

WAIL IN VEIL



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For You

WAIL IN VEIL

Leila was in total shock and denial on the way back to her university accommodation. She could not accept what had just happened to her. As far as she was concerned it was unimaginable, unbelievable and unacceptable. Her mind was bombarded with questions of how's, what's and why's. There was no ability or energy left in her to think of any answers for these never ending questions. She did not know how she crossed the busy streets of London. It was about six o'clock when she reached her room after half an hour's walk that she did not even remember.

She threw herself onto the bed as soon as she entered the room. She had a strange unbearable horrendous pain and unimaginable burning in her heart but on the other hand she had the most delightful feeling of pleasure, at the same time. It was indescribable. Her already confused mind was failing to understand it, let alone to reason it in any way. She was shocked by how the two extreme ends can come together in one place.

It seemed to her that the heart of her soul was forcing the limitations of her physical heart to let it free to fly away for the joy it had. She was undoubtedly feeling the extreme pain of force almost bursting her physical heart. On the contrary the heart of her soul was in tremendous pleasure but she had no power of controlling them both but to let them go on their ways, failing to understand why and how they could behave like that. This was the first time in her life she was experiencing such a thing. It felt as if her body

and soul was beginning to separate and starting to go in totally different directions.

The limitless feeling in the heart of the soul challenged the limited boundary of the physical heart and it was tearing it into pieces to be able to get free with the hope of understanding self and to be understood. But the actual power behind both that made them act in such a way was incomprehensible for her exhausted body and mind. All her feelings, senses and common sense were jammed motionless, as her body thrown down and lying on the bed unable to even lift a finger.

Her room was one of the seven rooms in a women only flat in the school accommodation. Entering the flat, on the left-hand side there were a kitchen and four rooms, and on belonged to a Japanese girl. Leila's room was the number two. There was another Japanese girl in the room next to hers, number three, who arrived quite late. The last room, number four, on the same side belonged to a very young girl from Taiwan. Another Japanese girl lived on the other side, which was the first one opposite to Leila's room and a Chinese girl in the middle who was hardly seen around, and the last room belonged to an English girl.

Leila was the oldest one in the flat; even though they had developed very good relationships with each other, she usually kept herself away from the rest not to impose motherly pressure or feelings on these very young university girls. She was very happy to see them getting on very well. She could hear them talking, giggling and running up and down the corridor almost every evening. However, she was worried for the girl in room number three

at first, because she had arrived later than the others, in fact it was quite late, and in that situation there was always a risk of exclusion of the late comer from the group that had already established and bonded together.

Number three was a very strange but a beautiful, out of ordinary but well dressed girl and she was quite tall compared to the rest. She had hung a peculiar picture outside her door. There was a big circle divided with a straight line in the middle. On the top half there was a picture of a holy Mary-like woman, and on the bottom half, there was a picture of a prostitute woman in a mirror reflection form. When Leila asked what the picture meant to her, she said that she was a woman walking on the straight line in between these two figures and she was about to fall into being like one or the other.

This girl also left her suitcases unpacked for a long time and the other girls offered her to help unpacking which they did. But afterwards they came to Leila's room in a panic saying that one of her suitcases was filled up with strange tablets. Leila was certainly very concerned about it but she was in no position to interfere with the matter at all. She could only warn them to keep away from her if they heard or saw anything unusual in her actions or words, no matter what, even if she insulted them. She could clearly see the worry in the eyes of the girls and was deeply concerned about them but she could never have guessed what was to happen later that night. It was the very same night that her soul opened a clear challenging battle to her body.

Leila could hear them talking and giggling and running up and down the hall but it was a bit unusual compared to other evenings. Alas, she was unable to make any sense for

the voices coming from inside her, let alone to understand the voices coming from outside. She was even failing to understand what had just actually happened to her let alone to the others. It seemed that the best way for her to follow her already jammed logic and systems, was to lie down trying not to be affected by anything coming from inside or out. In fact, it was the only way to be able to cope with the situation she was in.

It was impossible for her to comprehend and interpret anything that was going on within her. How could she explain her feeling, even if she tried her best no one would be able to understand her unless they had gone through the same feeling themselves. She felt that she was the only woman who had this experience in the history of mankind. It seemed that no one ever had had this kind of situation ever but her alone. There was no example in her memory to conjure up to make any sense of it. How could she expect others to understand? In some ways she felt similar to the girl in room number three but in a life and a death situation. She was right on the straight line walking between life and death and she felt that she could end up in one or the other at any moment.

By then, the burning pain and unexplainable pleasure in the middle of her heart was beginning to penetrate in all directions. This was not an imagining of some kind. It was actually working on her both body and soul. The heat of the pain and pleasure were beginning to cover the whole of her existence in every dimension. This was impossible, unbelievable and unacceptable. Could this be love?

She was about fifty years old, married with four sons. Could she fall in love like that? How could she dare? Could

that have happen to anyone at her age and in her situation? How could she fall in love with not only a non-Muslim, but also married man that she knew nothing about? No! No! No! She thought this must be something else! There must be some kind of explanation to this! In the mean time she was involuntarily, continuously crying. The tears felt like fire balls in her eyes and ice balls on her cheeks. However, the most amazing and unbelievable thing was that if anyone had told her that they could take the feeling away from her, she would never ever allow them to do it. It seemed to her that parting from it would be the end of her too.

Being a Muslim woman Leila was obliged to get up and pray. She was sitting on her prayer mat, praying and crying at the same time. Exhausted and almost falling half asleep she suddenly jumped up with a scream and a loud knock on her door. It was about three o'clock in the morning. Leila opened the door and saw the heads of the girls peeping from their doors and pointing their fingers towards the door of room one. There was a note on the door.

“I WILL KILL YOU”

It was written with blood on a piece of plain white A4 paper and stuck on the door of number one. Blood was still slowly running down from the letters, like in horror films. The poor girl inside the room was frightened to death and was screaming as much as she could. When Leila asked who did it, then all the fingers pointed out the door of number three. The girls had already phoned the security but no one had come. Leila phoned them again but no one came. She knew she was not in any position to interfere at all as it was a very serious situation.

However, on the one hand the girl inside number one was screaming to death and on the other the girl in room number three might be bleeding to death. Moreover, the other girls were shivering with fright. Still, there was no security person to be seen at all. Leila would never know why she did not call the police that night.

The girl in number one sounded healthy enough to cry out such a loud scream, her pain was clearly and consciously demonstrated. However, there was no sound from number three she was in an absolute silence. Undoubtedly, whatever her pain was, it was hidden behind the door. She might have been wailing inside louder than the other but veiling it with silence. Unfortunately, silence is not heard no matter how loud it is. Leila had to make sure that the girl in number three was also all right, not bleeding to death behind the closed door. She knocked on the door reluctantly. There was no answer; she knocked again and again, no answer. This time she knocked and asked gently if she was ok, and if she could open the door for her. The girl from number three had always trusted Leila very much and used to tell her how much she admired and respected her in every way.

One evening, after the conversation about the picture hung on the door of number three, she came to Leila's room and they had a long chat. She told Leila about the story of her parents and family. Her mother was from a very rich and well respected family in Japan and she fell in love with a man, not only of low class and poor compared to her mother but also involved with every kind of shady business. Her mother had to leave her own family to live with her husband and she did, for some time, but it did not work. Her

mother was forced to take part in some kind of immoral business that in the end she could not bear any more and ran away leaving her little daughter behind.

The little girl, who was now in room number three, and might be bleeding to death. Being a mother, Leila was feeling sympathy towards this girl. It was not fair to load all the burden of parental and social mistakes of relationships onto her young, inexperienced innocent shoulders. Surely she did not choose to be in that situation but she was put there by the irresponsibility of others.

Her body was the product of the selfish desires of two individuals and her behaviour was the reflection of the ego centred social values. The overall outcome was now inside, behind the two doors one was screaming her pain out, one was screaming inside and suffering in silence. The painful reality behind the two doors was the way they related to each other and both were the consequence of the same thing, ignorance, a product of individual selfish egos that coming from inside -with-in- and egotistical based social systems, coming from outside -with-out.

Her father's family had brought her up. She was crying like mad when she was telling Leila about her father and how much he had abused her, but it was too hard for her to give Leila any detail about the maltreatment and it was too hard for Leila to ask. Still, it was not hard for any sensible person to guess what it could be, after seeing the devastating impact of it on the face of the poor young girl.

The community that she grew up in considered her look and certain moods and manners that were related to her mother wrong. People around her used to put her down by

pointing out the differences in her look and manner as if they were her faults and she grew up believing that what people were telling her was the truth. She was the ugly duckling of her surroundings who thought that she was the one who was full of deplorable differences and suffers for it in silence, as she was doing in her room now.

Her family said nothing to her about her mother but she came to know about her through other people's gossip that was still putting her down. When she was about twelve or thirteen, she insisted on seeing her mother. Finally, when she was about fifteen they had to let her to go and see her mother. However, the social difference and the individual differences in everything made her the ugly duckling of her mother's social class this time. She was more confused than ever and she began to hate both her mother and father for putting her into that kind of situation. As soon she was eighteen she left them both and went to some other town to work and earn some money to come to England. Thinking that her disappearance was the only way to punish both parents and her past, and having higher education was the only hope to save herself and her future.

Considering the possibility of any kind of unpleasant answer, Leila was reluctant to ask, what she did do to earn her money in her country and how she was supporting herself in London. However, on one thing Leila was sure that this girl still had hope for future. As long as she had hope, she was a case of hope for Leila. She joined a university to have an education and surely she was a very clever young girl, if she could go through her education she could be safe. Alas, what Leila did not know, what the

girl did not tell her, the tablets and the effects that they had on this poor girl?

Finally, the door number three slowly opened and the girl was in a terrible state. Both wrists were cut and bleeding, she had put some bandages over them but blood was coming out, almost dripping. The girl in number one was continuously screaming and the girl in number three was bleeding and looked dead pale. She looked so different. She was completely disorientated. Her speech was totally out of order. Her eyes were somewhere else and she hardly could stand on her two feet. That made Leila worried even more. The other girls were shivering and peeping through their doors with wide-open worried eyes. Yet, there was no sign of a security man. Leila told one of the girls quietly to phone for an ambulance.

Leila was running from one door to the other to calm them down and make sure that everyone was safe. Time seemed non-existent, not passing at all. It took about twenty minutes for an ambulance to arrive but felt like ages had passed. Finally, the security had to come with the paramedics and they took the number three girls to hospital. The carpet in the hall was stained with blood all over, but the security man took the note written with blood away.

By then, the girls were all gathered in the kitchen around the girl from room number one to calm her down; -by this time she was not screaming but crying. All of them wanted to tell Leila how these two girls argued about something and the girl from number three had left the kitchen for a while and later appeared again and the quarrel started where it had stopped but the girl number three seemed to them acting differently and her manner was frightening. So they all

wanted to go to their rooms and left her in the kitchen alone. That might have offended and hurt her more. The result was revenge.

Apparently she had taken some of those tablets and cut her wrists and written the note with her own blood and hung the note on the door of number one knocked and gone back to her own room. Under normal circumstances she was a clever and sensible girl and she would not hurt herself or the others. To be able to do such senseless and unreasonable thing like that she had to get rid of her common senses. So, she took those tablets to help herself to lose her consciousness and reasoning. Under the influence of the tablets she was not herself anymore. So, as she was someone else she was allowed to do anything that strange girl wanted. This strange girl was hurting her by cutting her wrists first and that was justifying her having right to hurt others and not making her responsible for the action of the other person.

After making girl number one calm they all went to their rooms but surely none of them was able to sleep. Especially, Leila was in an indescribable situation. She was absolutely shattered. She prepared herself for the Morning Prayer and sat on the prayer mat waiting for the time of praying. She was unable to think any more - her body, her soul and her emotions were jammed even more. There was no other way but give in, trust and pray to the Lord to make her strong to get through these difficult times and for protection for her and the others in difficulties.

The next day they again gathered in the kitchen and decided to go to hospital to see how the girl from number three was. All the girls, apart from number one and Leila,

went to visit her. They all including number three, came back towards the evening. She seemed to have regained her senses and become herself again, such a fine young lady. The other girls were very enthusiastic to restore the relationship between number one and three. There was apology and acceptance; all of a sudden it seemed everything returned to normal. However, Leila was not convinced at all. None could be sure that she would not take those tablets again and do something even more dangerous. Even thinking about it made Leila shiver.

Leila phoned the administration to let them know about the seriousness of the issue and the potential danger and asked them to give her a single room away from the other girls. They said there was no separate room available to accommodate her at all. There was no real concern and they said everything was under control and she should not worry. Again, Leila was not convinced at all. All the girls accepted room six in the kitchen. It seemed that everything was all right but in reality they were all very tense and pretending to be all right to mend the damage.

Leila was also making any excuse to go to the kitchen to see what was going on. They all seemed all right. So Leila went her room to try to have a rest. In the mean time, the burning feeling in her chest and heart was penetrating even deeper and wider. She was thinking all this could not be real. It was like a nightmare for her. She was hoping that she would wake up to find that all was gone. Alas, she was sure she would wish that for the situation with the girls, but for the other, no way!

Soon after that she was begging to relax but all the girls started running up and down and screaming again. She had

to run out to see what was going on. The number three girls had a knife in her hand and were banging on the door of number one. She was shouting that she was going to kill her. Leila had to beg her for a long time to put the knife down. She liked and cared for Leila very much, and finally she agreed to give the knife to Leila. Leila took her away from the door of number one. In the mean time the girls phoned the security and soon they came and took her away again.

To their amazement she was bought back to her room on the same afternoon. This was unbelievable. This time the girls were really scared. They locked themselves in their rooms and had to communicate through telephoning each other. They were going to the kitchen all together to take whatever they needed. They took and run back to their rooms. In the end none was to take any chances by staying in the flat for that night except Leila. She was the only one who could talk to her and reason with her. She was the one who cared for her safety. If she was rejected totally she might do something even more foolish then before.

As it was holiday for reading week, the girls decided to go to stay with their friends for a couple of days. By the evening there were only Leila and the girl number three left in the flat. This would be the third night that Leila did not sleep at all. Why was that? On one hand she was burning inside out, crying whenever she had a chance to and on the other she was deeply concerned for this girl. She was also worrying for her own safety, of course, but somehow it seemed that there was no room available for any kind of emergency in this huge school building to accommodate any one in an emergency.

This occasion made Leila remember a similar incident that had happened in her country. She had a neighbour that moved to the flat next to her one. She did not know who they were for a long time. She just heard that they were a young couple with a young child. The husband was seen when he was going to work in the mornings and coming back home in the evenings. The wife would not even draw the curtains. She would stay in all day and night. Apparently she had a baby boy about six month old a similar age to Leila's son. At first, Leila was very happy hoping to become friends with her who was also newly married with a young child. However, her hope for a new friend soon had to change place with misery and worry. The husband was beating his wife almost every evening and Leila could hear her screaming and the baby crying day after day through the thin walls between the flats.

The building that they lived in was in a rural area. There were only two houses. One was a big two-floor house and the other was a small bungalow nearby. The house that Leila lived in was the big one with two floors. The top floor was made into one flat that the landlord used to live in and the ground floor was divided into two small flats for renting out. Leila was living in one of them with her husband and the baby boy. This newly moved family was living in the other one. The entrances of these flats were on different side of the building but the flats joined together with very thin walls in the middle. They could almost hear each other if they spoke with loud voices, let alone screaming or crying.

The house was surrounded by hills on all sides. The scenery was beautiful. The four seasons were enjoyed there in every respect. In the spring one could see all the shades

of green and every kind of flower on the trees and on the ground. The summer was very pleasant under the shade of the trees and fruits all around, plums, apricots, apples and walnuts and many others fruits. There were roses in many colours on both sides of the road going down to the main road. One had to climb up these hills to see other houses apart from the cottage near-by where a strange man lived with two wives. One of the wives had a young daughter but she was working. Despite all this beautiful scenery Leila felt very lonely.

Leila was hoping for a friend, instead now there was a routine session of screaming crying and shouting every evening just after the husband arrived home. No one was saying anything, landlord, people in the little cottage or Leila's husband. Leila was sure everyone was hearing and aware of what was going on but no one was doing anything to stop it at all. Leila was upset with all these people witnessing and not doing anything to stop this violence. She, herself was a young woman with a young child, and did not know what to do to prevent him beating his wife and stop the agony of the poor mother and child.

According to the people it was a family matter and should not be interfered with but for Leila it was not. It was clearly a social matter and had to be stopped immediately. The matter of justice, equality and freedom were involved and being totally abused till the extreme end in front of everyone and they still called it only a matter of a private family issue. Leila would not accept that at all, in fact for her it was total tyranny. She could not pretend any more that nothing was happening like the others. One evening she went around and knocked on the door while he was beating

his wife, all the screams and crying was going on. The man opened the door; she told him if he did not stop hitting her she would call the police right away. He told her to mind her own business and slammed the door in her face.

This was what Leila expected from a man who had no respect for his wife and his own child. She knocked on the door again and again until he opened the door again and she told him that he would not scare her and she would certainly call the police if she heard any noise again. The man slammed the door in her face once more. She did not mind that at all. At least she knew that he would think twice before hitting his wife again. Leila was very happy for not hearing any noises for a couple of days. Alas, it started all over again soon after that.

Leila decided to approach the wife this time, and tried to talk to her with the hope of finding some kind of solution. The wife would not open the door for her at first. She used to talk to her through the window behind the curtains. Leila did this for some time to gain her trust. After a couple of weeks she began to look at her from the gap of the curtain. Leila started to take her baby with her and stand in front of the window and talk to her. As she also had a baby she began to talk about babies and how they were and so on. After a month or so the wife began to open the door and she stayed inside the door and Leila stayed outside and they had a chat for some time almost every day. But towards the evening she would draw all the curtains and lock herself in before the husband arrived.

The story was that she was a daughter of an army officer but her both parents had passed away. She had only a brother who lost his mind and ended up in a mad house.

There was no one to take care of her when she met this man. She was quite rich, had some land. She thought this man would take care of her and her possessions. But soon after the marriage he began to ask her to sell all that she had and give him the money.

The lady was very young, small built with no education and no relatives apart from a distant uncle who lived in another city which Leila convinced her to give her his address and telephone number in any case of need. She told Leila that he was hitting her because she was not giving him legal permission to sell her land. He was using a tactic of psychological pressure to make her fed up and give up everything, most probably she would end up in the mad house like her brother and he would enjoy the money. She seemed very delicate but she was a strong and determined lady. She was doing anything in her power not to give him what he wanted, no matter what. She knew very clearly that if she did that she would find herself on the street alone with her son straight away.

In time, they became good friends and she began to use different tactics to avoid violence and beating. She was not strongly opposing as she used to but not agreeing either. Her husband began to feel the difference in her and forbade her to see Leila ever again. Once again she began to not open the door for Leila. She was scared that he would come and check on her at any time of the day and she began to talk to Leila behind the curtains just in case. Leila could see the fear in her, and this fear and loneliness was affecting her mind and manner slowly. She was getting worse and worse every day. Soon after that he began to beat her again.

One day Leila could not bear any more and called the police. Police came but the husband was too clever and cunning somehow convinced them and sent them back. The poor lady had no one to turn to. In the end she stopped seeing or talking to Leila even from behind the curtains. She did not respond any more whatever Leila did.

Leila could not do anything and of course she was also concerned for her own and her child's safety. The area was very quiet if that man did any harm to her no one would know. Therefore, she began to stay with her parents at night. Her parents were living half an hour walk away behind the hills.

One afternoon Leila was at home preparing to go to her parents to stay overnight. She saw through the window some soldiers were going up and down and they were knocking on all the doors and searching for a runaway hit man who, shortly before, killed a well-known journalist and ran away.

The soldiers found a trail of blood near the house and followed it. The bloodstain led them to the house where Leila lived. The area was very suitable for anyone who wanted to hide. That is why they were turning every stone over to look under for the killer. One of the soldier asked Leila if she had seen any suspicious person. Surely she had did not seen anyone.

The soldiers were very much concentrated on the house because of the blood. It was coming to the house and disappearing there. They also knocked at next door and there was no answer so they got more suspicious. Most probably she thought it was Leila knocking the door at first

and avoided answering. They began to knock the door more vigorously and saying if the door was not opened they had every right to break it. They were all collected in front of her door and window that looked suspicious. The lady saw this from the window opened the door and began to run like mad, leaving her baby behind. The poor soldiers did not know what was happening and the poor woman did not know what was happening and the poor baby did not know anything what was going on at all just crying.

Leila heard her scream and ran to help her but she was already gone into the little cottage and had hidden herself under one of the beds. The poor lady was changing the baby's nappy when she saw the soldiers and left the baby like that. Leila had to explain the situation to the soldiers and the soldiers left the house after searching in case of the killer was hiding there. Leila had to cover the baby and took him to her house with her. It took some time to calm the baby to see what had happened to his poor mother.

She hid under one of the beds in the little cottage and would not come out but screamed continuously. The poor people living in it did not know what was going on or what to do with her. In fact, the result of the private family matter had ended up in their own house and was laying under their own bed. Leila called one of the two wives to stay with the babies and she went to see the young woman who was still under the bed scared to death screaming, and sweating without any consideration of anything at all. As soon as she heard the voice of Leila she started to calm down but she was saying things that did not make any sense to anyone. It took some time for Leila to convince her to come out from under the bed.

Leila took her to her own house, her baby boy was there but the woman did not care about anything, even for her own child. This was too much for her it was the breaking point. Somehow she was in shock, blocked herself not letting anything go in or come out of her. Similar to how Leila felt that particular night after what had happened to her in the classroom.

In the evening the lady's husband came could not find her at home, came to ask Leila and saw his wife and child with her. Of course he was not happy at all as he did not like Leila for interfering in his beating of his wife. He asked his wife to take the child and go home with him but she did not respond to him at all, she did not even want to know him.

She was living in her own world. She just hid herself behind Leila, like little kids hide behind their mothers when they are scared, and she refused to obey her husband completely. Leila would not allow him to take her like that. She could not trust him at all. The husband was not happy but Leila tried to convince him nicely if she stayed with her over night she might feel better tomorrow. Having no option he had to let his wife and child stay overnight with her.

