

## Book Information:

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Book Title: From Bagram in to eternal sleep  
(A Heartbreaking story of love, deception, pain and forgiveness)

Author: Mohammad Nawab Wadan Ahmadzai

phone number: 0093707435745

E-mail: [wadannawab@gmail.com](mailto:wadannawab@gmail.com)

I was working in a hospital as a general surgeon and enjoying a beautiful and happy life, savoring as best. Even though I earned a modest income, but it was content to my family. My wife, Thuraya, hoped that one day I would have a private hospital, but I wasn't particularly interested in that idea.

One Friday night, as I left home to go to the hospital for my shift, I noticed a girl begging on the street. My heart ached for her, and without paying attention to my surroundings, I remarked to myself about the state of charity and appearances.

**The person sitting next to me said, "Don't be shy; do whatever you want!"**

Soon after, I arrived at the hospital and asked the driver to stop by the side of the road. I left the car and entered the hospital. It wasn't long before a new patient was brought in, who had been severely injured in a traffic accident and was close to death. I quickly changed into my uniform and rushed to the operating room. After three hours, I emerged from the room; her life had been saved, but it was still uncertain when she would regain consciousness.

As soon as I left the hospital, I went home. Every day I was at the hospital, I inquired about the condition of the young girl, but she had not regained consciousness. After a week, just one day before my shift ended, she finally woke up. However, as soon as she opened her eyes, she attempted to commit suicide. I fought with all my strength to prevent her from doing so. I didn't understand why she wanted to end her life, which led me to switch my shift with another doctor. I told him:

**"I have work tomorrow and won't be able to fulfill my duties."**

The doctor replied to me without saying much:

**"Actually, I was thinking the same thing. My wife is at her father's house and asked me to come there tonight. I told her about my duty, and she was upset, but now I can go there and explain that I wanted to surprise her."**

He hurriedly changed his clothes, then got into the car and left the hospital. Shortly after, I went to the same patient and asked her why she wanted to commit suicide. It seemed she didn't want to tell me anything because when I asked:

**"Why do you want to kill yourself?"**

" she replied:

**"What do you care? You're just like those men who speak sweetly and calmly, but only want to deceive girls and play with their lives."**

I realized that the helpless girl was suffering from the pain of love, separation, longing, or the desire for union. I told her:

**"From now on, you are my friend or as a sister. Share your pain with me; perhaps revealing it will lighten your heart, and maybe I can help ease your suffering."**

After a brief silence, she said:

**"The pain I have; no one can help me heal it. You called me friend or sister, but if you knew my suffering, you would regret your words, because everyone I've told has given me nothing but disdain."**

I replied:

**"I stand by everything I say and will never regret my words."**

She responded:

**"Think again!"**

I insisted:

**"There's no need to think; just speak. I am here to listen, sister."**

Then she began her story:

"My name is Fariba, and I'm from the Chah-e-Ab district of Takhar. My father was a truck driver, transporting goods for the Americans, and they paid him well. On June 10, 2010, he decided to move to Kabul for better opportunities, including easier access for my sister and me to school, electricity, mobile services, and the internet. We all agreed with this decision, and I told my father:

**'Father, it will be great; people will say that Haji Sharif has become wealthy.'**"

My father told me:

**"When we get to Kabul, I'll buy you and your sister jewelry, a car for your brother, and a bicycle for your younger brother, but they can work things out among themselves."**

Hearing this made me incredibly happy, and I rushed to my and my sister's room to start packing our things. At that moment, my mother arrived. When she saw me gathering my belongings, she playfully said:

**"Hurry up, dear! The truck is leaving; don't stay behind."**

I asked in surprise:

**"What do you mean, mother?"**

With a smile, she replied:

**"My dear daughter Fariba! It's just a decision for now; there's still plenty of time before we leave, so you don't need to pack anything yet."**

I stepped out of the room and took care of the chores around the house, preparing bread for dinner. Afterward, we all sat together as a family and ate. In the middle of our dinner, my older brother said:

**"It would be great if my sisters study well."**

After my older brother Behrouz spoke, no one said anything, so we all ate in silence. Afterward, we went to our rooms to sleep, but sleep was far from me. I was lost in thought, dreaming about my wishes—happy days in Kabul, going to school and university, and living in a big, exciting city. I stayed awake until late at night, and when I finally fell asleep, I continued to dream about these things.

