



IN THE NAME
OF GOD
MOST GRACIOUS
MOST MERCIFUL

Deceit

By: Mahnaz Raoufi

(Freed From Baha'ism)

Translator: Ali Asghar Emdadi

To:

The head of the women of Paradise,

the Excellency

Fatima (peace be upon her)

Introduction

Baha`ism which is originated from Babism is a sect attributed to Mirza Ali Mohammed who was known as al-Bab. He initiated his call in 1260 AH (1844 AD), claiming his aim to reform the corrupted conditions of Muslims. He made his call public in Shiraz—south of Iran—where he gained some followers. Later, he sent a group of his followers to different parts of Iran to announce his advent and spread his claims, mainly that he is a messenger sent by Allah.

Generally speaking, Baha'ism is a fabricated deviant cult; it includes elements from Buddhism, Brahmanism, idolatry, Judaism, Christianity and Islam.

Muslims have unanimously agreed that Baha`ism is not an Islamic doctrine and that whoever believes in it, is not a Muslim but an apostate from Islam; an apostate is a person who abandons Islam for another faith.

Allah Almighty says: “If anyone desires a religion other than Islam (submission to Allah) never will it be accepted of him; and in the Hereafter he will be in the ranks of those who have lost.” [Qur'an 3:85]

There have been many writers and literary men and women who have written against the deviant political party of Baha`ism and revealed its ominous aims. One of these authors is the writer of the present book.

I am going to make dear readers familiar with the author of the book Mrs. Mahnaz Raoufi.



Mahnaz Raoufi

She is the baby of 12-people Raoufi family. She was born in 1349 in Kurdistan. Her father's name is Seyyed Ismael. She was one of the active members of Baha`ism organization of Kurdistan during the time when she was Baha`i. After getting married with a Baha`i youth from Hamadan city, she was transferred to this city in 1370. She was the center of attention of the Baha`ism organization of Hamadan; since she was active and the center of attention of the heads of Baha`ism. She was active in

different gatherings and commissions under the power of organization; so they paid attention to her talents in writing. In winter 1375, she turned against the cult and announced it in nationwide newspapers. Then, she officially turned to Islam in the presence of one of the scholars of Hamadan city. Thus, she continued her activities in writing articles against Baha'is in order to reveal this deviant cult's nature. So far, she has written and published some books in this regard; such as why did I become Muslim, a letter to my brother, love slaughterhouse, and the present book in your hand the ominous Shadow.

The book you have in your hand is the memoirs of a Baha'i woman turned to Islam. The author explains how she became a Muslim. She criticizes Baha'i behaviors and aims. The author reveals the destructive and deviant activities of Baha'is on kids' minds and also explains how Baha'ism organization captivate men and women by their programs using the name and the title of equality of men and women. After turning against Baha'ism, she was boycotted and deprived of visiting her parents and her family; but by asking for God's help, she tolerated all Baha'i coterie punishments.

I hope this book proves useful and enjoyable for all the readers and make them familiar with extensive and destructive aim of the deviant cult of Baha'ism.

I pray to the Almighty Allah to shower His blessings on us and to grant His mercy and favors to all the readers in getting inspiration for reading more and more regarding the Islamic teachings.

Lastly, I would request all the readers to kindly send their suggestions to me for further improvement of the works like this; so that these could be incorporated in the subsequent editions of this book.

Ali Asghar Emdadi
Hamadan - 2016

In The Name of Allah, The Compassionate, The Merciful

When I arrived at prison, I felt strange; as if, it was for the first time that I had come to such a place. It was a strange circumstance. I looked at the sky and as usual, the first idea entered my mind was thanking God for my freedom. I always put myself in my clients' shoes. That is, what would I do if I were in their shoes. I knew that I wasn't innocent and I also knew that I am not resistant against the deceive and temptations of evil. Indeed, faith is the only thing that prevents making a mistake against evil's temptations. Being faithful is similar to a strong dam against the clamor of fatal and cruel waves which can cause a tragic destruction during a moment. I had observed that everybody who had transgressed willingly or unwillingly belonged to families who weren't faithful. And the incarnate presence of evil plays the roles in different kinds beside them.

Sahel Qadimi was one of my clients. And I was her lawyer. I was searching for a way to acquit her. I wanted her. I wanted her to explain me the story of her imprisonment. I went to her twice and I listened to her speech briefly. It seems that the story of her imprisonment is different from others' a bit. And this time evil had discovered a new method to play the role. Although disobedience of divine commandments is eventually the same and doesn't have different forms ;but the story of this defenseless woman engaged me. As usual, I showed my

identification card and the judge paper to the guard and entered. I referred to prison office and then I headed off towards women row with a soldier. I waited in waiting room. Some minutes later, Sahel Qadimi who was wearing special clothes of prisoners came to me. Her face was tired as usual. Her exhausted look was an indication of her motherly deep pine.

She was tall and was fairly heavy. She was wheat-skinned and her black eyes and eyelash had given her a special beauty. And all those pain and sorrow in prison and her depression and pale face hadn't decreased her attractiveness .

She said hello as usual and gave me some papers and said you asked me to tell you my life story in details. I decided to write each event in the form of my memoirs and to give it to you; but I have decided to write a book in addition to notes and to reveal bitter facts which are unimportant according to some people. I beg you to give it to a person to publish if you could in order for the public to read.

My memoirs haven't completed, yet. I will give you the rest of my memoirs next time .

I smiled at her and said then our young friend is an author, too. She smiled bitterly and said: I wish I had learned the life lesson instead of writing. Most of human beings give a fine for being naive. I said to her my dear don't condemn yourself to such an extent. She sighed deeply and said: Although my sin was tiny; but I unwillingly committed a great crime which is irremediable.

We were together for an hour. Sometimes, big drops of tears were dropping on her face out of her beautiful eyes and my heart sky was covered with a dark halo. I took her writings and papers and then when I arrived home, I sat at my desk and started reading enthusiastically. She had written as follows :

Deceive is a word which has been along with human like a shadow and has led him/her to the horrible hardships. Deceive is a familiar word; but it is strange for all of us. We invited it to our heart house whether we know or not. We are gradually melting by the fire that it makes. The Excellency Ali says: "Thinking for a moment is better than worshipping for seventy years." If every one of us assigned our time to this worship a bit, we wouldn't waste our lifetime in correcting and revenging.

As soon as I graduated from high school and took my diploma degree, Sohrab's mother got my mother's permission to come to our house for a pious act. My mother had lost her nerves. She was really happy. She was restless to announce my father. As if there wasn't any other way for my prosperous life. I loved to continue my education just like most of my

friends who had prepared themselves for the entrance examination. I wished I had entered into university and I had elected among those who had proposed marriage to me during the last years of university. Although according to my friend Parivash the time has changed and girls can comfortably elect their future mates and can make boys understand that they are eager to get married with their speech and behaviors. But I was too proud. I wished I had had an outstanding situation to have the best proposers. But my father and mother thought like old people; although, they liked to be modernized. They were always saying it is better for a girl to get married soon. Sometimes my father was saying that education is a good excuse for girls to do whatever they like. A girl is similar to a flower. She should be picked up until she is colorful and fragrant ;otherwise, nobody proposes marriage to her. She stayed to be shriveled. My mom was in a hurry to have a nice groom. As if God was to grant her another son. The enthusiasm of adding one member to our family that is a groom whom he was as her son had been a wish for her. I loved my father and mother so much and I valued their ideas so much that I couldn't insist my own opinion. I had been condemned to get married without disagreement. Eventually when Sohrab and I were to speak with each other, I remember that I didn't think about the major issues which were necessary for starting a good and hassle-free life. Our statements were superficial and worthless that night. Sohrab said: I don't know much about traditions and customs and this is the first time that I propose marriage to somebody. What about you?

I had lowered my head and then I said: Me too. He asked: You mean you didn't have any proposer before me. I said: I am so young, you know. He said I didn't mean badly. I love to be your first proposer. I want to be your first love. I said: I still haven't answered positively. I haven't made a decision. He laughed and said: I was born sooner than the usual time. I asked: Really? He said: No I was kidding and continued: Well, I am waiting but I don't like you to tell a word that makes me angry when I want to leave the room. I stuttered I ... I liked to continue my education. He said immediately: Well, continue your education. I said: But marriage... Marriage always prevents learning and educating. Sohrab said: No, it isn't so. Unanimously, some people become the wings for flight together and they will advance with each other. I also like to continue my education. Perhaps we continue education with each other. I didn't have enough experience, at all. I didn't know which kind of personality he had while he was speaking so. It means that it was still impossible to identify his character. I didn't know which issues I should pose to identify him. I didn't know whether I can comfortably penetrate his inner being by posing some issues. I knew that he was also unaware of his inner being. The inner being which hadn't been recognized and

discovered by him. He had a childish mind and thoughts and; sometimes, I think that if at that moment a person invited him to play manual football, he would accept willingly. A halo of obscurity had covered my eyes like a thin film. I wasn't able to recognize his personality by those words exchanged and I didn't know how I continue this dialogue. I was inexperienced and naive because I hadn't thought about marriage, at all. So, I hadn't reviewed the issue that I should pose and could be so basic and important and; in fact, I still hadn't recognized the main criteria for electing mate for myself. I posed unimportant issues and said you hadn't seen me. How did you ask for my hand? He said superficially, too. Now, I see you. I love you very much. I smiled with embarrassment and said but by seeing once ...He interrupted my statement and said: It is said that in the first meeting a person loves the other eagerly ...I wish I knew and understood that what his nature was by those naïve words and his narrow-mindedness and insularity. He really hadn't known himself. He even didn't know that love in the first look is whimsy and whimsy life time is too short He had mistaken me with those girls whom he had been familiar with them, so far. He had forgotten that he had asked for my hand and wanted to get married. I wish it was possible to draw back the time like an hour hand and to start again. That day I should have asked him what his aim was concerning marriage. I should have asked whether he saddled with his religious beliefs. I should have asked him so many questions that he has been trapped. I don't know which sin made me give indemnity. I agreed with getting married. A marriage that my father and mother made me be trapped with their whole inexperience. Now a person was my husband whose childish temperaments recognized him with others. He didn't sit in the presence of my paternal and maternal uncles and even his relatives for a minute. He became enraged to be in the presence of relatives. Then he found a place to smoke immediately. Or he was playing with the kids younger than he or he had an appointment with other children and left the house. I was a toy for him, too. He lived in pleasure in his life. He had no aim but wasting and spending time for leisure and entertainment. I had become enraged with all of these vanity. I wished my life had changed. I felt horrible about other peoples' suggestion regarding having a baby; because, I didn't want to think about having a baby while Sohrab had a childish situation and behavior. But unfortunately, after a short time I found out that I am pregnant. Sina was born. My sweat-heart. I wish he hadn't been born. When the nurse gave him to me and I put him to sleep near myself he clenched his fists. An action that is rarely done by babies. I thought that it is accidental. But later on, I saw that whenever he wants to be relaxed, he clenches his fingers and put them on his chest.

I wished he had been smart and perspicacious; although I was naive and inexperienced. I wish he hadn't made the mistakes which I had made before. In fact, the fates are very different from each other and this difference in fates is shaped by our look and selecting the right and wrong course. After I divorced Sohrab, my father and my mother's only response was that we made a mistake. We were in a hurry; but they didn't know how much they tainted my psyche by that mistake which they considered and assumed it as a simple one. My son, my sweat-heart was separated from me. My son was grown by a person whom I think he will ruin his life ;because he was irresponsible and he didn't obligate about moral issues. O' God. I miss him so much. I was tormented because of his isolation. Sometimes, I was crying so much at night because of his isolation that I had to go to hospital to have a painkiller ampule injected to make those horrible headaches after those crying bearable. My poor father and mother were extremely regretted and sorrowful because of their mistake and inopportune trust. My poor mother became really poor when she was crying. Wrinkles around her eyes and mouth became dramatically more. When I sighed deeply, her heart was scraped. I know that she was ready to do everything that she could in order to compensate her mistake. She tolerated all of my remonstrations, demurring, quarreling, crying and complaint and she ended my furiousness by her noble silence. At those moments, I sympathized her so much. How much should she forfeit for a mistake. My presence in her house, neighbor's loose talks, relatives, friends and familiar people's moans and groans had made her sorrow-stricken. She sometimes said to me I didn't know this stupid boy is absent-minded. I didn't know that he wasn't mature enough to be your husband and earn a living. I didn't know that he was accustomed to unemployment and wandering.

I said to my mother my dear mother you didn't search and ask Sohrab's neighbors about his behavior and morality. You trusted his father and mother's words quickly and you answered positively without asking my idea. Life is not cursory.

At last that event happened. My father had a low model car called Renault. He sold it and spent for court and lawyer costs to make us divorce. Sohrab had to divorce me for the fear of paying dowry, too. My father was always regretted and said: What a mistake we made and this mistake wasn't greater than their next mistakes; because, their next mistakes were catastrophic. The horrible adventure of my life started when I saw Elham in the institute and I narrated the story of my isolation from Sina. Elham who had told me to call her Eli took my purse and hugged me warmly and kindly and said: Don't worry. Everything will be right. Sina's God is the greatest. I felt relaxed because I needed reliance. Elham cleaned my tears with a tissue paper and said: Your adventure

made me sad, too. My heart really bled for you but well, this divorce complication has become abundant so much that it seems unusual.

You aren't the only person who has divorced. There are thousands of mothers who have separated from their kids and have divorced. You should cure the pain basically. Philanthropic tone of Elham made her as another character for me and I became pleased because of this accidental familiarity.

Elham said: Let's go out. You should change your flavor.

I stood up and we went together. We arrived at a bistro near the institute. Its name was Stomach Station. We laughed at this name a bit. Elham invited me to go to the bistro to eat ice cream.

I was sorrowful and was thinking of Sina; so I narrated my story for Elham and she also was a good listener. I spoke until ice cream was brought. Then I apologized and said: I made you tried with my statements. Everywhere I go, I am thinking of Sina.

Elham asked: How old is he?

I said: He is two years old. He is so sweet spoken and cute. My sweet heart. I gave Sina to his father in order to divorce. I thought that he couldn't keep him and raise and he is forced to give him to me; but I made a mistake.

She asked: How often do you visit him?

I said: I am to be with him for a day every Thursdays; but his father dawdles so much that he forgets sometimes. I call him several times and he keeps me waiting.

She asked: Is he satisfied to live with you?

I said: He is so judicious. He just like his father and I to make up and live together. He isn't satisfied with this situation at all; but his father makes him have fun. At least, I know that he loves Sina very much and he surely takes Sina to park with his friends because he has a lot of fun.

She asked: Isn't Sohrab really changeable? That is, was his ethical problem too severe that you should leave him?

I said: He was doing all kinds of offenses. From selling illegal CDs to adultery and friendship faithfulness and thousands of other obliquities.

He wasn't able to earn legitimately. I was arguing with him about these issues I had to separate from him for he didn't become reformed. He was accustomed to slimy life. He didn't live with me. I was superfluous in his life I don't know why I got married with him, at all.

She asked: wasn't he changed after your baby was born?

I said: He was trapped by Monkerat office several times. He was beaten and made a pledge but he didn't become well-mannered. How many years have you lived with him?

-I was 18 when I got married and now I am 23.

-That is 5 years.

-Yeah, but it was a lifetime to me.

-It isn't matter. Try to forget this failure and become accustomed to the current situation. You are so young and you can have great achievements. You are at the beginning of the path. He said enjoyable statements and encouraged me to live.

A good feeling fondled my spirit like a gentle breeze. This was the first time that a person was making me hopeful to future. She was right: Why had I become like a mobile dead body. The pain of isolation from Sina shouldn't harass me. I shouldn't move in the previous sorrowful corral like distressed people.

Elham was trying to make my spirit happy. She changed the topic laughing. She spoke about other daily issues. I became curious to know about her condition and life.

Then I started asking questions. She said modestly that she was a doctor. When I asked why she hadn't had an office she said: Willing God, I will found an office. At last, Elham said all of our problems are caused by our lack of awareness of our nearby situation. We always have problems which other people have, too; but we ignore them and don't think about them well. We ourselves will be affected by similar problems. There are a set of psychology books that I will give you to study the next time when we saw each other. They will save you from depression and the feeling of disability. You really shouldn't think that you have missed a thing that you can't achieve it anymore. I loved Elham

I didn't like our relationship finishes in these one or two hours. She had put a spell on me by her attractive face accompanied with her affection, sympathy and timely smiles.

And now when she suggested friendship to me I should accept most willingly, I asked which days do you come to institute? She said even days in addition to Thursdays. I said: We will see each other then. She said: Willing God.

Both of us stood up to pay the bill. Whatever I insisted, she didn't allow me to pay. She shook my hand warmly and said goodbye and left.

When I arrived home, I felt tired less than the usual time. I was more hopeful than before. There wasn't anybody at home except Samaneh. We went to our shared room and I laid on the bed. I think I had fell asleep for an hour when I was awakened by my mother's voice. As if, she had argued with one of our neighbors. The arguments of neighbors usually were about commonplace issues; but my mother was too furious. I went to hall and I knew that she wouldn't hear my voice; because, she was speaking loudly. I waited for her anger to be calmed. My mother was a kind and sociable woman. She was ill-educated; but her behavior and her clothes style was so good that nobody thought that she was

ill-educated. My father was a staff in welfare office. I had a brother and sister who were younger than I. Samaneh was going to take entrance examination and Sarir was in last grade of high school.

My mother was short and fairly heavy and she was different from my father. Instead, my father was tall and slim. Samaneh and Sarir were physically fit, too. But I looked like my mother more. A bit wheat – skinned and average height. I wished to achieve my wish as soon as possible. The wish that I had before I got married and I hadn't achieved because of my father and mother's precipitation. I tried hard to go to university. We always sat in one of the rooms which has especially assigned to Samaneh and I and studied with each other. Our room was quite silent. Nobody disturbed the other. Sometimes when my mom and Sarir was coming to our room, something was wrong. Sarir and Samaneh didn't get on with each other. They were consistently arguing about unimportant issues and you just could see Sarir when he wanted to disturb Samaneh and made her scream. We had a big house which was built across from the south. We had a yard which existed several peach and quince trees and also two or three apple and black plum trees which bore a lot of fruits in summers and falls; so that, we gave some of them to all of our relatives. We had illuminated the yard and had arranged many chairs for guests for my wedding party. This was the first big party which was held after buying this house and every guest had stared at our beautiful house and some of them admired it kindly or enviously.

Sometime, I think that I was sacrificed by my mother and father's mistakes. They made me too poor being in a hurry to marry me off. After divorce when I came back home everything was the same as before; but, I had started the cold season of my life with squandered spirit, and a pack fall of bitter memoirs and more bitter experiences. I was a calm and obedient girl. I acted according to my will. I didn't accepted to get married. But I didn't want or act against my mother and father's will.

Now, I was divided into two parts. I had left my essence in Sohrab's house. At first, I thought that I won't laugh anymore. But after a short time, I was busy with daily life. Sometimes, I laughed and I cried sometimes. And I sometimes thought of successful marriage with sweat moments. Since I went to the institute and became familiar with Elham, I thought I have approached success more. She was one of the instructors of that institute and she behaved me like an old friend. I could use her to fill my loneliness and to be accepted for university. Although we were nearly as old as each other, she was institute instructor and graduated from medical course and I was at the beginning of the path and I should start from the beginning. Indeed, why was she busy with instructing in the institute. Shouldn't she busy with passing her project in one of clinics. I

didn't understand what she did; but it was impossible that she was a liar or obsessive for degree or rank.

When I stated the story of my friendship with Elham for my father and mother at night, they didn't like my fate to be dented because they had a bad experience regarding my fate. They advised me to be careful in friendship and not to trust.

My dad said: My daughter, we were damn wrong to trust a family and we were deceived by their appearance and glibness. You should be careful. You shouldn't befriend with every stranger. You should just say a hello to strangers.

My mom said: She seems suspecting. Why has she become an instructor if she is a doctor? Didn't you ask?

I said I didn't think about it why I was serving tea to my father. The next time I'll certainly ask. Sarir quaffed the tea and said: You should name my sister Sadeh [naive] not Sahel.

I said: Now, is something wrong. We'll understand, at last.

Samaneh said: If I were you I would asked so many questions to find her lies.

I said: We were too naive before and now we are too suspecting it is truly said that once bit twice shy.

I passed the next night while I was bored and I was reviewing Sina's memoirs. Studying was really an entertainment for me. When I arranged thick literature, history, English language and mathematic books in front of myself, I was afraid and I sometimes said hopelessly I can't be accepted; but when I became busy studying one of them I would forget Sina for a while.

Sometimes, I was narrating my bitter memoirs for Samaneh. Samaneh had an excited essence. Sometimes he became angry and said: If I were you, I would strangle Sohrab.

The next day, I went to institute. I asked the manger of institute about Elham. I asked: Hasn't Ms. Parto come? Mr. Shahin Far said: She would have a class at 10. She'll come in half an hour.

Shahinfar was a middle-aged man of 50. He was neat and mild-mannered and he spoken politely.

I had a class at 10, too. I should harmonize my time to see her more. I didn't decide to make class hours more; because I didn't want to create a pressure on my father financially. As I could, I liked to study by myself without participating in these classes; but I should behave; so that, I could be with Elham more.

It was nine forty five when Elham entered. When she saw me, she greeted me warmly. She sat next to me after greeting with Mr. Shahinfar. I was so excited; because she greeted me so intimately. She asked how Sina is and said: Of course, I knew that you haven't seen him yet; but I

wanted to know whether you spoke to him by phone. What's new by him? I said: No, I see him just on Thursdays. We don't speak with each other during the week. Sohrab wants to punish me so.

Some minutes later, my instructor approached, too. Elham greeted her warmly, too. She said to my instructor watch her, Sahel Qadimi is one of my old friends.

I said: Dear Elham, can I see you after the class?

She said: Yeah, my dear. I would wait for you after your class.

When my class ended, I saw her as she said. She had sat while two or three people surrounded her and were asking questions. When she saw me, she smiled and said: Great job.

I said: Great job. Did your class finish sooner? She said: Yeah. Today, my class isn't crowded; because I taught statistics. It will finish sooner than mathematic classes.

As soon as the students left, she sat beside me and said I was eager to see you, madam.

I should confess that nobody had paid attention to me like her so far; because I myself was calm and quiet and I wasn't sociable to behave people warmly.

I said: Me too.

She said: Indeed, you didn't say which days you have classes.

I said: I come here twice a week. I try hard to be accepted for entrance examination.

-Then why do you come twice a week?

-To be honest, it is difficult for me to afford it.

-Then, I'll help you. Participate in my classes. I don't take my share of teaching. You should give a little percentage of money that you should pay to institute.

- No, I am not satisfied that you take my trouble.

-It is no trouble, at all. I'll speak with Mr. Shahin Far. I was totally satisfied. But, I surprisingly said but, oh!

-What's the matter?

-No, just really ... (My tongue blocked)

- Don't show courtesy. Come to give you my class programs.

After a short time, we matched classes together. I didn't believe. I felt that it is God's mercy that has been bestowed me after those failures and agonies to help me generously to become successful. I thanked her very much. I was extremely happy. I kissed her excitedly and said: "I hope I compensate."

Mr. Shahin Far's institute was so big. They had classes for most educational levels; but most classes belonged to pre-university level.

Special educational methods with high-level seasoned teachers had increased acceptance statistics of this institute.

That day our introductions completed. We introduced all members of our families to each other. We reported our place of our living, financial conditions, father's jobs and the like to each other. I felt we were friends earlier. I wanted to invite her to lunch in order to unwind and to make up for her affection. So, I asked her to go to dining hall and eat something.

She accepted eagerly. Her behavior was dignified and she had worn plain clothes. I liked to have elder brother to ask her hand for him. After eating lunch, although I had invited her to restaurant and I owed her, she paid the expenses of lunch; because she made me satisfied not to pay money although I tried so much; but it was useless.

During these some months, it was the first time that I wasn't tormented because of Sina's isolation. We really had a good time. Elham was an educated and polite girl. One of her special features was that she was deeply wrapping in watching my eyes and was exactly listening to my statements that it seemed everything concerning me was important for her. I was too reclusive after divorce that I was escaping when some of my previous friends were asking my health and I was bored to have any relationship with anybody. I felt frustrated for my failure in marriage in addition to the great grief of Sina's isolation which disturbed me. Just one of my friends of my education period of time called Parivash had had bad luck like me and divorced her husband, I didn't have any social intercourse with her because she was living far from me and also she hadn't good conditions financially.

But I was relaxed with Elham and this tranquility had been given to me by her good behaviors.

Eventually, I didn't understand why her job wasn't related to her course of study while she graduated from medicine course. Because when I asked her she said: You will understand when we will become familiar with each other more.

But, I understood that she was from an average family and her father was a carpenter. She had two sisters who were older than she. One of them had got married and the other was a university student. One of his brothers was a teenager and the other was working with his father. Her sister's names were Elmira and Elnaz and her brothers' name were Vahid and Navid. I said to her that my father is retired. He was working in an accounting office. I explained something about Sarir and Samaneh's situation.

That day, when I returned home, I narrated the issue of participating in classes with the least prices while we were sitting beside the expander. They became so happy. They recommended me again to be

careful. My father said: My dear, nobody does an action for another person freely; otherwise he/she has an aim, these days.

I said: Oh! Dad, what purpose can she follow?

Sarir laughed and said: Maybe, she thinks that you have an elder brother.

I said: Come off it! She doesn't need my brother while she has the best education and situation.

My mom looked at my father and said: Well maybe she loves Sahel.

Samaneh said: Mom went to dream phase again. She made such a mistake about Sohrab, too.

I said: I don't understand. Has a problem happened? Why are you worried?

My dad who understood that my spirit has become better after periods of time said rapidly: Nothing's happened. We are just afraid that maybe a problem will happen. We ask you to be careful and nothing else.

I said: You shouldn't be worried. That is a scientific institution. I became familiar with an educated girl in a cultural and scientific environment that she can't have any hazard. Moreover, I am not a child. If you let me comment about Sohrab, I wouldn't be affected by this calamity.

My father sighed and moved aside the expander and my mother said: No, my dear, we are relaxed about you. You are seasoned. You aren't unsophisticated. Do every action that is advisable for you. We are worried about your prosperity. We say that you don't fall out of the frying pan into the fire.

Samaneh said: Lucky you, then. What about me? Does she teach me freely.

Mom said: Don't do an action that she bucks.

Samaneh was better than I in her lessons and she graduated from high school with good average.

We knew that she wouldn't have any problem to enter university. Especially, she tried with her friends by reading entrance exam books and etc. nights and days to be accepted with high rank.

Samaneh and I collected the expander and I immediately poured drawn tea into the cups, as usual and put the tray bearing tea at the middle of the room. Eating time was the only choice for the members of the family to gather; for instance, eating dinner, lunch, fruit and drinking tea; otherwise, everybody was busy doing his/her tasks. My father was listening to Satellite news. Either my mother sewed or cooked food, kinds of jam or cleaned vegetables. Sarir was putting his books around himself and sitting in front of television. Samaneh and I were studying our lessons in our own room and sometimes we were listening to music.

After a short time, my mother invited Elham to our house to thank her. When Elham came to our house, every doubt about communicating with her changed into total certainty and trust. After a while, I was invited to Elham's house. When I arrived their house, they behaved me affectionately. I expected such behaviors because of Elham's manners and behaviors. The only things that attracted my attention were pictures of some places and the photo of an old man who had white beard. Some small tableaus which were on the wall or on the coffee table carried some signs as intermixed letters of 'h' and 'b' or 'ya' and 'Behi'. Elham's mother and sister asked about my family health and said: I wish you had come along with your family. Her brothers were helping entertain politely and respectfully. As soon as the traditional customs of greeting and entertainment finished, I found a choice to ask Elham a question about the issue that had attracted my attention. I asked: Dear Eli, these photos and signs are too strange for me. Can I ask you to explain about them?

Elham was sitting beside Elmira. Her mother and I were next to each other and Vahid and Navid were busy arranging the table for serving lunch.

Elham said: What do you think about them? Who and where are they?

I said: To be honest, I know; but I am not sure.

Elham smiled and said: What do you know?

I said: Nothing, can I ask you to say.

Elham said: No, I become really curious to know what you think? I moved in my place a bit and I looked around the house and I sized up the doors and walls. My feeling was a little strange for me. There was a special odor in the room. I felt that the form of arranging furniture which was covered with thick clothes was slightly different from that of houses that I had ever seen so far. I was searching for this difference. My mind couldn't find. During short moments, I desolated my thoughts. Finally, I said to myself: Maybe the difference between this house with other houses is that they have used furniture; although, it is rather poor and that strange feeling that I didn't want to believe was that the things were somehow dead and that indefinite odor was the odor of oldness. When I gathered all these things, I said to myself that this family may be Jewish; but I didn't allow myself to pour out my thoughts; because I might make a mistake and they would give bad mark to my curiosity and talent. It may come into view as insulting action. Thus, it was better not to say anything.

I said: Eli, don't disturb. Tell.

Elham said: No, I really like to know what were you thinking?

I said: Mrs. Parto, tell her a thing.

Mrs. Parto said: Elham, don't disturb her.

Elmira said laughing: To be honest, I also became curious to know what you thought.

I said: Nothing. I just felt that you belong to religious minorities. I felt everybody became relaxed and confirmed my statement with satisfactory smiling.

Elham said: You are right. We are Baha'i.

I had heard every name from every religion and faith and every kind of creed except what Elham said. I said surprisingly: Baha'i!! What is the meaning of Baha'i? Is it a branch from Jewish religion?

Elham said: No, we are Saheb-al-Zaman's followers.

I asked surprisingly again: Well, we are all Saheb-al-Zaman's followers.

Elham said: We believe that Saheb-al-Zaman has emerged and resurrection has been finished.

Hearing this statements, I really considered her family and her as stupid and deviant ones; although I felt short of knowledge scientifically in comparison with Elham. I prided my faith and belief. I wasn't doubtful that they were in mere ignorance and idleness. I sympathized them for a moment.

I said: Don't you believe in the Holy Quran.

Elham said: Yes, we believe in all prophets, the prophet of Islam and twelve Imams and the Holy Quran; but we believe that Saheb-al-Zaman whom all religions are waiting for him has emerged and resurrection has been raised and Saheb-al-Zaman who are Bab and Baha, according to us, have brought a new religion on behalf of God and we are followers of that religion. I said: But we as Muslims believe that when resurrection will raise, the events which have mentioned in the Holy Quran; for instance, mountains which will be fallen into pieces and earthquake and the like will happen too horribly that the mother abandon her offspring and will think to save herself and then dead bodies will become alive and their deeds will be investigated in divine court. We have read most of these events in the Holy Quran. If you believe in the Holy Quran, you should believe in all of these things while you know none of these events has happened; then how do you say resurrection has been finished.

Elham said: All of these things that you said are interpreted in other form. When the Excellency Bab emerged, he interpreted the holy Quran.

When she said Bab, I remembered that we had read something about expressing Mahdaviat by seyed Ali Muhammad Bab when we were at school. I remembered Bab's photo which I had seen in a book. He had been hanged by Amir the great. Even, I remembered that Bab had a penitence letter which had been written by his handwriting and is available in the archive of national library.

I said: I don't want to insult; but Bab did penance. How do you follow him.

Elham said: The Excellency Bab hid his religion and it was necessary for him to do penance at that time. I said: But Imam mustn't hide his religion in basic principles and problems of religion and this action is called prevarication. Our discussion lasted for a long time. A vain curiosity made me continue discussing and the reason was that how an educated girl like Elham believed in a political cult. I was searching to discover this secret. What was there in Baha'ism or Babism that had attracted her. What could enchant a person like her who was a judicious girl according to me. How had she been able to accept a deviant cult as her religion. I liked to understand her feeling. Are Elham's spiritual needs satisfied with this cult? To be honest, I myself wasn't bound to do religious duties; although I believed in Islam superficially. Sometimes, when we encountered a holy shrine in our course, we prayed to respect the owner of that holy shrine and sometimes when something was happened for me that I really became helpless, I found refuge to God and I prayed and made a vow; but my spiritual needs were satisfied. Some of my relatives and all members of my family were so. Among my father's close relatives, just my grandmother and my paternal uncle's- Ehsan-family were bound to religious issues and my father and mother were nearly indifferent about these issues and among my mother's relatives, my maternal uncle, Javad, and my maternal aunt, Maryam, were religious. But my maternal aunts, Akram and Susan were similar to my mother. Friendship with Elham became more interesting for me. Now, my knowledge about a sect became more and this was a science. I liked to know everything about her beliefs. Thus, that day at lunchtime and when we were eating fruit and other time, all speeches were about their religious issues. Before serving food, her father arrived, too and at the time of discussing about philosophic issues, all members of the family were trying to proselytize their religion and I was silent most of the time ;because I didn't know much about Islam and I didn't have any word. They criticized Islam which was a divine religion as long as they could and also they told badly about heavenly commandments and teachings of Islam; as if they don't believe in religions at all. And instead, they were proselytizing their creed as long as they could and considered it as a religion. I wish I had cut my relationship with them since then. Or I wish I had obligated to my religion so much that I shouldn't have tolerated their insults. When they were finding fault with Islamic commandments, they were presenting some commandments which were very similar to the commands of a political organization; because they were too different from other religions' teachings.

They were speaking about the equality of man and woman's rights, global peace, the unity of humanity world, the avoidance of delusions and superstitions in religion and lack of any bigotry. They were beautiful slogans; but I responded them, too. I said to them that the social rights of men and women are equal in Islam, too; but their rights are different in some affairs because of the difference in their situations and also because men have more responsibilities. Justice is totally established. But they were invoking to some discredited narratives that we ourselves didn't accept. Concerning global peace, I said to them that accidentally, the religions have come to make all people of the world unanimous and sincere. And no religion disagree with global peace and the unity of humane world; but they didn't accept. Later, I understood that one of their tricks was one of their commands and teachings ;that is, they made me understand that blind bigotry is a kind of stupidity and bigotry should be avoided and then I should listen to their statements. Because I didn't have any special bigotry toward Islam, I accepted their words easily and according to their command I tried to clean my mind out of everything that I have ever heard and learned and to clear my heart from any kind of love and interest in any faith and religion. But I wish I had been so clever to ask them whether they could sit at the presence of one of our religious scholars or experts and listen to the reality of Islam away from negative proselytisms of religion opponents, bigotry and what they have learnt? But unfortunately, I surrendered at last. I accepted what they said blindly. In this way, I listened to them eagerly that day and I didn't show any negative reaction and defense; so that, I sometimes, felt they may be right and Saheb-al-Zaman for whom we are waiting is their prophet and I sometimes became bigoted unconsciously and I did penance in my heart and showed my feeling naively and said but all of our Imams have announced the existence of Saheb-al-Zaman. He is alive during his absence periods and they said yes, his spirit is alive. His patronages are alive. It didn't need for his material life to be alive. These words made me suspicious. I couldn't ask some questions that make them helpless to answer and save me from enticement because I didn't have much information and knowledge. Sometimes, I think if I weren't too unaware at that time, I would never become suspicious to my religion. The moment when I suspected to finality of the prophet of Islam was similar to falling into a cliff suddenly and couldn't find anything to save me. That day, I was influenced by the proselytism of that six-people family till dusk. When I decided to leave there, Elham gave me two books and said: Study them in order to become familiar with Baha'ism more. When I left their house, my feeling was different from the first minutes when I had sat in their house. I put credence in them and respected them. They seemed nice people and their creed wasn't too unacceptable and strange. I

said to myself we as Muslims really believe in legitimacy of our religion gratuitously and we don't want to search about other religions without bigotry. I was similar to a person who has been tempted to take drugs and pushes any obstacle aside in his /her way and justifies his/her action and at last, becomes addict. I thought that philosophy has been an enjoyable category and I haven't paid attention to it so far. I had a great time that day because it was different from other days; but there was a pothole in my heart to know more about Baha'is and philosophical issues. When I arrived home, I narrated the adventure of that day for my family. My father and mother said surprisingly but we had heard that Baha'is don't have God and prophet. We had heard they are rotters. Their ideas changed when I spoke about her father and mothers' behaviors and other speeches which were made. My father took one of the books and started reading. I myself studied that book instead of studying my textbooks. I studied the book carefully and I wrote down everything which wasn't clear to understand or was worthy to ask. My father also had some questions that I wrote them down, too. Studying Elham's book lasted till midnight. Sometimes, I was so happy because the next day was Thursday and I could see my good-looking son and I sometimes was sorrowful because I was extremely homesick and I had a lump in my throat. But Elham's book had made me so amused that the heavy waiting moments were passing quickly. That book was full of difficult and Arabic words. My brain became tired and I fell asleep and needed to take a sleeping pill.

I got up early in the morning. I took a shower and was busy drying my long hairs. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I sighed deeply. I said to myself why I should be alone when I am so young and pretty.

I put on some make up and wore a beautiful colorful scarf in order to be attracted by my dear son. I left the house one hour earlier the appointed time. I saw Sina at wherever I was looking. I liked to buy the best things for him. O' God, was he fed well? Was he eating natural juice and milk adequately? I bought everything for him as long as I could. My existence which was full of affection was burning because of his love. Everywhere was beautiful on Thursdays. As if the sun was shining more brilliantly and its heat was more enjoyable than other days. I was smiling while I was walking. I spoke with Sina in my heart and smiled remembering his childish behaviors. I spoke with Sin even before he was born amorously and I loved him

At last, the appointed time approached and I was standing near the swing of infant park and looking at four directions. Eventually, I saw Sohrab who had held Sina's hand and was coming towards me. Sina was wearing warm camel-colored blouse and pants and white sneakers. He

smiled with his beautiful red lips when he saw me and a calm breeze was shaking his thick black hairs

When they approached me, Sohrab and I said hello to each other calmly and then I hugged Sina and I started kissing him. I was smelling his shoulders and under his throat and I put my face on his round small face.

Sohrab said I'll come to take him at 4 o'clock

I said: Why do you want to take him at 4. Sina was to be with me till dusk.

Sohrab said: I want to take him to barbershop.

I said: I will take him to barbershop then take him at 6 o'clock.

Sohrab said: ok and went.

I took Sina's hand with relaxation and took him toward slide. I played with him in the park till noon. Then, we came back home.

When I arrived, my mom said: Elham called.

-What did she say?

-She wanted to see Sina.

-I said surprisingly: Did she want to see Sina?! This girl is so kind, she knew that I bring Sina today. Didn't she say more.

-Yes, she said: Call me back when she had arrived.

-No, I don't like her to come here today, I don't have free time.

-Why, not. What do you want to do today?

-I have to take Sina to barbershop.

-Why, you?

-Don't you know his father? He deliberately wanted to decrease two hours of our meeting with this excuse that he wanted to take him to barbershop

-That is, he did like Sina to be near you for a day

-No, maybe he wanted to disturb me with taking him to barbershop.

-Well, why did you accept?

-I like to be sacrificed for Sina. I'll take him to barbershop, too.

-Sohrab is really irresponsible and opportunist.

-My mom was kissing Sina and speaking to me.

-I said mom! Don't backbite when Sina is present.

-Mom put Sina on the ground and said: If your heart bleeds for this child, you should make her know his father.

-He will grow up and recognize. It is soon for him.

Samaneh came towards Sina and said: hello, my dear, how are you my sweat-heart?

Sina became spoiled and nagged.

I was worried about Sina to be a spoiled child. Because everybody wanted to grant his wishes in this situation. So, he was growing

exigently. But what should I do while he was with me for a day of a week. I couldn't do anything but behaving him kindly.

We were sitting beside the expander, when the phone rang. Sarir looked at the number and said it is Elham.

Sina was trying to pick up the receiver. I said to Sarir let him pick the receiver. It isn't matter.

Sina picked it up and said hallo with his sweet and childish speech. I came toward the phone, too. I heard that Elham was addressing Sina very affectionately. She spoke with Sina a bit. I took the receiver hard. After greeting, Elham said: I love to see Sina very much. I said I am to take him to barbershop, today.

-What time do you come out?

-4 o'clock.

-Well. I'll come to see Sina, too.

-Ok. No problem. Then I'll see you at 4.

-Of course. Good bye.

-Good bye.

It was four o'clock when somebody rang. I became surprised that she was so trustworthy. Sarir opened the door. I had been ready, too. Elham greeted me warmly while she was standing beside the gate. Then, both of us went out. After some minutes, Elham took a pack out of her purse and gave it to Sina. It was full of junk foods, a toy bear, a notebook for painting and colored pencils. I thanked her and said: Why did you trouble yourself? She said: "I am her aunt, aren't I?" I thank her. She asked me while she was hugging Sina: Did you read the book, indeed?

I said: I read one of them, the other was read by my father.

She said happily: Really? Your father?!

What did he think?

He had some questions. I wrote them down. I forgot to bring them. I was reading the book till midnight. I was writing down the questions which were being posed for me.

Did you write the questions? How good. Do you remember some of them?

-Yeah ; for example, I wanted to know why your prophet has used too many Arabic statements. Wasn't your prophet Iranian?

-Yes, he was. But Arabic language is a perfect and faultless one that is why most of tablets and verses have been sent down in Arabic language.

I said to myself ; but this reason isn't convincing. We are Iranian and Persian language is a perfect one, too. Why have most tablets been sent in Arabic language? Maybe s/he decided to make problems more complex and difficult to understand for us using Arabic language or uses verses and narratives of prophet of Islam and Imams who were Arabs and

this is a sophisticated action. In some parts of the book, Arabic and Persian languages had been used together and this was a question for me to know whether it is true to combine two languages or not. Isn't it a universal religion? Anyway, I asked nothing and I thought maybe my question isn't so important whereas I hadn't learned grammar and syntax; but Baha and his son's some statements had attracted my attention which were completely in conflict with grammar of Arabic language. And those statements were meaningless.

That day Elham was totally spending her time with me. When I deliver Sina, I didn't have time to be upset; because Elham had made me amused with her speech. After delivering Sina, she came back home with me again to answer my questions. I posed the questions one by one and she answered back. Neither my questions were deep and important nor her answers were convincing. But I gradually understood how a person like Elham could believe in a cult by justification and interpretation, proselytize for it and suffer troubles.

Daddy wasn't at home. I knew that he still hasn't finished the book. I said to Elham when my father studied the book completely, I would ask you his questions. I wish I knew Baha'ism had had all features of a sect those days and ; in fact, Baha'is had learned the methods of attracting people well and Elham had been successful in doing this task.

Nearly a week passed and Elham's family invited our family for dinner. we accepted their invitation willingly ;although it was unexpected.

All of us wore new and neat clothes and headed off. When we arrived, we were warmly welcomed by Elham's family. But the interesting matter was that Mrs. Parto and her daughters hadn't covered. Her elder sister, Elnaz, and her husband had been invited. When we sat on furniture, we saw that Samaneh and Sarir were whispering. I secretly frowned them, and some moments later, I saw they were whispering again. I tried to bring Samaneh near myself with an excuse in order to separate them.

Elnaz's husband sat near Sarir and Samaneh sat next to me. Everybody was greeting when Elnaz said to me smiling and calmly: "Daddy will have a great time more than anybody else." I knew that she was kidding ; because my father hadn't wandering eyes and I knew him completely.

But because I wanted to answer to her I said: poor mom! Of course Parto's family's being without cover wasn't strange for us ;because we had satellite and considered us as more advanced than any other members of society and, to be honest, it wasn't pleasant, too. Seeing Mrs, Parto who was wearing short-sleeved blouse and a tight skirt and had collected half of her hair with a beautiful pin and seeing Elnaz and

Elmira who were young and pretty and wearing blouse and pants and had adorned hair, my mom loosened her scarf. I think she didn't like to be called bigoted and fanatic. By observing this situation, we were allowed to be free. Samaneh who was playful winked me and uncovered her hair. I throw my scarf on my shoulders. Sarir frowned us severely; but we didn't pay attention to him. But my father came to terms with that situation.

Mrs. Parto had sat beside my mother and spoke with her warmly. Mr. Parto had sat near daddy, too. He was giving him sense of security by saying welcome. Navid, and Sarir had sat next to Elnaz's husband but they were silent and weren't speaking to each other. After a while, Mrs. Parto went to kitchen and Elham and I were following her to help. They had prepared table wares. The boy changed the places of chairs and expanded a big expander on the ground and everybody was present to eat. Mrs. Parto had made filling and eggplant stew and chicken. Although it wasn't plain; but it wasn't luxurious. This simplicity encouraged us to have social intercourse with each other. After serving dinner, our party became more intimate. My father and Mr. Parto were chatting warmly. they were speaking about the current situation of the country, economy, labor, and market conditions. Ladies were speaking about cooking and daily speeches warmly. After a while, in the middle of speeches, Elham turned toward my father comfortably and said respectfully: Mr. Qadimi, Sahel said you had studied the book; as if you had had some questions. You can ask if you like.

My father who didn't expect to be taken by surprise in public at all coughed a bit and said without thinking: Yes, I studied. Well, I wanted to become familiar with Baha'ism. Anyway, everybody is respectful having any kind of idea or belief. There are numerous religions and faiths in the world, too. The originality and righteous deeds of human beings are basic. God loves all of His servants. It doesn't differ whether he/she is a Muslim or Baha'i.

I said to myself, daddy disgraced us. These speeches weren't related to Elham's statements. But, I realized that he wanted to respect the host by stating his belief about other religions and he couldn't find fault and ask questions before stating this introduction.

My mom continued my father's speech quickly and said: Yes, according to me the essence of human beings is basic. In this world, just goodness and disservice will remain. God loves good people who live in every part of the world. It doesn't differ. If that day I had today's knowledge, I would response my father and mother and would say yes people's deed ;in addition to, their heart intentions will be punished and Baha'is didn't have any intention but serving to organization which was dominated on them even they may sacrifice themselves or others.

I stood up and said I brought the books and the questions which I wrote are in the book. I had hung my bag in the hanger in the hall. I took the book out of my bag. I picked the question paper which was in the book and gave it to Elham. Elham, started reading the questions. Then, she answered them one by one masterfully. If my father wanted to pose a matter among Elham's speech and to condemn her, he would tell nothing to respect Elham and her family. They spoke about Baha'ism and their beliefs for us for nearly an hour. They introduced the pictures and signals to us. And we understood that those signals were abbreviations of Bab and Baha's names and that photo of an old man was Abdul Baha, Baha's son's. The control of Baha'i affairs were taken over by him and Baha'is respect him so much.

All members of the family expressed their ideas and explained a part of Baha'ism beliefs for us from Elnaz, her husband and Mr. Parto to Navid and Vahid.

As soon as we said goodbye to Parto family and became alone that night, Sarir said angrily: Why did you uncover your hair? Poor imitators. Samaneh said: Poor, parvenu person. Didn't you understand they didn't believe in cover.

Sarir said: They didn't have cover ; but we had. Unidentified people.

I knew that Sarir was speaking because of youth proud and brotherly zealotry. I said: Dear Sarir, it doesn't differ whether one span or half span of hair is uncovered. Don't be angry.

Sarir said: Daddy is guilty. He let you be free to do everything.

Dad said: Gosh! These things aren't important. They were really nice. They weren't covetous and were good-tempered.

Mom said: They were high-class, too.

Samaneh said: As if Mrs. Parto was as educated as mom ; but she behaved with up-to-date and high-class manner.

I said: Mr. Parto was so naive and humble.

Dad said: He was really hard working.

Sarir said: He was ill-educated ; but he believed in Baha'ism very much.

Mom said: I think their children believed in Baha'ism more than they themselves.

Samaneh said: I had a great time.