Leila was wondering would the man be different person if he had been brought up in different ways and values. Would he be a nice, kind and just person? Why should he not be? She was sure that he was not happy about what he was doing to his wife and his own child. He must have been under the pressure of his own natural instinctive conscience, questioning him for his own unjust actions. That might have been tearing him into pieces, which would

not be easy to go through. So, what might have made him choose the most difficult path to fulfil his materialistic selfish ego, instead of choosing to enjoy the life with his wife and child whatever he had? That would be easier for him, and it would make him and his family much happier. Leila's thought followed with a deep sigh, knowing what made him block his soul and mind, freeing only the animal side.

Leila could be counted lucky as her husband was not preventing her to do what she wanted to do but on the other hand he was not supporting her for her fighting for the right of other women either. That is why, in a different aspect, she also felt as alone in the society as that poor lady. That night Leila had three children to take care of over-night and the mother of the young baby was worse than the babies. She was curling in one corner and making a noise between begging and crying. If Leila wanted to go out of the room she would not let her go and clung on her skirt like a little child. She either did not let her go anywhere or she followed Leila like a shadow wherever she went. Leila was hoping that the poor lady would regain her right mind by the morning that seemed never to arrive.

In the morning she had to convince the husband again to let her stay with her for the day also because she was not in any condition to take care of herself let alone the baby. This was real but another reality was that she knew there was no way out but to phone the poor lady's uncle to let him know what was going on and she needed time for it. Soon after he left she phoned the uncle. She was happy at least for one thing that she had the phone number of the lady's uncle before what had happened; otherwise she would not be able

to get anything out of the poor lady who had now become like a child.

Leila phoned the uncle who was also an army officer like the lady's own father and he sounded respectful, kind and caring man. She assured him that if he cared about his niece and her son he had to come and get them before the husband came back from work. That day late afternoon he was at the door of Leila's flat to pick up the poor lady and her son. He told the same story to Leila as the lady told her before, about her family and brother. He said that they were very clever but genetically vulnerable to pressure. When they did not understand what was going on they locked themselves in. That was the reason for her brother being put in the hospital after losing both parents in a tragic way.

He wanted to take her and leave there and then but Leila had to convince him to see the husband and then take her. Otherwise he would accuse her with anything and everything and he possibly could try to harm her one way or the other. He was a sensible person, agreed with Leila and took the lady and the baby and went to her house. Soon after that the husband came and knocked on Leila's door. He was also not happy when he heard that his wife's uncle had arrived. He knew that Leila called him and gave her a very scary look but she did not care at all. As she strongly believed that she had done what was right. That evening she heard two men shouting and soon after she saw the uncle take the lady and the baby and leave.

The husband was seen for a few days coming home and going to work and then he also disappeared. The house was left like that for couple of months and one day he came and

took the furniture away. That was all, after that Leila never knew what had happened to that poor lady and her child

Leila's conscience was comfortable with what she did despite of the hard work and danger but she was wondering how the people slept at night turning a blind eye to those kind of unfairness. People pretended that they did not hear her scream loud and clear, let alone hear the scream of poor lady's mind and heart or the gentleman's silent scream for that matter. Even though he seemed the bad guy from outside what made him to do that. On reflection, there was not any social support or protection of private or government departments for them to approach and get help. Someone had to be beaten and seriously hurt for police to interfere. There were no facilities for the poor woman or Leila to turn for help to either. It was very sad. Thinking back all about it again and all the stresses she had gone through. Leila felt a cold sweat covering her head to toe.

Leila was thinking that surely there was something wrong or missing in the system of life that was helping it to produce such egotistical individuals who could oppress others easily to get what they wanted to satisfy nothing but their own selfish desires, without caring for the others at all. Like the lady's husband and the girl's father. Leila thought whatever the missing thing was must be very crucial but she could not clearly point out what it could be. Those selfish individuals naturally existed in the establishment of the society and they were clearly created by the same society that they live in. However, it would be easy for some people to put the blame on some others by naming and shaming them according to their actions but not asking the reason behind them. That would be the scapegoat and an easy way

out to hide the real problems of ignorance in society at large.

She also failed to understand how any society that gave religious or moral lectures over and over again on justice, equality and freedom in one hand and still produced selfish individuals and ignorant societies on the other. How could they not realise that it was not working? How could they watch the unjust taking over the just and still carry on doing the same thing over and over in ignorance, instead of stopping and thinking about why it was not working. She thought, what a chaos, some things were seriously wrong.

There was something missing or misread almost by every individual, in every nation, in every part of the societies in the whole of the world. It seemed to her that, somehow all humanity was trapped in a vicious circle producing itself again and again without quality control. It had become a universal custom to squeeze the victims out by judging them with individual, one sided pre-monitored or pre-tailored human judgements. That, according to Leila would be the end of equality and freedom. As every single human being would have their own right and wrongs so who would decide what was right and what was wrong for society as a whole.

Unfortunately, it seemed that the weak had no power to ask for their rights or no one to turn to, to protect their rights. And the strong had no one to answer for, for their actions and no one to question them. Only the sound of power was to be heard which took over the control of mouths and ears till there was no sound from justice to be heard at all. Leila considered that mankind was a whole body within itself and anyone who hurt others for whatever

reason would be hurting themselves with their own ignorance not realising the consequences that the long term. End result would turn back and hit them, or anyone close to them with double effect one way or another. It was painfully funny for Leila to realize that all mankind as one body seemed a person doing the actions without realising what he was doing, and talking to himself without listening to what he was saying.

However, whenever she remembered the reason the soldiers came and surrounded the house and the reality behind it, she could not stop herself from smiling. The reason for the bloodstain was the two sons of the landlord. The boys fought over something important for them and the younger one picked up a stone and threw it at his older brother while they were playing under a tree, some distance away from the house. So the stone hit the older brother on the head and the blood came out. Naturally he ran to his house to get help from his mother leaving the bloodstains that the soldiers followed later on. After calming the boys down the mother took them out to distract them. So, no one was at home to tell the real reason for the blood stains. In the end the truth came out and everyone was relieved that the hit man on the run was not in the area. But, it took the poor lady who was already in a hazy period of her life and wailing behind the veil of curtains, into a complete darkness, most probably not to be seen and heard at all.

Leila was really exhausted, one moment she was about to fall asleep the next moment she woke up jumping. She could not go through another day or a night like that. She was not young anymore and it was getting too much for her ability to handle. Considering all, she, herself had gone

through so much in her life and now she was thinking that she could do what she really wanted to do, continue her education and to become a social researcher. She had waited for her children grow up and her children were now old enough and almost settled. Her husband supported her at first and backed her up so; she was feeling that the time was right to continue to her higher education which had been left half way through.

Alas, she was mistaken in thinking that she could arrange anything she wanted to do. She had no control on whatever that had happened to her on that particular evening. What was it? Where did it come from? How did it hit her like that? Why had it shaken her into pieces like that? It not only turned her inside out but also did the same to everything that she was involved with. Really, could that be love? Surely, she could not fall in love like that? But whatever it was, it had the power enough not only to shake her all around her but also strip out all the values and common sense that had been built up through her life. Could love do that? She did not know any answer to any question at all.

In the morning one of Leila's sons phoned her to ask how she was. She could not say anything about what happened to her heart, and soul but she was able to tell him what had happened in the flat. He was so upset and concerned. He phoned the Manager to ask him why his mother had to go through all that hard time while all this was their responsibility to take care off. Should it be due to lack of management? He was told off by the manager instead of given an apology, saying that why was he interfering with the issue that he had nothing to do with him.

Her son was furious, he was living in another town but wanted to come and face the manager for his behaviour, who was telling him to mind his own business while his mother's life could be in danger. After all, the behaviour of the manager was normal under the circumstances. He was also the product of a similar society and was failing to understand the frustration of a son who was really worried and concerned for his mother's safety. Leila had to convince her son not to come to London. She assured him that if nothing happened till the evening she would go and stay with friend in London.

In the afternoon some of the girls in the flat came back to see what was happening. In the end they all decided that if the administration would not do anything about taking her into care and take the keys from her for the safety of the rest, they would go to the police. They all came together and let the administration know about their decision. Somehow all of a sudden the administrator appeared with a key in her hand offering a two-bedded room for six people instead of taking the number three away. It was not big enough for all to stay overnight. It seemed to Leila as if it was a mocking cold joke. She began to feel sick and disgusted by the attitude of the management.

That was the point at which Leila ran out of patience and told the administrator that they had to take her into care or she would call the police straight away no choice. The girl number three was in her room and she could harm herself or the others at any time. Leila never did understand why the administration was reluctant to take her away and put her in a separate room or send her into a special care unit at all.

After that, they had to take her away and make the rest sure that she did not have any access to the flat. Leila was very upset about the girl but what had to be done it had to be done for the sake of justice. The next night she came to the door of the flat begging to open it. Obviously, seclusion had made her very upset and she took some tablets and came to the door asking to open it saying she was going to kill the girl in number one who had disappeared, too frightened to come back to the flat.

That night, there was no sleep for all the girls in the flat again. Leila could not face her after all. What would she say to her you are the victim of your own kind, human beings? You are the victim of the wrongly exercised power or wrongly justified individual rights and social values. I love you but please go away! How could she say that? How could she turn blind eye to her cry for help? How could she help her? Yet again, there were no answers. Leila did nothing but add more questions to her unanswered ones, and the only solution at that moment was to cry and cry, scream in silence and ask the Lord for help, to help her and to the others who were badly in need. She was feeling so lonely, weak and helpless despite the never ending hope in the Lord that made her go through all the rough times in her life.

Leila strongly believed that freedom, equality and justice were the common values of human beings and must be concentrated on despite the differences in nationalities, religions and customs. A human being is a human being no matter where they are or who they are. She thought that most of the people did not really understand the meaning of these three terms clearly and did not properly put them into

practice. If they did these young ladies and so many others, men and women, like them would not suffer in silence.

There had to be a source of power over the power of men to put everyone under an equal but individually responsible position that make them free from each other's oppression. It would make them equal in their own individuality as well as equally responsible for their own individual actions. There had to be a source of justice above all humanly creation to put the rest in equal terms in their individual existence. O Lord. All these were becoming too much for her to think. Her head was not only hurting it was also beginning to spin. She attempted to block herself once again and try to sleep.

Leila had an exam at the beginning of the week after the reading break. Let alone revising she had almost forgotten what she had learnt during the last term. She was in year two, learning Arabic as a third language. Not only was she finding difficult it to learn a new language at her age, but also she was facing unexpected family problems. Her marriage and one of her son's marriages were unstable. Her younger son, who she started the university with was not doing well either. But, the impact of the feeling that hit her that evening had gone far beyond and taken over everything.

Power struggle! She thought the main problem was the power struggle. Power struggle would take place between right and wrong, strong and weak, men and women or you and I. But, what about her individual inner struggle that took place deep down within herself. No one could ever imagine the immensity of the battle going on at the centre of her mind and her heart at that time. It felt that in her mind

there was a battlefield of chaos. Every single thought had its own weapon fighting each other. She was trying to analyse, explain and reason through the situations individually to put them in a rational perspective but with no success.

Every thought had its opponent and they were trying to prove that their cause was the right one and their own conclusions were the absolute truth. In the mean time they had their own supporting spectators backing and applauding them and shouting to opposite opponents to have a second thought about maybes or maybe not's. Not to mention questions thrown on to the field over and over again. It was tearing her into pieces. Not only her body and soul were fighting now but also her conscience and common sense joined in. She was trying her best to be just in every situation. However, whenever her feeling came into foreground every single thought was running to every corner to hide knowing that they had no place to manoeuvre and to be heard when it was around.

She was sure that she had to have something to make her stronger than ever before to put them all in order to settle that vigorous fight in her. Somehow she had to offer them just settlement, above her own selfish desires or others selfish claims, to be able to make a fair peace agreement in her. Even though she was a practicing Sufi for many years, she never found anything as difficult to put her thought under control, specially her feeling of love. If it was really love!

Leila tried hard, as much as she could, to think rightly to assess the situation concerning her feelings but her heart was not obeying her, what so ever. It was like pressing the

button of a computer to turn it on or off. Once you pressed it for one action even if you wanted to reverse it you would not be able to do anything until the first ordered action took place. The love button in her heart was just activated and it seemed that it would not do anything else until it fulfilled the action it was ordered to do.

Leila had lost five kilos in one week and she was drained physically and mentally but she had to go to university as she had an exam in the first lesson. The result was not difficult for anyone to guess. That was not Leila's main concern; her main concern was that she did not know how she would behave when she saw him again. His voice was still echoing in her ears when he said 'good night' behind her while she was in the corridor, running away after the hit.

The next day she had a lesson with him, how could she avoid seeing him? How would she or he behave when they saw each other? There were more questions added, she felt heavier and heavier every moment while she was walking to university that morning. On the one hand she was frightened to go but on the other she wanted to go even more to see him. She remembered the feeling of that evening how she had to run away from him and while she was walking forward her feet were literally forcing her to go back they were almost refusing to go away from him.

All she wanted was to have an education to become a researcher and writer. She always wanted to be a doctor when she was young. She never knew why but somehow she cared so much for people and always wanted them to see happy for that reason she wanted to become a doctor to be able to take the pains away from them to make them

better and joyful. Her thought was so strong and so innocent that she thought she could do anything and everything for the world to be a better place for all. She thought everything would be in her power to do so. However, she might not be wrong in her innocent dreams for making the world happy but unfortunately she was wrong in thinking that she could have her dreamed of education.

Her family background was from the Caucasus. Both of her parents came from there, her mother was about a year old and her father was about six years old when they emigrated to Turkey. She was born in the East of Turkey and came to the capital city when she was about four years old. She grew up with the stories how her grandparents used to live in their own land and why and how they had to run away to save their lives leaving behind not only all the land and the wealth they had but also all the rest of their family. Leila also promised herself that one day she would go there and write a book about all the real stories that she grow up with. Whenever she thought about those things she would give a big sigh, thinking too much to do with too little time!

Leila seemed not a very clever, sharp girl but she was always thoughtful. Her teacher named her 'karınca ezmez'. She used to walk so slowly looking at what was in front of her so carefully that she would not even step on an ant. She never blamed him for that because she was the last one to arrive to the lesson every day. That was not because she would leave home late, but because she would always see something that took her attention. So, she would stop and analyse it for a long time forgetting the time and the lesson. That could be anything, animal, plant or a stone no one would know. By the time she would reach the school she

could see all her friends and the teacher at the windows looking and waiting for her to arrive to start the lesson and laughing and joking with her in a kind way.

Even though it took longer for her, the school was about half an hour walk from her home. The area was in an outskirt of the city. There were few bungalows like houses; some had big and some small gardens. They were all built on high land. On one side there was a quite high hill going down and a little river running in the middle. There was another high hill on the other side of the river and one or two houses could be seen in distance. On the other side where the school was, there were more hills not as high as the other sides, going up and down till reaching to school. Leila loved the area very much as it was very untouched in its own natural setting.

In the morning she had to go down a small hill first and walk down following a small spring. On both sides were gardens full of fruit trees, apricot, apple, pear and many more. She thought for a while to remember if she knew the English names for some of them but she did not. There was a beautiful two-floor house in the middle of a garden with a well in one corner. She could see another hill on the other side going up, full of roses in every colour. Who could blame her for loving all this and being late to her lesson?

There was only one place that she never liked at all. The school was newly built next to the old one, which was not safe to use as a school after an earthquake. They built the new school half way up a high hill. Therefore they filled some part to make the foundation stronger and have a bigger play ground. But from where she used to arrive they had to climb up that manmade hill that had no solid ground.

There were no steps made for children to go up easily. It was a real struggle for a young child to climb up in dry weather let alone in the rain. If one falls off at the top they found themselves right at the bottom. They had to get up and try again and again until they succeeded in reaching the top. Some time they got help from older students.

In the winter, because it was a filled up hill it would become muddy in such a way that every day children lost their shoes or boots in it or fell in it and never managed to stand up again. Older students had to help them to take them to school or back home to get cleaned. In the snow it was the worst nightmare of every student small or big. It would become a skiing platform with glittering ice all over. Natural land had such a soil that it would not become muddy like the filled part and she never understood why they did not build steps there to make it easy for the children to climb up.

One winter she never forgot when she stuck in snow. Both of her boots came out, most probably she was trying to find where the deepest snow was. While she was trying to get them off she fell into the snow. The snow was soft and deep she was not able to get up again. There was a friend with her of the same age and she did not even dare to go into that deep snow to help her. No way could she help her or she would also be trapped in the snow like Leila. There was no older student around to help her either.

She was crying in freezing cold and shouted to her friend to go and get her mother. Her friend ran as much as she could in the snow and let her mother knew what had happened. When she saw her uncle who came to pick her up she was freezing and beginning to get numb. He was the

biggest hero for her at that moment. But her dream of hero failed away when her mother put her in cold water as soon as they reached home. She did not understand the reason for second punishment but later she was told that it was for preventing pain when one was exposed to heat after staying in cold for a long time.

After that she had to take a break, at least for some time, from making her shapes on the snow. She loved the snow very much for its whiteness and cleanness. She could draw on it anything she wanted. But the most she liked to lie down on the snow in line next to each other opening her arms wide on both sides and make many shapes as much as she could that looked like they were holding hands.

She enjoyed every bit of her primary school even though she was a very shy person. She was the oldest of nine but she had only one brother and three sisters when she was at primary school. Almost every year she had to have permission from school saying that her mother will have a baby. That was also a matter of joke between the teachers whenever she could not make it to the school they would make a joke about whether her mother had had another child. She did not care because she loved her family all together very much.

However, she never forgot the day her teacher had called her to the front of the class to ask some mathematical questions. She was in year three by then. She knew all the answers, unlike now, but she did not know why she was finding it hard to stand on her feet like that in front of the black board. Her head was spinning and the classroom was going around and round. She had to lean on to the black board and held it with her hands at the back to secure herself

from falling. That was it; no answer was coming out of her mouth. The teacher told her to sit down giving her the full mark. At the end of the lesson her teacher told her that he wanted to see her parents. That was very confusing for her young mind. How could he give full marks while she said hardly anything? So if she did right why was he calling her parents?

She had to grow up to know the reason. The teacher knew that she knew the answers but he realised how she was uncomfortable and scared to stand in front of him and others. So he told her parents to not put pressure on her and let her relax and develop her own identity. Not her father but her mother was quite authoritative but she had changed after realising that her behaviour was affecting her child. Soon after that Leila was a completely different child. She picked up quickly and even her teacher was amazed. No one knows he might have regretted talking to her parents when he found it difficult to stop her later on. One thing was for sure that he was always proud of her whatever she did.

After that her feet were there to take her forward there was no reason to challenge them. She had ups and downs in her life but walked slowly but surely towards her goal to make the world better and happier place to live in. So, why then were her feet confused now almost refusing to go forward when she was leaving him behind and running, in fact, almost flying when she knew that she was going to see him?

Leila remembered the first lesson she had with him. She joined the class late for she changed the subject she had at the beginning of the year. She was also late for the lesson and the classroom was small and full of students. There was

no place to sit for her. She had to sit very close to the lecturer almost right next to him. This was difficult for her as she was a Muslim lady. It was totally against her moral values and hard for her to be so close to a strange male but she had no choice at all. She also was surprised that the lecturer was male because she knew that the subject was always taught by a lady lecturer.

The lecturer was very good in the introduction of the lesson, in fact was the best at that university so far as she saw. Unlike many others at the same university, he introduced the whole year's plan and explained what was expected at the end of the course. She had not seen him before at all but he sounded very professional, friendly and pleasant to have a lesson with. He sounded like a good lecturer, an expert in the field. That was the most important part for her and she did not think anything else. She was just happy that she found a course that she liked and the lecturer seemed professional in teaching and expert in the subject. What else would she ask for, apart from her coming early to sit in a reasonable place, perhaps a little bit away from the lecturer? Everything seemed all right until that evening.

Poor Leila, all she wanted was to have an education. That was her natural right to have it, right from the beginning. Why were all those obstacles coming in front of her? First, her mother did not let her carry on her education after the primary school. She was upset with her mother for a long time. She was also angry with her father who wanted her to have education but did not stand firm in front of the obstacles to let her to have her education.

Generally, they were loving and caring parents but surely they were somehow in ignorance about the

education. She was also too loving and caring to tell them anything that would hurt them but cried all night when she went to bed almost every night for a long time. That was her only private time and place. Her pillow would become soaking wet and she would hide it from her mother. She couldn't stop herself from crying later, at every age whenever she remembers that. All her dreams for helping people by taking their pain away from them were gone forever.

It took her many years to understand her mother and father but specially her mother. Why would a mother prevent her own child to have her own right of education? She could come up with some excuses like her mother needed her help because she had nine children. Maybe her father would not help it with looking after all the children. But who is to know the real reason behind it. They were all guesses and had no real base.

However, that hurting feeling was to turn into a bitter pain when her parents did anything and everything to send her brother to the school that they wanted. Not that. Surely she wanted her brother to have an education more than anyone in the family. But, why was her right taken away so easily because she was a girl. She never understood and accepted that ever. Who was to give them that right to treat the boys and girls differently in the matter? They seemed very religious in many ways but innocently in ignorance in Lord given equal rights for the education of boys and girls.

She thought that the main problem was that parents feel that they own their children, thinking that they have all the rights over them to do with them what they want to do. But, as far as Leila could see children were put under the parents'

trust only by the Lord. Mother, Father, girls and boys no matter who they were they have equal rights in front of the one and only one Creator, as an individual human being, no matter their situation, place or position.

However, all these clear, simple and practical basic values were clearly clouded and veiled up by the individual and social values of ignorance and egoistic principles. Those self-centred quickly fixed, to meet the urgent need, man-made values were too interwoven with the everyday life of the people. They became so regular with time that their authenticity was not questioned any more. They were taken as normal and counted as right actions. That was the reason, as far as Leila could see. Those could easily confuse the mind of highly educated people let alone the mind of ordinary uneducated ones.

Leila, at least, could make some reasoning and some sense about all that had happened in the past even if she knew that it might not be hundred per cent true. But now, she could not even make any sense. What happened to her was out of the worldly values and principles, let alone her imagination or her dreams.