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Days passed as usual until one day my father returned home from Kabul, smiling. Once he had rested, he said:

**"Aren't you going to congratulate me? I bought a house in Kabul."**

My mother, astonished, replied:

**"Congratulations! Where did you buy the house?"**

My father answered:

**"In Karte-e-Chahar. It's a beautiful and spacious area; I'm sure you will like it."**

My mother asked:

**"When are we going there?"**

With a lovely laugh, my father said:

**"We're going tomorrow. Pack your things for the house"**

" Then he said:

**"Just kidding; we'll go in a month."**

This news made me very happy, and from then on, I was always thinking about Kabul, which made me less attentive to household chores. This frustrated my mother, and she often complained to me. Finally, the day came when we were to leave for Kabul. That day, I worked harder than ever to pack our things, which relieved my mother's worries. She told my father:

**"I thought this girl had become lazy and wasn't working, but today she worked so hard that I will never think like that again."**

My father said to my mother:

**"No, my dear! I always believe in my daughter. Fariba is incomparable, a beautiful and intelligent girl deserving of everything."**

My mother replied:

**"Don't praise her too much, or she might get conceited."**

My father responded:

**"No, my daughter is always humble and modest; she will never become conceited."**

Finally, we loaded all our household items onto the truck. My father and one of my brothers sat in the truck, while me, my sister, my mother, and another brother sat

in a smaller car behind it. As we drove, I looked out the window for the first time and saw the beautiful places we were leaving behind. Although I had seen these views many times before, I was now truly appreciating their endless beauty. I didn't know when I would be able to see this beauty again or when I would return to this place. Because of that, I began to feel homesick from that moment.

The road was bumpy and winding, which made me tired after a few minutes of travel, and I slowly drifted off to sleep. At one point, I opened my eyes and saw that we were moving through a dark space. I asked:

**"Where are we?"**

My brother replied:

**"This is the Salang Tunnel, located in Parwan province."**

I looked around and realized it didn't quite resemble a hole, but it was still exhausting, so I fell asleep again.

When we finally reached our new home, my mother woke me up. We got out of the car and saw it was night. While my father and brothers were unloaded our belongings from the truck, my father took the truck to park and brought back food. We set the table and began to eat together. After we finished eating, my mother got up to make tea. We continued arranging our things, and when my mother prepared the tea, I poured myself a cup and went back to my work. After everyone finished their tea, they went to sleep, but I continued working until my father called for me:

**"My daughter Fariba! Aren't you going to sleep?"**

Before I could respond, my mother said:

**"Fariba has been sleeping from Takhar to here, how can she sleep now?"**

After my mother's comment, I returned to my tasks until the Morning Prayer call was announced. I made my ablution, prayed, and then finally went to sleep.

A few days had passed since we arrived at the Kart-e-Chahar Kabul, and after documents transfers, I easily made my way to Kabul. This was the first time I could go to school in Kabul. There, young girls were students, and elderly women and men were teachers. The students here were relatively clean but less focused intellectually, or as they say, "physically in class, but mentally elsewhere." This was a suitable

opportunity for me to give my best effort, as this could help me stand out among all the girls.

While I was still pondering this, one of the girls sat next to me and said:

**"Hello! I'm Shazia. Are you new to our class?"**

I replied happily:

**"Hello! I'm Fariba from the Chah-e-Aab district of Takhar province. We arrived here a few days ago.":**

Shazia then asked me:

**"Do you speak differently?"**

I responded:

**"Perhaps because we are close to Tajikistan, that might be why."**

She nodded and said:

**"Yes, maybe because people from Herat province talk like Iranians. Would you like to be friends with me?"**

I replied:

**"Yes, of course."**

We shook hands, and then the teacher arrived. One of the girls signaled for everyone to stand, a sign of respect towards the teacher, which was not common in our village. After all the girls stood up, the teacher said:

**"Well done, please be seated!"**

We all sat down, and the teacher began the lesson. After half an hour of teaching, the teacher bid farewell and left the classroom. Another teacher came in, and the cycle continued with the same respect until the class hours were over, and we were dismissed. Before the girls left the classroom, Shazia introduced me to them, and the girls to me. After that, Shazia and I left the school together, walked halfway, said

goodbye to each other, and then went our separate ways until we each reached our homes.