Sarir said: You had turned into uncovering complex.

Mom said: This party was different from all parties. We were relaxed with them.

The night passed and we decided to invite them one night, too. Days and nights passed and I advanced very much by going to Elham's classes and I became really hopeful to be accepted for entrance examination.

It was our turn to invite them to our party. We invited them, too. Our intimacy became more day by day and we didn't be aware of this issue that they were preparing our mind and brain. They were giving us a book, a booklet or a material to read. My father was reading and admiring the books. My mom was following him, too.

One night when we had been invited to their house, all issues were about religious ones. Since the earlier moments, they were proselytizing their creed with relaxation. So that, we didn't have any question and we listened to what they said. We didn't have much knowledge about Islam and they retold us the teachings in excessive details which had been recommended much more and much more better in Islam. They introduced their cult which was more ascendant than Islam.

They had admired Baha'ism cult as a religion and they had shown themselves as devoted, lover and fascinated that all of us envied them. The method of our speech toward them changed gradually. We were fascinated with their devotion, sacrifice and love instead of thinking they have established this intimate relationship intentionally. One night, my father said after continuous meetings: I wish we had been fond of our religion like Parto family.

Samaneh said: Our religion has become out-of-date and isn't up-to-date.

Mom said: God knows; but they may be right.

Dad said: It is said that God doesn't deprive humans of His mercy. Religion is necessary for human beings. This Muslim's belief is wrong that says no religion has been sent after Islam; because as long as human exists, God's mercy is current and continuous and He has a relationship with His servants.

Sarir said: I had suspected that Imam Zaman is alive from earlier. Is it possible for a person to be alive after one thousand years?

Samaneh said: I say let's become Baha'i.

Mom said: No, then where can we go because of our relatives?

Daddy said: It is none of their business. We don't have to tell them.

I said: Now, what's happened for you to follow these statements. We didn't have any problem before being familiar with them.

Daddy said: The topic is about reality. I think they are right and we make a mistake. These statements were interesting for me; but they weren't shocking. It doesn't differ for me which religion I have. I just loved a giant change.

Sarir laughed and said: Do they give us something if we become Baha'i, indeed?

Samaneh said: What's the matter? You probably think they will, give you an Elegance car.

Father said: No, if it were so, they would not live in such situation.

Mom said: Thanks God, we aren't needy. Don't say such statements.

This story continued to the time when one day Elham said to me we have a nineteen-day meeting tonight. Come to our house tonight in order to be more familiar with our meetings. I accepted happily, too.

We participated there in due time.

Their guests arrived one by one, too. As if they were aware of our presence and greeted us warmly and intimately with previous familiarity. Before starting meeting, everybody welcomed us warmly. Eventually, the meeting was started directed by a 28 or 29-year-old young boy. Some books were read in the meeting and everybody said prayers in group.

The group prayer was musical and beautiful. we sat silently and just listened and watched. The superior of meeting expressed his happiness because of our presence in the meeting and said: I am so happy that a pious and prone family participate in our gathering and we honor ourselves for having you in our meeting. You caused our meeting to be delightful. We thank them very much and welcome them. We ask the holy threshold of Baha for making everybody bright by faith light and everybody becomes successful under the attention of Jamal Mobarak [blessed beauty]. According to them, Jamal Mobarak meant Baha.

Baha'is who had been in Elham's house weren't more than four or five families. But the hall and dining room was full of people. At the end of meeting, they put a china vase at the middle of a table and everybody put some notes into it one by one. When I asked Elham about the reason of collecting money she said: Everybody must help the poor and other administrative affairs. The money is collected to be spent for charity and providing booklets, book and etc. I looked at my father and I saw that my father was waiting for me to point out. I pointed out him and made him understand to pay money. My father took some notes out of his pocket and threw into the vase.

Next, they hospitalized and entertained. They brought tea, fruit and sweet. In this part, everybody congratulated us and they held in respect so much that we felt we are really great. They did us favors with their special tricks. We didn't announce anything ; but we were welcomed enormously. This worth and status were enjoyable for us.

After entertainment, everybody shook hands with each other and said goodbye. Men and women shook hands with each other and we imitated them and shook hands and said goodbye.

We were attracted comfortably and easily. Without any research and without consulting with great people of our own religion, without thinking about the consequence of this action. As if Islam religion was a ragged clothes that we took it off comfortably and changed and I wish the other clothes that we had worn could be replaced by this ragged

one. They behaved us so that we couldn't react. They bombarded us with affection. This action was unconsciously pleasant for us and we were ignorant about this fact that they had learnt the lesson of attracting others well. They knew how they lead a family towards slough.

After that, we were behaved kindly more than before. Not only, Parto family had social intercourse with us; but also, most Baha'is invited us to their houses and congratulated us. Their kindness was so much that we had become beholden to them and we thought nothing but compensating their affection. When we went to anyone's house, we were proselytized and our answer was just silence and respect. We were invited in most Baha'i sessions and meetings and everything seemed new for us. We participated in camps, religious celebrations, and we were even attending the meetings where we should stay up from night to dawn. They were really interesting for us. The days passed. One day, Mrs. Parto said to me: Dear, Sahel, one of our friends turns to get married with you ;as if, he is going to ask for your hand. I wanted to know if you let them keep in touch with your mother and appoint a time to speak.

I said: I don't know. Who are they?

-One of the best families in Tehran.

-Are they Baha'i?

-Yes, they are Baha'i. Is there any problem?

-No, I just wanted to know.

-Then, am I allowed to tell them to call?

-Do you know them. Do you know the boy himself? Do you know I am going to go to university and continue my education.

-Yes, they know all of these matters. They have seen and loved you in meetings.

-Do they know I have divorced.

-Yes, they know. It isn't really matter. You are much better than they.

- I don't know. That's very kind of you.

-Then, I will say them to call and to appoint a time for marriage proposal.

I became silent. I liked somebody asks for my hand; at least. If I didn't like, I could say no. I didn't have to. But, I was ignorant about this fact that all Baha'i behaviors made us afflicted more, automatically and they tried hard to achieve their goals. They were planning and performing their plans with the help of Baha'i organization heads.

The next day a respectful woman rang. Because of strange number in caller ID, we guessed they were the very proposers. Mom picked the receiver up and said after greeting:" come." and then said: "No, it isn't matter, come."

They were to come to our house the next night. I had butterfly in my stomach. I didn't know what would happen and whom I would encounter and what my fate would be. I was thinking of everything. I was thinking of studying, being Baha'i, having baby, wearing beautiful clothes among Baha'is. My thoughts were distressed. I eagerly like to have a companion to love me and to compose love for me.

Samaneh said: Hurry up and buy a nice clothes.

Mom said: We took your father some money.

I said: I have clothes.

Samanhe said: Nice clothes is necessary for a nice marriage proposal.

Mom said: I wish they would be good people.

Samaneh said: They are better than Sohrab's bad family

I Said: How did you recognize?

Mom said: Pray, my daughter. Pray for yourself to have a nice fate.

In the afternoon, mom took my father some money and we went to market to buy nice clothes. I bought white suit with small pinkish-orange colored flowers. I also bought one or two pinkish –orange colored ribbons, thin socks and cosmetics and returned home.

The next night, we were all orderly and well-dressed. The door was rapped. Sarir opened the door. A middle-aged couple entered. My father and mother welcomed them. Then a 32-year-old man carrying flower and sweet entered. He was the groom. A young girl entered, too. At first, I hated my proposer's face. I really didn't like him and said to myself it was a pity that I was waiting anxiously. He was tall and strong ;but the members of his face that were protruding and big made him ugly. Some minutes later, we entertained. I had sat on a chair in the kitchen that suddenly and unexpectedly groom's sister entered the kitchen and said: I hope I don't bother you. I said: No, it is nice to meet you. She said: My name is Malaekheh and my brother's name is Firouz and our surname is Khorvash. When we heard that a family is going to become Baha'i, we became extremely happy. You are under Jamal Qadam's mercy and patronage. When my mother said this family had nice girls like you, we decided to ask for your hand and to join you.

I said: That's very kind of you ; but we still haven't become Bahai and we are searching now .

She said: It isn't matter. It won't be matter if you don't become Bahai. Our religion has allowed us to get married with everyone in all religions and faiths .

After a short time, she said: let's go and sit in the room. My brother, Firouz is anxious now .

I said: After you. I'll bring tea.

She said: Then, we are waiting for you.

I poured some tea and brought it to the room unwillingly .

Everybody was looking at me. I offered tea to the father of the family Mr. Khorvash. He picked up and thanked. When I approached Firouz, I didn't look at him at all in order for him to understand that I didn't like him and I wasn't going to get married with him. It took rather a long time for him to pick it up in order for me to look at him ;but I just looked at the tray. He thanked and I passed. Mr. Khorvash looked at me and said humorously: My dear, don't be worried at all. Don't look at his tall height. He isn't a bad boy. Everybody laughed.

He continued: Discussing about marriage has been the sweetest issue since ancient times. All stories, poems, songs and everything speak about bonding two families and couples .

My father said: Everything is based on a healthy marriage. When a couple join each other, two families become familiar with each other. they transfer their culture and civilization to each other. Marriage will be so good if it is based on knowledge .

Mrs. Khorvash said: Parto family have admired your family very much. All Ahebba (Baha'I friends) know us, too. Thanks God, everybody is satisfied with us. Firouz has a boutique and he is financially good. He loves his family and he is kind. He has got married once; but he was unlucky and the girl had a mental problem .

I said to myself: If there weren't mental disease, I don't know which stigma would be used by men who wanted to divorce their wives .

My father asked: Was she from here ?

Mr. Khorvash said: No, she was from Shiraz. Unfortunately they couldn't live with each other. Fortunately, they hadn't a baby .

Repeated speech continued and Mr. Khorvash said: Well. If we speak till dawn, we won't be satisfied. It is better for us to let them speak with each other .

I left the room quickly and went to the kitchen. My mother followed me and said: What's happened? I said: Nothing, mother. I don't like to speak with this guy. I answer negatively .

Mom said: What's happened that made you unhappy?

I said: Nothing. I don't like this guy .

Mom paused and said: Ok. Go and speak a bit with him. Maybe, you like him .

I said: Don't speak about them at all. Go and do something to get rid of them .

My mom went and came back a minute later and said: Come and speak with them. They are waiting .

-But. mom, I hate him .

- Why? The poor boy isn't too ugly .

- Isn't he ugly? He is uglier than behemoth .

- Being tall isn't a fault .
- No. His height isn't important. I didn't like him .
- What should I tell them ?
- Tell, I am not ready now. You can come another day, willing God .
- Oh! I feel ashamed. She said this statement and left the kitchen .

Some minutes later I heard them saying goodbye. I exited the kitchen to say goodbye. Malaekah approached me and said: As if you didn't like my brother .

I said: No, please don't stand on formality .

She said: Don't be on formal terms. Now, you can think. We'll come back again .

At last, they stopped troubling and left .

I thought I got rid of this family easily. But they came and returned my life with cooperation of Baha'i organization and we thought about inquiring them ignorantly.

We asked everybody about this family. Everybody admired them. My father and mother had to search about them because Baha'is especially Khorvash family insisted ; although, I didn't decide to get married with him .

Sarir and Samaneh was making fun of his face. Meantime, one of uncle Ehsan's neighbors had spoken with uncle Ehsan's wife, Farzaneh, and uncle Ehsan's wife had shown my photo to them. Uncle Ehsan had spoken with my dad and it was to come to our house one night .

We prepared everything to entertain them, again. But this time all of us became covered. We wore gown and veil. Since we have had social intercourse with Elham's family, we had social intercourse with uncle Ehsan's family two times and each time we were careful about them not to understand our social intercourse with Baha'is; otherwise, they would clash with us .

Uncle Ehsan had spoken about this proposer with my father very much and had said that I was not prone to do these actions, you know. But I know this family for many years. I have known his son since childhood, well. He is faithful and noble. He doesn't do wrong at all. His father is pious and he is prone to pray. These actions and deeds were good ; but they weren't our family criteria.

When that family came to our house along with uncle Ehsan and uncle Ehsan's wife, I extremely disagreed and moaned continuously why they wasted our time and we weren't going to join them; because I didn't like to be limited by wearing veil and I didn't like to lose my liberty I had acquired recently. But after visiting Reza, the family's boy, I became hesitant. Reza's gesture attracted me surprisingly. The manner of his face reminded me about some films which were about prophets and angels. As if, God had sent him to give me an ultimatum in selecting life course. It

was true that I wasn't interested in Firouz and also hated him severely ; but I was waiting for a better proposer ; because we had started having social intercourse with Baha'is and also a new world had been opened for me. Coming out of limitations that Islam grants for women was pleasant for me. I didn't like to lose all those liberties. Reza's face and uncle Ehsan and uncle Ehsan's wife's admirations had hesitated me. When I were to speak with Reza, I accepted willingly. His legendry face, his soft and orderly beard, his long eyelashes and his piercing look had enchanted me. I tried to cover myself completely. As if his chastity forced me to cover. I had lowered my head and was silent while he said :

-Don't you want to ask something?

This voice was really familiar. As if I had lived with this voice for many years. I wish he knew that what a tumult existed in my inner being. Hesitation and anxiety didn't let me think well. I didn't have any problem with him. This perturbation was caused by his viewpoint and belief and his method of living. Indeed it was uncertain that he was the very person that uncle Ehsan had told. I collected my thoughts and said :

Will you tell me the truth if I ask you .

-Yes, Of course. To me, honesty is the first and the most important condition for starting a prosperous life. Do you pray? Yes, it is obvious. Sometimes, my prayer lapses and then I say my prayer. Do you say Friday prayer? Yes, of course. I usually try to say Friday prayer. Is cover important for you. How much? I mean, will you believe in cover if you live in another situation or another country? I value the cover and believe that a Muslim woman should regulate her cover in every part of the world according to divine order. But don't you think that I say these statements to please you. I really believe in every command has been sent down by God (The poor guy thought his answers were pleasant for me.)

-Haven't you got married ?

-No, this is the first time that I ask for someone's hand .

-But I have got married and I have a son .

-I know, we know everything about you. But I think it isn't a very important issue .

-But you can get married with a lady .

It doesn't differ. Other important issues are my criteria for marriage .

-Which criterion ?

-The criteria were the admirations stated by Hajji Agha Ehsan .

You are from a religious and pious family and your purity and innocence have been confirmed for me in these some minutes .

-That is, are these your criteria ?

-Well, there are some other criteria that will become obvious after speaking to you. But ask your questions, first .

-Do you like your wife to wear veil? Will you accept the fact if your wife isn't interested in wearing veil ?

-To be honest, I can't accept. Veil is a very perfect and beautiful cover. Veil will value a woman more, according to me. The values such as nobility, character, chastity and sobriety. veil is really effective in a woman's security and tranquility .Don't you wear veil ?

Yes, I wear veil ; but I don't find fault with those who are wearing gown-well, gown won't be bad too ;on the condition that, it isn't eye-catching. Of course, one of my criteria for marriage is wearing veil .

Well, ask your other questions, now .

-How much do you believe in Imam to be alive ?

-Very much. What do you mean by asking such question ?

-Nothing. I just wanted to know you suspect to the existence of Imam Zaman(P.H.) like other youth or not ?

-I don't suspect. He is alive and I pray for the precipitation in his emergence .

-How much do you believe in narratives about Imam Zaman (P.H.)? You know some of them are contradictory ?

-Valid narratives are enormous and I believe in them completely. I'll say if you want to know the extent of my faith. I am in love with Imam Zaman (P.H.) and I always try my deeds, behaviors and even my thoughts and intentions to be pure. Because I believe that our deeds are observed by him every week. I don't want to annoy his heart. I care about religious duties and believe these duties and even recommended deeds will ascend our spirit. According to me, human perfection depends on the ascension of human spirit. That is, the ranks of human perfection differ because the deeds we perform make our spirit impure .

-What are your other wishes in your life except the emergence of Imam Zaman (P.H.) ?

-First, I wish God would allot me a pilgrimage of Mecca. But apart from spiritual issue, I wish I would be healthy and my dears would, too. I wish I would have a faithful and loyal wife and God would bestow me healthy and pious offspring. In fact, my wishes are very simple like other people and I am not ambitious. I am basically realistic. The position of richness is located at the last stage of my life and my wishes ; because richness is a great test that everybody can't be successful to pass it prosperously and using it correctly isn't easy. But I love working very much ; because working is worship and whenever I work I will feel good ; since I know I can catch God's satisfaction. Family satisfaction is really important for me, too and people's satisfaction is important either. Because people's satisfaction means God's satisfactions - I try hard to make people satisfied.

“I didn’t have any excuse for not getting married with the boy. He was an angel. Even when I looked at his hands, I felt that those hands had worked all the time and they were brighter than any hands. I got silent for some moments and he raised his head slowly and looked at me. This look burnt the depth of my essence. I became embarrassed in his seeking look. He had told all the facts about himself while I had hidden my identity. He didn’t know we had hidden our identity even from the closet member of relative that is our paternal uncle, too. Uncle Ehsan even didn’t know that we don’t pray. He was sometimes advising us to go to group prayer and to benefit the rewards of Friday prayer and etc.

I don’t know what causes a person to be bond to religious issues to such an extent and a person like us to be unrestrained. Indeed, living with Reza could be so enjoyable ; because he had made my heart so tranquil. If a person like him expressed his kindness and filled my loneliness, I would be so prosperous. ”

I looked at him for a moment and he changed the direction of his look winking. Then he said :

-Do you know one of my criteria was your good questions. Well, it was important for me to know your criteria for marriage. I am so glad that spiritual issues were of your significant questions. If you were such a person asked me about properties before asking about spiritual issue, you wouldn’t be valuable for me. To be honest, I still don’t have a house and if you don’t want or can’t live with my parents, I will have to rent a house and if you are satisfied to live with my family, it will be better and I won’t have to pay most of my salary for rental .

I remembered that I didn’t know what his job was. O’ my God, I was too confused. I didn’t ask about his job in order for him not to understand I am confused; so I just said :

-All of these things will be solved after marriage. The most important issue is that I am going to bring my son to live with me. Do you agree with this idea ?

Meanwhile, I have decided to continue my education. You should assure me not to disagree with my education and going to university .

-I agree with bringing your son ; because he can be raised very well by a faithful mother like you and he will become a good person for society. I agree with continuing your education, basically. I will be proud if you continue your education. I am a technician in accounting course and I want to continue my education to get my B.A. degree, at least. Some minutes later, I felt that being more in the room isn’t advisable. Thus, I said :

-So, the rest of our statements will remain for later .

-Can I ask something ?

-Yes, please .

-Can I be hopeful for your positive answer ?

-Willing God .

-That is, may you give negative answer ?

-No, but we should search more. You know that I've failed once. Of course, the reason was that we trusted their words .

-You are totally right. You can inquire about my family and me through any positive way in my workplace, my area of living, university and anywhere you like. This is your right .

-Then it is better to leave here. Everybody is waiting .

-Ok, let's go .

-That night, we were made disorganized completely. I was affected by a kind of great and extensive intellectual crisis. Not only for my marriage ; but also, for this fact whether not paying attention to divine commandments will make me an idle and a useless person or not. I was envying Reza and his great thoughts and faith. He had influenced on me at that some moments that I became extremely ambivalent to change my behavior, deed, thought, point of view and even having social intercourse with Elham. I had been relinquished since childhood. I didn't obligate to do the religious duties nor to regulate my cover and now I have to elect a mate who expects me all of these things. Will I be able ?

Confronting such situation wasn't expected by me . And then I was struggling with a mental conflict and extreme mental crisis. My future depends on this election. Electing Reza as my mate meant electing a constant way to live. But, electing a Baha'i mate meant laxity and the gratification of sexualities limitlessly. Or maybe, a Baha'i mate may have these nice features. I didn't know what to do. My father and mother didn't dare to impose their ideas to me. But they were ambivalent like me, too. Because getting married with Reza would create some limitations for them, too. We had hidden even the satellite .

That night when my uncle and Reza's family left, we had been astonished. That astonishment made us unable to make decision. Just Sarir and Samaneh exaggerated our characteristics which were hidden laughingly. For instance, they caricatured or posing a laughable scenario. They were laughing to all secretiveness .

Uncle Ehsan came to our house again at night and said: Our speech is about a marriage and we shouldn't lose such situation, according to me. Seize the time and answer positively. Such families are rare. Don't waste the time .

Father said: We don't meddle with Sahel's marriage anymore. I made a mistake very much in the past.

Mom said: According to us, they are so nice; but Sahel herself should elect .

Uncle said: Who is better than this handsome boy for Sahel ?

I said: I agree; but I should think more .

Uncle said: What are you going to think about? Don't be strict. It is true that you've been afraid but all people are not the same .

I knew that Reza is an official employee in Agriculture Office and is the first offspring in Moqaddam family. Three offspring, a daughter and two sons, were younger than he. They had a rather old building in uncle Ehsan's locality which was located lower part of the city. It had one and a half floors. Reza's wife was to live in the first floor till they can buy a house. But Reza's good temper and faith and his family were the most important factors .

When I narrated the issue of Reza's marriage proposal and my feeling toward him for Elham, she became enraged severely. As if, Firouz was his brother that she acted like a bigot. Her different behavior was too strange for me; but I couldn't distinguish this difference in behavior. She said furiously: You speak in such a way that as if Firouz isn't faithful, good-tempered and honest. Muslims are superficially faithful and obligated; but when you approach them, you will know their real face. Why are you deceived by looks of this family while you had lived with Sohrab ?

I said: But my parents have searched a lot. Everybody who has had a relationship with them has admired their faith and temper. Reza can't be compared with Sohrab, at all. His clothes style, the way of speaking and speech could lead us to discover all of his inner characteristics that I couldn't recognize ; because I was inexperienced; but Reza was really sincere. He has positive viewpoints. Reza is really pious and honest .

Elham said hatefully: Say, he is a good actor. Don't say he is honest. Wasn't Firouz pious and honest? If Firouz had asked for my hand, I would have answered positively without any delay. You failed because you are naive. Now, you want to make the same mistake, my dear. There aren't any faithful and obligated human beings among Muslims. Because the religion of Islam isn't used for this time. 1500-year-old Islam can't make human beings well-mannered. Try to understand this issue. He will make you poor. He will make you too limited. He will tell you do and don't concerning his related religion that you won't like to continue to live .

You were merited to be proposed by a person like Firouz. Today, you can be among Baha'is easily and comfortably. These are God's virtues. If you renounce all of these divine virtues, you should wait for consequences, too. You will surely be punished by God. Baha'is were continuously paid attention concerning this issue. All Baha'is were afraid of it severely. She continued: Getting married with such person means being punished. Haven't you seen that Muslims hit on their heads in any mourning ceremonies which are related to Imams who have departed for

one thousand years. Elect him if you want to be fogeyish and this action is necrolatry .

This issue of Reza's proposal expanded among Baha'is quickly. One of Baha'i families was inviting us everyday with an excuse and tried to attract us. They dispraised Muslims especially obligated ones as long as they could. Baha'i meetings and their speeches had affected us. My family hated obligated Muslims unconsciously. They noticed Islam as a deserted house. I submitted their will gradually. We used Baha'i greetings gradually before we became officially Baha'i. they put Allah and Baha next to each other and gave it another meaning to use it instead of hello. Not only we were using Baha'i greetings ;but also, we were reciting their prayers to exchange words of love with God. God was replaced by Baha. The dignity that we considered for Baha was so great and unique that we didn't need God. We were mentioning him as a great entity as he wanted us and we assumed him as shepherd and we were his sheep. Group prayers were satisfying our spiritual needs. In fact, we had social intercourse with Baha'is to gratify the carnal soul. We used group prayers or exchanges words of love with God to quieten our awakened conscience .

I was thinking of Reza most of the time. As if somebody was telling me: You won't be prosperous by losing him. But, Firouz became habitual for me after some meetings among Baha'is and different meetings. I didn't see him as an ugly person .

A month passed. I was under pressure to accept Firouz by Baha'is during this month so much that I felt if I don't accept him as my husband, I won't compensate all Baha kindnesses and I will betray them with the worst manner. I was thinking that I was cooking a snook at Baha'ism by electing Reza and it was a great insult. It wasn't forgivable for Baha'is.

One day an event occurred that it shouldn't have happened. Uncle Ehsan had realized that we have social intercourse with Baha'i families. Our neighbors had announced him. He came to our house and said to my father: I have heard that you have relationships with Baha'is. Is it true ?

My father said: They are humankind, too. What's wrong ?

Uncle said: Then, it is true. Do you know that Baha'ism is a political cult? Do you know that they want to destroy Islam? Do you know those who claim mendaciously for being Saheb-al-Zaman are too crooked and satanic? Didn't you care that you break the auspicious heart of Imam Zaman (P.H.) with having social intercourse with his enemies. Uncle continued angrily :

I don't believe. Alas. I suggested getting married to a faithful and religious family without cognitive about my brother. My uncle said

sighing and looking with wistfulness: I didn't expect you Bahram, at all. What did you do with your family and yourself ?

Daddy said: What has happened? Is having social intercourse with Baha'is forbidden ?

Uncle said: No, it isn't forbidden; but eating their food is problematic. You didn't know them. How did you approach them? Bahram, don't make your children poor. Don't be cool regarding religion. Every person should have a goal in his/her life. He/she should have a way or a doctrine. You made your innocent girl poor with your unconcern once. Another innocent kid was born and was given to stepmother. the fact of that kid meant you ruined the fact of a nation. Don't you want to do penance? Now, do you want to repeat your mistakes with unconcern? Don't you think that interests will create among your daughters and Baha'i boy by having social intercourse with Baha'is. What will you do then ?

Daddy said: You speak in such a way as if Baha'is are affected by leprosy. What will happen if children become interested in each other? If they are good families, it won't differ to have any kind of religion .

My uncle became too furious as if his children are being tortured in front of him. He hit his palm on the ground and said: Alas, Bahram. What do you do with futurity, then? Maybe you give up hope about resurrection .

Daddy said: What do you mean by resurrection? Which resurrection? I don't believe in these words, anymore. the argument between my father and uncle Ehsan took a long time. My uncle insisted; but my father rejected. At last, my uncle stood up angrily and said: May God answer your cry for help. May God answer your cry for justice. As if they have been successful to mislead you .

Daddy who felt abject said loudly in order to save his pride: You yourselves have been wiped out. You have hidden yourselves and don't know about the world. You can see anywhere because of bigotry; so you can't see other religious .

Uncle said while he was trembling: Don't buy hell for your children and yourself, Bahram. Baha'ism isn't a religion. You don't know them. Let a person come and speak to you who knows them very well. Don't let them deceive you. Don't make your children and yourself poor .

My father said: I am not miserable. Go and do something for yourselves .

Uncle said: Then, don't expect us to have social intercourse with you while you have relationships with Baha'is. Goodbye .

Uncle went and all of us became sorrowful and upset and we thought and became silent because of what had happened.

I realized that I lost Reza forever and I should wait for another chance .

Reza's family had called us several times during one month in order to receive our definite answer. But each time we postponed it to another time. But we didn't know they wouldn't ask us any answer; because uncle would tell them the fact and they would leave us forever .

Uncle's annoyance was too much for us. Most of our relatives put credence in uncle Ehsan and we knew that all of our relatives become upset about us and they would condemn us. Although we didn't know whether uncle tell this issue to our relatives or not. At last, everybody would understand that we have changed our course .

Since we had turned to Baha'is, they paid more attention to us. They respected us very much and they continuously inculcated us that Baha's satisfaction meant God's one. Everybody envied us and congratulated us. We didn't feel alone ; because they paid more attention to us. They were so kind with us that we didn't need our dependents .

When Elham and her family realized that my father had had an argument with uncle Ehsan, they invited us and backbitten people such as my uncle and encouraged us to be independent. We were worried about the issue that our other relatives become aware and cut their relationships with us; but they made us relaxed and said you are superior to other people by believing in a great reality .

Mr, Parto said: You are approached to a rank that are superior to each community. Everybody should try to realize your reality. Undoubtedly, you had had some perfections to be elected out of your relatives. During the history, all prophets and guardians had wished to achieve this rank and observe these days. Now, you have achieved this dignity and you are favored by Jamal Abha; so you won't be anxious. Continue your way with certainty and encouragement. Be sure, everybody will discover your reality and will envy your dignity and position .

When we participated in different meetings or listened to heads of Baha'i organization, they were inculcating all members that you are superior to others and after a while, we felt we are superior to any other people who were out of the Baha'i community. And this was one of features of cultism. All cults inculcate their members to be superior to others and to have the key of human prosperity .

All relatives gradually became aware of our relationships with Baha'is and each one tried to prevent this action. Paternal aunt Pari who wasn't obligated to Islam very much turned to my father and said: Compare some of Islamic teachings with the Baha'i ones, at least in order to understand that Baha'ism isn't superior to Islam. See, is there any superiority? I know you are really superficial. I am sure you enjoy being among Baha'is and you don't enjoy Baha'i teachings .

Behnoosh who was my maternal aunt's daughter and was an educated lady said: It was needed for some cults to be founded in Iran by England in King Naser-al-Din period of time when the country was in the peak of the political crisis. One of those cults was Baha'ism. They exactly founded similar cults in other countries, too ; such as Qadiani cult in India. I am so sorry; but I should say you didn't study; otherwise, you weren't trapped .

We shirked our relatives extremely; because we were embarrassed them. We didn't accept our relatives' invitations and we didn't invite them .

I was really homesick one night. I had laid on the floor next to Samaneh and was sorrowful because of Sina's isolation. I was crying. I said to myself my sweet heart. Samaneh said: Indeed, Sahel, do you think Sina will live with you when he grew up?

I said: Well. It is certain. If he becomes older a bit, he will come to live with me. I will raise him. I was sure about this matter otherwise I didn't express my satisfaction for his father to accept his guardianship.

-Then, you should tell anybody who asks for your hand if he is to come to live with you.

- Nobody will come to propose marriage. Every girl has passed her marriage age. There is nobody to get married with them .

-You are right. We thought we could make boys love us among Baha'is whose boys and girls are mixed and they have a lot of religious and recreational programs and classes; but according to you, most Baha'i girls are unmarried; but it is good we aren't Baha'i nor Muslim. We can do something for ourselves before being trapped.

-What should we do?

-Well, we shouldn't waste the time. You made a mistake to lose a person like Reza .

-Yes, I think so. Alas. I lost Reza .

-How can we make Reza think of you ?

-May be , he has asked for another girl's hand .

-It has taken two or three months since he proposed .

-Well, what do you suggest ?

-We can notify uncle Ehsan you want to get married with Reza .

-What do you say? Uncle Ehsan will become angry and so will daddy. Don't think about it .

-No, don't be so sure. Maybe, we can do something .

-What do you want to do ?

- I want to go to uncle Ehsan's house to pay a short visit .

-But they will understand you go there purposefully because of an argument which has happened .

-Everything they think is better than the fact that you have lost a person like Reza. Believe that nobody will ask for your hand .

-I don't know. Why don't you think about yourself ?

-It is soon for me; but don't be afraid I can keep the wolf from the door. I will go to uncle Ehsan's house tomorrow .

-I wish this event would have a happy ending .

-Two days after Samaneh went to uncle Ehsan's house, uncle Ehsan and his wife came to our house .

We respected them more than before and welcomed. My father was embarrassed; but he searched some words in his mind and said :

-What a surprised, brother. You chastised me .

-God forbidden. We said to ourselves to come to ask your health in this disloyal world .

My mother who always called uncle Ehsan as brother like daddy, said :

-We always mention your name, brother. But, we thought you are upset with us; otherwise, we paid a visit .

-No, why do you think we are upset? Everybody is responsible for his/her life. You aren't kids. We made a mistake. We shouldn't let enemy divide us .

-Daddy said: No, brother. Nobody is inimical toward us. It was a kind of misunderstanding .

-Well, everything passed. Now let's think about a solution in order not to be worse .

-What about ?

-This family haven't found a girl for their son. Do you let me tell them to marry Sahel. An obedient and pious boy is rare. You may have good luck once. Strike while the iron is hot. Maybe Sahel will become prosperous with this boy and continue her fate ; although her previous mate wasn't good .

Samaneh interrupted uncle's statement quickly and said ;

-Sahel is satisfied. Well, tell them to come .

-Father and mother looked at me surprisingly; because they were unaware of the adventure. I was silent, too and I said nothing .

Uncle continued: Do you let me tell them to come during next two or three days ?

Daddy said: Are they still satisfied to join us ?

Uncle said: yeah, when I said them you are being misled, they spoke about you several times. Every time I prevented. But as if, it is their destiny to join each other. I will tell them to come this Thursday. Don't play off. Is your answer positive?

Daddy and mom looked at me incredibly. I lowered my head and said I will agree if they accept my child .

Uncle said: Don't prevent them to accept. Let them come first and everything will be solved later. Maybe they will accept; but if they don't accept, you can't destroy your fate. God is the greatest. Sina will be grown up everywhere. You should have thought about him before divorce .

Daddy and mom's faces became cheerful; as if, they were worried about my future. Samaneh was really happy to do a positive action for her sister. Sarir's eyes were shining because of happiness. I was confused. I still didn't believe that Reza hasn't get married after this periods of times. My heart was trembling with excitement; but I tried to hide it. Reza's face was incarnated for me. Why had Reza asked for a divorced woman's hand who has a baby while he had a harassed face beautiful bashful eyes and lovely, faultless face? All girls were eager to get married with such a boy while he agrees to get married with me without seeing me. Am I really awake or asleep? O' my God. How much is the identity of a woman or her piety or obligation important for him? When I asked him, he pointed out this issue. My God, was I merited for him? Sometimes, I thought that God has bestowed me such reward because of all sufferings I had tolerated and been sorrowful innocently or because I had respected my father and mother and I hadn't told no to them or maybe because of my virtue and nobility or because I had tolerated a lot of difficulties. But I shouldn't be proud. I was really sinful; because I paid no attention to divine commandments and I was impudent against orders and bans and I should be tormented not bestowed award because I wasn't subjugated. Then why? May be, I was to be prosperous; but I should trust to God's limitless kindness, mercy and patronage. I should raise my spirituality by thanking God because of His limitless kindness and attention. I decided to try hard to be accepted to go to university. I classified my goal. If I succeeded in my life, I could easily make Sina prosperous, too using my material and spiritual supports. I don't know but I think I have promised God like a kind of making a vow or a kind of begging to be a religious and pious woman if I were prosperous. I promised to satisfy my God and my mate.

We decided not to speak about this issue to Baha'is. Although we still hadn't become Baha'i; but we didn't dare to act against the organization members' wills . All Baha'is tried to attract their leaders' satisfaction and the leaders of Baha'i organization were some people who didn't accept each action and measure which were against their wills. These some people were called " Khademin " [:servers] who could be in each city and Baha'is assumed them as innocent ones. All of these servers and all members of organization obeyed the orders and commands of the members and in fact Bait-al-Adl members were the main Baha'i leaders who were located in Israel. All people tried to serve these people. All

Baha'i programs which were held in houses were reported to them. All issues inside the organization and even other outside issues and money which was gathered were sent to them .

Baha'i leaders in Baha'ism were considered as God's successors on the earth and all Baha'is were similar to smart ants which were working day and night in order for ant monarch to be relaxed .

Baha'is obligated to their classified positions ; although their population are few and they are in a minority. All of them were trying to be in higher position and the collection of them was called the organization. Everybody in each position or rank was considered as a member of the organization and because we still hadn't become Baha'i and our names hadn't been formally sent to Israel, we weren't ordered by the commander of the organization ; but we should show the rudiments of our dependence on them if we wanted them to trust and join us. And that was a mere obedience .

The mere obedience was the feature of all Baha'is. And because we still hadn't become Bahai officially, we could have more freedom using this excuse. And this is one of the main features of all cults in the world: They merely obey one or some leaders and this issue is really common in Baha'ism and is one of the teachings of this cult. When uncle and uncle's wife went, my father said :

-O' kids, it is better not to speak about this issue to the organization.

-My mother said: It would be bad if they understood .

-It will be worse if they understand now .

-Samaneh said: Daddy, my mom is right. It will be worse if they understand now and they don't let marriage to be performed.

Fathre said: We will say later that Sahel and Reza were in love and we had to marry them .

I said: We will tell them Reza and I had relationships with each other for a period of time and I tried to proselytize him. I felt he was willing to become Baha'i .

Samaneh said: Bravo, what a good thought. We will do a good action, too. They think we are busy proselytizing and we are working like them .

Father said: If we become Baha'i officially, we won't have relaxation. We should just work. As we were attracted, we should begin to penetrate among people to attract somebody .

Mom said: Gosh! They are acting like a taskmaster .

Father: They won't be successful if they don't be strict.

I said: They are accustomed to these difficulties .

Samaneh said: Don't be afraid. We will be accustomed, too .

I said: Then, don't say anything to anybody, at last .

Daddy said: Yes, my dear. We don't have to. We will rectify it later .

Sarir who didn't meddle said: It is good for us not become Baha'i officially; so they curry favor with us. After we become Baha'i officially [Tasjil] , we should work for them like a donkey .

Daddy said: This is a kind of life. It is better than idleness, aimlessness and vanity .

I said: Don't you believe in Bab and Baha during this period ?

Daddy said: All prophets have come to bring us the method of living and living correctly. Now, we should see that is their method of living makes people well-mannered ?

Samaneh said: How do you want to understand, daddy ?

Daddy said: Well, we will examine .

Sarir laughed and said: We are good mice, too .

Daddy said: No, my dear. We should be smart. I think there are many things they don't tell us and hide them .

Mom said: Which kinds of things, for example ?

Daddy said: I feel there is a unity among Baha'is that they still haven't given it to us. Why aren't we their confidant ?

We all thought deeply .

I said: I felt this fact, too. I feel although they respect us and are kind with us so much, we are aliens for them, too .

Samaneh said: Well. It is natural and usual. We are newcomers. They are afraid to lose us .

Daddy said: Well, I want to know which matters and realities will make us to turn against them .

Sarir said humorously: Detector Bahram enters .

Mom said: No, Bahram is always so. He suspects everything. He never achieve the reality .

Samaneh said: For this reason, he suspected Islam, too .

Mom said: It isn't a good method of living. A person shouldn't suspect everything .

Daddy said: You always find fault with me .

I said: Gosh! our speech is going to be changed into argument. I am going to sleep .

Samaneh said: You should sleep; because you got what you wanted .

I said: Its tether was in your hand .

Daddy said: Indeed, tell me how uncle became aware of our agreement with this guy ?

Sarir said: What you wear in your heart shows in your face.

Samaneh said: I did it. I went to uncle's house yesterday and I swore you aren't aware. I said to him Sahel loved Reza. It is better for everything to be started at first .

Mom said: No, it isn't the reason. Your uncle hadn't come here because of your statements .

Daddy said: Yeah, it was clear in his statements. As if, he feels fearful .

Sarir said: What a conflict we made in our relatives. Everybody is afraid to lose us .

Mom said: No, just your uncle and your uncle's wife are afraid ; Because they are really faithful and fearful to be punished in the day of judgment .

Samaneh said: Now I understand what he meant. He was continually saying we shouldn't be divided because our enemies like this .

Daddy said: Your uncle always thinks he is God's lawyer .

I said: Well. For this reason everybody loves him, daddy .

Samaneh said: I thought I was the founder of the joining .

I said: Well. You were an excuse. Anyway, uncle was seeking for an excuse. Now, he never leaves us .

Daddy said: Yeah, he thinks he is responsible for our misguidance. He is going to make up for .

Sarir said: May God help us .

Mom said: Go and sleep. Willing God, it will have a happy ending .

Samaneh said: I should think about buying clothes from this time on .

Mom said: Gosh! There is nothing in groom's house while there is jollification in bride's house .

That night, I went to bed sooner than anybody else; but I couldn't sleep till dawn. In all hours of night, I was thinking of future and sometimes I thought to my family's inopportune conditions. Sometimes, I complained myself about this fact that who we are at last. Are we Baha'i or Muslim; irreligious or researcher. I was mixed up. What were my family and my natures while I condemned Sohrab as an unidentified person. How long could I hide my nature from Reza and his family. Indeed, wasn't this duplicity as betrayal ?

All of these thoughts disturbed me and I was extremely afraid the facts would be revealed for Reza's family. That night, I was going to discuss about this issue among the members of my family and to exchange thought in order to conclude by consulting with them. But I was afraid it would cause my father and mother to disagree with this marriage by posing this discussion .

I didn't like to lose such situation easily, at all. According to my uncle, fortune knocks once at every door –Today fortune had put such person in my fate path and if I didn't use this opportunity, I shouldn't complain about divine fortune. Then good people should knock our house door in this divine fair division in order for me to be given an ultimatum and to have an excuse to be saved. I thought that night till dawn. I concluded not to be so hard on Reza. Although I may hurry up for this marriage and marriage is a risk. Although we search about him a lot and

the results were positive. Nobody has been aware of the future. Nobody knows Reza's real nature and maybe he is a good actor like us. Anyway, what we heard and saw ordered us to do this union. Then, trusting to God will make this path easy in order for any difficulty not to be happened. We tried not to lose anything; so the rest depends on God's mercy. I didn't like to act like this poem :

He /she has several light ; but takes a byway

Let him/her fall down and see his/her repay

Elham abided her promise and she helped me even in the house. I was participating in all classes; but I may fail to continue my education at university because I had distressed thought and spirit and sorrowful heart. How long could I continue to hide the reality after marriage. How long could I hide my husband and his family the relationships with Baha'is. If I cut my relationship, I wouldn't have any hope to be accepted at university. Anyway, I trusted on gossiping not on God because I couldn't lose this fortune well and I wasn't able to sacrifice some situation for this fortune. I wished for both .

Tomorrow evening, Reza's mother kept in touch with us. I listened to Reza's mother and my mother who were speaking through the phone. After greeting, she said: Today morning, Hajj Agha and Hajj Khanom came to our house and said you are satisfied with this union. We became really happy. Willing God, it will be pious .

I swear God by five holy people to make all youth and ours prosperous. Then, willing God, we will come to your house on Thursday night when it is a good day and hour. For the ceremony of breaking hard sugar, we will bring our close relatives and if you like you can tell your close relatives to come to appoint the day of marriage contract .

Mom said: All right. Welcome. Willing God, it will be auspicious. We apologize you it lasted for a long time. To be honest, we had some problems that were solved, thanks God. Reza's mother said: Well. God's will test everybody; but it will be more difficult for good and faithful people. Hajj Agha said some words. Bravo, you are thinking of guiding people. But, Mrs. Qadimi, according to God in the holy Quran, their hearts have been sealed and they have been sunk. They don't have any way save themselves. The Excellency Muhammad (P.H.) was responsible for announcing God's order. Everybody who was merited accepted. May God have mercy on you because you proselytize the religion. Mom said: Gosh! We are sinful servers of God. We are similar to a fly orbiting around prophet's head. Reza's mother whose name was Sareh said: Don't say such words Mrs. Qadimi. You humiliate

yourself. Thanks God, you have good fortune. You are gracious. Finally, courtesies finished and the conversation were over. My mother and I turned red because of embarrassment and our hearts were trembling .

Before Thursday night, we hustled. We changed some of household furniture into new ones. New clothes, prayer veil and new rug covers were reporting about an auspicious union. The cold season was gradually approached; but my father made the yard completely clean and tidy.

We invited some of our relatives and they accepted happily as soon as they heard it was the time for breaking sugar ceremony and uncle and uncle's wife are present. Everybody loved uncle and uncle's wife; even my mother's family and her relatives .

We put every kind of illegal tapes and CDs aside. We put one of Imam's photo on the wall. We provided camera, camera recorder and etc.

As usual, I went to take Sina on Thursday and he became busy with chocolates and sweets we had bought for that night. That night, Sina came back with Sarir and I said to myself I became far from Sina who is the most cherished person for me on the earth; but I condoled myself that tonight is a bit different from other nights.

Gradually the invited people approached one by one, congratulated, gave presents and entered the dining room. We had just invited the first grade relatives. At last, Reza's family arrived. Reza was carrying a beautiful, big bunch of flower. And he himself was shining among the flowers. He was wearing a clean, new, navy blue suit and his white shirt had made him brighter. When he gave the flower to me, he just looked at me once and he metamorphosed me. Love gave new life to me quickly like sunrise, rain and breeze. I said hello to prosperity. But I wish somebody had hit on my cheek hastily. I wish I had been awakened by a thunderous caution. I wish I had burnt with the first betrayal fire to him after that love fire which affected me. Indeed, everybody who doesn't thank for God's patronages, he /she has provided his/her disappointment fire firewood; that is every man is his own worst enemy.

Reza's family had come with a clergyman who was one of their close relatives. Hajj Agha had sat next to uncle Ehsan and Reza's father and my father had also sat near them with my maternal aunt's and paternal aunt's husbands. After entertainment, Hajj Agha spoke about spiritual prosperity and founding life based on honesty and spirituality. His speech was so enjoyable that I thought my father and mother would cut the relationships with Baha'is and would abandon duplicity and duality. I had been so affected by his speech that I promised to myself to keep my religion and prosperity completely. After Hajj Agha's speech, they asked us a big tray. When the tray was prepared, a decorated hard sugar loaf and hatchet for breaking sugar were put into it. And then hajj Agha said dowry and other agreements should be appointed before breaking sugar

loaf. We had consulted before and my father said: Hajj Agha, it has been said by our forefathers that who has paid and taken dowry. But according to legislation and custom, we appointed a holy Quran, a branch of flower and three hundred gold coins. Hajj Agha spoke something about dowry and said: Now, the agreement of respectful Sajedi family should be announced .

Reza's father smiled and said: We value Qadimi family so much. We will obey what they order .

We had also selected a common dowry and we didn't think somebody disagreed it. Hajj Agha said: Then, it will be auspicious. Now, you can speak about contract day and other preparations and conditions. Tonight, speak about all untold statements in order for each problem not to be created, willing God .

When they asked my idea, I lowered my head and said I will agree with what is said by my father and mother. Daddy said: Nothing is hidden from this respectful gathered people. My daughter is anxious about a fact that isn't advisable to be posed here. I will say the fact to make her relaxed. Anyway, everybody knows that dear Sahel has had bad luck once failed and unfortunately a kid was sacrificed. Now, this kid is living with his father; but Sahel says: Is she allowed to bring her son to live with her in the future? All looks were attracted to Reza. Reza sighed and said: To me, the mother has the right to be her offspring's supporter in any possible way. If Sahel Khanom is a good mother, she can take action to protect and make her kid prosperous in any necessary time. I don't have any problem at all regarding this issue. I will agree even if he is to live with his mother. God gives daily bread to everybody in advance. The baby is innocent, too. Undoubtedly, he will make bountiful to our life. He was speaking with tranquility and his speech was so enjoyable and life giving that everybody admired him. I was proud at him ; because he made me proud among relatives. My old paternal aunt said while her eyes were shining because of happiness: Bravo, my son, bravo to this education. Thanks God that a good and sapient mate and a faithful and respectful family were befallen to Sahel. Sahel really is merited to be prosperous. Believe it all close and distant relatives praise Sahel. My maternal uncle, Masoud wanted to say something while moving a bit: Believe it not only I admire her as one of the members of our family; but also, my wife's relatives have praised her nobility, sapience and courtesy over and over. Anyway, God joins people together well. May God make you prosperous, willing God. When everybody spoke in turn and necessary agreements were made, Reza looked at me again. This time he looked at me more romantically and beautifully than before. He was smiling and he had intimacy in his eyes. He considered me as a person who belonged to him.