Obviously, she had the dream of meeting the real love of her own soul, her soul mate, when she was young. Nevertheless, she gave it up long time ago after making two marriages of convenience. The first one was based on the cultural chaos and the other one was based on pure trust. That was what she called them before she came to know about destiny. In the mean time remembering her first marriage proposal at the age of twelve always gave her a painful smile.

It would be easy for someone to reason and explain occasions that had historical similar incidents. But, how could one put an event into words to explain to self or others who had not seen or heard similar examples at all? She had no recorded consciousness of any kind relating the matter. A new page was opened in her life that she knew nothing about. She was not aware of such a thing could exist. She was given no time to prepare herself for it what so ever. The phrase, 'it came out of blue' fitted there the most.

Leila was a strong woman she would fight for her right till the end. She carried on her secondary education after her divorce from her first husband. She was working during the day to take care of her child, her only son and going to evening school to continue her education at night. Starting her university education when she was about fifty in a different country was the clear proof for her never ending determination and strength. She never ever felt so vulnerable in front of anything like she felt that evening.

After the last lesson before the first reading week she had to show him, the lecturer, some work and ask something about it. Usually students were staying around a little bit putting things together or talking to each other or asking something about the subject to the lecturer. That night why and how everyone could so quickly left the classroom she would not understand.

Soon she realised that there was no one left in the class, while she was talking to him. She wanted to finish her talking and go out as quickly as she could. Even though the door was open she was feeling nervous. According to the principle of her faith she should not be alone with any male, Muslim or non-Muslim, in a room with the door shut. She

was also surprised that he was as nervous as she was but surely it could not be for the same reason.

He was standing in the way between the door and her. She was trying to cut the conversation short to run out as quickly as she could. But, alas, all of a sudden she felt an unusual hit in her heart. It seemed that something was thrown from his heart to her heart and it hit her heart right on target. She felt the impact of hitting, the pain and burning there and then. She could physically experience something in her heart that she did not know what.

It was as if a red-hot iron arrow hit her heart and made her shiver top to toe. She was in shock, did not know what was going on. There was nothing in conversation or any action out of ordinary. What was that? Where did that come from? No way could she make any sense of it. There was one way out for her, run. He was explaining the question she asked. She could not hear anything anymore she had to run away without waiting for him to finish what he was saying. Half way down the corridor she heard that he was saying 'good night' most probably reminding her at least she could say good night before leaving.

How could she, losing all the senses in one hit made her unaware of time let alone day or night? Surely, her heart was the target so his heart had to be the source that the arrow was coming from. What was that? Was that some sort of communication from heart to heart without interference of self-consciousness? It was unacceptable, unbelievable but she would really like to know how he was feeling at that moment at least to make sense out of it. But, no way would she ask, and no way would he say. There was no place for imagination in those kinds of delicate situations, no one

would know the reality unless it was told, guessing and imagining would be the most dangerous pitfall for her if she did.

She was going to see him first time after that evening and was very nervous. She knew absolutely nothing about him. She could see from his name that he was not a Muslim man. She never categorised people with their religions as far as the good nature of the human being involved. Anyone who had kindness and acted in justice, and had respectable knowledge she would respect them no matter from which religion they were. He was one of the best lecturers in the subject how could she put the religion before anything else. It would be unjust for justice.

She was trying her best to be a practising Sufi Muslim for Lord Sake! She saw every one equal in the world and she was not in any position to judge who believed what or why. She had chosen her belief and every one had freedom to choose theirs, what they wanted to believe. She grew up with principle of 'Loving the creation for the love of the Creator' whoever they were. Was this love for the Creator from the Creator or.....? She was sure on one thing that her heart would not love anybody or anything that the Creator did not love.

The problem was nothing but her unexplainable and unacceptable feeling that she had no say over. A practising Muslim woman was not allowed to have any kind of association with any man, Muslim or non-Muslim apart from allowed ones, husband, fathers, sons and uncles. What about a married Muslim woman! Not that she was planning to have any kind of relationship at all but trying to convince her heart to reason and control itself. But heyho! There was

no hope of reasoning and controlling. That would not be passion either. How could it be? She could not even remember how he looked as she never looked at him in that way ever.

O Lord! She thought, what was she supposed to do? Where had all the values and common senses gone? Why was there nothing that she could relate it to, to have some sort of explanation to put her head and heart at peace? Where had her strong ability of analysing and reasoning gone that she had always relied on? One thing was clear to her though; the values for reasoning the seen and unseen worlds were not the same after all. All of a sudden she was relieved. The feeling of hope appeared to accompany the fear of unknown strange feeling that she had. In her belief, she did not have any responsibility for something that she had no power of controlling this gave her a comfort. But she was totally responsible for the things that she could do, to prevent any prohibited action to take place. So, she had to concentrate fully on her actions that she could, at least, have the ability to control.

Leila went to the classroom shaking like a leaf on a tall tree in a high wind that she had no control over. She tried to sit away from him but she found that there was no way for keeping her heart away from him. She felt that her heart was going to burst out of her chest as soon as he entered. Her heart was not big enough to hold whatever was in it. Some kind of power was pushing from inside and stretching her heart continuously forcing the boundary of the maximum limit ahead second by second.

Soon she realised that these two hearts were communicating with each other involuntarily whether they

wanted or not. She did not know how he thought about it but she was absolutely sure there was something big and beyond any kind of comprehension and reasoning. There was an unseen powerful link between these two hearts for which there was no rational explanation in any sort of moral, cultural, social or in the education policy concerning the relationships of students and teachers.

Leila was well aware of that she had no right to make any kind of judgement or assumption about his feelings unless she was told personally. She could be wrong or she could be fantasising it all together. But, why should she? There was no reason for it what so ever. She had been a married woman for about twenty-five years and she never looked at any other man in a different manner than the normal social relationships had required. Her only aim was to continue her education nothing else.

However, no matter how unexpected, unaccepted and unexplained her feeling was, it did not change the fact that her heart was still burning physically and it was penetrating to cover whole of her body. Through the lesson she tried not to have an eye contact with him as much as she could. As far as she was concerned he was doing the same. For sure, the whole classroom was covered with uncontrollable; boundless but innocent feeling so much so that there was no way it could not be noticed by the class. Even though Leila was aware of the reality and accepts it as it was, and whatever it was, it was a hopeless case. But somehow she still did not want the lesson to finish.

At the end of the lesson her feet were really fighting not wanting to go away from him as they did before. Leila was in a dream like mood; in one way she was hoping that she

would wake up in a moment and find that it was a dream but on the other she was praying the Lord not to wake her up from the unasked but the most pleasant dream at all. At the same time, she was wishing that she would know his true feeling about her even if it was a hopeless and an endless case.

Instead, what she learned in that week was, one of the ladies in the classroom was his wife. She knew her of course but did not know she was the wife. She was an average height dark skinned beautiful and pleasant lady with very short hair. She had very nice laughter; when she laughed every one could hear from the other corner of the corridor. Leila did not like her manner much because she used to make fun of everything. She would pick up any opportunity to criticise and mock about things especially about Muslims and Islamic values. Leila never understood why she had joined in an Islamic study class if she did not like it.

Due to her fail in the first year of the university. Leila was not only the latest joiner but also the newest joiner to the group in the class. She took a year out and repeated the exam for the following year, passed and joined back to the new group of the following year. That was the reason she did not know anyone in the class. That was not important for her anyway. Her problem was neither the wife nor the husband for that matter. But her own unexpected, unreasonable and irrational forbidden love that she never knew could exist, and could separate her body from her soul with one blow and leave her with no power to prevent or stop it.

She was a married woman. It was her second marriage and they were married for about twenty-five years. She had

her own son from previous marriage and her husband had his two. They had another son of their own in the first year of their new marriage. They had four sons all together. At the beginning it was difficult to set a mutual base for the dialogue of the relationship but after that no one would even notice that that was their second marriage and they had step sons and brothers in the family.

They both, as husband and wife put in great efforts and played very important roles to be able to do that. They managed well for so many years and had reasonably good relationships and a happy family life. But, unfortunately lately Leila and her husband were having some problems due to the husband's funny jokes, saying that he would marry a second wife claiming that Leila was neglecting him due to her education. When Leila asked if that was true or not, he always told her it was a joke only. But it did not make any difference for Leila; marriage could not be a matter of joke for her at all. The more he was joking, as he claimed, the more it was hurting Leila and making her disgusted by the joke as well as the joker who knew Leila's love of education and agreed that he would back her up to continue her education after the marriage.

After the divorce from the first marriage she decided to work during the day and carry on her education in the evenings. In the mean time she had her son and herself to support. Leila had started working as a secretary in a government office where she worked for seven years. All those years she worked during the day, came home after work, cooked for her child and her brother who was staying with her to take care of her son in the evenings and go to the school in the evening. Washing and cleaning at the

weekends. It was hard for her but the love of education was over coming every difficulty and her determination was getting stronger and stronger as the years passed.

Lower secondary school was four years. She opted out at the end of the third year and took the finishing exam and finished it in three years. Then she took a year ahead to start the higher secondary school, which specialised in economy and business management. In the mean time, she was admitting from the bottom of her heart that without the support of her parents she would not be able to do all that. But, at the same time, she was also condemning them. If they let her have her education before she would not be in that situation either.

Leila met her second husband for the first time at her aunties' house in one of the Eid gatherings. She was in the first year of secondary high and she was about twenty-eight years old and had nothing in her mind but to complete her education. People found her attractive and show her attention, she used to that, even some of her teachers had crush on her, she did not give any attention to that, but now, quite the opposite, she went further and unbelievably fell in love with one of them. It was as if the past taking revenge.

He sounded well mannered and a very humble middle-aged gentleman. He was very well educated and had a highly respected job. He was separated from his wife for seven years but could not divorce his wife legally. Leila, on the other hand, was young, attractive and a very well dressed lady. She used to be a designer before, so she was well aware of and good follower of fashion. Whatever she wore had to be noticed. She was tall compared him and the other average height ladies.

She was like a wild horse, not thinking of any marriage but putting all her efforts towards making her dream come true. She was working step by step to make the world a better place for all and, somehow strongly believed that it could only be done through education. No matter whom he was, she was not thinking of marriage what so ever. However, how it happened she would not know but her destiny took over and she found herself married to him after two and a half years.

Leila was not only like a wild horse in fashion but she was wild in rebelling against almost every cultural discipline as if she was taking revenging on it all. She was also in total ignorance about the principles of her own religion that she was saying she believed strongly. It was painfully funny for her to think back about it later and realise that she knew nothing and did nothing about her religion but still was claiming that she was a strong believer and a just person.

She was always trying to act just in every occasion that she faced. She usually put others first before self and tried to act as just and fair as she could. Being just was the main aim of life for her. She would stand up for what was just and fight against injustice for whoever, whatever and whenever. Unfortunately, it took quite some time for her to realise that the meaning of just might not be as simple, clear and straightforward as she thought it would be.

She was not a practising Muslim woman but she was feeling a strong need for it. Freedom and equality were the other main life requirements for her next to justice. However, when she was young she was confused most of the time about their real meaning. Everyone was claiming

that they were free, when they could do whatever they wanted to do. So she did the same, who was to say anything to her? She was playing the rebel most of the time. Who was to tell her that their point was the right one? As far as a human being is concerned every one could have their own justification for their own rights and the wrongs- so did she.

Leila, later on, came to realize that every single human being, no matter who had every right to live in the world on equal terms as far as the terms of freedom and equality were concerned. Following the rights and wrongs of others, as people, would put some people in a higher and the some others in lower position, let alone following a culture or a tradition blindly. In the mean time, following one's own self-regulations without considering others would easily put one into the category of self-slavery.

So, how one could have the required regulations for life and still stay equal and free from oppression of others. There had to be a source of regulating power above all creation to fit every single one on earth. It had to provide a base for everyone to establish a common value for rights and wrongs. It had to have capacity to fill the need of every human being, every culture and tradition in equal terms.

Therefore, Leila strongly believed that only, the Creator of all had every right to put the regulations for the common values. The only way would make people stay in equal terms justly. The only way would save people enslaving others created as they were.

Unfortunately, people's minds were so confused she would not get proper answers to her questions to realize that earlier in her life. She had the impression that her faith was

ordering her to pray five times a day, fasting a month in a year, to cover yourself up if you were a woman and be humble so much so that you looked a stupid.

Leila was rebelling against those things. Those were all unjust cultural values. She was, at first, full of anger for how parents were oppressing their children, for men oppressing women or women oppressing men. She was against every kind of oppression. The managers oppressed the personnel at work, the lecturer oppressed the students at schools, and the strong oppressed the weak and the rich oppressed the poor and so on.

The most painful point for her was that all those usually made under the name of religion and justice. Clearly, most of the people were missing the point and were confused between the role-play in the society and deciding the rights and the wrongs for individuals and the society. Surely everyone had to play their role in the society as well as they could on equal terms without oppressing each other by trespassing on the rights of others.

It seemed that she was the odd one out in the society, ugly duckling like the Japanese girl in room number three, so she had to go out. In the end, it helped him to convince her to go to England. He promised that he would back her up to continue her education no matter what. In the mean time, her sister was engaged to his brother and knowing him for two and a half years gave her a chance to know him and trust him. The marriage was based on trust both knew and were aware of all the circumstances. They also agreed that they would learn and try to practice the basis of their faith as much as they could.

Leila knew very well that it would be hard for her to be with someone after a long independent period. So she made her own secret oath to the Lord that she would not end the marriage unless the husband did. And now, all of a sudden she found that her soul belonged to one person and her body to someone else. How could she be with her husband ever again, if she would carry on feeling like that? Luckily, her husband was away out of the country for some time. Otherwise where would be the justice that she always fought for? O Lord! Why had it happened to her? What was she supposed to do now?

Leila always admitted that they had hard times at the beginning of their marriage but they found a mutual solution, which worked for them for so many years. Yet, lately it was not working as well as it used to, but it was not too bad either, they were dragging it on still. Soon after coming to England they started arguing. It was always over typical husband and wife issues. 'I am a man. So, do I say!' And 'I am a woman and human. I do what I like to do.'

Their marriage was getting worse and worse every day. For sure, one thing was preventing her from running away the promise she made to the Lord that she would not be the first to finish the marriage. In the end, they mutually agreed to search for a solution that would fit both man and woman as well as husband and wife. It had to put them both in equal terms, and free them from each other's oppression. Mainly, the areas of oppression were based on either individual personal opinions or locally developed social values and norms.

They agreed that when they had differences in an issue, they would go the Holy Book 'Qur'an' first to see what it

was saying about the matter on which they were disagreeing. They promised each other that they would accept whatever it said, no matter whose side it was on. If they could not find any answer in the Holy Book, they would search for it in the practices of the Prophet. If they could not get any result from either source, they were to ask scholars and experts in the related matter till they reached a satisfying mutual agreement instead of endless fighting over you and I. After that they had to surrender no matter what. The solution sometimes seemed on Leila's side and sometimes on the husband's side. They would struggle with themselves to accept it and surrender but it was easier to surrender in the end, as then the right was not Leila's or the husband's but the Lord's. An authority that had a total equal right over them which put them on equal terms and clearly made both free from self oppression as well as the oppressions of each other.

Leila felt real freedom with that practice even though sometimes it was hard for her to give in as she had a very strong minded personality and used to follow what she thought was right. However, she knew that she had to train herself to change the wrongs based strongly on self-centred selfish settlement. The practice made them feel the freedom. They were not obeying self-aspirations or commands or the other anymore but the instructions of the Creator who created them both and knew how to fit the needs the best. Despite the agreement they both found it hard to give in at times when the end result matched the one or the other. Sometimes he would suffer to accept that his thoughts were on the wrong side, and sometimes she did the same. But they found it easier to surrender to a conclusion

under which they both knew they were on equal terms and had equal rights.

The husband was well educated, good mannered and a kind man. He always helped and supported her to learn English. In fact, she used him as a dictionary most of the time. He would never get fed up from her questions. He would take her tea, coffee and food to help her to study. He liked being in the kitchen, doing the shopping and cooking. That perfectly suited Leila to concentrate better on learning the English language alongside bringing up the children. They would also take turns in the education of the children he was concentrating on the scientific and she was concentrating on the language and social lessons.

Everything seemed in order and respectably smooth till the end of the first year in the university. He took her to London happily and made sure that she was settled there comfortably. It was not far from home he would come and visit her and stay overnight whenever he wanted to and she would go home any time she wanted to. However, soon after that whenever she went back home he would make funny jokes and remarks that he was going to marry again because she was away from home. He might have been enjoying the idea of having a second wife even if he was not serious about it but it was humiliating and hurting her. Thus, it was damaging the relationship, which was totally based on trust.

Leila warned him gently couple of times it did not work. She was upset and made him realise how it was hurting her. It did not work. She did not think she deserved that after being together such a long time and looking after his children even better than some real mothers would. They

even had three grand children. Not only that, she even heard that he was going around and telling that to people in the community. Leila was confused once more again she did not know what was going on. She was well aware that Islam allowed men to marry a second wife. However, as far as she understood it was a very serious matter that had to be considered thoroughly, carefully and seriously by both parties under the light of family relations and social principles before saying or doing anything about it. Certainly, it was not a joking matter at all!

She failed at the end of the first year and took a year out to study at home and take the exam for the following year. In the mean time her husband's father was not well. Her husband wanted to go and stay there for about four months. She asked her husband if she could go to Egypt to study Arabic there. He would come later to Egypt and they would meet there and visit some places and come back home together. He was very happy with the idea. They were agreed and went their ways to meet in Egypt later on.

After three months she phoned him to ask when he was coming to Egypt. To her surprise and shock, she faced a totally different person. He was saying things that he would not normally say. Why should he follow her, why would he do this or that for her? She could hear from the background that his father was joking that they had found a new wife for him. Soon after that Leila's sister in-law phoned Leila's sister who was married to Leila's husband's brother, saying that he was becoming serious about marrying another woman; it was becoming far from a simple joke. The sister should let Leila know about it to go there and take care of the situation.

The door of permission in the religion was left open for special cases but suggested that marriage to one is the best, and certainly it was not there to humiliate any woman. Leila would not go to stop him. She would not call a marriage, a marriage if it was not respected by both partners. Leila was hurt and deeply disappointed. There was no one to turn to but the Lord alone who never let her down. The Lord never humiliates any one just for fun or any kind of self satisfaction and He never would allow anyone to do that either. Being a Sufi, she sat down for meditation to surrender to Him with full trust, for the endless bountiful, merciful bliss, and for the real loving and caring comfort that no one else would give without putting a price tag on it.

Leila was in a shock when she remembered the dream that she had in that particular meditation. There were many doors. She was looking at each of them and saying, 'No, not this door.' and looking at another one and saying, 'No, not this one either.' She looked at all of them but none of the doors were what she was looking for. She felt that someone was going up and down with her looking at the doors. She turned around and saw a gentleman next to her whom she had never seen before. She looked on the right hand side and there were three doors after the three stairs. She was sure that one of them was the door that she was looking for. But she was wondering about the gentleman who was going up and down with her and looking at the doors with her to find the right door.

To her amazement he was the man she fell in love with. She never thought of it before, but as soon as she remembered the dream she remembered his face as if she

had the dream yesterday. She was hundred a percent sure that he was the same man. No wonder Leila always felt that she knew him somehow but she also knew that she had never met him before. That was another shock for her. No! No! No! She thought that could not be true. It might be her own fantasy or the devil playing on her. But, how could it be? She had no recorded memory of it to fantasize and the devil would have nothing to do with love after all. She was sure that, nothing false or wrong would feel so right. How could it be seen as wrong and felt so right. How do the two extreme ends come together and not neutralize each other but link to eternity as if a living being with its feet on earth and head in heavens.

How could anyone explain about her feeling that somehow they are the halves of a whole? If she could put these two hearts together it seemed that they would click, like a key to a lock, and open the doors of the worlds, seen or unseen. She felt that she knew him, and knew him well but the full familiarity was not in the physical world for sure. No doubt, they were connected to each other but how and why? The feeling of knowing was the most dangerous part of it, because the wrongs in the faith or in the society might not be seen as wrong according to feelings but feelings were not the value of measurement for morality.

One day she was going to one of her lesson, and they bumped into each other at a corner. Only Lord knows how they were dragging themselves back not to hug each other involuntarily. They caught unguarded and some kind of unseen power seemed to be pulling them together so strongly that it was almost impossible to resist. Never the less, it had to be done and it was done. They had to pull

themselves away from each other as if they were tearing one body into two separate parts. They walked away from each other with unbearable unseen pain in hearts bleeding to death. Both were wailing in veil at the top of their voice hidden to ears but clearly heard and understood by their own hearts that they just torn themselves into pieces. Leila started counting the days for his lesson just to see him. She was sure that he was doing the same. Despite such a strong feeling they said nothing and heard nothing from each other, but people kept talking everything, but not knowing anything about the truth.

The unsaid, innocent feeling between them was so obvious that all the class started talking about them more and more. Naturally, Leila was getting most of the blame. It was an easy way out for them. As far as they were concerned that was the reality and the most sensible way out. Leila could not care less as long as she knew and her Lord knew that she did nothing wrong to herself or anyone else for that matter. She had many kind of unfair experiences in her life one more or one less did not matter to her anyway. However, she would do everything not to cause any unfair damage being done to him, to his marriage or to his profession but she could not silence the mouth of everyone talking for the sake of talking including the wife.

Leila had to write a letter saying what had happened and now she wanted to leave the class to prevent what was to come. She gave the letter to him and asked if he could read it there and then and give it back to her, which he did. Surely he was professional in his career. He took it very calmly and dealt with her nice and fairly in an official manner. Convinced her that it was too late to change subject as if she

did she would lose the unit all together. Leila knew all that but did not know what else to do but to carry on the class.

In the mean time, the wife was not only picking on Leila whenever she had a chance but also upsetting the poor man that in reality had done nothing wrong. What the wife did not know was that Leila was trying even harder than her to control her feelings and the situation not to let any harm come to him or her, what so ever. Leila was not dealing with anyone but herself. The pain of Leila's self-struggle was much bigger than any other things that were hurting her or had hurt her in the past. She never had such a self-struggle ever before.

