CHAPTER-IV

A SPECIFIC STUDY ON DUNYA JADIDAH
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INTRODUCTION

“Dunya Jadidah” that means “A New World” is one of the most popular book of Mahmud Taymur which contains of thirteen interesting short stories. “Dunya Jadidah” is a most enchanting fiction from amongst these thirteen short stories, by which the author has named the book as such. He strongly presents here different pictures of human life in varying situation, penetrating deep into their circumstances. He reveals hidden virtues and vices of men and shows an understanding with their emotions and sentiments. It is also evident from this study that this book can be said as a mirror of events of daily life. It is a general character of the book to focus on the problematic issues of common people of the society. Now we are going to discuss the inner part of this book as follows:

4.1 A NEW WORLD: (دُنْيَا جَدِيْدَةُ)

He left his home with the thought that today he would definitely achieve his will so he walked on with his wide eyes and it seemed that an oven was burning in his head. In spite of all these conditions his determination had not shaken and his will did not deviate. He was continuously moving ahead like a warrior with the difference that the latter goes to bottle with a ray of hope to return safely and savor the joy of being alive but in former case the young man had no hope of return as he was going to commit suicide because of being fed up with the fraud, treachery and disloyalty of life. If was his thought that the greatest victory against hardship of life is only death, an eternal sleep. A myriad of suicide
methods was running in his mind, sometime he thought to lie on the track or sometime he thought to stand before a vehicle. Then it suddenly occurred why should he not drown himself in Nile River and that would be the best. So he changed his walking direction to the river until he reached very close. He had hardly stopped when the sound of vehicles and leisure walk of the people nearby changed his heart even though for a little moment. He thought "They are also human and are active in making their life happy, so why should I put a full stop to my life. These men have also two hands, legs and are no different. But these thoughts did not benefit him a little. Finally, disappointment, helplessness transformed into an ugly beast and stood before him, and closed all the ways of hope. He started thinking, "But I am like a mosquito dared to inject a tiger. So getting disappointed the young man walked again toward the river but before he could Jump, he heard a voice coming not from far.

He turned his head and saw a woman putting something on the ground. She bends over it and gave a kiss. After that she hastily moved to the Nile and jumped in seeing that scene, the wreathed and distressed young man too followed her and swimming for some time reached the spot where she had made a jump. He put all efforts to have her and somehow succeeded to carry her to the river bank. She had fell unconscious, so he laid her down and sat at a little distance. When the woman became conscious she looked around and asked why did he save her life? The man replied, "The step you had taken was not proper for you." The woman said, "What kind of justice it is that a person live suffering cruelty and face misfortune every moment of life said, "we should not take
step deviating from life instead it is incumbent upon us to face all the changes of life bravely and now you should not make helplessness, despondency your habit but be always thoughtful and positive. Now their talk had lengthened and the woman had also fully recovered. So, she thought about her child and she rushed to the place. The young man also accompanied her. The woman took up the child affectionately and appeared satisfied. Then she told him the reason of suicide attempt. The summery is that it was disloyalty, love, adultery humiliation and deprivation from her family that drove her to commit suicide. The young man said after hearing her, "Now you accept the fact that Allah has not created us useless rather we all keep a unique message."

Finally, they stood up with new hope, determination, belief and will and these qualities showed themselves from their faces. They looked calm, positive, determined and full of courage and at that moment disclosed the truth that the person who was going to end himself became the source of saving two lives by the order of Allah.  

4.2 MUSTAIN BILLAH (CAPTAIN HARDY)

المستعين بالله  'الكابتن هاردي')