There wasn't any barrier to look at me. This was the first time that I tasted love and I sensed its heat with all my body cells .

After finishing speeches, Hajj Agha picked up the hatchet and halved the sugar loaf with one strike. I don't know where this custom has come from. But I had heard that most families break sugar loaf before marriage contract. As soon as the sugar loaf was broken, everybody uttered praise and prayed for our prosperity and then Sareh Khanom stood up and came towards me, kissed and put a ring on my finger. I felt strange; although, it was my second time to get married .

That feeling was similar to conquering the summit. It was resemble to being calm after exhaustion. After that, everybody stood up and said goodbye to each other and left. I knew he would look at me for saying goodbye and I was restless for that moment .

At last, after his father and mother said goodbye to me warmly, I saw that he was looking at me more than the extent I expected. I had found an opportunity to wait for his father and mother to say goodbye to me to look at me at that suitable time. I look at him, too and praised him amorously .

I wish the world had finished that night. I had felt enjoyment and prosperity. I wish that night had been the last night of my life. The continuation of this prosperity made me proud to the extent that I thought I was merited for this prosperity. Although I praised and worshiped God that night till dawn and asked Him for the prosperity of my offspring myself and my nice husband whom I felt he belonged to me. But, maybe I forgot to spend something in return for God's mercy and kindness .

The next day, we were invited to a meeting by the organization. I didn't like to participate in the meeting because of Reza's love. But I thought I should make Elham pleasant to teach me better. And in fact, she had behaved in such a way that I should serve the organization and obey its orders in return for her kindness .

In the organization, everybody understood his/her duties quickly. My duty was to announce my favorable disposition in the meetings by the continuation of my social intercourse. And I should encourage my family to participate in such meetings more. The organization didn't pay attention to people's intentions and didn't consider their inner beliefs important after attracting them .

The only important thing for them was to make use of them and made their mind and spirit busy as they could. Because they could exploit them more in this way. They were creating love flame in the souls and spirits of Baha'is; so their wisdom would become unable and was replaced by love. They made people be lover as they could and they were starting this action since childhood when they were two years of age. In their false history, they had some people carrying different titles such as wheat

cleaners who were the lovers of Baha and sacrificed themselves for Baha.

They were given examples . They said they were wise and were lovers; and in some cases, they rejected wisdom and knowledge. But one of their teachings which was empty slogan and was totally different from their teachings was that religion should be in accordance with knowledge and wisdom and these teachings belonged to their basic teachings which were merely used to oppress other religion beliefs .

When they wanted to find fault with Islam and the miracles brought by prophets, I don't know when I realized these things and unfortunately, I was tested by severe divine tests; so I gave indemnity too horribly .

That day, my family and I decided to take part in the meeting. We decided to go there one by one in order not to be eye-catching and nobody understands .

When we took part the meeting, we sat there with arms crossed over out chest like other people. We were ready to be brainwashed. As usual, after the first prayer, some books were studied and some people explained about those books. The explanation were done to make them obligated: devotion and disjointedness from everything but God and attraction and then preaching Nafahat Allah .

These tasks had repeated too much that we had learned them by heart. But each time, we would discover its importance more than before. We understood how to behave to be attracted by the organization. My family wasn't going to exploit the organization; but those social intercourses with Baha'is and evening parties had entertained them and to somehow they had been influenced by them. They wanted to have a backrest and because such backrest needed regulating religious obligations and doing duties and etc. in Islam, they weren't accustomed to do them and also were unable to start them again; thus, they preferred to turn to a religion which is easier and have a good time, too .

Sometimes, I remember one of uncle Ehsan's examples who had said the distance and difference between Horriat [: freedom] and Khariiat [: folly] is a point. Many a people become liberal in just a night and many a people become donkeys in just a night and unfortunately we belonged to the second group .

That night after some pages of some books were studied and some experienced people explained the books, it was music turn. A group of musicians along with a female singer were invited. They came from small province. They were holding variant programs such as match, music, capping verses and etc. in order for meetings to be attractive .

The night was music turn. The musicians played each song perfectly. The female singer was somehow pretty and was significantly sweet-sounding. The musicians were gradually playing happy songs and

according to them the meeting became frank and some men and women stood up and danced, gradually .

Of course, doing such actions by Baha'is were rare to be seen by us. They were gathering in wedding ceremonies and dancing together ; but there was just music in official meetings and nobody danced; but with the excuse of approaching Rezvan feasts which are of great feasts of Baha'is, some people danced with happy songs which had made everybody ecstatic. The songs were so quick that everybody was influenced unconsciously. One of the boys asked some girls for dancing with them. As they were dancing, they saw Samaneh and I. That young boy who was nearly 27 came towards us intimately and took our hands to dance. I remembered Reza for a moment; but without any attention, I stood up and started dancing .

My dancing was better than all people. We gradually became tired and sat; but some minutes later everybody looked at me again and again and said unanimously: Again and again. Happy songs were played again. I did some disgusting movements in a drunken state in the summit of love and interest toward Reza in my heart .

Everybody admired me and I was happy a bit; because I could make people pleasant and happy while I was dancing. But after a while when everybody stopped clapping and became tired of dancing and the musicians stopped playing and singing, a sorrowful grief overcame my heart and spirit. Was it the regret fire or the sin of fear of God or betrayal, whatever it was, it had created a tumult in my inner being and my consciousness wasn't relaxed. I wish I hadn't danced. All of my spirit and soul became tainted and it was too deep that I should be punished or suffered retribution. But why so! ...

That night we came back home. Samaneh was envying me and said: They shouted again and again so loudly that as if Elizabeth Taylor was dancing .

Daddy said: They loved her dance. God be praised, Sahel is dancing really well .

Mom said: Everybody said: what a cute girl she is. God be praised, she danced really well .

Sarir said: What skillful musicians they were. I decided to enroll in their music band .

Mom said: It wastes your time. Don't be in a hurry, let this year finish. You will enroll in music, too .

Daddy said: They have all kinds of programs from education to artistic trainings .

Mom said: They have separate meetings for women. They call these meetings "Ema-al-Rahman "

Samaneh said: “I asked Elham Khanom and she said Ebad-al-Rahman meetings are being held these days, too. It is being held once a week .

Sarir said: Lucky them. They have so many different classes since childhood. They don't have any free time, at all .

That night was the first one that I had worn love ring. Maybe, because of my prosperity happiness I acted ungratefully. And in the first night after the ceremony of sugar loaf breaking, I became ecstatic so much that I made my reputation, honor, identity, dignity and my rank worthless .

I promised to myself not to repeat this action and I became calm a bit .

After the sugar loaf breaking ceremony, Sareh khanom, Reza's mother, was keeping in touch with us and asking our health. She was speaking with me a bit about shopping and other marriage contact preparations .

One day, she gave the receiver to Reza. His voice made me frozen. His voice was really enjoyable for me. I don't know what the reason was. Maybe, because I loved him or I remembered his attractive and piercing looks or he may transfer such feeling to everybody .

Reza loved me and it didn't need for his love to be expressed by him; but his relaxing voice was expressing love. He greeted me; but I was flying in the skies. When he call my name with Khanom; as if, all the world was given to me. As if I possessed whatever in the world. From that day on, he called me and we spoke with each other in the presence of our father and mother. His deep view about religion frightened me extremely. He was really faithful and religious and I was really freewheeling; so my fate was going to be exploded. But I moved ahead and participated in various meetings and classes with different excuses. It was early days of spring season and the exams were going to be started .

Both Samaneh and I were spending our time to study our lessons and Elham was training both of us, too. She spent more time to train us and tested us many times. She was awarded because she had made a family attracted to Baha'ism. This action had heightened her rank in the organization. And it was obvious that they were bestowing her grave responsibilities and her reputation became high among Baha'is .

We knew that her next responsibility was to keep us in this manner. Of course, there is such a rule in all cults that they keep people to be exploited with any trick after attracting them. We made her responsibility easy by our attendance forever unwittingly, too. One night, the main members of the organization who were called Khademin [servers] or members of coterie invited my father and mother. Baha'is considered these members as innocent and faultless people according to their prophet's order. And they respected these members like innocent

Imams. The coterie was the name of their gathering. There were three people in the coterie in Iran and nine people in other countries. When my parents went there, they congratulated and expressed happiness to my father and mother for entering Baha'i community. The members told them if you want and like to be Baha'i, you should announce in order for you to be sent to foreign country for "Tasjil ". Because we aren't allowed to make anybody Baha'i in Iran on behalf of Iranian government and the invitation and acceptance of Muslims are totally banned ; although we have made a pledge not to accept anybody, Bait-al-Adl has ordered us to violate this commitment if we like and ; in fact, we are allowed to violate this contract on behalf of God. But some problems may be created for you; then, it is better to take action if you like to leave the country to become Baha'i there comfortably. And because you are introduced by Iranian Baha'is, you will be accepted by each country you like; so they will give you residency permit. My father and mother had announced there that they like to become Baha'i and they are fond of Baha'ism; but they can't announce it openly. Because they have many Muslim relatives and this issue should be kept hidden .

They had accepted, too. But we must obey all obligations which were done by other Baha'is; for instance, we must obey the orders of coterie members unquestioningly and we must participate in all the meetings which were held forcefully. For example, we must take part in 19-day meetings which are obligatory and give money like others and we must participate in other meetings amorously if we were invited and if we were taken over a responsibility by the organization we must obey unquestioningly. My parents had accepted all these conditions. I don't know whether we were decided or the organization had been decided by our tattling. But the organization wasn't harmed by us. We were extremely harmed .

Daddy always wished to go abroad. He was really happy with the coterie suggestion. But we had some problems. I got married with a family who lived in Iran. If my family left and separated from me forever, my father would become sorrowful a bit and he wouldn't know what to do. The situation changed gradually and my family wasn't happy with my marriage with Sajedi family. And every time when Reza was ringing, they were saying unhappily: Here they are again. If I weren't in love and if I weren't crazy about Reza's looks and heavenly voice, I would disagree with this marriage with an excuse and would make my family satisfied .

Our marriage contract ceremony was postponed due to my entrance exam. I studied my lessons with relaxation. Rezvan feasts approached, too. And although I had promised myself ; but I participated those celebrations; but I never danced. I attracted people's attention to myself

by wearing beautiful clothes. Some people paid more attention to me and they weren't going to get married with me; but I understood they had evil designs towards me by their salacious looks. At last, exam days approached .

I was too anxious. I overcame myself by taking a pill which had been prescribed by the doctor and my anxiety released. I remembered God and begged Him again to be accepted. I didn't like my troubles be wasted. I liked to be proud with being accepted at university. Apart from this fact, being accepted at university would create another world ahead of me and this was my utmost wish .

When I prayed, I was affected by a duality in my thought. I thought God is angry with me, sometimes and I occasionally considered myself as one of the most popular God's servants; because I was influenced by the bad proselytism of the organization and the familiarity with Baha. And this poisonous belief was being strengthened day by day and was afflicting me with a kind of extreme spiritual and intellectual crisis. My inability in selecting a right path was due to my wrong education and the indifference of my family. But, I was mature. I had observed all those promiscuities. I had observed the typical differences among those who believed in Baha'ism and those who believed in Islam. I could distinguish. Why didn't I separate my path soon; so I played with Islam and divine commandments ?

Finally the sweetest periods of my life approached. We appointed the marriage contract ceremony time. The marriage vows were recited and we could go shopping and did other programs concerning marriage contract temporarily.

I was wearing veil according to Reza's request; while I was afraid of this contradiction in my behavior to be announced to Reza's family by neighbors .

But Reza was embarrassed to shake hands with me; although, he was my close family; but he thought he isn't allowed. He was ignorant that I was shaking hands with dozens of strangers and I was willing to do this .

Reza was funny, active and playful in contrary to his calm appearance and when we were together, he was making me laugh; so that, I didn't pay attention to the passage of time. Some days had remained to our marriage contract ceremony .

He picked me up to give invitation cards to our relatives. He had brought his father's white Peugeot car. When I got off the car, he said: My dear, you are so sweet-smelling. I laughed and said it belongs to my mother's broth. She has made broth. He laughed and said: Gosh! I mean your perfume. I said: This is the perfume you had bought for me. Then it is sweet-smelling .

He looked at me romantically and said: It isn't as sweet-smelling as you. I couldn't tolerate ; so I took his hand and pressed it warmly. My beautiful and dreamlike life had started. The sweet and memorial moments with Reza were ever-lasting. The love moments were so deep and heavenly that they had joined us forever. That day, we gave all invitation cards to our relatives and ate lunch in a restaurant. We were together till evening. He brought me back home at dusk. He said: My dear. Do you know today was the best day of my life .

I said: As if, you have forgotten that you said this statement some days ago .

He said: I hadn't tasted today's taste .

I said: Then, I hope for better future days .

He winked and we said good bye to each other .

I finished the last week of singleness. At last, we held our marriage contract ceremony in a fairly big saloon. When Yusuf of my story entered the saloon wearing cream colored suit with styled hair which was shined by almond oil and some strands of his hair had fallen on his forehead, everybody was wrapped in watching him. I became more beautiful after some hours when the patient hairdresser had worn me make up. They had decorated the bridal suite so beautifully that all young girls envied .

The saloon had been divided into two parts just like other saloons and the bridal suite was arranged in female part. Reza and I sat next to each other and young girls had held a white cloth which had been decorated with pink ribbon in the form of beautiful flowers over our heads and they were robbing sugar in it. Hajj Agha was saying an interjection used and entered .

He recited the contract vows and; as usual, he asked me three times and I said yes with my father and mother's allowance. Then, everybody gave me his/her presents including golden things more. A praiser was panegyricizing in male section of saloon and his voice had echoed in our section. All programs were recording by two young girls .

That day was tiring although it was beautiful and different .

At last, all the guests left and we came back home. There were still some relatives at home. They smoldered wild rue seed. They congratulated us while they were uttering praise. Reza and his family went to their house after all relatives left. I don't know how Reza passed that night. But I was too exhausted that I slept immediately .

From that night on, Reza was living with me and whenever he wanted to go to their house, he picked me up with himself. I was so often alone. My parents were upset about this situation. But there was no way. They were afraid of some Baha'i families to come our house unexpectedly and see Reza ; although we had spoken before and it would be to tell them the reality if they understood. But we tried for both sides .

One day when Reza and I came home, we saw Elham was in our house. She was sitting in the hallway carrying a booklet in her hand. I introduced her as the instructor of institute and introduced Reza as my husband. Elham looked at us surprisingly. Maybe wearing veil made her too upset. Reza asked permission and left the hallway where Elham had sat towards Samaneh and mom who were in the kitchen. Elham and I were alone. Elham said to me surprisingly and complainingly: How quiet and unannounced you got married?!

-Excuse me. It happened at once .

-At once? ! Isn't he the same previous proposer ?

-Yes, to be honest, we loved each other .

-Then, it is a love and falling in love case. Daddy and mom aren't satisfied with our marriage; but I couldn't quit him .

-Now, which stage did you proceed ?

-We recited the wedding vows .

-I didn't expect you, at all .

-What's the matter ?

-You know these people aren't normal. They are the tenacious enemies of the Blessed Beauty .

-But I spoke with him previously. He isn't a strict and bigoted Muslim .

-Do you tell the truth? You had said he had been really religious and faithful .

-He is faithful; but he is logical .

-That is, it isn't matter for him that your family and you become Baha'i .

-No, it isn't matter. I said to him we were searching and he didn't disagree .

-So is he prone?

-I don't know. Maybe .

-What about his father and mother? Do they disagree ?

-We still didn't say them anything .

-But they will realize soon .

-After we got married, it isn't matter for me .

-Then you swindled them, in fact .

-Well, I told the truth to their son .

Aren't you afraid your marriage becomes similar to the previous one and it leads to separation .

-We love each other so much .

-You are at first stage. Don't make a mistake. You weren't too inexperienced and naive. As if love has made you mad .

-I don't know ; but I hope .

-Are you hopeful about him to be Baha'i?

-I am hopeful about everything. I hope no difference will be created between us. We really love each other .

-How long have you known each other?

-Nearly when he proposed marriage .

-Then, did you have any relationship with each other before?

-Yeah, but I said nothing because I was afraid of daddy and mom .

-Then, he should have known that you have become Baha'i and it isn't matter for him, too.

-Maybe, I don't know exactly .

-You should tell him; but you should proselytize him, at first. Maybe, he is merited to know the Blessed Beauty's faith because, he has encountered you .

-I surely speak to him. Don't speak with him, please. I don't want him to become ready to attack. I should speak with him with gentleness .

-Ok, I don't speak; but everything will become obvious .

-I know, it isn't matter, willing God , nothing will happen .

I was optimistic. I don't know it was due to my stupidity or I thought I was smart and could win by duplicity. I told these lies and thought the danger was over. I was ignorant that she was a skillful girl in the organization. She knew well that I told lies. I don't know what happened through a curtain; but after a while, I realized that other members of the organization and she weren't quite and inactive .

From that time on, Baha'is were coming to our house and having social intercourse with my family. Each Baha'i came to our house with an excuse. They remained in our house for a long time. I didn't let us entertain them. They just brainwashed us day and night. We still didn't know what the reasons of these social intercourses are? But we knew that Baha'i heads had asked them to come to our house and not to let us be alone because my father had announced we are Baha'is and they were afraid some people like uncle Ehsan and Reza's family may dissuade us. Meanwhile, they had guessed our beliefs in Baha'ism aren't so firm because we had joined with a Muslim faithful family. My veil spoke so much with the organization and not only they were all trying to uncover me but also I should prove soon that my husband has been interested in Baha'ism .

I didn't know which excuse I should use for Reza due to all of these hesitations. All of us tried to hide this great reality. One day when Reza came to pick me up to go out, some Baha'is were in our house. A young woman and a 25-year-old young girl and a 40-year-old man accompanied by a little boy had come to our house as so-called evening party .

But as if they were waiting for Reza to come because they asked his health several times. At last, Reza came unexpectedly and I wore my veil before he came. As he entered the house, one of the ladies went toward

him and said hello without having cover. She congratulated him. We became too sad because of this event which wasn't unexpected, too. We knew that this event wouldn't have a good consequence. Reza went to Samaneh's room and I followed. I was waiting for him to tell me angrily who they are. But he said: When did your guests arrive?

-It is nearly half an hour?

-Why did they come?

-Nothing, just for greeting. They are my father and mother's old friends .

-But this lady was so young .

-Their father and mother are my parents' friends .

-How many people are they?

-Her husband, her sister and her children .

-How long are they going to be here?

-I think, they will leave soon .

-Well, be ready soon. I jumped happily and kissed him. I didn't expect his lenient behavior, at all. He even didn't speak about her uncovered figure .

-Weren't you sad about her uncovered figure?

-I shouldn't be upset. It is none of my business because she herself didn't respect herself .

I thought he was going to find fault with my family who have social intercourse with such people. But he was silent. His behavior was so normal that I became relaxed and I understood there wouldn't be any argument or conflict after this silence .

As usual, he joked me a bit and then we left the room together. This time, I saw that woman's husband who called Mr. Asoudeh was stepping in the hallway. He had come there with the excuse of drinking water. Sarir was busy breaking ice in the kitchen, too .

Asoudeh shook hands with Reza and greeted. And he said to me intimately: You were right to fall in love with him. He is so nice. I was afraid he continued his speech with me; so I went to the kitchen immediately; but I heard Asoudeh's voice who said: What a Hajj Khanom you become by wearing this veil. Surely, Agha Reza has ordered you to wear veil. I bit my lip firmly. I was sure something would happen. And Reza would reply him. And Reza would recognize that they are Baha'is, at last. I didn't answer and I said to Sarir to take Mr. Asoudeh to the dining room. Sarir said: I think everything went wrong and he left the kitchen .

As if, Asoudeh wasn't going to be relaxed. He asked Reza: When is your wedding ceremony, willing God?

Reza said: One or two weeks later .

I surprised so much. Reza and telling lies? But we were to get married four months later .

Asoudeh said: You didn't invite us for marriage contract ceremony. Don't forget to invite us for wedding ceremony .

Reza said: Willing God. At that time, mom came out of the dining room and said to come to the dining room. It was a long time that I was absent in the kitchen. Reza apologized and entered the kitchen. Asoudeh who hadn't been able to disunite said: Dear Sahel, let's sit and see each other for some minutes .

My mother who felt dangerous said again: Come to the dining room, I'll take the kids there. But Asoudeh was strict. He entered his head into the kitchen and said: You'll have a lot of time to be together later. Let's sit together for some minutes. I was really confused and upset. I said: All right. We'll come soon. Unfortunately, Asoudeh wasn't going to leave. As if, he was commissioned and he must have finished it. Reza had stood up politely while he was smiling. I had made myself busy aimlessly. Asoudeh said again: Dear Sahel. Agha Reza knows you are a housewife. Come out of the kitchen .

I had to leave the kitchen and said we were going to go out. We should do a duty. Asoudeh said you weren't to hide Agha Reza. Let him come to speak to each other .

Mom said: Mr. Asoudeh, the kids have an appointment with Agha Reza's father. He is waiting for them. God willing, postpone it for the next time .

Asoudeh said: all right, ok, I don't bother you. Willing God, take Agha Reza to Ziafat meeting [party]. I should have known that he was going to tell Reza the issue and to make him aware of our nature, at first .

He wanted Reza to be aware of this issue that we have become Baha'i. I was furious; so that, I liked to have power to kill him. These inappropriate behaviors and improper intervention and urging in interloping were intentional. He was going to disunite .

I didn't know which excuse I use for Asoudeh's words. But I was trapped and couldn't escape .

When we left the house, I said angrily: This scumbag might be ill. I think he envied .

Reza said: He was so intimate with you. Do you always let family friends be so intimate with you?

-No. I swear by God. As if, this foolish man was going to disunite .

-Why? Is he your enemy?

-No, I don't know why he did so?

-He wanted to tell me something; but you didn't permit .

-No, He is talkative and wanted to prattle. His behavior is never normal .

-What does he mean by Ziafat ?

-He meant party .

-Do you have social intercourse with each other very much?

-No, I said that he just wanted to speak .

-Sahel, how much are you honest with me?

-Very much, my dear. What's the matter?

-Swear by my soul .

-I swear by your soul .

-What did that man want to tell me; but you didn't let?

-Nothing, I sweat by God .

-Don't swear anymore.

-I swear by God that I don't tell lies.

-Tell me, who was that man? How many times did you have social intercourses with each other after marriage contract?

-I said they are my parents' friends. They have come to our house once when I said to them that I love my husband so much.

-But, he said to take Reza to Ziafat. Do you take part in Ziafat?

-Ziafat means party .

-That's enough, Sahel. How long do you want to play with me?

-What do you mean by play? Which game ?

-You know it better .

-I don't understand what you mean. "O' my God, he knew everything."

-You know well too. I knew that you have social intercourse with them. But I didn't know how much do you proceed .

-Do you participate in these people' s meetings?

-Who?

-Baha'is meetings .

-Sometimes, they invited us .

-They invited you or they still invite you .

-Well, they are going to make us Baha'i and we are going to make them Muslims .

-How do you want to speak about Islam for them, alone? They are doing group and organizational activities; but you are hiding it even from me. Then, they have been more successful. Now, tell me that you cover yourself when these dastard people are present or not ?

-Yes, all the time. Why did you tell lies that we are going to get married next one or two weeks, indeed?

-Because, it was none of his business .

-But as if they have penetrated in your life so much. They have become big shots.

-No, it isn't so .

-I myself saw that you were afraid of him instead he was afraid of you .

-Why should we be afraid? Who is he?

-This is the fact that I want to know. Why are you afraid of him?

-Why do you think that we have social intercourses with them?

-We knew at first. Your uncle said you have social intercourses with Baha'is .

-Why did you accept to get married with me?

-Having social intercourse with every sect in society and people of all walks of life isn't wrong, it is bad to be like them .

-When we saw that some enemies of Islam have surrounded you, we decided to be near you more. One of their purposes is disuniting among Muslims. We mustn't let them to be successful .

-But, they don't have this purpose .

-If they didn't have, you wouldn't disagree with uncle Ehsan. Now you saw that he was going to cause sedition between us .

-I think this man was ill. All of them aren't so. They are respectful .

-What do you know about them?

-Very much. I really know them. It is nearly a year that we have social intercourse with them.

-Do you think they tell you the reality during a year .

-You are pessimistic. They are really benevolent .

-Well, if they didn't pretend to be benevolent, they wouldn't be successful to trap you .

-What do you know about them?

-I studied many books about them. They have originated from Colonialism in order to disunite, exploit and achieve their political and economic aims. If you had studied about them, you wouldn't have let them to approach you so much .

-But, they haven't harmed us so far .

-A year isn't much time to know them. Be sure, they don't show their real face and nature during a year .

-I don't understand your words. Which benefit do we have for them .

-They are searching and seeking for figures and statistics. They are going to uproot Islam and to increase their population. They are going to rule all over the world by increasing their population. Just like Shah's period of time when most of SAVAK heads and governmental attendants were Baha'i.

-But we have befriended with Baha'i families who aren't following these issues. They are really naive. They always say one of our teaching is not to meddle with politics.

-This statement is a lie. Their policy is that they first say we shouldn't meddle with policy. If you studied about them, You would

understand that they themselves is a totally political cult. Abdul Baha had been a political mercenary working for England. He has some tablets who has wished success for the Great Britain. At last, he has been bestowed the “Sir” medal which was the same as the medal which was given to Salman Roshdi by England. The reason that they say we don’t meddle with policy is that the policy of the then government of Iran isn’t beneficial for them. In Shah’s period of time, Baha’is were the top executives and statesmen. Hoveyda was Baha’i. He was the prime minister and most of the coterie members and Baha’i heads were SAVAK generals and famous SAVAK heads. Now they are shouting slogan that they don’t meddle with policy. they are telling lies. Meanwhile, don’t think that some of Baha’is are different from others.

They are being trained since childhood. As soon as they are ready to work, they know what to do like the set robots. They are doing their duties parallel to the improvement of Baha’i organization aims.

-What are you afraid of?

-My dear, they don’t have any pious intention for you. And be sure that if they aren’t successful to delude you, they will become your enemies. Apart from these statements, if you have a little religious spirit and if you value Islam as a heavenly religion, you will never befriend Islam’s enemies who are really going to uproot it.

-Then, you wanted to join me while you knew all of these information. I thought, I hid everything from you.

-As first, we became upset when we heard. We decided to leave you out. But, then when we heard you replied positively, we understood that you wouldn’t reply positively if Baha’ism could trap you. Additionally, you and I loved each other. I said to myself I would go and save her.

-Wow, my God. That is, you loved me so much?

-I loved you so much and I hated my religion enemies so much, too. I didn’t like my religion enemies to be successful. You shouldn’t be alone. If you are a little clever, you will find out that you are laid a trap.

-We knew they were trying hard to make us Baha’i. But we didn’t know it could be a trap.

-You should know that when a person keeps you away a great reality and joins you to wrong, he /she has an evil intention. You should be away from them.

-Then, I wish I had let you stay at home and discuss with them.

-See my dear, their hearts are sealed. They don’t have a bright heart nor free spirit –they are similar to a cranked dolls which are given a program to execute. They don’t have the power of wisdom.

-You’re right. I felt, too. Juniors and seniors are busy serving to the organization. They don’t have authority, at all. They are alive obeying the

organization order. If sometimes the organization tells them to die, they will definitely die.

-Then, why do you have social intercourse with them?

-Elham was teaching me. She labored a great deal for me. If we separate them, they will think we don't need them, anymore.

-Well, pay her some money as tuition. That is, this was the real reason.

-No, to be honest, my daddy and mom love Baha'is. They like to have social intercourse with them.

-Do they love Baha'is or Baha'ism?

-I don't know exactly. You can speak with my daddy.

-Now, can you tell him to tell you the truth because you are really logical.

-What about you, did you tell all the truth?

-Yeah, I don't have anything to hide.

-Can I believe?

-Yes, surely.

-He pressed my hand and continued walking with tranquility. I said to myself whether I told all the truth to him. We had become Baha'is; but he didn't know. I didn't believe in cover. We were participating in all the meetings and he didn't know; but I didn't want to lose him, at all.

-My interest toward him was increasing day by day.

-As usual, we entered a bistro and ordered two pizzas. Reza spoke about different cults so much. He said: I wish you had read the book "Cults in our midst" written by Margaret Thaler Singer. Then you wouldn't be swindled by Baha'ism.

I said to Reza: "May I ask you to tell me a summary of this book?" He said all right my dear. I will define it for you as long as I can. Deceive is the basic foundation in proselytism issue and trapping human beings in the cults. Cults use deceiving to hunt humans and they pull so many scams to save them. Cults are attractive, apparently; but they misuse in reality. The leaders of cults use complicated techniques of mental control in deceiving. If people know the function and real beliefs of cults in advance, they won't be deceived by them. A cult needs to hide the reality as long as it thinks you are ready to accept it. The cult has an elegant relationships that hides its real nature. They tell you will be so prosperous while you join them and you can be saved just in their gatherings or you can just be successful with them. And others are the deviant people. The members should be afraid of the cult head and of the consequences of disagreeing and disobedience against him/her. Personality assassination is used for you to create sin feeling. If you don't know about the personality assassination, I will tell you that, this method is a powerful one to control your deeds. The technique of

love bombardment and relationship control are used in cults to save members. Cults know this important issue: If they can control your relationships; they can control yourself. When you enter a cult for the first time, they will bombard you with love. They will find immediate friends for you. Also, cults try to cut your relationships with friends and families because they hate others influencing on you. Cults also like to manoeuvre your life ;so that, they maximize your relationships with cult members and eliminate or minimize your relationships with the people outside. In cults, any kind of announcement out of the gathering is considered devilish and members are told not to read the materials which are against the cult and not to believe them because just the information from the cult is true and if the information which is against the cult is found to be saved by a person, that person will be boycotted! In cults, members are trained to destroy any critical and antagonistic information and even this assumption that the related information may be true shouldn't be entered in their mind. In the cults, everybody is encouraged to take care of other members of the cult by using the technique of reporting and to report their functions to cult hierarchy. In the cults, the relevant members hide their real beliefs and feelings and in turn, they wear masks which represent them as faultless members in the presence of cult heads. This mask is used in order for them to be safe against the technique of reporting. Thus, these members of the cult are trained; so that, not only they deceive the external members; but also they deceive other members of the cult. In cults, the relevant members are made busy with meetings and endless missions by using time control technique in order not to let them think about personal issues because of the enormous different occupations. Time control helps the cult sink its members in the artificial situation of the cult and keeps the members away from friends and family. In the cult, they don't let you ask any question by the technique of representing the meetings more elegantly and they create a lot of enthusiasms to participate in these meetings! In cults, the value and validity of human beings and families are defined according to the extent of loyalty and more obedience of leadership and the organization. And everybody becomes important according to his/her attachment; otherwise, the system changes it into a divorce value. In cults, the human values aren't evaluated according to the extent of the ability of knowledge, merit and qualification; but the human values are being evaluated based on the extent of allegiance of a person towards the cult. Cults are dependent on self-appointed leaders. Their structure turns to perfection and eventually it has been based on attaching people to them completely. In cults, it is really difficult to escape from cult mind and thought prison. In cults, cult guard is a magic device which can negate people's conscious will and common sense. That is, people are changed into a robot being controlled

remotely. In cults, people behave according to what has been dictated to them. For example ; artificial happiness device, preaching illusion, fear and anxiety caused by isolation, continuous pressure thesis and All of those are some signs that if you and I became aware of them, we wouldn't be deceived by these friends who are dependent on Baha'ism cult .

His words were a bit difficult for me to understand. But when I compared, I understood he is right. Most of Baha'i teachings are for exploiting people. Different teachings have been presented in different time periods which are determined based on daily political issues. Eventually, that day passed well. And I became relaxed. But Reza recommended me so much not to hide anything in order for our life strength not to be decreased and for any pest in our life to be kept distant by consulting and helping each other.

He took me to my house. When mom opened the gate, she was really anxious. Although mom had called me twice and asked my mental health during the time when we were out of the house; but she was anxious. Reza said hello with his usual smiles in order to make her relaxed. Reza said: This is your daughter. Safe and healthy. On the condition that you take care of her, too.

Mom said my sweet heart, my son, come in.

Reza looked inside the house and said: "Don't you have any guest?"

Mom said;" No, they have gone."

Reza said ok, say hello to everybody. Willing God, I'll come another night. He said goodbye to me and left.

When I went into the house mom said: What had happened? Wasn't he upset?

No, he wasn't upset. He himself knew everything.

That is, what did he know?

He knew we have social intercourse with Baha'is.

Wasn't it important for him?

Yes, it was. He said you should take care in order not to be trapped by them. He said to finish these social intercourses.

How did he know?

Uncle had said to them. They knew at first. Now, why did scumbag Asoudeh do so?

Some people are sick!

I will complain about him?

Where do you complain?

Khademin [servants].

Take it easy. He did stupid action.

I don't think he is stupid. He intentionally wanted to cause sedition between Reza and I.

What do you want Khademin to do with him?

He should know and understand not to do such actions anymore. Now, it was good that Reza had understood the matter and he didn't argue with him and he made me be afraid of them.

Now, what did Reza tell?

I defined everything for mom and Samaneh. At night when my father came home, I narrated everything for him again.

Now, what should I do, daddy?

What about, my daughter.

What would you answer if Reza asked you why you had social intercourse with them?

Having social intercourse isn't forbidden.

What would you answer if he proved that they are dangerous?

That is I don't understand who is dangerous while I am old-aged ; but this guy knows and he should tell me.

Daddy, don't act obstinately. It depends on your daughters fate.

I said nothing. I will say they are our family friends.

But, he knows Baha'is are going to make us Baha'i.

Well, what should I do?

I don't know. But, behave so that our marriage doesn't end in divorce.

Nothing will happen, willing God.

Just this.

Then what do you want. Do you want us to be imprisoned at home for the sake of you. Do you want us to set our beliefs aside?

Daddy, for God's sake be serious about this issue. Don't let my previous fate happen again.

Gush. This marriage was false, at all. Their beliefs aren't similar to ours. We were afraid not to find any husband for you. We were in a hurry. There are a lot of good people. You should get married with a person whom we could be relaxed with each other.

We ourselves don't know where our comfort is. Let be what to be.

Our duty is clear. We became Baha'i. We mustn't get married with these bigoted Muslims.

You played with my fate easily again. What was my fault?

I had a lump in my throat and cried. My mom said not to make myself unhappy. Nothing has happened now.

Yeah, nothing has happened. Every time when something happened, I should divorce him. I want to prevent this event.

You can't cure and prevent an event before happening. We can do nothing now.

Sarir said this hide and seek game should be finished. To me, You should tell the truth to him.

Pardon? Which reality?

The fact that we are Baha'is.

We still haven't become Baha'i. Why are you saying continuously that we have become Baha'is. We haven't become Baha'is officially.

Why do you say this statement. Nobody will become Baha'i officially in Iran, we must go abroad.

Do we have money or credit? Don't speak about it because we don't have any money and credit. We don't have to become Baha'i officially.

Daddy said we don't have to become Baha'i officially [Tasjil]; but we are in suspension. We are neither Baha'i nor Muslim. Neither Baha'is nor Muslims trust on us. This situation should be finalized.

That is, you want to go abroad.

We should go. Why should we stay in Iran?

We should stay in Iran and live like other people.

Everybody has a clear religion.

Well, we also make it clear. What's wrong with being Muslims, at all.

Islam is Arabs' religion. We are Iranian.

Why are you going abroad if you are Iranian?

Because we are not allowed to be Baha'is officially in Iran. We have no alternative.

Then, as if you have make your decision. It isn't important for you that I can't come.

Now, we can't go soon. But when it was time to leave, you can come with your husband.

You know he doesn't come.

He will come if he loves you. If he didn't come, you can quit him. There are a lot of boys with whom you can get married.

Daddy, as if you are speaking about a common life. You don't speak about changing cloth.

Don't be strict. Don't be in a hurry like the previous one. Don't have a baby soon.

Daddy, I will never come abroad.

The misery of Iranian people is the emotional dependence; otherwise, they would be successful.

I will be successful in Iran if I want to be. It will be better not to think about going abroad unless you want to say goodbye to me forever.

Why do you say forever. Don't come if you couldn't. Come once or twice a year to see us.

Mom said: What do you say, Bahram? I can't be separated from my kid. What a pity, she hadn't been prosperous. It isn't true to leave her alone now she wants to be relaxed.

Gush, everybody says something. What should I do? I can't demonstrate my belief and I don't have status among Baha'is. You don't let me be free for the rest of my lifetime. You have built a prison for me and tell me to go into it. I want to live. Why don't you understand.

Daddy had raised his voice while speaking. He was speaking about high cost of living, the political situation and the false advertisements concerning clergymen. He was speaking about everybody groaning. I understood I couldn't ask my father for help in order to save my common life. He easily commanded divorce for my life.

That night, the argument was vain. We waited for the fate without knowing what we should do. But human beings make the fate. Our fates were made by my father's inattention and imprudence.

I couldn't sleep because I was sorrowful. I really didn't know what to do. Sometimes, I complained God why doesn't He bestow me prosperity and what's the reason that my life is full of problems. My problem was solvable. Sometimes, I thought to tell everything to Reza.

But he wasn't such a person who could come to terms with this issue. He said Baha'is don't believe in Imam Zaman (P.H.) because they don't have ceremonial washing and they assume partner for God and they don't value the holy Quran and the finality. They have elected a trickster as God and prophet; so they are atheists. They are pagan and tainted people. According to Reza, their foods shouldn't be eaten and nobody should get married with them. Our common life will definitely end in divorce. Or at last, he will tell me not to have social intercourse with my family.

Unfortunately my problem was bilateral. That is, Baha'is also didn't know we have joined with a faithful and tied family. And we should hide this issue, too. Otherwise, I could refer to Baha'i heads to solve my problem.

I had no way but let time determine my destiny. But, as if time couldn't determine my destiny and affect it; but hidden hands determined my fate and I was unaware of them. Some days later, I received the results of entrance examination. Sarir had bought a computer before. Reza said names are registered in internet before registering in newspapers. I can achieve them. Reza came to our house in the evening that day. He was harassing me continuously. And he said if you didn't accept, I would call you pumpkin. I had a strange anxiety. As if all my body cells had been turbulent. I wasn't calm for a moment. Samaneh was relaxed because she knew she would be accepted. But she was stressful, too. She was appealing God for getting good rank. Although Reza entered Samaneh's name first; but I was anxious. The heavy moments of time were passing slowly for me. I had held my breath in. Daddy came and saw we have gathered round the computer. He stood beside us before

changing his clothes and washing his socks to see our spiritual excitements. My heart was beating so fast that I felt I could hear it. Reza said at once: Here it is. I closed my eyes in order to just listen. He said Samaneh Qadimi whose score is 216. Bravo. All of us screamed and congratulated Samaneh. My mom kissed her. Samaneh was jumping and was happy. Then we were all silent. This time he entered my name and also my ID card number and other features. I held my breath in again. My feeling wasn't usual and natural due to anxiety and excitement. Then he said: I congratulated you. You have been accepted and he said with a loud voice: Sahel Qadimi. Azad university.

I raised my head towards the sky and said thanks God. My mom kissed me and congratulated. I kissed Samaneh, too and congratulated. Daddy congratulated both of us, too. Sarir was also happy. Reza took my hand and said happy my dear. Willing God. I will see your success more.

I thanked him and he said to Samaneh.

Samaneh Khanom, I congratulated you, bravo. Your score is really good.

You should buy sweet for us.

Give Sahel's sweet first. I will buy sweet for you, too.

Gush, why should I buy sweet. This lady is going to be successful.

As if, this lady is your wife

Anything you say. Tomorrow night all of you will be my guests. Is it good?

Thank you, cheers

Laughing and happiness expanded all of the room. Mom said: Come and arrange the table for dinner.

While we were arranging the table, I was really happy. Although I knew that Azad university expenses are too high; but I was proud because I could be accepted at university, at last. And I felt successful.

But this happiness didn't last. We had started eating dinner while somebody rang. Sarir opened the door. Everybody was looking towards the door while screaming and whistling were heard out of the house. Baha'i youth had decided to take us by surprise by giving us the news of our being accepted. They entered our house while they were making a lot of noise. There were some young boys and girls including Elham, Elmira, Navid and Vahid. They all shook hands with my family members and wanted to shake hands with Reza and I.

Reza didn't shake hands with them. And I just shook hands with the girls. They were making a lot of noise; as if, it is a wedding ceremony. One of them had brought a CD containing a very happy music to put it in computer CD drive and some moments later, everybody was dancing at the middle of the dining room. They were whistling.

Everybody was telling we want dinner. Hurry up. Hurry up. Reza had crouched in a corner and looked at me. He left the dining room. I followed him. He went to Samaneh's room. I followed him, too. He sat on Samaneh's bed and said who are these people? I said you know.

You have embolden them a lot. Go and wash your hands and come back.

Didn't you shake hands with anybody?

No, nobody. Rude girls! They don't act bashfully.

What should I say.

I don't understand what is happening here. How do they know your personal information? Do they have your ID card? How can they come to your house whenever they like?

Yeah, they want to be intimate with us in this way.

They have become intimate before. Sahel, I can't tolerate this condition, at all. What are these rascals and villains doing in your house? How long is the gate open for them like caravanserai one.

Your father and mother shook hands with everybody easily, Samaneh shook hands with all the boys, too. What has happened here. Maybe, you have become Baha'i, I don't know. Don't betray me more, tell me if you are Baha'i. Your family are out of hand. Is it clear what they are doing?

I hadn't seen Reza too angry till that time. His face had turned red. He unconsciously drew his hand firmly on his eyebrows; so that his face skin stretched. I knew that he is furious; but I didn't know what to say to make him relaxed. I was silent while he was speaking continuously.

Your uncle Ehsan should have said us how much you have advanced. He betrayed us. You have totally advanced. Why did he sacrifice us when he knew the situation?

I had a lump in my throat and cried and I said my uncle didn't know anything.

He shouldn't introduce you as a religious family if he didn't know anything.

We were religious. We changed because they had social intercourse with us a lot.

Why didn't you say you changed? Why did you wear masks? Why did you hide reality? My father and mother will complain you if they understand. Why did you join Muslims while you wanted to be Baha'is. You could trap one of these boys. You praise these people. I said crying:

Reza, I had fallen in love with you.

Had you fallen in love with me or you had laid a trap for me? Did you think you could make me Baha'i? You made a mistake. I don't change the name of my religion with thousands of these filthy political cults. Sahel, I had said to you to tell me everything at first; but you hid everything. Then, it would be clear that you have social intercourse with

Baha'is gradually. Then, it would be obvious that you aren't Muslims at all. Why did you play with me? Why didn't you tell the truth?

We are Muslims.

You are telling lies again. Have the courage. Be yourself. How long do you want to speak under the mask?

How long do you want to play. They don't say hello to you, at all. I don't know what they said instead of hello containing Baha name.

Yes, their hello is different.

Then, don't say you are Muslims.

Tell me you have become Baha'is. Tell me and make me relaxed. I am too miserable and unlucky. Why did you play with me?

I swear we didn't become Baha'i. I swear by God we aren't Baha'i. But they want to make us get involved.

They are damned wrong. you have embolden them. Why don't they come to proselytize us. There is something that it should be clear. The sound of Baha'i youth's laughs and guffaws bothered me. I was cursing them.

Also, I was beholden to Elham who had helped me be accepted at university. But Reza's agonizing was really hard for me. I liked to make him relaxed by any means. I sat beside him and put my hand round his waist. He drew himself aside and said:

Everything was over. Leave me alone.

Don't say Reza. What is my fault?

What's your fault? You betrayed me. You hid your nature. You played a role for me. The role of covered girls. The role of religious girls. But you aren't religious and covered. If you were, these illegitimate people wouldn't shake hands with you.

They are damned wrong. You saw I didn't shake hands with them.

It is clear that you had shaken hands with them; otherwise, they didn't do that.

Maybe, they want to disunite you and I. You saw that one was doing this action.

That is, hadn't you shaken hands with them? Weren't you dancing with them. Should I believe they came to your house like desert Jinns suddenly and unexpectedly and danced.

Yeah, believe it, believe it.

That's enough, Sahel. I have become tired. I am not a child. I said you first that in material life, honesty is the most important factor. But you didn't understand. You should leave me.

Don't say such words. I will die, Reza.

There are a lot of people around you. You won't die. Don't be afraid.

Don't taunt. You said we shouldn't leave you alone.

You didn't tell me the truth. You deceived me. He picked up his coat and said don't call me anymore, please. Everything should be finished very soon.

I stood in front of him and said I beg you. I'll die without, Reza I swear by God.

Don't urge Sahel. We aren't suitable for each other.

But we are suitable for each other. I swear you by God not to be too strict.

Not to be too strict! or I let our house be a caravanserai. Each hooligan enters in my house every time and I don't be strict; so I let you kiss them.

Don't bother me Reza. I ...

My words hadn't been finished when somebody knocked the room door. Reza opened the door and we saw one of them called Raheleh was at the door. She said laughing: Your wife owes us a dinner and I have come here to see her to promise us to give us a dinner.

Then she turned to me and said: Why don't you come among us. Listen, they are calling you.

A horrible call was listened that rejected any purity and honesty. They were calling unanimously: Sahel should dance. She shouldn't be afraid of her husband. Sahel should dance. She shouldn't be afraid of her husband.

I understood that flattering was vain, any more. I understood I lost my dear Reza forever. Reza looked at me furiously. He passed Raheleh angrily and left our house. My mother followed him; but he had gone. I fell on the bed and cried with a loud voice. Raheleh who had finished her mission well said as if she didn't know anything: Did you argue with each other?

Why did he go?

I said: Don't you really know?

No, what should we know?

He left here because of you.

Because of us? What did you do?

I still hadn't told him that we have become Baha'i.

Why hadn't you told. You made a mistake. We as Baha'is don't tell lies, at all. You should tell him the truth. I gradually wanted to tell him.

What do you mean by gradually? You should have told him before marriage contract. If he became unhappy, everything would finish at that time.

You had told Elham that he was prone.

Leave me alone. I told a lie.

My dear, this is the consequence of telling lies. You made a mistake, at first. Why did you join a bigoted Muslim family while you became Baha'i?

Leave me alone. I was damned wrong. Are you satisfied?

Now, don't cry. Nothing has happened. You will live with him if it is your destiny. Be sure, he will come back. If it isn't your destiny, nothing has happened.

What do you mean by destiny. I love him. I swear you by God to leave me alone.

Destiny means you shouldn't oppress. Everybody doesn't achieve his/her love. You want to get married with a person forcefully who isn't the same as you concerning dignity. You are so merited. You were in a hurry. If you went to periodic camp with the organization once, the best boys would follow you.

Yeah. I see the best boys are following Baha'i girls now.

Don't taunt. If you mean me, I myself wouldn't like to get married because I want to devote myself to the Blessed Beauty. I don't like getting married and having a baby prevent me.

I beg you to leave me alone.

Don't be too sorrowful, my dear, be sure he will come back. Be strict this time. Tell him I am so. You can stay if you like and you can leave if you don't like.

I said: "He never come back. And I cried with a loud voice.

The kids had become silent. My parents were listening to Raheleh and I at the door. After some minutes, I heard my parents, Raheleh and Elham were chatting about me. I stood up and turned to my father and said: Did you see. Were you relaxed. He went and he will never come back.

Well, it isn't matter he went. I said this marriage was wrong, at first.

Why didn't you prevent this marriage, at first while you wanted to destroy this marriage.