As if that were not enough for her, she had to struggle with those ignorant people who knew nothing but indulged in idle talk. Most of them seemingly considered friends, teachers or members of society. On the other hand, Leila could not blame them much either, as she herself could not put it in any kind of category. She could not find any place, in any common sense or in any faith or any kind of social value, to evaluate or to make sense of it, let alone anyone else.

One of those days, his eyes were almost bleeding red from crying when he came to the classroom. Leila could imagine how difficult it would be for a man, a lecturer to come to the classroom looking like that. He clearly was very upset and angry. Seeing him like that Leila's heart sank. Not only that, she was sensing the feelings of his heart. The sadness and the pain of anger in his heart were clearly affecting her heart. She felt that her heart was going to split open from the pain. She had to relieve this pain for his as well as her own sake.

She knew somehow if she made him let his anger out, or made him laugh which seemed unlikely; it would make him relief. Then she started complaining about his writing how it was so bad that she could not read it at all. In fact it was true, but she complained over and over again till he clearly released his anger on her. After that, when she felt that he was getting relaxed Leila was also feeling the relief in him. There was no doubt that she was sensing the feeling of his heart in every way. At times, the love in his heart would be so much that would stretch Leila's heart to a limit that she would feel the stretching pain.

Poor Leila was not only fighting with herself but also she had to fight with the endless attacks of the wife. She never blamed her anyway but she wished she would at least have some sense what she was doing. He was her husband. It was her natural right to get jealous. It was her natural right to protect her marriage but it seemed her personal gains and pleasures came before everything else.

A woman, as selfish and jealous as she was could do anything reasonable or unreasonable to stop it. That was a potential danger for her, for him and for Leila. Leila had to be extra careful not only to protect herself but all from any unwanted circumstances. If only she knew how much they both were already fighting not to let that unacceptable feeling take over, she would be relieved. If only, she were a woman who could be talked to, Leila would tell her everything to relieve her from her worries. But, Leila also knew that nothing could be guaranteed for the end result in any case.

One evening after having another humiliation from the wife she was fed up with her and went see him in his office

to tell him that what the wife doing was unfair. She did not do anything wrong and did not deserve any kind of humiliation. It was Leila's principle that she used to leave the door open when she was in any one of the lecturers' rooms including his. She usually avoided eye contact with any man directly as her faith warned her about the potential danger of it. She always tried to do that to any man Muslim or non-Muslim the same. She was about to tell him what was in her mind and looked up. There was no way of preventing eye contact. It seemed they both were lost in each other's eyes. At that moment, she realised that she should not be there. She had taken a wrong step to solve the problem; therefore, the result was going to be wrong too.

Leila forgot everything she even forget herself, her existence. It was not an experience that she could put in any kind of words. It was not an experience that resembled any kind of poetry or novels that she had read. Truly, it was something out of the physical world. It was not his eyes that took her away from her skin or his physical appearance. No! No! No! It was not all that. It was his soul. She saw his soul beyond his body, the real him within him. That was 'The meeting of the souls' which took her away out of the world and out of her body and into the world of souls. She never knew how he felt but it seemed to her that they were out of the world talking to each other with language that she was not aware of. She did not know how long she was there but as soon as she was aware what was going on she had to run again once more.

Leila was in a no-win situation. In this situation, the meaning of the rights and the wrongs that she thought she knew were gone out of the window. Concerning the faith,

there was not a clear definition of it in any book. There was only one thing left for Leila to trust in the Lord undoubtedly and surrender as much as she could. She knew there might have been a reason for it but it might have needed time and patience to learn and realise the reason for the end result.

It was real hard for her to overcome all this while trying to study as well as struggling with the wife and other people, talking and blaming her without knowing the truth. She was a strong woman. No matter how hard it would be, she would fight with all physical, mental and emotional consequences.

But, how could she fight with souls? Souls that she had no control over, if that had happened to her before the training of Sufism most probably she would not be able to handle it at all. It was still very hard on her even though she was a practicing Sufi. If it was not for the clear help coming from the Lord she would most probably not be able to see the end of it. She had to hold strongly on the main principles of the faith and let the other pass by.

However, one of the most painful points for her was the false talking and imagination about her that was reflecting on her being a Muslim woman who naturally represented Islam. It was the faith holding her back from doing wrong. She would not want it to get any blame even for her own wrong doing as a human being, let alone for doing nothing wrong.

One of the reasons she agreed to marry again was they both were willing to put their faith into practice. Her husband used to pray and do some compulsory duties before the marriage. But she did nothing apart from fasting

in the month of Ramadan, which was a month a year. She used to live in total ignorance.

Leila was considered as a rebellious young woman in the eye of the others in society after the divorce from the first marriage. She never denied that. Yes! She was rebelling! She was rebelling against all kind of oppressions. Yes! She was rebelling! She was rebelling against all kinds of ignorance. Yes! She was rebelling! She was rebelling against all kinds of selfishness. She was challenging all manmade values that were making her suffer under the oppression of others.

She was forced to cover her hair when she was eleven. She did not know why. She was not allowed to continue her education because she was a girl. She did not know why. She had to marry to someone she did not want to. She did not know why. When she questioned those artificial, enslaving values, people did not want to know why.

So, as soon as she was divorced from the first marriage she started playing the rebel. She took the silly looking traditional head covering off first that she thought was the first oppression she had. In general, she was not against the way of covering that Islam required. But, she was angry and upset with the people who knew that the way they cover was not correct, according to Islam. However, they seemed to be satisfied with it as long as the norms, cultures and traditions were satisfied. People did things only to please others under the name of their faith. As far as she was concerned it was a bare cheating of self as well as enslaving to others.

What she did not know then was that taking one's own values as the authentic source to rebel against others was another door for suffering. Running from one extreme end to the other did not give her any sense of freedom, equality or justice. It only made her suffer even more, by causing more friction in the family and in the social relationship. Soon she had to found out what she was doing was nothing but self-slavery.

Neither way was justifying the meaning of freedom and equality for her. As far as Leila was concerned there was no difference between being enslaved to others or self. None of them had any right to overpower the other. Human beings had been created with their own limits equally, one way or the other. The past could not be changed by men, future could not be prevented and the existence behind walls could not be seen, let alone the existence in unseen worlds. So, how could one take self or the others as an absolute authority to run his own or other's life?

Human being have nothing else but the physical appearance which could also be misleading, to perceive and understand the occasions, and the limited perception to evaluate and develop just norms that fit all mankind. They would be always liable to put one under the oppression of other. Under that kind of circumstances no one could talk about freedom, equality and justice. One man's right could be the other one's wrong. If everyone's individual right and wrongs taken without any superior measure to fit, there would be millions and billions of rights and wrongs which would be impossible to get mutual agreement on in equal terms.

Unfortunately, to justify their own values most of the individual and social values were hidden behind the religious values, and imposed on people as if they were real religious requirements without thinking and searching thoroughly for their authenticity.

Leila, rebelling against her own gender identity started to behave like a rebellious man. That was to rebel against the position of oppressed women in the society. For that, she had to suffer for not being able to have education, because she was a girl. She had to suffer for not being able to renounce her engagement, when she found out that the man she was about to marry was not the right man for her, because she was a young girl. She had to bear all those nonsense that her husband did, because she was a woman. And now, she had to suffer for falling in love with a man more because she was a woman.

Leila, at first, did not know why she had to put up with all those things that she did not agree with. As soon as she had the chance to fight back, she rebelled against all no matter what; good or bad, right or wrong did not matter for her as long as it was right for her. She had to rebel to break all the artificially connecting ties with her faith and the others. It took her almost seven years to realise that she had extricated herself from one extreme wrong to other. She was now not under the oppressing of others but oppression of self.

It was slavery all along. Whatever she was obeying to evaluate rights and wrongs, self or the other were all created in equal terms none of them had the right of having upper hand over the other. Running from one wrong to other did not make her happier or ease her life in any way. There were

no differences in self-slavery or being under the slavery of another.

They were both slavery after all. She needed freedom, free from all those enslaving ties. But, she did not know anything about being the slave of love. Would she give in and surrender to it or make it to surrender to her? It was not as clear-cut as the others. It had no resembling example in her mind to make any sense out of it.

Fortunately, there were only two ties that were making her hold on life at the time. The first one was fear and hope from the Lord, the Creator of all. The second one was her son that she had to take care of. She loved the Creator even when she was rebelling against all manmade values knowing that Lord was fair and merciful. He would not do anything unjust to anyone. She would not do injustice to anyone nor upset the Lord. In the mean time, she had endless hope in Him that one day everything would be dealt with fairly and clearly. Moreover, her son was her own responsibility. She had to take care not to let him suffer from all that she did. Even though, how much she would succeed was in question.

The second marriage was offering her a chance to go away from all those artificially, wrongly enforced values on her that were destroying her to find herself. So she was agreed. Her husband was a good man but had a simple character. He could be leading both ways if she did not want to try practising her faith he would not mind, if she did the extreme opposite he did not mind. He would carry on doing routine ritual praying and forget the rest that she was fighting for.

But he would not prevent her searching or studying to her satisfaction but accepted it when it was a reasonable result. He was not the man to go out of his way to search for anything himself. Leila was content with him at least he was ready to practise for the readily offered true information. What Leila was not sure was why he was doing all that for? For the sake of Lord or for Leila or for his own sake to keep Leila busy to leave him alone in the kitchen and be ready whenever he needed her.

Leila started to cover her hair and body but this time she was choosing to do it, and doing it how her Lord wanted her to do. She was almost doing the same thing but not feeling oppressed by others and feeling unhappy. She was feeling freer than she ever felt before. There were no forces of social or individual values from outside and there were no self-enforced values from inside. She aimed to take all the values from a power above all of creations who knew the need of His own creations perfectly and offered a solution to it perfectly. However, she was only trying her best at the time but she was no near to being a perfect follower at all.

Leila's heart was convinced and was feeling comfortable that it was the correct way. She could find all the information on the ritual practice but it was not satisfying her spiritual needs. Ritual practices would be the same for every follower but spiritual maturity based on individual character and ability. However, there was not much written information on that matter and it was difficult to discover it by herself.

She started looking for an expert to help her to train her spirit for the best. That was also very difficult because there were so many people claiming that they were experts but

could not put their words and actions in one perspective let alone that they could put their own body and spirit in the same direction. She was really wondering whether there was such a person or not? She did not want to fall into any trap of chaos in the spiritual world while she was just trying to come out of the physical one.

Leila was trying everything to find the right way to balance her physical needs of her body and the spiritual needs of her soul by practicing together in harmony to make them happy and feel alive. The combination of corporal body and divine soul was making life possible to exist in the material dimension of the world. So, her practising also should meet the need of both to be able to live in harmony on earth as well as have a limitless hope of comfort of security for the life here and hereafter.

Leila searched for many years to found out the right teacher for the right reason. In the end she thought she found one and she really trusted him. She liked the philosophy behind the creation very much that he told them in one of his lectures. The seed of creation was love and that love was the power holding everything together in seen and unseen worlds. It was the love of the Creator towards His own creation. The illumination coming out of that love was the beginning of life, and took some stages to develop until it was ready for men and all the other creations to live on or in it.

It reminded her of the power of a magnet attracting and pulling its own fragments towards itself and making them take a special pattern while the pulling took place. That was the image in her ignorant mind. Surely, the way of the physical existence and its working system was beyond her

simple mind to grasp fully let alone the metaphysical one. That was not her concern, as she knew she was only responsible to try to learn and practice as much as she was able to grasp and apply them to her own life.

Awareness of the great love of the Creator towards His creation made her love Him dearly, as she thought His great love deserved a great response. The more she knew about Him the more she began to love Him. The more she loved Him the more she felt satisfaction in herself, body and soul. She started to see and deal differently with things and people that she could see and touch and with the things that she could not.

Leila was in love with the Creator and loved all the creation for being created by Him. So, she was in no position to make any difference between gender, nations, race, colour, poor or rich and so on but to see them all as the creation of the Lord. The problem was not in the Creator or natural being of the creation but the misused free will of men.

The spiritual education was for anyone who wanted to educate their soul that would reflect onto their individual physical and psychological being as well as social interrelationships. Leila was content and comfortable with it until what had happened to her that evening. Especially the eye contact, it was beyond everything that she thought she knew and understood well.

Leila runs back to her room crying all the way. She knew she should not have gone to see him no matter what was the reason. She started praying and asking for forgiveness for her doing wrong. But, her asking forgiveness was also not

right. How could she totally put her heart into it to ask for what she did was wrong that she equally felt right? She was once more failed to understand how one issue could feel so wrong and so right at the same time. No way would her asking for forgiveness be granted like that. So she had to find out why, what was the reason she was feeling both right and wrong at the same time.

In the mean time, she carried on counting days, hours and minutes before his lesson. She was happy just to be there. Heard nothing and said nothing but she was sure he felt the same even more, as she felt his feeling of his heart.

Leila was trying to keep herself away from him and from the people as much as she could. She could not say anything to anyone. How anyone would understand all those things that she could not understand herself. Surely, that was not helping her crumbling marriage either. She just wanted to have an education to do her own research and write books. What was going on, she was just in the second year and everything was falling on her head and shoulders. Not only that, her son and his wife decided to get divorce after being ten years together.

Third year was a compulsory year out to go abroad to learn the language in the original environment. At least Leila was happy to hear that the wife was planning to go somewhere else rather than Egypt. The year out away from everyone would give her an opportunity to try to make a sense out of her crumbling life. Like her unbelievable love and her marriage and most importantly her love of the Lord which seemed to be challenged by the later one. Not only was her life on earth crumbling also her eternal life.

Alexandra was a pleasant and a beautiful city on the seaside. It was joined with the Mediterranean Sea. There was a dual carriage road next to it running from one end to the other. There was a very slow running tram in the middle of the city almost running from one end to the next parallel to the sea. There were unusual but very interesting displays on every round about that took Leila's attention very much.

She had Egyptian friends that she met in England who helped her to find a nice flat. She could even see part of the sea from her window. She was surprised and happy to see that her flat was unusually well furnished for a rented flat after seeing some horrible flats for renting. However, she was very sad when she learned that the owner was killed in a car accident while he was crossing the dual carriageway, next to the sea, to go to the seaside. He left a wife and a little girl. His father who was a general in the army took his daughter-in-law and his grand child to live with him and rented the flat to save some money for the future of the little girl. Leila was very sad learning about the story but she was happy at least that her money was going towards a very good cause.

People were very nice and friendly on one hand but mysterious and mischievous on the other. They seemed content in dealing with each other outside but they lived their own lives in pockets of different social systems, levels and styles. There would be more pockets if one considered the difference of thinking in social and religious values, even if they were in the same social status.

Leila was shocked when she first saw the existence of the unusually large gaps between people in all social, economical and educational areas. She had never seen that

before anywhere else that she had been. There was a third class train that had its own special platforms, rail lines and wagons. The wagons had no lights and no proper seats in them. On the other hand, first class train had every comfort that one could imagine.

One night Leila and her friend with her two children were travelling in the train. Because it was the first class train everything seemed to Leila perfectly normal. She was enjoying the journey and looking out of the window. There was not much to see in the dark but the contrast between the lights of the cafeterias and the villages took her attention. She was thinking that nightlife also reflected the day life of the country. There were so many fancy lights used for decorating the restaurants and coffee houses on the road side and dim shining lights of the villages faded away almost disappearing under the over the top glamorous lights of the others.

Again she was in deep thought about the contrast between the people in day life and at night when she saw something moving in the dark, in near distance along side of the train that they were in. She could not make any sense of what it could be and asked her friend. The answer was 'It is a train.' A train! There were no lights on it or in it. It was moving in total darkness with complete darkness.

It took some time for Leila to recover from the shock. She never understood the enormous gap, which was seemingly accepted as normal by most of the people, including her friends. She always warned herself to be aware of the natural human character of lenience towards getting used to seeing wrongs as if they were rights. She had to keep herself on alert to never stop trying to see and

understand clearly before deciding and taking the right only for the sake of right and standing for it.

The language centre was built on the University of Literacy Campus in Alexandria which was called 'Kulliyeh Al-Adeb' in Arabic. It was a two floor comfortable and pleasant building. Leila was not convinced that was the way to learn the native language of the country. It also had in its own pocket, a little England standing in the Egyptian university campus.

It was secluded from the native people and the language. That could not be the right way to learn a language. Language, for her was not words only. Words had to be in action to be alive and meaningful. That would only be beneficial if anyone lived in that community experiencing every aspect of life good or bad, easy or difficult. A language was the way of life not the sequence of words. She wanted to join the actual lectures at the university and she was allowed to go and join them. That was difficult for her at first but soon she made some friends who helped her in practising her language and understanding the culture.

The lectures were very much disorganised. Lecturers were giving lectures but did not care if the student understood them or not. Most of the students did not care about learning really but tried to make notes, almost all the words of the lecturer that could be asked in an exam. Others were going out and coming in while the lecture was going on. If that was not enough, the mobile phones were ringing here and there and everywhere and the students were going out to talk and coming back after it. In the mean time, the lecturer was stopping the lecture to warn the students to turn the mobile phones off without any success.

Leila was becoming more shocked day by day. How life was carrying on in that chaos and how the people were still able to stay happy and content. It was an amazing experience for Leila. She almost forgot her own unsettled situation concerning the present and the future.

Leila was not left alone in the centre also it seemed that problems were finding her wherever she was. Why all that had to happen to her she never knew. There was the incident of the air conditioner. Students in the class were young girls and boys apart from Leila and a middle aged lady from Geneva. She was a very nice and quiet lady with typical a European manner. She would not say anything about anything if it did not involve her and sometimes even if it was involving her.

Leila and this lady were complaining that the air conditioner was set far too cold. Naturally, they were feeling very cold during the lesson. She knew if she was the one feeling cold compared to the rest of the class she had to take her own precautions not to disturb others. Therefore, Leila used to take her shawl to wear and prevent herself from getting cold and let other students feel comfortable with the room temperature that they wanted. However, some one was turning the temperature down during the break and Leila was getting the blame for it even though she was not the one who was doing it.

Leila never liked lying or a person who tells lies. However, in that case she was accused of lying when she told them that she was not the one doing it. They did not believe her at all. So she kept an eye out to see who was doing it. Soon she found out that the lady from Geneva was the one who was doing it. It was out of desperation that she

was feeling so cold that she could not concentrate on her lesson. Leila kept quiet. The reason for that was Leila could deal with the others whatever happened but the lady was too quiet and the other students could hurt her feelings.

Until one day, all the students gathered together and decided to take action against Leila. One of them was chosen to tell Leila what it was they wanted to tell and the rest were to stand behind her to support her. Just before the lesson the entire group ganged up and came and called Leila to go outside the classroom. The chosen girl told Leila that they thought she was the one playing with the temperature of the conditioner and without giving any respect to the rest of the classroom. All this was happening in front of the eyes of the lady from Geneva and they both knew who was doing it.

The lady said nothing at all. She was watching them as if she knew nothing about what was going on. Being the oldest, Leila always felt like a mother and cared about all the students in the class. If the lady was one of those young ones she would perhaps understand that but she would not understand such unfairness. It was beyond any kind of moral values. Leila failed to understand that at all. Leila said nothing to them but heard what they had to say and went into the classroom for the lesson.

At the end of the lesson Leila asked the class if they could stay bit longer to hear her respond to their accusation. She called the management to witness the truth. In front of all Leila asked the Swiss lady to say whether she did or did not do the thing that Leila was accused of. There was no sound of acceptance or rejection. But they all then knew who the responsible one was. Leila asked the rest, specially

the friends she knew from the second years on, why they did not come and ask her directly before taking a drastic action built on nothing else but on pure assumption. This may seem simple but very important.

Leila was not only upset with those young students she was also upset with the education system. What was the meaning of education if it did not produce sensible and just human being? Why did education not give these third year university students second thoughts before acting on assumption? Why was it too easy for them to blame others without caring and thinking of the end result? What kind of education was making a person stand watching when that person accused of her actions? She was adding more questions onto her never-ending list of questions.

That was not the only one she had to face. One day after the lesson she was to meet one of her Arab friends to go to the library. The gate of the centre was opening into one of the roads in the campus. She had to cross that particular road to meet her friend waiting on the other side of the road. She was just in the middle of the road when she saw a man and a lady standing in the middle of road on her right hand side and telling her something in Arabic.

Naturally, she did not understand what they were saying. She went towards them to understand what it was. The lady was furious. As soon as she understood that Leila did not understand Arabic she began to talk in English. Telling Leila how she was rude, stupid and had no manners what so ever and so on.

Leila was shocked and did not know what was going on. What did she do to deserve all what was being said? In the

mean time Leila realised that there was a car coming from her left hand side to pick up the lady whoever she was. Everyone was gathered around them watching. Leila had to stand aside for the car that stopped in front of her.

The lady had to come to get on the car right in front of Leila. There was no way that Leila was letting her leave without asking the reasons behind her behaviour. Leila held the lady and closed the door and held on to it, asking the lady to tell her what she did to deserve all that she was saying. The lady was even more furious and shocked by Leila's actions and words.

She wanted to go in but Leila did not allow her to get into the car demanding answers for her questions. She carried on abusing Leila even more then Leila started returning all the words back to her and not allowing her to get in at the same time. Leila could have forced her more until broke her down but she felt sorry for the lady who seemed to be under the control of her anger and arrogance but nothing else. Surely as far as Leila was concerned she did what she could for the sake of right but forcing her more would not do any good to anyone concerned. Whoever she was she had her lesson as far as Leila was concerned that was enough for her.

In the mean time, one of her friends reminded Leila that she had left her cardigan in the class. She went in to pick it up leaving all the people behind who were watching them. When she came back she found that some personnel from the university were waiting for her with thumbs up, approving and appreciating her action, congratulating and thanking her for what she did.

She not only had to wait to hear the real story from her friend but also heard that the story would not be ending there. The lady was the head of all the departments of that university and poor Leila had stood between her and her car that was coming to pick her up. As far as the lady was concerned how any one, especially a student, could dare to step in between her and her car. Leila could, knowing or without knowing! Leila was again failing to understand human mentality in that sense and the meaning of education and the mentality of the so called educated in this incident.