Then some of us decided to leave Cairo and take shelter far away and I was too included among them. So running away from Cairo we inhabited at Zaifa and stayed there for over eight months. During my stay there I was occupied only reading news paper which was the single medium to get familiar with the situation in Cairo. I would rejoice on the unpleasant events occurring there. But in spite of tremendous satisfaction and peace life seemed dull as I was alone at
the strange place, and past memories of happy days generated gloom and feeling of nostalgia within my heart making it unbearable after each days passing. One day as I was reading some fiction, my servant came running towards me with a parcel which I received with great enthusiasm opening it, I saw a letter written in attractive and appealing style. It appeared as if a student had exhibited his writing skill. By the way, when I thoroughly read it, I was immensely pleased because the letter was sent by my long time friend 'Mustain Billah Hardy'. He had mentioned that he was in Egypt and wished to meet me. But even after trying he failed to contact me on phone. And finally he had to resort to the correspondence. And he had written that he was staying at the area called Husain, and had requested me to meet him whenever I go there so that both could recall pat memories with hot cup of tea. Reading the letter, it seemed that my friend was standing before me, and beautiful scenery of Husain region began dancing before my eyes. I became so anxious and eager to meet him that the place appeared irritating. So the next day I packed my belongings and departed, when I reached there and knocked at the door, it was immediately opened and my friend welcomed me whole heatedly. After embracing each other, we sat down and I inquired about his present activities. He replied that nowadays he was studying Abbas Ibn Ahnaf, and then he took up a rosary and started counting. I asked him humorously where about of Shaharzad. He turned his head and said looking at me, "What I have to do with Sheharzad?" I waived offer the matter and casually looked around my glance sticker at a portrait on the wall and I could not help asking whether it was real or imagined. He answered that it was the latter. We discussed a number of things for long, and when I sensed that I was getting late, took leave
from him and departed. Next time when I met him, he appeared troubled and his health had deteriorated. I told him to leave that place and dwell anywhere else, and told him that I would come after three days to carry him away. At the time as promised I came there handed me a letter which mentioned that he had gone on the frontier and had doubt in meeting me ever again. Days and months passed but I got no news about my friend. One day morning as I was thinking about him, the phone bell rang and when I received and recognized the voice, it was him who had told me to meet him at Army hospital. Wasting no time I left home and reaching at the hospital I sat at the corner in wait for him. Some moments later a person came to me and requested to accompany him. On the way he told me to have a brief task when I entered the room, I recognized my friend sleeping under blanket. I saluted him and extended my hand to shake. His hand, cold and this indicated the seriousness of his condition. However I did not let him know it and expressed pleasure. Then my friend started turning his pillow and took out a beautiful frame with some picture I had seen in his room but before I could hold it fell down on his chest slipping from his hand. It seemed that the picture was glaring at me. Then I guessed that it was the dream queen of my friend with my eyes I continued looking at the beauty.

4.3 THE TRUTH OF LIFE: (تأمين على الحياة !)

There is no dearth of such people in the world, who sit uselessly wasting their time in coffee houses.

One of them was a young man named 'Shafei' whom acquaintances called Prof. Shafei as he wished. In spite of his raileries, he was a skilled advocate and handled complicated cases in the court.
Allah Almighty had gifted Shafei with a tremendous speaking powers and insight that through his words he would enchant the audience making them forget time and place.

The other day he was engaged in conversation with companions and was saying that responsibility does not end due to unfamiliarity with law. The guilty will not be forced till bail is taken will the doer be given compensation according to his work or necessity?

The ongoing talk had not yet finished when a chaos erupted on the street. The spectators stopped to see and seen there was a big Jam. As boss Shafei observed, he reached the incident Spot pushing through the crowd. It was found that bike borne child was hit behind by a car. The child was carrying milk cane for his owner but the collision broke it and all milk flowed out. The child was standing at cornea shedding tear for his misfortune and for what would he explain to the owner while the car driver was shouting at and blaming him for the accident. It is the custom of the world that a majority stands in favor for the influential person and leave the poor helpless even though any mistake is committed by the rich. Shafei frowned at what was happening. He immediately moved to the driver and said truculently, "You were in a car driving behind that child who could not see you but you could" cutting in, the driver said, mind your business, you have nothing to do with it, Shafei replied, "Do you know who I am? No, I don't know you as I have never been here."  

Introducing himself, Shafei said, "I am general Secretary of Bar Association and member of board of directors. Hearing this, the driver's voice got soft. Continuing the matter, Shafei said, "Law is clear and transparent whoever harms other shall have to pay fine." Meanwhile the police squad arrived and checked the damage
occurred. They laid a fine of twenty rupees to be paid by the driver do
the child with some hesitation and frowning he handed the said
amount and disappeared from the scene on the other hand having
such a large amount first time in his life, the child beamed with joy.
Shafei asked him, "What's your name and what do you do?" The child
replied, "My name is Fauli and work at a milk man shop.

"Then what would you say to your owner about the broken
bottles.?" Fauli became anxious and frightened and said," I did not
think about it" Shafei asked again," what would you do with the
amount you got? "It's mine, I will not give it to the master, "Said the
child. Shafei consoled him, "ok, I'll help you." The child was happy and
prayed for the teacher and begged to help. The teacher said," Do as I
advice, stain your cloth with blood and tear it when your master would
ask what happened. Tell him that your bike was hit by a car and you
were injured and some milk bottles broke, when the master will see
your condition, perhaps he might pity you and would not take money.