As soon as I reached home, I saw my father had arrived. I warmly greeted him and then went to my room to change into my school clothes. After changing, I had breakfast and felt like studying a bit when I heard my mother's voice calling out:

**"Fariba, my daughter, come here, your father needs your help."**

I went to my parents' room and saw my beautiful sister is there, holding a set of gold jewelry. When my father saw me he said:

**"Fariba, my daughter, come here. I have bought 150-gram sets of Arabian gold for both of my daughters."**

I first looked at my set and then at my sister's. There wasn't much difference between the sets, but my father said:

**"Fariba, if you don't like this set, I can get you another one."**

I replied:

**"No, thank you, dear father! I like this one, there's no need to exchange it."**

My father then mentioned that he wanted to buy motorcycles for my brothers as well, but due to exhaustion from buying gold, he had to postpone that plan. I was pleased with the gold sets my father had bought for us. As I was about to leave their room, I realized I had forgotten to thank them, so I went back inside and said:

**"Thank you very much, dear father. I love you."**

My Father said:

**"My daughter! You are right, there is no need for thanks."**

I also went out of the room again and went to my room. I put on my red dress, then wore the gold jewelry, and stood in front of the mirror. I was so well-received to the extent that it was unbelievable, perhaps I had never been so well-received before. Therefore, I went out of my room again and went to my parents' room. When my father saw me, he said to my mother:

**'My dear, see how well-received my daughter is! May Allah always keep her this well-received and happy.**

My mother, astonished, was gazing at me and said to my father:

**"Yes, by Allah! May she never lose favor in the eyes of Allah, but I know my daughter, the happier she is, the more beautiful she becomes."**

The next day, as I was going to school, I saw one of my classmates walking hand in hand with a boy towards the school. I was amazed, but I still went to school. When I arrived and entered the classroom, I waited for a few moments until that girl also came in. I asked her:

**"Sona! who was that boy you were walking hand in hand?"**

Sona immediately replied:

**"Fariba dear, that boy was my boyfriend, Yama. He is a very nice boy."**

I was puzzled because I had never heard the term boyfriend before. I asked:

**"What does boyfriend mean?"**

Sona explained:

**"Boyfriend and girlfriend refer to a romantic relationship between a boy-girl and a girl-boy, respectively."**

I was very surprised because I had only heard love stories like Layla and Majnun, Shirien and Farhad, and so on as legends, but never believed in them. How could I believe in such a thing when I had always considered the stories of Shirien and Farhad, Layla and Majnun, and others as myths and did not believe in them? I asked in amazement:

**"Do you really believe in something called love?"**

She replied:

**"I have experienced it; you can experience it too."**

I said:

**"No thanks! Your experience is sufficient."**

We were still talking when the teacher arrived, and we stood up together with the voice of one of our classmates, then the teacher instructed us to sit down, and we did. The teacher began with questions and then moved on to the lesson after receiving the answers. This pattern continued with one teacher after another until it was time for dismissal. After leaving the school, I narrated the whole story from beginning to end to Shazia. She said:

**"Yes, I have heard of it too, but I can't believe it. Even if I do, I can't experience it, because if my brothers find out, they will kill me."**

In response to Shazia, I said:

"In something that involves fear and dread, it's not a good thing."

With these words, both of us burst into laughter.

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I had fallen asleep late, which is why I woke up late. I saw a car parked in our yard and thought that maybe someone had come to visit and the car belonged to them. So, I hurried to the bathroom, washed my hands and face, and went to my parents' room. I saw that no one was there except my father, mother, and sister. I said:

**"Hello! Good morning!"**

My sister smiled and said:

**"Wouldn't it have been better to say good evening?"**

I looked at the wall clock and saw it was 9:00 AM. I replied to my sister:

**"Yes, good evening to you! Whose car is that?"**

My mother hurriedly said:

**"It's your brother Behrouz's."**

PREVIEW

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