That was a clear sign of the power struggle that animals engage in for survival without thinking when they are in danger. For the lady, most probably Leila's action offended her territory, authority and position in front of others and she was shocked that anyone would dare to do such a thing. Why an educated woman like her would ever feel the need for that Leila would never know and never wanted to know. She might have felt that her untouchable boundary was trespassed by a peasant like lady, how dare she!

Yet again Leila's appearance might have misled her but she was shocked when she hit the rock. It was clearly visible to Leila that her behaviour was unexpected and she did not know what to do. That made her vulnerable in front of Leila. Leila could have used that against her and put her in a very bad situation but she did not. Leila would not do that to satisfy her own selfish ego to save her own pride. Leila would not step on anybody to raise herself above for the sake of self-satisfaction. She would do anything and everything to prevent any cause of unhappiness if she could.

The next day the head mistress came into classroom asking who was the one had argued with the head of

department. All the eyes and heads turned to Leila. The lady had phoned the head mistress asking her to take Leila to her room to apologise to her, saying that Leila badly needed to be taught some manners. Leila told the head mistress that she was the one who should be apologised to not the lady. She should come and apologise from Leila. In fact, she should call all the people who were there during the insult and apologise in front of them as she did the insulting. Otherwise Leila would not forgive her actions and words at all. Naturally she did not come but no way was Leila going to go to her either. The head mistress tried for a long time to take Leila to her to apologise but it did not work.

Lord forbids! Leila thought what would happen to her if she were one of her students. She was told that it would be the end of her education. Obviously, Leila had not chosen to be in that situation but the Lord might give that self centred, arrogant lady some good lessons through her. If that was the case and did the job, Leila would be content and happy for her and the rest of her students. To Leila's amazement the same lady handed Leila's certificate to her at the end of the course. Both were smiling to each other. It was the sign of hope for Leila that a change for good was taking place. She believed that every single one had goodness in them but did not know how to bring it out.

Leila was strong in many matters but she was only a human and she could take so much. One day, she was crying at home when there was a knock on the door of her flat. There was a man and a woman standing in front of it. They were a couple living in one of the flat downstairs. The husband had seen Leila in the butchers where they gave her meat put it in a transparent plastic bag. Leila made a joke

saying that the cats would chase her if they did not wrap the meat in a proper manner. But somehow the butcher did not want to understand.

Leila left the butchers in the end and came home. She found that the meat supposed to be chopped into small pieces was in one big piece. She had a big chunk of meat in her hand and no proper knife to cut it with. She was crying not because she would not be able to eat the meat. She was crying for the profuse existence of selfishness and ignorance that would have a double effect on society. It would destroy the one who acted first and the rest of the mankind the next.

The gentleman was an army officer who had seen Leila in the butchers and later saw her entering the same building that they lived in. He asked the guard, the gatekeeper, and the number of her flat and came to visit her and they caught her crying. Leila was crying for her own reasons. The wife, who was a doctor, was crying for her own ignorance that how they did not know a lady living alone in their building and they did not know to ask if she needed anything and how could be they be so ignorant not to know what was going on around them. After that they helped Leila a lot like a brother and sister.

All these events were adding more questions to Leila's unanswered list. What made these human beings act differently from one another? Surely, they were also well educated. So, it was not the education or the position that made the difference. It was something else alongside the education that made men behaves differently.

Apart from those few things Leila was enjoying her stay in Alexandria. She almost lived in the library anyway. She was very interested in 'The source of knowledge'. The library of Alexandria was really beautiful and full of books. But, she discovered another library that had even older books, 'The Library of the city council'. She planned to take the chance of being there and do her research about it, which she did.

In the mean time, she found out that her youngest son had left the university after three years saying that he had chosen the wrong subject to study. So, he had to take a year out to think what he wanted to do. In reality, Leila knew that he was also rebelling against his family situation as well as the education system.

He was the only son who was born in England from her current marriage. It was very difficult for her to bring up four children. All had different backgrounds and characters. Two of them were her husband's sons one of them was her own son from first husband, and the youngest was from that marriage. At first, it was very hard to put them all into a family unit but they both as husband and wife worked very hard towards it and in the end they managed. Children were getting on reasonably well.

However, the problems began again at the beginning of their teen-age years. Her husband was a good father when the children were young and under his control but he did not know how to deal with them when the boys needed a respected friend rather than an authoritative father.

Whenever Leila thought about that particular period she found it hard to remember. It was so hard for her that her

mind was almost refusing to remember it and giving a big blank gap instead. One was coming out of teenage crises and the other was going in. And the other was going in before the other came out. She was quite aware of the difficulty of the age gap between parents. But the generation gap between them was much wider than she could imagine. She was not only dealing with the generation gap but also the culture gap. She had grown up in a different culture and they were very different. It was, at times, very hard to get the communication link going. On some occasions both languages seemed to them meanness, as if the parents and children speaking different languages and did not understand each other at all.

As soon as the youngest son finished the primary school he started saying that it was his life and he would do whatever he wanted to. As if he was a mature man and knew all the life requirements. After the teenage crises of the older ones they both, as parents, were panicking. Thinking that even though the older ones had grown up in their own country until twelve years old it was hard to deal with them. What about the one who was born and raised in the host culture and had no firm knowledge of his own home culture.

Leila was not against the host culture of England it was a culture with good and bad sides as in every culture. Mainly it depended on how the people practised it. According to Leila's understanding, human beings were human beings wherever they were. She even taught the English language first to her son prevent clash between children when he started the nursery. But she also believed

that everyone has to learn their own language, culture and faith as well as to know how to respect the others.

Therefore, both decided that Leila and the youngest son would go to their home country for some time for him to learn the language, culture and religion. Alas, that was not an easy task for them at all. Father had to take care of the three boys that were seemingly all right at the moment and Leila was to stay with the youngest to help him to go through any possible cultural shock, which they were expecting he would have at first.

That was another story, and it was a really long one for them. In the end they had to return back home because the son fell ill. He was not only ill but he was full of anger especially towards his mother. He was accusing her of taking him away from his comfortable home and giving him a hard time making him face a totally new strange culture. Leila never forgot when he drew the picture of their home and garden in England. He had painted only the front and back garden in green but nothing else. Clearly he was not only missing home, he was also missing greenery, as they had to stay in a city where it was hard to see the sky between the buildings let alone see any trees.

When they got back he caught up with the rest of his friends even though he missed three years at school but he did not forgive his parents for doing that for a long time. Leila was sure what they had done was right on the one hand and it was not right on the other. That was not because the action taken was wrong, the manner of the people was wrong. Dishonesty, unfairness of people and the chaotic life style was hard even for her to cope with how about for a young child. Leila was feeling guilty in many ways but

hoping that something good would come out of it in the long term.

When she came back thinking about his choice of subject for the university she knew that he had chosen a wrong subject but he was determined that he wanted to do it for gaining money first and doing whatever he wanted to do later. Naturally, his plan did not work and he left the university completely in the end.

He was coming to Egypt to stay with his mother for some time. Leila, her friend and a taxi driver were waiting in the airport to take him home about three o'clock in the morning. The moment she saw him she could not believe her eyes. It could not be him! He had long hair which was dyed almost whitish yellow and was all over the place as if he had been standing on a desert island and had no comb for months. He had had his guitar on his back, his amplifier in one hand and his suitcase in the other. His trousers were half way down almost falling off and his underwear was visible at the back.

Leila and her friend were in shock but the driver was even more. He was in a hysterical shock. He was not able to relate a young man looking like him to Muslim women like Leila covered up top to toe. He kept laughing and saying 'Is he really your son?' 'Is he really your son?' Luckily, they all managed to smile and welcome him in the end.

Leila loved him dearly and saw herself in him when she was rebelling after what she thought had been done unfairly to her. He was the same. He had to suffer in his young age to learn how to live within a joined-up family his. He had

to deal with two cultures at the same time. The two cultures had their own pros and cons to deal with. And now he was dealing with the problem of his parents as well as the education system so he was struggling with so many things.

Leila did not say anything to him about his appearance but people used to look and laugh at his hair especially. Luckily he was laughing with them. He did not care about his appearance at all or he chose to be seen like that. As far as Leila concerned it was a clear sign of rebelling against some social values that would not fit his personal values. The values might be imposed on him by his family or society without making him understand them clearly. The values that did not give him any choice to agree to take part in or refuse if he did not.

He was very good looking and a bright young man. Once he pulled himself together he would be a very fine and successful young man. What he needed was a role model. The young at that age always took someone as their role model one-way or the other. The ones who could not find someone to follow would be here and there and everywhere until they found their own identity. Poor Leila could do nothing but be there for him in case he needed her help to get out of that stage. She was praying day and night to the Lord to help her to be patient with him and do the right things for him, as she was feeling guilty for playing a big part in his being like that.

Leila was getting up with the sound of his guitar and going to sleep with it. He was playing guitar almost day and night. Soon he began to pull himself together and dyed his funny coloured hair to its back original colour and began to meet Leila's friends in the centre. One day they went to

visit Cairo together. That was the only chance for Leila to see the pyramids, museums and go around old bookshops that she was very fond of. There were ways to visit the pyramids and they decided to visit them in an original way, by riding camels.

They set off to see the pyramids very early in the morning. The guide asked him to help his sister to get on the camel first. He was laughing and telling him she was his mother and he was the youngest son. The guide could not believe until he got a strong confirmation from Leila.

When they were near the pyramids, her son asked Leila if she could see the pyramids. She could not, how could he see them she could not see them at all. Soon she realised that he was looking at the whole picture not at any particular point. When she looked at the horizon in the way that he did, she saw the barely visible silhouettes of the three pyramids in the early mist. That was tremendous, incredible and indescribable. That was unimaginable. It had to be seen to be believed. They did not want to move but watch them. It seemed that one slight movement could break the spell.

It was a clear morning but the pyramids seemed to be appearing through a mist in such a way that one had to look in a particular way to see them. They were hardly apparent to bare eyes. They looked incredibly enormous and unbelievably mysterious. One could only see the figures between the appearing and disappearing movements of the mist. One minute they were hardly visible to sight and the second they disappeared. The reflection of the sun was making the top parts reddish, which were blending down to yellow mid way to grey towards the bottom. The size and the mysterious appearing, disappearing movements of the

pyramids bewildered them both. They were almost frozen unable to move for a long time until the sun rose and made everything clearly visible in the distance.

When they went nearer to the pyramids Leila noticed that she was also attracting attention second to the pyramids. She was wearing a very different traditional outfit and riding on a camel that people ignorantly related with the historical background of the pyramids. Surely they were built long before Islamic culture reached Egypt. They were unique no one would deny that. But Leila was thinking more about the size of mental will power behind the intention. Whatever it might be it might be even bigger than pyramids to be able to build such things. In the mean time they also demonstrate the extent of physical will power driven by mental power that man use do to enforce their own power over others. The same old story, she thought, power struggle all over again.

Leila thought they were not only built to demonstrate the power on earth but also to challenge Eternity. That made her smile, using the products of the unseen Eternal power to challenge Him back. It sounded and seemed to her too childish. However, her smile faded away leaving a sad, painful look in its place on her face when she tried to imagine the hardship and the pain of the people who would have been forced to build them. And who knows how many human beings lived and died in agony during their construction. She could almost feel the existence of the souls of those people around her.

She was happy deep down and thanking the Lord for not making her take part in their building what so ever, even though she admired it so much. She was happy that neither

her soul nor body, nor her appearance were connected, nor took part in the existence of those pyramids, in any way. The ordering power for the pyramids to build seemed to be as problematic as the building power. But, she had to admit that the end result was even more powerful and magnificent.

She was wearing a long skirt and a long head cover which was attached to each other on the west point. The top was coming half way down to the skirt covering her chest and arms. The bottom of the top was wide enough to give her movements when she put her hands through two holes on each side. It was made from a light material of dark maroon, purplish colour. Leila knew that there was no connection between the pyramids and her outfit in reality but imagination of ignorance could do anything and everything that it wanted.

They got down from the camels and began to walk around the one which was in the middle. When she turned around her son was not there. While she was looking around to find him she heard him calling her nearly half way up the pyramid. He always liked climbing up anything that he could put his hand on. She quietly smiled thinking he was like her in that way. Her father used to call her 'My little goat.' as she was climbing on anything there was to be climbed. Not only that, she was even aiming to reach the moon. When she was a young kid, her grandparents were showing and asking her what the moon was. She used to tell them that it was the moon and she would jump and get it for them.

Just as she was showing her son the sign that said climbing the pyramid was forbidden a soldier saw him and

called him to come down. Her son not knowing how the soldier would react he called out 'Mashy, Mashy'. It is Ok, I am coming down, and that time it was correctly used and soon he was down.

There were not many people around early in the morning. So they decided to go under the pyramid to see the tomb. There was a very narrow entrance going down, only one person could go at a time. There were no stairs but wood plank laid down and some wooden pieces nailed on them to stop possible slipping. It was not difficult to go down because there were few people. Most places were barred not shown to the people. There was only one room right under the pyramid where the king was buried in a stone coffin.

The mummy of the king was taken to a museum but the empty coffin left behind in the room. There was not much to see but so much to think about. Somehow Leila was not at ease she wanted to go out as quickly as she could. But half way up they were stuck. There were so many people coming down giving no chance for them to go up. Leila and her son had to take shelter in one corner and wait for the never-ending queue going in and not giving them any chance to go out.

Without even realising Leila started panicking. She was not frightened. She did not have any phobia of any kind. But she started to have cold sweats and was showing sign of panic. Her son was talking to her about things that he would not talk about usually in that kind of situation. She was surprised but tried to answer him and was feeling almost angry with him as to why he had to choose that particular place to talk about those things that had nothing

to do with the situation. As far as she was concerned, that was not the place nor was she in the mood for having a conversation with him on those issues that he was talking about. But she did not know that he had realised her panic and he was trying to take her attention away from the never-ending queue and noisy crowd.

Leila was soaked wet with sweat when they were finally out after a long time. She just sat on one of the rocks on the ground near the entrance to be able to pull herself together. There was a lady from the one of the European countries who came to ask her if she could take her picture as it most suited the scenery. That proved her earlier thinking that people were really in ignorance but she respected the lady for asking permission as she could have taken it without even asking as so many others did. But, still she did not give permission, as she was no way near being a suitable frame of mind for her photograph to be taken.

Leila had to sit there quietly for a long time to pull herself together and make sense of her feeling of panic that she was not familiar with. As soon as her son mentioned that her panic might be related to what had happened to her in the tunnel on the pilgrimage it started to make sense in her mind. Luckily her son realised that her unusual panicky behaviour might be related to the incident that had happened in the tunnel when she was on pilgrimage. He was trying to take her attention away by breaking her focus on the crowd which would make her recall all that had happened and panic more. She was ever so thankful about his successful method of dealing with her even though she had been upset with him in the passage.

All was coming back to her now. Her son was about ten years old when she and her husband left him with friends for a month. They went on pilgrimage. They went to the city of Medina at first and stayed there for ten days. It was a novel experience for them. They only slept a few hours between the last prayer of the day and the first prayer of the next day. There was a lovely smell of fragrance covering the whole city that astonished Leila. She was told that it was coming from the mountain around the city.

The mountains had special rocks in them when the heat from the sun hits they release fragrance. It was a natural air freshener. The second thing that amazed Leila was the drinking water. The drinking water was brought to the mosque of the Prophet from the water coming out under the Kaaba, which was called 'Zemzem' the holy water that came out at the time of Prophet Abraham.

The water was satisfying the feeling of thirst and hunger at the same time. Drinking a lot from it did not give the feeling of urgent need for the toilet either. Those days were very pleasant days for her that she never forgot. Visiting the grave of the Prophet and meeting so many people from all over the world was an extraordinary experience for her. They also went around the city to see and imagine how the people might have had lived in the olden days and tried to connect it with the historical stories and sense the feeling that those people might have had.

After ten days they went to the city of Mecca and visited the Kaaba first. The individual personal reaction and the feeling of seeing the Kaaba and being there first time would never be imagined by anyone what so ever before going there and experiencing it for themselves. How a simple

square building could be so powerful and impressive. Leila felt that it was like a mysterious black hole that connected the world to heaven. It would take and bring back the people to heaven right away in no time that entered the zone of its own sacrosanct suction. It was sort of gateway that had a capacity to react upon every individual deed of soul and body. It could be open to one and close to the other at the same time. Leila wished and prayed that she would be one of them that found the gate open all the time to keep in touch with the divine world and the owner of both worlds.

The pilgrimage was usually done in groups but they did not join with any group at the time. Therefore, they went to visit their Arabic friends who lived in Mecca to stay overnight. The friends helped them to find a hotel to stay in and a group to join. The next day they joined a group coming from Germany. The women were sharing rooms and the men were sharing other rooms. It was nice and comfortable. They could meet any time they wanted and go to visit Kaaba.

Leila found another astounding point that thrilled her very much. It was the compulsory praying in Kaaba. When the people from all over the world stood for the compulsory prayer she wanted to stay out and watch them. Everyone was leaving their own free will, games of oppressing each other and the differences between them behind and joining the 'imam' the prayer leader who also left all his free will and joined the call of the Lord only. While the praying was taking place they seemed like one unit made of one body and one soul. It was the unity that made man possible to exist in the dimension of the world. It was almost demonstrating that social unity. Every individual was free

from each other's oppression but united under equal terms despite their differences.

They all seemed so peaceful like the angels of the world. But as soon as the prayer finished they pushed and pulled each other to get the best position to go around the Kaaba or to be able to touch the Black Stone on the wall of the Kaaba. What kind of power would make people to unite like that and the power to divide like that? There was one more question for Leila to ponder over and over again adding to the rest that had no answers.

In the mean time, the huge crowd of people was making Leila feel uneasy and nervous for an unknown reason. She had that feeling even before coming to the pilgrimage. They had prepared well by reading any information and watching any relating videos that they could get to prepare themselves for every kind of possibility. However, Leila had a feeling towards the crowd that she could not understand or describe to anyone.

One day Leila mentioned to her mother about her feeling about the crowd. Her mother was surprised saying that it was unusual for the Leila that she knew to feel like that. Her mother knew that Leila would not be scared of anything and she would have full trust in the Lord in any case. As her mother advised Leila had to put her trust fully in the Lord and came to do pilgrimage but she could not get out of the feeling towards the crowd knowing nothing about the reason why.

The group that they joined in wanted to go straight to the mount Arafat where every pilgrim had to be for a certain time and a day before the sunset to have their pilgrim duty

accepted. But the prophet went to a place on the way to mount Arafat that was called 'Mina' to stay overnight before going to the mount Arafat. So Leila and her husband decided to do the same, go to Mina first and stay there overnight, as the prophet did, then they were to join the rest on mount Arafat the next day. There was a group of young men who were going to the same. So they joined them to go together.

They had to walk all the way to Mina as the roads were blocked by the people that were literally living on the streets. Everywhere was full of people. After walking for some time one of the young men said that he had to meet one of his friends who wanted to join the group in a certain place, he had to go and get him. He left and they waited and waited but no one came back. So, one of the young men went to see what had happened to them and left but did not come back, or could not come back. It might be possible that they could not find their way back again in that kind of crowd. Finally, the rest of the group decided to carry on.

Half way through they ran out of water so one of the young men went to find some water and he also disappeared. There was left behind Leila, her husband and a middle age gentleman. It was too crowded and none of them knew the way or the places they were in. They decided to get some kind of transport to continue their way and the last gentleman went to find out about how they could get one and left. Leila was almost sure that he would be lost as well and that was what had happened.

They waited and waited under a bridge. It was too hot to go anywhere. They were tired, hungry, thirsty and lost. They did not know any word of Arabic to ask the direction.

It was getting late, they decided to walk in the direction of Mina at least they would see any group walking then they could follow them. On the way they got water from a big truck that was giving water for charity. They had to check every point that they were going through to make sure they were going in the right direction.

It was late evening when they reached there. The area was full of tents individually arranged for every nation and marked with the flags hanging in front of them. They found the tent arranged for the people specially coming from England. They were offered tea and something to eat from the people who were there before them. It was very hot and they were exhausted. They just curled up and slept for a while before praying the last prayer of the day.

The next day they waited until most of the people left and they even managed to find a transport to go to the mount Arafat. Leila was surprised when she saw the mount Arafat. It was not a mountain as she imagined. It was a high hill with a stone pillar on the top. It was full of people praying sitting or standing. Around the Arafat there were tents similar to the tents in Mina. The area compared to the rest of the Mecca was unusually green. There were trees planted specially to make shade for the pilgrims. But it was impossible to provide shade for all the millions.

It was said that that particular year there were more than five million pilgrims who visited Kaaba. They all had to be present in Arafat at a certain time to make their pilgrimage accepted. So the crowd was unbelievable. Leila was thinking about her friend who was going to come to pilgrimage with her husband as well. Her friend was an English lady married to a Palestinian gentleman with six

lovely children. Leila and her friend were very close to each other because they both, back at home, were trying to learn and practice the requirements of their faith together. Almost it was as if they were growing up together. She really hoped to see her but her hope was involving the chance of one, in five million, no way, she smiled to herself.

Just as she was thinking this she saw someone like her friend pass from in front of her and going forward towards the mount Arafat. She thought no way, it could not be her. Could it? There was only one way to found out by shouting her name. And there she was! Miracles do happen! Never give up hope! She murmured. She was her friend. They hugged each other and cried and cried. That was a clear miracle for them a gift of the Lord. They stayed together for some time eating and praying. Leila and her husband had some turkey meat given to them from one of the charity places and her friend and her husband had some bread. They had have never tested as a delicious sandwich in their life as they did there and they knew they would never taste it again until they had the same occasion again.

They were separated before the sun set as her friend and her husband were going to walk to 'Muzderife' where all the pilgrims had to stay overnight and gather a certain amount of small stones to throw to three marked places that represented three devils that tried to influence the prophet Abraham, his son Ishmael and the mother of Ishmael against the order of the Creator. Leila and her husband were planning to go by bus. They were not brave enough to go on foot after the experience they had had a day earlier. It was very late when they reached Muzderife.