The child did accordingly. Shafei said. "Do you want me to
come with you and save you for his cruelty? When the child reached
to the master, he asked the reason of being late and the condition he
was in. The child told as was advised but it could not satisfy the
master, and so started scolding and chiding him. At the same time
Shafei reached there and pointing to the child he said, "He is the
oppressed and deserves sympathy." The master looked at him saying,
"What do you know? He is a little devil and naughty. "Walking slowly
towards the child, Shafei said, "He has broken his arms." The master
spoke "Leave aside all of it and tell me who are you?

"A medical officer" replied came. The milk seller cooled down
hearing this and took him inside and started saying, "He is a good
child very lovely indeed." A few moments later, Shafei said," The child must be treated and took him out. A little distance away he handed all money to the child, who held it beaming with Joy indescribable.3

4.4 THE LADY IN VEIL: (ذات الشام)

Dear lady,

You must be wondering to get this letter ten years after our spiritual relationship ended. We had understood each other at our prime time, considered each other mutual friends though we had not seen and this attachment continued smoothly for one and half years, then it terminated. I could not hold to think whether the spiritual attachment was my delusion. Are you really a human or it was just my thought? But I am sure that your letter reached me, and they were in forms of poetry. The same letters were a physical cause and none is safe with me. Today I have grown old and some days ago when I turned my old letter, found a strip containing same poetical lines. That was the single letter which had left. This leave revived the past memories.

I feel that you are murmuring with smile taking me just a thought and no existence has remained in your mind. This is a truth that you are a symbol which could not be erased; perhaps you may be a thought but even then it can't hold me writing this letter. Now I admit that the previous emotion was a type of love but at that time I could not express it. After a long period now I want to express my ideas. My recognition to you comprises of past hatred and second is pleasant future. This letter is an acknowledgment of your gratitude and that of coming to joy from narrowness. Human is a strange thing that hides peculiar powers in himself. A lot of wonder on such a person who goes out in search of happiness if he ponders, he would get the secret
in himself but the problem is how one would get its key? It is like miraculous mirror which exposes the internal facts and the same mirror has disclosed to me the address of that key and you are the very magical mirror through whom I found the secret of life, when I had met you I was proud and dejected but you showed the way to pleasant life. At that time my father had died a few days who was sole earner and my education had not been completed. So I became lonely and had to leave education and went in search of livelihood. But that was a difficult work for me as I was brought up in very rich atmosphere thereby infusing me the thought that I would not be capable of any work and in each one I had failed. Under the state of defeat and depression I began to live in loneliness which gradually reached to the extreme. During education I was interested in literature and fond of poetry. While alone the poems were my companions. The mystical poetry amused me a lot, one day while studying it came across an incident which was a sleep dream or awaken dream, I don't know.

