of the times, our decisions that are taken by heart are wrong. You should think and act tactfully.

She interrupted him saying, "I do accept that what is written in our fates cannot be changed, but I know what is written in my fate. I want you to have a good and happy life. And pray for me so that I can get a chance and time for my suicide."

Zain Listen my Arzo, everything is going to be okay, and Allah (SWT) will tackle all these problems. I know that your father will never get wrong decision in your right. Whoever he has selected for you, might be the perfect guy. He might have asked a lot about his family and relatives. Your parents didn't know that we love each other. I know this very well that if you father got to know that you love someone, because of being a brave Pashtun, he might even take the step of killing you. So, please try your best not to upset your father, I know this is difficult to do, but the people who are respected and have achieved great prosperity and positions have suffered a lot of problems and complications. So, if you want

to be someone special, valuable to your family, your husband and your society, you must cope with these complications.

Zain. My dear Arzo, I will never ever be able to forget you, you are the apple of my eyes, but now nothing can be done to reverse this current situation. The thing that is good both for you and for me is taking care of your family, keeping their respect and dignity. I will always help you my love in any condition, but please accept this request of mine and be careful not to commit anything as such to destroy the name, fame and dignity of your family. Be careful so that your family should never hear any sarcasm regarding you in the future.

He narrated two lines from the poetry of Israr Atal:

Da zarori nada nadani chi ham sta ba kegi (it is not really important that your love should be yours oh naïve person)

Da qismatono faisali pa asmanono shawe (our fates are written in skies)

Aw ta pa zmaka karkha rakagi chi da ba kegi (and you are trying to write your fate in earth saying that this should happen)

I don't regret loving you, but the situation is not complying to me.

But she was still stubborn not accepting what he was trying to tell her.

Arzo. Whatever! I don't want my useless life anymore; I will burn my life alive without you being by my side. What I personally want for my life is death, so don't worry,

In two months, she was finally convinced by him that the way their life is in continuation was written in their fates.

To make Arzo stop loving him, someday he told her lie that he also got engaged.

But she was not accepting and told him, “you are lying!” but he finally convinced her; as a result, she accepted that he has gotten engaged.

Someday, Arzo told Zain that she is coming to Kabul to her aunt’s home.

Zain got extremely happy and told her that if Allah is willing, he is going to meet her someday in the city.

Zain. So, when are you coming and please tell me seriously whether you are telling the reality or faking your coming to city, Kabul.

Arzo. I am telling you the reality my love. Have I ever jested with you this way darling?

Both laughed uproariously!

Arzo. If Allah is willing, I am going to come next week Insha’Allah!

Next week, Arzo really went to city, while in the city, she was all the time talking to Zain through her phone secretly without letting her cousins notice her., one night one of her cousins that her name was Mursal was with her in her room, she called Zain, she made the sound of TV to be really high, but Zain couldn’t hear her clearly, so he asked her, “Why are you talking so slowly?”

She told him, “Mursal is with me in my room, she is playing game here, that’s why I cannot talk loudly.”

At this night, Zain talked for 40 minutes just whispering to each other, while they reached 60 minutes, the communication system automatically cut the call, he recalled, but after 4 minutes Arzo told him, “[My Zain wait for a while, I got completely soaked because of perspiration under my blanket. I am about to suffocate under blanket.”

She had a break, went outside, refreshed herself and returned back to her room and called him, but this time, she was talking somewhat loudly and confidently. Zain asked her, “How come are you talking loudly by now, or Mursal has left the room? If she asked you, what will you tell her?”

Arzo Mursal has fallen asleep, she is sleeping beside the television. She cannot hear me. If she woke up, I can see hear and will directly cut the call.

Zain. Okay, so befriend one of them my dear, tell her that you have a course teacher here, and you want to meet him. I will give you the address of my office and you can both of you come.

Arzo. OK my love, I will try my best to deceive them the way Laghamis (tribe of people in Afghanistan, really smart in trickery, are considered by some people like that in Afghanistan) do, expecting success.

She was really smart and sneaky as well.

Zain you try your best to find out a way, they may not be that much smart, if it didn’t work, then let me know, I will tell you another trick.

Arzo. I will do as you say, be patient, I will try to convince Mursal because she knows everywhere here.

At this time, Zain was working with a television as a presenter and producer of an episode on a specific program.