According to Islamic belief it is said that the prophet Abraham was going to sacrifice his son to the Creator as he promised he would do if he had a son. After struggling for a long time with his conscience, he decided to do it to show his submission to his Lord. He chose the place of Mina to do that. It was quite outside of Mecca away from Kaaba. But on the way the Devil came to him in the form of a man and tried to persuade him from doing it. And then the prophet picked a stone and threw at him to go away no way he could persuade him from keeping his word given to the Lord. Then, the devil tried to persuade the mother of Ishmael, Hagar also did the same. Then next, the devil appeared to Ishmael and he did the same. In the end, the devil did not succeed in making the Prophet Abraham to go back on his word and disobey the Lord, nor did the devil succeed in making Ishmael or Hagar disobey their Lord.

The night had passed without sleep. In the morning they had to walk to Mina to have a rest before doing the first stoning and visit Kaaba before the time of noon praying. They found the same tent where they had spent the night before and managed to get some rest. It was mid morning when they were ready to set off for it. There was a tunnel and only one tunnel connecting Mina to the places to be stoned or people had to go around the big hill to be able to reach there. They did not know any other way to go there but the tunnel. So they started going. Everything seemed all right at first but just half way down the tunnel it started getting crowded and crowded.

The front part seemed not to be moving but there was a strong push from behind. There were children, old men and women. Everyone was shouting to each other 'Do not

push!’ but not knowing who was pushing whom. Leila knew something was wrong and wanted to go back but it was too late. It seemed going back was as risky as going forward unless everyone turned around altogether and walked back. She was hoping that the people who had megaphone in their hands would direct people to do that. They all had to turn back in their own place and go out. But no way, no one was doing anything. Leila was begging her husband to shout to them to do that but he could not make himself heard at all.

In the mean time it seemed that someone put those people in between two ends of a vice and was squeezing them from both ends. Leila had a short Malaysian lady in front of her she was trying to protect her but the lady was getting upset with her thinking that she was the one who was pushing. In the end she was angry with her and pulled herself away from Leila. But the pushing carried on it would not be called pushing any more but squeezing. Leila noticed that she was stepping on something soft and she was hoping that those were bags that people had dropped.

She was holding on her husband’s belt strongly, if she left him for one second they would be separated the next. They could see the exit clearly but could not see why it was blocked like that. In the end there was no more room even for any tiny squeeze any more but to compress. She had a strong tall young man in front of her. She was only trying to keep her head above his shoulder to keep breathing for her survival. They were doing nothing but trying to breathe only. There was no way of falling down any more if one was die they would die standing up.

Soon there were young men crawling on top of the heads of the people that were almost compressed to death. Most probably some young men from behind pulled themselves out from the rest and crawled got on top of the people and crawl to go to the entrance. They had no 'Ihram' left on them, a piece of cloth just held on the waist with a belt. Most probably it came out while they were trying to pull themselves up above the other people. They looked more like animals than human to Leila as they were pressing from the top of the other people who were already squeezed to death. They were causing more panic and maybe killing others by pressing on already people struggling to stay alive.

That carried on for some time. It seemed they were acting on instinct; no one cared about anyone else but self. Painfully, Leila had to watch how a human being became worse than any kind of beast or animal there. In the mean time, the young man in front of her had decided to do the same. He was trying to pull himself out to go. While doing that, he was pressing Leila's throat strongly without even noticing. Leila was feeling dizzy and out of breath and her vision was beginning fade away darker and darker, and she was feeling faint.

Luckily, because he was trying to find a strong position to support himself to pull himself out, he was leaving her throat alone for a while. It gave her just enough time for her to take a breath. And then he was pressing again even stronger for he was desperate to go out. Those continuous sessions were giving her no time to scream somehow to let her husband know what was going on.

Leila had a little chance to pull her husband's belt to attract his attention to what was happening to her. When he noticed he was screaming 'You are killing my wife.' You are killing my wife!' crying and pushing the arm of the young man away to make him aware of the situation. As soon as the man realised what he was doing he stopped pressing on Leila's throat but it took some time for Leila to recover.

As soon as Leila pulled herself together she noticed that she was buried in the dead bodies half way up her legs like the young man in front of her. He was still trying to get out and escape. Leila had to leave her husband, who had no chance to go anywhere then, to help the young man to come out of the dead bodies to be able to go out otherwise he was doing more harm around him then helping. She put both her hands on his belt from the back and helped him to pull himself out. In the end he was out and went on stepping on the fainting or dying people to save himself.

Leila and her husband were separated a little after her letting go of his belt. It seemed that he could go out if he wanted to but there was no way for her to pull her feet out of the dead people. Her shoes had buckles that tightly wrapped her feet, which were not allowing her feet to slip out of the bodies. She managed to make one of her feet move a bit but there was no way to move the other. People were continuously coming from the back to be able to go out. If one fell there was no chance to stand back again. Therefore, Leila and her husband were trying to stay standing at least. In the mean time she was trying to help the people who had fallen in front of her that she could reach to help them to stand up and go.

After some time they had time to look at each other. Leila realised that her husband could really go if he wanted to. She begged him to go. So she convinced him to do that in the end for the sake of the children. After watching him leaving, she realised that relaying on any person whoever they were other than the Lord would do no good to anyone. He could not help her in any way she could not help him in any way. There was only one endless, boundless power that could help her and everyone it was the Lord of the worlds, heaven and earth who had endless power and ability to do everything not restricted by time or space. It was an experience that she promised herself never to forget as long as she lived.

She was thinking about the Lord much deeper than ever before and realised that her love and trust towards Him was growing. That also made her shy as she remembered her praying a few minutes earlier. She was asking Him to save her saying “Yes Lord I love you but still I would like You to save me and all. Please!” She was saying that over and over again. Naturally, she did not want to die. She even did not like the thought of dying. So, what sort of love had she? Love Him but do not want to go to Him. But, did she have to die to be with Him? Was she not being with Him while living? Was not He the only being that could be with one while living, through the death and after the death? Despite all she had another experience that she would never forget. Whatever the situation and the relationship with the Lord it was man’s natural instinct to struggle to stay alive to the last strength and till the last breath.

After some time, her feet were free it seemed to her that was a clear miracle. But, alas, there was no way of going

out without stepping on dead or probably fainted people. She was thinking if they did not die by then, she might kill them by stepping on them. How could she do that? How could she take the right of their lives? How could she pay back the right of their lives on the judgement day? She stayed there for a long time thinking all that. In the end she knew she had to get out one-way or the other. She decided to step on the parts under the top ones as it seemed that they had no chance of being alive.

To Leila's amazement she saw that people coming from the bridge towards Mina were also trapped. The bridge was also full of people dead and alive. It seemed to her that people coming from both ends piled up facing each other in one place and squeezed, and the rest was obvious. But the questions of why and how were never to be answered.

By then, she could see further down the tunnel as much as the back. Both ends were clearly seen. The floor of the tunnel was covered by the dead people. There were some people, like her, standing hopelessly stuck. Some of them were still trying to get out. It was the same on the bridge as far as she could see. The tunnel was opening to a bridge. The edge of the mountain ended where the bridge started. There were thick high walls on both sides of the bridge that joined with the mountain. There were no escape gates or any kind of opening what so ever. There was no way to get out but to climb the high walls of the bridge or the sides of the mountain but both alternatives were impossible. One had to fly, to heaven as many did, to go out of there or literally fly which was not option anyway.

The ones who were saved were pulled up by some people, from the one side, where the edge of the mountain and the

beginning of the bridge met. It was the shortest height. People were bending half way down to be able to hold the outstretched hands to pull them up. People who were saved had to go down the hill by themselves, falling or tumbling down, as they had no energy left in them to stay standing let alone climbing down such a high hill. No help at all had arrived to take urgent care of people. People were left on the street standing on their own after such a struggle in the tunnel or on the bridge.

Leila was standing in the tunnel near where the bridge and the tunnel met. People were coming from both ends, from the tunnel and the bridge to be pulled up. Leila stepped carefully one after the other to make sure not to step on any fainted but probably living person. She knew in the mean time that if she fell she might not have the chance to stand up again. After a few careful steps she saw a young man fall down buried to his waist into the dead people who all seemed to be face down. Most probably some of them under him and he might have been sitting on them. It seemed that he fell down while he was trying to go out and was never able to stand back again. He was searching for a strong hold to grab on and pull himself out of the piles of bodies. In the mean time people going over him stepping on his head or shoulders.

Leila looked at his fruitless efforts to pull himself up but she had to go towards him, out of her way, to be able to help him. It would be the help to save his life or the risk to lose hers. One second she thought of her own sons, what if they were in the same situation, and decided to help him. She went forward to him and made sure her place was secure and safe for pulling him out. Then, she put her hands

forward for him to hold on. Soon he was out and on the way to the wall where the people were pulling the poor victims up.

When she was on her way to the wall her scarf was pulled off her head from behind, which left her without a scarf. Most probably, someone who was trying to hold onto anything to stay up pulled her scarf off her head. Her scarf fell a bit away from her she had to step back one or two steps to be able to reach it. She stood there thinking how she could go out without it, leaving her scarf there. She felt a strong determination to get it even to die for it if it necessary. She took the scarf, put it on and carried on going but still looking carefully where she stepped.

Leila was near the wall when she saw a Malaysian lady facing the wall and with her both hands covering her face like children do when they are playing hide and seek. If she put her hands up they would have pulled her up but in panic she completely blocked herself to the outside world. She was not even hearing the people shouting and asking her to lift her arms. Leila held and lifted the arms of the lady for them and the people pulled her up.

Leila also had to go right next to the wall to put her arms up to be pulled up. But there was a body of a lady lying down face up and on her chest was a Turkish flag sewn on her pilgrimage uniform for the purpose of identification of nationality. She remembered her mother who was going to come to the pilgrimage the same year. They were supposed to meet there, but due to some visa complications she could not come. How could Leila step on her to save her own life, even if the lady was dead?

Leila was crying for the first time during all that happening and had to go around that lady crying and lift her arms up to be pulled up. As soon as she was pulled up she wanted to go down the hill where some of the victims were gathered together. Alas, she found that her legs would not or could not carry her any more at all. Her legs gave in and she just collapsed and stayed there crying for a long time. After gaining some strength she climbed down slowly, sometimes sliding sometimes tumbling as everyone did.

She stood there for some time. There was no help for the survivors everything seemed in chaos. No one knew what they were doing. No one knew what they were supposed to do. She wished that the government had trained some people to handle that kind of situation rather than training soldiers to stop poor people going near the high wall of the king's palace near the Kaaba that no one could climb at all. Even if the people had wings, it would be hard to reach the top.

It was getting late she realised that she had to take care of herself and find her own way back to the hotel before it was getting dark. On the way back she was remembering the way they followed to go to Mina a day earlier, where they lost the people and had to go alone. She was thanking the Lord for that. When they were alone and having hard time to find their way to Mina, they had to look for the main points in the area very carefully to identify certain buildings or signs to make themselves conscious of the area. How could she know that would become a blessing for her right the next day?

When Leila reached the place where the first devil was stoned by the prophet Abraham there was not a single

person to be seen. There was a big heap of stones thrown already and slippers scattered all over but literally no one was around. She had very mixed feelings, she felt that she stood one to one with the devil. What had happened to them while they were coming to throw stones at that particular place which represented the devil? Would she throw the stones? Would she say that it was a Devil work that happened to them and throw the stones at him with anger and hatred? No! No! No! That would give the devil a quality as if he had a power to do whatever he wanted.

It also would feed her anger to become stronger which would target and destroy the subjects who receive it first, before the targeted object. On the other hand, it seemed to her that the devil had his hand in it somehow but she did not know what. Once again, she reminded herself that something might seem bad to human eye and understanding, at a particular time and place but it might have good in it in the future concerning the physical as well as the spiritual worlds. Who is to know? But, that would have to be the surrendering after taking every protection she thought. According to her, ignorance and surrendering were totally two different issues that men had to be aware of.

Leila looked into her heart she was upset, tired, thirsty, hungry, exhausted but not angry at all. So, she threw the seven stones that she picked up from Muzdarifa to fulfil her duty and carried on. Strongly believing that there must be a reasonable explanation for all that, good or bad, and it would be known one day for sure. Leila believed that men had to do everything to save life, their own or others, but without losing the sense of humanity. In contrast to

compulsory praying in the Kaaba she saw how some human beings could become worse than animals at times of stress.

There were very few people in the hotel when she reached there. Most of the men went to see what was happening in the tunnel. She had to have a shower and pray for the time and for the praying that she missed. She also prayed for saving her life and the others, including for those people who passed away in the tunnel.

It was getting dark and there was no sign of her husband. She began to worry about what she should do but did not know at all. She remembered that their Saudi friend showed them the direction to his house in case of need. She took a taxi to go and find out if she could remember the place.

Luckily she did. Their friend acted as if he had seen a ghost when he saw her when they met at the doorstep of his house. Her husband had called him to go and look for her dead or alive and he was just going to meet him to search for her and seeing her on his doorstep gave him a bit of shock.

The husband was in panic when he saw that they were burying people even without identifying. They were loading the dead people onto trucks with skip like rubbish and putting them all in one big whole and covering them up. Towards the end, they started to take picture of dead bodies before burying. But, the poor first ones were to disappear just like that. All that time Leila's husband was walking around with bare feet. The ground was very hot but he only realised that his feet were burning when he heard that she was alive. He could not bear the heat under his feet and had to run and buy slippers to wear. After so many years

later, it was very hard for Leila to imagine he was the same man after all!

Soon after that people began to leave the Kaaba. Soon, everyone in the building left apart from Leila, her husband and a caretaker. They had to stay a couple of days more until the day of their flight. The building that they were in was completely empty. They started looking for a key to lock their door at night when they were inside and during the day when they were out. That seemed to Leila really sad, as much as funny at the same time. When there were people everywhere and she was thinking it was too crowded and complaining from time to time she did not look for a key for the day or the night. She even did not look if there was a key on the door or not. Now they were looking for a key to protect themselves from people when no people were around to be seen!

This was the exact point that she realized the main message for her from the Lord in that pilgrimage was that no matter how good, like angels in the compulsory praying in the Kaaba, or how bad, like animals as in the tunnel, people became, she had to learn how to live with them. No matter what! No running away! No complaining! No categorizing, especially under the name of 'others'. There was no such thing. There was only one human nation, one disturbed would disturb the whole even if it was acknowledged or ignored. She had to make sure that her love towards the creation had to go through the love of the Creator to make it independent of selfishness, the true and the pure love that would cover all, good and bad all together.

At that moment, she was wondering if she would ever come back there again. She was not sure! But, most probably she would not. At least, she was very happy that she had the Lord with her before going to pilgrimage and she was not going to leave Him there either. So, where ever she would be He would be there for her with His unconditional love and care. Leila thanked the Lord once again for letting her fulfil her compulsory duty of Islam, which had to take place once in a lifetime, if one could afford it.

Soon they were in the plane going home and she was thinking what had happened to her during one-month time a lifetime's experience. Leila had lost so much weight, she was tired and exhausted but somehow she had the feeling of satisfaction and unexplainable happiness in her heart plus the life long experience to take home with her.

After her son left she felt very lonely in Alexandria. She missed the sound of his guitar despite having complained at first. Even his bright yellow hair she would not mind. She was dragging her life day to day. Now, she not only had to deal with trying to forget the man she fell in love with but without success, she also had to handle missing her noisy son and being alone again.

Leila started almost living in the main library of Alexandria. She made all the excuses to make herself busy so as not to think about anything or about anybody. However, even if she managed to forget some of it while she was working, she could not manage to stop thinking about him at all. This was too much for her and it was beyond her will power to stop it. The love she had was penetrating in every molecule of her body and soul, more

and more every day that she could ever imagine. What was that? What was the point of it? How could she stop it? Would she be ever able to do that? But, what she did not know was that even worse was about to come next.

In the last term, she was trying her best to concentrate working on her essay. She chose to write about 'The basis of Knowledge' that had always fascinated her. She had to find a supervisor from the university to help her. She went through a hard time to find one, relating to the chosen subject. Leila was amazed to see there also that the lecturers were not listening to the students properly. No doubt they were brilliant lecturers in their own fields full of valuable knowledge but most of them did not know how to listen. She was sure that the problem of not listening was a universal problem in the academic arena. In the end, luckily she found one to volunteer to be her supervisor in name but who let her do the work herself. Thankfully, even though he did not know what she was talking about he took the responsibility to supervise her.

Leila always liked to go back to the basis of things that she wanted to research. She never liked to have any knowledge that at least she did not know some solid background historical knowledge of. So, she started from Plato, Aristotle including old and new Eastern and Western philosophical thinking of the scholars to begin with.

She remembered when she went to have an interview at one of the leading universities in England. The interviewer asked her 'Why do you want to study Arabic?' Her answer was that she believed the academic world was dead, killed by the scholars by dividing it in two, such as East and West. East owned the soul and the West owned the body and they

both worked on them separately trying to find the solution for living humanity and expecting to feed the need of living nature. She could, at least, try to put the body and soul together to make the academic world alive again to work for the benefit of the living. Then, one could go and study the two parts separately to have more detailed knowledge about them, men and society as a whole. Naturally, she was not accepted, who would want to deal with a dreaming old woman like her.

The Eastern world died long ago when they stopped searching for new spiritual and materialistic academic developments. Instead they chose to hide only under the spiritual power of the Holy Book as much as they could, as if they were living in a fantasy world. They did not really want to learn and practise what was in it. Surely, in reality they were concentrating the self-interest, under the power of the Holy Book, rather than humanity in general. It made the East live in an artificially made up spiritual world.

Unquestionably, the souls did not belong to this world, which meant the East was living in another world as far as academic development was concerned. It was also the fact that when the soul and body split one was medically identified dead. The sad part was that this unseen and artificially made up spiritual existence was forced and expected to live in the dimension of the material world that has its own requirements to exist and survive.

The Western academic world did the opposite. They killed the world and humanity dividing the body and the soul but took the material part only. Even the human body was to be sliced into finest parts to analyse how to better develop living for the human being who was made up with

the combination of body and soul. Samples had to represent the originals otherwise it would not be realistic, rational and practical. It would not work, and time already proved that it did not. The development for human being, a living combination of body and soul on earth, could be only studied realistically when the spirit and the body combined and were alive.

No matter how good both spirit and body were separately analysed, which must be done, it would not work in practice unless they studied together first or put together afterwards. As far as Leila was concerned the soul of the world was in the East and the body of the world was in the West and they needed to be combined together again to make bring it alive to exist, function and work in the dimension of the world. Knowing all about the body and soul consequently would lead to the whole as well as the individual existence and responsibilities within it.

It seemed to Leila that the East was dead long ago when they stopped looking into both sides of existence. The West was born dead as they refused the history of humanity as a whole and concentrated on only the Western enlightenments and its productions only. So, she had to know both Knowledge of the East and the West in the field that she wanted to work. For that, she needed to know the main languages of both East and West, to be able to put them together at least to help the world to gain consciousness to remember life again, naturally, together with its own good and bad self.

There were three interviewers and they were amazed by the dream like thought but the moment she mentioned all this the moment she knew she would not get a place from

the university. She would straight away be considered a troublemaker, attempting to put a stick in the turning wheel of the system. The interviewers like it or not knew that it was true but they were also stuck in the system and it was not easy for them to do something unless they put their hand under the wheel to change the direction. So, one of the lecturers accompanied her back to the entrance telling her how good that would be, and wishing her luck over and over again which indicated that there was a hope for the living world as one body after all.

As far as Leila was concerned, one had to be free from all inside and outside pressures to be able to have an absolutely pure and objective knowledge. Then she would be able to take positive steps for humanity as a whole. That was the reason she chose the topic and she was very happy that she did. She was even happier to find out that there was a unified agreement in scholars of both world, East and West that the knowledge was coming from one unified source and it was reaching equally to every individual man in the East or in the West. But they had different opinions on how the recipient perceived it. In the mean time, Leila was content with her busy life, studying, but, she was going through hard time with her silent and veiled suffering that she could not even admit to herself let alone to others. Poor lady never knew that her silent hidden suffering would be out in the open soon.

One day, Leila heard that the wife of the man she had inescapably fallen in love with was coming to Egypt for the year and he was coming with her. She could not avoid feeling happiness and sadness at the same time once more. She was happy that he was coming. Even if she would not

see him, it would be a pleasure for her to be in the same city and breathe the same air. It was sad that she knew the wife would again try her best to make Leila's silent suffering even more for nothing.

In the end, one day she arrived in the class. Leila was happy to see her at least she knew that he had come with her. Leila always tried to put herself into others shoes if there was a delicate issue to deal with between her and them. That was the reason she was not angry with her at all. According to Leila she was trying to save her marriage. Leila respected that. She had no intention to break any ones marriage anyway. She only had something that she had no power over it and struggling as much as she could to stop it, at least not let it go out of control.

Leila's focus point was not him or the wife. She could not make Leila scared, if she wanted to do something. Leila's focus point was the examination of the Lord. She loved the Lord so much that she would not want to do anything that would be against His command. Naturally, having different values, the wife did not realise that. She was only concentrated on how to pressurise and frighten Leila away right from the beginning, thinking that if Leila had a chance, she would do anything to get her husband or vice versa.

Being a Muslim Sufi woman, Leila was on continuous training to be on guard for her own actions. That gave her deeper understanding and awareness of both the physical and metaphysical world. However, the process and the progress of it were to be very private and individual. Therefore, the individual experiences in her body and soul would only concern her and her relationship with the Lord

alone. But, meanwhile she could see, know and understand the occasions in different perspective than the other could. She also knew the fact that those individual warnings from the Lord would be so individual and would ever be mixed with the common facts of life. The training was to make one a better person for a better world and to be in a better place in Heaven that was all. Therefore, she had feeling that during the first two years the wife was so angry that she easily could harm her or him. Therefore, she had to be on alert all the time but could not say anything to anyone.

At the beginning, Leila had no control over her soul. She could just watch her soul leaving her to go to him. It was very hard for her not to be in control of her own soul. In the first year, one day she was doing her meditation. In a glimpse, she saw that a dark skinned young man was almost strangling him and she could not do anything about it but to pray Lord to protect him from any possible harm.