I saw a feminine face behind thin veil I felt as if an unseen power was attracting me and two days in pondering over it and on third evening the same face was seen neither her lips were moving nor her voice was coming but her murmuring was drowning down deep in my heart. They were meaningful words though not in sentences. A sentence is source of converting an idea and if the same idea is conveyed silently then what is the use of any sentence. Instead the conversion of meaning in silence is the cause of bonding two soles. Second time when I got out of the idea, I felt a shining in me and felt that I had a contain viewpoint. I wrote poetries on a paper with heading 'towards veiled woman'. After completing them I sang and included others also. I didn't care whether he was aware of it: who
was he? Whether she was a thought which came in the publish them in a newspaper so that the veiled woman could know. I want my teacher who had become journalist and issued a magazine. He promised to publish and kept it. I brought a copy in my room and sang loudly as if before the very woman. And I began to think whether she would happen to affect it would lay on her. In this state I fell asleep and in dream saw her expressing her pleasure with smile. I passed two days in fever and third morning I found a letter on the back door. Has this letter been sent to me I started reading the letter. It was written "you have shaken my heart with your poetry in its each word there is representation of emotions. Every time I read it a new meaning opens" I began to stare at the atmosphere of the room. I would read the letter times and again with joyful feeling. I said in my heart today you have found a companion sharing your feelings. In response I wrote another poetry and took it to my teacher who made me stay there for a long time and proposed me to work in his magazine at an affordable salary. I accepted the proposal. Then I continue working in the office and was encouraged by the teacher for my commendable performance. Now I could sleep better, dealt the matters well and ate heartily. I myself published the second poetry and waited for the reply. Two days passed anxiously and I passed the third night a wake with fear of defeat. At dawn I fell asleep waking only eyes feel at noon. As I got up my eyes fell on the letter lying near the door. It was written "how strongly we have got opportunity to meet at though we can't see each other and seeing is not better than emotional representation" I put the letter in cover and thought there was no such word which could disclose the secret of relation. Today in this letter I am presenting some past memories and want to ask your
stand related to these incidents. Can you recall the moments when you remembered. Can you recall your visits, how you come covered behind veil, you have traveled a long distance with me. Do you remember that journey? Do you remember that relation which has now ended? Because I don't know the reason of detachment I can't forget those signs of journey as today I admit that I have loved you strongly and was desirous to see your face but what kind of love it was, was it a love with a thought or dream. I don't care all about this fact that I am exchanging this feeling with you. This is a strong matter that we both could not benefit much from this spiritual relation. We both were satisfied with just to murmur and I don't want to hide from you that why should not I desire to meet you, why should I be deprived to melt bone whom I have loved? Instead of ideas I wanted to see you alive. But this thought struck I'd become terrified, from whom and why, I don't know. I firmly decided not let such thoughts intrude. Mew to you, I am going to narrate some extracts of my life events, since the time I started working an al-Najm magazine, I started lining an organized life–delicacy and order for vases and whenever bonds grew, I thought about you. In the some way life continues. I visited you in dream and received your letter. I was assigned more important responsibility in my office which I carried out was increased, so I thought a bungalow which I decorated with vases in lawn where I would sit and write poetries. Gradually my responsibility was made editor of the passes brought by my teacher for printing and publishing must of my time passed in the passes and I found a pleasant feeling in continuing the work. Months passed in this way but could our relation maintained? In fact it was changed and there was feeling which had for you. Though we wrote letters but after long gap my poetries were
now published late and they had no strong feeling in them our feelings were getting national as natural change. Then it happened that a political leader bought the magazine from him and so it became representative of politics. Being compelled I resigned, and then confidence became more longer. Emotions were replaced by nationality. In the press I was given whole charge and my salary was increased. I would still attend to belong flower pots but I could not deny that my responsibility did not give me time to look after them, so they began to wither. During two years I lived in Cairo and in summer days my teacher went abroad with family. But to continue the work, I had to stay. One day my teacher wrote inviting me to go to him and rest some days, which I happily accepted to pass holiday with my teacher, his wife and daughter. Two weeks passed, we ate, walked on beach together. I felt a strong attachment in the family. Both seemed my parents and daughter my sister. I continued to look at him as brother with pure brotherly feeling I looked after him. This emotion grew and took another shape. Our first meeting was filled and I hardly got time to remain alone in my bedroom, your thought come and your face appeared in veil. In your face I felt the freshness, color and smell of my teacher's daughter. How strong incident, I can't explain any reason. You always appeared in the form of new friend or were your scolding and my affection with the new friend. Despite of the complexion seen in dream, I could believe you were the same I wonder that in day light that why did not you want to show your face and talk to me in this regard my love grew in as if the rationality and seriousness were going to change. I returned to Cairo and continued to work in the press, but I always think about you. Coming to the balcony I started murmuring with whom; with this new friend or with
that veiled woman? Previously I was satisfied with that spiritual relation but not now. I want to see her now. My teacher also returned and began behaving like a father to me. He would ask about my affairs and invited to dinners which I would accept happily. I am sure that our correspondence did not start again and nor it is needed now. Undoubtedly both have met and marriage has generated connection with teacher and his daughter with whom I have lived long and she has died recently and strong thing is that whenever I want to disclose the secret between the two I hear voices filled with smile, oh! veiled woman I am narrating this incident to you and I admit that because of you I have got a pleasant life and so it was not whether you were a dream or reality.⁴