Someday, he was trying to find three guests for the episode that he found two of them and was looking for the third one, that he received a call from Arzo. As he answered the phone, she told him, "My Zain, do you have time by tomorrow so that I come and meet you?"

If you set free a prisoner who has been in jail for ten years, what do you think about the level of his happiness? He got happy to such an extent and told him, "Please don't say such things, you are coming to meet me and I will not have time, this is impossible. I definitely do have time!"

Arzo. Listen my love, I have to tell you that I have Mursal as well, and she is really naughty as well.

Zain. Doesn't matter my love, come tomorrow, to my office, I will take you with myself to TV as well.

Arzo. No, no! I won't go there. People might see us on the screen of TV.

Zain. Laughed romantically on the call, and told her, "Don't worry, nobody is going to see you."

Arzo. OK, we will come, but you have to give us a tour as well!

Zain. You just come my love, I will die for you! These are trifles.

Arzo. Shut up my Zain! I really hate this sentence. When you were coming to Nangarhar, I told you this sentence, the day after tomorrow, you had car accident, since that time, I hate this sentence.

Zain. Okay, okay! I will not die for you because I am not that much brave.

By tomorrow, he reserved the studio from one to three pm, and he also told the coming guests not to come by tomorrow.

By tomorrow, he woke up early, got a bath, shaved his beard, decorated himself perfectly, wore new suit and tie, used a very expensive perfume. At was 10 pm, that Arzo called him.

As he picked up the call, she told him, “Mr. gentleman, at least now come out of your office my love!”

Zain. What my love! I didn't get you, what do you mean by that?

He quickly got up from his place and stood to the window, while standing there, he saw two girls standing in front of the office wearing western style-like jeans. Arzo had worn black sunglasses and her cousin had worn the glasses above her hair. He welcomed both of them, invited them to enter into the office, while entering into the office, Arzo removed her glasses, gave Zain a romantic handshake, for a long time, she had his hand in her hand. Zain firmly believed that if Mursal were not with Arzo, she would have given him a strong and romantic hug, But Mursal like an obstacle was there standing between them. After greeting Arzo, Zain turned his head towards Mursal and asked her, “Miss, Mursal wish you be safe and sound!”

Mursal: Thank you sir. I am fine. What about you?

Mursal turned her face towards Arzo and told her, “You have such a young teacher my dear! I think that you might be his teacher.”

Arzo. Yes, my dear, he is my teacher and I am proud of him.

Mursal, the girl whom Zain thought as to be naïve, didn’t expect such a professional behavior from her.

Mursal. Beyond any shadow of doubt, your teacher is really talented and sleek.

Zain. Thank you so much miss. Mursal. That’s really kind of you, but you didn’t tell me that what are you doing currently, I mean job or...? What are you studying, which field have you studied? And honestly, are you as lazy as Arzo is miss.

Mursal?

Arzo romantically frowned and glanced angrily to his eyes!

Mursal: I am an undergraduate student of Kabul university in second year of Journalism.

Arzo got a little bit upset and told them, “So, I will leave this place, you people keep talking!”

Three of them laughed uproariously. Then, Zain leaned back in his chair.

As he had advised the valet of the studio to bring tea with cookies and biscuits after their arrival. He did so and brought diverse types of cakes, cookies and biscuits.

Mursal: It really was not needed be brought dear sir!

But, Arzo was silent. The valet filled the cups with milky tea.

Arzo smilingly told Zain, “I am sorry to ask, but would I be able to use internet on your computer?”

Zain. Definitely miss. Arzo, but first of all, you must tell me that where and how did you accustom to computer and internet?

Zain. Do you remember the book that you had given to me for learning the basics of computer, so, I sometimes use that to study and learn computer in my brother’s computer.

Zain. Okay miss. Here you go.

The girl came and took the computer, opened a folder by the name of “Zain” and started watching photos in that folder for some time. Then, she thanked him and went to her own chair and settled there.

Such moments are flying, it was 12 pm now. Now Zain was supposed to go to his episode, he told Arzo, “Come with me, I am going to TV, I have invited a few guests to record a program. You should also go with me. I know that you didn’t enjoy the tea and biscuits, after recording the program, I will invite you to have lunch with me.