I don't know. You yourselves prepared all the facilities of the marriage. You yourselves called them. Did you consult with me?

Why didn't you disagree when you understood?

It was vain. You had made your decision. Nothing has happened now. Don't cry. Stand up and don't disturb your guests.

I beg you to leave me alone.

That night everybody spoke with me for hours and wanted to make me understand that this marriage isn't suitable for me. There isn't any harmony and it will end in divorce. Then, it is better for me to leave him and to think about a better and a more suitable marriage. But Reza's face were always coming in my view and I were crying more amorously than before. I wished I had been a bird to fly, approach him and save him not to suffer any pain and sorrow. When the room became empty, I called

him. After some minutes, he made it busy. I called again and he was making it busy. He didn't answer. I sent a message for him "My dear, I beg you to answer." But he turned off his cell phone. I couldn't tolerate those heavy moments, at all. I wished I had been next to him that night till dawn. I wished I had felt his presence beside me even if we were to be divorced. His presence was giving heat to my heart. His presence was making my soul and spirit relaxed.

That fateful night was one of my longest one in my life. I had cried too much that my eyes were smarting and my head was painful. I was awake till dawn. I was thinking about the ways to approach Reza in my life. I said to myself: "I will appeal him too much that it will be hard for him to separate from me and he will feel sinful. I will promise him not to have even a slightest relationship with Baha'is. I will promise him to cut my relationship with my family if it is necessary."

I didn't know what will happen. I was waiting for hard days and harder ones. I called him the next night. I didn't dare to call his house phone. I didn't succeed till noon.

At last he answered me after calling a lot. And his sweet voice would soothe my heart. He said coldly: "Didn't I say not to call me anymore." My dear come to see you. Let's chat.

We don't have any word to say.

But I am dying. I beg you not to be so unfriendly.

Did you take pity on me?

I loved you. I didn't like to lose you.

What is this love that you didn't show kindness? You wanted to have both.

I was damned wrong. Forgive me. But don't separate from me. Eventually, there is a solution for each problem.

Which solution? You did in such a way that no solution can be found.

I promise to behave according to your favor. I will say to my family not to allow Baha'is to come to our house and not to have any relationship with them.

I said they are really rude. As if you are dancing well. They urged you to dance.

No, they just want to disunite us. Believe me.

I know; but I can't defend you. You aren't merited for me to defend you.

I beg you to forgive me and to forget everything. I promise you to solve everything.

It isn't understandable for me. You could play a role easily and could deceive me. I can't trust you, at all.

Your family could foisted their daughter on me, too.

Well, finish these statements. I will solve this issue through every solution you like. I will do everything you say.

I don't know what's wrong there. Your parents should answer to me. This issue won't solve easily.

All right, my dear. Let's say our statements. Come to our house tonight to speak to my father and mother. Didn't you say anything to your parents?

No, I haven't say anything; but our problem should be solved tonight.

Ok, my sweet heart. Come certainly I am waiting for you.

Good bye.

No, don't say goodbye with such a tone.

I can't, now.

You can. Don't disturb me.

I said I can't. Good bye.

Good bye.

When our conversation ended, I cried happily. I became hopeful. There was a hope array. And I could possess Reza for myself forever by giving him some promises. He was my eternal love. He was unique. I adored him very much

I kept in touch with daddy immediately. And I asked when he would come home.

He said: I am coming. Why?

Nothing. I want to speak to you.

All right. I am coming.

When my father came, I said to him that Reza is coming to speak to you about me tonight. He wants to know what is happening here. He wants to ask you why you hasn't told him that you had become Baha'i?

Does he know? Did you tell him, at last?

No, daddy. He just guesses. Their behaviors showed.

He said: Why are Baha'is allowed to come to you house unannounced every time they like and dance. He said: How do your father and mother and Samaneh shake hands with strangers?

What did you tell him?

Nothing. We are so. If he is too angry, he can leave us.

Daddy, I swear you by God not to be too cool. My destiny is destroying.

Your destiny won't be ruined by drawing a retarded element a side.

Daddy, I beg you. For the sake of me. For the sake of me.

We had spoken about this issue before. We can't be ensnared by you. We can't be ensnared by your unseasonable caprice.

What do you mean by unseasonable caprice? He is my husband.

He still isn't your husband.

We have recited the wedding vows.

Nothing has happened. Just the wedding vows have been recited. Reza and I love each other. Daddy, why are you behaving us so? We made a mistake. We made a mistake, at first. Now, it isn't late to compensate this mistake. He should know the reality.

That is, do you want to tell him the truth?

Yeah, he may accept or quit here.

You play with a human feelings easily. He will complain you.

He can't. He doesn't have any document.

This is a tyranny. This is a treacherous act.

Don't show concern for him.

I sympathize for myself. I wasn't faulty. Other girls' parents save their kids' face. You disgraced me. People prepare tranquility for their kids. You destroy my tranquility. I swear by God to kill myself. I have become tried. Then, I cried loudly.

Mom who had sympathized me so much said: Bahram, do an action. I say it is better to keep him, anyway. Don't tell him the reality. He deserves pity. Sahel will die, too.

It is impossible ,madam. Everything will be obvious and revealed one day.

He will find out, at last and this situation will happen again. It is better to tell him the reality soon and to finish this issue.

I felt the sever strikes of stupidity and simplicity on my soul and spirit. So often, human beings assume silly actions as cleverness. And they will be trapped in a ruin place like me. The continuation of argument with my father was useless. I went to the room crying. I remembered God. And I appealed. The thought of losing Reza was going to make me mad. I loved him so much that it was intolerable for me to think about the suffering by which he was affected.

I adored him so much that I didn't want him to be suffered. And I was ready to have all the torment of the world. But he doesn't suffer. Sameaneh tried to make me calm down. But I just cried and appealed God. As if, the punishment of such duplicity was heavy and I suffered retribution in the worst form. I consulted with Samaneh till sunset and the result was obvious. My father had made his decision and he wanted to achieve his ambition with the price of sacrificing his daughter.

He had decided to go abroad by enticing the organization. He considered Reza and his family as the only obstacles. Thus, he liked this marriage to be destroyed. Samaneh wanted to make me relaxed by any means. She suggested me to leave the house and to go to a park.

She urged and I accepted. When we arrived the park, I became too sorrowful. As if, the nature explained my essence reality. I still wasn't irritated anybody except my father and myself. Although all members of my family were guilty and condemned for this inexperience.

But all of this misery was started when I became familiar with Elham. She could attract my family and me via the special tricks that she had learnt and now, the ill-fated shadow of this deviant cult had covered our life.

And heinousness and filth were dominating all our humane essence and were changing us into an animal which rip other creatures intrinsically to survive. This selfishness and predatoriness had never be done by us before changing our religion.

We walked for an hour. Then, I kept in touch with Reza and said: Your coming is useless. My father isn't going to stop having social intercourse with Baha'i families. I cried and said I should be sacrificed and I should be tormented. Tell me what to do. He sympathized me. He asked my address and said: I'll be there in some minutes. When he arrived, Samaneh wanted to leave there ; but Reza prevented her and said we haven't private words. It is better for you to stay here to find a solution for this problem. Then he asked about the adventure of our familiarity with Elham's family and other Baha'i members and became aware. Then he said wistfully and painfully: "Not to have a strong faith and belief can be too destructive, in fact. And this is the mundane result. How can they answer the other world.

Then he said: Dear Sahel, life isn't a game that you will start it again and again if you put your chessmen mistakenly and become checkmated. Life is ahead of these thoughts. Maybe, you make a mistake once while your life will be trodden. According to this rule, I should get married with a person who hasn't a family; but I have to decide ;although, it is too hard for me. But, it isn't advisable to have social intercourse with a family who let everybody come into their house. However, I know that my family will extremely disagree. But if you like, I can rent a house and go to our house without any ceremony. You aren't allowed to go to your father's house as long as he urges strangers coming into his house. Meanwhile, I thought you were a faithful and pious girl. You should prove me you were so and you will be so in order for our life to be vaccinated.

Otherwise, our life won't tolerate against any fatal storm. Samaneh said: Now, why are you strict, Agha Reza? We want to have social intercourse with Baha'is. It is none of Sahel's business.

Reza said: Samaneh Khanom, the foundation of human beings' lives depends on their beliefs. Having social intercourse with Baha'is means accepting their teachings and not paying attention to our beliefs. Having social intercourse with them isn't allowable when the bases of human life is to be threatened or endangered and when I know what their purpose is, I never endanger my life and my wife's one. They uproot us gradually like the pests.

I sympathize Sahel; otherwise, everybody who were in my shoes and encountered such duplicity and betrayal, s/he would at least revenge. What your family did toward me wasn't likeable. I still haven't said anything to my family and I don't know how I should tell in order for any tumult not to be happened. Because, my father and mother are really sensitive about these issues. They searches for a long time to find and to join a person who is honest at first, at least. A person who is agreeable and sincere. But your family behaved badly with us. Samaneh said we made a mistake, indeed. We thought you are of open-minded families.

Reza said immediately: Samaneh Khanom, shaking hands with strangers, being without a veil and impudence are considered as the lack of concern not the open-mindedness and promiscuity. Involving in immoral issues, living in pleasure, voluptuousness and promiscuity aren't of the religion teachings and if a school offers such teachings isn't a religion, at all. But it is irreligiousness and facelessness. Unfortunately, you were unaware of the religion facts. So you were influenced by the enemies of the religion easily. I advise you to become alert as soon as possible and rescue yourself from the organization. As I told, the human belief gives him/her value, originality and honor.

If you become faithful in religion issues, you will be similar to a bare land that everybody can plant everything in it. Why don't you plant flower in your mind and spirit land in order for yourself and other people to use it. And also, Islamic teachings can exploit it. If this idea becomes practical, the world will become like a garden of flowers. Each kind of lawbreaking, decay, deviance and violation is due to not regulating the Islamic teachings and commandments.

But in Baha'ism, if a person is affected by decay and prostitution, it will be due to the improper freedoms granted him/her by his/her school. Have a firm and logical religion, avoided doing many immoral actions and having immoral thoughts, dissuaded from doing something that is forbidden by the religion and ordered to do something that is right, we do a lot of errors. So, what about the people of a school in which there isn't admonishing fellow believes to do right and to avoid sin and doing sins is one of its teachings. Be sure, the decay and the devastation are obvious signs of this school and all of its people and followers are of the main victims.

Samaneh said: I don't like the strictness of Islam. I like to be relaxed and free.

Reza said: Then, you should give a fine for your laziness and moving with your back to temperament in this world and the futurity. Inattentiveness to divine orders is a great sin, Samaneh Khanom. Our prophet was extremely tormented to bring about the great religion of Islam for us and our Imam suffered many calamities and hardships, too.

Inattentiveness to the religion means the ignorance toward the prophet's sufferings and trampling Imams' blood. And this action will definitely have its own hard punishment. You buy hell fire for yourself to be relaxed and free for some days in this world. Because not only you will tyrannize your essence; but also, you'll waste and destroy the sufferings of your previous pious generations. You will also waste your next generations. Because they will be affected by your physical and spiritual immortalities, such as not regulating legitimate or illegitimate things.

In fact, you will taint a nation. Inattentiveness to the religion is similar to atheism. Be careful Samaneh Khanom not to be atheist. The argument between Samaneh and Reza lasted a bit. Reza's words were logical and beneficial and made us become alert a bit; but as if, some sins don't let human being to repent and human can't do proper and likeable actions and is unable to do right and charitable deeds.

It was completely dark. Reza welcomed us to our house and he said goodbye before anybody saw him and he came back. There was a gap between Reza and my family and this made me be tormented. I thought I have become prosperous. I thought I have the best fortune. But I didn't complain God, anymore. Some problems changed my nice fortune into misery and torment. And these problems included coming strangers in our house and the stupidity of my family.

Mom opened the door. And asked quickly: What was happened? Did you speak to him?

Yeah, he said you should cut your relationship with your family.

Gush unless I have find my daughter in a way that I give her to others and don't know about her health and situation.

Well, you were guilty, mom. You knew the family you joined.

We knew; but we are regretted now. We weren't sinful.

Isn't it a sin that a young boy came to get married with your widow daughter and then he should divorce because of your making mistake.

Mom said quietly: We weren't guilty much.

Then who was guilty? Those God's servants were unaware.

Your father says the organization has ordered for this marriage to be destroyed.

What do you mean it must be destroyed?

Yeah, after your marriage contract when the organization knew the person whom we joined, they searched about this family. They understood that they were really bigoted. They called your father and said him whether you must prevent your daughter's marriage or you should make this boy Baha'i.

The organization is damned wrong. It can't determine my destiny.

Well, the organization is right. We joined this family without thinking. We should have thought about these issues. Now, this is the best way. The organization desires our welfare.

Then, this was the reason that they were coming to our house in shoal. This was their aim.

They didn't have bad intention. They desired our welfare.

What should I do if I don't like them to desire me welfare?

You aren't merited. These God's servants have suffered difficulties and have searched instead of us. Now, they are right. We have two ways. Either Reza should be Baha'i or you should separate him; otherwise, you will become miserable.

No, there is also one more way. I will remain Muslim. I won't become Baha'i. I won't have any relationship with Baha'is.

We are Baha'i, too.

Well, I won't have any social intercourse with you.

Well done, what do you say. After suffering heartache for your raising, getting married and divorcing and suffering thousands of misery, being humiliated among people and grieving for your kid, paying lots of money to the lawyer, you compensated our troubles very well. Shame on you, poor girl. You have forgotten your past life like parvenu people. Did you think he will prepare and do anything for you. He will cause grief for you some years later when he becomes tired of you. He won't let you to see Sina, too. Because he will see you don't have anybody to support you. He will show off your widowhood; so that you will be sick of life. Now, sacrifice everybody for him and leave here. You won't have any place to come back if you leave here.

I was in a horrible tightness. My mother was right. My essence had created a lot of torment and inconvenience. As I remembered, my father and mother were concerned about me. As if, my troubles were endless for them. I like to end all of these troubles, sufferings and torments. On the other side, the ray of Reza's love was lightening my soul and spirit and I had been overcome by that light. Separating him was impossible for me. I was feeling all those prosperity beside him and now how could I leave it for another one? His warm essence had made my life meaningful and his enjoyable voice was giving new life to all my life. I didn't have the power of choosing and disability had made me a movable dead body. I couldn't find any solution but dying.

At the middle of night, Samaneh asked me:

Haven't you slept yet?

No, I wish I could sleep and never get up.

Gush! Don't be too strict. You are making an idol out of Reza.

I don't know what to do. I am getting crazy.

If I were you, I would divorce him. I can find another husband but you can't find father and mother.

It is too hard, Samaneh. How can I live without him.

You will forget. We will have social intercourse with Baha'is. We will participate in different meetings and programs and recreational camps. You can take over some responsibilities, too. You will become quite amused. According to my opinion, don't make a gap between yourself and us. You know Reza will never let you have social intercourse with us.

But, his idea may change and he may let.

What would you do if he didn't let.

I will ask him.

What would you do if he said I don't let you.

I will urge. I will appeal. He is so compassionate. So, he will accept.

Then, don't bother yourself. So, sleep.

Goodnight.

Early morning when I opened my eyes, the world had become dark for me. I didn't like to get up. I didn't have any hope to continue my life. All of my wish was going to be destroyed. Anyway, I got up to see Reza's face. I never thought another person's love decreases the remembrance of my only beloved. The retention of Sina's mellifluousness and masterstroke had been faded because of the problems I would have ahead. I knew Reza still hadn't woken up; but I sent him a message and wrote: Ring me if you are awake.

After some moments the phone rang. I picked up my cell phone immediately and said hello. Reza was kind and relaxed, as usual. I said to him:

Dear Reza, I want you to assume yourself to be in my shoes. I want you to understand me. I beg you to understand me. Which one should I elect between you and my parents?

Well, it is clear! Your father and mother.

That is, should I divorce you?

There will be no way if your problem solves so.

You know that my problem won't solve so. I will die without you.

Don't make a mistake. You won't die without me.

You know you are the only one I have.

Your mistake is that you shouldn't elect between your family and me. You should choose your life way. You should select your guideline. The reason that I accepted to have a quarrel with my family was that I was responsible for you. Leaving you meant leaving you with evil. I am afraid you lose your futurity by living in that house.

I don't know what I should do. Because I am trapped between you and the organization. Everybody is thinking about his/her benefits. I am being wasted.

You make a mistake. I don't think about my interests. I sympathize you. But the organization is thinking about its benefits. If you become Baha'i or Muslim, it won't differ for me and Islam.

Islam isn't following the statistics. Increasing the number of Muslims isn't the aim of Islam. The purpose of Islam is your prosperity and your achievement to the real perfection. But the purpose of the organization is adding the Baha'i population. Because it makes progress stairs out of people. It exploits people.

I am not familiar with these expressions more; but I am trapped between my parents and you. Whenever I will be, I will select my way beside my father and mother or you. It won't differ where I will be if I am to be Muslim.

Then, I can't think to be in your shoes. Because I would think about my finale. I would think about my finale and what is advisable for me. You still don't know what is advisable for you. You still don't select any purpose or way for your life. You are aimless. You are unidentified. If you were purposeful or motivated, you would surely sacrifice both your parents and I for your way. Like many people who sacrificed everything even their lives for their aims. For instance, the martyrs of eight-year sacred defense that you have observed they were martyred in shoal because of preserving their religion and home.

I am getting crazy, Reza. Please help me.

My dear, you yourself should make decision.

Well, climb down a bit. I will get married with you and I will visit my father and mother with you, just with you. All right?

That is, do you promise me not to visit your parents without me?

Yeah, I promise.

Do you promise me not to speak with Baha'is?

Yeah, I promise.

Do you promise to pray and hoist up yourself spiritually?

Yeah, I promise. I swear by Gob to be what you say. Don't separate from me.

All right. Then, be ready in the afternoon to search for a house.

Wow! Thanks God.

It is going to be late, my dear. I should go to work.

Ok, My sweet heart. I am waiting for you this afternoon.

I couldn't believe that my problem had easily solved so. And this was God's mercy, too. The merciful God hadn't forgotten me. He hadn't relinquished me. He was still Merciful with me. His blessings were still bestowing to me. I promised myself to thank Him for his kindnesses and

mercies. I promised to do what I promised to Reza. I decided to pray. And this was the beginning of my misery. Evil increased its attempt and started to harass me.

I performed ablution quickly and prayed. I had given up prayer for years. When I wore my white prayer veil, as if it was the first time that God was waiting for me. I felt God's arm is open and I thought God is compassionate and He will forgive all my sins. And the holy Imams have been annoyed by me. Sometimes, the situation became reversed. Instead of asking Imams to intercede me to God I was saying like children that: O' God I am ashamed of my prophet and Imams please ask them to forgive me.

My life circumstance wasn't religious. I wasn't even familiar with religious expressions and different prayers in Islam more. I was just trained some prayers and surah at school. I had just paid attention to them. We were watching satellite days and nights and paying attention to inappropriate behaviors of the actors or actresses and different singers.

I felt pure while I was prostrating. I don't know how much it lasted; but I said O' God forgive me for one thousand times.

When I finished prostrating, my face had been covered with sweat. I don't know how deep was my baptism. But I knew that my father is a perfect Baha'i and my mother was following my father, too. Sarir and Samaneh lived in pleasure. I was afraid of being ridiculed and told by them that I have become mad due to Reza's love. But just God knew that Reza's love was due to God's mercy and he was the only person who guided me toward God.

I said whatsoever had been said between Reza and I to my mother and Samaneh. Mom said: I don't know. Anything you decided. You will get involved.

I said I feel prosperous beside Reza. Involvement is meaningless for me, mom.

Samaneh said: Lucky you. You are in love so much.

Mom said: She isn't in love. She sympathized Reza. I know my daughter. She sacrifices herself just because of sympathy.

I said: No, mom, don't make a mistake. I really love Reza. In fact, he sympathized me.

Mom said: Don't underestimate yourself. He is just a banker.

The routine and repeated words started. Mom said: Now, did you pray at the bottom of your heart or the Excellency Agha Reza had ordered.

If he orders, I will become prosperous. He doesn't make decisions on behalf of me like the organization.

The organization just wants what is best for you. Now, don't listen; so you will be punished.

Mom, as if you have become Baha'i. You speak just like them.

Willing God, we are Baha'is.

I have made my decision. I think I won't see Elham, anymore and I will never listen to her.

I can't force you. Anything you decided. Fortunately, religion isn't obligatory in Baha'ism.

Human beings can select each religion they like since they are 15 years of age.

Well, then, there won't be any problem. Tell daddy what happened. I won't have the wedding ceremony. I want to go to my house without ceremony.

It is impossible.

Mom, don't prevent me. let me go.

Why are you in a hurry, daughter. You will be regretted later.

No, I won't regret.

You weren't satisfied in the previous time and we urged and became regretted. No, we aren't satisfied and you urge. Be sure, you will be regretted.

Don't worry. This time is different from the previous one.

But, I don't think your father let you get married quietly without holding the ceremony.

Gush! Why do we have ceremony? We had an exhaustive marriage contract ceremony.

You're his oldest offspring. He doesn't like to be shy among relatives.

O' God. I don't know why he likes to relate our life with others.

We are living among people. We don't live in an island.

Don't say among people. Say for people's sake. I swear you by God to quit me. Let me be relaxed.

When your daddy comes, I will speak with him.

When my father realized that my problem has easily solved and I should have social intercourse with my family with the presence of Reza himself, he didn't react badly.

And he didn't disagree, at all. When I said with much fear and trembling that I am going to go to my house without holding any wedding ceremony, he asked: Do Reza's family disagree? I said: His family still doesn't know about these matters. He said: Then, make them aware. We will decide later.

I asked: Do you agree if they agree? He said I will decide later and he didn't announce the definite disagreement.

But it was interesting for me when I realized that he urges a lot about Sina. He says you should take him with any possible way. Sina should raise beside you. I said Reza is agree. I am waiting for Sohrab to get married to take Sina with this excuse. I knew that my father is attached to

Sina. That is, all members of my family were extremely attached to him. But I didn't understand the unprovoked insistence of my father. He even insisted me to tell Sohrab that I want to visit Sina more, not once a week. He believed I should bring Sina to our house two or three times a week.

I said I will try; but I don't think Sohrab accepts. I thanked him because he didn't disagree with my marriage and because of his fatherly sympathy; although I knew he was so bound for holding ceremony. Everybody became surprised because of his magnanimous behavior. I wish I jumped and wounded my arms around his neck like my adolescence periods and kissed him a lot; but I was ashamed to do such behaviors since I had gotten married; but I thanked him so much that he said: I myself will search to find a house for you. Your mother and Samaneh will look for to find a suitable house for you. I screamed again and said thank you dear daddy. My sweet heart.

My father continued again with relaxation: Take Reza here at night for dinner.

Mom said: You tell us to search for house then you invite guest.

Daddy said: I will order and buy dinner from a restaurant. But we will rent a house for them to go to their house with any possible way.

I was really happy. I found a suitable time to go to my room and I coiled my hands and said: O' God, your kindness is limitless. Bestow me your slavery merit with the best manner. I hope I will be such a person that you like. I put on some make up and then I became busy pressing my veil.

Some minutes later, I was quite ready when Reza rang. Daddy was still at home. Reza wasn't enthusiastic about visiting my parents as before. My parents came towards the gate and invited him for dinner after greeting. Their behaviors were so good that Reza was influenced. His eyes were shining. Daddy and mom asked about the details of the house which Reza could afford it to rent. Then, we said goodbye to them.

As usual, Reza had brought his father's white Peugeot car. We headed off together. We entered every real estate in our way. We were trying to find a small and efficient house, based on the money we had. We took some house addresses; but we didn't like. Then mom called and said to go to that address that she said. When we arrived the mentioned address, mom and Samaneh were waiting for us along with a man from the real estate. All together entered the flat. It was a small but delightful house. It had the big windows opening to a street. Enough light lightened most parts of the unit. It was painted and chic and the floor was covered with ceramic. It was much better than the houses which we had seen.

We were to go to the same real state to enter into contact. We didn't think to find a house so quickly. But when they kept in touch with the landlord, he was to come to the real estate to enter into contract at 2

o'clock next afternoon. We also decided to speak with Reza's father and mother in order not to be annoyed.

After that, we went to Reza's father's carpentry shop. We made him aware of our intention. At first, he became a little sad; but then he accepted and didn't disagree. Then Reza informed the issue to his mother by phone there. She didn't disagree, too. Everything was going my way. We could go to our love house the next day and arrange my dowry.

That night, we came back home. And we waited for daddy to bring the food. My father arrived and we arranged the table. Although there wasn't any problem apparently; but I felt a large gap between Reza and my parents. The difference in beliefs had made them not have much to speak with each other. We had even hid our satellite. Reza's praying and mine had added to my parents dissatisfaction.

After eating dinner and fruit, Reza said goodbye and left. Next day was Thursday when my father reminded me not to forget Sina and to try to see him more than once a week.

The next day early in the morning, I woke up enthusiastically to see Sina and to have a good day. I wasn't sorrowful and depressed, anymore. Sina's isolation was an old grief that had been faded; although I had sweet moments with Reza. Sometimes, I was saying to myself lest I forget my kid gradually because of Reza's love. Like some mothers whom I heard they didn't ask about their kids after many years.

But I wasn't similar to those mothers. My dear, cute and sweet spoken Sina was in my heart. And I tried hard to possess him. As usual, I put on some makeup. I wanted to leave the house when I remembered if Reza sees me without veil, he will become sad. Thus, I came back and wore my veil. I thought Sina may not be familiar with this gesture and feel exotic. As usual, I bought good junk foods for Sina and headed off to see him.

Sohrab didn't recognize me until I approached him. When I arrived, Sohrab said : Have you become veiled? I didn't answer to him. He said again: I didn't recognize you with this gesture. I said: Sohrab, do you let me see Sina more. I miss him very much. Sohrab who had been surprised of my gesture wearing veil, said again: You didn't say why you have become so? I said I have decided to wear veil from this time on. Sohrab said: Why? What's happened? I couldn't find any answer and said: I have been accepted at university.

He said: All right. Congratulation.

I said: You didn't answer to me. Do you let me visit Sina more?

He said: I don't know. How many times?

I said: Twice or thrice a week.

He said: Just twice a week.

I said: Not matter, thanks.

I nestled Sina happily and kissed. I said goodbye to Sohrab and left. I was playing with Sina in the way home. I was laughing at his new words that he had newly learned. Instead of chador, he said shador.

I said to him: Sina, do you know you will come and live with me, at last?

And he asked: Do I come and live with you at last? And he couldn't pronounce the word, at last.

And I was laughing very much. I took him to the house and as usual mom, Sarir and Samaneh kissed him a lot.

My father kept in touch to know Sohrab has agreed with my suggestion or not.

When I said that Sohrab has agreed with the idea of visiting Sina twice of week, he became happy and said: We should be very kind with him in order for him not to come back and live with Sohrab.

I made Sina's favorite food-rice and chicken. I fed him. Eventually, I made ready before 2 p.m. to go to real estate to enter into contract along Reza. When Reza arrived, he hugged Sina and kissed and said to me: Why don't you bring Sina with us? I said: Because he will bother us. I left him with mom. We signed the contract. The next day, we started cleaning the house holding the key.

It took a day for us to move to the new house. We arranged furniture with the help of Reza, mom, Samaneh and Sarir in a day. The house became chic and orderly. Reza wrote down all the deficiencies to provide. When all the furniture were arranged and the curtains were set up, we decided to invite all the members of Reza and my family to a restaurant to give them our wedding dinner and then to come back to our house. We went to our house to make daddy and mom aware of our decision. We saw some Baha'is were in our house, as usual. All of our enthusiasm changed to a bad feeling which derived from Baha'is bothering.

Those several people were in the dining room. But they became aware of our arrival by ringing the door. I said to mom immediately: Dear mom, we will go out. I don't like a new problem to be created. We had come to invite you to restaurant for dinner.

Mom said: But they have come to invite you to have a word with you. I asked surprisingly: with me?

She said: They are waiting for you for an hour.

I said: I do not have any word with them.

She said: It will be bad if you do not see them. Go and see what they want to say.

I said: I do not know .

However, I went out of the house because I was afraid of something bad to happen and I said: Dear Reza, let's leave here. I beg you.

Mom brought her head out of the gate and said: Where do you go? In addition, when do you come back?

Reza said: I do not know why we are going, at all?

I said: We go to our house and never come back unless they leave here.

I said this sentence. Then, I took Reza's hand and left.

During the way, Reza asked me: Is there any issue that you have not told me?

I said: Not at all.

He said: But I understood again that you are afraid of something.

I said: No, I am afraid of just Baha'is.

Why are you afraid of? They are damned wrong.

Nothing. I just did not like our program for tonight to be ruined.

Look, Sahel, tonight is our wedding night. I like you to tell me everything honestly before starting our life.

There is nothing. Believe me.

I like to know anybody had asked your hand before.

Yeah, one of these Baha'i people asked my hand; but that day, I gave him negative answer. I even did not speak to him, at all.

Did he himself propose marriage to you?

No, he came to our house with his family; but I hate him too much that I said to my mother that I do not speak with him at all and now, he has gotten married.

Do you know they wanted to keep you among Baha'is forever in order to be Baha'i?

Yeah, I know.

Sahel, is there anything to tell me that you have not told?

No, why are you asking me so much?

I am too worried. I like you to tell me everything before other people tell me. I want to say you that I will not forgive you at all if I hear something later that you have hid it from me.

What will you do if someday you hear that I did not care about my cover before ?

That is, how much?

For example, what will you do if you hear I did not wear scarf ?

Really? Was it so? Among strangers?

No, I want to know .

Nothing, I do not care about past events. Just tell the truth .

I was kidding. I wanted to examine you .

However, I think it was so .

No, believe it. It has never been so .

Do I believe it ?

Believe it .

As usual, I could not tell him the truth. He loved me because of my cover, modesty and prudency. I did not like Reza's interest to be decreased towards me and his truth to me to be lost hearing my previous fact, which was related to a year ago .

We went back home. Everything was ok. Mom had prepared and poured all necessary grains into the special bins and had given to me. However, the fridge was still empty. In addition, I could not make anything for dinner. We were to go to market the next day to prepare everything. Thus, we decided to wait until Baha'i guests leave our house. Then we wanted to go to restaurant along with our family. Reza's father and mother would have eaten dinner until that time .

That night was the first night of our marriage. All of our programs were canceled. I was continuously calling my mom to know whether the guests have gone or not. We waited late at night. During this period, we set the television and the like. At last, my mom called me and said they left. We asked them to make ready to go to restaurant; but it was late and they did not accept and they insisted us to go to their house to eat dinner. We had to accept. When we arrived there, we saw that everybody was depressed. I immediately understood that something has happened and my heart trembled .

I winked Samaneh and took her to her room. In addition, I asked quickly .

What is wrong ?

Nothing. The organization has told daddy that you must tell the truth to your groom .

Which fact ?

The fact that you are Baha'i .

I am not Baha'i .

Daddy has told them; but they have said according to divine disciples you must tell this family that you are Baha'i. Mom and daddy argued each other concerning this issue. Mom said: Do not say this issue tonight; but daddy says; they should know this issue tonight. I scrapped my face and said :

Ouch! They ruined everything. Why don't they let us be relaxed?

They say this matter for us to be relaxed. They said if they understand the issue, they would complain you and the organization would be questioned.

What should I do now, my God? I was damned wrong to become familiar with Elham.

Nothing. Now let us go to eat dinner .

That is, is daddy going to tell the issue tonight?

Yeah, he is going to tell him the issue .

Everything may be ruined .

Trust in God. Willing God, nothing will happen. Let's go .

When I went to dinner table and looked at daddy's face, he had lowered his head. However, he was too furious as if we have made a big mistake. I still did not know what the reason for all these sadness was. Maybe the argument between daddy and mom has been too severe. Mom and other members of my family were silent .

Eventually daddy said to Reza: Eat, my son. Do not show courtesy .

By stating these words, everybody became relaxed. However, the house was silent. As if, after the storm comes the calm.

Serving food was nearly finished when my father said: Look at me dear Reza. You should be aware of an important problem .

I stood up quickly and said: Daddy, I beg you to come along with me out for some minutes.

My father said: Do not be anxious my daughter .

I beg you, daddy. Just for one minute .

My father followed me and left the room .

I said having a lump in my throat: I swear you by God not to ruin everything. Do not destroy our nest .

However, he must know that we are Baha'is .

It is no use. It will be bad if he knows. He may leave me .

Well, it will be better .

You were satisfied before. Why have you changed your idea? You yourself were searching for a house for us .

I made a mistake. We made a mistake at first. We assumed this issue as an easy one. We should not let you join, at first. Now, it is not too late. Let him know everything .

I beg you daddy not to say anything for the sake of me.

So, what should I do?

Why, why are you insisting?

The organization has said you should tell the truth to him. He will leave if he does not like. Your daughter's prosperity will be guaranteed if this issue is not important for him. They said they wanted our daughter's prosperity to be guaranteed .

They are damned wrong. I will be miserable. Reza will leave if he knows. He does not eat Baha'is food. The situation will be extremely bad if he understands. Maybe, he complains you just now. The organization makes a mistake. Let us begin our life if he knows the issue accidentally, I will tell him the truth. Now, I do not have to tell him, at all .

However, I have said to the organization that I will obey their orders .

Daddy, I swear you by God. I swear you by Sina not to do this action tonight. It is our wedding night .

I took daddy's hand and appealed .

He was influenced by my statements. Then he said: So, you yourself is responsible for the consequences. If they know later, it will be late and become too bad .

This time is late too, dear daddy. It is better for us to be silent .

Ok. Let's go. Clean your tears.

Daddy went to the room. In addition, cleaning my tears and tidying my appearance up in front of the mirror, I followed him. Everybody was waiting for us. The waiting eyes of Reza were scolding me .

During some seconds, I decided to make a scenario for these issues and deliver it to Reza in order for him not to have negative thoughts .

Sarir and Samaneh were gathering the tableware. I started gathering, too. However, I sometimes looked at Reza. At last, he broke the silence and said to my father: I am waiting for you to say, dear daddy .

Father said: As if, your wife is not satisfied you to know .

Why? Is there any problem?

No, there is not any severe problem. There is not any problem, at all. You will know. Do not be in a hurry .

I entered the discussion and said: I myself will tell you, my dear .

No, as if there are some problems that I am unaware .

No, there is not a serious problem .

Tell me .

Ok, tomorrow .

Why don't you say now and you postpone it for tomorrow?

Because I do not like to bother you now .

However, this is my right to know even if I become annoyed .

All right. I will tell you tomorrow.

Reza insisted a bit; but when he realized that it is useless, he left the room. He knew that I would follow him. I followed him. He sat on Samaneh's bed and I sat beside him, too .

He said with gloomy voice :

You had promised me .

What about ?

That you tell me everything. You had promised me to be honest. Why are you doing double dipping with me? You will not miss so much. If there is an issue that you think to lose me, tell me. It is not important. There are many husbands with whom you can get married .

I am not worried about this issue. I just did not like you to know this issue tonight .

I should definitely know this issue tonight. Tell it soon and make me relaxed .

It is not so important .

Yes, it is important. Everybody has been sad since we arrived. Then, your father wanted to speak; but you did not let. I am not a kid. I know there is a big problem .

No, believe it. There is not a serious problem. It can be solved .

Then, why do you hide it?

No, I will tell you. Nevertheless, let me tell it after our wedding .

No, Sahel, just now. I am waiting. I will think much until tomorrow. The argument lasted for one hour and a half. Everybody had slept; but Reza and I were speaking. He insisted and I denied .

He decided to leave our house at midnight. He said: I will not come back on the condition that I know the issue .

I had no way. I should tell him lies. A lie that makes him be convinced. After playing a role, crying and making, I said: Reza, the problem is that my parents has been affected by AIDS .

Reza's eyes became unusually large .

In addition, I continued to say that danger would threaten us. Nobody knows the issue .

Even, my uncle is unaware .

How long have they been affected ?

When my father had to be cured in hospital after an accident, the doctors injected blood for him. That blood was infectious. My father transfuse it to my mother .

When did it happen?

They know their illness nearly a year .

When did they have an accident?

Five years ago .

That is, they have been affected for five years .

Yeah, do not tell them. I appealed my father not to tell you. He will be sad if he understands I have said it to you .

Reza became extremely sorrowful. In addition, he thought deeply. I sympathized him. We had made him a puppet. We were speaking to each other until dawn. The anxiety, which derived from the lie, made me tormented. It is true that the scientists have said several gray cells will be destroyed by telling a lie. I was feeling that I was being weakened and destroyed .

That night that was to be our wedding night changed to a sorrowful and long night. Every moment was full of torment, tiredness, lie and sorrow .

The shadow of the organization was similar to a heavy shadow of an ill-fated creature, which made us approach death. My family had become Baha'i for one year and a half. We could not analyze to know that each calamity is due to the organization orders .

Next morning Reza went to work. Moreover, I came back to my house without any ceremony or welcome. One night, we invited both families along with our close relatives. I expanded a chic expander with the help of Samaneh and mom, and we arranged kinds of desserts, colorful jellies, stews and different rice .

We had started our life. Moreover, I felt the good taste of prosperity totally. My father had told to the organization that if my groom knows that we are Baha'is and have not tell them the truth, he would complain all of us especially the organization, which tries to make Muslims Baha'is. In addition, the organization members will be endangered. He could disobey their order with this excuse .

Four months passed and we were nearly relaxed of the organization's interferences. In addition, we went to daddy's house with pervious attunement. During this period, twice a week when I brought Sina to my house, my father called and insisted on taking him there. All of this attachment between grandfather and grandson was pleasant for me. Moreover, I felt Sina is done acts of kindness enough; so he will not be affected by the spiritual problems or the emotional shortages caused by the divorce .

One day, I took Sina to daddy's house, as usual. In addition, we previously forgot to attune in order for anybody not to be there. When we arrived, we realized that somebody was there. When we wanted to leave the house, Elham and one of her Baha'i friends exited the dining room to say goodbye and daddy, and mom welcomed them. As soon as they saw us, they greeted us warmly. Elham hugged Sina and kissed. Then she said while she wanted to make Reza understand an issue: Dear Sahel, you are too disloyal. You left us suddenly. I said I am busy with my new life. She looked at Reza and said: We heard you got married. We congratulate. Be prosperous, Willing God. If you invited us, we would dance in your ceremony. I did not answer in order for her not to continue more. Nevertheless, she continued and said: Your photos had been printed. I kept them to give you whenever I see you. She opened her purse and gave me some photos. I did not know which photos she meant. In addition, I thought she made a mistake. As soon as I looked at the photos, I clung held them fast to my chest; but it was late because Reza saw the photos at that moment. I could not believe they had taken the photos when I was dancing among Bahai's in a drunken and half-naked state. A situation, which is more horrible than this, could not happen to me. I felt faint and my knees trembled. I could not swallow my saliva. I looked at Elham hatefully. Elham smiled and said: What has happened? Did you become heedless? As if, Farshid had taken you photos while you were dancing and you had not understood. They are beautiful. Why don't you see the rest?

Reza took the photos angrily, at once, looked at them quickly, and said: Then, you were dancer, too and I did not know!

Elham said: No, Agha Reza. It is a kind of misunderstanding. Sahel is a nice girl. This is an intimate gathering .

Reza said: What did Sahel do in this intimate fathering. Aren't you Bahai's?

Elham said: Well, Mr. Qadimi's family are Baha'is too. Didn't you know?

Reza frowned me severely and said: Baha'i? Are you Baha'is?

I said immediately: No, I swear by God, we are not .

Elham said: Didn't you say to him. Dear Sahel. I did not say purposefully. Believe me. I did not know .

Reza left the house angrily. I ran after him; but it was useless. I looked at him and felt my soul has separated from my body and; as if, Reza's likeable body was moving out of me.

I came back home and I said to Elham angrily while I had a lump in my throat: He went. Did you become relaxed? He went forever. Did you become relaxed? Your duty was done. Your mission was done, too. You made me miserable. May God damn you. Who has said I was Baha'i? Where did I announce that I am Baha'i? I was damned wrong that I became familiar with you. You made my family Baha'i. Wasn't it enough for you. Why don't you leave me alone? O' God, what should I do now? Moreover, I started crying with aloud voice .

Elham took my hand warmly, pressed, and said: Dear, Sahel, believe it. I was not aware of hiding him such an important issue. I did not say the issue purposefully. Do not make yourself sad. I promise you to correct it. Believe it. Nothing's happened. Do not bother yourself more .

Daddy and mom who had been extremely influenced by my crying condoled me; but I did not become silent, anymore. I went to Samaneh's room and locked the door. I fell on the bed and continued crying.

I heard Elham was speaking with my parents. My father was explaining that he was going to say everything and divine disciples are aware of this issue. Elham swore that she has been unaware of everything .

I do not know how many hours I cried. Reza's absence was fatal for me. I even did not dare to call him. What did I have to say to him? How could I declare I was innocent? There was not any document higher than the one, which he had to prove my falsity. Sina was showing restlessness. I had to open the door to bring him in. Sina was surprisingly looking at my eyes which had become red due to sever crying. When I hugged him, he coiled his two small hands around my neck and hold his face to mine fast. I became tranquil for a moment. If Reza had left forever, Sina could warm my heart and could be a hope for my life. Sina asked with his

childish tone: What is the matter? Why are you crying? I said to him crying: Nothing has happened, my dear. I do not cry! Sina said again: Did that woman bother you? I kissed his red lips and said: Yeah, my dear. That woman interfered. Daddy Reza became sad, too and went .

While I was speaking with Sina slowly and gradually. My father came into the room and said: This was an occurrence. It would happen eventually. Your life was going to be exploded. It was not such a thing that is unexpected. Why are you doing so?

I said: Daddy, Reza was doing all the things I liked during this period. He was kind with me. I was prosperous. Now everything was ruined. I became miserable, daddy .

Why do you think his leaving is a misery? He will come. Be sure. You are his wife. Be sure he will not quit you. However, if he leaves you, he will not love you. Accidentally, this is a good test .

What do you say, daddy. Those photos have made him not have any love or interest. I betrayed Reza by telling lies. All of us betrayed him .

Well, we will tell him that we became Baha'i after your marriage contract .

I am not Baha'i .

I mean we are Baha'is .

Well, you became Baha'i. Why was I among Baha'i gathering? Moreover, why did I dance? Everything was ruined. I was disgraced. I missed Reza forever .

Mom who had newly come to the room said: If you do not call him for some days, he will miss you .

I said did you see mom that they separated Reza from me .

Daddy said: Elham was unaware. Of course, according to Khademin [: servers] we should tell the truth to Reza to invite him to Amr. However, Elham said I was unaware .

What do you say, daddy. I myself was not invited to Amr. How can I invite him?

You were invited to Amr; unfortunately, you fell in love with this person and renounced everything. Now, Elham says: Let us go and tell the reality more clearly. He will search if he is prone. Maybe, he will become Baha'i .

Elham is damned wrong. She made me miserable. Doesn't she still like to leave me alone?

Do not be catlike, Sahel. How soon you forgot her hardships that she suffered for you .

She was going to make us Baha'i and she succeeded. Now, she is going to make us as missionaries of Amr .

Years ago, Khadamin [servers] said to me to tell him we were Baha'is and you did not let. They had a benevolent intention. They wanted what

was best for you and your husband. Nevertheless, not only you did not proselytize Reza; but also you yourself entered into veil and prayer .

Now, why do you insist on proselytizing.

We do our duties. We should seize the time and proselytize at work, in our neighborhood, among colleagues and relatives .

You have become good agents .

We should prove to be entered in Amr Mobarak [the Blessed creed].

What is your aim?

In order to gain favor .

To whom do you want to gain favor?

To gain favor to God, to Jamal Abha.

We should be obedient in order to ascend higher degrees.

Gush! You have really been brainwashed .

My daughter, your father is right. We should expand Nafahat Allah [God's bestowals]. We should be attracted to God .

Which god? Do you mean Baha?

It does not differ. Baha is God, my dear .

What expressions they have taught you .

If you had come to meeting, too, you could have used these expressions better than we . We are ill-educated.

What do you mean? Do you mean I go among people to separate husbands and wives?

You are angry now. It is not useful to speak with you. Did you forget that you were in love with Baha'ism and liked to be similar to them?

I had been brainwashed like you. They are skillful to do such actions .

Baha'ism has come after all religions; so it is the best and the most perfect .

Surely, you want to say that you have become Baha'i because you are so merited .

Maybe, we were not merited; but now we belong to the best people and are superior to people of all walks of life .

These statements are due to inculcations of the organization. All cults train people such things. Everybody in every cult thinks he/she is exceptional and his/her way is better than any way .

However, Baha'ism is not a cult. Its teachings are new. It has been sent down to guide people. It has come to save humanity .

I saw how it is trying to save humanity. I was living. Now, what is Reza doing? What a pity. Is it fair for them to come and dishonor me? These new teachings are good for destroying people's common life and disuniting .

Which religion has such teachings? They do everything to add people to their population. They will sacrifice everything and everyone for their purpose .

Well, we should sacrifice everything to achieve our aims and beliefs .

Yeah, I see what devotees they have made out of you. I am afraid you will sacrifice your properties, children and everything for your new belief soon .

If we are merited, we will surely do it. The properties, children, parents and whatever belongs to human must be sacrificed for the Blessed Beauty.

What has happened during these several months and what have they shown you to make you devotees?

In this path, everybody who devotes him/herself more he/she will be more devoted. We should prove that we have been melted in the Blessed Beauty's orders. We are similar to a particle compared with the Blessed Beauty's majesty. These particles are worthless. They should be sacrificed .

However, I did not like to be sacrificed. I was not Baha'i. Why did they make my life be sacrificed? Why did they sacrifice me?

My daughter. It was not intentional. Elham did not do it purposefully .

Didn't she do it purposefully? Did you forget that Mr, Asoudeh was trying to make Reza understand we are Baha'is during the first days ?

Well, Reza should have understood. Either he accepted or he left .

Dear Daddy. I made a mistake to introduce Elham to you. You became Baha'i. I myself made some mistakes because of my ignorance and dissoluteness. I should be punished for my mistakes from this time on. My husband should not be aware of my past. Elham did it intentionally and maliciously because the organization had raised her so and she wants to sacrifice everything for his way like you .

Pay attention, my dear. The reason that we have not said anything to you and we have let you be alone was that we did not like your life to be destroyed. We knew that you are in love with your husband. We cannot speak with you, at all. You were engaged with veil, prayer, and religious programs so much that we had not any time to ask you to search more to understand the reality; but now it became better. You have more time now when Reza is absent. You do not have any baby. Come and study a bit and participate in the meeting; thus, you will realize that you can easily sacrifice Reza for your aims .

What do you say Daddy. I do not separate from Reza even if I work in his house as a house cleaner .

We do not say you should separate from him. First, you should try to save yourself. You should understand that Islam is not useful for you. You should try for the facility of your life. You should try to make yourself free from Islamic beliefs. Then, you should think of Reza.

You have been severely brainwashed. You were not believers at all; how did you become missionaries. Why don't you pray If you are right?

Why are not you real devotees. During the period of time when I had social intercourse with Bahai's, I understood that everybody told lies to each other. Everybody was proselytizing; but nobody was obligated. They even did not pray. They proselytize in order to show they are active. They are similar to alcoholics who want to find comptators. Alternatively, they tell lies to each other or they tell lies to other people to prove they really obey the organization orders. The organization makes tempters out of its agents. The agents who are skillful in deceiving people.

Do not speak so. You will be severely punished by God .