4.5 THE SATAN ENTERTAINS: (الشيطان يلهو)!

When the time of death of Satan's leader neared, he called his crown prince Yalzabaul, and advised: "I have ruled the world for thousands of years and never paid carelessness to my responsibility and so I achieved popularity more than my predecessors but I think that the work of misleading human what is written in our constitution is trivial and in executing this work we got much support from the evils of people but what did we get to pride in as they competed ahead in destroying the world. Then they do all evils and blame us for them. I am conveying this explicit fact to you. Listen, O Yalzaboul because you will the ruler of this vast kingdom, what plans have you prepared for it? I have already told you that I failed to realize the task. Then Yalzaboul asked, "What do you want me to do?" The chief Satan replied, "Open a new door and present such a miracle that will prove that we are capable to carry out good deeds also, saying this, he took his last breath. Then Yalzaboul stood on the stage and read the last
will to all the audience and afterword he shut himself in seclusion and pondered for long over the method of executing the last will. Suddenly an idea struck him and he gathered all the Satans and spoke out his plan, saying "I need help from some male and female of you one will descend on the earth with me." He called out some distinguished Satans taking their names 'Zafaf', 'Sarara', 'Atrees, Khaloub, Sabia. Then all of them descend on a plain and secluded place which they converted into a clear stream with a place made of glass surrounded by gardens. Khaloub, the old female Satan was appointed as the caretakers of that palace and she was transformed into a beautiful woman. Thereafter, a newly born baby child was carried from the human population and the Satan Zafaf was made the supervisor of male group and was instructed not to let any human come near the palace and Yalzaboul made him remember the past sin when he had drunk wine instead of making the human drink it, and Zafaf was admonished not to repeat the mistake again when the child was presented before Khaloub, she asked whether it was a human and answer was given in affirmative and her name was Fuzla al-Azara and Yalzaboul wanted the child to be brought up as a very superior human according to our programme which you and your colleagues would execute and it is my trust to you and when it will be young I will come to see. Remember, there should be no negligence in its care as I will watch from distance. In case you succeed, oceans and seas and vast lands would be given under your power. Further he threatened that in case they failed, their destruction is sure, Khaloub told her plan that she should be kept aloof from evils and troubles as both things are found in human creatures and Yalzaboul instructed that no human especially male must not get near this palace. Thus,
Fuzla al-Azara was being trained and there was only happiness, comfort, and luxury in her life. The whole atmosphere was pleasant. So, Fuzla al-Azara was always seen happy lying on soft bed or walking in garden or listening to melodious music or laughing loudly in the palace with friends or taking lessons from Khaloub. For manner, etiquette and out of the stream Zafaf and his fellows would guard it strictly and they could go near it as whenever it was tried, fierce storm or cyclone would start all of a sudden. Some people were eager to know whether there were treasures occupying which will make them immortal. This story of stream and treasure reached to the prince Zabarsad who was a brave, valiant and adventurous youth. So, it was an opportunity to show his brave skills but he knew that through physical power he could not occupy instead it required fraud, treachery and hypocrisy and so he went to the Neeti and presented her valuable gifts and told his desire to enter Satanic valley. She took her to the case of wisdom and there the prince laws immersed in acquiring knowledge for years.

Then, he departed silently toward the valley. Reaching there he hides in a corner and listened to the talks of Zafaf and companions, and he discovered all the facts and also that Zafaf was fond of wine but because of chief he did not dare. Next day in disguise of a wretched Satan the wandered around the valley. The Satans saw arrested him and took him to Zafaf, who inquired about him very strictly. The prince replied that he belonged to Fattaqin tribe. Zafaf wondered and said, "Don't you feel shame attributing yourself to the respectful tribe. The prince said, "Yes, I was extradited and out casted because of drinking habit. Hearing this Zafaf shook but controlling himself said, "This is a great crime and prison him in the garbage
deep in ocean. The guard turned to him and said, "Exact the punishment I have told." Then the guards rushed to Tughyan (Zabarjad) who trying to run his turban smell pervaded the atmosphere. Zafaf getting the smell fell intoxicated and shouted, "You all go away, I will take revenge myself." All the Satans sent out and there remained only Zafaf and Tughyan in the hall. Several days would and it was observed that Zafaf would sit with his friend Sara alone and some empty bottles are found every day near his cave. The actual stay was that Tughyan was taken contract hiddenly to bring wine bottles each night for Zafaf. One night leaving him in drunken, Tughyan went out of cave with sleeping powder in his pocket and spread in all around the valley. All the guards fell unconscious. Then Tughyan wearing shoes went to the place and there he also poured powder on Khaloub and her mates and entered the room of Fuzla Al-Azara (Azaheer) who had awakened hearing the sound. Azaheer addressed him in famine gender who are you? Has Khaloub sent you" at the time Tughyan was in disguise of a Fakir wearing ragged clothes. He replied, "I am from far world (Human)" Azaheer said, "It is the world of evils and violence." Zabarjad asked, "Do you know more?" Then Azaheer looked at his turban and inquired about it. He replied that it was a cap which he wears for grace. Azaheer said, "You are wearing it for beauty which is a track berry and that is a severe evil" Zabarjad said, "You're talking a lot about evils, how could you know about them?" Azaheer replied, "I would coinsure from their goodness" Then Zabarjad said, "You are quite beautiful. She asked, "What is beautiful?" he replied, "It is opposite of ugly." She asked, "What is ugly" it is opposite of beautiful, you can't know about goodness from its opposite. Then Azaheer said, "Would you not tell
me more about world?" Zabarjad replied, "Sorry I can't answer as I am late, pardon me" so, when will you come again? Zabarjad replied, "perhaps, tomorrow Azaheer slept late that day. In the morning when Khaloub came there with breakfast, she saw her eyes red" when reading with khaloub, she asked strange question to her khaloub rushed to her mates and narrated it but out fear could not tell to Zafaf. In the evening, Zabarjad came in a beautiful garment and a sword. Azaheer asked. He replied, " I make others taste death by it" What is death" It is death opposite of life!" Zabarjad replied, " What is life?" asked Azaheer It is physical movement in body which dead don't have. Then he took her to the garden to explain moving of evil. He told her that she was addressing him with feminine gender and feminine. She asked which distance each other. Zabarjad replied, "No, instead it brings them more close" She asked how? He replied, "Through love" What is love? It is meeting of two elements she asked "Is it evil".