Mursal: No, sir thank you so much. I am supposed to study because my exams are around the corner. Arzo told me yesterday that she has a teacher here and she said that she really likes you a lot, so that’s why we came.

Zain. You really did a great job by coming here that me purely happy! But I would really be glad if you have lunch with me. I had already told Arzo that my guests are coming and I have to record a program, but if you want me, I will cancel the program, but you must have lunch with me or else I will become upset and won’t let you.

Arzo was standing silently saying zilch. Zain could feel here that she was regretting and wishing that Mursal were not there with them so that she could talk openly to him and tell him everything, but Mursal was good for Zain to be there. Finally, after much more emphasis, Mursal accepted the proposal.

A car arrived, three of them got in, while reaching to studio, he told the guard that they are his guests. He gave the guard two other names as well so that when they reached, they should be guided to his studio.

They entered the Television, Arzo and Mursal were guided to waiting room so that they could sit there. Zain went downstairs so that he could find the cameramen to organize the studio for the program.

Zain's coworkers were informed that two beautiful girls have come with Zain. While him returning back to waiting room, two of his female coworkers were sitting around Arzo and Mursal and were chit-chatting with them.

But Zain and Mursal were not talking confidently.

One of his coworker's whose name was Brishna, told Zain, "Mr. Zain, your guests are not talking, but they are much more beautiful from each other, I mean comparison is impossible between them."

Zain. you are far more different from them. They do not talk with everyone and have the habit of silence in places where they are new.

Brishna and Wagmi laughed loudly, but Mursal and Arzo laughed slowly. He introduced them to each other. Wagma who was running a program by the name of 'Fashion' asked

Arzo to record a program with her, but Arzo rejected, then she told Mursal, but unfortunately, she also rejected the offer.

While there, Zain's male friends were also appearing for a short moment.

Zain's guest also reached, so now, he was compelled to record his program. He told Brishna and Wagma to accompany Mursal and Arzo till he returns back from his studio; he went to the studio to record the program. In 15<sup>th</sup> minute of the program, he was advised to have a break; when the break started, 5 girls entered into the technical room of the studio. Now Zain's coworkers of radio had reached, they also joined Mursal and Arzo. When the episode relaunched after 15 minutes of break, he introduced the guest, but the guest got under extreme pressure because of all the females in technical room. He slurred in his speech; So, Zain called upon the technician to stop recording the episode.

Zain. Would you mind leaving this room please, he told the ladies.

The girls went outside, when the program finished, the guest was Zain's friend who was a poet. He told Zain, "May Allah ruin them as they ruined my program!"

His friend. Oh boy Zain, you enjoyed the real life! We are just seething the fire of this world! Both laughed, hahahahaha!

He said his farewells to this friend that another guest reached, so he took this guy to the studio, and the program restarted. This time, only Arzo was there in technical room. When Zain saw her that she was alone in the technical room, so he started to be much more confident and brave in communication so

that he could show Arzo that he is very professional and skilled in his profession and job.

She was romantically looking to him, but he couldn't look to her because he was busy communicating with the guest in the episode. He was compelled to look at camera. During the break, he called Arzo to come to the studio.

The technician of the program whose name was Mustafa took Arzo to the studio and arranged a chair for her in back of the camera. Zain recorded this part of the program really sensationally because of her being there in the studio.

After ending the program, Zain wanted to leave but Mursal and Arzo who were with Yousra in her radio room, called him to stop.

Zain. Zala (one of his coworkers), let Arzo and Mursal come because we are leaving.

Zala: Mr. Zain, could you wait for a while in your waiting room, I have a little work with them.

In such a short span of time, they really bonded strongly with each other. They even gave each other their phone numbers.

Zain was waiting in his room, that a few of his friends saw him and asked him, "Zain! Where the hell did you find these angels that you have brought them here?"

Naweed who was really mischievous hugged Zain and told him, "I really didn't expect such a great feat from you bro, but you appeared to be really smart and crafty!"

All of them laughed together.

Zain. Shut up! May Allah guide you to the right path! They are my friends and classmates, they wanted to have a tour of our TV.

All of them were asking questions from Zain;

Where are they from?

Where do they live?

Shabir: (his coworker), I haven't up to now seen such stylish girls in Pashtuns.

