

Organization Disclosed

(Memoires of a Former Bahia Member)

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Chronicle of childhood

I start by the name of Allah who hasn't forgotten this worthless and guilty slave. He whom they had made me believe that He is on the earth and He has been bodies forth in the Blessed Beauty's body! However, He didn't forget this insurgent slave. So that, a flicker of light directed me towards setting forth a question and investigating history. Questions to which the assembly could not answer; but it collided me violently like mafia. And I am happy that I resisted in the right path in spite of those pressures. And I bear witness that the Excellency Hojjat [Imam Mahdi](P.H.) for being hidden. I am sure that this gracious man has forgiven me in spite of rejecting his luminous face; since nobody is portion less in the exalted presence of the Household (P.H.) because they are benefactor and chivalrous.

When I was to write my travel account from obscurity and suffering land to life and breathing in sun land, I was continuously asking myself this question: Where do I start the narration of this torment story. But nothing would reap out of the depth of loneliness nights to shout my pains. By mistake, I believed that words and sentences are unable to explain my painful life. Finally, a friend's tip heartened me to words. The dear person who whispered in my ears: Don't forget that most great ones in the threshold of religion, literature, theosophy and etc. have enriched the history of Iran and the world by their presence using this language. How can't you write the story of your life, then?! He suggested some books to me to study. I read the books. Then, I realized the capabilities of Persian language more and I remembered the time when they were filling Baha'i infants' and teenagers' minds and conscience with absurd words such as:

"If Liege Lord Reza had eradicated the clergymen and had made the Latin alphabet and the Christian calendar fashionable like Mustafa Kamal Pasha (known as Ataturk) and in the continuation of the path, he had formalized teaching English language, we wouldn't have lagged behind the world's caravan."

These words were being engraved in our small and infantile mind and, well away, all of my infant, teens and youth periods of time were passed in these brainwash assemblies where they had made us believe that "Jamal Mobarak" (may God help us) is the very God and ask him any prayer needs to be answered. They were calling us to Pharaohs' history where one of worthless slaves of God was sitting in God's place and claimed divinity and indeed isn't it true that petrification means coming back to the past? Then, why do the members of Baha'ism cult denigrate everything and everybody under the name and concept of petrification and recoiling. They even don't consider being duty bound to chastity, family, covering of wife, sister, daughter and socialization of girls with dyspeptic boys as interdicted actions.

I am standing in front of the rubiginous mirror of my silent house and I am whispering with myself: How old and haggard you have become! What has happened for you to become an old young man?! I am travelling to the past. The past which has been indited for me by the members of Baha'i assembly. And this issue motivates me strongly to write and to expose the adventure of my biographies to the youth whose lifetime and youth are being wasted in this cult. Those who aren't even allowed to elect their wives; because the assembly determines that who their suitable wives are. Just like Hitler who was making German boys and girls get married with each other according to his taste compulsorily at the end of his dominion without being any inclination for common life by them. I even read in a review of reprobate history of SAVAK of Shah that SAVAK agents haven't been able to elect their wives; for the agent should elect another option if wife or husband wasn't being confirmed by high ranking officials of SAVAK. I look at the mirror and the enthusiasm of writing takes on a new life in me. A division of the night passed and notebook, pen, silence and loneliness are calling me to write and I start writing by the name of God whom they deprived me of Him for years and they had replaced him by a weak and unsightly man. I ask for His help to make my unable pen able not because I want to be famous by it, never! But, because I want these sentences risen from my heart to be effective in the hearts of thousands of youth captive in the claw of horrible cult of Baha'ism and to become aware. And if I am able to be an intercessor to make even a person free from this trap. I will perform my liability and I will rest with tranquility.

"if you want me to believe you, you should suffer." I don't know where I have read this beautiful statement; but it can state my inner feeling. Because as I think I have suffered a lot of tribulations that you will believe me and all of my human and

mental torments. The torments which will affect on every reader amidst the lines of this book.

I return to the past to the starry city of my childhood where I could pick up my wish stars out of silver cluster of stars and isn't it true that each star is a flicker of a wish?!

I return to the past to the solar month of Khordad, 1346 when I was born in one of the houses in Gashog Tarashan locality or Fil Khaneh parish in which the Jewish people resided in Hamadan city. Of course, some Baha'i and Muslim people resided there.

When I was five, I asked myself that the Jewish people go to Sanctuary on Sunday to say prayer. Muslims go to group prayers to express their servitude to God while my family neither go to mosque nor sanctuary?! Those days, I liked to go to mosque along with children who were as old as I especially in Ramadan [:Muslim month of fasting] when at dusk our locality mosque had a special spirituality. The nice smell of charitable offering was reverberating everywhere. And charitable foods were being distributed among fasting people. I remember when I brought one of these charitable foods to house. One day my family prevented me eating that delicious food so much that as if I had brought hemlock to house. And then they explained for me that: Don't you know that we are Bahai's and don't have any relationships with Muslims?! Don't you know that the Excellency Bab [may God help us] has abolished the holy Quran and Islam religion and has brought Baha'ism religion?! Don't you know that our religion is higher than theirs and we assume them as enemies?! Thus, they took me the food. I was too frightened. I just found an opportunity to ask: Well, where do we go to worship and they answered back: We go to Hazirat-al-Qods. I said: Where is Hazirat-al-Qods?

My father said: Our Hazirat-al-Qods has a big building and a green yard. And we go there.

A year later, when I was just 6, they brought me and other children who were as old as I to the classes of ethics. In these classes a lady called Kowsari who was really wheat-skinned first forced us to memorize special Baha'is poems and incantations. They were really hard. We had to learn all those nonsense, meaningless and difficult sentences by heart... . In order for us to tolerate the difficulty of those vain classes there, they were giving us some toys and I remember that at first day I was credulously thinking that those toys were children`s, so at the end of session I wanted to take one of them to house; but Ms. Kowsari took it out of my house with a rough

gesture and I was gently crying from the class to house. And perhaps, for this reason every time when everybody was speaking about these classes, I remembered ugly face and rough behavior of Ms. Kousari immediately and after a while ethics class turned into a place of torture. The place where they were continuously telling us: Jamal Mobarak, Jamal Mobarak to the extent that they made a god out of a worthless man.

A God [may God help us] who has been on the earth and if we are cursed by Him, we will be afflicted by a severe punishment. And we should have accepted that the Blessed Beauty's satisfaction meant prosperity and his curse and fury meant eternal torment!!

I was the fourth offspring in my family. Those days, we were continually playing with my brothers Shoja-al-Din, Shoa'-al-Din, Shahram and Bahran and my sister Arezou who was younger than I. Those years, Iranian television and cinema had been dominated by bromidic American films. Some Iranian films and series had been included among them in order to indicate that Iranian films were being casted. Some series such as the first man which had been made to praise **Reza Khan** and prosaic series called **Dear uncle, Napoleon** in which reversal face of clergy and Islam had been displayed. This series was enthusiastically loved by Baha'is. All of these films and series were being broadcasted in order for western culture to dominate on our country completely. I remember that I was influenced by the series **6-million-dollar man** so much that I jumped into the yard of our house out of balcony and my head was broken and sutured in order to discover these phony athletic actions can't be as my pattern and role mode. My head had been broken and all of my bones were being aching; so that , I had to be hospitalized for a while in hospital.

My father was habitually drunk and he was coming home every night thoughtlessly. He was a peddle carpet seller and he didn't have a shop. For this reason, he was putting a second hand carpet which he was buying on his shoulder and was taking it to market and was selling it in higher price and was running our life. Because of this poverty he was worthless among Baha'i community and my family. My family and I were extras for them. And Baha'i rich families were being respected and cherished. Even the assembly members were wealthy and they themselves were managing our life problems. Even they weren't paying attention to boys and girls interests with each other at the time of marriage. And according to

their policy, they were ordering which girl should get married with such and such boy.

As I told, my father was coming home with his friends while they were singing loudly and staggering because of the excess of alcohol consumption. One night, the noise made everybody come out of houses. I heard our neighbor Mr. **Qaffari's** voice in the alley who was saying: My brother! You are Baha'i and this issue is due to you; but it isn't true that every night a group of drunk people follow you and negate our tranquility! And that night I was ashamed of neighbors too much. Mr. Qaffari was an honorable and respectful man who hadn't bothered anybody yet. And that night he had become too impatient that he was going to fight with my father and his friends. Fortunately, the issue had a happy ending by intermediation of people of the neighborhood.

I was constantly forgetting that I am a Baha'i. Liked to act the same as my friends. One day, I went to **Abdullah's** holy shrine near our house along with my friends. The flavor of Muslims' worship had attracted me so much that I had forgotten it was for 2 or 3 hours that I was away from home. This issue is none of Muslim and Baha'ism business; but it was an infantile malignancy. Because of Muslims' bonhomie, austerity and frankness, I loved to play with them; while I was suffering from the behaviors of Baha'i children who were mainly from wealthy families. There was humiliation in their looks and I was feeling well in my childhood. And maybe the reason was that I was interested in having social intercourse with Muslim children; because none of them wasn't humiliating me, even though some of them knew that I was Baha'i.

My parents were always arguing with each other; as if they belonged to two separate worlds. Even my mother committed suicide; but each time she saved fortunately ;because according to her she wanted to get rid of that wretched life. Their marriage was one example of the one which had been done by the assembly order.

I was seven or eight years old when my mother was going to suffocate herself with scarf in front of my astonished eyes. I was really frightened that day. The other day, she took pill and she was taken to hospital. One time, when she was quarrelling with my father, she held electricity wire in her hand and my father disconnected the electricity meter startling. But their fighting continued. They were wrangling in the presence of us being unaware of this issue that they would made us afflicted by nervous and mental problems. One night it is announced by the news that a drunk

man has killed his wife and three offspring and this issue caused me not to sleep for many nights because I was afraid. Specially because my brothers **Shoja`-al-Din** and **Shoa`-Allah** had travelled to Tehran to live with my maternal uncle and this fear had grown roots in all of my body like cancer till 16 or 17 years of age. So that, I was waking up with a start fearfully hearing my parent's argument and was saying myself: Doesn't the assembly say this marriage has been conformed by Jamal Mobarak. Well, if it is so, then why has our life changed into a hell?! But I wasn't finding an answer for this question and I am turning a page through my reminiscence, memory and memoir notebook again and I travel to a night when my father took me to **Jahan Nama garden** along with his paternal uncle's son **Iraj** a place where dancers and singers from Tehran city were appearing in public half-naked to perform programs. Men and women were busy drinking alcohol and their languishing laughs had filled and covered all the garden. Their laughs were similar to wild wolves' howls. At that time my father's cousin said to me: It is better for you to drink, too in order to get ready for the future now. And he turned to my father and said: Am I right?! Then, he gave me a glass of alcohol liquor and continuously said: Drink,... the bitterness of alcohol in my mouth was too much that I spitted it out. At that moment, my father blamed me and said: Damn. You dishonored us! It wasn't important for him that a little boy drinks alcohol liquor.

I was continually coughing at that moment and tear was collected in my eyes and my father was anxious about this issue that lest other people who have sat at the table nearby pay attention to us.

I wrote these materials for you to find out more that how Bahai's educate their offspring in spite of all of their claims and slogans.

Those days that is Shah's regime, Baha'is were being supported very much. The special physician of Shah ,prime minister and some of his ministers were Baha'i. for this reason, a scenic garden had been allotted to **Hazirat-al-Qods** and in addition to ethics classes, Baha'is were gathering together every 19 days in this place. This building consisted of reception [:Ziafat] hall, library[in which there were just Baha'i proselytism books], a place for custodianship, visiting office and coffin making department. One day when everybody was busy holding party, I went to coffin making department curiously. At first, I frightened a bit; but when I dominated my fear, I was inspecting the coffins. Inside the coffins were covered with the most premium velvets and coffin wood had been magnificently built look like boxed inlaid with mosaic. But one day when one of Baha'is who was as poor as we, died

he had been put in an old coffin. Then, I discovered that those magnificent coffins belong to rich Baha'is who were helping the assembly very much that small amount of that sum was spent for current affairs and the rest of the money was being sent to **Aka** land in Israel in order for **the Blessed Beauty's** stooges to spend as much as they like extravagantly. In the assembly, itself, there was a discrimination among the wealthy and the poor; because my family and I and those who were wearing old and ragged clothes were at the last rows and the front rows belonged to those who were committing any kind of crime and betrayal under the support of Jamal Mobarak. Those who were poor were their footboys all over their lifetimes. On Fridays when we were free to go to school we had to go to ethics classes and we had to go to Hazirat-al-Qods with difficulty while there was one-meter snow on the ground. All children were thinking about this issue that when these compulsory classes ended in order to get free from this prison! When we were in these classes, all of us were repeating the sentences which were instilled us boy rote. We were looking at the clock for this tormenting classes to be finished and we become free.

Visiting Farah

My grandfather was a potter. He was living with my grandmother who was from **Lalehjin city** there. He was earning a living through sharing in a small workshop. My family was spending summer holidays in Lalehjin city. Because the old man and woman were alone. As if the life spirit was streaming in their house with our presence. They were becoming cheerful and lively. We also became completely satisfied with their kindness and how tormenting was our separation; because I had a great time with them. I was going to my grandfather's workshop and I was so-called helping him according to my childish thought and when we were returning home every noon, I was feeling that I have become a grand man. I was even trying to walk like my grandfather. One day, I was busy working and playing in my grandfather's workshop that I felt the situation wasn't normal. A lot of officers and delegates who had worn civilian clothes were quickly running here and there and were speaking with the center through wireless. At last, one of them entered the workshop and said to my grandfather: Dear father, today Her Majesty **Shahbanoo**

is to come here and she may come to your workshop. I reported this issue to you to be ready and then some of those delegates who had attended the workshop and he himself inspected the workshop carefully and left. Meanwhile, I was busy playing with pottery clay in my childish world. Suddenly the flash of cameras of photographers and reporters dazzled my eyes. They were continually taking photos. I paid attention to **Farah Pahlavi** who was to enter my grandfather's workshop along with some of her friends. When she entered, the delegates and her escorts who had come from Tehran started clapping. Some moments later, Farah Pahlavi sat at one of pottery tables and began fiddling with mud and playing in order for many photographers who had come to have time to take her photo to print in their periodicals and to write she is democratic! in captions.

All eyes had stared at Farah Pahlavi except me that I was busy playing with mud. Suddenly, Farah came towards me and embraced. The flashes of cameras of photographers who were taking photos continuously hurt my eyes again. Farah said while she had carried me in her arms: who is this boy's father?!

My grandfather came forward fearfully and said: He is my grandson. At that moment, Farah smiled and said: He will be a skillful potter in the future.

I answered back: I don't like pottery and I don't want to be a potter. And I just come here to visit and to be with my grandfather and mother in summers. Suddenly I felt the heaviness of my grandfather's look that had become red because of anger and other people's rage who were around Farah. But Farah who had shamefaced badly said; as if nothing has happened: Yeah, so you want to be physician, study your lesson to achieve your wish.

Saying this sentence, Farah put me on the floor while television and photographers' cameras were following her. And she left the workshop along with her friends. But my grandfather didn't blame me that day. The film of that visit was casted that day and the reporter reported about sincerity, virtuosity and plainness of Farah Pahlavi and many newspapers reported about this visit in their special editions. While the expenses of Farah and her followers' extravagances were enormous in this trip. In this way, I also participated in one of proselytizing shows of Shah's regimes unwontedly.

Today when I review those memoirs, I feel that my grandfather's workshop had been taken into view in advance for Farah Pahlavi to visit; because Farah was supporting Baha'is, too.

In later years, my brothers and I sabotaged in Lalejin city so much and made our grandfather apologize this and that, that my father prevented us to go to Lalejin city and we had to stay in Hamadan in summers and sell apricot juice and cigarette.

In revolution atmosphere

It was the end of the years 1356. A year when everybody was whispering the revolution. And the people of Qom and Tabriz appeared at streets courageously and caused Shah`s regime to tremble. Although Shah and his prime minister **Jamshid Amouzgar** claimed: Demonstrators weren`t Iranian; but some hired people have entered Iran from other countries!!!!

I was a grade 5 in 1357. Our school principal was a rough person called **Khodadadi** who was wearing suit and he was white-shaved. And all teachers even the assistant supervisor were respecting and obeying him because of his relations. But in spite of his intimidations, one of schoolmates called **Hazzavei** broke the school silence. He brought the **Excellency Imam`s(P.H)** photos and manifestos to school and distributed Imam`s speech cassettes at school and made an effort for founding the student`s demonstration. After a while, we appeared at streets and after breaking school and some governmental centers` glasses, we headed off towards a school called **Ettehad**. At **Ettehad** school, rich Jewish, Baha`i and Muslim students were studying. But love of **the Excellency Imam (P.H.)** had caused these students to join us enthusiastically and to shout: " **Independence, freedom, Islamic Republic**".

Mr. **Khodadadi** punished and beat our friend **Hazzavei** and threatened him to be dropped, but he was continuing his activities fearlessly. As if he hasn`t been punished. Even he was beaten by ungodly principal of school that he was hospitalized for some days and the students of school tried to demonstrated in his absence in order to oppose this savage action. But **Hazzavei** wasn`t with them anymore to encourage them and to say: Just be afraid of god. After a while, our friend came back to school and demonstration started again. The demonstration which had made the school attendances too desperate that there was no way but cancelling school.

I was free from so-called advice I was hearing; because I liked to shout slogans for love of Imam (P.H.) along with other students. But there was another account in the house and assembly. They were saying: Congratulations! Have you walked in the streets and demonstrated for clergymen? Have you forgotten that Your Majesty has had mercy on us? Do you know that if he leaves the country, God forbidden, we will become miserable? Are you demonstrating instead of being loyal to Shah?! And I replied in infantile world: Oh! The line for those who love Shah will never form. Everybody hates the king and wants him to leave. Everybody says: Down with Shah. At this time, my father twisted my ear extremely and said: They may damn wrong. It is none of our business. But you are Baha'i. One of the assembly members quieted my father down and said with friendly tone: Dear Farhad, do you know that Jamal Mobarak was dreamed by one of our friends that has said: Baha'i community is responsible to defend Your Majesty by any means whether by sacrificing ourselves or our properties. Well, do you like to be in disfavor of Jamal Mobarak? Then, he patted me and continued: Well, don't demonstrate with this tramp children, anymore. And I nodded in order to get rid of him.

Those days, the assembly members had become flustered; so that Hazirat-al-Qods` activities were to be cancelled. Especially when the Islamic revolution triumphed by God`s power and royal regime dropped after Shah`s escape.

Iranian schools was cancelled till the first of the solar month of Isfand in 1357. But I don't forget the reopening day of schools. The students had stood in lines and Mr. **Khodadadi** went at tribune. His face had become red because of shame or maybe cold. He invited **Hazzavei** to come near him. The boy whom he had punished over and over to death. Then Mr. Khadadadi kissed and apologized him for the past. Then he asked Hazzavei to make a speech for the students. He had become the victorious athlete of school; although at first days of the revolution, children had made him as their models. At last, a gift was presented to him on behalf of school. He received the gift happily while the tune of saying "God is great" had filled the atmosphere of school and said: Guys, the revolution was triumphed owed to two things: First irreconcilable leadership of **Imam Khomeini (P.H.)** and next the innocent blood which was poured on the ground in order to gain victory over sword. Then everyone of us must be grateful of this revolution which is wergeld of martyrs and must avoid disuniting because the Excellency Imam Khomeini (P.H.) have invited everybody to unity. At that time, I liked to speak for children instead of

Hazzavei. After a while, the principle of school made himself retired and came back to **Zanjan city**, his birthplace, and a new principle was appointed for our school.

Faqr Allah, Shield from danger

In one of the days of the solar month of Mordad in 1357 when the Islamic Republic hadn't been victorious; but demonstration wave had been roundabout, my naive father came home and said to my mother:

"Madam, at last we got rid of this house which is good for dogs."

And my mother asked with enthusiastic look:

"How? Lottery was cancelled, too; otherwise, I would say your ticket has been won..."

And my father continued with the same passion:

"No, madam. Baha'i servitors have ordered me to live in Hazzirat-al-Qods along my family."

And my mother became silent meaningfully and said:

"Now, when should we move?!"

Maybe, my mother also knew that my father had been commissioned to shield his family and himself from dangers to protect Baha'is temple in order for servitors who were the assembly members to have an opportunity to escape. The assembly members were **Naeemi, Vafaei, Khadel, Khoshkalam and Golestani** who had the reigns of power at a certain time. Those who were benefiting Hazirat-al-Qods as power lever during the king's government and were putting us as the poor at the last row of their assembly, in order to escape by the government treasury money plundered by them. They had made a man, a woman and their offspring shield from danger in a situation that they were totally aware of the records of polarity and conflicts between Muslims and Baha'is. Of course, at the time of the second Pahlavi government, Baha'is were influential everywhere. Perhaps this was the reason that Muslims were assuming Baha'is as workingmen of tyranny of Pahlavi regime.

One day my father said: Once, I had gone from Hamadan to **Jamshid Abad village** which was located at 15 kilometers to **Lalejin city** where my paternal uncle and most of my relatives were living. And Baha'is had celebrated the first and second

days of lunar month of Moharram because of birthday of their leader, as usual. At times when people were mourners for 10 nights and days at that small village. This issue made Muslims and Baha'is wrestle with each other. Jamshid Abad village was the residence for some Baha'i families and because we were being supported by the government, we chastened Muslims and hit them. He continued laughing: The presence of influential Baha'i people such as **Katirae** the president of Hamadan's flour company and **Sabet and Raesi** caused everything to finish in favor of us in gendarmerie; because **Sabet and Katirae** came to village personally. And after secret investigation with the chairman of gendarmerie, they said to me: Injure yourself in order to pretend you are apparently oppressed and then color your head and face with your blood and come to gendarmerie along with other Baha'is shouting and appealing. We gathered together, too and tore our collars and clothes. I hit myself with a knife and we pretend to be apparently oppressed; so that, the chairman of gendarmerie ordered his troops to capture Muslims. Most of them were put into prison and were sent to city with their cases. Then my father said victoriously: They were telling me that nothing would have happened if you had killed some Muslims and you also hadn't been put into prison. Because we were setting the issue at that guardhouse. Bravo **Nour-al-Din**, you made everyone of us proud and my father was so proud of this issue. Especially when he said gloriously: They had beaten the Muslims at that guardhouse and they were being beating so much that they were losing consciousness. For this reason, Bahai's knew my father as a swashbuckling and adroit person. Maybe, they were pretending superficially in order for my father to be a devotee for big shot Baha'is.

All those tyrannies had caused people to be desperate about the bloodthirsty Pahlavi regime and to come to street shouting slogan "Down with the king" and to destroy decay epitomes. In such situation, we moved to Hazirat-al-Qods located at Hamam Qal'eh alley. A big garden which had three gates and it was an arena for pretension of Baha'i rich people in order to boast their modern cars to the poor and now it had become a garden for ghosts. Now, in a garden in which youth board were holding the faith assembly, music and etc. Under the supervision of nine people, nobody existed. We spent most nights fearfully. At the beginning of the path, there was a room for guard. A building which was ending in a 3-floor beautiful edifice. In this building, there were a big hall for gathering and dozens of rooms. Next to this building, there was a big parking and in another room, there were costly coffins made

by Mr. **Raqeb** who I was a skillful carpenter. Those coffins were exposed to dust. And was afraid of this room so much.

This garden was so big in which football and volleyball courts had been built for exercising. Now, my family's only associates were old man and woman who had wasted their lifetimes as guards without having any offspring and they had approached the last situation of their lifetimes. Mr. **Dehqan** and his wife had become old living in Hazirat-al-Qods in hope of salvation for years and they were thinking their services are attended by **the holiest essence**; while the dignitaries of Baha'i cult had relinquished them. They didn't have any offspring; but Mrs. Dehqan had an offspring from her first husband and her grandchildren were coming after her and we calling the old man as grandfather.

This family and our shares of this big garden and 3-floor splendid building were two rooms and a shared rest room in a dark and horrible basement where I was afraid of there. While the key of each room had been held by the old man. But he wasn't opening the doors of the room without permission.