In another vision, she saw him lying on a sofa and almost having heart attack. Leila's soul had to make somehow the wife aware of it to take him to hospital. Another day she had to hold him back when he was unaware that he was too close to a passing train, almost suicidal. Surely, there were more but they were too private and individual for her to disclose. Surely, the love she had was the love of souls. The souls were on the run together because of the strong controls, restrictions and impossibility of the worldly requirements of their needs. How could anyone measure or value such a thing with the worldly mind of understanding only.

She had to work even harder to be able to control her soul alongside her boldly feelings. Leila was founding it

harder to work on her soul than to work on her body. It took quite long time to train her soul to keep it under control. Her body and soul relationship was altered completely, which affected her relationship with the Lord and the all other relationships in her life. Plus, now she had to deal with the wife again who had no idea what Leila was going through. There was no way she would understand or try to understand her even if Leila wanted to explain it all to her.

What happened in the world of soul was up to Leila and her understanding. As far as the understanding of her, it could be true or not. It was totally up to Leila to deal with, but now she was about to be accused of something that she never intended to do. The wife was aware that he also had some feeling towards her; seemingly it made her more worried and jealous.

Soon after her arrival she began to give Leila hints of warning as she usually did. Leila pretended not to hear them but the students from the same university who already knew the story back at home began to look suspicious. The wife also had a habit of getting people on her side and tried to put Leila down one way or the other. That was too much for Leila, she did nothing to deserve that. The wife was asking questions to the teachers in the classroom out of blue, like 'What would happen a Muslim women who committed adultery?' or similar kind of comments that disgusted Leila very much.

Leila's feeling was not a simple passion that had to be satisfied whatever. Easy, animals do that anyway. She was not planning to do such a thing. It was out of the question for her. That would destroy her relationship with the Lord first of all, then the purity and beauty of the love of souls.

That was not right. Leila could not bear it any more. One day she called the wife into one of the classroom to talk to her nicely and fairly to tell her that there was no reason for her to worry. Leila would not do such a thing ever and she had not seen any wrong action taken by him either, in fact she had not seen him at all. But as soon as Leila opened her mouth the wife ran out of the classroom screaming at the top of her voice, saying things that Leila did not understand. In the hall, everyone was gathered around her and asking what had happened.

Poor Leila was sure that she had made a big mistake by trying to talk to her but it was too late. She did not care about herself much but he was a respected person in the university and known by the personnel of the centre and she did not want to cause any problem for him. Leila stood there watching her screaming talking to students. Soon Leila was standing in front of the head of the centre for something that she had no intention of doing and no intention of causing any harm to anyone.

Leila was already suffering in silence now she was put in a position to suffer openly. What could she tell them? Apparently there was nothing to tell. On the other hand how could she deny the feeling but how could she explain it to anyone either, about something that she even failed to explain to herself. She said nothing but she knew the wife would try to say anything and everything that she imagined, thought or supposed but the truth that she never knew.

Soon, everyone in the centre knew the story in full of the wife. All of the lecturers were Muslims but none of them asked Leila to hear the story from her angle to know the real version of it. They become judge, jury and prosecutor and

started making painful funny remarks in the lessons that everyone understood. Leila had to be strong and patient to see the end, as right always overcame wrong. Her fighting with her feeling had to be prised in reality but who cared about the reality. People wanted fun and amusement let them have it. She did not care less about herself but she would not forgive herself if it affected him at all who probably knew nothing about what was going on in the centre.

She did not care much about the remarks. She did not care about their ganging up with the wife against her like kids do. But she was really hurt when one of the male lecturers let go the door in an unusually disrespectful way in her face that nearly hit her. She was entering the centre and one of the male lecturers came behind her and went fast through almost pushing her aside and let the door swing into her face intentionally. He went in without caring what he did or what happened to her. This was a clear signal that she was a bad woman who did not deserve any respect what so ever.

Leila had a hard life but never treated disrespectfully by anyone and she was not going to take that either. She went and asked him nicely why he did that looking right into his eyes so he could see if her eyes were carrying any sign of guilt or not. After a little conversation he had to apologise for what he had done. Moreover, Leila was sure that he realised she was innocent in every possible way.

The way Leila dealt with the lecturer had an impact on them. Specially, when they realised that he also had feelings towards her but all under control. One by one they all realised that they had made a mistake and started to try

making up with her. Leila did not really care about it but would not let injustice win the case after all.

Towards the end of the year the invitations started. Lecturers were inviting the students to their houses and Leila saw him the first time at the invitation of the head of the centre. She did not know if he was coming at all. On one the hand she was wishing he did, on the other he did not. It would be very hard to hide the feelings in front of all people. She was praying noon prayer when he came. She was in front of the Lord but as soon as she heard his voice she started shaking like a tiny leaf in a strong wind. This was not fair how could that be, but there was no way of preventing it from happening either.

The place seemed to her like heaven and hell at the same time. She was burning with guilt that she was not able to control her feelings in front of the Lord, and she was burning with uncontrollable love. Her chest was feeling on fire in her, especially affected by his feeling also. She was sure what he felt reflected her heart but as far as she was concerned it would not be taken as fact, as far as not said by words. He was also trying his best to hide his feeling but one can never cover the sun with at plaster. It was visible in every way that there was a strong feeling between the two.

Unbelievable, unexplainable maybe but there was a clear existence not only known by the two but noticed by all. Another obvious thing for all was the purity and innocence of the love. After that Leila noticed the change in the others' behaviours towards her. Hopefully they were convinced that she and he did not do any wrong. Leila was comfortable because she was innocent and she did not do

anything on account of people's opinion but on account of the Lord's order.

Despite all she also knew that people's opinions are important for the social order. So, as a Muslim woman she had to prove herself that she did not do anything wrong disturbing any values of society or to her faith. Leila saw him in one or two other gatherings. Nothing was said; nothing was heard in worldly words but no way of knowing the communication of the souls heart to heart.

Leila saw him last at the certificate ceremony, which was handed out by the lady that Leila had the argument with, the head of the department. She was finding it hard to be there and finding every excuse to go away and stay away. After the lunch she could not bear it anymore she felt that her chest was going to burst open when she was near to him.

Somehow she was sure that he had the source of the love. What she had that evening, was the hit coming from his heart. Whenever she was near to him she was feeling the strong feeling that her heart was not big enough to take all in and stretched to the limit of bursting. So, she could do nothing but run away once more. The place they were having the party was near the sea she run off even leaving her bag and belongings behind.

She went to the seashore she was in a situation where she could just jump in and swim to eternity. It sounded to her as though the sea was calling her and she was going to it. She woke up with the sound of men who were fishing there. They saw her and called not to go any further it was dangerous. As soon as Leila realised what was going on she saw her feet were almost in the water. Certainly the sea had

never sounded so sweet to her at that moment calling her to go to it.

She sat on one of the rocks listening to the sweet call of the sea that she could not answer, sweet call of her heart that she could not answer and sweet call of his heart that she could not answer. She started crying, crying and crying for a long time. When she came back to the party it was nearly finished and he was going. She could see the sorrow in his face but could not do anything about it. At the same time, she was wishing that she was fantasizing all of this and she would wake up and find it was finished. Was it really?

The next day she went to the same place to listen to all the sweet calls again that she heard the day before. She could only hear the sound of the waves and the moaning sound of the pain from her heart. She sat on a rock by the seaside and started day dreaming things that probably never come true. Who knows they might!

While she was watching the sea and the people on the seashore, she saw a pile of cloth next to a building near the sea. There was a movement under the pile and some people were looking at it in curiosity and going away. There was an empty building on the corner and a high wall behind this was separating the public land from a private one. The building had an extended foundation towards the sea. Nothing was built on it. It was only a cement base laid down.

There was a boy sleeping at the corner where the foundation and the wall met. He had some kind of cloths under him and some kind of cloths over him and a plastic bag next to him filled with old and dirty clothes. His face

was clearly visible among the cloths and it was as dirty as the cloths around him.

Leila sat near him watching him sleep in that condition, heartbroken. He looked so innocent and so vulnerable in that situation that Leila could not stop herself feeling for him. She waited for him to wake up sitting just next to him. People now were looking at her and him and trying to make sense out of it but she did not care really as they did not care about the young child sleeping on cement in that kind of condition. They gave him a look and turned away as if they had seen nothing.

Soon the boy woke up. He was surprised to see someone was sitting next to him. Leila was also nervous she did not know how the boy would behave towards her. She smiled first and asked did he have a good sleep. He smiled back, the ice was broken. She asked him gently again what his name was and how old he was. She was relaxed when she found that he was a very friendly and a clever boy.

He was about eleven years old and he had no one but an uncle who gave him to a government orphanage where he grew up. He run away from it couple of time because they did not treat the children nicely. In the end, they tattooed numbers on his hand to mark him for life and for easy identification. He showed the number to Leila on his hand. He wanted to work but no one would trust him because of the tattoo that was easily seen on his hand. It would not be possible to hide it unless he wore a glove.

Leila asked him why he was sleeping there in an open place like that where so many people were around. He pointed out some policemen inside the building and said

that they wanted him to sleep there for people to feel pity for him and give money, which they would take from him later on. According to him they gave him some back just enough to survive only. He said that if he refused to do that they would arrest him and take him to the orphanage where he suffered not only one kind but also many other kind of abuses. Therefore, he preferred to do what the policemen told him to do than going back to prison or the orphanage. That was his story there was no way for Leila to find out the actual truth. But, if he was making up tales, the things that were making him do that, would be as bad as his tales.

Meanwhile Leila was trying to make sense of the orphanage that she had seen earlier. As she was very interested in them she went to see some orphanages in Alexandria. Most of them were run by private organisations and they were for younger children. She only saw one that was run by the government and they were complaining that they did not have enough children. They had photographs of fancy opening ceremonies, had luxury offices bigger than the place given for children. And, she thought of all the fancy worlds that the lady used as she was taking Leila around to show her the building.

Leila though, what a contrast, who was telling the truth? She was so confused and upset for being so helpless to do anything about it. Leila could clearly see in his eyes that he was a very intelligent young boy and he sounded very sharp and clever he could be educated or trained to become professional in any skill easily, instead of being destroyed like that.

Why did people not care for each other as one human nation, calling themselves us rather than I and the other?

Did not the human nation share the world and all in and around it? What would make man realise that every individual, no matter what, had the same right as the other had? Was there any hope for common values that would be understood and practised by everyone in the future? So many whys and hows were yet to come again in her mind without any answers.

Leila asked him what he was thinking about his future. Did he ever try to get out of that circle? He said he was young yet to stand strong in front of the others but if he had some money he could run away and do something trading with the money. He was talking how he could buy one thing and gain money, and buy two of it the next time, and then make it grow slowly. It was clear to Leila that he was capable of doing it but it was not clear to her that he was telling the truth about what he would do with the money if he had it.

Leila asked him if he had the money would he really do that. His eyes brightened and he said of course he would. But he had to run away from those policemen first, somewhere that people did not know him. While he was saying that the poor boy was looking at the numbers tattooed onto his hands.

How Leila wished that she could take him home give him a good bath and put clean clothes on him but she was leaving Egypt the next day. She could not leave him there like that. She asked him if he was hungry, the answer was obvious but looking to the policemen inside the building who were also looking at them, said they would not allow him to go away unless he ran fast enough that they would not be able to catch him. They agreed that she would go first

and wait on the far side of the road and he would run from them and meet her there.

Leila went far enough not to be noticed but so boy could still see her. He got up put his clothes on one side as if he was tiding them up. One of the policemen noticed something was going on and he was going towards him. The boy left everything and ran with his bare feet as fast as Leila had ever seen a boy could run. One could only run like that for one's life. Something in her heart was broken again in such a way that she could never manage to name it, pity, pain, sorrow or sadness would never be strong enough to explain it.

She took him to the shops, he washed his hands, face and feet in one of the shop's toilets and then they bought him some underwear, trousers, t-shirts and shoes. He looked so handsome in clean clothes. The moment his appearance changed the moment his behaviour was changed. He was behaving in a different way from a minute ago. All of a sudden he seemed to have a strong self-confidence in him. Now, apparently he was one of the average people, and he began to act like one. Leila was wondering if he had a chance, would he be carrying on acting the same way or would he change his behaviour and run like a timid deer running away from its hunter, nervous and frightened to death all the time knowing that its hunter never would give up from hunting it down.

She took him into one of the ordinary restaurants to eat. He was unbelievable, he did not want anything special he only wanted to eat and fill the need of hunger, and he was not greedy at all. He never seemed to her that he was an opportunist in anyway. But still he managed to surprise her

with his humbleness even in choosing the clothes to wear. She wanted to buy more but he did not want them, saying that they most probably would be taken away from him anyway.

Leila was eating very carelessly with her hands and talking to him like she knew him for a long time on purpose to make him feel comfortable. She was astonished by the warning of the boy to be careful how to eat in public. She was clearly finding it very difficult to understand the reason for the speed of adoption, the stamina, the politeness and the humbleness that the boy displayed. The things were not expected to exist from a stereotyped street boy. But, there you are! She was taken a back, and all the values and opinions that she had, were shattered. They ate and talked for a long time. He was talking about his dream to become a businessman. She was trying to encourage him that he could do it if he really wanted. She liked the boy very much but liking and trusting were completely two different things. As it was in her love, loving and trusting were also two different things.

Trust! Whenever Leila talked about it she could feel an unsettling pain in her heart relating to the lack of trust between her and the man she loved so dearly. It was unbelievable that her soul was leaving her to be with the man that she did not know anything about in order to trust him at all. Most probably he might have had the same feeling towards her. How she wanted to trust him and him to trust her. She would not do anything to hurt anyone let alone him. Obviously, they grew up with the pre-assumed and pre-judged stereotypical values about each other's

religions, nations, social values, and most of it was the religious differences.

There were so many barriers between them stronger than the Berlin wall. In fact, there was one Berlin wall but they had so many unseen walls between them. As if that was not enough, they had to put up their own selfish personal walls, like keeping up with the expectation of positions and professions as well as preventing people's bad opinions and gossip. They were on one side of the walls and the poor innocent love and trust on the other.

Love was in reality stronger than all, if only one had the courage to own it. According to the love all were nothing but artificial man made values. She thanked the Lord for making people realise their own mistakes and bring the materialistically built wall down, which was actually built by people between people. She also asked Him to make them stronger than ever before in the real love and trust and help them to bring those hidden evil walls down which in truth were built by people between people. Those barriers might be built intentionally or in ignorance but the impact of the effect was as real and damaging as any other reality in the world. In fact, killing the humanity slowly alongside with the world itself.

Now! She just wanted to trust the boy without any other consideration. But, she was very sad when she held back with the thinking that even if she trusted fully to herself, the man she loved and the boy she met, would she ever be able to trust everyone who surrounded them who were capable of making others suffer for their own individual selfish gains.

In fact, her second marriage was built on trust and trust alone. She was happy with her marriage thinking at least that selfishness did not enter into it. How wrong could she be? According to her understanding, he gave up everything as soon as he thought that he had lost his authority over her. He would not be able to drag her whenever and wherever he wanted to as he used to be. There was nothing more hurtful for her than to find out the trust she thought she built her marriage on was not there at all.

All along, it was the fulfilment of his self-ego kept the marriage going. As soon as he thought that he had lost the power of being in control over everything the game was finished. All of a sudden, he was changed. The saddest part of it was that he was hiding himself behind the local, social and his own made up version of Islamic values but acknowledging the actual truth of self-servitude. So, what was trust, who could be trusted and why. Why? Why? Why? Simple life had to be made so complicated!

Therefore, Leila aimed not to make the short relationship with the boy complicated. So, they walked around and joked wishing that she knew more local Arabic but his skill of language was also amazing. He was such a pleasant young boy she wished she would take him home with her but heyho! She asked him how much money he would like to have if he could start doing something simple. He said enough to buy a box of drink. She was surprised and asked the reason. He said that was all he needed to start a business. He was planning to go away somewhere he was not known and buy a box of drink and buy more and more with his profit and so on.

He was so confident and sure of himself that Leila did not care about trusting or not trusting. She gave him some money to survive for a while and buy a box of drink to sell. Somehow, she really trusted him deep down and wished that she would not be wrong this time. Even if she was it was worth it to try. She probably would never see him again to know what did happen to him in this world, but knowing that she would do in the hereafter comforted her enough. She wished him good luck and watched him flying away, not from fear but from happiness.

Unfortunately, her going back home was not as happy as his going. She knew she had to tell everything to her husband and ask him to be patient to see if she grew out of the feeling. That would not be the hardest part but the hardest part would be to convince herself that she could do such a thing that seemed so unlikely. Since the feeling hit her she saw him in every man as if there was no man existed for her but him. That was unbelievable and unacceptable. The rest of men had disappeared for her completely. Not only that, she began to see him in herself. When she looked at the mirror it seemed to her that she was looking at herself through his eyes. She did not know where she herself had gone. Only a reflection left? Then she used to murmur to herself.

“When I am alone there is no I but you,

Where am I?

Looking at a mirror to see you,

There I am,

Where are you?"

That was, on the one hand, giving her an indescribable pleasure and scaring her to bits on the other. She was sure again and again that it was not an ordinary passion or an ordinary desire or even an ordinary love. There was something more than that but she was not the kind of woman to let herself be controlled by her feeling no matter how strong it was. She had responsibility towards her Lord, her faith, her marriage, her children, and her parents and so on. As she believed he had similar responsibilities towards his own. She meant the real responsibilities not the artificiality imposed values of others.

On the other hand, she was not a kind of woman to give her heart to one man and her body to another. As long as she could not stop her feeling, she had to tell her husband what had happened and see what he would say. Poor man, no matter how selfishly he had behaved lately, she believed that he did not deserve that. Oh! Lord how hard all that was for her to do!

That summer she had to go to see her sister who recently had a breast cancer in her country. Her husband was also there as his father was not well. He came to see her and talk to her about his own mistakes and apologise. The way he was talking about the issue made her aware more and more that he was sorry because he had no alternative not because he really realised what he did was wrong. He was apologising for his own selfish reason again not to correct the injustice that he had done. That drew her even further away from him. In the mean time it was not the time or the place to talk to him about her feeling in her sister's house

while her sister was struggling with the cancer. So he went back to his family town leaving her behind.

Her sister was ten years younger than Leila. They were six sisters and three brothers. Leila was the oldest of all and the ill sister was the fourth one down. They were married to two brothers. Her sister's husband was a captain in the army and the nicest man that Leila ever met. Her sister had twins, one boy and a girl, almost the same age as Leila's youngest son. Unfortunately her sister lost her husband in a car accident when her children were about six years old and she had to bring them up all alone.

Poor girl, she was such a pleasant girl to be with. She would see the finest side of anything bad or sad. She would be happy and content with any small thing. Not only did she seem to be happy all the time but she would make the most miserable person happy in no time. Who would know that she would have cancer like that? She was in pain but she was still happy no one knew how she was hiding all her worries in her.

Naturally, she wanted her children to have the best education. Her family background was middle class and she had high secondary level education but did not go to university. A trust, from the army had taken the responsibility of the children's education and sent them to very high-level private schools where only very rich people could send their children.

It seemed to everyone it was a very fortunate situation to educate the children in a highly valued private school. But the demands of such a school and social pressure of the rich kids began to show an effect on the children and the mother.

They were relying on her husband's pension, which had a limit to survive under the middle class values. It was certainly not nearly enough to meet the requirement of a rich life or to compete with such people.

Soon, it started showing the effect on the mother who was trying to make ends meet and try to not let the children feel the gap. But no way, it was too much pressure on her and on her family who were trying their best to help her. The older children became the main problem she faced. The children were breaking away from her, her family and her social circle. She was the only bridge to keep the relationship going. At the same time the children were torn between the two identities whether they realise or not. They had their background in the middle class but were growing up in the, as they call, high class who sees the middle class low below and had no idea about the real life outside of their own surrounding.

The boy had a very quiet personality and kept himself to himself which saved him from being affected from his surrounding as much as the girl. He loved his mother but did not realised how hard she was trying for them not to feel the difference between the other richer children. She might have been making a mistake there as her parents were warning her from time to time but as a mother of children who lost their father at a very young age she was over protective towards them.

Her daughter was the one she was concerned with more. She was a very clever and outgoing girl. She liked the style of rich life and began to see herself as if she was one of them. But she was not. Deep down she was aware of that, and feeling anger towards the social and financial situation

that she was in. She began to play and started pretending as though she had everything that the people had around her. That was tiring her out and her mother.

Not only social class or economic difference, they also had moral differences. Her mother was a practising Muslim woman, but fitted well with so called modern style and would have liked her daughter to do the basics at least. Having a boy friend or being with a boy friend was not acceptable for her or for her relatives. But in the social class that her daughter grew up it was a must. They went to bars and cafe's dancing drinking and so on. The daughter was demanding a real piano from her ill mother and putting every possible pressure on her so that she could get it. It was as hard on the daughter as on her mother to keep it in balance. Her mother was under tremendous pressure. Leila had to talk to her every morning on the net before going to university to make sure she talked to someone and get it all out.

But surely it did not prevent her having the cancer that meant more pressure on her financially. Naturally she had all the facilities in the army hospital to go and have the treatment free and the best possible available. Really! If only, she did not cover her head according to her faith. Both husband and wife were not able to practise their faith. They could not pray openly nor could she cover her head at all while he was alive and working in the army. When she lost her husband, she wanted to pray for him but she had no scarf at her house to cover her head to read the Holy Book. She always said that, it had hurt her at that time as much as the loss of her husband. After that she decided to practise her belief as much as she could.

Leila remembered when they were planning to practise their faith and covering their heads and going out to train themselves as they were marrying two brothers and wanted to do the practising together. Luckily Leila went abroad away from the social and official pressures and managed to carry on but her sister could not manage to carry on especially under the official pressure of the army.

She was having the same problem when she had a very serious illness. She could not go to the army hospital to have a proper treatment that she was entitled to. Even if she went one way or the other, no one from her family, who was wearing headscarf including her mother, would be able to visit her or take her there and bring her back. What a system of freedom, equality and justice! It was the power struggle all over again, but that time it was an impersonalized system did the oppression for specially personalized people. None could be singled out to answer for the injustice.