Finally, Zain got annoyed from their questions. While answering their questions, Mursal and Arzo also came, but they were transformed. They were no more those simple girls. The female fashioner had used up every technique on them to give them as attractive, gorgeous and beautiful look as possible. Their beauties had no limits. He introduced both of them to his coworkers.

This is Arzo and that is Mursal.

His coworkers greeted them. Then Zain said, "So boys, we are leaving now.

Mursal and Arzo said their farewells to Zain's coworkers and departed. Wagma called on Zain, "Mr. Zain, do bring them again!"

Zain. Okay, miss. Wagma, I will Insha'Allah!

While going out of the main gate, the girls said, "bye, bye cute darlings!"

They got in car, went to Shahr-e-Naw, and entered into a sleek and expensive hotel. They had their lunch around 3 pm.

After having the lunch, Arzo said, “Thank you so much dear, it was the most unforgettable and interesting day of my life. I wish every day of my life were like this day!”

Zain hilariously responded, “Okay so, hang around with me every day and your everyday is going to be like this.”

Mursal also thanked him and displayed her pleasure for this day and said, “It really was a unique and special day.”

Now, they wanted to leave and go to home because during the day, they were called a number of times that they wanted to leave. So, Zain said his farewells but told Arzo that she shouldn't leave Kabul without informing him about her departure.

Arzo promised that she would inform him before her departure to Nangarhar.

Arzo. For now, Allah hafiz.

They started leaving together livelily.

Zain was looking towards them till they disappeared out of his eyesight.

When they reached home; Mursal called Zain to thank him, “WOW! To be honest, we really enjoyed the moment, thank you so much for your grand reception. We have reached home now.”

On the second day, Arzo called Zain, “I am on the way going to Jalal Abad right now.”

Zain. Why? Why that much unexpectedly?

She told him that her brother has come to Kabul to take her back to home and she is compelled to go.

Zain wanted to buy a gift for her, but now it was out of possibility. Zain had his farewells with her through the phone. When she reached home, she called him to let him know about her safe arrival.

After that, they couldn't talk to each other for two days. Zain was feeling sort of anxious about the current situation. Such a feeling was the sign of a disastrous and calamitous beginning. He had lost interest in staying with friends. Mostly he was alone and was interested to keep his company alone.

By tomorrow, when he went to his office, he turned the computer on and without anything doing in it, he turned it off back. He called the valet of the office, "Dear uncle Ghulam! Would you mind bringing a cup of tea to the library after me?"

He agreed while nodding his head down and up. When Zain entered into the library, he put his eyesight on the books looking to them. Without taking any book, he quickly sat on the chair in the corner of the library. He held his forehead with his right hand and looked towards the sky saying, "My Allah, why have you put me in such thunderous storms of life, why don't you show me a solution? Up to what time am I expected to be in this situation? Oh my Allah please, give me the thing that you have promised every human that you will give, but please fast forward the date of my death and take my life right now at this moment. "

Zain. Oh my Allah, please grant me death! I don't want to live in this filthy world. This world is full of miseries, sorrows, regrets and disappointments.

He was looking towards the sky that someone knocked on the door, he didn't reply. So, Uncle Ghulam opened the door in half size and said, "Could I come in sir?"

Zain. Yes, dear uncle, I am sorry for not responding on time.

The uncle said nothing and put the cup in saucer with a chocolate in front of the desk that was there and went out of the library. Zain hit the front desk with his fist in a very strong way. He suddenly took a book out of the library drawer. The book was Dale Carnegie's book named 'The way of life' that was translated to Pashto Language. But in the book, in place of text he was feeling Arzo's face. She was looking to him a very melancholy and disappointed way.

Zain. Offff my love! You are here as well!

Then he started talking to himself, "OFF, what should I do, I see no way. I cannot find anyway to let me reach you. Oh my Allah if you have created love, then why have you created Pashtonwali (Pushtonism).

Tears were dropping from his eyes. And was repetitively saying, "how difficult test I have been stuck in!"

Zain. I have no idea about Arzo's situation. I am really a man of value and honesty.

She had also told him that in these days, their wedding date is going to stipulated.

Zain. I have no idea about her situation. What might have happened to her? I haven't talked to her since long.

Arzo had told him that now talking with him was really hard for her because all the family members were busy talking

about her marriage. Most of them are busy buying things for her like clothes, rugs, and dishes. Some are talking about the girl; some are talking about the groom. So, talking with him has become tough.