At summer nights in 1357, when wind was blowing through the trees, it was similar to ululation a woman whose husband has died. And I don't have any memoirs of those nights but apprehension. The nights that I was saying prayer for them to be dawn soon.

Now in this big garden my parents, brothers, these old man and woman and I were living in order to defend this place against the probable attack of people. When the demonstration of people became extensive and the king's gendarmes were shooting them, people were entering the alley which was near Hazirat-al-Qods in order to be safe from shooting. My father was standing at the gate carrying an ax and dagger. He was thinking he could resist against people and perhaps he himself knew that the periods of time when Baha'is were powerful have been passed and a new era has started in Iran. Nevertheless, he was keeping watch at the gate at nights. The poor old man and woman was thrilling. They didn't know, Islam is the religion of clemency and forgiveness. Some nights when the call of Allah is the greatest was echoing, my father was hiding his fear. I was asking myself: What have Baha'is done that they have been endangered? I asked my mother several times; but she was repeating by rote as she had been taught: Well, Baha'ism has come and has abolished their religion. Well, It is obvious that they are our enemies. Many a night I was observing her saying prayer, like other Baha'is, for the king not to leave Iran and for the revolution to be quelled in order for Baha'is to be able to return to their previous

time and to take over the country affairs again and to lay their octopus hands on the economy of this country as before in order to increase their capitals to send to **Aka**. For example extinct **Rahim Ali Khorram** who was Jewish-Baha'i was obviously sending the interests from his cabarets and decay centers to Israel!

When my mother was taking my brothers and I to a corner startingly in order to be secured of probable attack, I sympathized my mother. Oh! What a wretched life the heads of this cult had made for her. Apish obedience for a lifetime. Being blind and deaf for a lifetime. Accepting and obeying all their orders and at last shielding them from dangers. My parents were drowned in their dogmatisms so much that they couldn't think. These people have stand up against tyranny and they haven't aimed to disturb some old men and women. I remember that at those nights my father wasn't drinking liquor because he was afraid. And so my mother was relaxed; because my father's temper and behaviors was totally changing and this was the start of their entanglements. One night, there was an uproar in a street ended in the assembly and the king's hirelings had shot people. The shooting wasn't being incising even for a moment. The odor of gunpowder had pervaded in cold atmosphere of the garden. People were making an uproar in alleys; as if some residents of the locality had been martyred or injured. Meantime, the gate of the garden was suddenly opened and an injured youth threw himself into the garden dragging. He didn't know my father has lurked at the gate. At that time, my father attacked the youth; because he had been taught Muslims are our enemies. When the youth saw this situation, he headed off staggeringly and stumblingly. While his blood was dripping , he escaped; but he was too disabled to escape from the king's executioners and I realized that he has been trapped because of saying "stop" by gendarmes. I don't know what happened for that stalwart youth; but it caused my imagination towards my father to be changed; because, every offspring in his/her innocent days of infancy and pubescence sees his/her fanciful man in his/her father's essence. The symbol of all capabilities is father for him/ her. And I couldn't digest this inhumane behavior of my father. I liked to give refuge to that youth and to embrocate his wounds so much. I liked to be mature and gave refuge to that injured youth. I remembered my teacher's statements which she said in ethics classes about human being and humanity status. And then, I observed that according to Baha'is, human beings means European, American and Israeli humans and not an injured Muslim youth.

From that night on, my father was narrating this memoir as one of his hunts for his friends as follows:

"You don't know how frightened he was when he saw me over his head carrying ax and poniard... Baha'i heads were thanking me for an hour. They were saying: I wish you yourself had captured him."

And they were praising his bravery unanimously.

Tomorrow morning, the old woman-the doorkeeper-washed the blood splashed on mosaics of garden; but that bitter memoir never removed out of mind.

Those days, I asked myself: Don't Baha'is say that we don't meddle with policy, why my father attacked an injured youth? And I was finding an answer as usual.

Mr. **Hayati** and his wife were living as our neighbors of the garden. Both of them were Baha'is. When the city became chaotic. Mrs. Hayati was going to her relatives' houses and Mr. Hayati was joining our family to escape loneliness. He was ill; because his body couldn't keep nutrients. For this reason he was too thin and skinny. He should drink water continuously. He was taking some sleeping pills at nights in order to sleep. Now, this ill man was added to this 8-people troops who were guardians of the garden.

At those cold nights of winter, I had been suffered from the flu, fever and shiver and sever sore throat; so that I could eat nothing but hedge-mustard and yogurt. My mother was putting wet towel on my forehead at that situation in order to decrease my fever a bit. I suddenly saw fire was flaming out of the restroom. And I shouted while my throat had been stuffy: Fire. Fire... .

Everybody ran into the yard frenetically. My father said: Oh! These Muslims did their actions and hurt us! Everybody was busy putting off the fire except me. Eventually, they discovered that the candle in the rest room was the main factor of conflagration. The big shot people of the assembly had closed the door of de luxe rest rooms; but the rest room of this 8-people troops was similar to frightful prisons of **Hajjaj ibn Josef**. They were escaping but poor Baha'i people and low class ones weren't allowed to enter the rest room of the rich.

The Islamic Revolution was nearly gaining victory. And Baha'i heads had found out that with all those tyrannies they have considered allowable for people in the king's era, Hazirat-al-Qods would soon fall. For this reason, they ordered all the books which are available for Baha'is to be transferred to the garden. Then some builders and workers such as my father's cousin **Ataullah Jalili** were commissioned

to hide these books in a part of the building and to build a wall and insulate it with cloth dipped in boiling tar in order for the books not to be hurt. Of course, after insulation, they covered the wall with cement and tiles; because it had been said that: The Revolution won't last even if it gains victory and you can bring your books out of hiding place unharmed again and start your life again. It is interesting to be said that a lot of letters were being received by Bait-al-Adl, the main site of Baha'is in Israel that condoled Baha'is: Don't worry. This is a transitory tornado which will end soon. It is raining severely in spring; but after a short time clouds will pass and the sky will be blue. These predictions were doing by **Bait-al-Adl** and Baha'is delight was that the king will come back again.

While Baha'is were saying the error coefficient of these predictions is zero and their god's speech – may God help us – was false. Baha'is haven't presented a compelling answer and justification yet. Oh! Does god tell a lie, too?

At that situation most Baha'is were coming to the city from their village in hope of helping; but they were just advised to go to Hazirat-al-Qods. In this way, many families attacked to our residence; while, my father fearfully moved with a wooden cart to my grandfather's house which was located at Qashoq Tarashan locality; because my grandfather was living in Lalejin city and didn't need that house.

At that dark night, my parents were frightened let it not be people attack to them. But nothing happened and we wanted neither living in Hazirat-al-Qods; because our share of all those facilities and carpeted rooms having the most premium carpets and dozens of facilities was living in a shantytown having just a light and other places were lighting up with candles.

Finally the revolution gained victory and people like **Shoja' Rashedi and Katirae** who were of the region's Baha'i liege lords were escaping house by house because of tyrannies and crimes which they had committed. While Muslims were mainly advising the organization of the cult to abandon proselytizing and to avoid holding assembly meetings; regardless of this fact that Muslims had been tyrannized so much by Baha'is.

At that revolutionary atmosphere most Baha'is turned to Islam discovering their errors and the then newspapers filled with the photos of those who had found out the reality of Islam after years; but some people were urging their ignorance and they continued their illegal activities secretly.

Of course some families such as **Ayyoub Zadeh, Khateb Javan, Rajab Poor, Hamzeh, Aqdasi, Jahandideh, Moeeni** and some other families were surrounded

by Baha'i after a while and Bahai heads took them towards Baha'ism by making them covetous by land, money and etc; because money and land are more necessary than religion in Baha'ism.

My grandfather's house which had been bought from a Jewish person had three floors and we had resided on the third floor. In the second floor, another Baha'i person called **Ilkhan Muhammadi** was living. After Ilkhan Muhammadi and his family left, **Aqdasi** family became our neighbor. After a while my mother's grandfather came back to Hamadan. And gambling became the entertainment of our gathering. The thing which is illegal in Islam.

The quarrels and arguments between my parents had decreased; because my father argued less due to respecting his father-in-law. But as soon as my father was saying: Madam, don't forget that your father doesn't provide with livelihood for me...! The argument was heated up between them. My hobby was playing with children who were at my age; such as, **Hassan** who was Jewish and some Muslim ones. The ethics classes had been cancelled and we were relaxed.

At those innocent days of infancy, my friends and I were busy playing free from perturbation about future. We were careless about future and destiny.

Sacred defense and exported predictions from Aka

Exactly 20 months after the victory of the Islamic Revolution, the predictions which had been presented from **Aka** weren't verified and the Islamic Revolution was passing in its path in that manner. For this reason **Saddam Hussein** the then president of Iraq attacked Iran with the support of whole world in order to destroy the Islamic Republic before anything else. But Saddam who was claiming that he could conquer Iran during a week or at most a month death with a long war. I remember that my brothers Shahram and Bahram and I were selling nuts and cigarette one day in 1360, the earth quaked with a frightening voice and there was a brouhaha in the park. At that day, people were praying Friday prayer in Qods stadium of Hamadan. Next to the stadium, there was a place for dispatching troops. At that ominous day, Iraqi airplanes demolished the Friday prayer worshippers against all legitimate, moral and international laws; but none of human rights`

assemblies of western world opposed this crime. Then Saddam created Halabcheh calamity some years later more unmannerly.

At that year **Banisadr** was commander in chief. One day it was announced: Banisadr is to come to Hamadan. His fans ornamented the city and at last his automobile entered the main square with grandiloquence and turned round the square. Banisadr's supporters were following his car and dancing stringed and percussion instruments; as if they wanted to excite the anger of people who raised martyrs. At this time a group of young people opposed them:

"These people are mournful for their martyrs while you have prepared musical instruments and you are dancing like the days when the king and Farah at the country. Aren't you ashamed with martyr's families?!"

The supports of Banisadr who had excited people's anger in a completely arranged program suddenly attacked opposed people with knives and brass knuckles and then covered all over their heads and faces with blood and shouted: This is the document of **Beheshti's** crime. While this oppressed seyyed was unaware of this adventure. Among this uproar, people showed that they are aware of Banisadr's betrayals well and they knew that he has left the way open for Ba'si soldiers with the excuse of this issue that we want to clip the aggressive. And also he has flattened the way for the aggressive by restricting defenders of cities and preventing weapons and ammunitions to be gotten to army and Basij. At last, Banisadr befriended with **Masoud Rajavi**. While Rajavi's fans had attacked people with cutters and later on with weapon and grenade, Banisadr escaped from Iran wearing women's clothes. Banisadr founded **the national resistance council** in pairs along with Rajavi (Banisadr's new bridegroom). After some months Firouzeh Banisadr divorced Rajavi and the unity between Rajavi and his father-in-law was broken. It is interesting to be noted that when Rajavi got married with Banisadr's 17-year-old daughter, his wife had recently been killed in a team house in Za'farianeh by the defender of the revolution troops.

The scope of bombardment cities by Iraq Ba'si hirelings had been also expanded to Hamadan. Iraqi bomber planes were throwing bombs and rockets over cities from the height of 70,000 feet. At the time of attack, the city electricity was cut at nights in order for Iraqi pilots not to recognize the situation of city. We had covered windows with black cardboard lest the light of a candle make the city situation clear for enemy. People had become close to each other more than before

at those days. Even more closer than the last days of martial law of the king's regime when every house except for Baha'is ones was refuge for injured combatants.

People were helping combatants in the front a lot. Ladies were even sending gold, jewelry, woven clothes and they were getting into partnership behind the front. Teenagers were changing their ID cards and going towards front. Amid this situation of love and devotion, Baha'is were saying prayer for Saddam to win!!! They were earning a living in this country; but they were wishing for the victory of aliens. However, Saddam's soldiers didn't have pity for those who were sacrificing cow and buffalo for them and soldiers also attacked their families.

When Iraqi bombs were banging into Iranian cities, Baha'is were cheerfully shouting slogan such as "O` Jamal Mobarak, thank you". They were saying while quoting from those who were living in Aka:

"Saddam Hussein is a merited man who has been commissioned on behalf of (Jamal Mobarak) to make Iran and Baha'is free."

However, Baha'is were busy doing business in some Iranian cities and were eating and making a living by these people; but they were sending their money to Israel.

When alien radios were announcing that Iran has been defeated in such and such front, Baha'is were gamboling and because they were assuming Bait-al-Adl's words as the Blessed Beauty's ones, they were saying:

"The Universal House of Justice's statement will be ascertained, thank you the Blessed Beauty."

They were thanking Abdul Baha and saying: The more they are killed in the war, we will rejoice over their misfortune!

The members of the Baha'ism cult didn't play any positive role during sacred defense years; because most of this cult's youth were escaping the country instead of doing their holy military service. Some of them were busy doing military service in safe regions by paying money and patronage. They were unwilling to do military service; because Baha'is believe that Iran isn't their country.

During the sacred defense years, Baha'is were buying real estate, land and apartment as **Akka** had ordered them; because the prices of apartments and houses were too low and its market wasn't bullish. During those years, they were accumulating documents. When they were finding out that a person needed money, they were surrounding the owner of the land intangibly at that situation and they were eventually buying it. The note that is worthy to be mentioned is that it was

ordered from Israel that Muslims` houses and lands must be bought not Baha`is and Jewish`s.

Their first aim was that they wanted to strengthen the weakened economic ability of Baha`is; because during the revolution they had been deprived of many rants and their second aim was that they wanted to perform the method of Zionists in Palestine. That is, as some Jewish dealers bought Palestine`s lands and houses during World War II in order to gain a footing in this land. This command had been issued by the Universal House of Justice, too. In this way, Baha`ism cult would have hundreds of houses to be used when needed.

Yes, in those days when Iranian people sacrificed their souls and properties to save their country and religion and to expel the enemy, Baha`is were happy that they could buy land cheaply because of the war! They even wished for the bombardment of Iranian cities by Iraqi air force and shooting missile by them to be followed severely and intensely in order for the land to be cheaper.

I came to Tehran in summer, 1360 in order to spend the holiday in my maternal uncle along with my two brothers. In those days, Rajavi`s group had entered into military phase. I remember when **martyr Beheshti** and his disciples were martyred by agents of Rajavi pack through explosion of bomb in the Islamic Republic Party site, Baha`is held feasting and drinking party and thanked Jamal Mobarak; because they were thinking that the revolution lifetime has been over. I remember Baha`is were congratulating each other.

The wave of assassinations continued even when **Ayatollah Khamenei`s** assassination became unsuccessful, Baha`is became too unhappy and they were bitterly saying in their gathering: "O` little blessing destiny!" and continued:

"It was enough that the guy was putting his tape recorder slightly closer. At that case, it was over."

Their happiness completed when the news of martyrdom of president Rajaei and his prime minister Bahaonar was announced by media. Many of them were dancing and saying: "Did you see that the Blessed Beauty`s promises became proven?!"

They had become really sorrowful because of the failure of **Nojeh coup** (Hamadan), today they assumed that the precipitation of Islamic regime is 100 percent. They were saying: " This regime`s lifetime is over and it can`t stand."

In summer, 1360, I saw the armed operations of Rajavi's people in Tehran streets. They were marching carrying club, staff and knife and were attacking breaded people and beating them to death.

In those days I had an accident that led me to be hospitalized. This accident caused me to come back to my birthplace again. So that, at the back sit of a bus, a bed was prepared for me to return to Hamadan having broken leg.

I had a bad life in those days; because I had to come to yard with the help of a person; while I was living in the third floor. The bone of my broken leg was still painful and I was suffering pain to do the most primary movements.

My leg gradually became tranquil; so that I could walk well when I unwrapped the plaster of my leg. Then, I became busy working in a stall which I had bought shared with my father's maternal uncle. That stall was affluent ;because it was located in front of an infirmary. After a while in 1361, my father finished building a house with the help of his relatives in 100 blocks district and we became owner of a house.

The calamity of being Baha'i formally[Tasjil]

It was gradually the time when I was approaching the time of being Baha'i formally[Tasjil]. After I had presented at ethics classes and studied existing books compulsorily, the member of Baha'ism cult received a letter concerning: Because your offspring has approached to the age of being Baha'i formally [Tasjil], he/she should take part an exam and he/she is recognized as Baha'i formally after being accepted.

Now, my parents had received such letter and I should have prepared myself for Tasjil exam. While according to me Baha'ism meant participating in prison classes such as ethics, saying prayer in the presence of Jamal Mobarak, studying books containing grandiloquent and meaningless sentences and etc.

It was obvious that I wasn't ready to become Baha'i formally [Tasjil] in such situation, at all. I wasn't also ready to take an exam and to announce formally that I have discovered the reality of Baha'ism with satisfaction, tranquility and perfect

awareness and I want to be Baha'i and I want my name to be sent to the Universal House of Justice in Israel as one of new members of Baha'i cult!!

Being Baha'i formally [Tasjil] was really a kind of pretense to freedom of selection; because a young person who has grown up in a Baha'i family doesn't dare to tell he/she doesn't like to be Baha'i. Thus, this issue is an involved ceremony; otherwise, each Baha'i youth knows he/she will be boycotted if he/she disobeys this command and this pressure continues; so that, the young person surrenders. I believe that executing this method is similar to the ones followed by Goubelz the minister of propaganda of Hitler.

For example, if Goubelz were telling a film maker that the leader has watched your film and has asked about you, it meant that you must make a film to praise the leader. Among all German film makers of the time, **Frist Long** relinquished his hometown and escaped Germany without referring to bank and having any money; because by referring to bank Hitler's agents might suspect to this issue that he was going to leave the country and to escape Germany with the money.

I wrangled my parents for a period of time to let me study again for more preparation; but for the first time they insisted this statement: Do you want to dishonor us?! Do you want us to be in disfavor of Jamal Mobarak?! Do you want us not to revolt in Baha'i society?! Do you want ...and this pressures and tensions made me go to Ms. **Naeemi [Akhtar Kowsari]** located at Mahdieh street to take a test one Friday. My maternal aunt and uncle were trying to review special incantation, tablets, Baha'ism history and commandments with me. But as I had predicted, I failed the tests, like school exams. While the selection of religion is due to heart and awareness.

When Ms. **Naeemi** said to me: Mr. **Jahandideh**, you have failed, I became really happy; because as it has been said: Between the cup and the lip there is many a slip. And I answered back: "Well, then if it is so, I will remove the source of trouble" At this time, she interrupted my words angrily:

"Look at me Agha Farhad, nobody fails here. Go and study and learn the materials by heart and come here at most next Friday."

A week passed. It was Friday. During this period the assembly was calling our house and reminding us that Farhad must take an exam this Friday again.

My parents were reproaching me. Thus, next Friday, I went in the presence of Ms. **Naeemi** along with **Khosrow Torkaman, Hamid Moeeni and Changiz Bashiri.**

We were preparing ourselves for exam when Ms. Naeemi entered and said with unreal happiness:

"Well, guys. In regard with my authorities given to me on behalf of the assembly, I will make you Baha'i formally."

All of us looked at each other surprisingly and Ms. Naeemii understood our thoughts and continued:

"You shouldn't be surprised. I felt your heart is bounding for Jamal Mobarak and this love is clear in your eyes. For this reason I will make you Baha'i formally."

And then our families were announced and the secret letter concerning my being Baha'i formally[:Tasjil] was given to my parents without being aware of what has been written in the letter!!!

When we came out of the assembly, I said with dissatisfaction: Guys, who should we visit if we don't like to be Baha'i?! But because in Baha'ism cult tattling isn't interdicted for the assembly and it is even merited to be rewarded, **Ahadi Zadeh** one of the guys conveyed this statement to the assembly and it caused me to be beaten by my parents at the age of 16; so that, my body was full of cuts and bruises. On the other hand, I was called by the assembly members and I was humiliated. That day, Ms. Naeemi along with other angry assembly members, crushed me under their words while I was only 16.

Little boy. Are you well-mannered?! Did you think that the Blessed Beauty's religion needs you to be Baha'i formally?! Poor person, the kings, the queens and the presidents were waiting eagerly to visit Jamal Mobarak. Now, you as a little boy says: Who should we visit if we don't want to become Baha'i?! Dear child! This religion is universal and it has followers from African Jungles to Australia and America and Europe. And while they were claiming that a person should be Baha'i and enter into Baha'i circle without reluctance and with awareness. But they were forcing me and some people like me to accept by beating, slapping on the back of the neck and family boycotting.

Now, I was a Baha'i that my name had been sent to **Israel** without having the slightest role in this selection. And this issue made me feel that I must spend an imposed life to the end of my lifetime by being beaten and forced to become similar to Hazirat-al-Qods doorkeeper, at last.

In those days, we moved to a house located at **Stone Lion** locality. In this locality, most of my playmates were Muslims and even from martyr families. For

this reason, I was being called by the assembly again and again and I was assigned to have social intercourse with Baha'is from that time on. But because I was so relaxed to be with my Muslim friends, I couldn't live with the assembly's orders and commands.

I forgot to say that I failed in grade two of guidance school because my leg was broken in an accident. And the next year, I sat at the same class with my younger brother **Bahram** and I had to study the grade two of guidance school once more and a year later we moved to another house. And I spent the third grade of guidance school at **Allameh** school. In third grade of guidance school I had more social intercourse with Muslims. So that, I wished I had been Muslim. In lunar month of Moharram the mourning ceremony for the Excellency **Aba Abdullah-al-Hussein (P.H.)** had a special attraction and glory for me. I was even participating in eulogy ceremony for Imam Hussein (P.H.). Of course, I also had some friends whose entertainments were drinking alcohol. Whenever they were meeting me, they wanted to attract me towards themselves. They became successful up and down. But one day I became totally regretful and I hated myself; because I had conscience twinge. Having social intercourse with Muslims caused my family to notify me several time according to the assembly command. But when they realized that these browbeating and threatening are vain, they boycotted me in some way. I have turned against me one by one due to the assembly command.

Eventually, I was busy studying at first grade in Imam high school. I went to Tehran without having ID card along with one of my friends who had lost his father; because the pressure was not bearable for me. I wanted to work in Tehran and to be secure of the pressure of the assembly and my family. But everywhere we went in Tehran, they asked us for ID card. For this reason, we returned to Hamadan with the tail between our legs a week later in order to head off again toward Tehran having ID card.

When we entered into the house, my mother embraced me and cried:

"Where were you my son. How could you make me anxious. I swear by God that I thought too much anxiously and ..."

My father, maternal uncle and **Shoaallah**'s behaviors had been changed. Maybe, they were trying to pretend that they've changed. At that time, I gave vent to my feelings and cried and said:

"I swear by God that I've become tired of all those pessimism, of all of these discrimination and of this issue that I feel I am always under supervision and

of this issue that the house has become a prison for me. For this reason, I left to live alone and to be free even if I have an agonizing job."

And from that time on, my family`s behaviors became tolerable, or they tried not to come through this discrimination.

Discussion with Muslim friends

My social intercourse with my Muslim friends continued and we were usually with each other every day to the time when one day we had sat in my friend`s house Hussein that I felt they wanted to ask me something; but they were observing ceremony and formality. Eventually one of them called Mehdi said:

"Farhad! To be honest, we have heard some words concerning you for a while!"

I said: "What words; for instance?"

And he continued bashfully:

"Is it true that you are Baha`i? Is it true that you aren`t Muslim like us?!"

I answered having a flaming face bashfully and ramblingly:

"Now, will you cut your relationship with me if it`s true?!"

At that time, Mehdi who was of martyrs` family and his brother had been martyred in front said firmly:

"It is important that how you think! What are your inner beliefs?"

At that time Hussein who wasn`t hound to Islam`s teachings said: **"You didn`t answer to us?!"**

At that time, I answered having a flaming face:

"Baha`is believe that the religion of Islam has become outdated like Christ`s (P.H.) and Moses`s (P.H.) religions... ."

Mehdi interrupted my statement and said:

"Baha`is have good relationships with the Christian specially with the Jewish. They say the right thing to the Israeli."

I continued while I had no answer:

"They believe that the twelfth Imam, the promised Mehdi (P.H.) has emerged in Ali Muhammad Bab`s body and his dignity is more than a prophet`s one."