By God or by Baha?

Does it make any difference?

Yes, it make difference. Baha was a human. He was fraudulent. A human who became infected and suffered from illness and died .

His spirit has not died .

Well, everybody's spirit never dies .

You need to study. You should come to the meetings with us in order for all these questions to be answered .

Leave me alone for God's sake. I will satisfy Reza by any means to live with me .

Do you want to put you into veil and prayer?

It is better than being naked for everybody to misuse me .

You have become well experienced. Does Reza teach these statements?

Do I say bad words?

We will tell Reza the truth if he liked he would live with you .

He understood everything. Do not trouble yourself any more.

I stood up and put Sina who had slept in my arms on the bed. I changed his clothes. I should gradually take him to give to his father. This action was different for me like uprooting a mountain because I was severely mentally damaged. Going out of house was tormenting for me because of the lack of hope and the anomalous conditions. I called Sarir to help me take Sina. Nevertheless, he did not answer back. Mom said :

He has gone to class .

Which class ?

Amri classes .

Tell brainwashed class .

Be ashamed, Sahel. You yourself introduced Elham to us.

Is he a good student to go to Amri classes?

They help do his lessons. He has become better .

I see you have become experienced. Good wishes .

Now, what do you want to say to Sarir?

I want him to take Sina .

Daddy said immediately: I will take him. Make him ready .

I cannot awaken him. Daddy awake him patting. In addition, he promised Sina to buy something for him in the way. When Sina left, I had a heavy lump in my throat. O' God, what a destiny I have. I liked to suicide and make myself relaxed. Sina went along with my father. I was thinking of my parents words. They were really searching for something which was toothsome for their leaders automatically like ants. My father was an overambitious man. He was trying hard to achieve higher status among Baha'is. They had advanced so much during this period. The organization had inculcated so much to rebuild them intellectually. In addition, they had become good and active agents. They repeated exactly the same things dictated to them. I had a bad headache. I asked Samaneh to bring me a tablet. I slept quickly after taking two tablets. But after an hour I woke up having a lump in my throat and tears at the corners of my eyes like a person who had lost his/her dear person. I missed Reza. I know that he is at home. Moreover, he is too angry about the photos too much that he cannot sleep. I decided to call him and begged him to listen to all the facts of my life. However, how could I prove him that I am right? My situation was similar to crying of the wolf. He was right not to believe my words. If he believed, it would not be useful because I did not have new words to tell him. He had known everything. I wish I myself had seen those photos to understand his feelings more. I do not know in which manners damned Farshid had taken me photos. I was really dancing in a kind of drunken state that I did not understand someone was taking me photos. Nevertheless, I was so kind with Reza during the period when I had lived with him that I think he cannot live without me. I had attracted his confidence that he would believe my repentance and would forgive me for my past. I called him. He picked the receiver up immediately. I stuttered and said anxiously: Listen to me, dear Reza. Those photos had been taken before our marriage contract. I could not tell you that I was damned wrong because I loved you so much. I did not like to miss you. I have repented for several months. Forgive me .

You are a good actress. I was too stupid not to know you. You are fit to play a role .

No, I swear by God that you make a mistake.

Don't swear by your God and prophet too much. Your authority has waned .

I beg you to listen to me to tell you all the facts, Reza .

How many times do you tell me the fact. In which one should I believe?

I know, you are right, you are right to punish me because I told lies to you. You can punish me by any means that is advisable; but don't leave me alone .

I cannot trust you, anymore. Everything and every word between you and I has been false and lie from the beginning of our life until now. I have become tried. I have recently known that you have not been Muslim, at all .

This girl was damned wrong. I am Muslim. Just my parents have been influenced by them and they have not totally become Baha'i yet .

What does it mean? What do you mean by totally or incompletely?

Yeah, everybody who becomes Baha'i, he/she should announce formally. His/her name must be sent to Israel; but my parent's names have not been sent yet .

Eventually, they are Baha'is. They are Baha'is in their beliefs; although, they have not formally been Baha'is .

Reza, my parents are not due to us. I am Muslim. I was praying during this period of time. I covered myself. I beg you not to be strict .

I said I do not trust you and your family anymore. You really played with me. When I found out one of you matters, you satisfied me with such appeals and crying every time. However, that is enough. Stop being stupid. The next days, I will understand that you yourself have been affected by HIV and you did not tell me .

No, Reza, you do not let me explain everything for you. Believe it. There is nothing to tell you. The issue of my parents who have been affected by HIV was false. I said that lie in order for you not to insist so much. That night my father wanted to tell you the reality; but I did not let .

Hadn't been too late to tell such a great reality? Why didn't you start with honesty, at first?

My parents had not been Baha'i yet. After our marriage contract, they decided to be Baha'i .

Their beliefs are none of my business, at all. I hate telling lies. You played a role for me, at first. You did not tell me most matters. Now, after several months, I have received some photos that have made me hate you. I am ashamed to have such a wife. This is the appearance of the issue. I am unaware of your hidden issues.

Believe it. I do not have any hidden issues. Everything was revealed for you; moreover, we had social intercourses with Baha'is for a year and we were participating in their meetings. They were given us some books continuously and proselytizing us. Eventually, they could mislead my parents and my brother and sister; but I did not accept .

I think you did not accept because of me because you do not believe in prayer at the bottom of your heart .

No, it isn't so. I swear by God.

Now you are worthless for me. I missed everything for your sake; but you just told me lies. Now, I have received these photos and new statements. It was hard for me to rent a house. We were to live with my

parents. They would give us a separate floor; but we rented a house to get rid of Baha'is soon. Now, I understand that I made such a mistake. I should have separated from you since I heard the first lie that you told me. However, I was ignorant. It is an endless task.

Do not speak about separation, Reza. I will die without you .

You will be accustomed to it. Human beings will be accustomed to everything. I picked up the receiver to tell you to come, gather and take your dowry. I cannot live with you at all having this subjectivity. Apart from these statements, I liked to get married with a person whom I would be proud of her family and herself and my kid would be proud of his grandparents. I liked to have relatives to have social intercourse with them; but in this situation, it is not allowed the Muslims to eat your parent's food. Eventually, we conclude that they betrayed Islam. They left the holy Quran. They ignored God's Teachings. They violated the divine dignities. I became satisfied with getting married with you whom you had been married before and had a kid because your paternal uncle told lies that you were virtue and religious.

Uncle Ehsan is quite unaware of these issues .

It is impossible. He himself introduced you to me; but I made a mistake. I intended to do well; but I was put to torture. Your paternal uncle was aware of everything .

Believe it. He was unaware. He is still unaware, too. We had hidden everything in order for him not to be aware.

Anyway, it does not differ for me. I was too unlucky to join you. Now, after some months I have realized that my wife's family are not Muslim, at all. Moreover, my wife had been a dancer. I will give the photos to you to see how lewd eyes were greedily looking at you. I do not know what my fault was that God bestowed me such a wife and such a family. If your father were red-blooded a bit, he would not let you dance there with such dress. At last, everything has been finished. You cannot deceive me, anymore. I spoke with the property owner today. He accepted to give back my money. Come soon, gather your dowry, and take them. I cannot live with you anymore. I will divorce you. I will pay your marriage portion, too .

No, Reza, do not do this action .

That is enough. Leave me alone. Take your dowry, tomorrow .

But,

Do not speak anymore. If you do not take your dowry, you will incur. I will take my money and leave .

There was not any way because he was furious although I was so kind with him during these several months. I cried. Mom said while she heard my appealing: Be ashamed. What has he done for you? Do not

appeal so much. It is not worth it appealing him so much because of his old-fashioned beliefs. There are many husbands for you .

Samaneh said: He is furious speaking to you so. He will appeal you next days. I was crying continuously and I knew that Reza's words were not caused by anger, at all. He had made his decision. He even spoke to the property owner. When I became sure that I have lost Reza forever, I became too disappointed that I hated the day shine and night darkness. I hated the world. Not only Sina's essence was not beautiful for me; but also, I assumed him as a great barrier that had made me dependent on the world, indeed. He prevented me to kill myself. An hour later when my father came home, I realized that his face is cheerful. I did not know what had made him happy; but I realized his happiness. Eventually, when they called me so much to eat dinner, they prepared my food in a tray and brought it for me. My mother has told me everything. I understood that he want to tell me a very important issue. He prepared my thoughts with some statements, first and then spoke about the beliefs of Baha'ism and the gap between Baha'ism beliefs and the Islamic ones. Then my father said there was not any coordination between Reza's family and mine and you have been captured and it is better for you to free yourself. He said these statements and continued. After I delivered Sina, I went to speak with one of Khademin [servers] and wanted to complain about Elham and to report your situation to him. However, I understood that it has become much better. Although Elham has done this action accidentally; but it has been much better because as if the servers have had many decisions for us; but they did not tell because of showing respect toward our strange groom whom we had. In addition, they behaved us like strangers. Now, the situation will become better with the absence of Reza and his family. They will give us more responsibilities. They were going to send us to some cities to pass a special training course to strengthen our spirit and other Baha'is faith in other cities; but it was impossible because of the presence of such groom. In brief, it was better for him to leave. Look for excuses and be strict. If he asked about you, let him divorce and make yourself free. I heard these statements and became furious. I knew there would be no way to make Reza satisfied whether these statements were told or not. During the short period of time when I had lived with him, he had told me some statements that I knew that forgiving such great sin is impossible for him. The only thing to which I was hopeful was the kindness strength that I had expressed towards him during this period. I was preparing everything for him. I was circling him like a butterfly and I was melting for him like a candle. The only consolations were his beautiful eyes and his laughter, which had made my life meaningful. However, because of his words I understood the kindness miracle is vain. In addition, he was more red-blooded not to accept my

statements just with some affectionate words .That night was sorrowful, painful and endless for me. I was reviewing all memories and the nice moments of being with Reza in my mind until morning. Sometimes, I was laughing and some moments later I was crying. I did not know how; but it got morning and its appearing was the beginning of the most sorrowful days of my life .

That day and other days passed as darkly as night. I was passing nights as the longest minutes and hours. The next day, Reza's parents called and criticized us severely. My paternal uncle became aware of the issue, too. My paternal uncle came to our house angrily. He blamed me too much that I had to answer and found fault with Islam. The situation became worse. My uncle's wife had announced to most of our relatives that we are Baha'is. In addition, we totally quitted having social intercourse with our relatives .

Two or three days later, I couldn't tolerate; so I called Reza and spoke to him about the enthusiasm of visiting him so much that I made him relaxed as usual. He thought to bring me back to his house. He was silent and listened to the deepest expression of love. At last, he said: You should give me an opportunity to search about you. I said: It does not need. Let me come back to your house; then it would not be late to separate from me if you were doubtful about me. He said: I do not risk anymore. You should give me an opportunity. Now, my parents are too angry. During the time when I had given him opportunity, I was speaking to him about love and was complaining about his isolation. One day, he behaved me extremely disappointedly. I held my breath in. I was waiting for a deplorable news. At last, he said: You said that these dances goes back before our marriage contract. I said: Well, I told the truth. He said: Not only you are extremely betrayer and affectless; but also, you tell lies easily. In addition, it is unforgivable to me .

What has happened ?

Two days ago, I called your father and took Elam's address. I went there and asked her: To which program and date are these photos related? In addition, she said its date. However, I did not trust her statement. I said: You should prove. She called today and said she had recorded programs related to that day which all of them have dates. I went and watched all of her documents and the rest of photos and the reports, which she had written concerning the programs of that day and presented to the coterie. That day, some musicians performed offensively and some people were dancing on one of Baha'i feasts. You were one of those dancers. They had reported this meeting in details. They showed me the copy of the report. Of course, I realized that the reports are totally in agreement with the programs of that by watching the rest of photos. I did not have any word to tell. I could not deny. He said goodbye forever and

said: I am sorry for myself that I lived some months with such a woman who is a liar and a betrayer. Some Baha'is came to visit me because my parents had told them I was sick. They condoled me. Daddy went to collect my dowry with some of his Baha'i friends. They took them to a storeroom of one of those Baha'i friends who was known as Ahebba [friends] among Baha'is. My life collapsed easily. I lost my dear Reza forever. When Ahebba came to visit me, they encouraged me to a better and an ideal marriage. They ridiculed the Islamic beliefs as they could in order for me not to think about getting married with a Muslim person. They assumed that the reason of this separation is related to the Islamic teachings. In addition, they did their duties so skillfully that I unconsciously forgot where my divorce came from. In addition, who was guilty? I was also fed up with Islam that caused Reza to have such bigotry without paying attention. Some days later, I received the court summons. As if, I had received my execution commandment. I was affected by a kind of disease because of the extreme sadness that the doctor said: This illness is due to depression, grief and sorrow. My stomach smarted and my chest was heavy while I was breathing. I gradually tried to tolerate the isolation according to the doctor's order and recommendation. I tried to pay more attention to my retainers in order to make myself free from the pain to which I was affected. I even tried to annoy Reza because he did not go after me and did not value my love. The organization encouraged me to take my marriage portion. They said this is your right. All Baha'is who came to visit me with various excuses insisted me on taking my marriage portion; but I was not satisfied, at all. I was guilty for divorce. Moreover, I loved Reza at the bottom of my heart. I did not like to trouble him. The day of court summon, I was so eager to visit him; but I decided to hide my sadness. I was sure that we were separated because Reza's parents called us during this period very much and had argued with us. I promised myself to pretend so that I am not afraid of divorce. In addition, my retainers had inculcated this matter to me. I woke up hard that day. I brought my cosmetics after a long period of time. I put on makeup; so that I could hide my sadness. I liked him to be regretted by visiting my beauty and me. I liked him to be wistful to be with me once more. My family and the other Baha'is insisted once not to wear veil that day in order for Reza not to think he has transferred this culture to me forever. However, I did not accept. I did not like him to be happy to divorce me. I wore my veil and went to the court with my daddy. We saw Reza who had sat on a bench in a dead-end corridor. I had a strange anxiety. As if, this was the first time I had seen him. Love was bloomed again like a bud. I did not look at him because I was afraid to fall in love with him like the first day. If I looked at him, I could not be satisfied with divorce. In addition, I might appeal again and became satisfied with

divorce with low pride. I did not look at him and I did not know if he looked at me or not. Reza's father did not greet my father because they had insulted each other before. They did not speak with each other, at all. At last, we went into the room. The judge asked me some questions because Reza had given a bill to the judge before. My father wanted to make Reza and his family guilty; but I confirmed all of them. In addition, I did not deny his reports. The judge asked Reza two or three times: Do you agree to divorce your wife or not? Every time Reza answered explicitly: Such woman is not useful for me. I am not going to live with her, anymore. However, asking some questions, the judge understood it is better for us to speak to each other for minutes alone once more because we were away from each other. We both accepted. I did not like to be shy against his urge for separation. Therefore, I insisted, too. Then, the judge said two more witnesses are needed. Reza said immediately: I will go and come back with two people. We waited for nearly forty minutes. I saw Reza come back with his two colleges. We went in again and some minutes later, the judge issued the divorce commandment unwillingly. I looked at him for the last time; but I did not find any sign of love and this was the souvenir of playing with a faithful young man who had shown all of his honesty, affection, magnanimity devotedly. I do not know, maybe, I was not merited for that pure life. Maybe, I was accustomed to sin. Maybe, I was not good intrinsic ally. However, I just tasted purity and verdancy during the four months when I lived with Reza. I tasted the sweet taste of being faithful and being away from strangers. Alas, for that period of time that was too short. As if, it was similar to spring season that passed quickly. That day in the afternoon, we went to marriage and divorce office and after listening to the speech and advice of the manager of notary public, the divorce vows were recited. The beautiful chapter of my life finished. I remained with a lone some heart, which was injured. I remained with sweet memories that I had with my first and last love. He was my Christ whom I worship. He flew against my sinful eyes. I do not know which heavenly angel God would bestow to him; but I wished he would be prosperous; although, all my essence was full of enviousness. I wish he would get married with the most beautiful and purest girl on the earth. I wish my lifetime had been ended those days in order not to see the rest of the sorrowful story of my life. I wish our life story had been shown to us before birth to select some parts of it .

The heavy iron doors of prison were opened one after one and I entered as usual showing the judicial commandment and ID card. Reading the first chapter of Sahel's life book, I was enthusiastic about visiting her. I was waiting in the waiting room. One of the female attendants escorted her to the waiting room. I saw him be calm and pretty. However, she was tired and annoyed. I greeted her warmly and took the

rest of her writings and said there is a short time for you to be brought to court. I should read your writings in order to defend you correctly. I read the first chapter of your life book. I was really influenced. I am eager to know what happened then. Sahel sighed and said: Khanom Kahvand, I am eager to transmit all these materials to people more than being brought to the court and being saved. Moreover, you know this is not the first time that I have been imprisoned. I had been imprisoned for two years living in the hardest situation. I was in prison without having a companion. Death was easier than being in prison. I have nobody to be waited for me out of the prison. I have no hope to continue my life. I just beg you to print my writings in the form of a book. I don't want its financial interests. I ask you to print it as soon as possible. I want to compensate my wretched past. I said sadly: Why do you speak so about your past. You were not too wretched. Do not insult yourself. She moistened her lips and said: There is no stigma worse than irreligion and facelessness. After realizing the truth, if I weren't careless about it and if I weren't trapped in fecklessness snare along with evil, I wouldn't be regretted today and wouldn't suffer from all these pains. I asked her: Tell me your problem to solve it for you. She sighed coldly again and said: My problem is too heavy and unsolvable that nobody can do anything for me. Do not forget my request, please. We spoke with each other for some minutes. I tried to make him hopeful to life and to decrease her conscience torment. Nevertheless, sometimes passing time can be as tranquilizer for some heavy pains. I brought her papers and writings back home again. Moreover, I started reading them .

Months passed and during this period, I gradually forgot Reza. I tried hard to forget him completely in order to enjoy my life. Sohrab had gotten married. His wife was going to make Sohrab satisfied with assigning the guardianship of Sina to me. This was the best opportunity. I could easily satisfy him to leave Sina with me. She was going to have a baby. She was having a baby soon. Anyway, she was insisting on not keeping and raising Sina. Sohrab became gradually satisfied with visiting Sina in nursery school any time that I like and I could bring him home whenever I liked and take care of him. He was extremely anxious about Sina. He thought Sina might hurt mentally living with his wife. Because his wife was not satisfied with keeping him. The organization liked this situation. They wanted to bring Sina, my offspring, among Baha'is and to raise him and to train him the special teachings like their children who are trained when they were two or three years old. They wanted to make a good Baha'i out of him. Thus, my parents were taking him to children class with themselves. A month after divorce, I could not bear against insistence and inculcation of the organization, anymore and I accepted easily to participate in their meetings. I did not oppose my Baha'i title in

hope of going abroad and having better opportunities and more facilities. I was respected and cherished like the other members of my family. The only thing that was bothering me was the heavy volume of my lessons. One month and a half after my divorce, I entered university and I had to think about my different responsibilities of the organization while I had many lessons to pass. All the strategies for attracting others to the Baha'i organization were trained to us since we were attracted to the organization. In addition, we easily accepted to attract others to Baha'ism through special tricks. When we became successful in attracting others inside the organization, the heads and other members encouraged us too much that we repeated this action again unconsciously. They sent us to the different cities once or twice in order for our faith to be increased and our spirit to be strengthened. They tested our talents in different fields and gave us responsibilities in the same field. We should have participated in all the meetings and classes and we should have studied Baha'is books in order to have adequate knowledge to answer to newcomers' questions. Having good behavior with newcomers was of our first instruction. In addition, we were not of newcomers because we were among them for a period of time. We should have worked and served the organization like the other members. The rank and dignity of each person depends on the extent of knowledge and doing loads of duties to benefit the organization. My father who was fond of authority tried hard to behave like the organizational Baha'is. Whenever he sat, he manipulated concerning the political problems of the government and envenomed people's minds. He studied in his free time and encouraged us continuously to be active more. Our house had become a place for Baha'is to have social intercourses. Among Baha'is, I became familiar with boys and girls who disagreed to become formally Baha'i. Encouraging them to become formally Baha'i was our responsibility and we cornered them to the extent that they surrendered. However, those obligations we done so skillfully that they were not recognizable. They were extremely opposed this fact that all beautiful teachings is just a slogan in Baha'ism and this is a mere lie that Baha'is can choose their religion when they become 15 years of age. This was a reality. They used this slogan to attract us. Nevertheless, they even compelled me to come back to the organization again; although, I had gotten married. They tried hard using any means to make me separate from Reza and they eventually became successful, too. Although I knew they were right, I obeyed the organization's order like an automatic machine. In addition, I encouraged them to be formally Baha'i. I knew they were not relaxed at home as long as they do not become formally Baha'i and sometimes I said this statement to make my conscience related. I told them they would not be relaxed; so it would be better for you to obey the organization's

orders. The organization grabbed all people who were in its territory like an octopus and getting rid of it was impossible. Other young people who were as old as I and I who were busy being active in the organization were responsible to discover all the young people and adolescents' area of weakness. Those who may be influenced by the external communities. We tried to change the conditions of lives of those young people who were in love with Muslims and were going to get married with them. We put some people on their ways in order to entertain them by love issues and we sent them to recreational camps and etc. We imposed extreme mental pressures on them through families. We had learned all those things. We used each to achieve the determined purposes of the organization of Baha'is and we did any action and trick. We obeyed all orders unquestioningly. I do not know whether all young people had been compelled like me. Alternatively, they were really doing these duties for Baha'is sake. The word love was injected in people's heart and brain by the organization. Although I knew that fact. It wasn't surprising if all of them did these actions amorously. One day, they introduced some poor Muslim families to us. When they asked us to proselytize them and to try to solve their problems, they trained us to make them hateful toward the main cause of this poverty that is the government attendants in their hearts and spirits. Then, we helped them to replace hate by love. We attracted them through lots of affection and inserted love of Baha in their hearts. It was rare for us to be successful because people were so smart and their beliefs were so rigid that we failed. My father did not achieve his goal; although he tried hard. Moreover, everybody looked at him as a newcomer. He had heard in different meetings that Iranian Baha'is are trying hard inside the country. Moreover, they have been suffered from lot of difficulties by the organization. In contract, outside the country, Baha'is cherishes the Iranian Baha'is. He decided to do primary measures to exit the country because he had wished to travel abroad for many years. He had devotedly served the organization since he had become Baha'i. He had been commissioned such as making friend with wealthy people in order to attract them to Baha'ism and to use their wealth to move the organization aims forward. He gathered some materials for such people day and night. He was searching for answers for their questions. Although he was not so successful; but he was merited to be awarded because of his struggle. He was promised although the organization exploit everybody and put off their rewards to the Blessed Beauty's mercies. However, my father tried to gain a letter of introduction from the national coterie and to exit Iran .

His request was under investigation. I was studying although I was too busy because a lot of responsibilities and organizational duties had been given to me. I was not able to pass my lessons. Not only I

compensated Elham's troubles; but also I had to pay a huge amount of money for the Islamic Azad university tuition. Moreover, unfortunately I stood still. On the other side, the organization had ordered us to quit continuing our education. Their reason was that they said: You are Baha'is and you should not participate at university as Muslims. They were afraid of the influence of the religious foundations of university on us and we might turn against Baha'ism. For this reason, my father disagreed us to continue our education. He said: You do not need to continue your education in Iran because we are going to travel abroad and you can continue your education in America. It was hard for us; but we had to give up continuing our education. One day, I said to Elham: You suffered many difficulties for me to be accepted. Now, it is ordered that we have to quit. I cannot understand what the organization means. She said: "I taught you when you hadn't become Baha'i. If you are not Baha'i now, you continue your education. I decided to find a job because I did not have any support except the organization. In addition, it was impossible for me to leave Iran because I was dependent on Sina. I was too depressed and sorrowful at nights because I knew that my family were really determined to leave the country. I searched for a job and did not participate in some classes with the allowance of my parents in order to have free time to seek for a job. I bought newspapers every day and studied the section of needs. I referred to any job, which seemed good for me. One day my father said to me: You should not search for a job among Muslims. It is better to ask the attendants to find a job for you. I referred to servers [Khademin] and they said to me: We will announce you. They called me two days later. They suggest me some people. They were those who wanted to misuse me in the meetings. Anyway, I went to the suggested places not to be suffered troubles. First, I went to a big cloth shop whose owner was a Baha'i. He was a well-dressed middle-aged man who was white-shaved. He greeted and welcomed me. When I said: Khademin [servers] have introduced me, he said: You can start right now and he felt extremely happy. As I insisted on the salary to know how much it was in order for me to decide, he was not satisfied to say. I knew he was afraid of the suggested sum not to be accepted by me. So, he would lose me. I was not satisfied with starting to work there and said: I will call to know how much my salary is. He was continuously saying, "I will make you satisfied; but I was looking for an excuse and used it as my excuse and left there. Then I referred to the next one. It was a workshop where they were making dolls. It was rather crowded. Some people had sat and were filling the sewed dolls. The boss also was such a person who wanted to have the illegitimate relation with me in a possible way. He felt happy to see me and said: These women you see receive wages according to their job they do. The more they work, the more they receive. In

addition, they work here from the morning until night. However, you are different. They are Muslims; but you are of Ahebba. I will watch you. If you know sewing a bit, you can take it over. I search about the job situation there from those who were working and it was to announce him. I referred to two or three other places. At last, I accepted to work in a shop selling household gadgets whose owner was more than 50 years. The next day, I went to work. I should have gone there early morning. Everybody and I were there two hours after sunset. I was studying special Baha'ism books in my free time. I had not enough time to see Sina, anymore. My parents went to nursery school more and took him to the house. They had spoken to Sohrab one day and said: Leave Sina with us instead of sending him to the nursery school. I kept in touch with Sohrab too and insisted him to let Sina stay with us at nights, too in order to see him when I came back home from work. Sohrab accepted, too because of his limited conditions of his life and since then Sina was virtually with us. Moreover, sometimes Sohrab came to take him for a day and night. Three months passed. One night, my father gathered us and said: We should leave here utmost 10 days later. I spoke with a dealer in second-hand goods to sell him the entire household gadgets. I have given a power of attorney to Kkhademin [servers] concerning my house and my salary in order not to be frustrated if I needed money. At last, if we could not live there, we would come back. I do not want to lose everything. I will sell the car today or tomorrow. Be ready. I said sadly: I cannot come. I cannot give up Sina. Daddy said: We will take Sina, too. We are going to leave Iran illegally. It is not matter. I consulted with servers and they said: It is pity for this child to remain with this man. If the child lives with you, he will become an ideal person; but he will become miserable if he lives Sohrab. Listening to my father's statement, I thought deeply. This was the end of cruelty. It is true that Sohrab was not a logical and obedient person; but he loved Sina very much and taking Sina away meant kidnapping and we might be prosecuted. Every one of us asked daddy some questions and my father answered to all of our questions. My father recommended us not to speak with anybody about our trip in order for everybody not to understand and we could take Sina away with us. I thought to remain and take care of my child. I felt kidnapping him is a great sin and I did not like to commit such a great sin. Thus, I said to my father: Dear daddy, let me stay here. I go to work in the morning. I will rent a house belonged to Ahebba and I will take Sina to that house at night. Daddy said sadly: What do you say, daughter? As if, you have become mad. How can a lonely woman and a kid stay here without any hope? Is it possible? I said: I am hopeful for Ahebba. They will help me. They do not let me be miserable. Daddy said seriously: Do not speak about it, at all. Who will help you? They helped, when we still were not

Baha'i. Now, they do not help. I said: Didn't they help you financially to leave Iran. He said: No, they did not help financially. They just consulted with us. I paid a significant amount of money to the coterie in order to draw their attention. I said sadly: Did you pay money to the coterie; but we need money. Can we travel abroad with this low money? Daddy said: I had to. Do not be sad, too. You will come abroad and continue your education. Mom said: Bahram, how can we live abroad just by the money we get by selling a car? Have we sold a palace? Daddy said: Do not continuously say no. Eventually, we will live with a possible way. If we could not continue to live there, we would tell them to sell the house. Sarir and Samnaneh disagreed and said: Our future will not be guaranteed abroad. Nevertheless, my father insisted and said: Just obey. Take your educational degree. Do not be afraid. We will travel to American and you can get the best educational degree there. The next day, we gathered all good household gadgets at the middle of the room. Some days later, a dealer in second-hand goods came and took all of them along with my dowry. I did not go to work anymore. Moreover, I was anxious to take Sina with myself. My conscience was extremely tormented. I was looking at Sina and crying. Which sin had this child committed that he had to lose his father forever? However, I was happy about him to be beside me and grow up whenever I will be. I was relaxed that a stepmother will not raise him. Daddy sold the car, too. We sold the rest of goods such as the central heating, fridge etc. with the lowest price. Then we went to see some of our friends to say goodbye. After saying goodbye, we headed off. When we became distant from our hometown, we were looking everywhere wistfully. We remembered good and bad memories of the past and the bitter days and nights and we cried. I could forget Reza hard; but I cried for him and thought about Sohrab when he would become aware of our leaving; so my heart ached. However, we became distant quickly and we could not come back anymore. We headed off towards Iran and Turkey border anxiously along with some other people who were going to leave Iran with the help of two people who were smugglers. After passing hard paths, which we had to pass them on foot and take the rudimentary items by donkey, we eventually passed the Iranian boundary. We stepped on the strange country of Turkey having a vague fate ahead. We introduced ourselves to an office for seeking asylum according to the guidance of the coterie members and after passing inquisition stages, we were sent to a special pension house by Turkey coterie. There was a flat there. Baha'i refugees were living there. It had small dirty rooms, old and worn out dishes, dirty windows, and old used curtains. It was hard to be named apartment. They gave us a room, a kitchen and a rest room. We were to live there as long as the letter of introduction written by Iranian Baha'i community would be received by

the office of refugees. The next day, we felt free. Because we had gotten rid of Baha'i organization orders. We asked some Baha'i people who were like us and lived in that pension house some questions. We realized that each person had waited for the letter of introduction more than 1, 2 or even three months. In addition, we knew that if three months passed and the letter of introduction was not received, we would be deported to Iran ... If we returned Iran, we will be tried in a court of law because of exiting illegally and taking a kid without his father's permission as kidnapping. In the first day, we thought of buying foodstuff. After making sure about our accommodation, we went to market and shopped with the guidance of the Iranian who were living there. We had to economize regarding shopping and cooking food according to my father's order because everything was expensive and we were anxious about our savings to be finished during the period of time when we were living in Turkey temporarily. There were nearly fifty other people in the pension house where we were living. They were Baha'is of Iran who were misusing their enormous freedom. They were going to concerts and nightclubs at nights. They came back at the middle of the night while they were drunk. Of course, just the wealthy could be damned wrong. Moreover, we couldn't just go to the beach that did not exist in our city because we had not lots of money. We just heard about visible places and could not eat eatable things. We were harassed by the dreary weather of that city. Although our pension house was near a park; but we needed too much money to use the amusement park. In addition, we sat in the corner of the city lonely and exotically and ate the simple food made by mom. All of recreation at first days were done so. My father and mother asked the coterie for help and some days later, they found jobs for us illegally. My mom was busy working in a hair salon and; in fact, she was in charge of cleaning there. My father was working in a carwash, too. Samaneh, Sarir and I were waiting for them from the morning until night in order to get together and to eat dinner which had been prepared hard. Two weeks passed. I paid attention that Samaneh was going to one of nearby rooms every day. When I asked her the adventure, she said: I made friend with one of Baha'i boys called Houshang here in order to have a good time during these tiring days. I warned her to be careful and not to trust everybody. One day, she came to the house happily. She said: We are going to hold a significant ceremony for one of our friends' birthday. I had heard that Samaneh had told Houshang was wealthy and being with Samaneh was all of his recreation. Sometimes, he took drugs. Samaneh's intention was nothing but recreation. In fact, they were not going to get married with each other. Samaneh wore her special clothes for the party and left. The sound of their music inside the flat was similar to a live concert that had circumscribed everywhere. Making noise by them and

their whistling and clapping had disturbed everybody. I sympathized my mother who was suffered from this situation and my father who slept as soon as he arrived because of extreme tiredness. We awakened him forcefully at dinnertime. Then he slept after dinner again. Although we could not understand anybody's language outside the pension house and we felt extremely strange; but the pension house itself was similar to a prison for us where we had been imprisoned all together and we continued to live by suspensory commandment .

Sina was ill a bit. All of us thought he has been affected by such an illness because of the isolation from his father; but his illness became severe gradually. He was groaning day and night because of his stomachache. He was going to restroom very much. I took him to a hospital. He was quickly injected serum. Then, after we received his experiments and radiological photos, it has been recognized that he has been affected by the intestinal infection because of drinking and eating contaminated water or food. I was appealing day and night and I thought I was suffering retribution in this form. I asked God to revenge and torment myself instead of my dear Sina. His illness had made all of us anxious. Sina was the apple of my family's eyes. All of us were extremely dependent on him. His funny behaviors were often making us so amused that we did not understand the passage of time. His childish world was so innocent that everybody envied. Three days later, he became very healthy and we became relaxed .

Daddy had been nervous. He kept in touch with Iranian servers every other two or three days. He insisted on sending the letter of introduction sooner. However, some people waited before us. We became extremely horrible when we understood that some people were deporting to Iran because their letter of introduction was sent late. Sometime, mom was crying and saying: I never thought one day I would become in charge of cleaning and the owner of a hair salon would rent my pride so. She decided not to go to work, anymore; but she headed off the hair saloon in the morning because of the fear of the exorbitant expenses and the misery of near future. We sometimes called aunts and grandmothers in Iran and asked their health. The first day when we arrived Turkey, my father called uncle Ehsan and the rest of our relatives and announced them that we had left Iran. He recommended not telling Sohrab anything. Occasionally we were calling our relatives and we pretended that our situation is all right and we did not say anything about our intellectual anxieties and exorbitant expensiveness there .

Sarir was continuously moaning and groaning. He was condemning everybody. Although he was not experienced; but he disagreed about this trip because he said our money might finish.

He was enraged and nervous, too. He was at home day and night because there was not anybody around with the same age as him to make friend. He troubled us. He was continuously fighting with Samaneh who looked to go to see Houshang. In addition, they were sometimes beating each other .

Two months passed and we were still in a horrible isthmus. I became gradually familiar with Houshang and his friends more. Although Houshang and Nader had come later than we had; but they were treating everybody warmly. They were trying to spend these oppressive days better .

One day, we decided to hold parties and to have great time some nights to refresh and get over fatigue. I was ashamed because I could not help prepare party rudiments. Nevertheless, Houshang who was a wealthy businessman's son was behaving in such a way that I did not feel so, anymore. His friends were paying attention to me so much that it had been proved for me that I was one of the members of the party. Alternatively, my absence would make those parties worthless. Participating those sensuality parties was just for passing bitter waiting time for Sarir, Samaneh, most people of that pension house and I. We were broad and tried; for this reason we took part those parties. Baha'i boys and girls were gathering in one of big rooms of that building, wining, and dining. Most of them were drunk. In addition, some of them forgot the hardness of that isthmus by taking Extazy pills. Some Baha'i deceived people had been amazed and astonished because they could not see the least effect of spirituality among Bahias. I sometimes listened to their confabulations and they said: We thought Baha'ism has brought about absolute spirituality for us; but as if Iranian Baha'is are skillful, bathers and we were unaware. Some Baha'i organization heads who had sunk in violation assumed this kind of living as more normal one and they were condemning Islam because of preventing such parties. The real faces of Baha'is had been revealed and they were not afraid of dishonor because they were to go to different countries.

One of Houshang's friends called Nader expressed love and kindness toward me very much. He tried hard to have affairs with me. I felt he liked to tell a special matter except for expressing interest. He was constantly staring at me and thinking. Sometimes, when he realized that I was looking at him, he smiled artificially .

I was unconsciously paying attention to him, too. However, I insisted on getting married with him. My reason for rejecting him was that the temporary period of those days was short-termed. I knew that we would travel to a place soon and would never see each other. Nevertheless, if we got married, we could ask for common citizenship and both of us could live in a country .

One day when the members of my family were passing days in extreme suffering and torment and we were extremely afraid because we had not received the letter of introduction, I was thinking deeply and was bored even for Sina. At that moment, Nader came to me and sat beside me and said: Why are you too bored ?

I said: You should know the reason better than I should .

See, you should not be strict about life. Believe it that life is passing in any way that you behave. If it is your destiny, you will receive the letters of introduction and will get rid of us sooner. If it is not your destiny, you will come back Iran and live again .

It is not as comfortable as you say. If we do not receive the letters of introduction, we will be miserable. My father has sold whatever we had, if we come back, we should start at first. We are under prosecution because of Sina, too .

Any way nothing will be changed by making yourself unhappy. It is better to have a great time these days .

You are too happy-go-lucky, Nader. You do not have any grief and problem.

Honestly, my situation is worse. I am hopeful about abroad. If I come back, I will die. However, I have tried to be cool .

I confabulated him completely. I complained about everything and told all of my secrets for him.

After chatting, Nader became silent and then said: I want to tell you something; but I do not know whether you have the capacity for my statement or not .

I said: What are you going to say?

Do you promise to leave me alone if you did not have the capacity?

To be honest, Houshang and I have thought about its consequence. We thought we should do an action not to be miserable if we came back. We found just a way. If we are wealthy, we will be happy anywhere in the world .

Well?

We decided to do some actions to become wealthy.

Which actions?

Do not look at me so. I will be afraid.

Well, continue .

To be honest, because I like, I liked to tell you, too. Maybe, you want not to get into trouble. Because if you come back, you will be out into dungeon. Nevertheless, if you have money, you can buy Sina's father, too. If you leave here and live in a country such as America, money will mean breathing. Without money, you should die, wherever you are .

What do you mean, now? What did you and Houshang do?

Are you ready to cooperate?

Where?

Gush. To become wealthy.

Robbery?

No, what do you say.

Then, what?

Drug abuse.

Drug abuse? O' my God. What are you saying? It is dangerous.

See, my dear. We have done everything. The comfortable part has remained. If you are prone to cooperate, I will tell you what to do.

I do not know. Tell me first .

I can just tell you that we have slept on money. We can have the best lives. This is our right. We have not come to this world just for torturing to death. Give me your hand to draw you up.

What are you saying, Nader. What is the matter? Tell me soon.

Houshang and I have brought a lot of drug here. Now, we should sell them. If we can sell some small packs, we will earn all the money that we invested. So, our conditions will be completely changed .

However, you do not know anybody here.

The person who sold the drug to us told us how we sell it .To be honest, we need a woman for our operation .

You did not sympathize me .

No, you know that there are many indigent girls here. If I announce them, they will accept. However, I liked to make you wealthy. Now, what do you think? Are you ready to cooperate?

You should explain more. You should exactly tell me what the matter is. Which kind of drug is it? Where should we sell them?

Is it risky? How much will I earn? Is there anybody to know the matter except Houshang and you? How much is the total?

Nader said: The person who sold the drug to us cheaply gave us the address of one of the professional smugglers and said: He is so valid; but because he was in a hurry and his letter of introduction had been received, he sold it to us and left. One of us should understand and speak Turkish in order to do business with this person. During this period, we realized that you know this language completely. A person who know Turkish language should transact with him. A person should carry away the drug to the resort, the other one should wait and be careful about them when they received the drug .

Wow. It is dangerous. How much does the drug weigh?

It is not hazardous, at all. We still do not know their method. However, it is said that they are exact in their tasks. Anyway, we should not act rashly, at the time of exchanging. A person should be on the side of the pit in order for them not to deceive and hoodwink .

I am afraid. You did not say how much it weighs.

What are you afraid of? You should not be afraid. One time and forever, you can be wealthy. 5kilos. 5kilos of cocaine .

Hasn't Houshang told anything about this issue to Samaneh?

No, not at all. Samaneh is similar to kids. We cannot count on her.

If the divine disciples become aware of it, it will be bad for us. They will not give us the letter of introduction .

You are too naive, Sahel Khanom. The person who sold the drug to us told one of Khademin [servers] has suggested this way to him.

Well, he might tell lies .

I know that one of servers who had come here to supervise two months ago did many illegal and offensive actions. I know hundreds of Baha'is in Tehran who are smuggling. The servers also know; but they have left them alone .

They are using these statements to attract people. The organization just thinks about widening itself. It can totally govern through attracting people. They are always saying Baha'ism should be worldwide. They are thinking of a global government. There is just a name out of the religion and piety. All these panel, commission, art war and etc. are used to entertain you and me completely in order for us not to understand that everything is just a lie. Have you ever thought about this issue that why they go to villages to proselytize. Because the more the person is naive, the more he/she is obedient. He/she does not know anything about the policy of the organization. No cult will frighten its followers of exiting the cult more than our cult. Since childhood, They were continuously telling us that if you turn against Baha'ism, heavenly calamities will be sent down your head. They have recourse to any kind of superstition in order to keep and prevent us separating this cult. Their purpose of creating all of these terrors, anxieties and delusion in our hearts is that they know they cannot keep anybody in this cult through logic and wisdom. If you think a bit, you will realize that all of it is a game –a political one. We are pieces in this game. Do not leave yourself in a lurch of the nonsense of the organization heads. They are sources of offenses .

Why won't you turn against Baha'ism if you know it is invalid? Why don't you choose another religion for yourself?

Do you think that all people who are Baha'is are Baha'i? They could hoodwink just some naive people; otherwise, most of them have remained Baha'i just to achieve some aims.

What is your purpose?

To be honest, I do not believe in any religion. I am searching for money. I had to become formally Baha'i just because my father and mother were Baha'i .

Nevertheless, do you believe in God?

Yeah, I believe in God .

Then, why don't you choose one of the religions that He has sent down ?

You know that Baha'ism is against Islam more. They have darkened our mind towards Islam as long as they could since childhood. All members of my family are similar to me. They are nominally Baha'is. Other religions have become old. They are full of superstitions. Their books have been deviated. We cannot trust them. Every one of them has divided into some cults. If we want to choose one of them, we should be completely familiar with all of its cults. In this way, all of our lifetime should be spent searching. May God damn those who founded Baha'ism? He has made a negative subjectivity concerning all religions. Now, why have we become far from the issue? You did not say. Are you ready to cooperate?

I should think .

You do not need thinking. Do not be strict. Believe it, no problem will happen. We have thought about every aspect of it. That smuggler is a big shot, if he were to be trapped, he would be captured until now. We want to transact with such a person, too. Be sure, nothing will happen .

I know what you say; but I should think again. You know I have a kid. I am in charge of him. If something happens for me, Sina will lose me .

You are mad to think so. First, nothing will happen; second, you have a mother. Do not be naysayer. Be strong and brave. How far do you want to feel nostalgic about other people's lives ?

However, I do not feel nostalgic about other people's lives. My life has not been bad yet. I have not been poor yet. The only thing that has tempted me is that if we do not receive the letter of introduction and we are deported to Iran having this situation, we will be sentenced, first and second Sohrab will not let me see Sina, anymore and he will take him forever .

Well, what do you say then? In this situation, you see three people out of five are deporting and returning to Iran. There is not any hope. If you think negatively, you will lose. Nevertheless, believe it, Sahel that we are sitting on money. We will not have good luck forever.

When are we going to enter into a contract?

We were waiting for a person to whom we speak. We will start as soon as you accept, .

Let me think tonight .

Think; but do not answer us negatively. Believe it, if you come back Iran, you will become miserable .

You will need money if you go everywhere in the world. Life is full of misery and wistfulness without money. If you accept, you will have lots of money at this time tomorrow night.

What should I do?

Then, did you accept?

Yeah, I accepted. However, do not hoodwink. Do not assume me as a naive person. If you hoodwink, I will become a wild animal and will revenge .

Do not think so, Sahel. I love you. If I wanted to hoodwink, I would suggest it to anybody else .

Then, tell Houshang to come and speak. I should see the drug.

Why do you want to see the drug?

I want to see.

Ok, let me call Houshang to come.

It was nearly dark. I had sat and spoken with Nader on the bench in the enclosure of the pension house for more than two hours. When he left, I had an opportunity to think a bit. I thought of my poor father and naive mother. If they were not trapped in this cult, we would live in tranquility then and no problem would threaten us. I remembered my mother had recently become timid and superstitious because of the inculcations of Baha'is. Maybe, my father became Baha'i because he was ambitious; but my mother was repeating some sentences at the bottom of her heart. She was continuously saying: If a person knows Baha and then he/she turns against him, he /she will be affected by the divine calamity. In addition, when I asked a question in public, she was quickly saying: The Blessed Beauty has wanted so. You should not ask, anymore. She sometimes was saying: We should be lovers not the wise people .

Baha'is continuously said these statements to us. However, I was with Baha'is forced by the circumstance. I had unwantedly been trapped. Separating from Reza was a stroke made me indifferent from everything. Even I was indifferent from my destiny. Especially, Baha'is believed that the reason of my separation from Reza is the Islamic teachings. They also deceived me. They were saying: If Reza were bigoted, he would not divorce you. While Reza divorced me because my family and I were constantly telling lies to him and we were not frank with him. Additionally, he had found that our life was extremely endangered by people who were enemies of Islam and our life would not be firm and strong. There were ten days to the end of the three-month period. When I thought we would come back Iran ten days later with no money and be condemned because of kidnapping a baby. I was completely afraid. Nevertheless, the anxiety of that dangerous task that Nader had suggested to me was very much. What should I have done? The temptation of getting wealthy quickly and getting rid of a great problem, which was ahead forced me not to think about anything but this thought and to risk .

Nader came back along with Houshang and they sat both sides of me. I asked Houshang:

Where is Samaneh?

He said she was going to study.

Didn't she understand the issue?

No, not at all. I am not stupid to tell her.

When should we start our tasks?

Bravo. Then, you are ready to cooperate .

I have no way but accepting. Just tell me what we should do because I have butterfly in my stomach.

Do not fear. It is not a hard task. The person is a big shot. We will give him the drug and get money like films.

Then?

What do you mean by then?

What should we do with the money? How much is mine?

We will subtract the investment out of the total. Then we will divide the rest by three. Ok?

All right. However, how much has the investment been?

That night we spoke with each other by the time when my mom came back home from work. I totally trusted them. This was the first time for them to do wrong, too. I was to keep in touch with one of the dealers of that great smuggler tomorrow morning. I was good at Turkish language. My mother's family were all Turks. Before going to our room, I went to Houshang and Nader's room. I saw the drug, which had been hidden at the bottom of a suitcase. I was to call and have an appointment with them. I could not sleep that night until dawn. I could not sleep, at all; although, I had taken two tranquilizer pills. Eventually, the night broke and I slept at sunrise. I was dreaming strangely. It was not surprising for me to dream strangely having all those worries and anxieties .

At last, the due time approached. According to our agreement, we left the room separately in order for anybody else not to become doubtful. We were waiting for each other at a junction. When we joined, we headed off towards an unfrequented call box.

I picked up the receiver and dialed a cell phone, which Nader was reading its number one by one. A Turkish man answered. I tried hard to misrepresent myself as a professional and seasoned person. Thus, I introduced myself as an Iranian with tranquility and then I said the name of the person who had given me the phone number and asked him to have an appointment soon. An hour later, a man with the same stated characteristics got off a white Benz. In addition, he came towards me. Houshang and Nader had hidden nearby in order to prevent the possible dangers. That person stood in front of me and I was wearing sunglasses and a white scarf around my neck while I was leaning to fences of a university, according to the characteristics that I had given to them. He said hello and I understood from his voice that he was the very man. I

said hello, too. I made him understand that who has given his phone number and how much drug we have to transact with him.

He asked for my phone number and he was to call me.