As everybody was feeling that Arzo is perfectly okay now, she had recovered from her illness as well. Her in-laws were also hurried in her wedding. Her husband was also really impatient about her.

Zain took the cup up to his mouth to have a sip that the phone sounded in his pocket, he placed the cup back onto the saucer. He looked to the screen of his phone and saw that it was Arzo's call.

Zain. Oh my god! This is Arzo's call. I hope she would not have a negative news because I cannot tolerate bad news any more.

He hesitantly picked up the call.

Zain. My love, how are you my cutie?

Arzo. I am fine Zain. How are you?

Zain. Please don't ask me about my state. I am in seventh hell. Fire is blazing out of the apples of my eyes. I don't know what to do.

Arzo. What! What my love! Don't do anything my love. You may not know that the upcoming Friday has been selected for my wedding.

Zain. what, what! How can this happen to us!

Arzo. I told you the reality. My in-laws came last night and confirmed the date of my wedding with my family.

Zain. off my Arzo! Only this news was remaining to be told to me. I was not worried for talking to you. Finally, this happened as well. You finally dropped this stone as well on my weak head. Now please drop the bigger one as well, so that I can die as well because I cannot live without you.

Arzo. Don't even think that I am happy. You know that I am filled with blood in my heart. And I don't know whether remember it or not, I told you that I will not let myself live. I am going to kill myself.

So, to make Arzo's spirit somewhat strong, he told her, "So, What should I do my love? I told you the day before yesterday that let's leave our homes and go somewhere together. After some time, we will let our families know about us, but you didn't accept."

Arzo. I know that you are talking out of strong emotions, not logically. Anyhow, this might have been written in our fates. By now, I want to meet you once again, after that even if I die, I won't have any hopes, and ambitions left. I know that coming here would be really tough for you because you came a lot to Jalal Abad these days. But if you come and I meet you, my agony of death is going to be calming, not very suffering.

Zain. got angry on her, "Why the hell are you telling met these things? I think you haven't completely become hopeless of your life. You have lost your mind. My love, Allah is merciful; be patient please."

With a deeply broken heart, Arzo still laughed fictitiously and said, "You are definitely right that Allah is kind, but unfortunately, he is not kind on us my love. If he would have

been over us, then why didn't he fulfill our dreams? So, my Zain, please come and fulfill the very last wish of my life!"

Zain. Okay! Now stop these annoying sentences. I will definitely come even if the management of my organization fires me today. I am ready to be fired, but I will definitely come to meet you.

Arzo. So, when are you supposed to come?

Zain. If the sorrows if your love didn't kill me, I will come on Tuesday.

Arzo also considered Tuesday to be a good choice because after that guests from distant places were expected to come to her home for her marriage.

Zain. Okay my love, for now, have a great time, when I reached, I will call you and tell you about the location that we are going to meet in.

Arzo. Allah hafiz my love. See you soon!

Zain pressed the red button of the phone to cut the call.

Now making an excuse for the office to go was really difficult because he went to his province four times in a row in a month. He was also frequently asked at home why does he come every week now because in past, he was coming only once in a month. He was telling his family that he was sent by the office for organizational purposes and the main reason is that the office cannot trust anyone else.

His family trusted him deeply, so they believed whatever he told them.

On Tuesday, he started his trip from his office to Nangarhar, on the way, the way was blocked in a number of places. There was much more jam. He reached his home at 11 pm, everybody was asleep. So, he told no one about his coming and directly went to guesthouse and slept there beside his brother Sahil.

Sahil didn't realize that he has come. While waking up in the morning, he saw someone beside him sleeping but couldn't see his face because he had rolled himself in blanket. He thought that it might be his cousin.

Zain was really tired because of his trip, so, he missed his morning prayer and woke up at 7 am in the morning. Sahil was studying; he called upon him and greeted with him.

Sahil. Oh, that's you brother! When did you come? Welcome, most welcome brother!

Zain. It was late at night that I reached, so I didn't wake you up. I didn't want to disturb your sleep because you are also very busy during the day.

Sahil: Okay, so does anyone know at home that you have come?

Ikram: No., nobody knows.

Sahil: Okay, so let's go to home; the breakfast might also be ready.

Both brothers proceeded towards home, when they entered the front yard of the home and the children saw Zain with Sahil, so they shouted, "WOW, WOW! Our elder uncle is home!"