At that time, my friends` eyes had become round due to wonder. Mehdi said, then:

"Hasn`t been stated in the holy Quran that the Excellency Muhammad (P.H.) is the last prophet...!?"

And I answered: **"Baha`is say: Khatam doesn`t mean the last one. It means stone on a ring... ."**

And these statements were silly ones that they had inserted in my mind forcefully in ethics class. At that moment, **Hussein** said:

"Well if your beliefs are so, it is better for our friendship to be... ."

Suddenly, **Mehdi** said:

"No, these aren`t criteria. The criterion is that how Farhad himself thinks."

While everybody was looking at me, I said my inner belief to them:

"You see, I am in your gathering and I have no Baha`i friend except you who are Muslims. I have no relationship with Baha`i community, too. I am even unwilling to go to the assembly. I wished; I wish I were a Muslim like you; but what should I do because I have been taken captive by secret agents of Baha`i assembly and I have been reminded over due to having social intercourse with the Muslims."

Hussein said:

"Gosh! I am not a real Muslim; but I wish to be like Mehdi... ."

And then everybody laughed. Meantime, Mehdi assured me to be my friend in the future as usual.

Suddenly, my look fell on his brother`s photo on the shelf. That martyr was laughing innocently. **Mehdi** said:

"This is the photo of my brother which has been taken a day before his martyrdom."

I felt ashamed. And this visit caused me to have more social intercourse with the Muslims to know the Muslims are those whom they have been described by Baha`is or not...?!

For this reason, I kept aloof of my alcoholic friends; because I saw people who were going to mosque don't drink alcohol and don't have a bad look to people's family honors and...

After passing nine days of lunar month of Moharram, Ashoora[: the tenth day of Moharram] gradually approached. My parents had gone to Malayer during these days to visit my brother **Shoaullah** who had a shop making glasses there. And I was alone. I walked in alley. At that time I found myself standing in front of a mosque in front of which everybody were busy mourning. I felt strange; because I liked to be among the crowd. I remembered my friends and I said to myself: I'll go to their homes; but I suddenly saw them among mourners' lines who were busy flagellating with chains. Even Hussein who confessed he wasn't loyal so much to Islam's commandments was busy flagellating himself with a chain crying. I liked to be among them; but I was afraid of the assembly and my family. When eulogizing ceremony began and they turned off the lights, I crawled into the mosque and sat next to my friends and I started beating my chest as a sign of mourning. I cried and repeated the panegyrist's words.

**Ashoora's night is tonight
Karbala is pandemonium tonight.**

I cried. I was feeling that I have become light and my feeling changed; so that, I can't describe it. I haven't been able to state this beautiful feeling, at no time.

When the ceremony finished, I came out through the crowd. And I went to a park overlooking the mosque. My friends were there. Meanwhile, I asked **Hussein**:
"You had said you weren't doing Islamic rituals, then tonight... ."

Mehdi interrupted my statement gently and said:

"First, the Lord of the martyrs` (P.H.) love is boiling in the blood vessels of all of us like blood and second, these gatherings are used for penitence and a guilty Muslim comes here, cries; so that the lord of the Martyrs (P.H.) and brave warlord of Karbala the Excellency Abul Fazl (P.H.) become his/her intercessors in the presence of God in order for his/her penitence to be accepted."

When I separated my friends. I was thinking continuously during the way. Why doesn't the some-hour assembly of Baha'is have not many customers while it serves

and offers such and such foods and behaviors in such a way that from a playful 6-year-old kid to an 18-year-old youth use excuses such as having exams in order not to participate in the assembly; and why Baha'i children feign illness in order for their excuses to be justifiable for not going to the assembly; but the Muslims from old to young take part in mourning ceremony of lunar month of Moharram amorously?!

However, I couldn't find an answer for this question as usual. There was nobody to answer my questions, too.

Some months passed. One day, when I was passing the same mosque, I saw a familiar photo. O` God, what was I observing. My friend **Mehdi** had been martyred in front. I had a lump in my throat and I cried severely. At that time, I decided to visit my friends. When I met Hussein, he said to me: Two days after Ashoora, Mehdi went to front voluntarily. And he was martyred. And I whispered: Now, I felt your words more. The fact that human being comes to good at these nights and then we recited Fatiha [:the first chapter of the holy Quran] for **Mehdi`s** spirit and he became surprised that I can recite Fatiha.

Dropping out of school

The war continued and every day the news of deliverance of some parts of our country was being casted by audio and video media and it was making everybody happy. Except for Baha'is who were saying: It is false. It is impossible for **Saddam Hussein** to throw in the towel. They are saying these statements to make people happy; because the number of martyrs has increased.

Earlier the war when Khorramshahr was captured by Iraqi troops after some months of resistance, the members of Baha'i assembly held a happy party and they were saying:

"Well, it will be Abadan and Ahvaz`s turn after Korramshahr. When these two cities are captured by Saddam, the vital lifeline of clergymen (oil) will be practically cut. At that time, people will demonstrate in the streets because of hunger. Perhaps, the Excellency Saddam resolves this issue once and for all and captures Tehran. Now, he has employed new complex weapons, ammunitions and arms and the clergymen`s failure is definite!"

They weren't saying the name of Iran in order for nobody to be suspected to them. When the blockade of Abadan was broken by the command of **Imam Khomeini (P.H.)** amid amazement and astonishment of military experts, the members of the assembly were saying:

"Don't believe these lies. They are breathing their last breaths. This is the prediction of His Majesty and it is a sure bet, too."

And television displayed the presence of Iranian troops in Abadan this group became silent and when Khorramshahr became freed, they said again: **"These are archive films!!"**

And then when all media of the world casted the news of Khorramshahr triumph conquest, they said again, too:

"Perhaps the military strategy has commanded so; otherwise Khorramshahr triumph conquest is really easy for the Excellency Saddam Hussein!! Didn't you notice that he resolved Khorramshahr issue once and for all quickly?!"

The collection of contradictions which I had encountered with the assembly and people around me caused me to turn to smoke; of course, I had smoked earlier.

By 1364, I studied. After that, my family sent me to my maternal uncle's shop located at Shriati junction to be his errand boy. My uncle was manufacturing glasses.

In my maternal uncle's, (**Mozaffar**), shop, my maternal grandfather (**Yonos Ayyoub Zaddeh**), my maternal aunt's husband (**Samad Aqa Qaleh**) and my mother's cousin (**Hafez**) were working. Of course, my maternal uncle was coming to the shop less; but I didn't get along with each of them. My grandfather had been retired of a pottery company. He was a lovely, kind and dignified old man who hated quarrel. Even there was a photo of luminous shrine of imam Reza (P.H.) among his photo when he had visited as pilgrim. But my grandfather didn't speak with me about this issue. I didn't dare to ask, too:

"Grandfather! Do you explain about this photo?"

It is interesting to be noted that this photo suddenly vanished among photos! And I never saw that photo anymore. Grandfather died and left me with this question:

"Wasn't my grandfather revealing his inner belief for the fear of mafia behavior of the assembly, too?!"

Grandfather loved me so much and when I was tyrannized he was saying cheerfully:

"This is my Farhad. Nobody is allowed to disturb him."

Everybody was in awe of him. But he never beat up other grandchildren or me. Sometimes, when he became impatient, he was saying boldly:

"I swear by god that these Muslims` dogs are more honorable than we."

He was trying to be faithful Baha'i and perform Baha'ism commandments. Finally, nobody understood whether he has been Baha'i or Muslim?! Because he was similar to Muslims in solitude; although he was performing Baha'ism commandments. It is interesting to be noted that the old man wasn't satisfied with Bahai heads and the assembly members. My maternal aunt's husband, **Samad**, was from Russia and grown up in **Gonbad Kavous** city. He had nine brothers and sisters. He was similar to people of Torkan. He had been familiar with my cousin in Tehran and he had become Baha'i due to getting married with my maternal aunt, **Shahla**.

For this reason, Baha'is were behaving him respectfully and the assembly members wanted to attract other members of his family to Baha'ism through these forged respects. Although **Samad** was wealthy through my grandfather's credibility, he was saying with extreme impudence:

"Gosh! This old man (grandfather) isn't going to hell to make us relaxed."

Grandfather wasn't satisfied with him, too. And he was saying:

"Mozaffar let pass this wolf to come to our herds."

He wasn't even showing reverence toward the old man superficially, too. He was beating up my maternal aunt and he was too bold that he wrestled with my mother's cousin, **Hafez**. This imbroglio was too extreme that Hafez left my maternal uncle's shop and it made me leave the shop, too.

Of course, after nine years living with my maternal aunt **Shahla**, Samad had twins and went to Australia forever.

The war in cities soared in fall and winter 1365. And Iraqi air raids to cities of our country entered into a new phase. For this reason, my maternal uncle bought a garden in **Eram** boulevard and all of our family went to this garden in order to be safe against bombs.

In fall and winter, 1365, the weather of Hamadan was similar to spring one, unlike other times. And for this reason a group of people who had moved to safe areas for the fear of their souls were suffering less. At those days, Baha'i sirs were dropping in on their shops and they were busy gambling late at nights. They were listening to London and America radios. They were becoming happy with hearing the false news of the victory of Iraqi troops in fronts and they were drinking liquor to **Ronald Reygan's** the American president's health.

Military service and memoir

My brother's military services were nearly going to be finished in 1365 when I went to do my military service. That day Iraqis were bombarding cities severely. And I enrolled in military service domain located at **Jala Al Ahmad** high school and I headed off towards **the third predatory air base named Martyr Nojeh** in order to pass military training course by drawing lots.

The first week is passed hard for each soldier; because he has come to a place where 280 people are living together with different tastes in a military battalion. His program, eating, sleeping and activities change. For this reason, a soldier suffers from insomnia in some primary nights. We were accustomed to wearing loose cloths and shaving our hairs and according to senior soldier we became a full-scale junior.

Of course, I became exempted of fighting because my leg had been broken; but I should confess that I play a role during military training course; so that our commander let me outreach my legs at ease; because I pretended walking lamely. And I think this fear of front went back to brainwashing of Baha'i youth. Maybe, I should seek for its reason in my feeling of laziness.

Reveille in garrison was at 4:30 in order for soldiers to be gotten ready for praying and eating breakfast. Of course, we ought to eat breakfast in two or three minutes which was a hard task.

It was cold; so I pretended walking lamely to be exempted being a guard.

During military training course, the senior member in detachment who was a 18-month soldier assumed himself as General and he forgot the issue that all of us were soldiers. He was even forcing soldiers to wash his clothes and socks. One day when a soldier had forgotten to wash his socks, he ordered him to eat his dirty socks... . For this reason, the guys opposed. The senior member of detachment took some of them to compound of garrison to punish. He took me, too. I said to him: **"Dear brother, you know that I am exempted of fighting."**

But the senior member of attachment kept on doing. For this reason, I went towards political and opinionative office in order to threaten him. I retold the issue for a kind clergyman who was really lovely and kind. He sent two agents along with me right away in order for my words to be proved and when a detachment confirmed my statement unanimously, the senior member of detachment was

deposed of his post and this issue made the next senior member watched out for me more.

The garrison has its own world. As if, human being has stood out of the time. Its rules and regulations aren't related to the ones in the house and family.

After a while, the speaker of garrison called upon my name to refer to guardianship and security office of the garrison. I thought they called me because I was Baha'i.

I passed the plane trees of the garrison anxiously and I was thinking that what I should say if this possibility were true. Especially because It has been commanded by Israel on behalf of **the Blessed Beauty's** mercenaries that Baha'i youth mustn't carry guns to fight with Saddam. Even some members of the assembly who were bigoted were saying:

"You should never do appositive action there. You should never shoot well in order to take you to front directly."

After I entered, they gave me some forms. And I filled each one carefully. These forms were more complete than the earlier one. Suddenly, the same kind clergyman came to me and said cheerfully:

"You are Baha'i. How did you defend a Muslim and refer political and opinionative office to complain about the senior of detachment and to make him be deposed?"

Then I said competitively:

"Hajj Agha, I was born in a Baha'i family. I am not Baha'i. Most of my friends are Muslims. Many of them have been martyred. I've participated in most religious gatherings and I know that it isn't right to disturb a soldier who is away from his hometown. Then I deemed it as my humane duty to defend this soldier. While he isn't my friend."

At that time, the clergyman smiled and said:

"I can see in your forehead that you will be Muslim; because you can't come to terms with Baha'is."

Then he said whispering: "Now, you can go"

After passing military training course, I spent a period of time in Tehran and after a while some guys from Hamadan and I were voluntarily transferred to **Ra'd** headquarter in Ahvaz. I can't explain why I volunteered; because at that situation no soldier leaves Tehran to go to fighting area.

The only reason that I can offer for this selection was the kindness and rigidity which I saw in headquarter clergyman's face.

The clergyman became one of my dear commanders later on. He had voluntarily come to front to attract volunteer troops; because he believed that a soldier should be sincere; otherwise, his action will be useless even if he does military in the army.

I remember when he asked for volunteer as we were in line and most of the guys didn't stand up. Suddenly, a person shouted in my inner self: Give an ear to his invitation and I did, too. Then a lot of volunteers announced their readiness; especially the guys from Hamadan whom we had spent all military training course together.

We went from Tehran backing garrison known as **Chakkosh [hammer]** to **Qasr Firouzeh** garrison for a period of time. We settled in some containers. We were becoming ready to go to Ahvaz and our commander was known as Hajji by everybody. He was **Martyr Babae**'s fellow fighter and was one of close friends of commander of land force. He had established Ra'd headquarter in order to help the war voluntarily after retirement. Everybody loved him; but everybody was speaking about his rigidity and decisiveness. One night, I saw this hero. He came towards us quickly and said:

“My son, Go to the Excellency colonel ... and say him to come here as soon as possible.”

The soldier went, too and came after a while and said:

“Hajj Agha, sent the soldier after him once more; as if, he wanted the colonel to cooperate in setting up **Hag missiles** with **Ra'd headquarter**. Finally, the colonel arrived and said with dissatisfied tone:

“I am just in service of air force at days.”

Meantime, Hajji interrupted his word while he was thrilling due to anger:

“The Excellency colonel, how have you been quieted down; while dozens of youth are being martyred moment by moment. Where is your commitment?! Where is your bravery?!”

Meanwhile, the colonel apologized and became busy setting up **Hag missile** till dawn.

Eventually, we departed to Ahvaz after being present at old **Qasr Firouzeh** garrison. A city which I thought as a ruined, silent and war-stricken one.

After passing the cities Qom, Brojen, Arak and Khorram Abad, we arrived at the cities Dezfoul and Andimeshk. Two cities which are related to each other through a bridge. And a beautiful roaring river was streaming under it which was attracting every viewer. The heat wave of south weather was gradually pampering my face; but I had made my own decision. I wanted to do my military service in Ahvaz. Specially, the fact was that my birthplace. Hamadan was a cold city. When the bus arrived near the city, the city was shining like a diamond sea at night. Suddenly, everybody looked at each other surprisingly. It was 12 a.m. It was really hot. But Ahvaz was vibrant and beautiful. People were coming and going without paying attention to the danger of Iraqi airplanes and life was streaming in the vessels of this city. Shops were full of customers and beautiful Karoun river was showing off under the metal bridge beautifully.

We were directed towards a hotel in Ahvaz and we slept deeply under air conditioners.

At 9 a.m., the warm weather disappeared the good memoir of last night and air conditioners and we moved towards headquarter exactly half an hour later by minibus. But the minibus was too hot inside that we felt we were stifling. We entered into a dirt road 15 kilometers to Shoshtar city. Meanwhile, **Ra'd headquarter** appeared from far away.

Ra'd headquarter was a big garrison which was half-constructed. The garrison had become operational fast because of the importance of its task and military situation of the country.

We were directed to our resting place in the garrison and we discovered that there was a resting place for those who are busy fighting with enemy in war regions.

Unlike other garrisons, they blew reveille at 5 a.m. instead of 5:30 the next day. At the same morning, **Mr. Khedri** welcomed the newcomers and I found out that they don't pay attention to apply shoes polish and the like in contrary to other garrisons located in the city because of the superficialities of soldiers. Mr. **Khedri** said to newcomers: **"Stand up those who have driving license."**

At that time 15 people stood up and some people who had told lies to have driving license to escape guarding every other night sat in their places. And this issue made Mr. Khedri surprised. As he said:

"It had been said from Tehran that all dispatched soldiers have driving license; but it isn't matter now. We have duties for those who don't have driving license."

We went to lunchroom to eat lunch at noon. But there wasn't anybody there. After a while, the lunchroom became crowded. I asked one of old members, there: **"Where were you?"**

He said surprisingly: **"well, prayer!"**

I asked: **"Here, soldiers are responsible to go to mosque compulsorily."**

One of personnel who was 40 years of age said:

"All of us come here voluntarily to serve. You can't find compulsory prayer not here and nowhere else."

Then he continued:

"Everybody is the same from the colonel to the soldier, here. Nobody has ambition. There is no obligation for saying prayer. The duties are shared, too. All tasks are just done by soldiers. Even cadres should get into partnership in the kitchen, here too. Soldier's food is the same as officer's. Everybody's food is the same."

While I had heard that the system of lords and peasants were being executed and four kinds of foods were being cooked practically. A kind of food for Army

commanders, a kind of food for officers to second lieutenant ranking, a kind of food for petty officer personnel and a kind of food for soldiers, too. Of course, the foods were becoming less qualified rank by rank.

I was always asking myself how can mosque kids tolerate despite of hot weather and heavy works?! I liked to go to prayer room over and over in order to breathe there. But as if I was captured.

After some months of doing different tasks, the driver of Hajj Agha went on a vacation, at last and I was elected as special driver of him. An automobile was delivered which had been adorned with some words such as: O' ringleader of Karbala (P.H.), O' Zeynab (P.H.), O' Hussein (P.H.) and That day I was to pick up Hajj Agha that I arrived a bit late. I rang the door of his house bashfully. I saw his kind and luminous face and I apologized because of my tardiness. And he accepted my apology great- heartedly. Everybody was waiting for him **in air defense** mosque. We arrived there a bit late. During the way Hajj Agha asked about my life and about this issue that how long I have done my military service.

When I took Hajji to air defense mosque and I myself went to resting room of drivers, one of drivers said at prayer time:

“Don’t you come to say prayer, sir?”

And I answered: I am tired and I'll say prayer tomorrow. “I performed ablution and expanded my prayer carpet superficially. And I imitated prayer movements and I was just saying Allah is the greatest Then after prayer and eating food, Hajj Agha said:

“Well, let’s go to headquarter, now.”

I should confess that I had been afraid too much. I was afraid that Hajj Agha would tell my commander who loved me so much that I haven't prayed group prayer. I was anxious until we arrived. Hajj Agha asked me once or twice: **“Why are you silent, Farhad?!”**

And I said: **“No, nothing’s happened.”**

When we arrived at the headquarter, Hajj Agha went to mosque again. After a while I was called. I said to myself:

“Alas, my secret was revealed.”

I entered into prayer room fearfully. At that time I saw Hajj Agha who was busy reciting the holy Quran. Then having tearful eyes, he kissed the holy Quran and put it on the ground and said to me:

“My son, why didn’t you say you aren’t Muslim in order not to be obtrusive for you these two hours.”

I shocked and said incoherently:

“Hajj Agha I said I am Baha’i just in Hamadan intelligence agency; but I am embarrassed to be Baha’i now.”

Hajj Agha smiled and said:

“Nobody will understand that you aren’t Muslim. But because you say you are embarrassed to be Baha’i, will it make clear that you aren’t in favor of this cult?”

And I nodded my head to conform. Hajj Agha continued:

“But as long as you are here, promise us to learn Islamic commandments, prayer and worship principles. I myself will teach you secretly.”

During this visit, Hajj Agha expressed some statement which were exactly against the statements which had been expressed by the assembly members concerning Muslims and clergy. That day Hajj Agha taught me prayer and I prayed night prayer with him in group. The first group prayer was so enjoyable.

The clergyman reminded me of the character of priest in monumental novel of “the poor” written by **Victor Hugo**. Despite **John Valgan** had thieved his house, the priest says him graciously at the time when John Valgan was captured:

“My son, you had forgotten to take two other vases which had been bestowed to you as presents.”

And John Valgan says: **“Father, you bought my spirit.”**

From that time on, a criminal changes into a serviceable and honest man. I said to myself: Hugo has deeply proselytized so much for church and Christianity. I wish Iranian writers and film makers could use characters such as Hajj Agha and write monumental novels and make historic films, too.

Hajj Agha had bought my spirit. I wish had been Muslims those days and I hadn’t been suffered too much.

I remembered hypocritical gatherings of Baha’is especially when one of dominant people of Baha’ism participated in it. Everybody was saying **“Allah Abha”** without being cognizant of incantation. They were whispering ambiguous and hard words. For instance, Baha’is wanted to approach us to God by broadcasting mucky music!! While I felt the God’s glory at that hot weather of the solar month of Moradad in Shoushtar and approached Him.

During the period of time when I was Hajj Agha’s driver, I totally forgot that I was Baha’i. But that divine man didn’t force me to be Muslim, at all. He wanted for my faith fruit to become ripe gradually.

I didn’t lose my prayers at all during those days. A news crumble on my head like a mountain: Hajj Agha’s driver had returned and I was losing that great prosperity and having social intercourse with that dear man.

After a while, a Nissan van was given to me in order to bring ice for personnel from Ahvaz. One day Mr. Khedri said:

“Guy’s, I want a volunteer to transport food to the front... .”

Some soldiers and I stood up and announced our readiness. At last, I was elected. I immediately headed off along with the attendant of distributing food. We

passed Abadan and moved toward the front over **Mardobeh** bridge when suddenly we were attacked by shower of bullets, mortal shell and cannonballs of enemy. My fellow traveler who was working in the kitchen had been frightened a bit. But I tried to condole him. At last, he got off in Ahvaz and said: **“You are totally authorized... .”**

And I continued my way towards the front and finished my mission successfully. I felt I could visit the best God`s slaves in this trip; because combatants were assuming Abadan and Khorramshahr as holy lands. Discovering that my fellow traveler was a fickle one, the commander ordered me to go to the front by myself.

My task was transferring food for combatants who were defending our religion, creed, land in the front for some months. Everybody had enthusiastically come with perfect devotion.

During these several months, I was nearly to be killed; but I wasn`t hurt. Maybe, living being nabbed by Baha`is was too difficult that I was preferring death to this life. Sometimes I was listening to Kuwait radio in order to listen to a song; but Kuwaitis were boasting so much about president Saddam`s triumph conquests that was making each patriot angry. Of course, Saddam paid what is due to Kuwait and **Sabah** dynasty well after the war and he plundered their country and America repaid both of them`s good or bad deeds; because the main winner of Saddam`s game was America.

One day, during the way I saw in the distance that a white and yellow smaze was ascending to the sky by banging each cannonball. Some combatants came to me wearing mask and said:

“Brother! These are chemical weapons. Try not to progress. Come back; because it is a dangerous situation.”

Because I didn`t have mask, I came back to garrison and I said the issue to **Mr.Fakhkhar**.

He ordered for all the foods to be buried in a hole in a distant desert. He even commanded for Nissan van to be washed outside the garrison and he sent me forcefully to infirmary and then to the bathroom of headquarter.

During this period of time, I was taking a vacation and I was sleeping well and I was unwinding. When I was on vacation, I stood up some times to perform ablution and say prayer unconsciously and my family found out. But I didn`t dare to pray in their presence. For this reason I wasn`t praying during vacation days.

During vacation days, I was being called continuously by the assembly to be brainwashed again. I should conform their statements there; otherwise, my situation became worse. Of course, the organization had found out that I have been attached to Islam religion. In order to know what I was doing in Shoushtar, they sent my paternal uncle`s son there in that hot weather in the solar month of Tir. I

said to myself: How good! Let them see that ungainly monsters which have made in their mind by the organization are utter lies. I want them to see combatants' devotions and self-sacrifices. But alas, they didn't want to believe day light.