He called me an hour later and said: I must see the drug and I said: If you want to see it, I will tell you where you should come .

He accepted, too. I arranged a rendezvous with him in a coffee shop at 2 p.m. when my parent were at work.

The second floor of that coffee shop was usually empty, we could show the drug to them, and he accepted.

We were present there at the appointed place anxiously. We had put the drug into a smaller bag. Houshang came with me. Both of us went to the second floor with the excuse of drinking coffee and that man arrived along with another man some minutes later. After the waiter brought our order, he came back downstairs while I was careful for anybody not to come up. Houshang opened the bag at that moment and showed the drug. Both of them tasted it a bit and tested. They became certain about the originality of the drug. They asked me to sit down. After I sat, they started speaking about the price. According to previous teachings, I answer them and then I translated everything for Houshang. We agreed. They said they would exchange money by the drug at 10:30 tomorrow morning in a place out of the city whose address was given to us by them.

The half of the task had been done. Our dreams were nearly obtainable. That night at dusk, a man who was nearly 40 came to the pension house and asked about our family. Sarir invited him to our room. He said: I am one of the servers of this city. I have brought a message from Iranian servers. Samaneh, Sarir and I were waiting to hear the message. He said: You should come to the coterie and become formally Baha'i [Tasjil] in order to receive your letter of introduction. I asked him: How much will it take to receive our letter of introduction after we become formally Baha'i [Tasjil]. He said: Two or three days later. I asked: What time should we refer to the coterie? He said: Tomorrow morning. I said quickly: Is it possible to come to the coterie tomorrow afternoon. Sarir and Samaneh said sadly: No, we will come tomorrow morning. I knew that peevishness is vain. I could not tell that I have an important task to do in a strange city and in a strange country in order to reject his invitation. As soon as the man exited, I left the room to see Houshang and Nader in order to tell the issue. Nader said sadly: We are unlucky. What should we do now?

Houshang said: There is no way. You cannot come with us. It is better for you to stay here. Nader and I will go to the resort.

Nader said: It is impossible. If something happens for you and me, Sahel cannot do anything alone. It is improbable for them to identify us so far. They may know that we belong to refugees, and no band supports

us. You should be at the resort and if you did not go there, after two hours I would call and threat them. I said: But what should I do. I have no way. I should go with my family. We were waiting for this moment long time ago. Nader said: Well, feign illness and say I would go there to become formally Baha'i later.

I said: But my father has become so nervous these days that I do not think he lets me not to go there. He will forcefully take me there.

Houshang said: We cannot risk. Everybody will be doubtful.

Nader said: An unexpected event happens at exactly the right time. What should we do, then?

Everybody thought deeply. We really did not have any way to get rid of that dilemma. Then, Houshang said: We will call them to change the appointed time.

Nader said: What should we do if they did not accept?

Houshang said: They will accept. We will think again if they do not accept.

I said: What will be our excuse?

Houshang said: For example, we can say we ourselves are going to appoint the time and rendezvous. Therefore, they think we are professional and we do not obey them. We will tell them to wait for our call to announce you the due time and the rendezvous.

Nader said happily: Bravo, we could also tell them you should accept the place we appoint; otherwise, we will not sell you the drug.

Houshang said: No, do not be strict. It is better to say what I said.

I said: Then, what time and which place do you suggest them?

Houshang said: We do not know more places in this damned city; but tomorrow morning when Sahel has gone to the coterie, we will search in the city and find a good place .

All of us agreed and decided to leave the house again after some minutes in order to call them. Some minutes later, I left Sina with Sarir and Samaneh as usual with the excuse of buying something for Sina and I left the house .

I was waiting at the junction. Houshang and Nader arrived. We went to the previous call box together and called that man. I said with relaxation: I want to tell you that we want to change the time and the place. That man said surprisingly: But we had spoken with each other and you had agreed. Although, I was afraid extremely because of canceling the contract, I firmly said for I was relaxed due to receiving the letter of introduction and becoming formally Baha'i[Tasjil]: But now we are going to change the appointment. He said: Ok, where? I said: I will call you tomorrow. I came out of the call box and I gave the five to Houshang and Nader happily and said: Ok, everything is ok, guys.

We separated each other happily in order to go to the pension house separately, as usual. That night was a happy one. My parents were happy while they heard about receiving the letter of introduction. For the first time after a long time, I saw my father being happy. I sympathized him and decided to help him when I became wealthy. I decided to turn against Baha'i and Baha'ism forever after we would leave Turkey. I decided to search and accept the reality, which I felt, is no religion but Islam and step on its way in order to thank the divine blessings and compensate my sins. Then I said to myself: But hundreds of people will become addicts by these drug abuses and I am one of the guilty people in this calamity. Nevertheless, I consoled myself and said: This action would be done; whether I cooperated or not .

Anyway, that night passed, too and the defining day approached. My parents awakened everybody happily. Everybody headed off after eating breakfast. We found the coterie according to the address given us by the man. The meeting had been held in one of mansions, which was equipped in the higher part of the city: As if, it was Baha'is temple. An old woman who was the house cleaner of that building opened the door. We introduced ourselves and entered. After passing a rather long corridor, we entered a big hall where some people had been gathered together. When we entered, one of them stood up, welcomed us, and directed us to their gathering. We shook hands with them and greeted. Three out of nine people were women who had sat wearing short skirts, ring-like sleeve with an open neckline clothes. They asked us to sit. They asked the house cleaner to entertain us. It was a long time we had not eaten delicious pie cakes and fresh fruits. After hospitality and ordinary questioning and answering, they gave us some papers and said: Fill it up and sign after studying .

We should have announced our attachment and obligation to Baha and his son, Abdul Baha's orders and we should have attributed ourselves to Baha and become Baha'i .

All of us fill the papers up and signed willingly in order for our problem to be solved and to become free from that intolerable isthmus .

Then they congratulated us and made a short speech in Turkish language and they said: You will receive your letter of introduction by some days later before finishing three-month period. They made us relaxed. In addition, we thanked them happily many times. They asked me to recite an incantation. I recited on of incantation I had learnt by heart months ago, too. They asked Sarir and Samaneh several easy questions. Then, they wished us to be successful. They were those who were innocent according to Baha'is. I said to myself: If occult inspirations is inspired to them, how weren't they inspired that none of us have not become Baha'is at the bottom of our heart. They made a person formally

Baha'i who is going to do a great transaction with smugglers. However, as usual, I was smiling forced by the circumstance and I was praising Baha'is orders in Turkish language in order to satisfy them. Eventually, we were to come back home and wait for receiving the letters of introduction.

It was nearly noon when we arrived. I left the room with the excuse of announcing other friends. I went to see Houshang and Nader. They were eagerly waiting for me. When they became relaxed because of my returning, Houshang said: Then I am going to call.

I asked: Did you find a suitable place?

Nader said: Yeah, A ruined place near the city. We are going to tell them to come there.

What time?

At 3 p.m.

As soon as Houshang wanted to leave the room, Samaneh entered and said: Have you heard the news? We are leaving here today or tomorrow.

Houshang said: As if you are very happy, aren't you? Lucky you.

Samaneh said: When are you going? I will come with you. I can bear staying in the pension house.

Houshang said: I am not going to go to a special place. I am coming soon.

Samaneh said: Well, let me come with you .

I said quickly: Samaneh, stay here. I have a word with you .

Samaneh said surprisingly: with me?

I said: Yeah, she said: What about?

I said: Houshang is to give a party for us with the honor of leaving here. It is a kind of goodbye party.

Samaneh screamed and said: Wow, how good.

I said: So, let him go. Maybe, he wants to buy you a souvenir .

Houshang said banteringly: Gush! Sahel forced me to spend money again. Then he looked, winked and said: Anything you say and then he left the room. We just said prayer in order for each problem not to be happened. I went to the other rooms with Samaneh to announce. Without agreement, we appointed goodbye party for tomorrow night and we invited everybody. Although these parties were held for everybody to drink just tea and eat sweet; but holding it was really difficult for refugees; but Houshang had given such parties several time because he was wealthy. I said to myself if we become successful, we should really invite everybody for dinner; but I said nothing because we had not been in agreement.

At last, Houshang came back and made us understand that he had arranged a rendezvous and everything was ok. After lunch, everybody slept. I was eagerly expectant and restless. I was becoming wealthy soon.

I thought I couldn't see this moment even in dream. I dreamed that I was in America and I was sunbathing in the best beaches. Then, I repented and said I was to obligate my way. The contradictory thoughts and the spiritual contradictions belong to people like me who have not religiously been educated. The people like me who sacrifice the reality for carnal desires. The people like me who let tempters flaunt.

It was 1:30 when somebody rapped the door. My heart beat severely. I was afraid a problem would happen not to let us do our job according to program. I opened the door quickly. It was Nader. He was extremely anxious like me. He said: We should go right away. I said: But we were to leave at 2 p.m... He said: It is better to leave here as soon as possible. I was nearly ready. I coiled my scarf round my neck. I picked up my purse. I left the room silently. A moment later, I opened the door slowly and looked at the room. My father was asleep in a corner of the room. Moreover, Sina was sleeping deeply between mom and Samaneh. His chubby white feet were out of his blanket. I eagerly wanted to kiss him before leaving; but Nader did not give a grace period to me and called me several times. At that moment, Sarir rolled. I closed the door and went.

Nader and I left the pension house. We waited at the junction, as usual. Houshang joined us some minutes later, too. The drug was located at the same bag, which was nearly similar to a sport one. Houshang had hung the bag on his shoulder. Nader said to him: If you think it is necessary, Sahel and I will go. It will be better because they think we are more than three people. We are foreigners. Maybe, they are going to make us suffer a disaster. Houshang said: The intermediate who had given this person's phone number is trustful. No problem will happen. Nader said: But it is better to be careful about all aspects of this matter. It is better for Sahel and I to go this time. Houshang said: We had spoken before. It is better for me to go. Nader said: Maybe you do not trust me because you have paid more.

Houshang said sadly: I did not expect you to say this word.

Nader laughed and said: I was joking. Anything you say. Houshang said: Call that number if we were not at this junction at 4:30. We will be in touch with each other. Then stay here. Do not come back to the pension house. Nader said: No, be relaxed. Farewell.

Houshang and I chartered a taxi and headed off. Nader's look welcomed us to a distant path.

We approached near the rendezvous. We paid some money to the taxi driver to pick us up again in about 3:20. Then we got off and headed off a diverse path in order for the taxi driver not to doubt us. When the taxi became far from us, we returned and went into a ruined place near the road.

They were to come here 45 minutes later. We sat in a corner and waited. At that moment, I remembered Reza and having a pure and frank life with him. I could believe that I am the very girl who did not disagree with her parents in her first marriage because of her chastity. A quiet and calm girl whose all sighs were purity, virtue, attempt and success. Now, she has become a person who is doing wrong in a desert in a strange country. Anyway, she had done whatever she should not have done. I had become a girl who could not imagine herself. At last, I saw the same white Benz in due time. It was approaching us.

The car turned the road towards a factory, which was located in front of the ruined place. It stopped and two men got off. They headed off towards the ruined place. Some minutes later, they approached us. After greeting, both of them opened the bags and showed each other. A bag full of money was closed and given to Houshang. Then, they received Houshang's bag. Houshang and I scrutinized the money carefully; although, we were not familiar with Turkish money. We counted packs of money. They tasted and scrutinized the drug again, and when they became sure about it completely, they said goodbye and left the ruined place. We left the ruined place following them. They went towards, the car and we head off on foot. We were waiting for the car, which was to pick us up. We saw them who moved in contrary to our course. Some moment later, we saw the taxi, too. It was coming towards us according to the previous agreement. The taxi was approaching us when we saw a police car approaching us quickly. I were hopeful to see it accidentally. However, it was quickly stopped against us. Two people got off and asked us to go with them for answering some questions. My heart came down; as if, I was falling a building. I felt humor depression and freezing. I bit my lip and surrendered. We had no way. We rounded up easily. Then, we found out that the traffic police were scrutinizing the road carefully to control recognizably by cameras. Visiting us going into the ruined place, they became suspected and announce the police.

They had captured the drug purchasers. Some other people who were dealing with distributing drug were also captured simultaneously. We tried for Nader not to be captured; but in enormous inspections and searching the people of the pension house, they arrested Nader, too.

Since I realized that I was arrested and there was no way to escape, I cried for Sina and the incomplete happiness of my family. As if, I was buried under a great mass of snow and I was watching my death gradually.

I agreed to wash clothes all of my lifetime because of the extreme poverty; but I wasn't trapped in such situation. There wasn't any hope for me to be freed again. Separating from my dear Sina and my miserable family was making me mad every moment. I wish I could be calm and let

the destiny decide. I couldn't believe that the earth fall off me in the sweetest moments of my life. I knew it was God's willing. However, was it because of His anger and rage of His affection and mercy?

Does God show His anger and rage to His slaves so quickly?

Alternatively, I was the only one who became defeated and wistful in the best moments of my life forever. In addition, if the torment and entanglement were from His mercy and equity, I wish He would give me patience and the ability to tolerate. At that situation that my family were to travel to America, and as if at that ending days of isthmus were, similar to resurrection day and the black epistle of my deeds was given to me. Moreover, I was punished so. The thought of separating from Sina for the indefinite time was fatal for me. I was suffering an endless torment and annoying pain. I was ashamed to see my parents.

I was ashamed to appeal God. I really thought that God would not do anything for me. In addition, this was my last opportunity. I thought I was on the last step of the world. In addition, there was no way to return. Anyway, nobody can continue his/her life without God's assistance at these oppressive moments even with disgrace. I knelt and I felt blood was streaming out of my eyes. I was not appealing. I was bawling. It was a silent scream and a penance as big as a torment I was suffering. The inquiries were endless. The swearing was useless. They did not believe it was my first time. I was in a fatal suspension until they would complete their research. My parents came to visit me three days later. I wish I had died and had not seen that moment. My entire father's essence was questioning. My entire mother's existence was sorrow. All of us were crying. My mother picked up the receiver and said to me at the thick glass located between us: What should we do? We have become bereaved.

I said: Dear mom, forgive me for God's sake. My mother's crying was not familiar for me. She had not cried so before. My father took the receiver and said: You made me desperate, Sahel. Did we have any shortage? How could you do this action at this situation? I interrupted his statements and said: Daddy, I wanted to make you prosperous. We had a short time to come back to Iran. I was afraid to be deprived of Sina. My father said with his sorrowful and sunken eyes: Did they give Sina to you, now?

I said: Where is Sina? Why didn't you bring him here?

My father said: We did not know they would let us visit you. We had come to be inquired.

I swear you by God to bring him to visit. My father said angrily: Why? The letter of introduction has been received. You afflicted us with such a calamity at this time. I was happy my son does not do wrong. I did not know my oppressed and quiet daughter has been wrong.

Daddy, I swear you by God not to torment me. I am tormenting.

What should I do? What can I do in this stranger country?

My mother took the receiver and said: My dear, do not be worried. Trust in God. Everything will be ok.

I knew she was saying these statements to condole me and it would not be ok easily. The retribution of that amount of drug would be execution or the like.

I asked: Then, did you received the letter of introduction, at last?

My mother said: Yeah, we did.

I said: May God kill them. After death, the doctor.

My mother said: We will not go anywhere until your situation becomes reformed .

I said: But mom, you are suffering difficulties. My situation is vague. We do not know when my situation will be reformed .

My mother said sadly: That is, you want to say we leave you here alone.

I started crying .

Some minutes later, visiting was over. I recommended them to be careful about Sina, again and to bring him to see as soon as possible before my parents left. My parents left crying and having bent backs. I remained with grief and an ocean of sorrow .

A week passed soon; although, I was suffering and tormenting. As if day and night were shorter inside the prison. I missed Sina. I could not sleep without him at nights. I had extremely been accustomed to his embrace, the good smell of his body, his small hands which were coiled around my neck and his warm, small face which was put on my chest and his beautiful, well-shaped eyes during this three-month period. I was eagerly waiting the day I knew that they could come to visit me. At last, I was taken away for visiting. My parents and Sina had come. My mother took the receiver, greeted me, and asked my health. Then I spoke with my father and then they gave the receiver to Sina to speak with me. I tried not to cry in order for him not to grieve. He asked my health with his eloquence and then he quickly asked: When do you come home? I said to him: I will come back soon. Say prayer for me to come soon. He looked around surprisingly and asked: Have you been put into prison, mom? I said: No, my dear. I am busy here. I cannot come for the time being. He asked again: Then, why is mom crying forever?

I said: No, my dear. She is not crying. You make a mistake. She is maybe peeling onion. He pointed out towards my eyes with his small finger and said: Did you peel onion, too .

I said: No, I did not sleep last night. My eyes have become red. Be happy, ok?

He came back to his infantile world and said: Oh! Uncle Sari is disturbing me. He does not play with me. He is arguing with me. I said: Give the receiver to dear mom.

I asked my mother: What is Sina saying. Are you taking care of him so? Why does Sarir disturb him?

She said: No, mother, he does not disturb Sina. He is bored to play with Sina. Sarir is complaining .

I said: Dear mother. I swear you by God to do an action.

Mother said: We are doing some actions. We referred to Khademin [servers]. They said they will do every action that they can. They are to ask a good lawyer to function as your lawyer. Be relaxed.

I became happy and said to myself I hope they can compensate for the calamity, which they caused to happen. I spoke a bit with my father. He was not feeling well. Anyway, he was giving hope to me and he was hiding his hidden deep pain. I said with embarrassment: Dear daddy, I swear you by God to forgive me. I always tormented you. Father said: No my daughter, I am ashamed. If my income was great, you did not have to do this action. I liked to tell him that all of our misery is due to the lack of faith not poverty. All human beings will realize this reality eventually. In addition, I do not know whether my father had become alert or not. My naive mother was saying prayer for me and asking Baha for help.

Days and nights of prison passed quickly. Why it was continuously saying day and night of prison are long. It was strange for me. Maybe the reason was that the previous three months had not been easily passed for me and; as if, I was far from my hometown for months. Thus, according to me, the difficult hours were quickly passing in prison. Moreover, maybe the reason of passing time quickly in prison was that the more I went ahead, the more I approached my verdict, which was the death warrant or the life imprisonment. At last, the inquiries, researches, and investigation finished and I was at prison for nearly two months. At the appointed day in the court, the lawyer who had been elected by Khademin [servers] vindicated me. That day, my parents gave me hope that I will be freed soon. My parents could not tell me a secret because a police officer was escorting me. One day, they made me understand that Khademin [servers] have paid off the judge. The judge is to mitigate my verdict very much. At least, I became relaxed. My verdict is not the death warrant or the life imprisonment. Nevertheless, when I was thinking I may be at prison for years, I preferred to die. Captivity has its own special meaning and as long as a person has not been trapped, he/she cannot understand it. It is not similar to the other pines to which a person will be affected. Just a captive person can realize the captivity. In addition, hope is the mere thing that keeps him/her alive. The hope to God's mercy, a

hope to a miracle, a hope to freedom and freedom is a sweet dream which is an inaccessible one .

At last, according to the judge order I was transferred to the public cells while I was in solitary cell for two months. Most of the prisoners were felonious women who were still trying to learn the violation strategies after freedom better. I was surprised that the captivity suffering had not harassed them. They were lively and happy. They were consistently following pests. Sometime, they were divided into some groups, they were beating each other violently, and then they were punished. Sometime, I thought of my past and realized that my freedom world was smaller than the limited world of prison. My identity, originality and all my ethical virtues were being questioned. I felt that I do not have any opportunity to compensate. All indifferences, unconcern, the lack of cordial attachments to piety and the spiritual issues had made a captive out of my spirit which had been forgotten in the body prison. I had changed into a mobile dead body whose needy spirit was not able to fly.

Our next court was held. My lawyer recited necessary defenses in the presence of my parents, Houshang, Nader, and some people who were present there. He said: My client has asked for asylum in this country and she has temporarily resided here. She has had a very undesirable condition financially. She has been threatened by Baha'i community to come back to her hometown and lose her kid forever because their letter of introduction had been received late. She knew if she were deported to Iran, she would be affected by a very regretful condition. Thus, in order to become free from this regretful condition, she has accepted these two Baha'i friend's suggestion; while she could not even diagnose flour and white drug. She still is not aware of a horrible drug called cocaine. She even did not know what the punishment of distributing the drug is. According to the complete and comprehensive inquiries, which have been done about this woman, she has not had the bad background or the slightest doubtful case concerning drug abuses. She has been a university student and she has left her hometown along with her family to continue her education abroad. Such person with such intention and the above-mentioned unawareness should not be the same as the other smugglers. At last, the lawyer who had been elected for me presented his defense to the judge by stating several real matters. Sometimes, the judge tightened me by asking some questions and proved I was guilty in this way. Eventually, after an hour and a half, the judge condemned me to be imprisoned for two years. I did not know whether I become happy or sad. I was shocked. My heart was extremely beating due to excitement. My tears were dropping on my cheeks unconsciously. By announcing the verdict by the judge, Sina's beautiful and innocent eyes were incarnated

for me; although, I expected more and I thought I should spend my lifetime in prison for years. I should have tolerated separating from him for two years. Tear was streaming at the corners of my eyes like a stream waiting for passing at a dam. I was gradually remembering Sina who had to spend his little world without his father and mother and to tolerate the elder's cruel world without being guilty. My cheeks were similar to streams for my tear floods. I was crying because I knew he missed me. He missed me because I was hugging him tightly every night. In addition, I was telling him story.

I was crying for myself because I had to be away from him for days, weeks, months and be deprived from his body odor, which was all of my soul.

I was whispering to myself: Dear Sina, forgive me. I love you, my dear. I love you endlessly, endlessly

The pain of tolerating two years in the prison in a strange country along with felons who were in agreement with me and had different cultures and features was similar to the pain of a bitter lifetime. A long lifetime, which was endless. It was slow and was passing slowly .

Three weeks after the verdict, my parents and Sina came to visit me. I did not have to visit them at a glass. I did not have to hear their voice by the receiver. My lawyer had made all the necessary agreements for a private visit. That day, I could hug my dear Sina, tightly. I smelled and kissed him. Sina was looking at me surprisingly. Although he was saying nothing; but I knew that his little brain realize that this event is really heavy and painful. He asked my health with his special mellifluousness. I wish I could tell him the truth. I had a sad, ashamed and despondent state .

I am ok my dear. How are you?

I am fine. Thank you. When do you come, dear mom?

I cannot come for the time being, my dear.

What do you mean by for the time being?

That is, I cannot come soon.

Then, when do you come. I swear you by God to come soon .

Why? Do you miss me?

Yeah.

I miss you, too. My sweet heart. However, you should live with your grandma and grandpa. Promise me to be a good boy. Doesn't uncle Sarir bother you?

Yeah, he does not take me away to park .

My sweet heart. I will tell him to take you. Be careful about yourself when you went to park. Ok?

All right, dear mom. Let us go home now .

No, my dear. I cannot come .

Then, why? Then he cried .

In order to make him silent, my mother said: Now, let us go and ask that man to permit us to take your mom.

While my mother was trying to make Sina silent, I asked my father: Don't you have financial problem, anymore? Do Khademin [servers] help you?

My father sighed coldly and said: No, we have not any problem. It is passing.

What do you mean by passing? Don't they help you?

No, they do not help us. We owe them because they helped you .

Well, tell them to send you all the salaries of next several months as a dept. They know you. You will make up for them .

No, it is not necessary .

However, you have problems. They have relinquished you. They do not help you at all .

It is not necessary. At last, life is passing. We have a hand-to-mouth existence. Your situation was torrid. We owe them. They saved you. They hired a good lawyer and made the judge satisfied .

Well, what about you?

Do not think of us. Try not to make yourself nervous because of us .

However, daddy, I beg you to tell me everything. Maybe, there are some news that you do not tell me .

No, my dear ...just ...

What do you mean by just? I swear you by God say.

To be honest, we cannot stay here for two years. We have borrowed much money so far. We should leave here. We should go to a country to accept us as guests. Hearing this statement, I trembled and my blood ran cold; although, I was ready and expected to hear it before. I looked at Sina immediately and changed my direction fast in order to be tormented by myself. I became silent after a moment. Then I asked:

What about there? Do Khademin [servers] help you there?

No, they have said: We do not have any budget to spend for such issues.

Then, why did they say they spend it for the poor when they took us money every other 19 days? Now you are needy. When are you going to leave here? Soon.

Before leaving, let me visit the kids. I miss them. My mother cried when she heard this statement and gave Sina to me. I had become too weak that I could not lift Sina. I put him on the table and looked at him.

Mother said: Do not grieve. We do not take Sina away. One of the coterie members who was persisting your affairs, loves Sina. Now, they have told us to leave Sina with us to take him to see his mother in visiting days. We ourselves are sad because we are attached to him. I looked at

my father. He had become thin and weak. His skin color had become dark and his look was not bright.

I said: Daddy, what do you think?

My father said: I do not know. If you can tolerate Sina's isolation, we will take him away; otherwise, we will leave him here.

Nevertheless, is that family trustful? What do you know about them?

Be relaxed about them. They are kind husband and wife. Their children have been grown up. They all have gotten married.

How can they grow Sina up while they have many responsibilities?

They have said us that they do not have many responsibilities. Their children have been taken over them. They love Sina very much. Be relaxed.

That is, do you agree?

Yeah, we say it is better for us to do so because you do not miss Sina .

My mother was continuously crying.

I said: Dear mom, I swear you by God not to cry so much. Why are you crying so much. Am I dead?

My mom said sobbing: How can we leave Sina and you here. Ah! What was a calamity by which we were affected?

My father said with his pale face and sorrowful look: Each sin which we committed was purified by the torment which we were affected these several months.

The visiting time had been over. At that short time, I remembered my father's extreme attachment to Sina. I sympathized him. Anyway, I agreed with the idea of leaving Sina with that family without thinking well. Then I hugged them tightly and I put my head on my father and mother's shoulders and asked them to forgive me. We were crying uncontrollably. As if, Sina understood our grieves; so he let us cry and he was just looking at us without any other reaction.

When my mother hugged me, she kissed me a lot. She even kissed my eyes and said: Forgive me if I did not see you, my daughter. I said crying: What do say, mom? Why do you weaken my spirit by saying these statements? She said sorrowfully: No, my dear. I said these statements without any aim. My sweet heart. May God kill me because I cannot tolerate to see you in prison and I have to leave here .

The last moments of visiting finished and they left the room forcefully. When I returned to the row, I could just call God and cry loudly. I think I cried from the morning until night. Sometimes, I suffered from dyspnea because of the extreme sadness. In addition, sometimes I suffered from cardialgia. I sympathized myself because of having this ill-fated destiny. I do not know how many times I call God; but I think as many as the stars in the sky. I asked Him to help me. My son's destiny had been endangered. He had suffered from his mother and father's

isolation respectively. He had been deprived of our kindness. Now, he should be deprived of my parents' kindness who loved him so much. He should be separated from them. This was a mere selfishness that I separated him from my parents, Sarir and Samaneh in order to see him sometimes. Why, my God? How could I made a decision for him without paying attention to his desire? I should announce my parents as soon as possible not to treat Sina cruelly and to take him with themselves. I was trapped in a horrible tightness. Each way had been blocked for me. O' God, how great was my sin that I was revenged so for it. By making such decision, I knew that I would not see my son by the time I got free. Then, he would be a six-year boy. By making this decision, I begged the row attendant who was a serious woman to take me to the office to call my lawyer. I said to her I should speak with my lawyer about an important issue. She said: I will ask and then will answer to you. She came back half an hour later and said: The prison head does not let you. I begged and appealed her to let me see the prison head and at last, I saw the prison head after making noise, crying and appealing. I asked him to call my family or my lawyer to tell them to take my son away with themselves and to prevent leaving him in Turkey. The prison head agreed and I called my parents. According to the prison head's order, I should have spoken with them for 3 minutes. Samaneh picked the receiver up and cried hearing my voice. I said to her: Dear Samaneh, listen to me well. I made my decision. Tell daddy and mom that I do not like Sina to be left here in Turkey. Take him with yourselves wherever you go. He has been accustomed to you. We should not treat him cruelly. Samaneh said: But Sahel, Shirzad's family is wealthy. I said angrily: To be rich is not important, at all. Take Sina away with yourselves. I beg you Samaneh to be careful about him. Do not let him be tormented for isolation from me. Samaneh, promise me to look after him. However, it was interrupted. I looked at the prison head appealing; but he was not satisfied to call again .

I was relaxed. Some minutes later, my eyes abscess, which had been turned red horribly, started itching. The more I scratched them, the more they were itchy. I had to announce the row attendant. In addition, she took me to infirmary of the prison. I liked to find a sharp instrument to cut my artery to end my life, which was full of misery and ignominy; while they were treating me. However, nothing was found. Two kinds of drops and an ointment were prescribed and their itching decreased by taking them .

Some days later my lawyer came to see me and said: Your father, Sarir and Samaneh are to go to America; but your mother has decided to stay here with Sina. Your mother could not leave you here alone. I thanked God because of having such mother and asked Him to give me an opportunity to compensate. I sympathized my mother because she had

become fond of Baha'ism superstitions and she had obligated to this political sect; although, my mother had suffered from many calamities caused by Baha'ism .

A week later, father, Sarir and Samaneh left. In addition, my mother and Sina stayed in Turkey with many problems that I know they dealt with them. From that time on, they both came to visit me in visiting time. Sina had been accustomed to this situation. My mother was working in a chicken farm. She received more salary because her job was difficult. She worked as a servant in that chicken farm round the clock.

According to her, she could find this job hard; thus, she was satisfied. Days were passing slowly. Sometimes we were hearing my father and the kids. They were living routinely. The kids were busy studying at university and their lessons.

Two years of my condemnation were going to finish. I was happy to visit Sina and my mother. Sometimes, my mother brought me eats. She was speaking about her daily affairs and so often, she spoke about her hardships when I urged. However, I realized that she was not satisfied with Baha'ism. She was not interested in it, as before. They try hard to save and keep those who are in this cult or those who are turning to it. According to this thesis, they were inviting my mother to many meetings, as usual; but she could not participate in all those meetings because of her hard job. I recommended her to take Sina to go for an outing instead of going to such meetings because I did not like Sina to be trained and educated by them. They had planned for Sina very much. They had tried to keep him round-the-clock. My mother hadn't let them because she was suffering from isolation. They had shadowed him to raise intellectually. They liked to educate him their teachings by any means. However, I extremely disagreed. I begged my mother not to leave him alone for even a moment. They had found another job for my mother in order to make her greedy. They wanted Sina to be near the city to participate in special classes for kids; but my mother rejected after consulting with me .

Everything was ok. I was used to all hardships and problems of the prison. I was eagerly waiting for getting free. The last weeks were passing when my tranquility did not last. I would suffer from a great problem. It was impossible for me to get rid of it. A problem, which harassed me. A problem that made all the world dark for me. I was announced that my ex-husband, Sohrab has come to Turkey and had a complaint against me. This news was bitter and horrible for me like all those hardships I had suffered. I thought I would join with my family in America along with my mother and son. Moreover, everything would finish. In addition, all our misery would be over. However, hearing this news, I was buried under the world's hardships. My weeping had made

all my friends cry. I spent all those two years in hope of living with my dear son with tranquility after freedom. In addition, today, all my hopes had changed into disappointment. I couldn't believe that God was unkind with me so much. I asked God the just reason for all torments I suffered in the summit of my weeping. I thought Sohrab has put me under a curse and I said to myself: To me, he had been a guilty person; but he is honorable in the presence of God to put me under a curse and to make my life dark and sorrowful. Why couldn't I be prosperous? Which sin has made me miserable and prostrate? Then, my God, where is that kindness which is said is more than mother's one? O' God, why don't you finish my pains and miseries? Where are those mercy and patronage to which you have been attributed? Which sin has made Sina's destiny too agitated? O' God, do a miracle, O' God, have mercy on my mother and me? O' God put, an end to my mother's grieves and sorrows.

I was crying days and nights. I was appealing God. At visiting day, my mother and Sina came to see me. I was kissing Sina voraciously like a thirsty person who has achieved water. I hugged him violently. I was crying so much. I could not see his face easily. He was astonished that I attacked and fondled him. Nevertheless, my mother said mournfully: I have heard that Sohrab has complained you. What should we do? I said: Refer to my lawyer and ask him to help us. She said: You know that we should pay much money to him. I said: Dear mother, do any action you can. I swear you by God not to let them take Sina. I will suicide without Sina. I cannot live without him. She said: I referred to Khademin [servers] and they were unhappy with me and said: You disobeyed the coterie orders during these two years. How do you expect us to help you today? I appealed. Agha Shirzad said: Leave Sina with us at this situation for the time being because it is not advisable for Sina to live with you. Because it is most likely for Sohrab to find your address asking the police station. It is better for Sina to be left with us until Sahel is freed. Pay him a short visit everybody. I will be freed next week. I should pay attention when my next court will hold. Because Sohrab has been found out by the Iranian government that where my place is. Maybe, they want to send me back to Iran. Dear mom, ask your steward to lend you some money or tell daddy to send us some money. We should consult a lawyer to find a way.

Mother and Sina left. I said goodbye to them while I was more sorrowful than usual.

During the last week, my mind was as busy as those two years. I was thinking days and nights to find an alternative. I consulted with anybody whom I thought he/she could help me. The prison head called me and said: Your condemnation has been finished and you should be free three days later. We have made all necessary arrangements to see your ex-husband to make him satisfied. He has complained you through Iranian

government and he does not take his complain back unless he takes his son. If you want to be free, you should give his son. Then, come back to Iran and do necessary measures to see your son when you became free. I said: What will happen if I do not do this action. He said you have no other way. We decided to help you because you were one of the best prisoners of ours during these two years. You will be freed if you can do an action to satisfy your husband with taking his complain back; otherwise, he will retake your son through the police and put you into the prison of Iran because of kidnapping. I said: But I had letter of introduction. My son and I should be got out of Turkey. He said: That letter of introduction is not valid because you have a bad background. If you cannot satisfy your ex-husband, you will be sent back to Iran escorted by guards and will be condemned be due to cause of kidnapping. After consulting with the prison head, I realized that I had no other way and as long as I did not deliver Sina to Sohrab, I would be at prison. I had no way. As if calamity was falling on me and this was the end of mercilessness. After suffering from spiritual torture, captivity and imprisonment for two years, I should have delivered my dear son to Sohrab and should have sent my son away from myself forever. I accepted Sohrab to visit me. I knew he was too furious not to satisfied with my death, too. However, I had no way. I should try to become free from prison at least. I was thinking of my helpless mother. What should she do? If I was sent back to Iran, I should be separated from her forever. Moreover, she should be separated from Sina despite of her attachment to Sina. He was tolerating the separation from father, Sarir and Samaneh hard. Now, she should be separated from us and should immigrate to America. As if, my problems were endless. She should accept that I am a miserable girl. She should accept my destiny has been written by pain and sorrow. At last, she should be separated from me. Eventually, she should leave her star-crossed daughter. Next morning after I spoke with prison head, I was called to visit Sohrab. I could not look at Sohrab's face. Sohrab was not honorable to me and he was debased because of the moral problems. I was priding for my family and me and was humiliating his family. Now, I should be ashamed in the presence of him.

I fastened my short scarf at the back of my head like house cleaners. I looked at myself in the mirror. My eyes were sunken. My cheeks were dark because my skin had been wrinkled and it caused my face not to be fresh. My face was faint. I was not heavy and my face was not round as before, anymore. My round-the-clock tears had removed the brightness of my eyes. The naughtiness of my eyes had been replaced by untimely senility and feebleness. I saw Sohrab at the glass. Visiting him in prison in foreign land after two years of torment was opportune for me like a familiar face, or a relative, or an embrocation for my wounds. I felt I was

standing in front of a person to whom I owe as much as a lifetime. I felt debased in the presence of him. I picked the receiver up. I said hello to him. As if, Sohrab's anger changed into compassion by visiting me. I said with humiliation: Sohrab, forgive me. I beg you to forgive me. I am ashamed to see you. I was damned wrong. I am really regretted. I swear you by God to forgive me. He was looking at me with astonishment compassionately. He was silent and listened to me. I said to him: Sohrab, believe me that I was not going to take Sina away forever. Unfortunately, my family has been trapped in a cult called Baha'ism. They must obey their orders without any question. They made all the necessary arrangements for my family to leave Iran. I could not stay in Iran because I was alone without any support. They deceived my family and forced me to do so. Sohrab, I will do any action to compensate this tyranny. I just ask you to forgive me and to let me get rid of the prison. I have tolerated being in prison for 2 years. I tolerated the isolation from Sina. I have tormented very much. My family was collapsed. Now, my mother and Sina are living together and my father, Sarir and Samaneh have gone to America. We were revenged. Forgive me for God's sake .I was crying while speaking.

Sohrab sighed and said: I did wrong; but I would not tyrannize anybody. I had been accustomed to revel; but I was not too cruel not to let you see Sina. I trusted you and let you see him more than once a week. Then you urged to be with him round-the-clock. I did not disagree. Just because I was an emotional person. In addition, I could not tyrannize you. Nevertheless, you ... kidnapped him with cruelty. How could you do this action? You were not too malicious and cruel. Why do you become so? After I realized that you kidnapped Sina, I went to Imam Reza (P.H) holy shrine, did penance, cried and asked him to prevent you; although, I was really guilty and sinful. I asked him to send Sina to me. I swore him by his generosity to make me well mannered. I just asked him to send Sina back to me. Irreligious person, I had not let Sina feel any shortage in his life; although, I was bad. What had I done that you could tyrannize me so? I had made a religious pledge to go to Jamkaran [Saheb-al-Zaman's (P.H.) mosque] every other forty days to find Sina. You are cruel, Sahel. How could you do this action? I loved Sina more than my soul. I said to myself: If I found you a day, I will dismember you. I would set you in fire. Now when I see you at the prison bars, I realize that God is the great. If He wants to revenge, He will ruin.

He was speaking slowly and I was crying so much. When I heard the name of Imam Reza's (P.H) holy shrine and Jamkaran, my heart flew there like a pigeon which can fly everywhere. My heart had sat on the golden dome of the affectionate Imam. My soul had come out of my essence and had flown over his holy shrine. I knelt in his auspicious

courtyard disgracefully and dishonorably and I whispered brokenheartedly and helplessly: O' Imam Reza, forgive me, O' Imam Reza, save me if I was trapped because of ignorance, concupiscence and selfishness. Help me if I abandoned you because of tyranny and faithlessness. Answer my cry for help if I tyrannized myself. Punish me if I forget an affectionate Imam like you and asked your enemies for help. O' Guarantor of gazelle, guarantee me to fly towards you to become satiated with your mercy spring. Call me to come toward you to do penance of my previous sins. O' remedy for all the painful.

During the flight my spirit towards helpmate, Sohrab was speaking. I became alerted by the question, which he repeated. I asked: What did you say? I heard that he said: Where did you go? I am speaking with you. Where is my son now? How is he? Is he ok?

No, not at all. He is ok. My mother is really taking care of him. Forgive me, Sohrab for the sake of Imam Reza (P.H). Sina and I myself will come back Iran.

Ok, I will get free two days later. I will take you to see Sina. I myself do not know their address; but my mom will come to take me two days later.

Sohrab forgive me and I easily accepted the calamity, which I thought it was really great and complicated and I became calm. He said to me: When one of relatives saw my restlessness and continuous bothers, he finally said you are in Turkey; but he was one of my mom's distant relatives. He said: Do not ask his/her name because I have sworn not to tell anybody. The torment from which I was escaping was blessing and maybe God's wisdom had written my destiny to be tormented and tortured and returned to Him by doing penance. I would be freed by Sohrab's written consent two days later. I saw my mother waiting for me out of the prison. We approached each other quickly. The pain of years of torment and suffering was associated in our minds by hugging each other, too. In addition, as if crying was a balm for the deep wound. Tear was streaming on our faces and washing. Some minutes later, Sohrab also joined us in order to visit Sina and take him together. Both of us were eagerly enthusiastic to visit him. We were very interested in visiting his beautiful and innocent face. We were beholden to him because of creating many problems for him; we were beholden to an innocent and little angel who could not change his destiny. A little angel who did not understand the meaning of the most painful concepts of the world.

When we arrived to the mentioned address; that is, Mr. Shirzad's house who was one of the coterie members of that city ..., our heartbeat increased. To be honest, the kindness of parents towards offspring is a unique phenomenon which is really sincere and beautiful in this colorful world. An aboveboard affection that is strewn without any expectation

and a saturated and perfect love that has erupted and has been spilled for offspring. We had neglected his right. We had made a lot of hardship and torment for him by incompetence and selfishness .

At last, the door of Shirzad's mansion was opened and his wife came to us. Visiting us, she welcomed. I felt she did not become happy to visit us. However, she pretended to be happy. She invited us to go in. She proceeded and we followed. She entered the room before us. We were waiting for Sina in the hall. She went to another room and some moments later, she brought Sina .

Sohrab approached and hugged him. Sohrab hugged him tightly and addressed him very affectionately. At last, when he put Sina on the ground, I knelt in front of him and said: Come to my bosom, my dear. Everything was over. Come to your mothers' bosom, my sweet heart. I hugged him tightly. He had a lump in his throat, when he came to my bosom and cried rather loudly. I did not know what he felt. Was he crying because of happiness or did he have a problem? Did a six-year-old child who had been affected by pain and misery since infancy understand the meaning of ending misery crying so? I drove him away from myself to look at his face well. When I looked at his face well, I understood he had cried so much before, too. I asked my mother quickly: How long haven't you paid a short look to him? Separating him from me to kiss, my mother said: I brought him here three days ago; but I had not had time to see him so far. I said: He has cried so much. Why didn't you pay a short look to him? My mother kissed Sina and asked him: What had happened, my dear? Why did you cry? Sina cried more and he tossed himself in my mother's bosom. His innocent crying was tearing my heart to pieces.

Sohrab took him and said: Come to see you my son. My sweet heart. My beautiful Sina. Do you remember me? I am daddy Sohrab. I have come to take you home. Why are you crying? What has happened, my sweet heart?

Sina was not calming down. He was crying so that he had a serious problem and as if he was tormenting during these three days. I separated him from Sohrab and said: What is wrong, my son? Speak, why don't you tell what has happened? Had you been left alone? Had you become homesick? Had you been frightened? Had you been taken fright for your grandma not to come back? Sina was constantly crying. I asked these questions again. He said sobbingly: No, I was not afraid.

So, what has happened? Why are you crying? Tell me my dear .

Nothing.

Nobody cries for nothing. Tell me, has anybody bother you?

No.

So, what has happened?

Mrs. Shirzad who was extremely anxious said: He was suffering from homesickness here. As if, he has been afraid of something and living here had been hard for him.

Eventually we made Sina calm by petting and drenching him some sherbet. However, when I looked at his face carefully, I felt I do not know him. His complexion was yellow and his eyes were faint and drab. In addition, his hands and legs were lifeless. He was similar to a hungry person who had not eaten anything for a long time. He was light and weightless. That grief was oppressive. I asked: Are you hungry? What is wrong? May God kill your mother. Why don't you say?

Sohrab separated him from me again, hugged him, and said: He will tell daddy. Tell me what has happened, my dear. Do you have stomachache?

My mother was anxious and was surprisingly looking at Sina's strange behaviors. Eventually, she complainingly turned to Mrs. Shirzad and said: Khanom, this kid is ill. Why didn't you announce me? Why didn't you take him to the doctor? He is faded. His eyes are sunken. What has happened for him? Has he trapped in the desert ?

In order to change the circumstance, Mrs., Shirzad laughed and said: Why do you make it serious. Mrs., Ghadimi, this kid is affecting coyness. He has approached his relatives after a long time. He was missing his family here. He was not eating food. I think he been suffered from food poisoning. Do not be strict. I will order him a good food, now .

My mother took Sina immediately and said: What do you mean by food poisoning? The kid is fainting. Tell me what has happened? Why has this kid become so? How long hasn't he eaten food ?

While we were asking Sina about the issue, Mrs. Shiorzad called a taxi company and ordered for drug and food in Turkish language. My mother said angrily: Food does not work. This kid does not feel well. We should take him to hospital. Sina was similar to a related child. His manner of looking had been changed. He was baffled. At last, we took him to hospital. After examining, the doctor prescribed him some energizing syrups and said: Your child's problem is not physical. He has been affected by a kind of mental disease. My mother said: Ah! Doctor, this kid did not have any problem by 3 days ago. He was cheerful; although, he had many mental problems. He was laughing all the time. He was hopeful. He was an active child. What has happened at once during these three days? The doctor surprised and asked: Has he been separated from you during these three days? We narrated him the issue. He said: You should ask him what had happened for him. He injected a serum for Sina and said: Ask him gradually what has happened for him. Just one of you who is more intimate with him should speak with him. My mother pioneered. Sohrab and I left the room. After half an

hour, we saw my mother came out of the room crying. She fell on a chair. She was severely crying. I was too sorrowful and frightened. I said: Tell, what has happened? My mother closed her eyes, put her head on the wall, and relaxed her inner grief as she was crying with a loud voice. She said: That scumbag was bothering the kid. Sohrab's eyes and mine had become large because of fear. We were waiting impatiently for my mother to tell the truth. My mother continued: Scumbag Shirzad was raping him. Hearing this statement, my breath blocked and soul was drawn out of all members of my body, my skin, flesh and bone. As if, a sharp knife was scraping my liver. I felt a severe pain in my liver. I felt the blazing of my heart. I fell on the chair faintly.

What was I hearing? How was it possible for Shirzad who was similar to an ox to rape my son? Sohrab look at me and went towards Sina with anger and pain that I could merely realize it. I followed him; but my knees were too weak to move. My knees did not help me walk. I approached Sina and his father forcefully. Sohrab asked Sina. What did that scumbag do with you? Do not be afraid, my dear. It is not a matter. I will kill him. I will tear him to pieces in front of you. I will sacrifice that bastard person like a sheep. You will see. Sina's serum had been finished. I asked the doctor to examine him crying. After examining, the doctor said: The kid has severely tormented. Complain that dastard person soon. He prescribed two kinds of ointment again and issued the necessary orders .

We nestled Sina and left the hospital. We took a taxi and headed off towards police station. Two hours later, we were at Shirzad's house accompanied by a team of police officers while we had a warrant to arrest him. Shirzad's wife opened the door and said: Shirzad has not come to the house and I have been unaware of him since morning. We knew that she was telling lies. Sohrab attacked her; but police officers prevented him to hurt Shirzad's wife. Sohrab urged and said: Tell soon where he is; otherwise, I will make you fire. Moreover, she denied.

At last, the police officers showed the warrant of Shirzad's arrest to her. The police officers said: He must refer to police station. The more we urged Shirzad's wife to be captured instead of Shirzad, the police officers did not accept. Nevertheless, she was arraigned to police station to be inquired. She had denied everything during inquiry. She pretended to be unaware of everything. We were waiting in the police station hall wonderingly. We were waiting for that villainous woman to expose her husband and his hiding place. However, she did not tell any word and it was vain. She was freed after two hours of inquiry, questioning and answering. She was headed off toward her house. We could do nothing. We couldn't force him to confess nor to find a way to find that filthy animal. Our happiness didn't last so much; so it changed into a painful

grief. Moreover, as if my ill-fated destiny did not like to compromise and the ominous epoch was going to revenge me for all the sins, which all the sinful on the earth committed. I did not know how to make myself calm. I felt that I breathed with difficulty and there was not enough oxygen around me. I felt my inner flame was becoming more blazing moment by moment than before and my heart pain was not decreasing even for a moment .