Leila had to leave her sister to go back home to carry on the fourth year at university. She was dragging herself back to finish the university, if she did not it would be easy to leave everything and run away but she never knew where to. She was back. The thinking about the possibility of seeing him again was making her as though walking on air but for what. Why could she not just forget it as though it never happened? Alas, she could never even bring herself to think or say it, let alone do it.

The feeling was taking over everything. It was covering her body, soul and life in every possible dimension to eternity more and more every day. She was giving up hope in both ways. If only he would come forward and say how he felt honestly, that might shake her to wake her up to

reality, one way or the other. Would she than be able to forget and carry her life as normal again? Was there any other way out? She only had to put all her trust in the Lord and be patient as long as she was alive. But, on the other hand, people would give their life to be able to have such a love. Whatever was the reason keeping them a part worth to throw away such an innocent and valuable feeling. How was he really feeling? Did he really have the feeling she thought that he had or was she making her fantasies go wild for no reason.

Fortunately or unfortunately, he was in charge of the fourth year. What a coincidence! She saw him a couple of times but said nothing heard nothing as usual. Some things could not be put in words, Leila was shivering to every bit of her body each time she saw him, as if she was hit with the feeling of love yesterday. She was sure that he was feeling and suffering as much as she did. But she would not say anything unless he would or do something about it. If he valued the love she had if he felt the way she thought, he surely would do something about it. Would he?

Towards the middle of the year her husband came home and she had to tell him everything in a suitable way, a situation that the word of suitable had no place in it at all. She had to try her best not to hurt his feelings. If that made sense to anyone! They were together for twenty-five years and had had no serious arguments or quarrel let alone fighting. They respected each other very much. He always told her that he loved her, which she doubted after what he had done. But both knew that their marriage was based on mutual agreement and trust. Never the less it was a happy one and worked for so many years but whatever had

happened had happened, and it was about to come to an end, but for what? For a love that apparently had no hope? Not really! He also had his role to play in it.

He was shocked of course. Most probably never expected something like that coming from her and he took it as a punishment for him from the Lord for what he had done to her. He was naturally very upset, in fact shattered. No matter what he had done in the past, she was thinking that he did not deserve that but what could she do! It was the most unpleasant, the most miserable and the most difficult situation she ever experienced in her life. They both were realising that it could be the final full stop for their being together.

He knew her very well. She would not say anything if there was another way out. The moment he heard that the moment he knew he had lost her forever. No matter how much she was trying to get out of the feeling that she thought had no common sense, no understanding, and no explanation. He had clearly seen everything in one frame that it was the end of their being together. He even did not try to fight back to gain her what so ever. He knew well that the case was not a simple winning or losing case.

He knew her well that she was not a simple woman to deal with. She would not allow anyone to interfere in her own responsibilities towards her Lord or to others unless she made herself sure whatever she did was just, all over. She always used to criticize herself before others when she was dealing with them. Justice was the base of her life as much as she could manage when she was dealing with a situation for the rights of others or for her rights with others.

He just left and went back home, leaving her with her own turmoil of feelings and the rest of the family, including his own children that she never differentiated from her own.

She was relieved in one way, as she would have felt, as she would not have fulfilled the obligations of her married life if he had stayed. On the other hand, she was surprised how easily he gave in without even asking why? It might have been to him too obvious that what she had was somehow unchangeable. But she was sure that he was taking it as a punishment for his late behaviour towards her and accepted it as it was.

Leila did not know where and how she was for a long time. She was feeling like she was in some kind of sleep walk or having a continuous nightmare. She was hoping that she would wake up and find out that everything was as normal as before. Unfortunately, it seemed that there was no end to it. It was hard for her to struggle with herself, her marriage, and her education. Let alone about her children and her parents how she could explain all this to them.

Towards the end of the year the health of her sister who had cancer went from bad to worse. In the end she was in her deathbed at the exact time of her exams. There was no other way for Leila, either she would enter the exams, which meant not to see her sister alive again, or go to see her sister meant missing the exams. It would be a year's work all over again. She could not carry the burden of choosing her exams over seeing her sister. She had to leave everything and go to see her and be with her for at least some time.

Leila was in an extreme emotional, psychological, physical and social turmoil. Her soul longed for the love she had unexpectedly fallen into. Her body was tired and almost giving in. Her twenty-five years of marriage had suffered a major earthquake and shattered into pieces. Her education was demanding full concentration more than ever before to be able to carry on. And her sister was dying. How could Leila manage to cope with all that had happened to her at the same time?

She was struggling through the time second by second and hoping that the next second would be better than the last, and the ultimate results of all would be good in the end. She was trying her best to find a way to balance between all the painful inputs that almost jeopardised her mind, and the outputs of her mind to control and prevent negative effects on herself and her social relationships. She badly needed something, some body or some way to help her to be able to stabilise them both to cope and carry on with her life.

She always compared the life waves with the waves of the heart beats. There were up and down curves like in the heart graphic and the straight line in the middle was that which indicated death. Therefore, she was well aware of the rocky ride of life but her one at the moment was far beyond bearable. She was fully aware and accepted that the choice of death was not an option for her which was strictly forbidden in her faith and was against her personal principles. But, at least would she control the heartbeats to reduce the unbearable pain, which was the source of her wail and the negative effects on her body, soul, psychology and social life as a whole.

The question was, how? Seemingly, she had no control over matters, the love she was in; the death of her sister; the ruined marriage and her ever-growing love for education. So, what could she do? She was confused and exhausted. There were so many different individual matters demanding her attention and full concentration. All had different kinds of requirements from her. It was impossible for her to fulfil them all at once. Surely, it was beyond her human power to cope with them all but she had to do it one way or the other.

The existing situations had really forced Leila to think for a way out before she went out of her mind completely. She might have not had the control over matters that had taken place any way. But, at least, she could have strengthened her resolve to be strong enough to cope with them. She decided that she was not going to deal with every individual matter separately at first. She had to put them all in one perspective to see them all as one, before dealing them independently later on.

To be able to do that, first she needed a higher independent platform that would take her above all to stand on and see them clearly and objectively to evaluate them justly. She desperately needed to step out of the self as well as the other's oppressive values to be able to do that successfully. Moreover, she urgently needed a kind of supreme measurement above all the estimated guesses of so called value of yours, mine or the others to be able to evaluate them justly in equal terms, free from each other's domination.

For her there was only one power that could help her. The power of the Lord, the Creator of all, at least, He had the right to have the upper hand that would put all the

creation in an equal position. Yes! She was going to evaluate the matters from His point of view alone first and would get the opinion of self and others later. She was sure that it was not going to be easy either, but at least it would be the best concerning freedom, equality and justice. Even thinking of it gave her the comfort and the strength that she needed.

Leila began to see everything that had happened to her and she had no power over to stop or prevent as coming directly from the Lord first. It made her stop and stepped back giving her time to think about them before taking any drastic action, and it prevented her from taking any individual opponent as the source or the cause. That would channel her mind in one main area, which made her focus on the issues clearly. Then she could widen the circle to see surroundings to analyse and act accordingly as much as she could. When she had the bird's eye view on her problems she saw them at once, and to her amusement, she realised that there was only one problem all alone nothing else.

It was the struggle for power in the jungle of confusion. It was about who should decide between the rights and the wrongs. Every single individual seemed to have their own egocentric values of rights and wrongs. Seemingly stronger ones were trying to impose their own personal values onto the others. Some would take it and wail in silence as the Japanese girl and the wife of the tyrant man or the husband of the tyrant woman or a helpless child from the dictatorial elders. Some would rebel, but still suffer wailing in veil like Leila. Some would rebel and wail out, aloud but not heard because the oppressive ears were deafened by the feelings of self superiority, pride, money, position or the irrational

anger and hate towards the rationality of others or because the ears were deafened by total ignorance, 'I am alright Jack' do not touch me who cares about the others.

Leila, without doubt, decided to take the power of the Lord to set the rights and wrongs for her instead of herself or the others. At least, He was above all creation and had power over everything and everyone. He would know the need of His own creation the best, and had the right to have power over His creation. Taking of the ultimate power as the source of the cause of pain or pleasure at first, gave her a total sense of freedom, equality and justice. Leila was now not taking others or self as the responsible source of the cause primarily, but she never neglected them to analyse and take precautions afterwards. This made Leila feel free from the oppression of others and self. Everyone was standing on the same platform to be assessed equally what they had done in their lives. It also made her see them from every possible angle to be just involving all the factors or the actors.

All that took her fear away and gave her every hope there was. She felt stronger than ever before. She left everything and went to see her sister. Her sister was given days to live by the doctors but Leila could clearly see the hope for life, as she herself did in the tunnel, it would never leave her till the soul left her. So, struggle for life must be the other universal characteristic of human beings on earth.

The sister trusted Leila so much she was looking to hear from her a promise to take care of her children. Leila was also aware that giving her this promise would not be words only. If she made a promise she would have to give her life to keep it since she found it impossible to make any promise

that she would not be able to fulfil. Leila could see the disappointment in her sister's eyes, which was squeezing her heart. Leila was saved by other sister who also lost her husband and had two had children of her own, assuring her sister that she would become their mother so do not worry about the children. The relief on the face of the departing sister was indescribably pleasant, but not to be able to take the responsibility indescribably painful for Leila.

The next day the departure of her sister took place. It was the exact date that Leila would have had her last exam if she had decided not to come. Leila had never seen a dying person in her life before apart from being buried in them to her knees in the tunnel. Due to her sister's situation her parents and her brothers and sisters were there. Her parents had nine children alive. They had lost three children in early age before one year old but she was the first one to be taken from them like that as a grown person.

The mother and the father had a very extra-ordinary relationship between themselves but when it came to deal with their children they became one unit that no one easily could differentiate the difference of opinion between them. Even though Leila was upset with them about not having her education in time, she always admired them. Her mother was sitting at the head of her sister and Leila was standing at her feet. Her youngest sister and the daughter of the dying sister were dealing with her.

She was completely cut off from the world, looking into the emptiness, as the people around her saw. They were all praying the Lord to make the departure easy for her and the loss easy to bear for those left behind. Leila saw a big smile on her sister's face, who supposedly was looking into

emptiness, and she left her body with that smile and open eyes looking into emptiness!

None of them were crying. There was a very calm air in the atmosphere. They all saw the smile that assured them what she saw made her happy. The Lord made her happy and smile at her most difficult time just as she had made every unhappy person have a happy smile when they had difficulty. It made her departure easier for her and for the people left behind who loved her very much.

Those days were very hard days for all the members of the family. They were all together in dealing with the sorrow and pain but somehow Leila felt that she was distancing herself from her sisters and brother. She had a strange feeling in her that she could not understand. She could also feel similar feelings between all the sisters and brother but did not know why.

It took some time for Leila to release that she was upset with her sister's passing away. Leila felt cheated by her leaving. Her sister made herself loved so much by the others and left them behind and went away. She felt she should not trust the others either as they could do the same.

As Leila and her passed away sister were married to two brothers some of her sister-in-laws and brother-in-laws came to her sister's funeral but the husband did not. Leila was confused again. Which departure was the saddest one? The one which human being had no control over or the one which human being choose to forget for being human! The second one was the unfortunate one for Leila and she asked her Lord to never put her in the second category. Leila could

not get over all this without choosing to try focusing on only 'The One' point principle.

Leila had to start her fourth year all over again at the university. She had one more extra responsibility on her shoulder on top of all the others. Even though she did not give her sister her word about taking care of her children, she knew she had the most responsibility towards them to support them in every aspect she could.

Leila was not planning to play super hero. She was a human being with her weakness and strengths. She knew she was liable to make mistakes as every man does. She had to hold onto the main values not to make anyone upset or take anyone's right unjustly. Her husband agreed to wait for his son to finish university and find a job and support himself before starting the divorce procedure. However, not only did he go and marry a woman who had an eleven year daughter he also started the divorce procedure right after his promise without even letting Leila and the children know about it.

Was this the man that Leila lived together with for so many years? What made man human? What was the meaning of being human? O! Lord! She had more and more questions so that her list was getting ever longer. She was not sure that she would find answers to them all before the time of her own departure.

The more her husband was struggling the more he was sinking in deeper. Leila did not care about materials that some people would value. She knew she would manage with the help of Lord somehow. But, what she would not stand watching was unjust treatment. She would not take

any one's right but she would not let anyone take her right either.

One of these days she received an unusual envelope from the embassy. Her younger son was with her. It was the invitation for the divorce case opened at home. It was open after the mutual agreement that was why it shocked Leila but her sons were shocked even more. How could a father be so selfish not to care about anything or anyone else but self? No! She thought that was not the man she was with. What can make a man change like that? She could respect the divorce that happened before but acting as if his action did not affect anyone else was unbelievable.

Leila trusted him so much and he had been a fair man. She remembered one day they gave dinner in a special occasion and the people who gave the dinner out could not give the meal equally to everyone and some people were left without dinner and one of her sons said that ' If my father were there he would have counted the rice and given it to everyone equally.' Where had that man gone? Was he really just or was he just for the sake of being thought just? What made a man have a solid character that would be the same everywhere in every situation, in light and in dark?

On the other hand, she remembered when she asked him that she since she would not resume her educational studies without his agreement, why had he agreed and even helped her to do it? He said that he thought she would not manage and would turn back home. That was the most upsetting words that Leila heard from him. That was one of the times the words were not enough to explain the behaviour of a man. How could two extreme meet in one person just like that?

Once again it made Leila realise that when people did not have a solid 'The One' point principle to focus and hold onto, they could easily swing from one extreme to the other which was the problem for every human in the world. There must to be universal solid focusing point that would keep everyone at the same distance and in equal positions free from each other's oppression to look at issues objectively and justly. Then the result or a solution would fit every individual fairly. The way he was acting indicated that he did not really realise the things that Leila thought he did concerning the faith.

Therefore, she decided to fight back not only for her right but for her children's rights and the right of humanity to set an example for the rest. While she was going through all this she was still trying to put herself into the place of the woman whose husband she fell in love with.

Leila understood her very well even though she had no choice about her feelings but she never attempted to make him leave his responsibilities and had never seen any encouragement that he would. She was not sure how he would behave if she had given any indication of the hidden relationship but for Leila there would not be one because she strongly believed that 'The One' would see her wherever she was. No matter how well it was hidden to the eyes of the people. Leila did not live her life for the people or for the saying of people for that matter but the Lord, and Lord alone. Even thinking of it would make her shiver. She would not do such a thing that was completely forbidden in her faith as in many others.

It was the hardest year at the university. She could easily give it all up if she did not have the help from the Lord and

her children. Starting all over again had meant seeing him again occasionally. There was only one good thing the wife would not be in the same class any more.

It was the same corner where that she had struggled to pull herself back so as not to hug him when she was in the second year after the hit she had. One day she came face to face with him, caught unguarded, drawn towards each other as if an unseen power was pulling them both to each other again. Leila literally saw that his chest was wide open so much that he could hug her three or more times. They had to drag themselves away from each other once more, as difficult as tearing one into two parts all over again.

Anyone who had a little bit of sense could easily see how tired, exhausted they were. Why were they fighting this? People would give their life to have that kind of love. Was all worth it to give this love away? She wished at least she could talk to him and make sure of their feeling but accept the circumstances and fight with it knowingly. Unknowns were making it even harder to deal with. Could she be making it all up? Could she really?

She remembered again the lecture that the teacher was telling about the origin of the creation that every single creation was created from a seed of love of the Creator to His creation that creates link between the Creator and the creation and all the creations pulled towards the source of the love, which kept everything tacked in its place. Without the pulling of this love everything would be scattered all over without control.

He also mentioned that every creation was created in pairs of opposites. The value of one creation would be

known and measured by its own opposite. If one did not know the 'dark' how would one explain the 'light? So, they complete each other. Would that be the same for man and woman? Was their soul created together to complete each other? Would that be the explanation for her inexplicable feeling?

It became a dream like life for her; she was dragging herself through it day by day hoping that the next day would be better than the last. Apparently, there was nothing much changed in her life. She was repeating the last year at the university and taking care of her youngest son who now was going to another university with another subject.

The children left behind were having a hard time after her husband left. They even did not know how to behave towards her and to each other. She had to stand very strong to pull the family together. One of her sons was blaming her in some ways that her education played an important role in the breakup of the family. Leila wondered what he think if he knew the entire story about his mother. But he was having really hard time and trying to have his education she would not tell him anything. In reality what was there to tell him.

The two sons of her husband whom she always treated as her own did not know how she would behave towards them and that was making them nervous and unsure how to deal with her. She left them as they were for some time to get over the turmoil that they were going through. But in the mean time she acted towards them as usual. It took quite some time for them to realise she was not going to change her relationship with them due to her separation from their father.

Meanwhile, she could only talk about everything with her own oldest son. She told him everything and discussed with him as if he were her father. He would understand still respect and support whatever she was going through. He was the one who helped her very much to handle all the difficult times. He was also separated from his wife so he could understand her better.

Leila was surprised but happy when she heard that one of the lessons was to be taken by him. Surely, it was not in the program of the year. So, why was he doing that? Was the lesson so important to be introduced like that or really was he also trying every opportunity to be with her just as she would do? Most probably it was compulsory lesson but her feelings were playing on her.

The love, for her was as obvious as its purity and innocence. She would dare to make this beautiful and holy like love affected by any unlawful behaviour no matter what. It was hard for her to see him again and feel his feeling from heart to heart and not to be able to say anything or hear anything. O! Lord! She was sure he was feeling very strongly about her but he was in the similar situation as she was. Once again, her feeling was making her like teenager, and hopelessness of the love was making her feel senile, over a hundred year old.

The time! She was not fighting with her feelings but also with the time. Why the time had to go so quickly when it needed to be going slowly, in fact stopping. Why did it not respect the love of the poor old woman and slow down? It was as merciless as everyone around them. They all thought that the love was against all the laws of worldly values. He was non-Muslim, she was Muslim. He was married, she

was married. He was a lecturer she was a student. She could carry on saying he was this; she was that, but nothing prevented her falling in love as far as she was concerned.

There she was, four years since she had the hit in her heart and nothing had changed. It was really hard on her. She was going to go away after finishing the university, 'She wished!' and might not see him or hear anything about him ever again. How could she bear a life without her soul? She could not do anything to harm her faith or him any way but this was harming her health as she felt that her soul had deserted her.

One way of doing that was keeping herself very busy. She started doing her Master degree. She almost locked herself in her bedroom that was her study room as well. Days in days out two years were past. These years were even harder as she was going through divorce. Her husband was totally transformed to a strange man with whom she could not communicate to arrange the ending of the life that had been built up over twenty-six years.

On the other hand, how could she blame anyone since her own soul had deserted her? There was only 'The One' she could rely on who did not leave her alone at all. Without the help of her Lord what would she do! But, realising she did not know how to communicate with Him properly made her really sad. The book He sent was in Arabic which she learned at the university but she did not read the book and try to understand it as it was supposed to be. She decided to take a course to be able to analyse it in a proper way. The course was at the same university where she had her university education that she had gone through tough time.

Leila had to struggle with herself did she really want to go to that university to see him or to have a lesson to learn what she wanted to learn. She was finding it hard to say 'No! I do not want to see him.' Truly, deep down she wanted to see him but she made herself sure that her intention was to study the book that her Lord sent and communicate with Him better. She was even preparing herself that she would not go near the department and try to see him at all.

But alas! As soon as some people who knew her saw her they told the wife and the wife was in the same class the next and having the same lesson with her. That was too much for her. She had not counted on that at all. Why did she not realise that Leila was not afraid of her. It is true that she had no power over the love she had. But is also true that if she wanted to do something wife would not even heard of it. Why she was not leaving her alone?

Despite everything, Leila was not angry with her still. Poor woman, how could she realise the scale of the love there was. How could Leila blame her for something that she herself failed to understand? In general, she seemed very upset and unhappy, but calmer. Leila continued to act as if she was not there but it put more pressure on her that she never needed and she had less enjoyment of the lesson then she would otherwise.

Despite this, she never gave up hope knowing that one day she would learn the real reason why these things had happened to her. She never gave up hope knowing that just will always overcome unjust. She never gave up hope knowing that there is an end to all this in this dimension. She never gave up hope knowing that there is an eternal

happiness after life. Poor Leila tried so hard to compress her feelings almost jamming her feeling frozen but never gave up hope.

She was now hundred percent sure that souls are not bound by the boundaries of worldly values at all but apparently have to obey them as long as they are in their bodies. Who knows, the runaway souls may learn how to deal with this extra ordinary issue and be permitted to come back to meet the bodies before the end of her life, yet to depart again.

Meanwhile, love and guidance of the Lord were keeping her intact to carry on and be strong for facing the facts of life that she had no control over together with these never ending hopes. This is the World of 'HOPE' she thought. She could not deny the fact and had full respect to 'LOVE', but she was sure that main aim of human beings, for coming to this world, was not loving a man or a woman but to love the Creator first, before anything else to be able to overcome the pains and pleasures of this world for reaching everlasting happiness, and helping other to do the same as much it could be done. Never the less, she was once again happy that she was in love with the Creator before her love to His creation.

About the author:

I was born in Turkey in 1950 but not allowed access to secondary education. Around 1970, I started working during the day and studying in the evening and moved to England in 1980. I concentrated on bringing up my children and learning English at first, then, later on, embarked on my higher education.

I have a BA from SOAS, "School of Oriental and African Studies", in "Arabic and Islamic studies" and an MA from "Open University" in "Social Science". My main area of interest lies in how the choice of deity relates to human happiness.

About the book:

This novel is based on a true story of a middle aged woman who finds herself in a situation in which she has no role to play, and over which she has no power to control and no ability to resolve. The story is based on her individual psychological, religious and social struggle.

"... But, how could she fight with souls? Souls that she had no control over, if that had happened to her before the training of Sufism most probably she would not be able to handle it at all. It was still very hard on her even though she was a practising Sufi. If it was not for the clear help coming from the Lord she would, most probably not to be able to see the end of it. She had to hold strongly on the main principles of the faith and let the others pass by..."