In addition to working, my entertainment were fishing and hunting in the war region. After a while, I became **Hajj Agha Sheibani**'s driver according to my commander's order. He was a pious and really faithful man. He was busy serving devotedly in front. When the speech by the Excellency Imam Khomeini (P.H.) was being casted by television or radio, silence overmastered Sanatorium and sometimes everybody was crying listening some of his phrases. The extent of his popularity was surprising for me; because all these young and old people along with teenagers were ready to be sacrificed by his command. They were busy combating without any expectation. And then I remembered if Baha'is had a country and it were being attacked, the Blessed Beauty's servants should have recourse to England and America in order to be saved. Those two countries to which he was writing letters and said may I be sacrificed for them. One day Hajj Agha said to me:

“Get ready to do a mission in Tehran”

I got the automobile ready technically to travel. I started departing towards general staff of air force at 12 noon. When we arrived in Tehran, it was dark. For this reason we went to Qasr Firouzeh base and after resting for a night we moved towards the general staff of air force. When we arrived at military police station, I got off. After I introduced Hajj Agha and myself, I asked a major who was the commander of that station to let us enter the staff; but the major was saying:

“Where are your ranks if you are personnel of air force?”

I explained that Hajj Agha is one of members of mobilization of air force and rank is meaningless in mobilization.

The Excellency major didn't let us enter the staff as I insisted. The soldier who was in military police station had been kept waiting whether he open the chain of the entrance or not.

There was no way. I entered the car and expressed the issue for Hajj Agha. Of course he knew the issue a bit. He said, then:

“My son, tell him that the issue is essential. Maybe it is vital”

I got off and said the major. But it was useless. Even Hajj Agha himself reminded the major that:

“Dear brother the issue is critical and we have come from Ra'd headquarter. Nobody has rank at that headquarter. Everybody is wearing clothes pertaining to mobilization.”

But the entrance chain wasn't opened.

I said: **“what should we do now?”**

At that time Hajj Agha said bluntly:

“Pass the chain. I will be responsible for later consequences”

I spaced the chain a bit too and I hit the bumper of the car to the chain violently and entered the staff quickly.

The major was also following us by a car sounding a siren and inviting us to stop by his speaker in his hand. There was a clamor in the staff; because everybody was looking out of his section curiously.

At that time, we arrived at air force staff and Hajj Agha climbed the stairs immediately and went into it. Apparently the issue was really vital at that current of imposed war.

As soon as I became alone, the major and his troops surrounded me. The major even hit on my cheek vigorously and said:

“I hit on your cheek to know from now on that everywhere has an owner.”

I reminded with displeasure: The Excellency major! I am just a driver. If you tell me stop, I'll stop. If you say me go, I'll go. There were many personnel gathering around us. And the Excellency major was making speech:

“We are telling these masters that where are your ranks if you are personnel? They are saying we are of mobilization. Everywhere has its own rule.”

After a while, Hajj Agha and the commander in chief of the staff of air force- **Martyr Sattari** - came down the stairs along with Hajj Agha amid amazement astonishment of everybody. At that time, martyr Sattari said to the major calmly while the major was saluting him:

“The Excellency major, you have certainly learned in your military training that war conditions are different from ordinary ones. Your ignorance might cause the air force to be harmed. Now, I'll introduce our friends in order to become familiar with them better and then whispered to the major.”

Suddenly, the major apologized Hajj Agha who was wearing the simplest military clothes while he was crying and Hajj Agha answered him:

“It is better to apologize this young man; because he is innocent and has moved according to my order.”

I remember that the major's behavior would make the major's situation worse; but Hajj Agha didn't let the major's case be manipulated. At the moment of saying goodbye, the major had hugged Hajj Agha and asked for religious pardon. Hajj Agha said:

“I realize your situation and your burden of responsibilities. For this reason, you didn't let us enter. Now, do your assignments with relaxation.”

I even remember that **Martyr Sattari** said some statements to Hajj Agha for conciliating and then I realized God has bestowed Hajj Agha glory despite living simply.

During the way when we were returning, Hajj Agha was asking God to make everybody find salvation and to keep him away from haughtiness and insolence. And I compared his behavior with assembly members who are proud and selfish.

After a long period of time, I saw that major in Ra'd headquarter one day. I asked him surprisingly:

“The Excellency major, what`s happened that you`ve come here?!”

And the major answered with a special manner:

“After being familiar with Hajj Agha, I was influenced by him so much that I came to headquarter voluntarily in order to repay my dept to my religion and hometown.”

Hajj Agha` behavior had created a revolution in the major`s inner being that he had come to this bare land voluntarily. He became busy serving in that headquarter amorously. Ah! I wish all those devotions hadn't been faint!

When Fav was captured by enemy troops, the headquarter personnel had been astonished and amazed. Everybody was sorrowful and wasn't interested in speaking. That night I was crossing the headquarter mosque and saw **Hajj Agha Sheibani** crying for submissiveness of war kids. When he saw me in the seclusion of night, he said: **“My son, what are you doing here?!”**

When he saw that I am silent, he continued:

“Don't make a mistake, I don't cry for Fav; but I am crying for submissiveness of sincere of mobilization.”

And the sound of his crying filled the Atmosphere of the mosque, again... . He was crying and saying O` Hussein. That night, I curtseyed for all those bonhomie, affection, faith and kindness and I was embarrassed to be Baha'i.

Tomorrow when I woke up, the headquarter was vehement and vibrant and the guys had started life and battle with more joviality again while they were free of failure in Fav. This situation continued to the time when two countries were in the situation of no war, no peace through accepting a declaration by the Excellency Imam (P.H.).

In continuation of this way, a short time after ceasefire contract, dissenters attacked our country from west backed by Iraqi planes and created a lot of crime.

For instance, in a film casted by Iraqi television, a base was captured by dissenters. Meantime one of Iranian soldiers asked their commander to make him free; because there were four days for his military service to be finished. But dissenters made them lie on the ground with their backs and shot exactly six bullets to them. Then the dissenters` commander laughed and said:

“My friends, this soldier was asking to be freed, well we made him free, too.”

Then he chortled languishingly. The kids of our headquarter became really sorrowful by watching this film; especially when male and female dissenters were

dancing on martyrs' dead bodies. Watching these scenes had made everybody tempestuous. Even, I cried for submissiveness of martyrs; although I was Baha'i and I cursed dissenters as the most grubby and the most reprobate creatures. I didn't say humans; because these people aren't merited to be named animal; since few animals rip its own homogeneous one.

At last, doing two years of military service finished and I went to backing center to receive my card; but I saw surprisingly that my name has been registered as an escapee. I tried hard for a month to prove I had been commissioned to war zone. Finally **Hajj Agha Sheibani** came to my rescue and honoring tablets and receiving my military service card finished with happy ending.

The last day and at the moment of goodbye, while both of us were crying, I said: **"Hajj Agha forgive me for my wrong doing"**

In this way two years of doing holy military service passed along with humans who were quite gracious, loyal and generous and a young man who didn't like and tolerate military training course was revolutionized; so that he was honored to participate in sacred defense voluntarily.

Thirsty and spring

I came back home enthusiastically like other soldiers; but my parents behaved me coldheartedly. I had brought a Chafieh [a scarf pertaining to mobilization] and my honoring tablets; but they broke them like my heart while they were insulting. After some days, my father ordered me to go to Malayer to work in an optician's trade shop belonged to my brother **Shoja'-al-Din**. I went to Malayer city; but I didn't cut my relationship with Muslim friends.

The organization who was aware of everything suddenly decided to elect a Baha'i girl for me. They elected an unveiled Baha'i girl for me who wasn't regulating anything and I was looking for a recourse to get rid of this dangerous situation. One day, one of my Muslim friends called **Reza** said in a meeting in their house:

"I really like you to be my brother-in-law. To be honest, I have engaged with a girl called Maryam and I have elected her younger sister called Marjan for you. She is a pure and merited girl."

I said: **"How did you become familiar with them?"**

And Reza answered:

"To be honest, their mother was my mother's intimate friend. And we have close social intercourse with each other."

Finally, the preliminaries of my visit with Marjan in my friend's house, Reza, were provided having lots of troubles and disagreement with my family. Meanwhile, my family wasn't aware of this meeting. At first look, I felt I have found my missing mate. Maybe I had that feeling for the fear of Baha'ism organization or for getting rid of getting married with a Baha'i girl; otherwise, I was shouting slogans a lot that it is impossible to make a decision just with one meeting. It will lead to misery.

Fortunately or unfortunately when Reza had asked Marjan, she had answered back positively. In this way, I could be a prosperous person with Marjan in my dream city; because Marjan could make me achieve to my wish; that was getting married with a Muslim girl. Meanwhile, she was really well-liked and in demand. In Malayer city, I was getting involved with my brother; because he was proudly saying:

"See Farhad, I am a boss here. And you are a worker; so don't go beyond your limits."

He was finding fault with me everyday including why you came late. Why didn't you clean the shop and ...

Finally, I went to my father and said:

"Dear father, let me not go to Malayer city anymore; because my brother's relationship with me is a landlord and tenant farmer one."

And my father grumbled and said: You are my delegate at that shop.

Shoji'-al-Din was continually threatening me too when he heard my father's recommendation and was saying: I'll go to open a shop in another place with my permit. Then you should close this shop while you don't have any permit for work.

My father's fault was that he had had the shop permits issued by the name of my brothers **Shoja'-al-Din and Sho'a-al-Din**; because they had legal ages and I was younger than them and this issue had caused dispute to be created among four brothers; because elder brothers were looking upon the younger ones as workers.

In those days, I needed Marjan and her family's affection because of lack of kindness and having faction extremely in my family. Marjan had gone to Semnan city along with her family, too. And I was unaware of her. Then, My friend Reza informed me that they have returned to Hamadan. I called Marjan immediately and made her promise not to leave me in any situation.

Marjan's mother had just two daughters and she had lost her husband in a car accident many years ago. For this reason, she had remarried; but she hadn't any offspring. Her husband, the Excellency colonel, who was a retired policeman was a kind man; but he was orderly. As if they had gone to Semnan for an economic job that unfortunately wasn't successful.

Marjan's family didn't know that I am Baha'i and my great panic was that they don't approve this marriage.

One day, Reza put in order for us to meet each other after some period of time; I didn't dare to tell my rap to them, too. I just gave her a perfume as a present. And she accepted it in the presence of her sister.

That day, I decided to bring up the issue with my mother for discussion; but it was impossible to tell a fact to a woman who was a plaything for the assembly. Of course, I reviewed many ways to do this action. But all of those ways ended in deadlock; because my mother believed that if she acts against the assembly desire, she will be in disfavor of Jamal Mobarak!!

When I arrived home, I tried to find out my mother's attitude implicitly; but my mother said:

"See Farhad, you aren't serious, are you?..."

I answered back:

"Forget jest or formality. I want to know whether you have thought to this issue that the marriage which is imposed to the youth by the assembly compulsorily has good consequences or not?!"

And my mother answered:

"The assembly doesn't meddle with these issues. They just conform..."

And I interrupted her statement and said: **"Now, what will happen if it doesn't conform?!"**

Then my mother answered fearfully:

"A person isn't conformed by them isn't conformed by Jamal Mobarak; so this marriage is ominous and it won't come to good."

When I said the issue to my mother implicitly, I expected her to listen to my palavers and words like a confidante and to be a balm for my injuries and wounds; but she just hit herself and said:

"Also, how can I live among people having this situation ..."

I was so fond of Marjan that I wasn't going to the sea when I was traveling to the north; because my face might become sunburned and she might hate me Of course, I found out later that Islam gives priority to people's consciousness more. While in Baha'ism, everybody are nabbed by appearance.

In Malayer city, my brother **Shoja'-al-Din** had a good relationship with the assembly. He imposed everything to my brother Shahram and me so much that we referred to our father to ask for justice.

Shoji'-al-Din wasn't skillful in optician's trade; but he was participating in Baha'is meeting constantly. He was pretending as a pure Baha'i and expecting **Shahram** and me to be his slave and to serve him. At last, we stood against him and clobbered each other. For this reason, my father appointed "Shoa'-al-Din" as the attendant of optician's trade shop compulsorily. "Shoa'-al-Din" was better than Shoja'-al-Din, by far and he was a kind and calm man. But eventually he had approached himself to the assembly in order to benefit more; because there is

custom among Baha'is that everybody who wants to plunge in offenses and sins creates a covering for his/her deeds by creating deep relationships with the organization. In this way, he/she climb the ladder fast in spite of having errors.

After a while, Marjan's family received a letter that made the situation difficult. I don't know who had sent the letter. But I went to their house once when I was returning from Malayer city. I saw her mother having an unusual manner. I had been afraid a bit. But I dominated myself and said: **"Mrs, Samavat! Hello."**

And she said calmly:

"Hello! See my son, no legitimate relationship has still created between my daughter and you. On the other hand, we don't know you and your family. We just know that you are my daughter's fiancé's friend and it isn't enough. Then let us search a bit about you. Try to come after major less. Meanwhile, you have two elder brothers who haven't gotten married"

And I answered: **"Marriage isn't in turn, dear mother."**

At that moment, I compared that behavior with Baha'is families ones who are sending their daughters to night parties and assembly celebration without any knowledge and they agree with their marriage just because the boy is Baha'i. Of course, maybe, there hasn't been any marriage proposal; but friendship will continue. Then they say: **"Their marriage wasn't advisable."**

Degeneration is enormous among boys and girls and even among their families. In these celebrations, there are a lot of married women who have affairs with strange men and also there are a lot of men who have affairs with married women rakishly. But if they obey the assembly orders blindly, nobody will punish them. And the assembly will ignore all these degenerations justifying that here aren't these dogmatisms in developed industrial countries and Jamal Mobarak has assumed dogmatism as despicable one, too. When a person wants to stand against the assembly, then the cases will appear just like Gestapo in Nazi Germany. In fact, the assembly silence is a kind of policy.

When I heard these statements, I found out that Marjan's mother is right to be worried about her daughter's future.

I left Marjan's mother respectfully and tried to entertain myself by working. For this reason, I left Hamadan to go to Malayer city to reform the optician's trade shop especially; because I had been encouraged to work since **Shoja'-al-Din** had left there and **Shoa'-al-Din** had come.

I was really concerned about Marjan's mother's inquiry and I was afraid that it will be exposed that I am Baha'i. For this reason, I asked my God at the bottom of my heart for my secret not to be released.

After a while I heard that Marjan's mother has come after our

ex-neighbor and has asked them about our family. The neighbor had given some information about my family to Marjan's mother concerning we are four offspring and we all have optician's trade job.

And our father has an average life and we are well off. In brief, our ex-neighbor had said everything except we are Baha'i.

I became busy in the shop with relaxation; so that even the members of my family had surprised that I am so relaxed with them and I have become calm and obedient. In my dream, I was getting married with Marjan and I was becoming Muslim and I was following a calm life and this was my every night and day dream.

Eventually, one day I decided to venture dangerously and to tell, at least, to Marjan that I am Baha'i in order to prove her my honesty. For this reason I called **Mrs. Samavat's** house fearfully and I begged her sister **Maryam** to let me speak with Marjan with her mother's permission. I was hearing different voices for a while and finally after some minutes which were being passed for me like a century. I heard Marjan's mother's voice. I immediately said hello:

"Hello my son, you were to leave us alone by the time this relationship becomes legitimate."

I also said:

"Mrs. Samavet, you inquired and didn't find a negative point apparently. Then let me meet Marjan for half an hour with the presence of her sister."

Mrs. Samavat wasn't agreeing at first; but my insistence became effective, at last. I was to see Marjan in a park for half an hour. An hour before their arrival, I was reviewing my statements in stone lion park. O` God, how could I tell her that Baha'ism has created a great valley among us. How could I tell her that she has to wait for ominous plans of the assembly living with me while I turn against Baha'ism and get married with her ...

I was thinking of these issues when her sister's hello made me alerted; her mother had stood below and said:

"What's wrong, Agha Farhad. Are you at the sea!"

Marjan laughed. A laughter which contained a dumb grief in its depth. After greeting, I asked her mother and sister to leave Marjan with me to speak with each other in private. And in this way, the most difficult moment of my life approached. But, what should I do. At last, Marjan should know these facts if she wanted to be my life partner.

At first, I tried to say my word to her by devising a game plane; but I got caught at that last sentence:

“The issue that I want to say doesn’t necessarily mean that you have to bear it; but I mean if God wanted and we joined each other, I would try to solve it.”

Marjan who had been afraid more because of these words, said anxiously:

“What’s it? Agha Farhad. I feel you want to tell me a secret ... Are you addict?!”

I said: No, what do you say?

She said: Do you drink alcohol?

I said: What do you say, Marjan Khanom. Do you think I am alcoholic? Am I so?

She said while she was embarrassed:

“No, I swear by God, it was a misunderstanding. But you are speaking with a manner that everybody thinks of these issues unconsciously.”

I suddenly said:

“No, no, ... Marjan Khanom. These words are false. The issue is that you are Muslim and I am...”

Marjan said having anxious face:

“You are what ... what ...”

I said: we are Baha’is.

Hearing this statement, she was shocked and she was astonishingly crying and saying:

“I wish you had told me since the first day of our acquaintance ... You wanted to conciliate and ... what should I say to my sister and mother now. Should I say my future husband isn’t Muslim?! Why did you do so with me?!”

And she was continuously crying ... Suddenly her mother and sister came after us surprisingly and asked wonderfully: What’s wrong ... Why is Marjan crying?!

At that moment Marjan said:

“I don’t like to be here, anymore. I am suffocating ...”

Her mother said:

“Tell me what has happened that you are crying and Agha Farhad is crying, too ... Marjan! Your sister and you haven’t hidden me anything. Now, you’re here; because there is honesty in our relationship ...”

But without paying attention to her mother’s statements, Marjan stood up and traversed stone lion slope quickly Her mother followed her forced by the circumstance without saying goodbye. I put my head on park bench and cried at the bottom of my heart in order to become calm. But as if there isn’t any relaxation for an amorous heart. I was tolerating those bitter moments in order for Marjan and her family not to think that I am a dastard man. I myself wanted to tell them that I am Baha’i not other people.

It got dark and I had sat astonishingly on park bench in darkness of the park. Finally, I headed off like a wander shadow. I didn't know where to go. I was prowling in night empty alleys for hours until I found myself in front of our house. My mother opened the gate for me anxiously and asked frenetically: **"What's wrong Farhad, why did you cry?!"**

I said listlessly: **"Cry?!"**

And my mother answered:

"It doesn't need to tell lies to me. Stand in front of mirror and watch. Your eyes have become red because of extreme weeping. Around your eyes have puff up ..."

I went upstairs while I was frustrated and tired. I tried to sleep; but I couldn't

...

I suddenly heard my mother's voice who was saying:

"Farhad, you have a call ..."

I picked up the receiver while I was upstairs. As soon as I picked up the receiver, I heard colonel Samavat's voice:

"Excuse me, are you Agha Farhad?"

"Yes I am."

"I beg you respectfully to cross out Marjan's name and my family. We thought you are Muslim like your friend; but the distance between you and us ..."

And then he regretted continuing his statement and interrupted.

My mother started repeatedly interrogating in a situation that; as if, the world was to crumble over my head:

"Farhad, who was that man whom he was calling now?! Tell me what he was saying?..."

In order to mislead her, I said: **"Nobody, he was a customer ..."**

But my mother said curiously: **"Customer never rings home."**

She suddenly put forward a statement which completed my worry collections:

"To be honest, Parvin Khanom, our ex-neighbor called me today. She was saying she has a private word with me. The more I insisted to know the issue, she said: I can't say through the phone; but it is about Agha Farhad ..."

And my answer was silence. I went to bed that night without eating dinner and I didn't sleep till dawn. O` God what if Parvin Khanom speak about Mrs. Smavat's speech with my mother ... Hour and minute hands were moving slowly and I was waiting for the night to be broken to leave the house.

Early in the morning when everybody had slept and birds were singing on braches free of the lives of human being, I left the house while I was hungry and

tired. I was wander till noon. Every moment, I was imagining what words Parvin Khanom will tell to my mother and what my mother`s reaction will be.

Finally, I returned home; as soon as my mother opened the door, she said while she had turned red because of extreme anger:

“Did you have a social intercourse with Muslims? We spoke and told our opinions; but you said you are making mistake. We have become underling and servile in the assembly; but we tolerated. But now, what should I do with your new dilemma?!”

I pretended as if I am unaware of everything...

“Which dilemma, my mother ...”

And my mother shouted more angrily:

“Agha Farhad, now don’t you yourself know what you have done?! That is, you don’t know that you have promised to a Muslim girl to get married with her?!”

That is you are unaware that you proposed that girl and she has accepted, too and then she has said on the condition that her family express their consent when you were in your friend`s house. Your friend whom he is this girl`s sister`s fiancé ... I swear by God that today, I died when Parvin Khanom said: At last, this boy will become Muslim ...

I said: Mother, what are you saying?! And she answered hurriedly:

“See, why aren’t such statements being said about your other brothers?! Because they are leaving others alone and living.”

I said: Mom, Parvin Khanom knows that you are bigoted about Baha`ism. Well, she wanted to harass you.

The issue was apparently settled; but I knew that my mother has been hidden danger.

I thought for a moment and said to myself: I’ll take the plunge. Why don’t you tell the truth to Marjan’s step father in order not to be uncertain?! Why don’t you tell your heart word?! How long do you want to be hit on the head by the assembly?! ... I suddenly felt a special energy in my body; so that I stood up and left the house and I went straight to Marjan`s house.

For the first time after military service periods, I said: O` God I trust you ...(Because Baha’is ask the Blessed Beauty’s spirit for help). I rang without hesitation. Marjan`s mother picked up the receiver and said: Who is it? I said: This is Farhad. I have an urgent word with you. Let me speak with your husband. It was interrupted and after some moments, Marjan`s mother opened the gate and said:

“My son, weren’t you to cross out this family’s name?!”

I said: Yes, but let me speak with your husband.

Suddenly, the Excellency colonel’s voice echoed in the yard; “Who is it, Khanom?!”

-He isn't stranger. He is our neighbor.

-Well, offer him to come in.

-I suddenly said with a loud voice:

“The Excellency colonel, I am Farhad Jahandideh, let me come in the yard to speak with you.”

The awe-inspiring but polite voice of the Excellency colonel suddenly echoed in the yard:

“Come in the yard my son. I'm getting ready. A guest is a gift of God.”

Fakhri Khanom, Marjan's mother, let me come in the yard forced by the circumstance.

Before entering, I also said O` Allah according to Muslim`s custom. I ready enjoyed because of saying this statement. It was an old house which had wooden doors and windows. There were an old pond in the yard and gardens full of geraniums. I suddenly saw Marjan. Her face had become red. She was looking at me carefully and surprisingly.

I was directed to dining room by her mother. There was an exquisite holy Quran on the shelf and also there was a Hafiz collection of poem on the shelf. On the wall was a photo of youth period of the Excellency colonel who had stared at the camera having awe-inspiring eyes.

After a while a 70-year-old man having white hair had stood in front of me. His body had been gaunt compared with his youth photo. But his kind face and his big striking eyes encouraged me to go towards him. At first, I wanted to kiss his hands; but he prevented with perfect courtesy.

I said: The Excellency **Samavat**, I thank you to accept me ... He kissed my forehead and offered me to sit on the sofa and said:

“Well, I am in your service.”

I said without hesitation and with self-confidence, too:

“I paid you a visit for a pious act.”

He laughed and said:

“My son! As you know the pious act has customs, too. Maybe the customs have changed?”

I said:

“Nothing has changed. And if you agree, every custom will be performed in detail in order not to be insulted to you and your respectful family.”

At this time the Excellency colonel said loudly:

“Khanom, do you know where does Agha Farhad live?”

And Marjan's mother replied: “He is Parvin Khanom`s –Mr. Sahafi zadeh's wife-neighbor.

At this time, the colonel continued:

“You must know that Marjan and Maryam`s father has died years ago and I have lived with their mother for several years. But God knows I have tried them Not to feel their father`s lack since first day well, now speak about yourself.”

And I was ready to find a suitable opportunity; so I said:

“I am Farhad. I am 23. I am an optician. I live with my family. My father`s name is Nour-al-Din and he is riding a 125 Honda motorcycle and he is a carpet seller.”