Unfortunately, everything was expensive in that country and we could not stand being in the country more than several days. We referred to the filthy traitorous members of the coterie, insulted them as long as we could, and told them everything for which they were merited. However, it was useless. They did not help us capture Shirzad and they declared that they had been unaware of him. We kept in touch with my father and told him about the issue with embarrassment. He said if you wait, I would send you some money to find Shirzad with the help of a capable detective and to capture him.

We did not know what to do. Two days later, we received the money my father had sent for us. However, it was not enough for us to hire a private detective. We had no way but keeping the case running and then continuing living until the law would capture him one day and revenge him.

Shirzad and the other members of the coterie were those who were innocent, according to Baha'is. According to them, the occult inspirations were inspired to them. They were those whom Baha'is obey their orders unquestioningly and respect them as much as they respect the holy epitomes. At last, we had to come back to Iran without finding brutal Shirzad. My mother decided to come back to America to live with my father and the kids. When she was hearing the names of Samaneh and Sarir, she was crying and saying: I miss them a lot. Sohrab, Sina and I said goodbye to my mother.

When my mother was saying goodbye to Sina; as if, she was bidding farewell to her soul. She nestled him tightly with a heavy pain and said: Forgive me, dear Sina. My sweet heart. I was guilty. She was crying and confessing her guilt. I consoled her and said: We were all deceived, dear mom. May God forgive us? When you arrived at America, prepare my father and the kids to come back to Iran. I like to be gathered together like the previous days. Come back to Iran, live under God's and Imam Reza's (P.H.) protection, and live under the protection of the banner of Islam. Do you promise me, mom. Mom promised to come back to Iran accompanied by my father, brother and sister and not to leave us alone. I hugged my helpless and tried mother and said: Dear mom, God bestowed us an opportunity to do penance. Do not be disappointed. Do not be separated from Him, anymore. Do not be deceived by any cult, anymore.

My mother sighed deeply and painfully and said: Say hello to Imam Reza (P.H.). My daughter, tell him that I am too disgraced. Tell him to forgive me.

I pressed her wrinkled and painstaking hands in my hands and said: Imam Reza (P.H.) is very kind, mom. I am going to ask him to eradicate Baha'is cult in the world. I want to appeal him not to expose anybody to such a great test. I want to appeal him for a person such as Shirzad to be captured as soon as possible. I am really certain, mom. I have depended on a great power. I am sure He will help me. He will surely answer to me.

We said goodbye to my mom sorrowfully. We became separated from her and headed off towards Iran. The money sent by my father was enough to rent a small house. I should rent a house and find a job for myself. I breathed with relaxation when I entered Iran land. Its soil smell was tranquilizing. Its clean air was soothing. In addition, the good and mild breeze, which was blowing to my face tranquilized my painful heart. It was my safe backrest, and my hometown, which was dependent on my vessels and origin. The clean soil, which had been raided by people such as Baha'is. The soil, which had been raided by Colonialists because of its wealth and desirability .

The hometown, which has been exposed to despoliation was breathing under the protection of Islam today like me who had newly born.

Before becoming separated from me, Sohrab said: The torment, which I suffered from Sina's isolation during these two years, was not the same as one thousandth of torture which I suffered after Sina's one during these several days.

I say to myself it is true that I did penance by losing Sina; but I still hadn't revenged by my deeds when I was punished by the apple of my eyes. Nevertheless, I want to ask God why He had sacrificed Sina for us. Why was Sina tortured in order for us to be alerted ?

I said to him: I am happy to hear you did penance; but I do not think like you. God is very kind. Sina was tortured because my mother and I trusted on Baha'is improperly. God never sacrifices him to make you and me alerted. This event happened because of the ingenuousness of my mother and me. Sohrab swore not to be calm until he revenge Shirzad. He took Sina away with himself. I looked for to find a suitable place for myself. Then I could see Sina whenever I liked as before. Sohrab was kind. He forgave me in country to my expectations. He still let me see Sina without any problem. Because he knew I was regretful. He saw me crying during our trip to come back to Iran. I could not see anywhere when I remembered my son torturing with cruelty. As if, I was looking at the scene out of a dirty window. In addition, I could do nothing. I was

tormented. The revenge flame was blazing into my inner being. I was becoming too angry; so I was pressing my teeth unconsciously and I was frowning. I was becoming unaware of the world. I was fighting with Shirzad like a rapacious lion in my own world and was renting him with my claws and teeth. Then, I became alerted and looked around with confusion. I had been affected by the severe depression and my world was too bitter that I envied prison days. Those days, I was living for the hope to be freed; but after the freedom and happening horrible events, my mending soul died and there was not any breakout from all those depression and dejection. All my soul was full of anger and hate and I was becoming more dejected day by day because I found Shirzad inaccessible. I realized Sohrab's feeling. He was suffering from a pain, which he did not remember heavier than it before. I left Sina with Sohrab because Sina had become healthy again and felt safe. I said goodbye to him temporarily and went to the uncle Ehsan's house exhausted and embarrassed. However, I was sure my uncle and his wife's affection was so much that they accept me. My uncle's wife's blood ran cold visiting me. I threw myself in her breast and said: Dear uncle's wife. My sweet heart. I miss you a lot. I started crying. My crying was not for the flattery or homesickness; but I remembered my beautiful and imaginary life with Reza and the good days when my uncle and his wife had come to our new house to congratulate kindly and interestingly. What has happened that all those prosperity changed into the darkness and misery? Which strange hand changed the green land of my life into a dry and dusty desert and made me vagrant. My uncle's wife made me calm patting. I asked about uncle's health. She said: He is coming home several minutes later. She asked me about my loneliness surprisingly and I said to her: I have come back alone. Uncle Ehsan had gone to the mosque as usual. Nothing had been changed in the uncle Ehsan's house. Everything was in its solace. They were even unaware of our problems and miseries and I did not know how to narrate our calamities for them. The uncle's house was full of faith and it was similar to a clean and pleasant greenhouse. I was longing to see Reza; but I abandoned thinking of him soon; although, his love could not be forgotten from my mind. However, when I thought about Reza's ingenuousness and guilelessness, I thought he was right to be separated from me whom I was in the service of the organization. He was merited to get married with the best and the purest girls. I was not merited to be his wife because I was deceived easily. I liked to ask my uncle's wife about Reza. Has he get married and does he have a baby? However, I was ashamed. It was better for me to ignore my curiosity.

My uncle's wife welcomed me kindly as usual while she was bringing tea and fruit for me. So that, I felt she was happy as much as coming one of her kids. She was continuously asking about the other members of my

family's health. However, she was not asking about their absence. The cool circumstance of my uncle's house was pleasant and enjoyable for me. The purity, intimacy, tranquility and faith were apparent in my uncle's wife's luminous face and that house. After a short time, my uncle came back, too. Visiting me, he looked around to find the rest. I kissed him at the bottom of my heart and said: I am alone. In contrary to my uncle's wife, who waited for me to explain about my coming back, my uncle asked after greeting: What has happened for you to come back? Where are the rest? The adventure of this inappropriate moving was too heavy and difficult for me to narrate. Even, I did not like to review this ill-fated story. Anyway, I narrated something; but not in details. However, I did not reveal anything about being in prison. My shaking hands and faded eyes were the indications of my inner hidden pains and my uncle and his wife were so seasoned to understand what has happened for me.

They knew that our illegal exit from the country is done by Baha'is and they knew Baha'is just support those who are under their commands and have become Baha'i. My uncle asked as if he was swallowing fire and emitting it: Did Bahram sell his religion and world to Baha'is.

I had lowered my head with embarrassment and I said: We sold; but we are too regretful, uncle.

My uncle asked again: Why? Did you go abroad and see it was null?

-No, uncle, it is better not to ask about it. We suffered from the calamities which were; as if, God's punishments.

-May not God punish anybody, uncle. God is the most Merciful. It has been God's mercy to make you alerted .

-Now, when do Bahram and the kids come back?

- I do not know. The kids have recently started studying at university. Maybe, it takes some years. I was to go to America with them; but Sohrab came to Turkey and found us. I had to come back because of Sina.

-You did a very bad action. Even if Sohrab is a bad person; but he will have right the same as you. If I were aware of your leaving, I would not let you do this action .

-I myself understood that I made a mistake; but later on, I really did penance. I like to go to Mashhad. Maybe, I will be closer to God there.

-My daughter, God is everywhere. However, because Imam Reza shine is a holy one. Imam Reza (P.H.) is cherished in the presence of God, and he is honorable, it is more likely for a prayer to be answered there. Willing God, all good God's slaves can visit his holy shrine. Willing God, may all people come to good.

-You were a good and faithful girl. You said prayer when you were a child. You were virtuous when you grew up. I do not know who made you become far away God gradually. Then, you were trapped in this

deviant cult because of your bad luck. Anyway, I was always hopeful about your future. You did a good action to come back. We should not lose our originality because we belong to this land.

My uncle, his wife and I spoke for a long time; but I still hadn't released most of my secrets and I didn't like my family to be derided and cursed. My uncle's safe and calm house had made my soul trouble-free and tranquil like a tranquilizer. When I put my head on pillow; as if, I had not slept for years. Even, I enjoyed sleeping. There was not any sign of new injury of my heart. I woke up with double strength the next morning. I could not believe I am in my own country and in one of the best members of my family's house. My uncle and uncle's wife had woken up since the Morning Prayer and had slept until I woke up. Moreover, they were speaking in the kitchen. When I joined them, they welcomed me with affection. When we were eating breakfast, my uncle asked: Dear Sahel, call your father and say what he is going to do in regard with your house. Stay here until your parents come back. However, it is a pity that the house is under the control of Baha'is. Maybe, they have sold it so far. Bahram always prefer strangers to his relatives. I am afraid, he will be regretted .

My uncle did not know how hard my father was tormented. He was suffered from calamity and misery, and at last, these dastard people tortured the most cherished apple of his eyes; that is his little grandson. Anyway, he was right: The house should be given up out of their control. I said: I am calling them today to know what they have done. Surely, they have rent it out somebody so far. My father said: You should rent a house and tell them to help you; but I want to tell them to give back the house because I want to stay there until my family arrive.

My uncle said: That is, are they so trustful?

I said: My father does not act rashly, anyway. I hope no problem will happen.

Uncle said: See, dear Sahel, do not think about leaving here. You should stay here for your parents to come back. You should just follow and investigate the house affairs. Do not have many relationships with them. They may deviate you again.

I said: No, dear uncle. Be relaxed. That is very kind of you to tell me to stay here. We behaved badly with you. Now, we do not expect you to pioneer. I still remember that we made you become bad in the presence of Reza's family. I am embarrassed .

Uncle said: May God damn evil. Everybody who does not connected to divine strong rope, he/she will fail. This helpless family was also punished due to your ignorance. Everybody should grasp God's rope in order to be relaxed from evil's weapon. I tell you again that you must stay here and do not reject. It is not pleasantly. Speak with both your father

and these Baha'is today. Maybe, your father's troubles during his lifetime will not be squandered, willing God .

After eating breakfast, I tried to find one of Khademins' [servers] telephone number; but I could not. Eventually, I decided to keep in touch with Elham; although, I was hateful of her and the members of the organization. I assumed them as the causes of my miseries .

Navid picked the receiver up. Hearing my voice, he asked my family's health and mine warmly and intimately. I did not like to answer his superficial kindnesses. I asked him quickly to give the receiver to Elham. Navid said: Elham has recently gone out and he tried to give the receiver to his mother. Nevertheless, I did not accept and asked him one of servers' telephone number quickly. He gave the number and he said nothing and asked nothing because he understood my anger.

I called one of Khademin [servers] who was one of the coterie members, in fact. I said after introducing myself: My father has said you should retake if you rent the house out because we want to come back. That is, you should vacate it at most two months later. Because I have come back to Iran and I do not have any place to live.

That person whose surname was Sanaee said: Sahel khanom, how are you? Are your parents ok?

-Thank you so much.

-Why did you come back? Your imprisonment finished. Why didn't you join your father?

-I did not like to go. Please, speak about the house.

-Well, you are right. Divine tests always make some people desperate. The problems, which were created for you, were backbreaking. Of course, it is better for you to come here for a session in order for us to visit you and speak intimately.

-You did not answer to my question. I say you rented the house out or not.

-Why are you too angry? We are eager to see you. You know you may be boycotted because of these problems, which have been happened. It is better to come here to clean the mentality.

-Now, you should explain for me. I say what is new by the house.

-Maybe you think the problems that you created for yourselves and for the members of the coterie of Turkey and the servers here are caused by us. Anyway, you should come here. We have a meeting tomorrow. We are waiting for you at six p.m. tomorrow.

-It is none of my business you have meeting or not. I asked a question and you should answer back. What did you do with the house?

-Which house?

-Our house.

-Hadn't your father given a power of attorney to us?

-Yes, what do you mean?

-Well, come to the meeting to speak about the rest.

-I want to know now.

-I do not have any word now .

-What do you mean I do not have any word? I say what you did with the house. Its answer is a sentence.

-I said you should come here. You are angry without any reason. It is unlikely that you behave so. Nevertheless, we assume this behavior is due to your problems, which you had, and due to the imprisonment and the separation from your kid and etc. Anyway, we are friends and we should not speak to each other so.

-I am not your friend, at all.

-No, my dear, do not hurry up. Come here to speak more. You need to strengthen your power. You should go on a trip.

-That is enough. I do not need you to sympathize for me. It was enough for us that you sympathized with my son.

-What has happened?

-Nothing. Ask the members of the coterie of Turkey. I say you that you are all the same. You should just make the house issue obvious for me. It is not necessary for you to send me to trip. We had had a great time in the previous trip.

-We respect you very much and we understand your anger. You are tried. Come here. We will serve you .

-All right. I will come. Tell me about the situation of the house. I want to make the issue obvious.

-I tell you to come here.

Insistence was vain. Eventually, I satisfied to wait for it by tomorrow .

When I realized that my attempt was vain, I interrupted the call and left the room, which had been assigned, to me to speak through the phone easily by my uncle's wife. Uncle Ehsan was not at home. I thanked uncle's wife and said: As if, they may afflict the house with calamity. I hope my guess be wrong. Uncle's wife asked: What did they say? They said: Come to meeting tomorrow to explain for you.

-What are they going to explain? It does not need them to explain. If the house had been placed for safekeeping, they must have given it back.

-Yeah, he said we have been given a power of attorney.

-What does it mean? That is, they do not like to give the house back. Do they want to embezzle the house?

-I am afraid of this issue, too. May God have mercy on us? I do not know why my father trusted them.

-If you uncle becomes aware of this issue that the house problem will become obvious by tomorrow, he will be sorrowful. Why didn't they tell you through the phone?

- I do not know. I insisted so much, as well.

- I hope it will have a successful conclusion. Who are the people whom your father gave a power of attorney?

My father should have satisfied them because he wanted to go abroad by any possible way and they must have given us the letter of introduction.

Ah! What would he be given abroad that he sold both his religion and his world.

I do not know. He has wished to go abroad since childhood. Now he is too regretful to be there. Whenever my mom speaks to him, he remembers Iran wistfully. He is too homesick; as if, he has gone there for years.

Now, I wish the house were not lost. It is better not to tell anything to your uncle today.

Then, what should I tell him?

Tell him that I could not find them.

Does he believe?

There is no way. It is better than being sorrowful. That helpless man has become angry with your father and his kids.

Ok, I will tell this statement.

Hours and minutes of that day were passed for me with difficulty. I was extremely anxious. At dusk, I was eager to visit Sina. I called the new telephone number, which Sohrab had given to me in order to hear Sina's voice. Sohrab's wife picked the receiver up and as soon as she recognized my voice, she exploded like a grenade whose catch has been drawn and insulted me as long as she could and said: You must not call here. I said to her: Dear madam, I swear by God that I have no aim to call here but speaking with Sina. Why do you think negatively about me? She repeated her statements angrily and said: You had gotten away. Why did you come back again? You were not up to grow up Sina. Why did you kidnap him? Now, when you give him back, what do you want? How can you have the audacity to call us? I am too miserable that I do not get rid of you anytime. In addition, she interrupted.

I was shocked. Although I never felt that I have trouble Sohrab and his wife; but I was committed to be ever troubler. In addition, I suffered all those insults. Anyway, I realized that it was better not to speak to Sina for the time being and not to tempt Shoran's wife's sensitivity.

I thought I have passed great problems. I have come to my hometown. I am preparing the tranquility of my family gradually. We will be getting together. Nevertheless, at the first day of my coming back, my worries and sorrows started. As if, my omen had been joined with pine, pain, torment, and my forehead had been scaled by misery. I called my parents

with difficulty that day. In addition, I announced them that I am in uncle's house and I have no problem.

My uncle and his wife narrated about safe lives and people's pure and simple worlds, which were full of spirituality and faith. They believed that the reasons of this weakness in faith in some people are due to cultural invasions and the injection of poisonous western thoughts by people such as Baha'is.

The next day, my uncle's wife took me to market. We walked through city streets. I had become homesick very much. Everything was beautiful and pleasant, from the university students who were busy studying and going and coming of people who had the same idea and language as me to the houses and cars which were not strange for me. I felt safe and relaxed.

At last, I made ready around 6 p.m. and headed off towards Sanaee's house. I was saying prayers during the way in order not to hear any word except what I should hear and to be able to retake the house for my helpless family. Finally, I arrived and was waiting at the door in which the meeting had been held along with Mr. Sanaee's wife. After some minutes, I was called to the meeting.

There were three people in the dining room: Two men and a forty five-year-old woman who was sitting next to them. They were in fact the coterie members. All of my essence was full of anger; but I had no way but making the house issue clear.

After welcoming, Mr. Sanaee said: Dear Sahel, we understand your complex situation very well. In addition, we like to help you at the bottom of heart. Anyway, you have sought asylum to our community and become Baha'i. You are respectful for us. However, you created some problems and caused troubles for both divine disciples here and in Turkey unfortunately. Do you know these violations will hurt Baha'ism and are not forgivable and according to definite rules of Baha'ism, the violator must be boycotted? However, you have fortunately been forgiven because of some reasons. First: Because you have newly become Baha'i and you may not be familiar with our rules more. Second: Because you were affected by hard situation and you committed the severe error for the fear of worse situation and finally: Because we have heard that you are regretful about your past and you are to compensate.

I said immediately: But it is not important for me to be forgiven by you or not. I was imprisoned. I consider Baha'ism as the cause of all of my entanglements. Meanwhile, how do all these violators live among Baha'is while they do not have any problems if you are right and you boycott violators from addicts, alcoholics, thieves and smugglers to immoral and corrupt people and fornicators?

See, my dear. In each community, there are violators that nobody can requite them because there is not any documents against them; although, everybody knows their violations. All those people about whom you speak have the same conditions. We do not have any document against them; but when they are captured by the country law agents and their crime is proven we will boycott them .

Nevertheless, I know that why you boycott those who are trapped by the law because you want to prove that you have a community which is away from violation and felony. So, why do not you boycott me. Your reason is that I was arrested out of Iran; any way, I do not come here now to listen to your statements. Please speak about the main issue.

You said that you think Baha'ism is the cause of your troubles and difficulties. What is your reason? The problems, which have happened for you and your family, are due to your mistakes. Why would you decide to travel abroad if you couldn't afford. Your money is spent for the rudimentary costs of your leaving the country. That was a mere mistake.

Your great mistake was that you entered into a severely forbidden operation and a dangerous action and you made your situation worse. So, don't be unfair and don't assume Baha'ism as a cause of these problems.

So, listen to me now. My first mistake was that I befriended a skillful Baha'i girl and was gradually deceived and my family made a mistake to have social intercourse with this girls' family.

My second mistake was that I trusted you as Baha'is. And I sacrificed and lost my good husband and my ideal imaginary life. My next mistake was that I headed off with my family and although I knew that Baha'ism is an exploiting cult, I told nothing. My parents' other mistake was that they consulted with you and; consequently, they decided to travel abroad. My father trusted you inappropriately and became miserable. My next mistake was that I listened and obeyed your order and kidnapped my kid and my last mistake: I fell in step with Baha'i friends and did wrong for the fear of being trapped by the law and losing my kid. All of these things are resulted by our biggest mistake that we turned against the great religion of Islam and we turned to an out-of-the-way political and small cult .

It is unlikely for you to say these statements, Mr. Qadimi. We presented you the best and the most superior faith and the Blessed Beauty had mercy on you that you knew Baha'ism. Now, you are angry and desecrate. But be careful about these angry behaviors for they may make your situation worse. We assume as if you didn't tell these statements.

Don't threat me, please. If I weren't deceived by your threat and arousal of greed, now I wouldn't have such situation. Accidentally, I should threat you. Do you think I am stonehearted that you tortured my dear son? I don't stand. I will wreak vengeance on you.

Why do you interlope issues. We were so sorry about your son. Of course, we became aware through a fax that one of the members of the coterie who had suffered from sexual sadism has bothered your son. Of course, all of these happenings are the divine tests and you should not evade because of the action of an ill person. You should be patient and strong against the difficult campaigns of life conflict and you should not deprive yourself of the endowment, which has been bestowed to you due to the action of a Baha'i person.

That is enough, Mr. Sanaee. As if, Baha'is has elected this mad and ill person and assumed him as a trustable and laudable one. Poor Baha'is who consider people such as Shirzad as innocent ones and obey their orders unquestioningly. I am not patient to listen to these statements. Tell me soon what you did with the house .

The woman who called Ms. Sepehri said: Your house is possessed by the spiritual coterie. Of course, the amount of money has been spent for you, which is equal to the price of the house. You owe to the coterie. You know well that your house is a small and ordinary one and the price of this house is not significant in Turkey. We saved your soul; in addition to spending another expenses for your father.

Hearing these statements, I was as if inserted into a cold water. My body became faint and my heart beat severely. I could not tolerate such loss. My poor parents hoped to come back to Iran again and to compensate all of their mistakes; but now I hear that all of their possessions have been sacrificed for me and they are indigent .

I was in another world when Ms. Sepehri was speaking with me. My father sold his car, which was his mere property to hire a lawyer to make me get rid of Sohrab and to divorce him. Although in both cases, they themselves were guiltier than I was; but I thought my essence had made them many troubles. O' God, what was I hearing? If my poor father becomes aware of this bargain, he will have a stroke. I cannot tolerate this misery. I cannot continue living in this situation. The only thought came to my mind was death and suicide .

I wanted to hear the last matter. So, I asked: You said you spent some expenses for my father. What were these expenses? Ms. Sepehri said: Your father had traveled to America without any money and he had been affected by some problems there. He called us several times and we had to coordinate with American organization to give him a place. well,

That is, does my father know his house has been spent for these expenses?

Surely, he knows. Anyway, he gave us the power of attorney and we tried hard to save him out of the great problems he had been trapped and he will definitely owe us.

I understood that my father thinks the Baha'i organization supports him because he is Baha'i and he does not know they have taken all of these expenses in advance and he does not have any financial support to come back. O' God, how can I tell this news to uncle Ehsan? He will be tormented hearing this news .

That is, has all the money from selling the house been spent for us?

Yes, in fact, you will be in dept to some extent.

This is unfair. You receive my father's salary, too.

Accidentally it is vice versa. You yourselves are unfair. You left Iran with the financial help of the Baha'i community. In addition, this was a mere mistake. You should have known that the organization spends at necessary and emergency times .

Then why did you suggest my father to leave the country?

We did not know how much money your father had. We are not in charge of his possessions. We just told him that if he wants to be enrolled in Baha'i lists, he should travel abroad.

You tempted him because you had told to introduce him to the UN on behalf of Baha'i community.

We made a mistake. We told the truth and we did it .

Statistic is very important for you. You try to increase your numbers even by sacrificing people. You sacrificed us for achieving the aim.

It is clear that it is important. We are at the beginning of this affair. Do you think that Christianity had the same numbers of followers as today in its earlier time? Many people were sacrificed. Many people were killed until today when many people have become Christian. All of us should sacrifice ourselves for the Blessed Beauty.

The problem is that you are the heads; so you sacrifice other people.

You have become too pessimistic. Of course, we believe all of these statements are due to your problems.

You are free to think as you like. I should speak with my father concerning the house. I should discover how much you have spent for him. At least, my father's salary should be given back.

Your father is aware of every affair. You were in prison and unaware of everything! Regarding salary, these is no way. He should come back.

However, I am his daughter.

It does not differ. Anyway, we need himself and his legal signature.

I left the room without saying goodbye. I was speaking to myself like mad people. I was confused. In fact, my unconscious mind directed me to come back the course. My poor father had been tormented during this period. Why didn't my mother tell me anything? O' God, when will the pain of this ill-fated familiarity end? How long will I be tormented? O' God, didn't you accept my penance? Why won't you end my grieves? New calamities have been created for me since I have gotten free. How

much do I have power? Why shouldn't I be prosperous? Why shouldn't I be relaxed? I liked to have power to kill every affectless, political and satanic Baha'i person. I was too hateful about Elham that I would be calm if I just killed her. In addition, people like her were too hateful about Islam and Muslim that they were ready to sacrifice themselves in order to make a Muslim Baha'i. What did we need in Islam? Was there any shortage in Islam? Did all scholars and heads of our religion tyrannize people like these? They did not behave people to such an extent of cruelty because of being afraid of futurity and awareness of resurrection. However, Baha'i heads were sacrificing all their followers for their aims because they did not believe in physical resurrection and the Day of Judgment. They were sacrificing followers to raise their mundane position and to rule and to be at the top.

I did not want to believe that my poor father has lost everything for nothing and he has lost his last hope for coming back to Iran. He was not able to start again. However, why did he urge to come back to Iran? Why was he hateful about being to America? Why was he restless? Surely, he still does not know that the house has been lost. O' God, by which calamity we have been affected? How did our warm family gathering collapse? My dear mother could not imagine that she would work in a chicken farm far from other members of her family. She was so dependent on Sarir, Samaneh, my father and me. How could she live for a long time without us? If we had not become familiar with Elham and if we continued living in Iran, I would not have been unemployed and poor. Maybe, we had had a baby living with Reza, my dear husband. Maybe, I had continued my education.

I was deeply thinking of this issue when I became alert by one of Baha'is greeting. Hello, Sahel Khanom, how are you? Where were you? Weren't you abroad? What are you doing here? Are your parents ok?

Leave me alone madam...

What did I say? Why are you too angry?

I am angry with you. You made us miserable and you ruined us.

What has happened, my dear?

The members of Turkey coterie committed a crime with us. Now, the members of coterie in Iran have embezzled all of our properties.

When I found out that the woman did not show bigotry, I narrated all of my confiding for her. She said: My sweetheart, we ourselves see many faults. We are suffering from miseries and calamities; but we have received Baha'ism hereditarily and now we do not dare to exit it because every member of our family is encumbered in several ways. If anyone of us turns against Baha'ism, the other members should not have any relationship with him/her. Therefore, we will be able and we should tolerate. Assume as if I have not told you anything. You really made a

mistake to become Baha'i. May God damn our grandfather who became misled; so they made us miserable?

I could not believe that there were those who hated Baha'ism among Baha'is. When I stated my point of view, that woman said: Accidentally, most Baha'is are not the real ones. Most of them remain Baha'i for the fear or they do not have a good instructor. They do not know which religion they should choose. If you pay attention, none of them prays. They are just in service of the organization and they serve their leaders. Except few of them who are in love of Baha unconsciously or because of the inculcations and proselytisms of the organization members .

I spoke a bit with that woman and I who had become hateful about all Baha'is and was damning them in my heart, found out that some of them had become Baha'is because their fathers or grandfathers were the ones and they had received this cult hereditarily. At last, I arrived at my uncle's house. I defined all the issues for my uncle's wife. My uncle was gardening in patio and I could narrate everything for my uncle's wife at that time. My uncle's wife –Farzaneh –said to me again not to tell the issue frankly to my uncle because, he will be sorrowful in addition to have other grieves.

Greeting to me, uncle Ehsan sat next to me. My uncle's wife said: As if, they have sold the house and sent it for Mister Bahram.

My uncle said happily; Thanks God, I could not believe that this house was given back to them again.

I asked surprisingly: Why? Do you have any memoir of them.

My uncle sighed and said: I don't have any memoir about myself ; but one of my friends narrated that his father had a lot of lands which were captured by Baha'is and they embezzled all of his lands and properties. There was a person who said: My grandfather had narrated that at the period of time when the landlord-and-peasant system was existing they had a tyrant Baha'i lord who was bothering people so much. At Revolution time, he escaped; but this Baha'i lord embezzled a lot of money with this excuse that Saheb-al-Zaman (P.H.) has emerged and people should follow him. Later on when people said where is sahib-al-Zaman (P.H.), he said: Baha was Saheb-al-Zaman. He died and never gave back people's money. He said this statement and laughed loudly and then my uncle continued: Now, I still am not sure that Bahram has retaken house money. You should call him to be relaxed.

I became sure that if they have not given back the money to my father completely, they will not give any money to us. I became gloomy more. My uncle recognized the grief in my face and said: Do not be sorrowful, my dear. Be happy. Thanks God that you were saved. The properties of this world will remain in the world. It is also good for your father to be alert in this world before death; otherwise, he will surely be

tormented in other world. God forbidden, if you or every member of your family had become Baha'i, you would have been wiped out because your next generation would have been miserable following you.

That night we tried to call my parents; but we could not be successful.

This was the third night when I had stayed at my uncle's house. I was extremely harassed in spite of all of my uncle and his wife's affections.

When I was thinking of previous difficult days and nights, I was saying to myself: Epoch will give patience to us before difficulties and I was so patient to tolerate what I had been affected. Although I was too depressed and disappointed; but a sound would make me hopeful about the future in my heart and ; although, I had no aim in my life; I believed one day the difficulties would be finished and I would be happy and prosperous. Sometimes, I sympathized myself: A woman who is living alone far from her house and her only darling in a house which does not belong to her and she is in the eve of another failure; although, she has suffered many failures, pains and hardships and she is thinking of a shiny future. The luminous dimness, which was beyond my chaotic mind, was the continuation of my education and studying at university. Maybe, I will be a person whom I like. Then, I will see the world is smiling at me. I will be graduated and become a capable mother for Sina and I will become an independent woman for myself. Maybe, a day will arrive when I will compensate my parents' difficulties which they suffered for my sake and the financial failures that they had been affected for the sake of me.

I felt I have not thought of the nature for many years and time had made me desperate; so that, I tried hard to get myself rid of all those pressures. I did not enjoy the colorful nature and think of this fascinating creature. The dark seasons were approaching one after another and it exempted me breathing in free air and closed my eyes to see the attractive natural events. I wish a day would approach when I would become full of life enjoyment in green north jungles among huge trees covered with tranquilizing green cloth which shout life. I wish a day would arrive when I would dance numinously and say hello to prosperity again. Indeed, which season I was passing. The ill-fated days of my familiarity with Elham was earlier Mehr and it is still Mehr. As if, time has stopped at this season in order to flog me wildly. Everything was intolerable for me. Time was slowly passing. Unawareness of my parents and homesickness for Sina were bothering me.

The next night, I went to telecommunication in order for phone expenses to be less and to call more easily. At last, I could call my family. Hearing Sarir's voice, I said happily: Dear Sarir. I am Sahel. How are you?

I am fine. How about you. What is up? Is Sina ok?

I am fine, too. Sina is fine, too.

Are you in uncle's house?

No, I am calling in telecommunication. Are you all fine?

Yeah, we are fine. Don't you have any problem?

No, I have not. Are daddy and mom there? Is Samaneh there?

Mom and Samaneh are not here; but daddy is here.

Ok, give the receiver to daddy. Say hello to mom and Samaneh.

All right. Take care of yourself, too. Goodbye.

Good-bye.

Hello, my dear. Are you fine, dear Sahel?

I am fine, daddy. How about you?

We are all fine. What did you do? Did you refer to the servers?

Yeah, I went.

Well, what is up?

They say they have spent money for you and me the same, as the price of the house, are they right?

What are you saying?

Believe it daddy. I was in the meeting yesterday. They said they have spent more than the price of the house for us.

What do you mean? Are you saying seriously?

They said you know everything.

They tell lies. They just said we would help you as a dept or loan when I was searching to earn money to hire a lawyer for you and to satisfy the judge.

However, they said so. What about your place of residence in America? Isn't the coterie's?

Yes, it is; but it is temporary. We do not want to stay here, we want to come back.

Then, what should I say to them?

What can we say to them? As if, we became miserable. May God damn me that I trusted these dastard people? Alas ...

Dear daddy. Do not grieve. Do not bother yourself.

How can't I grieve? Now, which hope will causes us to come back? Where do we live? That is, do they embezzle the house?

How much do they spend for me, daddy?

One fifth of the price of that house.

They said you needed the rest of the money in America.

No, they have given a house to us here temporarily that the UN would have given it if they had not given. They did nothing for us.

What do we do now, daddy?

Tell me what do I do? I have been ruined.

Daddy, I swear you by God not to torment yourself.

Ok, my daughter. You should spend more for your call. Are you in your uncle's house?

Yeah, I am relaxed here. Be careful about yourself.

Now, I will call those dastard people. They cannot embezzle the house money easily. I will get it back. Which one said these statements?

Ms. Sepehri.

She may be damned wrong. I had trusted them! What should I do now, my God? What should I do?

Dear daddy. Come back to Iran. We will rent a place for the time being. Everything will be ok, then.

How can it become ok? The yield of my life during my lifetime and youth was spent for that house and then after a lifetime of misery and being tenant I bought that house and now they want to embezzle it easily.

We can't do anything for the time being. Do not torment yourself, daddy.

All right, my dear. Go, insist, and tell them we want our house I will call them, too. Then, I will call you.

When? Today?

Yeah, let us see what to do after I call them.

It will be vain; but I will refer to them again. Do you have any word with me? Daddy, I did not tell the issue to my uncle. Uncle's wife said it was dangerous for his heart. If you called, do not tell him anything about the house.

All right. Go my daughter. Goodbye.

Goodbye. Good-bye.

I newly understood that I had made my father sorrowful. My father's voice was trembling. I could not see him; but I knew his hands were trembling, too. He had had a lump in his throat several times and he wanted to cry. I liked to call again and make him calm. I felt sinful. I had made my family miserable and wander. I felt I am a superfluous person. I should not have been born. O' God, all of my essence was entirely troublesome for my family and I was not useful for anybody. Why was I born? I felt absurd and wretched. I sympathized my father so much that I lost patience and I put my forehead on the phone box wall and cried. There was no way and I was incapable. I could not think about a way. I left the phone box. I cleaned my tears and I headed off aimlessly after paying for the call. I brought a cell phone and a new SIM card in order to keep in touch with the members of the coterie easily. I went towards Mrs. Sepehri's house. I knew Sepehri's son opened the door and Mrs. Sepehri came toward me and welcomed and invited me into the room. I entered and sat on a sofa. Some minutes later, Mrs. Sepehri came toward me carrying a tray of sherbet and sweet. As if, nothing has happened and she visits me after a long time. At first, I began appealing.

Mrs. Sepehri, I swear you by God to have mercy on us. My father cannot compensate this loss anymore. I beg you to give back the house to us. I do not have a good situation. I live with uncle Ehsan. You know him. He is too pessimistic about Baha'is. My parents want to come back after suffering from all those pains and tortures. Where do we live? How can you be indifferent about us? We hoped you, indeed. We trusted you so much that we did not oppose when my father gave you the power of attorney. We all had trusted you. Mrs. Sepehri said smiling while she wanted to calm me: My dear, all of us are making mistakes in our life, which cannot be compensated. If your father did not give us the power of attorney, he would take away the house money with himself and spend it very soon. At last, going abroad needs money; but your father took action without thinking. Nobody can travel to America having no money.

However, he consulted you. You had told him you could not make anybody Baha'i inside Iran. We should go abroad to be formally Baha'i and then we will come back. Now, we have come back without any place to live.

See my dear, if we have assigned our days and nights to perform holy orders and commandment of the Blessed Beauty, we will not betray anybody, at all. This is your mistake that you think you should not have trusted us. We are friends for each other. We were not going to rob or betray. Your expectation is vain. Well, some events should not have taken abroad; but they happened and you needed money. Turkey organization understood to solve your problem there and we should have compensated.

However, my father said that the money has been spent for me is one fifth of the price the house.

Your father makes a mistake. All troubles our friends had must have been spent and we spent. Your father was taken up position with the introduction of Baha'i community. Isn't it a great action?

That is you have charged our account.

Well, my dear. All of us should sacrifice our properties in the path of the Blessed Beauty. We think you are right because you are new comers and want to split hairs. However, our creed has been erected by the money spent by the Blessed Beauty's lovers. Your problem is that you still are not a fond lover. Many people sacrifice their lives in this path.

However, we ourselves need money. We do not have anywhere to live. It is unfair.

Dear Sahel, do not be strict. Trust on the Blessed Beauty himself and be sure somewhere better than your house will be given to you.

That dastard person had trusted on the Blessed Beauty, too. In addition, he had afflicted my son with each calamity.

You should not accuse the Blessed Beauty because an ill person had made a mistake. Accidentally, be sure that the Blessed Beauty has tested you by this means.

However, this ill person is innocent, according to you?

Every person with good and bad human characteristics and moralities enters the spiritual coterie is inspired by occult inspirations; otherwise, human being is fallible.

These statements are mere superstitions. They are lies. You tell these statements to deceive your followers.

Dear Sahel, I do not expect you to tell these words. You know that you have formally become Baha'i and some errors are unforgivable.

Then why the error of that scumbag was forgivable?

He has not insulted the Blessed Beauty even if he has done every action.

I made a mistake. A cult that you serve for it, is a political one. It is a cult, which has been made to plunder poor people like me. You take people's money by each excuse. You have taken people's money for years to build Bab and Baha'i's tombs in Israel and you deceive naive people and embezzle their properties. Now, my father was not a lover. If he were, you could embezzle his properties more. Your entire slogan is love. What is your reason? Because the lover is a blind person. The lover is deaf. The love will sacrifice his/her soul, property and life. This is a policy. This is a mere policy. Your Blessed Beauty was fallible like this scumbag.

You have not the right to speak so. You know you are profaning. The Blessed Beauty is capable of being worshiped same as God. I think; as if, you did not insult.

No, do not do that. I want to see what you can do. We may be damned wrong. We were deceived. We do not want to be Baha'i anymore. That is enough. You afflicted us with every kind of calamities. I have come to appeal you. Maybe you have mercy on us. However, you do not have mercy and fairness. You are affectless. You are working like imperceptive machines. You tyrannize. You plunder. However, do not forget, God will revenge you for deceiving all these people.

Then you did not come to appeal. You came to insult. You came to profane. I cannot bear these profane statements. Be sure, the situation of your life will become worse than now because you renounced the Blessed Beauty's creed. Do not forget your statements. I will report all these statements to the coterie.

Yes, I know which statements are exchanging at the close doors of the coterie. If you did not plunder people's properties, if you did not swindle, if you did not take policies against these poor people and in favor of your so-called organization in this coterie, it would be surprising

that why you do not let anybody enter into the coterie. Why doesn't anybody have right to listen to your words except the coterie members? If something were said in favor of these poor people in that messy room of plunder and pillage, the meetings of this coterie will definitely be hold openly. Go and tell everything you like to your compotators. I am not afraid of you. Eventually, you will boycott me. It is better for me because I do not like to be Baha'i. I myself turn against Baha'ism and leave it. In addition, it is not important for me what you may damn wrong. I myself boycott you.

I said these statements and left there. I wished I had had power and could requite those plunders. I was too furious that I just thought of revenge. Nothing was making me relaxed. All those calamities could be related to our mistakes; but betraying to safekeeping, plunder and pillage could not be forgiven and be generalized to other things. I could not be calm. I could not do nothing. If Shirzad escaped and we could not capture him, the members of the coterie who had stolen all of our properties were not hidden. I knew that referring to the law was vain and did not solve our problems. I must revenge and get myself rid of a fatal lump which I had in my throat.

I came back to uncle's wife and restating the problems of that day in short. I went to the room assigned to me. I sat in a corner and cried. I wish I had not become greedy in earlier time and had not asked Elham for help. Our beautiful house, which was a warm place for our gathering, was collapsed. In addition, stupidity of my family and me alongside of Baha'is falsehoods made us miserable.

I had been in the room for two or three hours and my uncle's wife had left me alone. Then she called me and said:

Dear Sahel, come out. Now, your uncle is coming back. He will be sad if he sees you in this situation. You have not eaten anything since morning. You will pass out, my dear. Lunch is ready. Come and make the expander ready. You uncle is coming now.

I stood up while I had not an appetite. Then I washed my hands and face and started preparing the expander. My uncle's wife wore her white prayer veil and prayed because it was the prayer time. When I saw her standing for prayer and observed all those purity and attention, I envied her. She had raised her three kids so that all of them always had relaxation in their calm spirits. Although I adored my mother amorously and missed her; but I wished at the bottom of my heart that uncle's wife had been my mother and uncle Ahsan had been my father. Uncle Ehsan arrived. He always prays on time in the mosque nearby their house.

As soon as he entered the house and greeted me, he realized the change in my feeling and said: What has happened. Are you at the sea? Did you speak with your father?

Yeah, dear uncle. I was aware of everything. There was not any problem.

Then, why are you unhappy?

Nothing, I miss Sina.

Well, why don't you call him?

His stepmother does not let. She thinks I have an aim to call.

Dial her number. Your uncle's wife will speak to her. At last, you should see your son. It is surprising that the father is satisfied; but his wife is not.

I think she does not know that why Sohrab has forgiven me. She think I have a purpose that I have come back. Maybe, Sohrab has said to her and she has not believed.

These are excuses. Call after lunch and give the receiver to your uncle's wife. Make an appointment once or twice a week. Go and bring the kid.

However, uncle, I am superfluous here.

Do not speak so. I will become annoyed. Suppose here as your house. Be relaxed here. We are relaxed, too.

Thank you, dear uncle.

I called Sohrab's house phone after lunch and gave the receiver to uncle's wife. Sohrab's wife picked the receiver up again. After introducing herself, uncle's wife started speaking and begged Sohrab's wife to ignore the problem and to allow me to see Sina once or twice a week. At last, she succeeded to satisfy her. She gave the receiver to Sina and I could hear Sina's charming sound.

After that, my uncle sat beside me and advised. Uncle's advice was sweet and enjoyable for me since childhood. However, when great problems happened for me and I acquired many experiences in life, I understood all of his statements deeply. As usual, uncle was sleeping for half an hour in afternoons. I wrote down my cell phone number, put it under the telephone, and recommended my uncle's wife to give my cell phone number to my father if he called when I were not at home. Then I went to my room and tried to rest till my father call; but I couldn't sleep and disquieted thoughts had made my mind too busy that I became more tired. That day passed hard and my father did not call. The phone rang at the middle of night. I woke up with a start and I saw that uncle and his wife have been waken up. We thought it is my father. I picked up the receiver. It was my mother. She asked everybody's health with tired and sorrowful voice. She said: When we became aware of the issue, we called Khademin [servers]. Your father got angry so much. He argued with them a lot. He wrangled them very much. However, he could not be successful. They threatened us, too. They said we would call St. Paul coterie and complain about your obscene behavior.

It is not matter. What will happen?

Nothing, we will return to Iran at last. Pray for your father having this situation. It is difficult for him because he cannot tolerate here. We were to come back soon; but we cannot having such situation. We really do not know what to do.

How are the kids? Do they like to come back?

They are fine. They like to come back. They feel homesick here. They are not accustomed to here, at all.

Well, come back. God is the generous. There are many people who are tenants. We can live like them. Do not be strict.

I called to tell you to pray for your father. He is not feeling well, at all.

Be careful, dear mom. I miss you. I beg to take care of yourself.

Be careful too, my dear. See you soon. Thank your uncle and uncle's wife on behalf of us. May God help us to compensate.

After speaking for some minutes, I gave my cell phone number to my mother and said goodbye.

My mother's voice was so sorrowful and depressed that I felt something had happened and she was hiding a matter. However, the more I urged, she swore that nothing has happened.

Days and nights were passing with difficulty; although, I had been accustomed to be beside uncle and uncle's wife; but my difficulties were tormenting me. A month passed. One day, a person called uncle's wife and invited them for dinner. I found out she accepted and then she said to me we did not like you to think of Reza again and we did not tell you anything about him; but indeed Reza has not got married yet. Now, they have invited us for dinner. You know, we sometimes have social intercourse with each other. They are unaware of your returning. We have to leave you alone and go there. Nevertheless, we try to come back soon. Are not you afraid of loneliness.

No, not at all. Be comfortable. I do not trouble you.

No, you do not trouble us. We would take you anywhere except here; but here is impossible.

They went and I thought deeply. I felt extremely hoaxed because I had lost a person like Reza. As if, this event had recently happened. I was reminded of his grievances or losses. I was thinking of living with him again wistfully. Nevertheless, I did not ignore him for a moment. Then, my uncle and his wife came back. Some minutes later, uncle said: We made them aware of your coming and your regret. We found out that they were all thinking and were not furious about you as before. I lowered my head because of embarrassment. Uncle's wife said: Nobody can fight with the destiny that God has laid down. God has laid down the destiny of Reza and Sahel in advance. Although enemy could separate these two

young people and they suffered many difficulties; but we should wait to see what God's will is. Maybe, God wants to join these two youth again. I said immediately: No, dear uncle's wife, I am not merited for Reza. I beg you to finish this discussion. I do not fit him.

Uncle said: What are you saying my daughter. God knows people's merits. The events happened for you were not due to your impure destiny. God has tested you. It is difficult to struggle with evil. I knew that there are many hidden issues that uncle, uncle's wife, and Reza's family are unaware. I said: But I am not really going to get married. I want to continue my education. I beg you not to speak about it.

Uncle said: Maybe you are proud. Maybe you feel embarrassed; but if Reza still loves you and wants to make you return, all of these statements are excuses.

No, dear uncle. Believe it. I do not make any excuses. Please not to let this event to be happened. I do not want them to pioneer and I give them negative answer; although, I was guilty for our separation.

Your answer will be God's one. If Reza is your destiny, you cannot say no.

These statements were exchanged and I thought extremely. I said to myself after a lot of struggling: If they refer to me again, I will tell Reza all the facts of my life. Prevention is better than cure. If he liked, we could start living with each other again. If he did not like, no problem would happen .

From that time on, Reza's love sapling was growing in my heart, day by day. The wish for visiting him had changed into a sweet dream in my mind. I was imagining him with me and beside me every moment. I remembered his voice, which was making me to be attracted enthusiastically. I liked to listen to his voice once more. I liked his look would make me stupefied once more. The look that I admired amorously. I felt my uncle and his wife have understood my inner turbulence. I wished Samaneh had been here and had transferred my feeling consciously to uncle and uncle's wife like the previous time. In addition, eventually, the story of Reza and I would end in happiness and this time it would not end in separation. I could be a loyal, kind and obedient wife for Reza. I could be affectionate with him a lot. I could make him prosperous and I myself could be prosperous protected by him. I valued him this time. This time I would take care of my life firmly. All my day and night had been molded with Reza's retention. My moments were passing with his retention. I was amorously imagining him beside myself like the earlier days of our familiarity, once more. In addition, I was smiling with deep enjoyment unconsciously.

I was accustomed to the grief of losing the house gradually. I came to terms with this problem, too. My mother and Samaneh called, sometimes. I had an appointment with Sina easily, too.