All the children ran towards them. Rahib who was son of Zain's elder brother Shafiq, had a small height and had newly started talking after his birth. So Rahib took Zain's clothes and said, "My uncle what have you brought for me?"

Zain put his hand into his pocket and took out 10 Afghanis and gave that to him.

Zain. Take this money my dear, I have brought a lot of things for you, but they are in Ibrahim's shop. Go, give him the money and he will give you things.

The small child happily went towards his mother.

Zain entered into his mother's room and greeted everyone. He kissed his mother's hands. His mother asked him, "My dear son, why have you come that much early in the morning, is everything all right?"

Zain. Yes, my mom! Everything is totally okay. I haven't come now. I reached at night but because it was very late, so I woke no one up because I had my dinner on the way. So I considered it appropriate to see everyone in the morning.

All the family members gathered and had breakfast together.

Zain looked to his sister and told her, "If there are my clean clothes, please iron them because I have some official works to do in the city. This clothe that I have worn is dirty now." She got up and did what he told her to do.

His sister asked him, "Dear brother, do you want to go on your bike?"

Zain. Yes.

He left his home at 11 am. And told everyone that he will see them soon Insha'Allah.

When Zain left him, his mom told everyone that she felt that Zain was not happy. She prayed for his safety and well-being.

His mom: I have told him hundreds of times that he shouldn't ride his bike because it is really dangerous. I don't like bike because it is a very unlucky thing. It has killed a lot of young people. It cares about no one. Even if it touches very slightly with something, it 100 percent injures people.

Her daughters togetherly said, "May Allah be his friend of his life!" her mother prayed for him to return safely.

Sanga who was Zain's sister said, "I felt as well that today he wasn't okay. So, I asked him while giving him his clothes that he doesn't look well. But, he said that he is completely fine and said that only I feel that way about him. When he come out of his room, someone called him; I wasn't hearing the caller's voice, but he told the person. 'be patient! Everything is going to be fine. Now I am at home and I will come towards you as soon as possible."

His mother got very worried for him; her blood pressure went up and she fell down. With a very quick movement, her daughters brought her medicine and sprinkled some water with which she got conscious back, but still she was very anxious about him, and couldn't convince herself to be calm; so, she told her daughter to bring her, her phone to call him.

Sanga gave her the phone. She dialed the phone. But the call said, "The number that you have dialed is currently switched off or out of the coverage area. Please call later."

She called him again. This time, the phone went into waiting list of calls, when Zain saw that it is his home's number, he picked up the call, "Hello..."

His mom: My son, did you reach safely?

Ikram. Asa Salaam Alaykum, my mom, yes I reached safely.

His mom. Are you fine my son, you didn't look good today?

Zain's heart was now really frail to cry, so he felt deep sadness and was about to cry. He thought to himself to cry limitlessly for her, but then he thought about his mother and controlled himself. Because his mother loved him very much and if he had done that, she would have died out of sadness.

To hide his crying, he coughed very loudly and then laughed.

Zain. No, my mom. I am completely fine, safe and sound. Don't worry. I will do my tasks, and return as soon as possible. Just pray for me mom!

His mom: May Allah protect you! May all his mercies and blessings be upon you my dear!

Zain. Thank you dear mom. Love you. Allah Hafiz

Zain was in Khalid's shop up to now. Now, he told Khalid to have an eye over his bike. he told him that he wants to go to city for a specific work, till he returns, his bike will be here. Khalid's shop was a little out of the city. He requested Zain to have lunch with him, then he can go, but Zain was only hungry to meet Arzo. So, he told him, "Let's put this lunch into the status of a loan. Next time, I will have lunch with you inshallah. Now I am full." And he proceeded on his way. He went to the city and from the city, he went to Arzo's village.

For the first time, he went really near to Arzo's home. He didn't even think about embarrassment or that someone might see him around.

When he reached to her village, he called Arzo, and she directly picked up the call, "Where are you my love, you are about to kill me waiting for you!"

Zain. I have reached now.

He directly went into Arzo's garden. His luck was with him because the door of the garden was open and the gardener was far away looking to the farm animals. Zain saw the gardener, but he didn't see him. The garden also had a door from the home. Members of the family were taking vegetables, fruits through this door.