The colonel suddenly interrupted my word and said:

“Is your father Nour-al-din Jahandideh?”

I said: “Yes.” At that time the Excellency colonel continued laughing:

“Aha, I remembered. Your father was coming to Abbas Abad with Major Sahafi everyday and drinking alcoholic liquor; but because I didn`t belong to any cult, I was keeping aloof of them. To be honest, aren`t you drinking alcoholic liquor like your father?”

I said: “The Excellency colonel, I don`t drink it at all; but I smoke.”

At that time the Excellency interrupted my word and said:

“To be honest, our main issue is that you are Baha`i. I wish your friend had told us this issue before Marjan was interested in you. I said at that time Marjan was studying.”

I said: “Hajj Agha every problem will be solved. suddenly, the Excellency colonel sighed and said:

“My son, the issue isn`t easy as you are thinking. If the assembly desists you, you will be separated with your family. Then you must become Muslim in the presence of prayer leader of Hamadan and announce your aversion towards this cult in newspapers with a wide circulation.

During my service in military I dealt with Baha`is. They had influence in the king`s regime and they were making any impossible actions possible. I wasn`t curious in their affairs, at all. But, now I am tired. Come here tomorrow afternoon to speak more. I want to know how the Baha`i beliefs are.”

In this way, I said goodbye to the Excellency colonel happily. When I came out, I saw happiness in Marjan`s face. Maryam was even smiling.

But Marjan`s mother who had come to convoy me said:

“This visit hasn`t solved any problem out of hundred ones. Then ours idea is fixed. And don`t come here anymore until this issue is solved according to religious law and convention. Agha Farhad, you are a boy; but it is bad for a girl to be labeled or God forbidden, her white case becomes black while she is innocent.”

I arrived home with infantile joy. My mother welcomed me and said:

“Shoa` Allah called from Malayer city and said take some spectacle lenses from Farhad optician’s trade shop and transport to Malayer city ...”

I said: Mom, I have an important task to do; but I’ll sent spectacle lenses tomorrow and then I myself will go to Malayer city the day after tomorrow. My mother said:

“I don’t know. Solve the problem with your brother.”

I immediately called **Shoaullah** and I begged him to grant me a respite for a day. He accepted too.

I passed the night having a sweet dream and next early morning I sent spectacle lenses to my brother address in Malayer city with special energy and I ate lunch out; because if I didn’t do so, I wouldn’t have any justification for leaving house. Especially at a time when my family had become suspect to all of my behaviors.

At last, it got 3 p.m. I rang the colonel’s house at appointed time. Some moments later, Fakhri Khanom opened the door for me. I saw Marjan’s face in the yard. Her eyes were shining due to happiness. She wanted to say to me with her eyes: I never thought you are so honest and hard working to follow your desires and wishes.

Some minutes later, I was speaking with the Excellency colonel on the sofa in dining room of his pleasant house. The colonel reminded at the beginning of our meeting:

“My son, God forbidden, I am not going to look into the Inquisition; but I like to know what Baha’is logical talk is. Otherwise, I am not a clergyman to debate you. Before entering police university, I wasn’t smoking; but during my service period of time, there was a situation in which I would be boycotted if I weren’t smoking. In discovery bureau, opium and other drug abuses were continually being discovered. At the prime of my service, I was writing proceedings immediately and was delivering them to officials. But in the king regime, I was being punished rather than being rewarded. Then I found out these discoveries should be divided among officials. We should ignore some cargos or we ought to hand in officials untouched. This issue made me become gradually addicted by opium. I was taking opium for 17 years and this issue caused me to become ill. Now at 70 years of ago, I can’t drink cold water and now I have to drink tea instead of water.”

I wanted to ask the Excellency colonel for a moment that; what is your illness? Because I had heard about all kinds of addiction calamities except this case; but I became silent respecting to the colonel.

The colonel continued:

“Now, I have to take my flask with myself to every party I go. I said this statements for you to know a bereaved old man has sat in front of you. He

isn't going to revenge at all. You have a pious intention, too; otherwise, you weren't here. Well, this is your turn to speak."

And I said by rote as I had taught in classes:

"In 1235, in Islamic lunar calendar a person called Ali Muhammad Shirazi whom we call the Excellency Bab was born in Shiraz. And then he traveled to Boushehr and Najaf cities. He announced his Amr[faith] openly. He said: I am the very promised man that you as Muslims are waiting for him to emerge for one thousand years. Now, I have come to announce you my emergence in order for you not to wait, anymore...."

The colonel interrupted my words and said:

"Well, then if Imam of the time (P.H.) has emerged, then why a few people are aware of this issue? Why justice dominion hasn't been established? Why hasn't peace been established in the world? Why Baha'is serve England and America rather than combating with the tyrant? The Excellency Ali Muhammad Bab has announced Mahdism [being promised Mehdi] for exactly 151 years. The communication isn't comparable with early of Islam; while the holy prophet (P.H.) announced his prophetic mission across the world having nominal opportunities, then during these 151 years nominal number of people just believe that ... Well, now tell me about the advancement of your creed. Are even one billion people aware of your creed?"

I said with shame:

"No, but they believe that people will start to have faith in it a period of time in future."

The colonel said:

"My son, in the holy prophet (P.H.) and his successors periods of time, Islam became broadly-based; although there were a lot of disturbance and primary facilities. Because Islam had advanced commandments. But your useless effort confronting 6 billion people resembles a drop against a sea. Indeed, Baha'is say our prophet's name is Baha Allah; but you are speaking about seyed Bab, then who is this man?!"

I said:

"After Ali Muhammad Shirazi was killed in Tabriz, the Excellency Baha Allah announced his Amr [creed] in 1296 of lunar calendar that is nine years after expressing his creed openly."

The colonel laughed and said:

"Then my God help me, he became Imam of the time, Two ..."

I said with shame:

"Of course, there are two groups among Baha'is, too. One group believe in the first idea and the second believes that the Excellency Baha Allah has offered a new religion."

When I finished my statement the colonel said:

“Well, I didn’t understand again. According to you, why have they abolish Islam religion and have created a new one if they had been Imam of the time. You said that Bab has said I am the very person you are waiting for his emergence, then there is no reason for him to make a new religion. While there isn’t any issue regarding new religion in no source or book entitled Imam of the time (P.H.). But they are stating about revival of Muhammedan (P.H.) religion. So, my son I conclude that these both people were materialistic who have made a new cult which is separated from Islam originally; because Muslim’s Imam of the time (P.H.) doesn’t bring his commandments; but he revitalizes forgotten commandments of his descendants’ religion. Well; as if you have commandment regarding date and letters ...”

I said:

“Yes, Babis and Baha’is have 19 months rather than 12 months. And recording them, each month has its own name: Shahr-al-Jalal, Shahr-al-Jamal and We have some commandments, too. For instance, it is said in their book “Bayan”: Don’t ride on animals without pedal and reins. Seat your children on chair, throne or stool in order for their lifetime not to be counted.”

The colonel laughed and said:

“That’s enough my son. Well if we multiply 19 by 19, it will be 362 days. What about these 3 or 4 days which has remained? These names are ordinary ones and are Arabic translation. The commandments are laughable, too that for example a prophet comes and explains about the obvious rather than state commandments and issues required for people. Isn’t it?!”

I had really ran short; so I said:

“Let me speak about incantation and tablets, too.”

And the colonel said:

“My son, I have studied them. They are really shallow and hollow. It is interesting to be noted that when Tehran and Tabriz’s scholars debated Ali Muhammad Shirazi according to late Amir the Great’s command and issues a religious decree that he doesn’t know morphology and syntax apart from his claim regarding Mahdism, he said: I shouldn’t fit inside morphology and syntax; but Arabic language should adapt itself with me. Now tell me why Mirza Hussein Ali emerged sooner; while Ali Muhammad Shirazi has told “Yazhar-Allah” [the one in whom God will manifest] will come 5 years after me (according to you) and he has told I annunciate his coming? If this man is a harbinger; so why he has issued commandments?”

I said: Because he says God has prescribed me to emerge sooner than the appointed date.

The colonel said: who is the prophet according to you in this cult? Excuse me that I said cult.

And I said: the Excellency **Baha Allah** and his son **Abdul Baha (Abbas Effandi)** and **Abdul Baha's** grandchild [his daughter's son] **Shoqi Effandi**.

The colonel said:

“Indeed, why does Baha Allah's book become invisible when it becomes obvious that the prayer which he offers in his book is totally false?”

I said out of desperation: “It was done by enemies.”

And the colonel said:

“What are these absurd words which they have taught to you?! My son, study first if you want to become Muslim; because you will become shaky without studying. Inquire about these issues: why do all Baha'is drink alcoholic liquor? Why do they say we don't meddle with policy; but they have a connection with England openly and in the king's period of time, most ministers were Baha'is and ...”

To be honest, I didn't think that the Excellency colonel is knowledgeable. Maybe I was illiterate. Maybe, Baha'ism was and is full of contradiction that no theoretician could defend Baha'ism at that moment. For this reason I reminded to the Excellency colonel that I haven't come here to defend Baha'ism in order to remove any misunderstanding; but I have come here to tell you that I have the same idea with you and God knows that I had made a firm decision since military service period of time to get rid of this cult; otherwise, I am aware of many facts; but I don't have any place to escape. I continued:

The Excellency colonel, I have read some things in major books of Baha'is such as the **Aqdas, the Mostatab, the Bayan, the Iqan, the Ahkam and etc.** during this period of time. Several days will take if I want to tell their defects. And it will make you and me bored; but I express some of them for you to be informed. I want you to judge whether people like me are right to be separated from this forged cult and to leave it or not? First of all, I want to tell about **Ali Muhammad Bab** who introduced himself as Bab and then as Imam of the time and then he brought a new religion and at last he claimed for divinity, too; because before being killed, he was thinking that Russian government that had helped and supported him to make Babism cult, would support him. But after a short period of time he found out that he has made a mistake; because the Russian government conciliated with Iran. For this reason he did penance several times and escaped from death by saying sentences like: **I went wrong. I myself am one of abiding people for the emergence. I never want to make religion. I am one of the fond of the messenger of God (P.H.) and pure Imams (P.H.).** But after a while, he repeated his previous claims with the support of the English. Eventually, the then government had to execute him by a firing squad in Tabriz because of riots and

wars which he had put into operation and had made many Iranian people be killed because they had been deceived by him and also he had made many families bereaved. His words and commandments that were stated by me are reasons for his madness. Before death, he appointed Yahya as his successor; but because yahya was secluded and quite, his brother Baha (Mirza Hussein Ali Nouri) dealt with the English and was influential. And Babis knew him. After 2 years of disappearing, he called himself as Bab`s successor and many quarrels happened between his brother and him. And at last, the Iranian government sent Yahya to Baghdad and after a while Bab Allah was exiled there, too. But riot increased again and Iraqi government had to separate two brothers who desired kingdom in order to put an end to battle. The Iraqi government sent Yahay to **Cyprus** and Baha and his family to Palestine land which was dominated by England. During the period of time when Baha was in Iran, he was going to assassinate the then king and **Amir the Great** by intriguing several of his disciples; but he was defeated and this action caused a lot of Baha`is and Babis to be hanged by Qajar king`s command. And Baha was mediated and emphasized by Russian government and saved; because his father was in the court. After him, **Abdul Baha** (Abbas Effandi) **Baha Allah`s** second son became his successor. Of course, the elder brother was to be his successor, too. And fighting started again and Abdul Baha succeeded and his brother was defeated. At his period of time, the Russian country that was founder of Babi cult left this policy and England has started it again. These events happened when **Wahab`ism** was created among Sunni Muslims and Baha`ism asserted itself among Shiites. What was the reason? Because they didn`t want Muslims to be united. They created these two cults in order to cause division among Sunnis and Shiites. When Abdul Baha was in Palestine, he was issuing numerous letters for the English entitled tablets, incantation and praising them in order to express his bondage and allegiance to them and he received (Sir) epithet by Great Britain government. Then Abdul Baha`s grandchild ruled and became Baha`is ruler for a period of time. At that time America had become powerful and was supreme power of the west. They betrayed Iran and the Iranian very much. They were continually saying about books, beliefs and commandments which were totally false, deceitful and laughable to naive people. They changed the interpretation of the holy Quran in favor of themselves and misused it. They were epitomizing hadiths inversely. And because they couldn`t change them again, they were making scenes to tell people we are moving forward according to holy hadiths like the movement of black banners from Khorasan through anticipatory planning by **Mulla Hussein Boshrouyeh**. In their meeting of 19-day receptions, they were reporting the people in the world are making Baha`is in groups. Despite all of these horns and bugle, they haven`t been able to make even a fifty thousand-people country or an island set aside for themselves. They also aren`t successful to

do so far for this some million-people country. Their commandments aren't practicable because of being defective, nonsensical, faceless and forged whether in Baha Allah, Abdul Baha or at current time. They have distorted the history in order to assign themselves as oppressed and downtrodden people; but if they got a chance like the king's era, they would surpass Changiz, Hitler and ... They are money acquisitive and rapacious people. They have made their commandments so that they appear simple and easy for plebs in comparison with religions in order to deceive them better and to attract them towards themselves.

They took off the veil by a woman called **Zarrin Taj (Qorrat-al-Ein)** who had been entitled by Bab in a country where everybody was faithful and zealous. At that time, being without a veil became an excuse for a group of naive and inexperienced youth to have social intercourse in Baha'is gathering to wine and dine and dissipate. When some Muslims are martyred for some reasons such as defending their country, chastity and religion, they celebrate and ask **the Blessed Beauty** (Baha Allah) these such Muslims are killed again in order for their way to be opener. It doesn't differ for them whether a newly born baby, infant, young or old person exists among martyrs. Their most important activity is spying. They scout against Iran when they are living in Iran and also they are scouting against the country where they are living while they aren't living in Iran. They are really betrayers. They are committing thousands of infractions such as drinking alcoholic liquors, taking drug abuses, promiscuity, having affairs, and ... But on the other hand, according to commands which have issued by great governments and the then hegemonic countries and the Universal House of Justice which is located in Israel, Baha'is have been emphasized and reminded to save face. Then they can do every kind of crime. But they should let their appearance which is totally tainted and is full of enmity and hatefulness come through. Why? Because naive people and plebs are deceived by their kind face and prepossessing words and when people are trapped by them, they are behaving the deceived people's families; so that they can't return again. They are spying for each other; for instance, a son is blurting out about his father for the organization heads and vice versa. If Baha'i people, even if they are two people, live with each other for several years and if they are friends, they can't tell their heart secrets to each other; because there isn't any trust between them. Political manipulation is one of their important activities. For example, their external behavior with others in society is in such a way that a person becomes fond of them and if a person says them that you are good people, they will put forward their being Baha'i and will say: We behave so because we are Baha'is.

But how does Islam behave with them?! It assumes them as naive and deceived people by horrible organization of Baha'ism and it supports them with favor and kindness like other Iranian citizens; because the holy Quran and Islam

have recommended kindness and affection to God's slaves whether they are Christian or Jewish or totally everybody who is under the support of Islamic government.

My mouth had become dry and my head was dizzy because I had spoken so much. I was never thinking that I would speak so much one day. The Excellency colonel nodded his head and said:

“Agha Farhad, I don't act Islam's commands as much as my wife, Maryam and Marjan and I may have many faults and errors; but today when we reviewed Baha'ism commandments with each other, I am proud of myself to be a Muslim and I am happy that you are our guest; because human beings won't be grateful of having blessings, sometimes; unless we encounter special situation. Now, eat some fruits and drink tea to unwind.”

After a while, Marjan's mother came into the dining room and said:

“The Excellency colonel, the God's slave became tired; As if you have invited guest. But today we have just listened to religion debate.”

Meantime, the Excellency colonel laughed and said:

“Gosh! We had a friendly talk with Agha Farhad and we learned some issues. Now suppose that today had been idled away or been with friends or gone to park or gone for an outing.”

At that time, I was feeling that the situation was suitable to speak about Marjan. I liked to tell to the Excellency colonel that you have adopted two orphans, adopt me too. Think that I have grown up in orphanage; but it had been dark and it was obvious that the old man was tired. For this reason, I said goodbye to the colonel and entered the hall.

Suddenly, Marjan said with shame:

“We are ready to serve you for dinner! There is a supper... .”

I felt she was thanking me; because of my persistence in my word. I liked to stay with them forever. But Marjan's mother's voice made me aware:

“Dear Marjan, we have made an arrangement with Agha Farhad that you won't have any relationship unless you have a legitimate and official relationship. I am sure that if you join each other in near future, you will understand my words.”

In the end of the alley where the Excellency colonel's house was located, a light was lightening and had made the alley bright. Around it, a butterfly was spinning and was hitting itself to the hot light; but it was continuing. I said to myself: Lover should do so, he/she should suffer and endure.

During the way I was thinking about the goldfish in the pool in the colonel's house that were living with each other with tranquility. No incident could separate them except death.

I passed the night having colorful dreams. And I headed off towards Malayer city vigorously.

I liked to call to Marjon's house every moment; but I knew it is against my promise. On Thursday, my mother called. Although I asked her health intimately; but she answered me coldly and soullessly.

I asked the reason. She said: "I have a headache."

I said: "well, see the doctor."

She said: "It isn't necessary. I'll become healthy. Now, give the receiver to Shoaullah."

I was astonished that why my mother was speaking with me like strangers. When my brother was speaking with my mother through the phone, his face had become red because of extreme anger. He was scowling me and saying continuously:

"Aha... well...when? Aha...Ok. Ok... ."

When he finished speaking, I asked my bother: What's wrong? And I am not aware of anything. In order to lose the trial, he said:

"No, it wasn't a special issue."

I said: **"Well, why did you become extremely angry while nothing had happened?"**

He said: **"See, do you have any tool to measure anger?! Well they were some words exchanged between a son and his mother. That's all."**

I didn't say anything while I realized the circumstance; because it was impossible for Shoaullah to say and reveal a word without my mother's permission.

Tomorrow morning on Friday we headed off towards Hamadan. When we arrived at Hamadan, I said to Shoaullah: Am I allowed to call my friend? (I was worried about the issue that there might be an argument between Marjon's mother and mine.) Shoaullah said: First we go home. He said this words so firmly that I didn't dare to say anything.

We arrived home at 8. We rang the doorbell. My mother opened the door. My brothers **Bahram** and **Shahram** were asleep; but **Shoja'-al-Din** along with his wife **Mojgan** and my father was waiting for us in the room for hours. Both of us said hello. Everybody greeted **Shojaullah**; but they answered me back coldly. At once, I flared up and said: What's happened that you behave me so? My mother said all of a sudden:

"I have many words with you and I don't like to reveal the issues in the presence of your brothers, father and brother's wife."

I said: "Why has everybody especially Shoja'-al-Din and Mojgan who were sleeping till one P.M. every Fridays sat readily if nothing has happened and you

don't want anybody to be aware. So, there may be an issue and I am not aware of it. Apparently, everybody is informed except me. Suddenly, my mother grumbled:

“I want to see whether you are donkey or you pretend to be a donkey. That is, don't you know that you have caused trouble...?”

Then, as she was trying to control herself, she said to my brothers Shoja'-al-Din, Shojaullah and Mojgan: Go and eat your breakfast. I myself will speak with Farhad. They were waiting for my open trial in the family court; but they left unwillingly. But they were looking at me; so that, I had committed a murder. When everybody left, my mother said:

“Do you know what Parvin Khanom said that day when I was with her? Do you know why she was sad?!”

I pretended I am unaware of anything and said: No, I am unaware.

She said: Farhad, you were to tell the truth. The mother of that Muslim girl whom you have asked for her hand unannounced, is in touch with Parvin Khanom. She has said: Somebody has proposed marriage to my daughter; but because Agha Farhad had wooed her before his issue must be solved first; because he himself has come and told: “I will solve the issue with my family.” Parvin Khanom has asked: Which Agha Farhad? Her mother has also answered: The one who has been your neighbor and then she has pointed out our names and address. She has said you want to join this family with the help of your friend who is Marjan's sister's fiancé. Is her name Marjan?... But open your ears well. I didn't say all the adventure to your father and brothers in order not to disgrace you; but I swear by the Blessed Beauty if you fancy so, you should give up about me, your father and brothers....

As if somebody shouted me suddenly: Farhad, how long have been receiving a setback, well, speak... I suddenly interrupted my mother's word and said:

See, mom, Parvin Khanom is right; but it is unclear for me to be honored to join such family. The daughter about whom you are speaking is quite polite and dignified who is really different from Baha'i girls. Be sure that I'll get married with her if someday I want to marry. As if I made my mother furious, she said:

“ You may damned wrong to make your decision. You aren't ownerless. Don't you have parents to ask for someone's hand by yourself. That is, a Muslim girl. Do you think that you are at liberty?!”

I said: Yes, I am at liberty, mother! Baha'i girls are befriending with boys every day. They are going to parties with boys. They are dancing and going into seclusion in this small city... Then, well away in Tehran and big cities.

My mother who didn't expect me to speak frankly flared up and said:

“Farhad, I'll go to their house tomorrow and will say what I shouldn't tell and will do what shouldn't. I swear by the Blessed Beauty that I'll insult this family as long as I can in order for them not to seduce people from this time on. I don't let you get married with a family that everybody is felon.”

I said: My mother, why are you slandering?! Why are you losing your faith easily? God won't forgive you if you speak about this innocent family so. They are praying. They are fasting. They are veiled.

But mother replied blindly:

"All Muslims are the same. They are all lewd."

I became angry and said:

"Baha'is are lewd not Muslims. Don't you observe people around yourself? Don't you know that Baha'i girls are too perverted that the assembly misuses them as gulls to attract Muslim youth or taking area of weakness. Now are these girls lewd or those who have an honest life? I sympathized my younger sister who wants to enter these assemblies and gatherings in near future."

My mother repeated again:

"They are Muslims, Farhad. Why don't you understand? Do you know that we should leave this city and live like strangers if you get married with her?"

I said: Mom! These cases have happened a lot. Don't make this issue important. Hasn't it been mentioned in commandment lesson that we should avoid bigotry?!

My mother said: The Blessed Beauty has forbidden bigotry in order for Baha'is to be civilized like European people.

I said: According to you, does civilization mean a girl becomes a fall guy for a dozen of men?

My mother said while she didn't have any word to say:

"Do you remember those some Baha'is who were hanged?"

I responded immediately:

"Mother, they were spies who were spying for Israel. Their spying documents were published, too."

When I said this statement my mother gave an extreme slap to me. I shouted angrily:

"Mother, do you know the punishment for those who hand in secret documents of the country to stranger is?! It doesn't differ whether he/she is Baha'i or Muslim. A spy is a spy."

At that time my mother cried:

"Alas! Help me. This son will make me pine to death, at last... He isn't my son ... Ay me... Ay me."

And she pretended to lose consciousness. At that time my father and brothers attacked toward us, everybody was asking:

"Stupid guy! What did you do to make our mother so ..."

My mother who pretended to lose consciousness suddenly became alert and said:

“This ungrateful son is calling our martyrs as spies ...”

This statement made my father’s furious. He gave a slap to me, too. Then my brother punched and kicked me. Then more I shouted, the more they became angry. As if I wasn’t their son and brother. They hit me so much that they became tired and then they threw me out of the house pitilessly. My head and face had been covered with blood. All my body was painful. I became queasy. I bent several times and I was nauseated and I vomited just blood.

The most vulgar words which were heard out of our house had made the neighbors come into alley. They were thinking a thief has come to our house. They didn’t know they have mangled the apple of their eyes. And they had thrown him out of home like an offender. Meantime, **Mr. Badami** came forward and said: **”What’s happened, dear Farhad.”**

And I said while I had bent due to pain: They are too bastard ... and I went away the alley. I had no way but going to my grandfather and maternal uncle’s home. I arrived there staggering and stumbling a quarter later. At that house, my grandfather and maternal uncle were living in two separate floors. When I rang the doorbell, my maternal aunt opened the door for me and asked me astoundingly: **“Who has afflicted you by such calamity?...”**

I said: Guess who? My brothers, father and mother. Then I narrated all the story for my maternal aunt.