He replied " No, but a pleasant evil" Azaheer asked, "How two elements could combine?" Zabarjad cut his hand and told her to taste blood and asked about it, she replied it had bad taste. Zabarjad mixed it with juice, and made her drink Azaheer said, "It has a good taste." Then holding her, he flew in air. A pleasant feeling ran through and she asked where she was being taken. Zabarjad replied, "I am taking you to the world of evil and good". After some moments when she was. Zabarjad said, "you are in my palace" Then he sat her on the throne beside. After some time hearing the sound of people she asked, "What kind of sound it is?" He replied, "It is sound of celebration, now all would eat, play and dance" Then Azaheer wore human clothe and came in the other people drinking and dancing.
Zabarjad said them, "She is the queen" then he and other bowed in respect. This noise made her tremor and feel weak. Zabarjad took her to the room and lay her on the bed, and made her drink wine which empowered her. Sometime later Zabarjad and Azaheer again came to the hall when people welcomed them. All of them became engaged in playing and dancing. Zabarjad disappeared in the crowd. All of a sudden she saw him dancing with a prince. Then she stood immediately went to them and took out sword from Zabarjad's sheath. Zabarjad saw her and sword fell from her hand and she shed tears. Wondering she asked about them. "They are tears which came from heart" next morning he took her to the valley and extended his hand to go forever. She desired to gift her any memorial, when Khaloub came anxiously to awake her, she saw her pillow wet which is always dry, her eyes red and face sad with beating heart she went near and asked whenever she had seen any night more. I saw that the clouds have fallen down then Khaloub went frantically to her mates and told the condition of Azaheer. They felt that black storm has started and destroyed the valley; they remembered the warning of Yalzaboul.5

4.6 THE REWARD: (الجزاء !)

He was in the beginning of four decades of his life. He was matured, young and his palace was inherited in which atmosphere he found peace and comfort. He felt whining of dream and he was naturally fond of music and had devoted of life had compelled him. He is not so rich that he did not need earning. So he became a music teacher and empowered the students through it. One day a ten year old girl was brought to him who had said to be an expert in that art which has become a symbol of modern culture. Through his special struggle and excuses the teacher turned her on the right path of
learning music. In different occasions he gave parties and invited the music lovers, guardians and his family and in those parties he would display his exemplary work as representation of his students. Once a grand party was given in which the girl parents feared whether she would fail or succeed. The students came on stage one by one being welcomed with noisy clapping. Then finally the girl came and moved gladly toward piano. She looked very nervous and spinning with headache. The teacher happened to look at her with confident and satisfied with smile which amused the child. Sitting on the piano her fingers moved on and music issued and spread everywhere. The journey was before her but while playing piano she was looking at the teacher through whom she would guess the type of song. A silence prevailed in the atmosphere and everybody present there was looking only at him, the teacher. After a while, she awake forms her spiritual sleep and ended the music and at the end there was clap all around with praise and cheer. She was wondering why the people were clapping. When her parents came and congratulated, she came to her full sense. Her eyes were searching only one person from whom she wanted to hear congratulation. She found the teacher at the corner who was examining the music carefully. Seeing, he expressed pleasure and said, "child, this is a great success" she wondered and asked ' Have I sung really well" "Yes, definitely you have sung" Now my parents would be happy" The teacher replied, "You have achieved this success through your hand work" out of pleasure it seemed as if she had grown up on whose face the color of youth was apparent. The teacher looked at her and said, "I would give you a gift for this success" She asked innocently "You deserve the reward more than me" The teacher said laughing, "what gift would you like". The child
when she heard the sound, she touched it. The younger sister narrated her the time of delivery and about the hard moments. The mother unaware of her talk, was continuously looking at the child which moved aside the cover. It was a little child moving her eyes all around and light was dazzling in its eyes. Sometime it would laugh, and sometime cried. Its legs were moving at stretch. The younger sister kept on talking; the mother was unaware of her speech. An alive phenomena was making her feel her alive. The child through its movement and activity wanted to prove that it is a great creature days full of variety of scenes and suddenly a new feeling generated in her heart. The younger sister felt that she was not paying attention to her, so wanted to depart hastily. As she turned to go, she felt the cover was wet. She started scolding the child. The mother said extending her hands, "Give it to me, I will change and started shaking it and hugged. The child began to smile. That was the first smile after the death of her son. She carried it to her room, took out her son's clothes kept as memorial. She changed the child's clothes, playing it. The child slept. When her younger sister came, she hugged her saying, "The child is sleeping. The younger sister stayed there for two weeks. The mother had started eating well and a lively expression appeared on her face. Now she gave charity, and helped others. Now her home had been inhabited. After two weeks, the younger sister started preparing to go. The last day she accompanied her to the door walking slowly and silently, and after hugging the sister, when she looked at the child, it was smiling. She took it and embraced to her chest and started saying with tears "Sister would you not want any helper for the child"."
4.8 ARAB ORIGIN (أبو عرب):