Arzo took her nephew with herself so that the family members should not be doubtful on her about her going to the garden.

When Zain saw Arzo in the garden; he unintentionally and without any consideration stepped forward towards her, but she told him to be patient.

He greeted Arzo in a state that tears were raining from his eyes.

She told him to control himself and be patient.

Arzo. Let's go to that side of the garden so that no one should be able to see us in that part because the trees are very tall, bushy and leafy.

He did as she suggested.

They reached to those trees and started talking with each other about love, loyalty, pain and a lot of other romantic things.

Zain put his fingers into the fingers of Arzo.

Zain. Okay, my love, now tell me a lot of things my cutie. Even tell me the things that you will want to tell me after three days.

Arzo. No. I just want to look at you and feel my love for you because I don't know that whether I am going to be able to see you again or not. I am dying. I will not live without you my cute love.

Zain. Please my Arzo, don't say things like that as you are telling me now my soul. I am just a dead person having no soul without you. My love, if there would have been no pain, isolation, sorrows, and crying, there would have been no enjoyment and fun in it. If someone has fallen in love and hasn't experienced these things, then it cannot be called real love but rather it is infatuation, flirting, attraction or craze.

Arzo with mournfully wounded and dried lips told him, "You are right my love, but at least after that much suffering, pains, isolation, the lovers should reach each other. Can you tell me a good name for our love, what type of relationship of love is this?"

They were busy talking with each other. They had completely forgotten the small boy. He played for a few minutes in front of them. After that, the small child disappeared from their eyes.

The boy with his tiny feet had gone to home. It was 2 pm that Arzo told Zain, "I really don't want to see anything else except your face. I won't want to go from you anywhere else. I don't like to talk with anyone else except you my love. I want to become numb looking to you. But if anyone saw me

here with you, they will kill me. I don't care about myself. They may kill you my love."

Zain, when he heard the sentence of, "Someone may kill you from me" from Arzo. He thought all the world to be blind. He hugged her really tightly without thinking about anything else. He hugged her so tightly that she told him that please don't squeeze her anymore. He put his head on Arzo's shoulder. They could easily hear each other's heartbeats.

They were in each other's hug for about two to three minutes. Arzo tried to go out of his tight hug. So, he normalized his hands. Arzo told him, "I only love you my love."

Zain. I love you too my love. You are my first and last love my Arzo.

He hadn't completely unhugged Arzo that a number of Kalashnikov fires of brutal bullets were viciously fired towards them. While in each other's romantic and soul-soothing hug, they both fell down towards the flowery love-isolating land of the garden. Arzo dropped on flowers and Zain fell on Arzo's silky and soft chest.

Arzo's brother Shakib brutally and ruthlessly shot them once again with a number of fatal and bloodshedding bullets. The garden was flooded with their blood of love and romance.

**The End,**

# LAST HOPE

**I JUST WANT TO WRAP MY ARMS AROUND YOU, AND LET THE WORLD DRIFT AWAY.**

This is an Afghan, specifically, Pashtuns' love life novel that dives deep into the love life of two lovebirds named Zain and Arzo who have faced countless traumas, complications, and hurdles, but were still ready to die for each other.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Munawardin Lakanwal is Co-founder of Elite Academic Studies and senior international tests trainer such as TOEFL iBT, IELTS and GRE. On top of that, he is an Amazon FBA Seller, Social Media Influencer and YouTuber. Furthermore, he is committed to making this world a better place through his know-hows. So far, he has focused on researching self-development and is passionate about discovering the secrets of people who live peacefully and can achieve success. From his research experience of more than 8 years, Finally, he launched this and some other books. He is on the route of becoming an international bestseller and entrepreneur.

### Other Publications of Munawardin Lakanwal

- The Road to Success
- Love Never Dies (Novel)
- Last Hope (Novel)
- Wordie (English Dictionary)
- Billionaires and Their Habits
- The 1% Mindset
- Essay Writing
- Basics of Phonetics and Phonology
- Business and Social Letters
- Elite Billionaire (book of motivational photos)
- Common Idioms and Phrasal Verbs
- How to Kill Yourself (Afghan Novel)

**Thank you for reading**

Find more e-books and articles on Ketabton - your multilingual digital library.

**[www.ketabton.com](http://www.ketabton.com)**

*Ketabton - Pashto, Farsi, Arabic & English*