A week after the speech between my uncle and me, Sareh Khanom came to my uncle's wife's house. I did not expect to see her, at all. I was ashamed to look at her. However, she kissed me and said: I know you suffered many difficulties. May God kill all enemies of Islam? Reza and you were sacrificed by enemy's plans. Sareh Khanom was kind with me. She was asking my family's health. I declared my embarrassment and she realized my feeling at the bottom of her heart. She forgave me. When I was walking to entertain her, I was under her surveillance completely. I felt her heavy look when I was standing with my back. There was a pandemonium in my heart. I felt I was approaching to my wish, to my love, to a person whom he was in my dream day and night and in the most difficult moments, to a person whom he had made my heart as his permanent house. I could not believe that I may possess my dear Reza again after passing all those bitter and long stories and suffering all those tortures, pains and torments. That is, was it possible? It was similar to a story. It was similar to Leili and Majnoun story and to Shirin and Farhad one. O' God, is it me on whom you have mercy again?!! Maybe, Reza has not forgiven me. Maybe, I do not have any place in Reza's heart. However, Reza ... was the source of kindness. He was faithful. He might forgive me for God's sake and let me be in his heart. I sought asylum to God. This time, I was appealing Him with a deeper love and more complete penance.

I was minor; but I was swearing Him by His glory. I was minor; but I was swearing Him by the glory of my penance. I was minor; but I was crying remembering my great grieves and I do not know how much power God had bestowed me that my eyes still had not become dry. My cell phone rang. It was from St. Paul, as usual. When I answered, my mother was crying. It was not cry. It was weeping wail. She was screaming: Your father died. She was saying: Your father left us alone. Your father pined to death. Your father had a stroke. I do not know how much it took for uncle and uncle's wife to bring me back into consciousness. Hearing this heart-rending calamity, I had lost consciousness. They brought me back into consciousness by splashing some water on my face. My father, my poor father. He died yearning to come back to Iran. He had failed. He had not been able to tolerate this failure. His body had not been able to tolerate their betrayal. Visiting my father was my only hope after freedom. However, I heard about his death without visiting him. Now, my mother and the kids could come back to Iran with difficulty and it was more likely for them to come back to Iran. They had been given a house in trust. Nevertheless, if they came back to

Iran, they should work till the end of their lives and they should rent a house. My father's death was equal to not visiting my mother, sister and brother; they wished to get free like prisoners. They were alive for the love of Iran. Now when my father died, all of their hope had changed into disappointment. If my father were alive, he would repatriate my family with any possible way. He would have worked and earn money for rental. Now what should a lonely woman have done having two offspring who were students. I was crying and my crying made other people cry. While I was crying and screaming, I was swearing to revenge for my father, Sina and Reza. I swore to revenge for my father. I was crying and screaming. Uncle's wife was making me calm with difficulty while she was giving me a mixture of water and hard sugar. However, some moments later I cried again and asked God about the reason of all these pains and torments.

Uncle Ehsan had sat in a corner and was crying. One of neighbors had come to uncle's house along by his wife hearing my noise. They were trying to make my uncle calm and to console him.

The thought of revenging made me be similar to a stone free from feeling and emotion. Some days passed and I was not crying like the earlier days. I promised to myself to inflict a blow to Baha'i organization that can be irreparable. Every moment, I preferred to die or to change all the calamities in the form of the horrible debris and to pour it on the organization. What should I have done? I could not accept this last blow easily; although, Reza's love was preventing me to revenge. My silence was equal to my forever depression. I could not ignore my mother's tears. She had remained alone and homesick in other side of the world. I could not ignore my son who had been tortured and my father's blood. I could not forget the story of my separation from Reza. I could not forget two years of torturing in prison.

No tear was dropped on my cheeks. My tear spring had been dried. I had a severe lump in my throat and it did not leave me alone. We wore black clothes and held mourning ceremony. The voice of reciting Quran broadcasting from the mosque was relaxing. When I listened to the verses, I felt I was flying. A tranquil flight over azure sky. Away from the earth's ruckus and away from epoch's ups and downs. I was becoming calm and I felt my father's spirit becomes light and tranquil through this enjoyable tone and these divine verses. I did not like this tone of Quran to be interrupted even for a moment.

I appealed them not to interrupt the tone of the holy Quran. People were coming in groups. I was looking at women's hands to pick up the holy Qurans and to recite some verses of the divine book for my father's soul to be forgiven. I was smiling and became relaxed they were picking up the holy Qurans out of the box . Everybody had become surprised of

my action. Sometimes, my uncle's wife thought I have become mad; but I made her sure that I do not have unusual behavior. Sareh khanom also came, put her head on my shoulder, and cried. However, I did not cry. She sat in a corner and; as if, she knew that something is making me calm. She picked up a holy Quran and recited. I smiled and looked at the verses of the holy Quran. I do not know how many times I recited Al-Rahman Sureh; but I recited it repeatedly. I felt that my father is in dire need of the holy Quran to be recited for him and imagined him in my mind who was appealing me to recite the holy Quran for him.

The funeral service finished, too. In addition, everybody went to his/her house. My paternal uncle's sons Mohsen and Hussein and my paternal uncle's daughter Fatima had come, too. My paternal uncle's grandchildren and brides have surrounded me. My mother's relatives went to their houses from the mosque; but they were to take me with themselves for a period. My maternal aunts were crying so that I realized they were crying for my mother and me not for my father. Everybody expressed sympathy to me. Nobody knew what is happening for me and nobody knew nothing would relieve me except revenge.

My mother called me two more times. This time she explained the adventure of my father's death completely. She said with a deep grief: The day after your father spoke with the members of the coterie, he had a mild stroke. The doctor had told he should not be sorrowful at all. He should not be excited. I do not know what has happened that a severe pain in his heart caused him to die. She read my father's will. This was the only time when I cried and became restless. He had written: My dear wife and good offspring, I behaved badly with you ignorantly. I did not select a proper way to make you prosperous. I was deceived. I was deceived by the charming appearance and empty slogans of the organization. I was deserved to die. I was your guardian and I should have searched with open eyes and should not have sunk my dears in the whirlpool of this horrible deceive and this great betrayal. All of us were trapped in this political organization. In addition, we were punished because of our ignorance and unawareness. My dear Sahel was affected by the painful problems. Moreover, all of us were separated from each other. Maybe, it was divine torment. However, my dears, do penance. Surely, God loves those who do penance. Bury me in Muslim graveyards. I do not like my soul to be tormented in Baha'i organization cemetery. Come back to Iran and seek asylum to Islam because Islam is the only highway for human being guidance. Pray for me. May God forgive my spirit? Be attached to spiritualities. Be careful not to be deceived. Do not befriend with such cults. Forgive me; although, I won't forgive myself because I didn't take care of you properly and I didn't maintain your properties and aims. However, forgive me and ask uncle's and Reza's

family to forgive me in order for my soul to be tranquil and not to be tormented by the future torment. I love all of you and wish for your success At this part of the will, my mother cried loudly and said: The rest of the will is about the rest of his properties. He has taken over their responsibility to me to spend. I said goodbye to my mother crying. Some days later, she called and said: Some of our neighbors participated in a funeral procession of your father and buried him in a pleasant cemetery. I will send you the film of his funeral procession.

I spoke with Sarir and Samaneh, too. However, they were just crying. Our crying and sympathy were being exchanged not the words.

Some days passed and uncle Ehsan advised me to be careful about myself and not to do any criminal actions. He guessed what had happened that caused my father to have a stroke. He said to me: I do not know what has happened; but everything passed. Try to be calm and do your routine activities. Do not be worried about your mother and the kids. God is the greatest. Think about your life and try to become reformed and reorganized. I was silent and this was a shout beyond this heavy silence. I was planning day and night. My only problem was preparing a weapon. It was impossible for me. I had heard several years ago that my friend Parivash's maternal uncle had a hunting weapon which could kill some animals easily. Parivash also had not had a successful marriage. To me, those who had sat as the heads of Baha'i organization were rapacious animals. They do not value for souls and properties of people and their only aim is plundering. I thought as long as I could to gain that weapon. Moreover, I planned. At last one day, I decided and I could barely find the address of my old classmate's house. Visiting me, She surprised very much. She invited me to her house. I narrated her the bitter adventure of my life. I made her aware of my plan. She did not accept. I knew I could satisfy her by paying her money. I suggest her a huge amount of money. At last, she satisfied. She promised me to prepare that weapon for me by any possible means. I was waiting for her eagerly to call me to have an appointment for taking the weapon. Three days later, she called me and determined an appointment. She had done her duty and could borrow her maternal uncle's weapon by paying some money. When I arrived at Parivash's house, I was extremely breathed. I was excited because I wanted to take the weapon. I was happy because I had been successful. Parivash took me to her room and locked the door. She checked the curtains of her room. Then, she brought the weapon out of the closet and trained me how to work. Parivash's maternal uncle's weapon was smaller than the ordinary hunting weapons. He did not have any allowance for this advanced hunting weapon, too.

A Santur box was used for carrying the weapon. I armed the weapon with some cartridges and put it in the Santor box. I gave three million

tumans to Parivash and said goodbye. I went straight to the house in which there was a safe full of important documents and cash. There were a big Baha'i bookcase and a computer in which all important organizational issues had been saved.

That house belonged to one of members of the coterie and all Baha'is were brining money there in order to attract the satisfaction of the coterie members or to donate them because they trusted on them. I did not know how much money there was in that safe and how much has been saved in a bank. Anyway, that house was the center of most crimes and betrayals. It was nearly 3:30 P.M...I rang. A 12-year-old daughter of Mahboubi family opened the door. I went in and said: I have a word with Mr. Mahboubi. I followed her after she offered me to go in.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahboubi welcomed me. I had stood at the threshold and I greeted them warmly and intimately. Mr. Mahboubi who was aware of my last meeting with Mrs. Sepehri had a big question in his look. In order to attract his trust, I said: Mr. Mahboubi, my conscience is tormented. I am extremely upset. All the words that I said to Mrs. Sepehri that day were caused by anger. That night I had a bad dream. Do you allow me to come in?

Yes, please.

From that day on, I liked to refer to her and apologize. However, I was ashamed. Now, I decided to come here to ask you to act as a mediator between us. I behaved badly with Mrs. Sepehri. I want to beg you to speak with her to forgive me. Anyway, sometimes a person does some actions that he/she should not do because he/she is influenced by the games and problems of destiny. You should also forgive me. I have come here to ask you to forgive me.

Mahboiubi breathed comfortably and invited me to sit on the sofa in the hall. Mahboubi's wife went to the kitchen.

Mahboubi said: You should ask the Blessed Beauty to forgive you. We are all his servers. Everything we do is attracting his satisfaction. Of course, insulting to his holy threshold is not forgivable; but I try to satisfy other friends in the meeting .

I am asking God for his forgiveness day and night. I hope I would be forgiven by the Blessed Beauty.

Your behavior and speech have been reported to Bait-al-Adl unfortunately. Of course, because this is your first time and you are newly believed in our creed it is forgivable. We try to attract the great bait-al-Adl's satisfaction, God willing. Now, why are you brining this Santor with yourself?

I am participating in Santor class for a period in order to be entertained. Nevertheless, uncle Ehsan is extremely disagreed with it. He disagree with me. I was in the class that he called me and said: "You are

not allowed to come to the house with Santor. I beg you to save me out of this situation."

How good, how good. You did the best to go to music class. Do you know that bait-al-Adl has emphasized going to music class and proselytizing with music so much these days. I am very happy that you found out your mistake.

We knew you would not tolerate that house. You made a mistake to go to that person's house, at all. Now, it has not been late. Welcome to our house. You made us happy.

Mrs. Mahboubi and her daughter entered carrying plate and sweet. They entertained me and sat. They were unaware of my father's death. They still have not heard this news. Mrs. Mahboubi said: I think your companion has affected on you. You have worn like mournful people. Everybody becomes gloomy to look at your clothes. This pretty face should not be under the veil. I beg you to take it off. Put on happy and colorful clothes and scarf. Put on some make up. You have changed a lot. I am so sorry.

I took off my veil to do my plan easier. The suffering of those moments was oppressive for me. My superficial laughs were blazing into my heart. Hearing those statements, my soul was being scraped. I was laughing to myself at her appearance: She was wearing a T-shirt and tight shorts that she had exposed all the faults of her ugly body. I liked to find an opportunity as soon as possible to do my task. I was afraid of them to take the weapon inside the Santor box. I was waiting for an opportunity. I spiked for some minutes. As usual, we started speaking about return statements and making fun of Muslim's beliefs and deeds and I confirmed their unfair accusations superficially.

My anger and hate were becoming more moment-by-moment. As if, God has displayed me the real nature of these people. The husband and wife had cooperated with each other and were saying the faults in Muslim communities one by one and were laughing with a loud voice. They had told those words too much that they were similar to fragmentary jokes. I had proceeded masterfully by that moment. However, my efficiency became less in this part. Their false prophets could not be compared with the dust of cloak of any of our holy Imams while they were making fun of our holy Imams (peace be upon them). The more they continued their statements, the less I could tolerate. My false laughs gradually decreased their drunken states, which had been originated from illegitimate money and deeds and cut their diabolical laughs.

They realized the change in my manners like drunken people who have gradually come to consciousness. After being silent for a moment, Mr. Mahboubi asked me: You are not here, Sahel khanom. Are you at the sea?

No, I am here. In addition, I laughed.

Mrs. Mahboubi said: Poor Sahel, her heart has been worn out among these Muslims during this period.

They assumed Muslims as guilty about my depression without paying attention to this issue that they themselves had created those problems for me .

Some minutes later when they realized that I was not going to leave, they thought that I might decide to stay. They thought to consider and prepare a place for me. Mr. Mahboubi asked: Did you think completely? Because if the friends are to suffer troubles to find you a place, they should already be sure about you in order for you not to accuse them. You should be concordant and sincere. You should be obedient and devotee. You know that here is the place for the extreme devotion. You should be devotee in order to acquire the divine mercy.

Come and bring if are going to devote your soul and gist

Go away and do not bother if you are not man enough to do this

Yes, I have thought well. I cannot really live with my uncle.

Not matter, do not be worried. We will find a good mate for you soon. You and Sina are pity living with Muslims. We should save Sina and you out of Muslim's tarp. You are not born to live for the religion of Islam. You should be in service of the Blessed Beauty.

Mrs. Mahboubi stood up and went to the kitchen. However, unfortunately she dominated on me because the kitchen was open. Mr. Mahboubi picked his cell phone up which was on the table and started speaking with one of the coterie members. He announced my regret to him and consulted him about giving a place to me to live. I could not find an opportunity. I was also afraid of a person comes there and my duty becomes more difficult.

Eventually they suggested me to go to one of the rooms if I like to rest and to rest until my duty becomes clear. When I picked up the Santor box, Mr. Mahboubi said: Play a bit before leaving.

I am amateur. I cannot play.

You can practice if you like. Be relaxed.

I went to a big bedroom. That room was also as chic and beautiful as other parts of the house. There were four one-person beds specialized for the guests, beside each bed, there were beautiful, high, red lamps.

The curtains and bedcovers were dark yellowish brown which were expensive. Being alone in that room, I found an opportunity to bring the weapon out of the Santor box, but the problem was that I did not know

what is up out of the room. I should be sure that those three people have been gathered in the same place and they do not access to the telephone.

The thought of the revenge, anger and hate feelings had dominated on my fear. I was quite determined and certain. When I heard the voices of the husband and wife speaking with each other in the hall, I left the room and took the weapon towards them. They were trembling visiting this scene. In addition, I shouted angrily and widely to send their daughter towards me. The little girl was crying and I ordered her loudly to be quiet. When the little girl came to me, I aimed my weapon at her head and said: I am too furious that I like to shoot and vanish you as three filthy animals. Do what I say; otherwise, I will destroy her brain. Mrs. Mahboubi said: I beg you to get that kid free. She is just a kid.

Yeah, she is just a kid who is to change into a great animal under your education.

What are you doing, Sahel. Do not be stupid.

Hands up! Otherwise, you are guilty for what I do.

What do you want?

Your life. You made me miserable. You killed my father. You embezzled our house and made my mother wander.

We did not do these actions, Sahel. Do not behave stupidly.

Shut up! I have not come here to listen to return statements.

So, what do you want?

Hey, kid. Fetch your father and mother's cell phones. If you err, I will kill you. I do not have anything to lose and I do not afraid of anybody. Do what I say.

All right. Just say what you want.

The little girl brought the cell phones, immediately and gave them to me. I hit them on the floor and took out their SIM cards.

I drew the telephone plug out which was next to the television beside my hand. While I had aimed the weapon at the girl's head, I put the phone wire under my foot and cut it. I knew that Baha'is never predict this event.

I shouted said: Fetch the safe key.

Safe key is not here. It is not with us.

Ok. It became very bad because this little girl will be killed before you.

I beg you not to do this action. What should we do?

The safe key is not useful for you. There is no money into it.

It is due to me. Bring the safe key soon; otherwise, I will count by ten and shoot. Moreover, I started counting: One ...two ...

All right. I beg you to give us a chance.

Mrs. Mahboubi was appealing and crying. I beg you to aim your weapon at me. Leave that kid alone.

Do you think this man will value you? Be sure that he will sacrifice you for his ill-fated aims. Then he will call it martyrdom in the path of Baha'i.

I swear you to be cool. Do not shoot. We will obey what you say.

So, where is the key?

It is in that room.

Go and bring it. We moved toward the room slowly.

Mrs. Mahboubi brought the keys out of the closet of their bedroom. Then, we left the room slowly. Their daughter called Paniz was crying. I screamed; Shut up! Otherwise, I will kill you. The little girl was afraid and became silent.

We entered into the dining hall where it had been assigned for holding secret meetings of the coterie members. There was a round big table and many chairs around it. There were high shelves which had been leaned on throughout a wall accumulated by books and a big safe located in the corner of the hall. At the other side, there were colored, black and white printers, scanners, digital camera and fax machine and etc. on a big computer table.

I forced Mahboubi to open the safe door. He opened it without any resistance. There were many files and important documents. There were several packs of travel checks on one of the shelves of the safe. Beside them, there was a checkbook which probably needed the three people's signatures to be paid. I forced them to put all the files and documents next to the books. The bookcase was important for Baha'is specially for the coterie members. Because they had misled people through those books. When they put the contents of the safe next to the bookcase, I saw some CD cases and I knew they contained the most important and secret materials. I took out some small bottles full of petrol and poured on them. I did not take the weapon out of the girl's head when I was doing every action. By coercion, I was doing my task by one hand. I forced them again to put everything located on computer table near the bookcase; for example, computer case, all the CDs, camera and etc. I dipped them in petrol too.

I put the money in my bag and forced them to go to the bathroom. In addition, I shouted: If you leave the bathroom, I will kill your daughter. I took the little girl away to the room with myself. I put the weapon into the Santor box immediately and I said to her that I would burn her with the book if she made a noise. I was hearing Mr. and Mrs. Mahboubi's voice appealing me not to hurt the kid. They were continuously calling and advising her to listen and to do what I say. I had held her hand. I was dragging her. I went to the dining hall immediately. I lit the match which I had prepared before and threw it towards the books. In a moment, a huge fire was created. I myself had been afraid. I took the little girl away

to the yard. I put her in a rest room located in the corner of the yard. I closed the door and left that house quickly. I was watching the flames of fire coming out of the window of the hall. I was feeling relaxed. I knew that I have laid on Baha'is hard. This issue was decreasing my inner anger to some extent. I took a taxi and went away. I cashed the travel checks in a bank fast. Because I believed their serial numbers might make me problems. Then, I came back to my friends' house and gave the weapon back. Then, I called my uncle's wife. My conscience was tormented to tell her my words. How could I make her away of the deeds I had been committed. She had taken care of me like her kids during this period. I knew she would be worried if she heard. I knew she would be anxious and distressed if she wanted to announce my uncle. I dialed uncle's wife while my hands were trembling. Some minutes later, she picked the receiver up. I said after greeting: Dear uncle's wife, I cannot come to your house, anymore.

What do you mean? Why?

I did what I should. I destroyed the great Baha'i bookcase with all of their documents.

What are you saying? What did you do?

Excuse me, dear uncle's wife. I am ashamed. I answered your kindness so. However, I could not be indifferent. This was the least damage that I could deliver them to revenge.

How could you do this action? You were not such a person, Sahel. What are you doing? Did you hurt anybody?

No, do not worry, uncle's wife. A person should prevent their tyrants.

Ah! It is useless. You just got yourself into trouble.

Now, I feel relaxed after living two years in torment and misery.

What did you do? Some books and documents are not valuable.

I had been among Baha'is for nearly two years. I know those books and documents were so valuable for them.

What should I tell to your uncle? Where are you now?

I am in one of my friend's house. Do not worry. She is single. She is divorced and lives alone.

Give me her address.

No, dear uncle's wife. I do not like you to get into trouble.

We do not get into trouble. What is her address?

I beg you not to insist. I will leave here some days later. I should do an action for my mom and the kids to come back. I should prepare them a house.

A house? How can you prepare a house?

I picked up some of the house money out of the coterie safe.

This is robbery, Sahel. What did you do?

I just picked up some of the house money. A house which belonged to us. A house which had been robbed by them.

Sahel, you drive me mad. Why are doing so?

Now, I am feeling tranquil. Do not blame me, uncle's wife.

Now, what should I say to your uncle?

Baha'is may call the police and come to your house to capture me. Tell them that you are unaware.

They will capture you wherever you are.

After preparing convenience equipment's for my mom and kids, it will not be important for me to lose everything in the world. I caused my father to die. I caused mom and kids to be wandered. I destroyed my family's properties. I should compensate. Even if I become imprisoned forever. If I had not familiarized Elham with my family, we wouldn't have suffered from all these miseries.

Just You were not guilty. Your father and mother were guilty, too.

I owe my family. I should make up for it.

You made a mistake, Sahel. You cannot correct a mistake by a mistake.

Nevertheless, uncle's wife, you are unaware of everything. You do not know about the sufferings. They tormented us too much that ... You should be in our shoes to know what I say. You just pray for me.

Take care of yourself. Goodbye.

I take care of myself. Do not worry. Just forgive me.

Not matter, my honey.

I said goodbye to uncle's wife and tried to dial my mother in St. Paul. However, I did not succeed. At last, after trying I became successful. I heard my mother's voice and felt I fulfilled some of my obligations and have granted some of my tortured mother's wishes. After asking about the kid's and her health, I said: Dear mom, I got back some money of the house.

Are you telling the truth? How?

I have no free time to explain for you. Just give me your bank account to remit it for you.

Why do you want to send it for us? Keep it with yourself. When we came back to Iran, we will solve some of our problems.

When are you going to come back?

When the kid's course finished.

Then, give me your bank account to send most of the money for you. You can do something with it there. Anyway, it can be a capital.

Are you comfortable? Don't you have any problem in your uncle's house?

Yeah, I am comfortable and relaxed. Be relaxed.

Don't you want to buy a house for yourself?

Yes, I will save some money for myself.

Do you want to leave uncle's house?

Yeah, I am not there anymore, mom.

Why? What has happened?

To be honest, dear mom, I robbed the money of the house from Baha'is and I destroyed their big bookcase accompanied by all of their documents by fire. I revenged for father, you, Sina, the kids, and my two-years imprisonment.

What does it mean? What are you saying, Sahel? That is, do you have yourself into trouble again? Ah, what are you doing, daughter?

Do not say anything anymore, mom. You know they afflicted us with many calamities.

Well, we ourselves were guilty.

We were not guilty. They were good actors. They deceived us. Our simplicity was our mistake. Just this.

Now, what are you going to do? They will kill you. You know that Baha have said: If a person makes the other person's house fire, he/she should be made fire. This is one of their commandments.

He may damned wrong. Which one of their commandments could be performed? I am in one of my friends' house. I am relaxed here. Do not be worried about me. They cannot find me. Maybe, I will buy a house for myself. But I will send you the rest of money. Give me your bank account.

All right. I will ring you to tell.

So, goodbye for the time being.

Goodbye.

I remembered how important are the mundane properties and accessories for Baha that he has issued such commandment. In addition, in fact, I should have destroyed Mahboubi himself and other members of the coterie by fire. Because they had embezzled our house. Anyway, we did not have a house to live.

That night, Parivash and I did not sleep until dawn. We narrated the bitter stories of our lives.

Parivash was from a poor family and she had many financial problems. When she was just a teenager, she lost her parents. One of her brothers and she were in charge of earning a living of this 6-people family. She reformed and recognized all of them with difficulty. She got married after they all married. She had to divorce because her husband had extremely been addict after two years. He was a hardworking and nice. She has sewed for a long time. She was known as an oppressed and kind girl because of having a noble and flexible personality. When she heard the story of my life, she urged me to live with her in order for us to get rid of loneliness and to run a big workshop to make our life better.

She was saying: If she had money to buy some sewing machines, she could run a big workshop and earn much money. In this way, she could not use the loan which the government was to give her because the loan given to her to create a workshop needed a financial backrest in order for her to be able to pay its payments for the first two years. That night, she changed my opinion of renting a house and she discouraged me completely. She asked me to spend that money to find a bigger and more suitable place and to buy more sewing machines and to become her partner. This was the best opportunity for me. The next day, I was determined to become her partner and live with her; but I sent most of the money for my mother because I might be trapped by the law; additionally, and I couldn't be hopeful for having permanent life out of prison. From that day on, my life changed dramatically. In the first days, we were searching for a suitable place to establish a manufacturing workshop. Then, we found a place which was somehow bigger than the previous one. We went to market to buy other accessories for the workshop.

After years, I felt that I live. Although I was far from my family and had recently lost my father. Nevertheless, I was so eager to continue my life. Some time, I was too frightened to lose my new life and to be imprisoned. In addition I sometimes complained and asked God the reason for all of the adversities of epoch because I was homesick and exhausted. I have not experienced poverty and hardship since childhood. I did not have to work, and I had always lived in convenience and proportional welfare. I did not have to struggle from morning until night to continue my life; so I became tired soon and all of those states were meaningful for me.

I tried not to think of Reza gradually. I was trying to forget Reza forever; and I had no way but doing so; although I had narrated her my life story with him. He was so honorable and sensitive that he could not think of a woman who had been accused to exchange drug abuse, imprisoned for two years, had had such adventures, had been formally Baha'i, and sought asylum and she is still prosecuted as a runaway criminal. Then I had no way but forgetting him.

On the other side, I was worried about the idea of being indifferent with my uncle and uncle's wife's opinions. I was afraid to call them. I provided another cell phone in order for Baha'is not to detect me. Moreover, I knew nobody could find me in great Tehran. Nevertheless, I had become similar to faceless people. I could not use my ID card anywhere. I thought of a forged ID card. I did some measures to do this with the help of Parivash's maternal uncle who was a 42-year-old deceiver. The workshop had been ran. I was keeping in touch with my mother up and down. The kids were also waiting eagerly to be graduated

and come back to Iran. Nearly three months passed and I was eagerly interested in visiting Sina. Although Sohrab had changed his house and I knew that Baha'is are unaware of his new address; but I was afraid his house to be under surveillance by the police like my uncle's one. Moreover, I was afraid of Sohrb's wife, too. Because she might expose me. Thus, my only worry in my life was the isolation from Sina.

Sometimes my mother was calling him and asking his health. In addition, I was sometimes calling him by the public phone and hearing his voice for some minutes. I realized that divorce has problems and side effects and one should choose divorce as the last possible way and should do other attempts to improve his/her life conditions.

Sina had been grown up and he sometimes asked me some questions. Mom, why did you divorce my father? Organization is bad. You should make up with each other. I like to live with you and daddy. I do not like to live without you. These childish statements and wishes were making me extremely sorrowful. The common life should be kept away from these negative effects before it changes into hate and offence, before human feeling changes into a bird which is kept in cage and before all paths are closed and blocked for man. Kindness, forgiveness and mutual understanding should be learnt. Moreover, these concepts should be meaningful for human being before experiencing the worst possible conditions. I wish I knew sooner that the real love and affection can be grown in the inner being and I wish I realized that I shouldn't have waited for him to pat me; but I should have patted him and trained him to pat, too. I should have made him interested in our common life. Alas, life is a pathway that tempers the human being. Of course, if I had gotten married with Reza and my prosperous life had continued, I might not have thought so. However, it should be accepted that when there is an infant, divorce will create some problems for him/her and it causes the infant not to be affected by the prosperity of the father and mother. Otherwise, it would be rare.

Some days later, my mother called me and announced about the new problems that the coterie members had created for her. She said: Since you created irremediable problems for Baha'is, they are consistently asking us to tell them your hiding place. We have always disobeyed this order. However, nowadays they are threatening us: If the situation is continuing and you do not have any activity like others and do not participate in the meetings regularly, we will have to boycott you. That is, we should leave the house that the coterie has given to us. I said: Do not worry. This is their last opportunity. They may damned wrong. They do not have much power to do such actions even in America. At last, you can ask the American government for help and you can live like other social refugees.

Mom said: I have decided to come back, we are waiting for the last courses of kids to be finished and they get their degrees. I cannot stand here. We tolerate here hard.

I said happily: Do you know mom that I miss you as much as a world. I wish this period would pass soon in order for us to get together. My mom sighed and said: We miss you, too. Nevertheless, everywhere is similar to prison without your father. May God bestow your patience, dear mother. The world is so. May God damn those who caused daddy to die?

You revenge them badly. They are springing up and down and tingling like wild rue.

They were deserved. I must have killed them; but I was not cruel and unkind like them .

Those days, we were going to workshop with Parivash every morning. We were listening to each other's confabulations until dusk while we had employed some girls. Sometime we were making fun and enjoying recreation .

Although I did not see Sina and sometimes I heard just his voice, I was spiritually good. I was not paying attention to the organization threats although they were extremely furious. I knew they try to save everybody whom they attract through any possible way. Although they missed me in that ignominious situation, they were trying to save my mother, brother and sister. According to them, they had attracted a nation when they were successful to attract a person to Baha'ism. Moreover, they knew that the next generations would be Baha'is obeying their ancestors. Meanwhile, they could exploit and hire their followers. When I narrated Baha'is and their performances for Parivash, she asked surprisingly: How is it possible for the organization to hire people forcefully? In addition, I was pointing out the followers of other cults across the world to prove such characters in Baha'ism. When a person arrives at a group or a cult, he /she will accept the conditions and regulations of that cult which have been determined by the leader of that cult. He or she automatically serves the heads of the cult. It is observed that some suicides have been collectively done by the command of the leader of the cult. Moreover, there are many superstitions in Baha'ism: People do every kind of action in hope of the superstitious promises and threats. Most of the time, they are afraid of separation from the cult because of false inculcations which are injected in the followers' minds especially since childhood during the period of time when they are Baha'is. Most people think if they become detached the cult and turn against Baha and Abdul Baha and do not obey the coterie and the Bait-al-Adl [Universal House of Justice] orders which are the successors of Baha, they will be raged by Baha who is God

Himself and the heavenly calamities will be fallen on them. Additionally, every one of them is entangled. They have several relatives in the cult and it is difficult for them to be separated from them. Alternatively, they are following some benefits or aims. They are serving for the organization round-the-clock for a vain or mundane hope. After a while, I could visit Sina with the help of Parivash. She had asked Sohrab his work place address. She had had an appointment with Sohrab to bring Sina to the work place and hand in him to Parivash. Parivash took Sina in order for me to visit, too. Sina did not pay attention to me; although, he had heard my voice and had not felt my separation a lot. In addition, he remembered me. As if he had accepted that, a mother who is not next to him all the time will not be a good one for him. I was extremely ashamed. I liked to compensate all of his shortages one day. I had bought him many toys like the first days of my separation from Sohrab. In addition, he had been quite amused with them. When I wanted to be separated from him, I became extremely upset as much as the enthusiasm of visiting. Being away from him was hard for me. I was so eager to look at his oppressed eyes and his beautiful face. I was uttering praise at all the moments when he was beside me and I was praying for his health. Parivash loved him very much, too. She was enjoying playing with him. After a while, a suitable proposer asked for Parivash's hand. We were all making fun of her. She was happy and continuously wished a person who has proposed marriage had been the one who appears. She was getting ready for the marriage and I was forced to take over the workshop management. Although I was not good at sewing like Parivash; but I knew the responsibilities over which I had taken. I could take the orders and distribute them in the market. I became too homesick and being alone seemed hard for me when Parivash was leaving the small house; although, I had been to visit Parivash in her new house once a day before she became reformed and recognized. However, I was worried about this issue that how I could tolerate loneliness. Parivash got married holding a very simple and traditional ceremony. In addition, I engaged in working and taking over the burden of workshop responsibilities. I realized that Parivash's task was hard. In addition, we shared the benefits by half.

When I arrived home at nights, I was too tired. I was feeling Parivash's empty place more. I would sleep in front of TV soon. Parivash and her husband were sometimes visiting me. We had good soirees with each other. We were even enjoying recreation and watching new movies, some times. Her husband had a cloth shop in which they had become familiar with each other having job relationships. Six months passed in this way. Parivash had come back to her work. She seemed satisfied and pleasant of her new life and was encouraging us to get married. I was happy for her prosperity. During this period, I was continuously keeping

in touch with my mother, Sarir and Samaneh. They were preparing to come back to Iran within two or three months. This happy news was added to my other happiness. The ominous shadow of the organization overmastered me again. One of Baha'i people identified me. My place of work was exposed by pursuing of him. They started complaining me after announcing my hiding place to the police. That day, I was working like other days and was thinking about buying a present for Parivash's birthday; while the sound of parking a car exactly in front of the workshop attracted everybody's attention. Some minutes later, an officer entered. He showed my arrest warrant saying my name and my surname. There was no way but surrendering.

Although I hadn't attachment to my life more and I knew I would have some problems sooner or later; but I was extremely sorrowful and was drowned in myself like addicts and dizzy people due to extreme sadness. I had shrunk at the end of prison like a mass of black cloud in the corner of the sky full of lump and sorrow. I still did not know by which calamity I would be affected. In addition, I did not know how the cruel hand of epoch has scrabbled my throat and would suffocate me. Every time when a new calamity was happening for me, I thought it was the last hurt that I could tolerate and I would not stand anymore. I had searched for the punishment of carrying a weapon. Anyway, I knew I would be punished as much as the criminal action that I had committed and perhaps, this was my last misery by the Baha'i organization. A court was held immediately after arrestment. In the court, Mr. and Mrs. Mahboubi were present while they were looking at me furiously. They were threatening me by their venomous looks. I was looking at them mockingly. In addition, I pretended that my arrestment is not important in comparison with the action I had done. The judge studied the case. Then, he turned to me and said: Ms. Qadimi you are accused to carry weapon and to take hostage, to threaten to death and to destroy important documents of Mr. Mahboubi by fire and to destroy their big bookcase in their house, too. Do you confess doing such deeds? I said firmly with elation

Yes.

What is your reason to do such actions?

I revenged. I destroyed the documents of a political organization by fire because they had betrayed my family and me. In addition, I did not hurt anybody. I used the weapon to have freedom of action, too.

Why didn't you refer to legal authorities to recompense them?

I did not have any document and I could not prove; consequently, I decided to do such action by myself.

Do you know that carrying weapon, threatening to death and providing weapon illegally are great crimes?

Yes, I know.

Why did you do such actions?

After missing my father and my father's house and the miseries imposed to us by this organization, it wasn't important for me to do criminal actions.

Narrate all the adventure from the beginning to the end.

It is too long, the Excellency judge.

Narrate it in brief.

I explained the story of this ominous familiarity briefly. I pointed out all the criminal actions that I had committed in details explaining the cruel deeds had been done by the organization. Then, I wrote and submitted all of my words with the help of a lawyer elected by the court.

I was somehow relaxed. I felt the judge of the case is so fair and faithful to punish me as much as my crime. My elected lawyer was a likeable woman who insisted me to explain her all the details to help me. I narrated her the bitter adventure of my life in brief. But I was too bored, sorrowful and tired to point out everything completely. My lawyer called Ms. Kahvand urged me not to assume this issue too minor. And I promised her to write all the adventure for her in the form of a real story.

I still did not know what the horrible news of the organization was; so that, not only I could not write any material; but also, I was extremely tormented to such an extent that I had become exhausted. This news changed me as a sad and mad person; so that, all of the fellow prisoners opposed. They were opposing and shouting: Why have you brought this mad person to the prison instead of madhouse?

Neither I ate food nor laughed. I stared at a corner and was crying too much. I didn't trouble anybody. I had made everybody bored. Sometimes, they were insulting me. They were mocking me when they knew I wasn't answering to them. The female violators, killers and smugglers were mocking me. Sometimes, they kicked me with the excuse of going by me. They were trying to induce me to react or to hear what was wrong and what's wrong with me that I was crying days and nights and suffering pains. I don't know. Maybe there was a person among them who was sympathizing me and she wasn't meddlers. I was tormenting and every moment, I felt somebody was dragging me on thorns of an endless desert.

Some days later, I lost consciousness because of hypotension and the lack of candied materials in my body. When I regained consciousness, I had laid on the hospital bed. A serum and the respiration machine had been attached to me. I liked not to regain consciousness or ;at least, I lost my memory forever in order not to remember what calamity I afflicted on my dear son.

Sohrab had started his complaint again concerning I had kidnapped his son and had taken him out of the country and this action had caused

him to be suffered from an incurable disease: The horrible disease of suffering from HIV virus.

Hearing this news, I believed that death was my only remedy and cemetery was the only refuge for my broken heart. The world had been fallen over my head and my essence prevented taking any suitable and profitable material. My body cells had lost their defensive powers. As if, all the members of my body were shouting the transferring of this dangerous virus amorously. I wished it had been possible for this transferring to be practically done. My innocent and likeable son, Sina, had been sacrificed by the organization intrigues and our inappropriate stupidities.

I newly remembered that I had done penance forcibly. Although I had more opportunities to visit the holy shrines; but I was not merited and was busy with the world and had not been able to travel to the holy city of Mashhad. Additionally, I was captured in prison. Moreover, my presence in Imam Reza (P.H.) holy shrine was impossible. I had lost my hope entirely. I made myself ready for every kind of punishment. When Ms., Kahvand was urging me to tell a word to save myself out of this dilemma, I was not paying attention to her, at all. I was considering myself as a merited person to be tormented. Sometimes, I decided to suicide; but it was also impossible for me.

Eventually, the compulsion of life is a certain reality that forces human beings to continue and tolerate the problems in every difficult situation. In addition, I should have continued my life forcibly. I had been imprisoned because I had revenged Baha'is. I was not regretful; but I liked to do an action to show the reality of Baha'ism to other people in all centuries and ages in order to decrease the burden of my sins and to be forgiven. I should have made people understand that people who worship Baha and assume everything due to his will and volition and sometimes call him Imam Zaman and sometimes prophet and the creator of whole world are wily deceiving ones who want to misuse humans' mundane and spiritual energy, potential, money, time and all capitals by such pretentiousness in order to exploit them. They make these people as obedient slaves by brainwashing and intellectual remaking in order to exploit and govern them.

Thus, I started writing the story of my life by the name of God. Every time when I was visiting Ms. Kahvand I would give her some parts of my writings in order to defend my right and save a large number of people out of this cult. Fortunately, Ms. Kahvand accepted to do such a great service for humankind. During the period of time when I had proselytized by Baha'is, I had been aware of this commandments and teachings; so I criticized these commandments and teachings in order to make people aware of this reality that no religion can have such commandments.

I forfeited with the worst form due to my simplicity. I lost the best situation in my life in the world and the futurity because of being trapped in this cult. I called my uncle's wife and said her to make my mother aware of my being trapped. I knew what would happen for my mother after hearing this news. I decided to hide the news of Sina being affected by Aids in order not to miss my mother like my father and to carry this painful event like a burning furnace in my chest by myself. My next court was held. Sohrab was also at the court in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Mahboubi. The judge said to Sohrab:

Concerning the current complaint, you complained this woman last year and forgave her, then. Sohrab whose cheeks were flushed with anger said: The Excellency judge, I still did not know that my son has been suffered from this illnesses, at that time.

The judge said: Now, how did you realize that your son is affected by this illness? Sohrab said: My wife was suspected to me. She wanted me to have my blood tested for HIV repeatedly; but I was ducking because of laziness. One day, she had decided to have Sina's and her blood tested. She had been told that unfortunately this kid has been affected by this illness because of sexual intercourse.

What did you do then?

I showed the diagnosis result to most doctors whom I trusted on their ideas and unfortunately, I became sure that my son has been suffered.

What about you? Did you have your blood tested?

Yes, I had my blood tested and I am healthy. All medical documents are ready to be delivered to you.

Well, are you sure that this even has happened exactly at the time when your ex-wife has taken your son away in Turkey?

Yes, the Excellency judge.

How?

She herself is sure that such event had not happened for my son before. Nevertheless, when we were in Turkey, this woman's mother had left the kid for some days with a person who was suffered from sexual sadism. The kid was not feeling well when we approached him.

So, why did you accuse and complain Ms. Sahel Qadimi?

Because she had kidnapped my son and had taken him away to Turkey.

At this time Ms. Kahvand asked allowance, started speaking, and vindicated me. She nearly persuaded the judge that I was innocent for my son's illness. Moreover, Sohrab and I were agree and satisfied to take him to Turkey.

Then, concerning Mahboubi's family who were in charge of my punishment on behalf of the organization, the speech lasted for a long time and at last Ms. Kahvand gave my apologia enactment to the judge

which was provided in several papers. I was too broken-hearted that I didn't like anybody to vindicate me; but I assumed myself as a merited person to be tormented. At last, the judge delayed it for another day without issuing any verdict.

I was being gradually improved. I was using all good minutes and opportunities which I had in prison to write the bitter facts about the existence of a cult called Baha'ism existed in the world. In addition, people assumed it as a minor cult. I was warning about the dangers which it could create for our youth, and about all the problems that could be emerged among the hidden layers of this cult. I was pointing out all their underground activities and all their special teachings that they were using to attract and deceive people and how they are giving the name of a religion to this cult. Although I had a heavy pain in my heart, I felt happy and I was living by this hope. I controlled myself by such motivation and I felt I would compensate my dishonorable past by doing so. My mere aim was directing people by revelation. In addition to my personal activities, I was writing my life story for Ms. Kahvand. Remembering my difficulties, I sometimes became severely depressed and I sympathized for my father who lost his life for this path and for my mother who had been affected by some problems.

One day my uncle came to visit me and I was extremely anxious to be blamed by him. However, he just asked my health and condoled me. After speaking with each other for some minutes, he said: Are you relaxed here? Don't you have any problem?

I heard Sohrab has also complained you.

Yes, dear uncle. He has started his complaint.

I want to attract his satisfaction through any possible way; such as paying money or speaking and the like.

No uncle, I myself have money. I was working during this period of time. I have a good capital. However, I do not think he becomes satisfied with receiving money.

I am aware of everything. I have spoken with your lawyer in details. Be relaxed. I do not think the judge issues a heavy warrant.

I am relaxed, dear uncle, thanks.

Your uncle's wife has given something to bring for you. Tell me to bring whatever you need.

No pain in your hand. I need nothing. I am ashamed, my uncle. I am always getting you into trouble.

No, my daughter. We should pay attention to know what God's reason is. You should not be ashamed.

Say hello to your wife and thank her in behalf of me.

Really, I have a good news for you, too.

What is it about, dear uncle?

Your mother called and said they are going to be in Iran in two or three month. The kid's lessons and university have been finished and they have received their degrees.

May God bestow you welfare, dear uncle? You made me happy. I miss them.

God willing, everything will be ok.

My uncle went and I felt cheerful; although, I thought I would never feel happiness. I was excited because of hearing this good news. Speaking with my uncle, I decided to open a saving account for Sina at once and transfer all my money to it to be a capital for Sina's future and to make Sohrab satisfied with this action. I felt I could fulfill my obligations towards him a bit by doing this action because all of my essence depended on him.

My inner anger decreased to some extent via this thought; although, Sina's future was vague. As if, a sparkle of light was lit in my heart. I should have trusted in God and should have sent disappointment away from myself. I should have appealed Him to heal my dear Sina. Everybody's life relays on God's will; although it has many difficulties. And He is able to save His slaves who are in the summit of misery and to raise those who are in the mundane and spiritual lowlands. Drops of tears were descending due to this hope and my cheeks were similar to plains, which were disappearing the tear rain in their thirsty lands.

I was calm and quiet sitting on my bed; although the women were arguing or fighting about minor or major issues or were sitting, speaking and laughing or hitting each other to death. I was writing or praying appealing God. All of my essence was similar to an appealing sea. Sometimes, my tragic weeping and mellifluous praying were influencing others. They were gathering around me. I was hopeful for God's generosity and patronage in all of the repeated and tiring moments in prison. Moreover, my mere prayer was asking for Sina's healing. I was appealing God to change His will and replace Sina by me.

Ms. Kahvand did the bank affairs on behalf of me and transferred all my money to Sina's account.

Sahel had written the second part of her memoirs till here. Several days later, her next court was held. She was condemned to six months imprisonment because of carrying weapon and the errors she had committed; although I tried hard to exonerate her. In addition, Sohrab renounced his complaint, too. Mr. and Mrs. Mahboubi could satisfy the judge with issuing a command for Sahel to pay the financial personal damages such as destroying carpets and walls of their house. In revision court, this financial fine changed to paying in dept. Concerning the books and other things that had been burnt, the judge announced that the organization itself must complain. Because Sahel herself had a complaint

about the organization because of all of the mundane, spiritual, emotional and mental damages, too. Of course, these damages were irretrievable. Thus, the organization did not complain about Sahel, too because it was under accusation.

Three month later Sahel's family came back to Iran. They visited Sahel. They could buy a comfortable house for themselves which was not as beautiful and big as their previous house.

Sarir and Samaneh had been graduated in engineering and medicine. They were going to serve their community. After a while, Sahel's book was completed. It was concerned with the criticism and investigation of Baha'ism cult. In the book, she could write her real memoirs during the period when she was living among Baha'is and she could prove that Baha'ism is a political cult and there is not any similarity between a religion and it. In addition to be beneficial for readers, this book had been so attractive and worthy to be read. As I had promised Sahel, I had the book published. This book was distributed among people quickly. It became bestseller because of being real; so that, during Sahel's last two months of imprisonment, the majority of readers wrote many letters to the chairman of prison defending this brave virago and asked him to get her free. Sahel's penance was a real one. She had served the society by endangering herself ;so that, she was merited to be appreciated. Writing this book, Sahel had intrigued most university masters, scholars, scientists and religious experts to applaud her. She had become a cherished and respectful person. Her book called "deceive "was published. Before Sahel's freedom, this book had been republished several times. According to Sahel, I was allowed to assign all the revenues of this book to myself; but I saved it for her and was waiting to give it to her after freedom .

The day when she was getting free, many people welcomed her at the prison gate. She was looking at people with unbelief. She was thanking them for all of their mercy and kindness. She saw Reza standing beside Samaneh among the crowd. Reza walked towards her with a bunch of roses. As if, Sahel was looking at the sun that was passing among people and radiating his lights on Sahel's tired body. When Reza approached Sahel, he gave the flowers to her and said: I knew I did not make a mistake about you. This is the reason that I have not gotten married so far. Can you love me again like before?

Sahel cried happily. At the other side, Parivash and her husband had stood next to Sina, Sohrab and her wife. Sohrab beckoned Sina to go toward Sahel and Sina embraced her. Uncle Ehsan, mother, Sarir and other relatives surrounded Sahel and escorted her to the house.

Several days later, Sahel headed off towards Imam Reza (P.H.) holy shrine along with Sina, her family, Reza's family in order to pray for Sina

is healing collectively, and this is quite true that Sareh khanom had heard from the luminous essence of that Imam who had given good news about Sina's healing in dream.

The End