When a young person is being beaten, before doing anything and without paying attention to his pains, he/she looks at nearby to see who have seen him beaten; because pride is the most important thing for him and now, my family had thrown their young son out of the house while they had beaten him without paying attention to his feelings in order for all neighbors to see him suffered from injured head and face and mangled body. I felt something has been broken in my inner being. It was more than the feeling of being overcome. For this reason when my maternal aunt directed me to my grandfather’s room, I cried with a loud voice, I remembered those days when I was putting my head on his shoulders to tell me a story.

My grandfather asked me with a bigot face:

“What’s happened dear Farhad? Who has made you afflicted by this calamity?!”

I said: Grandfather, I wish I had been smashed and mangled by some strangers.

He said: Kid, I can’t stand. Tell me what’s happened?!

And I said crying: Do you want to know who made me injured and beaten? My brothers whom I have the same blood with them and my father whom I am his

continuation and my mother who has brought me into this world; but I had been deprived of her affection.

Suddenly, my grandfather picked up the receiver and called our house furiously. Then he said instantly: come here, all of you, right away... and then he interrupted. Everybody was obeying my grandfather and nobody dare to disobey him.

The castigation of the members of the house by grandfather.

As I was predicting, half and an hour later, my father, mother and my brothers **Shoja'-al-Din** and **Shoa'-al-Din** were present in grandfather's room. Everybody had been frightened by observing my grandfather who had become red due to anger. Then he turned to my father and said:

"Let's see. Aren't you feeling ashamed. You are the so-called head of the family. Do you remember how many mistakes you have made so far and I ignored them. How did you have heard to do so with your apple of your eye?!"

Then he turned to my mother and said:

"As a father, I don't forgive your wrong doing; because all these seductions are caused by you."

My mother defended herself and said:

"I ... I didn't cause a disturbance, dear daddy..."

And grandfather answered back:

"Do you call yourself mother? It was enough for you to decree to save this issue between your son and you and to be solved; but you ..."

At that time he turned to my brothers **Shoja'-al-Din** and **Shoaullah** and said:

"You are swaggering your power to your younger brother in this dastardly manner. You were two while he was alone!"

Meantime, my mother said as her last defense:

"Dear daddy, should I be silent and let this son call our martyrs as spies?! Should I do nothing and see this sir himself goes to ask for a Muslim girl's hand?!..."

In short, my mother used any method to make my grandfather climb down his belief; but grandfather answered back:

"Shut up! You mangled this poor boy because of these absurd words. His right if he has said concerning Baha'is offenses. He hasn't told lies. Aren't they offenders?!"

Then he turned to my father and said:

"Aren't you drinking alcoholic liquors from youth till now. You have created too many quarrels till now. You have pull out knife too many times. You have fought too many times."

Then he turned towards **Shoaullah** and **Shoja'-al-Din** and said :

“You probably assume yourselves innocent. Don’t you? Then weren’t you those who had committed all kinds of foul deeds with Baha’i girls in Tehran?”

At that time my two brothers lowered their heads and grandfather continued:

“See Shoja’-al-Din, don’t you charged interest on money loaded?!”

Shoja’-al-Din who had become bewildered by the grandfather’s awareness wanted to tell a word... that grandfather shouted :

“Agha Shoja’-al-Din, don’t get away the reality, I tell the friends from Tehran city ... Honestly, where have you earned money that you are paying interest on money borrowed?! Concerning those seven Baha’is, are you their executor and lawyer? They have been tried in a court of law and they would definitely face up any kind of document concerning their innocence if they possessed”

Then my grandfather became irate with my mother:

“You incite the apples of your eye to fight with each other like gladiators for some people who aren’t alive now. God forbidden, don’t you think that one of them may be killed? Don’t you read the newspapers which sometimes report that a person has died because of a slow blow and now his/her friend has been put into prison?!”

At that time grandfather said a statement that I hadn’t heard it:

“Damn to Baha’ism that has stuck these kinds of bigoted thoughts into your brains. The Baha’ism that says dogmatism is illegitimate while it has made you fight each other like wild animals.”

At that moment, grandfather did an action that I didn’t expect him, at all. That is expelling his daughter, groom and grandchildren

-Go out everybody now. I am not satisfied you to sit here even for a minute.

While they had tolerated grandfather’s words standing upright, they left like defeated troops.

When they left, grandfather started to speak:

“My son, eat something first ... You are pale now ... Then take a bath ...”

Looking at the injuries of my face carefully and patting my head, grandfather said:

“Dear son, I consider you rightful; but you are guilty, too. It wasn’t right that you came face to face with your mother and argued with her.”

I could just wash my injuries with warm water in the bathroom. I waited for a short time; because warm water was making my body tranquil. My body was really painful. When I came out, grandfather said:

“My dear son, I called them and said you will be here tonight. But go and make up with your mother tomorrow. That poor woman is drowned in her bigotries. But she doesn’t dare to behave you badly.”

I couldn't sleep all night long; because I was suffering from pain wherever I was wallowing ... I was thinking of my burnt up dreams. I was thinking and smoking secretly.

The next day, I kissed my grandfather's hand and left his house and my grandfather reminded me again:

"My son, be careful not to get involved with them"

I heard my parents arguing with each other while I was at our house gate. They were getting involved in the yard with a loud voice. My father said:

"Now, was it necessary for your father to tell all our secrets ...?"

And my mother answered:

"Didn't you do those actions? Didn't you fight? Weren't you mischief?! Weren't you drinking alcoholic liquors?!"

I rang and their speech was interrupted and my mother opened the door. I said hello; but she didn't answer back like my father.

I went into the room to take my equipment to go to Malayer city while my mother said:

"You aren't allowed to go to Malayer city. You should be given a definite answer."

Suddenly my father backed me up likely to act grudgingly with my mother:

"No, let him go to Malayer city. Don't you notice that how your father told all the secrets of Shoja' Khan and Shoaullah Khan?"

And my mother said:

"Of course, he said your offenses more, too. Did you forget?!"

At that time my father became angry and said:

"Yeah, I am guilty; but I just hurt myself. I wasn't bastard and shitty, I wasn't usurer, I didn't instigate a revolt ... I didn't cause a riot between a father and offspring."

I realized that the situation would be worse if I reminded there. I left the house without saying goodbye. They were severely arguing with each other that they didn't find out I left the house.

I went towards a public phone and I called the Excellency colonel involuntarily; but nobody answered. I came back home, my mother who harbored a grudge because of my father said:

"Had you gone to that lewd woman and her harlot daughters' house?..."

I wanted to answer; but I remained silent; because grandfather had asked me not to tell them look for excuses. When my mother saw me being calm, she cursed all Muslim angrily and I said:

"Mom, why are you cursing?..."

And she said:

“I like to curse Muslims, Zoroastrians and Christians. Are you supporting them?!”

I went to the yard and made myself busy with garden flowers. Even **Shahram and Bahram** didn't come back the shop. The phone rang at 4 o'clock. My mother picked up the receiver and came after me having meaningful smile and said:

“You should go to Ms. Naeemi's house at 7 p.m.; because Mr. Rashedi and Mozaffar have a word with you.”

She said this statement and left. As if the world fell over my head. I headed off toward Mahdieh street suffering from injured, tired and bruised body and inflated face like a person who has been sentenced to death and is going to be hanged. I rang the bell of **Ms. Naeemi's** house. Ms. Naeemi invited me upstairs. After entering, I said **Allah Abha** according to Baha'is custom instead of saying hello. But those three people invited me to sit coldly. They even didn't asked me what had happen for me? And then **Mr. Rashedi** started speaking:

“You passed all those ethics classes, you participated all receptions, you became Baha'i formally, you studied all of history of Amr (Baha'is history). Now, why do you defend Muslims? Don't you know they are eradicating us?!”

These three people belonged to previous nine-member Baha'i assembly of Hamadan and their statements were the same as the words which were said from **Aka** in Israel.

Alas! At that meeting, even my maternal uncle didn't defend me at all and he cursed Muslims along with them; but there wasn't any convincing reason for doing that.

I had been trapped among them and I was being beaten continuously like boxers; so I replied in order to make myself free from them:

“You were telling me not to say bad words in order not to be bad in classes; but now, you are cursing Muslims without any reason for two hours. I became Baha'i formally; but Ms. Naeemi forced me; otherwise, I was busy failing in my lessons.”

Ms. Naeemi was looking at me with her eyes which were coming out of their sockets. I said:

“You can tell me If I am telling lies. Meanwhile, you know that Baha'i boys are getting married with Muslim and non-Muslim girls. Now when it is our round, it is impossible.”

Suddenly, **Mr. Rashedi's** tone changed:

“Dear Farhad, all of us are proud with you that you reminded us Baha'i commandments; but regarding the marriage of Baha'i boys and Muslim girls I should say: My son, at that period of time when late Shah was ruling we were so powerful; so we were making a person Baha'i very soon; but now we have no power. When a Baha'i person separates from us, it will be a failure

for us. Know that you won't have a chance except getting married with a nice Baha'i girl. If we have fallen in love with that Muslim girl's beauty, we will show you a girl better than she. If she is educated, we will introduce a girl who is more educated than she and Then, be really happy; because we'll prepare the best one for you. And throw the red apple toward them like princes, ok?"

I had been dizzy. I came out of the house and I understood that I had no way to proceed or come back. I was going from this alley to that one and from this street to the other one aimlessly like a wander shadow at night. I was thinking of uncertain future waiting for me. Suddenly, I felt I was shivering with extreme cold. I came home inevitably; a house in which nobody loved me because of the assembly and the Blessed Beauty. I said hello to my mother. She didn't answer. She just said;

"Don't go to Malayer city tomorrow until a definite answer is given to you."

I was thinking of horrible thought during the night concerning what my mother will decide for me. I woke up fearfully in the morning; but there was nobody at home. I called my father who was in his shop hurriedly. He wasn't selling carpet by motorcycle, anymore. He didn't answer to me correctly. I suddenly saw my mother's note:

"Don't leave the house. I am calling you."

Against the organization

I had been at home astonishingly. The moment were passing slowly and the alarm clock was sounding in my brain like a smith's hammer. Two hours later, the phone rang. It was my mother:

"See, I am busy somewhere. I'll come at noon. Call this disgraced girl ..."

I didn't hear the rest of my mother's statement; because I found out what ominous plan she has fulfilled.

I hadn't still eaten breakfast that I left the house. I went to the Excellency colonel's house running.

When Marjan's mother opened the door, I realized that the situation is worse than it appears. Marjan's mother said with strange tone without showing courtesy or asking about my health:

“Agha Farhad, I wasn’t optimistic about this marriage, at first. And I knew that getting married with Baha’is is a kind of trouble. I have grown up these two daughters in misery and we have always kept up appearance and we have lived honorably. Now, I swear you by anybody you worship to leave us alone and to think all of us died. Think an earthquake has happened and all of us have been buried under the rubble. But don’t become willing us to be dishonored.”

I said surprisingly:

“What has happened, why are you distressed?!”

She said: “Hasn’t your mother said anything to you?”

I said:

“I haven’t seen my mother. She just said to me by phone to call you. I swear by God that I am unaware of everything.”

She had a lump in her throat and said calmly appealing:

“I have raised my daughters with difficulty and wretchedness and I have educated them in a way that not to disrespect anyone and nobody has plucked up courage to disrespect my daughter and me. But your mother came to our house this morning. She insulted Marjan and me and finally she threatened us that if we don’t leave you alone she will send your father and brothers to our house to finish the issue. For the sake of an hour you were our guest, Marjan and I didn’t say anything to your mother; but have we bothered you that your mother threatens us so?! Now, leave here and don’t think of getting married with Marjan anymore; because I can’t stand disparagement and disgrace that your mother has created for us.”

And then she discharged me and closed the door.

I burned with anger. My essence was full of revenge flame. I wanted to be quiet and not to revenge due to rough-and-tumble on Friday and just for deference to father, mother, brother and for keeping my promise to my grandfather; but they didn’t want this silence to be continued. I knocked on the door again. This time Marjan and her mother came to open the door. After saying hello, I said to Marjan and her mother: I’ll go and convince my family whether through speaking or their method; but if I couldn’t, I would promise you not to come here anymore and then I left there angrily. I was sympathizing Marjan; because she was innocent and she wasn’t guilty; but she had been accused by her family. I heard somebody was following me. I turned back and saw Marjan who was crying. My heart was broken because of my mother’s accusations to this oppressed girl who hasn’t anybody to defend and support her.

When she approached me, she said:

“If you really love me and you are with me to the last moment, know that I will resist and persist not only against your family; but also against my own

family who disagree about our marriage now. And I won't complain you. But if you don't like tell me now in order for me to think of tolerating this life."

I stood for a moment and said veraciously:

"Do you see the bruise of my face. My body is full of hundreds of these bruises. All of these are due to being beaten by my father, mother and brothers. I think all of these are the best proofs for my honesty. Although they have been healed after some days."

She smiled like a flower and headed off towards their house. Where her mother was imperatively calling her to go into and saying:

"My daughter, you were to control your emotions."

I headed off towards my paternal house, too. I had decided to do extreme reaction. When I arrived home, my father said while he was unaware of everything:

"O' kid, why didn't you go to Malayer city ...?!"

I said:

"First of all, all my body is maimed; additionally, I wanted to go; but my mother said I had to stay here!"

My father became angry about my statement and interrupted:

"See, how long has your mother been jack-all-trades in the house? Have I died ...?"

And I answered:

"Now, she is commanding and she does what she likes. So mother is the head of the house."

My father who saw the situation so, said:

"Eat your food fast and go to Malayer city. Your brothers are alone."

But I didn't like to eat anything at that house, anymore. Although I had lost my appetite. According to late Sepehri: "How much is a seer of joyous heart?!" And I preferred to leave the house; because I was really sorrowful. The situation in Malayer city was as before. Shoja'-al-Din was saying like strangers:

"The shop license is mine; so you are just a worker."

I said: "Then, what about our dear father ..."

He said:

"If I don't come here, the shop will be closed. Now you are repeating dear father, dear father ..."

I said:

"I have no word with you. Just call father and repeat these words. I am eager for a definite answer to be given regarding this ramshackle shop, at last. I really like not to work with you. I don't know what to do while my father is continuously telling me: Go to Malayer city ... Go to Malayer city ..."

Then he called Hamadan shamelessly and argued with my father and gave the receiver to me. My father who was feeling his ownership is being questioned said without greeting:

“Don’t leave there! Stand and don’t be afraid of him ...”

Meantime, Shoja’-al-Din repeated again: “Leave the shop, get away.”

I said: I don’t leave here ...”

He said:

“How good. You leave spoken up since you have become familiar with this depraved family.”

I said:

“Be careful about your speech. Their dog is worth than the girls who had affairs with you in Tehran and Hamadan assembly. Those who change men like socks!”

Meantime, Shoja’-al-Din threw me out of the shop and I got involved with him; because I had become impatient. I just came to myself and saw our neighbor shopkeepers are pulling him out of my hands and feet.

When neighbor separated us and Shoja’-al-Din went out of the shop beaten and distressed, I shut the blinds and I hung a signboard in which it was written: The shop is closed and then I thought deeply in front of the closed door of the shop. I hated myself because I had gotten involved with my brother. But I remembered my brother as a doll in Baha’i assembly hands. Doubtlessly, if they weren’t ordering my brother to put his brother under pressure, this incident would never happen.

Although I had been born in a convulsed family; but I had wished to be born in a family without tension and convulsion. But by passing time, I realized that this is the assembly that is injecting division poison to our life; otherwise, no mother provides everything for his son to be beaten nowhere in the world! My guilt was thinking of Islam. Even my brother was innocent; because if there weren’t any assembly, we would have many troubles and we would live as usual.

My mouth had become dry and I was dizzy. Several Muslim neighbors brought some food; but I couldn’t eat. They insisted and I ate some morsels. Then they advised that these problems shouldn’t happen between two brothers. And I could tell them that this adventure has started since my brother insulted Muslim. If I were telling the truth, nobody would pay attention to him.

It was 6 P.M. when my brother **Shoja’-al-Din** took his handbag with injured face and without greeting with mediation of **Mr. Choubin** one of shop neighbors.

When he left, I opened the shop and I became busy managing customer’s affairs and I slept in the shop like a dead body.

Early in the morning, I woke up by the sound of hitting a coin on the shop window. It was my brother **Shoaulah**. As if, he had been afraid; because opening the door, he laughed and said:

“What did you do with Shoja’-al-Din, the Excellency Mike Tyson.”

I said:

“I am neither Tyson nor Muhammad Ali clay; but everybody has a capacity. Finally, spring which has been made of steel will become free due to pressure.”

In this way, **Shoaulah** and I were to run the shop and Shoja-al-Din should leave the shop alone.

We had rented a small house in Malayer city and we returned to Hamadan on Thursday and Friday, too.

After a while, I decided to go to Zahedan city to bring clothes, banana and chocolate which were selling like hot cakes. So that one of my brother’s friends called **Farzad** took over working in optician’s trade shop; because managing all these customers was a hard task.

During this period my brothers had a secret relationships with the assembly and I didn’t know what they were thinking and planning; but I knew they were planning to make me shut up.

Selling clothes and going to Zahedan city gradually flourished among other merchants, too. So that, everywhere selling clothes even second hand ones called Tanakora was popular and usual. For this reason, I quitted this job and went back again to optician’s trade and became busy there. One day, my brother **Shojaullah** said to me:

“See Farhad, do you life money out of the till?”

I said no. You know that accounts are due to you and **Farzad** and Shojaullah said pitilessly:

“You know that we trust in Farzad totally; but about youYou know you have a relationship with that Muslim family ...”

At that moment, I fumed and said:

“First of all, I am totally unaware of the money which has been lift out of the counter, second don’t accuse others and those who are innocent, third I’ll stay in Hamadan this week in order for you to find your thief. Of course, I know the source of this adventure.”

I added:

“I’ll leave here for your income not to be decreased. Although working with Shoja’-al-Din is an extreme torture; but it is worth in comparison with your accusations and I’ll tolerate this agony in order for innocent and guilty people to be identified.”

Some weeks passed and **Shoaulah** was happily saying with objectionable enthusiasm:

“Fortunately, our income is in perfect condition every week.”

He was telling these words to make the family understand that Farhad has been a thief. One night, the shop neighbors realized that a person was lifting spectacle lenses. They quickly rang my brother to come there. And Shoa' Allah realized that the Excellency **Farzad** who was trustworthy according to the assembly and all Baha'is has life and took out money and spectacle lenses every night. My brother and Farzad collided. But because this issue had happened among Baha'is, Shoaullah didn't refer the police station. The Excellency Farzad established an opticians trade shop which was really chic in another city by plundered money. Now all members of my family were sentencing my brother **Shojaullah** except **Shoja'-al-Din**. They didn't know this assembly plan was to dishonor me. And that adventure was exposed accidentally by Muslim shop neighbors. All members of family were trying to settle the issue with any possible way due to suffering conscience twinge; but my spirit and body were really injured that I couldn't tolerate Shoja'-al-Din and Shojaullah and their behaviors. In this way, I decided to work alone and independent. I passed an educational course for two months in Tehran. My father paid three hundred thousand Tumans to buy a lathe for lens for me, too and in this way I became independent. Although my brother Shoja'-al-Din was always finding fault with me to damage my task in the presence of other customers who were mostly Bahai's and other Bahai's and he found fault with lathing lenses and they were sending back our handiworks.

My father claimed me for share, too. Although he had bought two shops for my brothers; but he didn't claim them for share. Now, I was totally autonomous and that meant the best opportunity to visit the Excellency colonel and proposing wooing issue again; because Marjan was my favorite girl and would make me achieve my wish that was living among Muslims. And that was ideal for me.

For this reason, I begged Marjan's family to have an appointment with them; although Marjan's mother wasn't accepting me. She said:

"My son, our tradition with you resembles water and oil. If you mix them and shake, the oil will go to its place again and water will separate itself from the oil. I swear you by God to let us give our daughter in marriage and follow her destiny. If you don't let us alone, you will waste her future."

I answered back:

"During this period, I was beaten up, I was tortured, I was accused even accusation to robbery; but I abided and abide by my word. So, help me to achieve my wish."

Finally, Marjan's mother's heart softened and I quickly went to the alley ended in my wish houses.

The door was opened and the Excellency colonel had stood on stairs. He invited me in. After greeting, we entered the drawing room and sat. The Excellency colonel started speaking so:

“Well, You were absent for ages, you don’t ask our health, Agha Farhad?!”

I said: I asked your health remotely; but I wasn’t merited to visit you. That is, I was ashamed after that disgrace.

He said: You’re welcome. Now, what’s happened that you remembered us?!

I said: I bothered you to say that I have selected a job as lathing lenses for the time being and I work independently. Thanks God, my income is good. And I say with certainty that I can cope with life expenses. Now, I want to ask for Marjan Khanom’s hand again:

He said: why have you come alone for wooing? Haven’t your parents agreed to come with you and to do marriage proposal customs during this period of time?

I said: I had said to you before, that my family disagree to mention Marjan Khanom’s name and come along with me here; because they are bigoted to their beliefs.

He said: It is impossible. You are young and you have many problems regarding your family and the assembly. They’ll boycott you and you’ll be alone. I’m afraid that you can’t tolerate your problems and you become regretted later.

I said laughing;

“I have previously said my idea and now it is the best opportunity that I achieve to my purpose that is being Muslim and getting married with a Muslim girl who is Marjan Khanom with your help and support and with the help of other faithful and pious people.”

The colonel said:

“Is Marjan aware of this issue? Is she aware of this issue that she will be affected by numerous problems such as lack of money, annoyance and bother of family and the assembly if she accepts these desires? Do you know that you must announce your separation and turning against Baha’ism cult in newspaper in order to achieve your decision that is becoming Muslim? Aren’t you afraid of facing with Bahai’s enmity?”

I laughed and said:

“The Excellency colonel, I dare to confront difficulties. So far, if a person were in my shoes, s/he would be crushed; because I have entangled in two fronts, the family and the assembly. It’ll be enough for you to trust me.”

When the colonel realized that I am determined in the way I’ve chosen, he said:

“It is better to call Marjan and her mother. I hope this meeting would be blessed and bountiful.”

Then the Excellency colonel called Marjan and her mother.

Marjan and her mother had stood at doorsill. She had been like angles wearing white prayer veil. When they entered the room, the odor of rose flower

permeated everywhere. The odor was faith one. It was similar to **Hajj Agha Sheibani's** prayer rug odor. A person who tolerated me for two years and trusted me. I wish I had become Muslim those days and I hadn't come back to Hamadan, at all. Now, I understand why it is said to be in a hurry for a pious act. Maybe, I have been indemnity for stalling and postponing pious act so far.

Marjan's mother said in the meeting:

"The first step should be this stage that Agha Farhad should start to have faith in the presence of a famous scholar and clergyman on divine law. By doing so, I have no problem with reciting marriage sermon. Of course, Agha Farhad can have social intercourse with this house, too until the marriage sermon is registered in marriage certificate and he turns against Baha'ism cult in newspapers."

In this way, I was to go to their house two days later and to announce my being Muslim in the presence of a trustful scholar.

Meanwhile, the Excellency colonel who was a seasoned man turned to Marjan and said:

"My daughter! You know well that the word my daughter is quite real; because you are more cherished than my daughter and; although God didn't bestow me any offspring; but in return He put you and your mother in my way. You yourself know well that at the moment your desire is the most important thing. Especially for me; because I am at the end of the way ..."

At that time everyone of us said may God bestow you 100-years-old lifetime ...

And the colonel continued:

"My daughter, tell us the truth. Do you love this boy so much that you tolerate all kinds of problems living with him?!"

At that time Marjan nodded with gentility and made me full of energy. The enthusiasm for building a better future had created a good feeling in my inner being for a girl who was a symbol of piety and love.

After that confirmation which was more worthwhile than a world, I came to the yard, I stared the pool of the house again. The goldfish were busy moving together with tranquility and without having any perturbation of tomorrow.

The Excellency colonel said:

"What's happened, Agha Farhad. Have you befriended our pool fish well?!"

I envy them; because they live in tranquility.

The colonel said:

"My son, the steady life is worse than the torment of the first night when a person's died; because you have to fight for better life. This fighting makes

life beautiful and you will value your life; otherwise, life will be changed into marsh.”