An Arab immigrant Suleiman lived with his family in a hamlet Ammadik and earned livelihood through family. Due to respect and honour, people addressed Suleiman as Abu Arab. He was a muscular giant person reflecting awe from his personality. Smoking ‘huqqa’ was his second nature and had a small tender baby camel.

Suleiman loved his sons a lot and he had a dog named "Zahab" which he had brought up very lovingly and it too was completely submissive to its owner and look after the farm and land.

On the other hand, Ammad who was living with his family had a son, immensely dear and lovable and he was fond of hunting. He would play it on the bank a river accompanied by his servant 'Mabrouk' contemptuous of dogs, he would through stone at them, because of which 'Zahab' and Hamid had enmity between them. Whenever Zahab saw Hamid, it started barking and Hamid stoned it.

One day as usual Hamid and Mabrouk went for hunting and there seeing a dog drinking water from the river, Hamid attacked its head with stone which injured it and started barking fiercely. Sensing danger Hamid called his servant but instead of coming he fled away. The dog continued barking, fell to the ground and died.

Hearing the shout, Suleiman Rushed out of his room and said, 'what happened? Is everything fine? For a moment silence prevailed there. No one spoke anything Suleiman ran his eyes all around and found everything in order, then rushed to the backyard where it was all right. He took sigh of relief. But after a while he became anxious and restless, walked to the home and asked, 'Where is the dog zahab’?
He got no answer and so spoke "You all are mourning his
death." A dog replied in affirmative. Has the dog died naturally or
someone killed it? His wife consoled him and disclosed all the matter.

For a moment he became mute like statue and then cried, I
must kill the guilty.'

With passage of time people had forgotten this incident but not
Suleiman. Till late night he would lie awake moving to and fro in the
room with his head down.

One dark night, he walked out of the home with a lot of stone in
his hands. He jumped stealthily into the garden and awaited the child
(killer) in ambush. No sooner had the child reached there; he started
pelting stone at him. The child started crying which brought his mother
who instantly hugged him; she lulled him slowly and slowly while
Suleiman at a distance was watching this scene. His heart drowned in
sadness and lamented his action. Reaching home, he looked at his
children lovingly and hugged them tightly.8

4.9 THE RETURN: (العودة)

Almost near to the village called 'banha' there lived "hawamdi"
family amid which there was an old house inhabited by a poor maid
servant. She earned enough livelihoods through house hold works.
She was quite pretty and had round physique, and appealing eyes
and brows. Most of the time she would pass at home milking cows to
feed her only grandson very dear to her. Gradually he grew up and
went out for playing with his mates, while she would wait for him
holding food plate in her hands. Soon the boy was completely grown
up. His father came from around to him back. The grandmother was
not at all ready, as her whole life dependent on the only grandson as
the of the family members had expired. The father persuaded her a lot and finally she nodded consent to bid farewell to her grandson. Only to see his bright future she gulped down the tears of agony caused by his respiration. With course of time circumstance changed. If any one came from abroad, she must go to him to enquire about the health of her grandson, and the person would condole her with good news. One morning the father informed her that the grandson was coming next day. Hearing the news, her joys knew no bounds. She waited anxiously for the day to pass and fell a sleep at night. The next morning there was a knock at the door. The grandmother went to her son and asked, "Where is my grandson? The father pointed to the door. There stood a young man fully matured. She could not recognize him. After a while she embraced him and tears gushed out, the grandson gazed at her like statue. In order to make him happy the grandmother rushed into the room and came back with coins full in her hands. But the grandson was now a grown up man and he was amused by other things. He walked to the garden and started amusing himself with boys and girls. The grandmother seeing the scene lamented what has happened to him? Is he my own grandson? Alas he has entirely changed; repeating these words she kept on shedding tears.⁹