The last look exchanged between Marjan and me. She was still red due to extreme shame caused by her statement.

When I came out of the gate, I went to see Reza-my future brother-in-law. I asked for his help; while he was visiting me to his house, he said:

“Dear Farhad! I swear by God that this family aren’t against your marriage; but the problem is that you are Bahai. They know that the assembly doesn’t leave them alone. We are from this city and know that what your cult is doing. Although they are really limited under the aegis of Islamic government. God knows if it were the King’s government, they would kill you easily in a shiny day, and then they would stampede your blood.”

I said to him: Dear Reza, I want to be gotten rid of this one hundred-year-old spider web. Pray for me.

An attempt to become Muslim

Finally the appointed day approached and I reminded my shop-boys to tell everybody who called that I’ve gone to Tehran to buy goods. Don’t tell anything else, anymore. Meanwhile, one of my shop-boys who was a Muslim and was distantly related to us drew me aside and said:

“Dear Farhad, I congratulate you now, I hope your way would be a model for all of your relatives.”

I laughed and said:

“What are you speaking about?”

And he said:

“I am speaking about coming back to your origin temperament; but know that I won’t tell anybody. Now, go and save yourself.”

I went to the Excellency colonel’s house immediately. I rang the bell. Marjan’s mother who was ready to go, opened the gate for me. But the Excellency colonel wasn’t there. I asked:

“So, where is the Excellency colonel?!”

Marjan’s mother said:

“He has turned over us this mission. Oh, he is old and should rest more.”

In the passageway of Majan’s house, Maryam and her maternal aunt had stood. Yonder, Marjan’s maternal uncle and her mother’s paternal aunt’s son had stood. We greeted each other and went toward the mosque. They had coordinated with the clergyman of that mosque before. As if I traversed the distance between

Marjan's house and mosque in dream. We were waiting in courtyard of the mosque for the clergyman. It was a quarter to call of Islam when the clergyman entered the mosque. He came to us immediately and said:

"I should ask Agha Farhad some questions in a very short time; because the time for call of Islam has approached. See my son, has your interest in Marjan Khanom caused you to be honored to believe in Islam religion or you have really discovered the idleness of this seductive cult? I said this statement; because you are young and if your becoming Muslim hasn't any scientific and spiritual root, you will be attracted to this cult by the members of you cult and you will make this oppressed girl miserable."

I said:

"Hajj Agha, I had decided and concluded several years ago to become Muslim and my decision and request haven't been made recently that a person wants to relate it with joining this Muslim girl and me; but the issue of marriage caused my decision to be implemented sooner."

During some minutes when we spoke, Hajj agha said surprisingly:

"Your statement show that you are aware of Muslims' customs. Am I right?"

I said:

"Hajj Agha, I have tried to have social intercourse with Muslims than Baha'is since I was 17 years old till now; because I had some questions with no answers. Since then, I have decided to turn against this cult. During this period, especially when I had gone to front voluntarily, I have prayed and fasted according to Muslims. I was always trying to participate in Muslim's mourning ceremonies by any means and I think these deeds have made God bestow me the merit for having the honor of being Muslim and I have achieved my wish sooner than I think."

Listening to my statements, Hajj Agha smiled and said:

"So, This is the time for night prayer. If you can pray, pray with us. I want to speak briefly with you after finishing prayer and leaving worshipers. And then announce your starting to have faith in Islam in the presence of these dear people."

I accepted. People were coming to mosque gradually and were making themselves ready for prayer. We went to the place for ablution. We performed ablution and stood in line for prayer. During saying my prayer, I was feeling nobody is beside me and I am exchanging words with my God alone. I had been extremely lightened. I was boasting; because I can serve as a slave sincerely to my creator at the bottom of my heart from that time on. Anyway, after night prayer, people left the mosque gradually after some minutes. After a short time, Hajj Agha, Marjan's relatives and I gathered in a place. I introduced everybody who

had come with me to Hajj Agha and the clergyman welcomed them. He recited some verses of the holy Quran and said:

“I am really happy with shorting this charitable work that is becoming Muslim of one of God’s slaves. I hope I can perform this important issue with the best manner and we will share with its spiritual reward and satisfaction of Imams (P.H.). Before doing anything, I want to say short and brief but important and essential matters to Agha Farhad; first of all, You have done this issue according to your desire and I hope you can be enduring and sturdy in this way. Second, don’t do this action for everybody’s sake and consider just God’s mercy and charity and ask for His help not anybody else. The more important issue is that ask for assistance of God and nature of Imam (P.H.) whose resources can be found in the holy Quran and Nahj-al-Balagh and other Islamic books in order to gain knowledge and faith in illustrative religion of Islam. And you shouldn’t assume the methods and behaviors of God’s slaves as scales; because there may be many people who are superficially Muslims; but their behaviors aren’t in conformity with the holy Quran and Imam’s (peace be upon them) nature. So, you will totter in your belief. So, don’t consider people as a perfect faith scale of a Muslim. Finally, you will announce your being Muslim inconspicuously here; but it will be better to announce your turning and hate against this cult in newspapers with a wide circulation in an opportune time. Meanwhile, your starting to have faith in Islam should be in the presence of the deputy of top spiritual leader; but because you will have a problem with your family, it is better to hide your beliefs for a period of time. And it is better to postpone it for a suitable time. Now, repeat what I say.”

Then this spiritual words echoed in the air:

“I confess that there is no god but Allah and I confess that Muhammad is Allah’s messenger and I confess that Ali is Allah’s guardian ...”

I repeated these heavenly words, too and accepted Islam with all of my essence.

After the ceremony Hajj Agha wished prosperity for us and we left there. At the end of the visit, he insisted again that:

“Agha Farhad, don’t forget that you should confess and recite the articles of Islamic faith in the presence of the deputy of top spiritual leader and today you are a Muslim whom just some people are aware of your starting to have faith in Islam.”

I kissed Hajj Agha’s face and said:

“Hajj Agha, you returned me to life. Believe that I don’t want Islam for carnal desires. Islam resembles a bridge for me towards light ...”

At that moment everybody uttered the formula of praise and Marjan Khanom's maternal uncle offered sweet to everybody and said:

"Now, help yourself."

And then we went straight to the colonel's house because of their insistence. The colonel welcomed us cheerfully after entering the house. After sitting, the colonel said:

"Farhad, although you have become Muslim inconspicuously; but know that your responsibility has become more than before and it is more likely that your family become aware of this issue and want to create some problems for you and if you need for help one day, you can count on these people and me to help you. Be sure that we don't leave you alone and we will help you as long as we can."

Due to Marjan and her family's insistence, I stayed there for dinner. We spoke with each other very much; as if I am one the members of their family. There wasn't any difference between their guests and me. After dinner, I found an opportunity to tell Marjan's mother my request to tell the colonel to make a decision about it. Marjan's mother said:

"The Excellency colonel, now when Agha Farhad has become Muslim and his main problem has solved, he wants to know whether he can get married with our daughter or not?"

The colonel answered back:

"I myself had guessed this issue that Agha Farhad would ask for such request. I should say that now when he has become Muslim, the marriage vows will be recited for them if Marjan herself and close members of the family and her close relatives agree with this request. Then, whenever Agha Farhad becomes certain about his future life, he can conclude a marriage contract with Marjan formally and they can continue their lives holding a trivial celebration. Now announce if you agree with my statements. First of all, I ask Marjan to say her opinion again."

While Marjan's face had become red due to shame and had lowered her head agreed with special modesty and shyness. Nobody spoke anymore and everybody clapped and congratulated and after some moments they expressed their satisfaction by uttering the formula of praise. After several hours chatting with the colonel, **Agha Karim** and Marjan's maternal uncle I said goodbye to them and went home happily. I wished time had been stopped. I thought to do my tasks sooner and to become independent in order to tell my opinion to my family calmly and confidently and to use the rest of my lifetime with the best manner beside Marjan, her family and other Muslims; while all of my essence had been covered with enthusiasm. When I arrived home, questions and reprimands started. Where

were you?! We called everywhere. Why weren't you in the shop?! And ... In order to be gotten rid of these reprimands, I said:

"Nothing. Gosh! I am not a 2-year-old child to be lost. I had gone to buy coarse lenses. It was a good opportunity; so I went immediately."

My mother who was still distrustful in me said:

"Now, go and eat your dinner. The food is cold. First warm it."

And I said happily:

"Mother, I have eaten something out, I am just tired and I want to sleep"

When I arrived at the room, I fell on the bed and I fell asleep deeply. Early in the morning, I came out of the house. I knew that my colleague Muhammad is waiting for me eagerly. When I saw him, I said:

"I finished my task."

And he said with incredibility:

"Really; that is, you are a Muslim now ..."

I said:

"Yes, my friend, I am similar to you; that is a Muslim who is Shiite and believes in twelve Imams. Believe it. I feel I have been born newly today."

He said:

"Well, this is the time that we should eat sweet."

Then he went out of the workshop enthusiastically and returned soon while he had bought a box of excellent sweet and then he distributed among workers with an excuse.

I was restlessly looking at the clock. When it was nearly 11 I called Marjan's house. Her mother picked up the receiver. I said hello and she answered:

"Hello my son, we have had an appointment with one of clergymen at 4 p.m. to recite marriage vows. Buy an unadorned ring and a pack of sweet when you wanted to come. Don't forget to be there at 3:30 in order for us not to break our promise."

After saying goodbye, I came back to shop and picked up some money and went towards jeweler markets. I liked to buy the best presents in gratitude for Marjan and her family's affection and trust in lieu of me; my money wasn't much. For this reason, I bought a ring which wasn't so expensive; because I knew that if I asked money more than that amount, they would suspect me quickly. I went to Marjan's house carrying sweet in order for the spies of the assembly not to become aware of my activities. I delivered them and I said to her sister that I didn't want our issue becomes finishing touch. Take these things and I'll come out 3:30. I said goodbye. Then I remembered maybe other things would be needed. I said:

“To be honest Maryam Khanom, don’t show courtesy. Tell me if you need other things in order for me not to be embarrassed in the presence of your family.”

Maryam said with magnanimity:

“Don’t worry. My mother had sewn a white prayer veil for Marjan and had prepared it. We need no other thing. Willing God, do an excellent job for the main celebration.”

I called Muhammad and said:

“Dear Muhammad! I entrust the shop to you today. Be careful about it instead of me just for a day. If my family called, tell them that I have gone to eat food or to buy some items or to go to bank and ...”

Muhammad said, too:

“Go and be really relaxed.”

Then I interrupted and went to streets. I was looking at every shop’s clock. There was some time to the appointment. I was standing at window shops without any intention to buy something. I was watching them carefully. I stood against a shop which was selling and hiring out wedding dress for a long time and thought about celebration ceremony.

It was exactly 3:30 when I rang the bell of the colonel’s house and some moments later Marjan’s sister and mother along with some of her relatives and I went to the notary office in Sharia’ti street of Hamadan city; but the manager of the notary office still hadn’t come and I was worried that one of Baha’is spies sees me in the notary office. I said to myself:

“Better face in danger once than to be always in danger. You are newly born; so why you are sad?!”

Finally after some tardiness, the manager of the notary public came and Marjan and I became inside according to religion law.

At that heavenly and memorable moment, Marjan’s face had become attractive and more eye-filling wearing that plain-woven white flowering veil. The innocence of her face reminded me of purity of infancy.

When Hajj Agha found out that I have been a Baha’i and have newly Muslim, he didn’t receive any money at all. He picked up just a sweet and said;

“That’s enough. I hope that Agha Farhad would be grateful about his wife, life and entrance to Islam, willing God.”

I was thanking God, too. And I was thinking that the issue has been finished well and happily. But alas. My prosperity book ended in here. When we were coming back, during the way Marjan’s mother stood on ceremony and said:

“Agha Farhad, we are ready to serve you for dinner. It bring good luck to be with bride’s family in the first day.”

But I apologized and said:

“If you let, I want to go to shop; because my family have gone round Hamadan city, now.”

I quickly went to the shop. I saw **Shoja’-al-Din** sit on a chair and is waiting for me. He was really in a hurry; so he said:

“Hurry up Farhad, repair these lenses. Repair them soon. The customers are waiting ...”

Although I wasn’t really unhappy about Shoja’-al-Din, I did all those tasks because of the happiness of my inner being. He suddenly asked with an ironical tone:

“What’s happened Farhad. You are really happy today?!”

I said:” How ...”

He said: “Gosh! I ordered you to do loads of tasks; but you did them carefully without complaining.”

I said:” Dear fellow, when I do your tasks as soon as possible, you will complain, too...”

At that time my brother became silent and went out of the shop and I breathed with relaxation; because I was waiting for my secret to be revealed in each instance; but he had become distant out of the shop that he came back again. I became anxious. I said to myself: “May God end it in happily.”

He returned and said with a tone of creditors:

“I want the rest of tasks to be done today.”

He went and I did his tasks in an hour. And I said to my shop-boy: Go and give these orders for Shoja’-al-Din as soon as possible.

An hour later my shop-boy came back and said:

“Agha Farhad, I haven’t decided to do anything for Agha Shoja’-al-Din, anymore.”

I asked: “What’s happened ...”

He said:

“Because he is acting like policemen. He makes a person throw up. He is continually asking: Where is Farhad going? Who are his friends? Why was he happy today ... You know that I am Baha’i, too; but today I was embarrassed to be Baha’i and I said to myself: If being Baha’i means meddling with other people’s affairs and spying for others and telling the assembly, I will hate this creed. I don’t know why a Baha’i person changes his/her personality when he/she joins the assembly. And he/she changes into inspector Javert (the negative character in “Les Miserable” story). Now, it is good that Iranian government is Islamic; otherwise, they would slaughter us.

You see that a person is more confident when he/she spies better. I swear by God that ethics classes are hold for educating spies and creating secret

agent. These ignorant crowd think that they will be favored with the Blessed Beauty if they spy.”

At that moment, he interrupted his statement and I said: “ Didn’t you divulge anything? “He said: “He was eager enthusiastically to acquire some news. I made him be in withdrawal.”

And he laughed and said: “The God’s slave thinks that I am mentally retarded”

When I became relaxed, I called Marjan’s house by public phone. She complained me: “Why did you leave after the ceremony?” “It wasn’t good in the presence of relatives...”

I said:

“Dear Marjan, you accepted to understand me in this difficult circumstance. I swear by God that if I went home late, everything would be ruined and ... “

She said: “Don’t use any excuse, we are waiting for you for dinner.”

I said:

“Marjan Khanom, accept my apology if I have defaulted. Anything you say.”

I interrupted and called our house and said: I can’t come home for dinner when suddenly my mom screamed:

“Farhad what are you doing these days? Do you forget we have Ziafat [reception] and we should go to Mr. Ebadi’s house?!”

I said:

“Dear mother, I didn’t know. Meanwhile, I have a lot of tasks to do. For this reason, I have to do my tasks late at night. Ask Shoja’-al-Din that he has brought a lot of orders to doWell, do you say me that I tell to customers: Excuse me sir, I couldn’t do your order; because I am Baha’i?! Well, mother, the customer will refer to the other shops ...”

I came back to the shop and I asked my shop-boys who were Baha’i except Muhammad to finish the orders for the sake of me. I thought they become sad due to not taking part in Ziafat [reception]; but I realized that they were laughing. One of them said:

“We are really exhausted; but lathing is better than participating in reception in order for our soul to be lathed.”

And then everybody laughed. The other person said:

“These receptions are used for ostentation and perverseness. Have you paid attention that a person who donates less money; as if, he or she is suffered from leprosy?! Have you noticed that they ridicule people because of poverty.

Have you ever seen that they send girls and boys in seclusion in order to have documents. They have called it open-mindedness and separation from dogmatism. While if a person speak against their statements, their dogmatism will come through; so that they will pound people.

It was raining cats and dogs. I went towards Marjan's house running. When I arrived their house, the door was a bit open. I saw Marjan in the walkway, I said:

"My wife, are you here?!"

She said: "I came in the walkway waiting for you since you said you would come. I wish you knew waiting is painful. Waiting for a second equals a century."

Then she said: "Wow, you have become quite wet. You will catch a cold."

I said: "Now, you are catching cold... oh! You have stood here in this cold walkway for an hour!"

And Marjan said: "You have been under the rain for hours; so tit for tat ..."

The tired voice of the Excellency colonel was heard:

"My son Farhad, welcome... We didn't know how you put our daughter under a spell ... Because she was waiting for you in the walkway for an hour and was shivering with cold; but she waited ... She is really attached to you. May God make you have a happy ending, willing God. I hope your love to be in everybody's mouth."

Maryam who didn't have any brother called me brother and said:

"Agha Farhad, we don't have any brother; but we possess a brother from now on."

I said to her: "I wished you had called Agha Reza."

Marjan interrupted my words at that time and said:

"Daddy said it is better for this issue not to be dissipated widely. Meanwhile, he should think of a house to take his bride there."

Maryam lowered her head bashfully. The Excellency colonel suddenly said pleasantly:

"Gosh! These God's slaves think that he has meet two mad ladies; because you have attacked him so."

Hearing this statement, Maryam attacked the colonel and the Excellency colonel said: "I surrendered, look at me, my hands are up."

According to Hafiz:

"O' companions, loose the knot from the friend's trees

It is a happy night, so make it long on this account"

Then they arranged a delicious food in the expander. It was so delicious that I hadn't tasted like it before. Then they brought tea and sweet. Marjan's mother who was always worried about her daughters' honor used that opportunity and said:

"You are insider from today on; but Agha Farhad try to entertain yourself with your job; because according to a known statement: There are thousand wine which hasn't been drunk in vine vessel. Of course, The Excellency colonel has taught it to me. I mean, the more you work, the sooner you can become man and wife. Then, let your relationship be controlled in order to be hidden from the assembly."

The Excellency colonel continued:

"We don't tell you not to come here or not to speak with Marjan, I don't mean it at all; but I tell this issue that Marjan and you should be in thoughts of future in order to dominate your problems alone."

Go out together less; because Hamadan is a small city and the people of this city know each other predominantly. If one of Baha'i people see you together before you get married, some problems will happen for you that won't be predictable. And will make your affairs more complex."

After listening to her husband's words, Marjan's mother turned to me and said:

"Agha Farhad, as long as your duties aren't ready and because of your family's sensitivity especially your mother's, don't answer if they backbit us in order not to let them create a problem for you."

If you wanted to see Marjan, you can easily come to our house forever; because you and Marjan are insiders, anyway. If you decided to go out or stroll, I could be with you in order not to aggravate people's sensitivity and inquisitiveness especially our neighbors then."

I accepted and it had become late. I thanked them for entertainments and their guidance. I said goodbye to everybody and went towards home. When I arrived at home, I realized that they haven't returned from the reception. I opened the door with my key and turned on TV to entertain myself. I became busy watching. After some minutes, I heard the door opening. I found my family have come back. My mother surprised. When she saw me, she said censoriously:

"Why are at home? You said you had a lot of work to do and came home late?"

I replied: "Accidentally, I have come recently."

My father suddenly said with a loud voice:

"What will he learn in Ziafat[reception]? Is it a meeting? Khnom Moshiri, the assistant supervisor of the reception praised her daughter from the beginning of the meeting to the end and she was making us feel beholden that we have transmigrated to Hamadan city to preach the Amr[creed] of the

Blessed Beauty and Baha'is behave us differently. Remember their incantation and donating money to offertory box that they were emulating; for instance, that person pays money more and the other pays less ..."

Suddenly, my mother became angry and said: Guy, you are so-called Baha'i. Why are speaking so? My father answered;

"Why shouldn't I say. Moshiri's daughter befriends some Muslims for a while and then it becomes rotten; but this lady kills two birds with one stone. Now, the daughter's mother who assumes herself as the assistant supervisor of the meeting wants to whitewash her daughter's deeds and to attribute her deeds to government. And she says: My daughter hasn't been guilty when she was arrested. Her fault was that she was Baha'i. Oh! There isn't anybody to say this mother we are Baha'i, too then why don't the daughter of other Baha'is disappear?!"

My mother accepted forced by the circumstance and said:

"You are right in this issue; but it was impossible for us to argue with them in the reception and to tell the truth."

My father said:

"Then consider me rightful to tell Farhad you did well not to come. I swear by God that we learned nothing and these two or three hours were distressful for us."

My mother was encouraging my father to finish the argument; but my father continued and said while he was angry about them:

"Basically, who has said that Behrouz Rashedi - Seif Zaddeh - Naeemi and ...to be big shots? Who has elected them? Khanom, do you believe that Moshiri's daughter has been political? The issue that was rotten and she became egregious. The daughter has gone to the north with four or five young boys unannounced. Now, her mother wants to make Joan of Arc out of this depraved girl."

I felt that my rebellion has given courage to shout and oppose. My mother was continually saying: "Guy, don't continue. It's midnight..."

But my father continued and said:

"Shouldn't the members of the assembly been elected among faithful people? Then how is it possible for a person who is more dissolute and inferior to have a higher rank in the assembly?"

Beating on her head and face, my mother said:

"Don't tell such statements. They are basically performing the Blessed Beauty and the Universal House of Justice disciples' orders. I swear by God that your family will be afflicted by calamity saying these words."

As if my father's silence seal which is related to several years had been broken. He said:

“If the Universal House of Justice and the Blessed Beauty’s disciples count on these people, we conclude that they will be tricksters and charlatan like these shitty sons of bitch.”

My mother appealed and said having an astonished face:

“I swear by God that the mercy doors of the Blessed Beauty will be closed on us by saying these statements and will be afflicted by divine torment.”

My father said inattentively:

“Don’t speak about their torment that I have been afflicted too much; but I don’t know what their mercy likes that we can’t see and just some special people can see. Khanom, haven’t you remembered that this “Behrouz Rashedi’s” father tyrannized Muslims and Baha’is so much. Well, now his meanie son has become chairman and has brought people under his dominion in another way. Did you really believe that his father “Shoja’ Rashedi” is really ill that he can’t participate in meetings?! ... No, Khanom, this Excellency Khan has tyrannized and made a mess so much that today he has been hidden in a safe and magnificent villa in order for people not to forget him. A woman whose daughter has ran away with some roughneck men says the Islamic republic has kidnapped her ... oh! Khanom, why do you believe while you know this mother and her daughter?!”

At that time my mother emphasized my father’s constant area of weakness: **“Well, you are drinking alcohol every night ...”**

At that time my father exploded with anger and said:

“If I drink alcoholic liquor, it will have a bearing on me and it is none of any meany person’s business. But, don’t all people of the assembly drink alcoholic liquor and take opium?! Aren’t Shoja’ Rashedi, Zabih Allah, Rajab poors, Hamzeh poors, Khoddamis spreading out free opium and alcoholic liquors every night. A group of people such as your sister’s husband, Samad, Ebadis and Seif Zadehs are going to seclusion with Baha’i girls by doing a stunt or clowning ... Yeah I am drinking alcoholic liquor; but I don’t push my wife ahead to run around with each bastard to joke and go to seclusion like “Ashena” and “Moeeni” and “Moshiri”If these deeds are called faith, so damn this faith ...”

That night my parents voice was in my ears until I slept. I don’t know why my mother was fearing from the assembly. I don’t know; maybe it was due to her lack of awareness; but tomorrow morning when I asked my mother, I realized that she was entitling my father.

I said: **“Well, mother if it is so; why were you arguing last night ...”**

She said: **“I am afraid of the Blessed Beauty; otherwise these meetings have become really meaninglessEverybody just shouts slogan; they do nothing in practice. They do something that is in favor of themselves.”**

Meantime, my mother seized the time and said:

“See Farhad, we said these statements; but don’t go after this Muslim family ... I swear by God that they seek to shed our blood ...”

I said: “First, I haven’t gone; second they aren’t your enemies. You are their enemies...”

My mother said:

“A person who doesn’t accept the Blessed Beauty’s Amr [faith] is enemy.”

I said:

“Mother, then there a lot of Jewish, Christian, Zoroastrian people across the world. Are they our enemies?!”

My mother said: “We have problems just with these Muslims. You must understand this issue.”