4.10 THE BEGGAR:

Two years ago I lived in a village named Halima near which was a tram station. I travelled often by it for employment. There was a beggar in the train whose both hands are absent. By appearance he looked a rich person perhaps due to some incident his hands had to be cut off. Every day I would give him one rupee and talk with him
awaiting the tram. One day I did not see the beggar which surprise me. Even after several days I found the place vacant and which called me to think apprehensively why he not came! The other day I saw him begging at his spot and asked the reason for his absence. He laughed a little and then lowered his head. I found the grace of grief spread over his face. Handing him one rupee, I said you did not come yesterday; it would have deprived you of income. He said: “I was sick; I looked at his face and look out for a five rupee note. His eyes became wet and he said, but my master ....... the tram arrived and I immediately boarded and saw him waving walking. Then on the third day when I saw him; he hid himself and it took me into surprise. Thus, weeks and months passed away and I had forgotten him completely. One day he was begging at the usual spot and I thought whether he would run away seeing me, but he did not. I asked “Why were you absent for so many days?” He said, “I was begging at some other place, as here I could not get much. Then why did you come here again?

I came here for you at about three months back when I was begging here, you came to me and handed me one rupee, but as you were boarding the train, a five rupee note fell from your pocket. I took it and called you but the train had started; so I could not get in. While returning I was tempted to spend it on good food but restrained myself. When I reached home, my children rushed to me. They had ragged clothes on them. So I thought to provide them good food and clothes. It made them happy but I became restless. I thought to return your money and went to the other place for begging. Now I have arranged all, he said, extending it to me if you refuse to take it, I would through it into the well. This story was narrated to me by a friend at a
hotel during coffee. I requested him to tell me another story and he began.

One day I went to my school as usual. The teacher punished me and my friends. The food system in the school was that a teacher was present there and would surprise the children and after that breads were distributed. I dislike bread, so I left it. Walking to the ground I found my friend 'Raouf' piecing off the bread corner. I said, "Friend, would you come to sweet shop this evening. He was happy at my suggestion and said, "I was thinking the same."

Should we lament on stale pulse or vegetable or meat. Then again I repeated my suggestion. My friends said, we are determined. In the evening, we went to sweat meat shop, bought a plate. The shopkeeper would demand money after eating. My friends paid it but I had only six rupees. I ate ten pieces and murmured in the ear of Raouf, "I have six rupees and I have eaten ten pieces. Hearing which Raouf became angry and told me to pay the remaining four. I said, but there is more with me. Leaving me there he walked to the door smiling. Having no way out I paid the rest and went.  

4.11 THE GUARD OF WATER POOL (حارس الجرن):

Since childhood I was familiar with Sheikh Juma. He had not changed a little and his voice was also unaltered. He would often tell me the stories of Hazrat Suleiman (A) though I grew up, I still liked to listen to his stories. Even after a long period of time Shiekh was always seen in the same turban and gowns. Rising at cok's crow he would recite verses and would pass most of his time near the bank. I would sit beside him and listen to different tales of fire thrown from hell to the earth thousand years ago. Allah poured the ocean over it, but it
did not exhaust. He would say "if a fire which could not be extinguish by Whole Ocean, how would be the fire of hell? Sometimes I would carry the book of Alif Laila and read the stories Sindbad. When I read the stories of Haroun Rashid, Sheikh would say, "he is the king of Islam who has fought both against men and genies. When I hummed the poetries of Abu Nawas and Umar bin Rabiya, he would say, this poetry is of Sheikh Abul Raheem Al-Barai in which he praises a woman.

When Sheikh was on journey to Cairo, he would attend at my home and I would ask him a number of varied questions, which he answered gracefully.

Once I said, uncle, see this lamp. How meticulously the British have designed it. Gazing at the lamp for some moments, he said, only Satan knows this secret. What the heart has to do with it? The non-believers. The world is for them and hereafter is for us then raising head to the sky.

He said, "All praise be to Allah who has included us in the list of believes. Sheikh had enough time to spare which he would pass some time by singing or writing.

This was the story of a man who led his entire life with joy humor and good temper. Smile played all the time on his lips and when it faded away he would say, Oh! Allah makes my end good."
REFERENCES

2. Ibid, pp.37
3. Ibid, pp.69
4. Ibid, pp.111
5. Ibid, pp.141
6. Ibid, pp.189
7. Ibid, pp.197
8. Ibid, pp.203
9. Ibid, pp.211
10. Ibid, pp.223
11. Ibid, pp.251