I said:

“Dear mother, the statistics say we have two thousand Baha’is in Hamadan, is it true?! I swear you by your children’s souls to answer to this question: Can you find ten intact families ethically out of these two thousand ones?!”

My mother said: “They are bad; but the Blessed Beauty’s creed isn’t deficient.”

I said:

“Dear mother, it is impossible for the greatest the Universal House of Justice not to be aware of these foul deeds. They have let us alone to wiggle round ourselves like worm and to send money to Aka; why don’t Baha’is pay attention to commandments? That is, don’t the Blessed Beauty’s disciples know what has happened here?!”

Meantime, my mother who had ran short in the argument screamed as usual:

“Congratulation! Agha Noor-al-Din, this is your son. You are insulting Baha’is while he is considering the Blessed Beauty’s faith deficient radically.”

When I realized that the situation is inauspicious, I left the house without eating breakfast. I said to myself:

“At last, I will find something to eat in the shop with the guys.”

When I entered into the workshop, the guys were eating breakfast. They made a present and I sat beside them, too.

I understood that they are angry with last night reception, too... . I said surprisingly: “You were here last night... .”

One of them said:

“Agha Farhad, although we hadn’t gone there; but we were affected by it. What would happen if we went there.”

I said: “What’s happened?”

He said:

“After each meeting, our families are fighting with each other and our life is passing with tension till morning. A person who defends is faithless; but he/she just fears. The other person is disgracing the foul deeds of the assembly members. So we have difficulty till morning.”

I felt these meetings just cause commotion and tension instead of creating unity. I felt this can be an end for a cult.

The days were passing quickly. I was going to Marjan's house less earlier in order to consider caution aspects and not to make my family look for any excuses. But the passage of time made this issue less important and I was visiting Marjan more. The new season had started and most of the time, I was going to their house after finishing my tasks. I was visiting Marjan in their house. Most of the time, Marjan and I were eating dinner in a room which was specially being used by her. We were speaking about the future and I was narrating her what had happened during the day for me. When we had a yen for going out, we left the house when it got dark; let there not be seen by one of Baha'is. We were going toward restaurants and public walks. Those nights when alleys were full of snow, we were playing with snow. Sliding on snow was making our happiness twofold. During this period, I was buying clothes, gold and cosmetics for Marjan as presents. Marjan's mother was busy providing dowry for her in order for everything to be ready when we were ready to get married. My income had become very good and we could start our common life comfortably. Finding a house had just been a bit difficult. One day Marjan's mother asked Maryam, Marjan and I to drop in Stone Line for a short visit without saying it before. All of us surprised about this issue that why mother had a yen for ramble in Stone Line. Suddenly, I realized that Marjan's mother was going towards our locality that is Sad Dastgah [one hundred blocks]. I asked her reason, she said: “My son, you don't incur a loss ...”

Some alleys downward our previous house, she went towards a house. She took a key out of her purse and opened the door. I surprised. But I saw Maryam and Marjan were smiling. I said: “Whose house is it?”

Marjan said: what do you yourself think?

I said: Maybe, we are going to rent this house.

While happiness came through out of her face, Marjan's mother said: No, it isn't so. This house belongs to Maryam and Marjan. They have inherited this house. We were renting out here so far.

A tenant who was living here succeeded to buy a house, at last. Maryam, Marjan, the Excellency colonel and I decided not to rent it out anymore. We prepared here for you to live. There are a great deal of new furniture in one of the rooms which have been bought by these rental money. They are Maryam and Marjan's dowries. By considering them, you and even Maryam won't need any gadgets; because all furniture was bought free of deficiency. While she said this

statement, we opened the room door. Its area was nearly 20 meters and it was full of furniture including: refrigerator, oven, television, kitchen accessories, vacuum cleaner and ... Of course there are two of each item; one for Maryam and the other for Marjan. Marjan's mother continued:

“Because my daughters haven't any father or brother and they won't be questioned by their husbands after marriage, I have tried to buy the best necessities for them with the help of the Excellency colonel in order for their life not to be dented. Now please come if you like to live here and to start your new life ... Just separate Maryam's necessities and put in the other room. Thanks God this house is roomy. So live comfortably. Willing God, Maryam will live upstairs if she becomes ready to get married ...”

Maryam also said:

“In regard to Reza's problems ... I don't think I need a house currently.”

And then she said jokingly:

“Marjan, I'll be with you everyday like unexpected death. I don't let you live comfortably. I'll bother you so much that you'll expel me; but I won't break off friendship with you. I'll throw myself into this house with a ladder or a missile like Pink Panther ...”

And then all of us laughed. I decided to express my hate towards the cult of Baha'ism openly in newspaper and announce my having honor of believing in Islam.

I said: “Well, this is my turn to become famous and my photo will be published in newspapers.”

Meantime, Marjan's mother said:

“My son, let Marjan to get her diploma; willing God come and live here with your wife.”

The Spies of the organization

Now, Marjan's mother was cherished for me like a mother; because she was kind with me so much. I was even enjoying her reminder about saying prayer on time; because I knew that faithful and righteous offspring are being delivered to society by such families. All of my delight was to go to the Excellency colonel's house. A person who had become my second father. I was using his guidance so much. I was working so much during the day enthusiastically and at dusk I was moving towards the Excellency colonel's house instead of going to our house. Like a straw who attracts to amber.

When Maryam and Marjan were speaking with the Excellency colonel about this issue that how Farhad has fought with their troulbers because he is bigoted about this chastity the Excellency colonel rejoiced and said:

“This action shows that you aren’t Baha’i, because the Baha’is have been noted not to be sensitive so much about their chastity. You are aware of their gatherings, Agha Farhad.”

And I nodded my head conforming his statement. All of my pleasure was being abridged in that house. When Marjan was opening the door for me, when I was looking at her saying prayer, when we were counting fish in the yard pond together ... And when we were choosing our offspring names. I was saying:

“Dear Marjan, willing God we will give the name of “Masoud” if our offspring be a boy in order to be auspicious. What do you think?!”

And she was conforming my statement and I was continuing: Well, if she were a girl, which name you would give her?! And Marjan was saying: “Mahtab to be coordinated with her brother’s name ...”

And both of us were laughing at the bottom of our hearts. Those days, I was feeling that the perfect prosperity is the one that has been allotted to me.

I went after Marjan at dusks in order to take her home from school. This was routine for me. One night, I saw her come out school with a Baha’i girl. I wanted to hide myself; but it had been late. As soon as the Baha’i girl saw me, she said goodbye to Marjan distrustfully and left. I was at the other side of street. Marjan came toward me and said:

“As if this girl was hit by lighting... As soon as she saw you, she said goodbye and left.”

In order not to offend her pious and pure spirit, I asked her: “See, how much are you close to each other?!”

She said: We sit next to each other in class. She is poor. She herself knows, too; because she has had to befriend with her steward. Her steward is married; but he has asked this poor girl to have affairs with him as long as she is single; otherwise, he will expel her.

I advised her several times, too. I advised her that the chastity and purity is more worthwhile than money ... But she says: Be careless about these words; because if I become unemployed, this man will have affairs with another girl. To be honest, if I ask money, he will offer immediately.

I sighed deeply. Her steward was one of influential people in the assembly. I said immediately:

“Dear Marjan, what about you? Have you spoken with her about your life?!”

She answered me thoughtlessly:

“Yeah, I accidentally said her that chastity are in demand more; because a boy called Farhad and I have recited the marriage vows and we are going to get married soon. And she was continuously asking me: Where is your future husband? What’s he like? And she was eager to see you. She saw you tonight, tooBut I am happy that I have had a good influence on her; because she has cut her relationships with that man.”

At that moment, Marjan asked:

“Well, what was your purpose by asking these questions? ... Do you know this girl?!”

I said:

“Yes, I know her, well. She is Mahasti Rashedi. She lives in Nayeb Ahmad street. She is one of close relative of “Behrouz Rashedi” the chairman of Baha’i assembly of Hamadan. That man who has affairs with that girl is a person who donates a lot of money to the assembly. The assembly has left him alone because he pays money and reports, too even he betrays his wife.”

Then we approached Marjan’s house; but fear could be seen in Marjan’s eyes in night darkness. She said fearfully:

“Farhad, what will happen? I undid unfortunately.”

I said:

“Don’t fear, God is the greatest; but be ready for any possible damage; because this girl won’t have pity on you and I ;while she hasn’t relent her body and she will reveal our secret at least for sycophancy. She has told lies to you that she has befriended that married man just for money; because her father has money enough and this action is originated from the degeneration is Baha’i girls. You are really naive, Marjan?”

Marjan said: “I wish I had become dumb and hadn’t said anything”

I said:

“Now the assembly will use all of its power to separate you and I. But you should know that I won’t surrender.”

I said this statement; but my heart was telling me: “ominous events are going to take place soon.” Then, in order to relax Marjan, I said:

“I will officially announce that I am Muslim tomorrow. You should just to ask Mahasti Rashedi that what is her opinion about me. She may be heartsore about the organization.”

And then I went to workshop to make myself get rid of my deep horror. I was restless there. I came back to Marjan’s house an hour later, again. When I entered; as if that happy house had turned into a house of mourning. The Excellency colonel was continually stepping in the room.

Marjan’s mother suddenly said with a hopeful tone:

“Well, this event has happened now; let’s think together wisely to find a solution.”

At last, after consulting for hours, we concluded that Marjan should tell to her classmate that we were going to get married; but we are currently friends; because our families disagree. Maybe, we will achieve respite in the future.

A division of night had passed when I left Marjan’s house. During the way, a wandering dog had followed me and my only retinue was that vagabond dog. I had nothing to give to that hungry dog. When I arrived home, everybody had fortunately slept. I went to my room to sleep, too. I was dreaming nightmare all the night. I was dreaming the assembly members who were trying me in a court of law and saying: This man must be executed. I woke up disorderedly while my head and face had been covered with sweat.

All my hope was that Marjan would correct her last night words. When I went to shop; as if somebody was mashing in my head and I was dizzy.

I went after Marjan at dusk. I stood at her school gate waiting for her to come. I had butterfly in my stomach. At last, Marjan came and I joined her in the alley and said:

“I reached the end of my rope. What’s up?!”

Marjan said: “I tried to correct my mistake.”

She also said: “Do you know that Farhad is Baha’i?!”

I said, too: “Well, for this reason we didn’t get married.”

The girl also said:

“Do you know I am Baha’i. I see him very much in the gatherings. Even his family have asked for my hand implicitly.”

Eventually, Marjan had told:

“It isn’t important for me with whom Farhad gets married.”

Marjan asked during the way:

“Honestly Farhad, is Mahasti right that you are her proposer?”

I sneered and said:

“I didn’t think of this Mahasti Khanom for a moment during my life time; because she is the sprout of turpitude. Of course, my family may ask for her hand; because the moralistic flawlessness isn’t important for them and being Baha’i is a necessary and enough condition!”

Finally, the incident that every one of us was afraid of it happened.

At last in a meeting of Baha’i youth which was being held on Fridays and its announcer was my maternal aunt **Farideh Ayyoub Zadeh** something happened which was an onset for my vagabondage.

In this meeting, my maternal aunt who wanted to gain higher rank in the assembly by the help of our joining with Rashedi dynasty, had said to “Mahasti Rashedi”:

“I have brought you under control for period of time and today I found an opportunity to tell you that my sister’s family who have four sons have chosen you to join.”

Mahasti had asked audaciously, too:

“For whom have they elected me...?!”

And my maternal aunt had told:

“Our family have elected you for Farhad; that a boy before the last one.”

Mahasti had told, too: “Are you sure?!”

And my maternal aunt had said: “Why?”

And Mahasti had narrated the school event and the issue that one of her classmates called Marjan had affairs with him and even she inquired her that the marriage vows have been recited, too.”

And my maternal aunt had recalled:

“Gosh! The problem of that little Muslim girls finished. That is Farhad himself realized his mistake through our guidance.”

But Mahasti says:

“What do you say it finished?! I saw them two nights ago. They were going hand in hand and going home. They weren’t aware that I saw pursuing them.”

Of course, my maternal aunt had tried to control the meeting routinely; but she had immediately gone to our house after the meeting and when she hadn’t find my mother, she had left our house angrily.

Several nights after, my grandfather invited all of his children and grandchildren to his house for dinner that; for example my maternal uncle, maternal aunts and their kids get together. I rejected to go there as usual, too; because I knew that all the discussion is about this issue that: When Americans will change the system of government and other nonsense... .

At that time, my maternal aunt had narrated all **Mahasti** words in details for my mother. She had hit her head and face. And all relatives had become aware; specially my maternal uncle who is one of the members of 3-people committee of Hamadan assembly. He had also echoed the adventure so:

“Muslims mislead our Baha’i youth recently in order to misguide Baha’is. And then they achieve their ominous aims which is separating them from the Blessed Beauty’s religion. This event were happening for others by today; but today we see that my sister’s son that is Agha Farhad has been trapped.”

Finally my maternal uncle promises everybody in the gathering to solve this problem in the assembly; but he makes condition not to let Farhad know that his secret has revealed.

The conspiracy by the assembly

When I came back home at night, there was nobody at home. For this reason, I went to my room to sleep. I was nearly sleeping when I woke up by the sound of house door. My father was really angry and was continually cursing. I came out of the room to see what was wrong; but as soon as I said hello to my father, he shouted instead of answering my hello back:

“Idler, foolish tad ...”

I didn't pay attention; but he shouted again:

“I am addressing you, depraved tad. Is it clear that where you are going days and nights with the excuse of going to work?!”

And I remained silent again. My father shouted once more:

“It is good. We invest our money and this foolish boy works hard like donkeys; then he spends it for dishonorable people ...”

I just said; dear father, I don't know what you mean. My father gave me a strong slap and I opposed: “Why are you cuffing me?!”

At that moment, my mother, my brothers and father attacked me. Meantime, my father shouted:

“You will realize, now. That is, we will make you understand, idler boy. You thought we are donkey and you can hide each matters.”

My 9-year-old sister, Arezou, was the only person who sympathized me. She was continually screaming:

“Dear daddy, I beg you not to beat my brother ...”

I wanted to save myself out of continuous clipping and kicking; but they had locked all the doors in advance in order to mangle me in captivity. They were beating me like a stranger or it is better to say like enemy.

Finally I lost consciousness and for a moment I opened my eyes when I saw Arezou crying for me.

My poor naive mother was crying instead of mediating:

“You had promised the assembly not to beat him. Now, how can this boy go to the assembly with this appearance?!”

Shoja'-al-Din suddenly said:

“Don't fear, mother. Affairs proceed smoothly without the assembly permission; because they had recommended to beat him again if he didn't become complaint.”

My father said: “It is impossible.”

And Shoja'-al-Din went towards the phone and dialed **Rashedi's** phone number and gave the receiver to my father. As if he was returning a feat, my father said:

“Now, listen to the assembly orders with your ears.”

It was 3 a.m. when they expelled me out of the house.

I had been surprised because of my durability. I felt it is from Islam; otherwise, I might be killed under their punch and kick.

I remembered that I was swaggering when my brothers were fighting; but now I had come up with an idea to go to police station to complain my family. It was really cold in Hamadan and I was wandering in alleys wearing a bloody underwear and underpants and I was barefoot. When I arrived at our house, I saw that my mother was putting my clothes and shoes out; but as soon as she saw me, she closed the door. I wore my clothes with extreme torment. There wasn't the shop key in my pockets. But my money was untouched.

Several hours later I was at the Excellency colonel's house; but I was embarrassed to ring the bell at 3:30 a.m.

At that moment the police car light attracted my attention. As soon as I turned back, I saw two personnel were coming towards me. As soon as they saw me, they asked:

“What are you doing with this appearance, youngster?!”

I wrestled with my family due to a problem. That is, they made me so. But I don't want to complain about them.

The second policeman asked: “Now what are you doing here?!”

I answered compulsorily

“I am one of the Excellency colonel's relatives, I was going his house.”

But the first policeman said:

“The Excellency colonel is our friend. And we didn't know you have a social intercourse till now.”

The other policeman said: “We can test.”

At that moment he took my hand and rang the bell of the Excellency colonel's house. After a while, Marjan's mother opened the door and saw me having bloody head and face. He asked surprisingly:

“What has happened, the Excellency captain?!”

And the policeman said:

“This young man claims that he is your relative. Is it true?...”

Marjan's mother conformed crying. After police left, I narrated the adventure for Marjan's mother silently; because everybody in the house had slept.

Marjan's mother took me upstairs. The fireplace was burning and it was warm. Then she brought warm water, cotton and disinfectant materials and said: “I am ashamed, mother. I wish we had gone to a round-the-clock infirmary.”

I said:

“I swear you by God not to tell Marjan anything about this issue. Let her go to school with relaxation tomorrow.”

And then I became busy washing my injuries. Pain was expanding all of my body by putting the cotton soaked with warm water on wounds. And blood was permeating in the basin gradually.

At last, I made Marjan’s mother agreeable to go to sleep and that dear woman was just saying with embarrassment:

“My God doesn’t forgive those who have made this innocent young man so.”

When Marjan’s mother left, I cried because of extreme pain; because I couldn’t sleep on each side of my body.

On the other hand, I had been exhausted that I fell asleep despite of excruciating pain. At that manner, I was thinking about this issue that how enduring is the lord of all creatures?!

I opened my eyes hard by hearing Marjan’s wailing. I said:

“I had said you shouldn’t be announced about my situation.”

Marjan said: “I have come back from school as you wanted ...”

I said:

“Ignore my wrong doing. I am always carrying and bringing mishap instead of tranquility.”

She said: Farhad, you are being beaten because of your beliefs. You are tormenting for the sake of me; otherwise everybody loves tranquility; but you are proving your manliness and faith. Then she brought warm water and applied an ointment after washing my wounds.

I said:

“Dear Marjan, your meeting is the best embrocation and I am even ready to face gallows for being Muslim and existing with you.”

At that moment, Maryam entered the room crying, too. She said:

“I had seen these kinds of fights in the film Godfather so far. But these people are worse than Don Corleone.”

And I answered:

“Mafia and Don Corleone are better than these people; because Don Corleone respected his family; but I have been trapped in a cult that is worse than mafia; because I myself heard that the people of the assembly were ordering my brothers to tear their consanguineous brother to pieces like hungry wolves. Although those animals aren’t ripping each other, too. But in Baha’ism lexicon, everything exists from promiscuity to ...”

Marjan interrupted my statement:

“I was guilty. I wish I hadn’t told anything to this depraved girl. I wish I had been dumb.”

I couldn’t move myself; for this reason I begged the Excellency colonel whom I was calling him Manoucher because of being intimate with each other to drop in on the shop. Despite of old age, the old man accepted to drop in on the shop at that extreme doleful cold weather. The old man was continually saying:

“Be strong my son, I had told you to count on me in any situation.”

But anyway I myself knew that he tackles with a lot of pains.

At that situation, **Marjan, Maryam** and their mother were looking after me like angels. Sometimes, they reminding me to say my prayer and I was saying pray in a sitting position and performing ablution with earth instead of water. And this spiritual aspects was making me attached to this family; while my family’s suggestion was getting married with a girl like “Mahasti” who had had affairs with a married man and according to her she was receiving a great amount of money from her master. The members of the assembly knew this issue, too; but because “Mahasti’s” paternal uncle was one of the assembly mandarin, everybody was desirous of getting married with her in order to gain power more in the assembly mafia.

After passing some hours, the Excellency colonel didn’t return. Marjan’s mother was extremely anxious. She was continuously repeating:

“I am afraid that these ungodly people might afflict this old man with calamity.”

Finally the Excellency colonel returned exhaustedly.

Marjan’s mother said:

“I was really anxious, sir. I was continually saying they might afflict you with calamity.”

And the colonel said:

“These people are afraid of their shadows. These people act treacherously against this young man who venerates.”

After resting a bit, the colonel said while he was panting:

“Dear Farhad, they have gone to the shop and have dismissed all of your Baha’i workers on behalf of the assembly.”

I said: “pardon? Have they dismissed? Who permitted?... Without setting accounts with them?!...”

He said:

“You are ignorant, dear son. They have gone and said that the assembly has said working here is religiously prohibited. And they have settled with workers. Just one of workers hasn’t delivered and left the shop. His name is Muhammad. He has said: Agha Farhad himself should order. I’ll just obey his order. I won’t obey Baha’i assembly”

And I reminded:

“Muhammad is a faithful Muslim. He distributed sweet when I became Muslim. I expected him to do so.”

And I continued:

“Now at this situation, I should go to the shop in any way possible.”

At that moment, Marjan and her mother said together:

“Do you get fed up with your soul. They are unfriendly. They’ll beat you to make you deformed. Wait to be able to stand up. Your clothes are surely wet; because I had washed them.”

I said, too:

“I think I have venerated my parents so far; but from now on I try to stand against them.”

That night, I had moaned so much in dream that the colonel himself had come to my room to sleep never I become nauseous; because I had been beaten up so much that I was observing blood in my urine and this issue had made the Excellency colonel to be afraid. Of course, I didn’t tell this issue to anybody else; because they might be afraid.

Early in the morning, the colonel went to his room to rest a bit in order to compensate his last night sleeplessness. Marjan and Maryam had gone to school, too. Suddenly somebody rang the door bell. I said:

“Who is ringing the bell so at this time; as if he/she is carrying a bounced check. Maybe, hot haleem is burning his/her hands. I wish the Excellency colonel doesn’t wake up, God’s servant ...”

But Marjan’s mother smiled bitterly and said:

“I am anxious. I am afraid that they come here, too ...”

And she went toward the door ... As soon as she opened the door, I heard my brother **Shoja’-al-Din**’s voice who was trying to speak like sleazy film actors. And then he showed courtesy to a group of Baha’is without permission and said:

“See, is it the colonel’s house whom everybody says he kidnaps people’s sons?”

Poor Marjan’s mother who had become pale. She had newly understood that they aren’t the colonel’s friends.

And Shoja’-al-Din made a speech once more:

“We had already reminded you not to harass our family and then we wouldn’t see each other; but as if nobody has hastened and obeyed ... Now tell your husband come; because I want to speak with a man.”

And Marjan’s mother was appealing:

“Sir, be quiet for God’s sake. We are honorable in this locality.”

And Shoja’-al-Din answered:

“First, he who plays with a cat must expect to be scratched. But, no; as if, there isn’t any man in this house. Maybe, the timid man has hidden under the table”

At that time I had become impatient to go to the yard and answer to Shoja’-al-Din; but the colonel said:

“See my son, I have already had a heart attack. For God’s sake be wise. This young man is mad, but you are wise. Do you know they’ve come to this house to fight with you and scandalize. I swear you by Marjan’s soul to tolerate.”

And Shoja’-al-Din’s voice echoed in the yard again:

“I address you who have gone to mouse’s den. We have both power and money and connection to expel the retired Excellency colonel not only out of this locality; but also out of this country and affairs to proceed smoothly.”

He said this statement and told his last word with the same letters:

“I had just come to give ultimatum to you. No more else. You’ll know then. Sincerely yours bastard people.”

He went and hid the door firmly. Poor Marjan’s mother was thrilling severely and she was continually repeating: “Alas! I became dishonorable; that is, were the neighbors aware?!”

Nodding his head as a sign of regret, the colonel said:

“There will be no place for us to live in this locality if this situation goes on.”

And I remembered the American Universal Declaration of Human Rights which were being casted from the foreign radios about Iranian Baha’is concerning this issue that they have no freedom and they are being tyrannized and etc. While they are so free in this country and this system of government that they attack to other people’s houses, threat and commit thousands of illegal actions. I said to myself:

“I wish the correspondent of one of these media or representatives of western human rights were here and provided reports; although this report wasn’t being allowed to be broadcasted; because they are just issuing just news which introduce Islamic regime as a bad one; even if, they were merely false.”

Hesitation wasn’t advisable. I should finalize my issue with my family. For this reason, I put on my clothes; while Marjan’s mother was continuously appealing:

“Agha Farhad, I swear by god that these people are unfriendly. This time, they will make you deformed.

I said:

“Dear mother! How long should we wait. How long should this respectable old man and your spirit be tormented.”

I said this statement and moved towards my father's shop after saying goodbye. When I was passing alleys, I said to myself:

"I wish my childhood periods of time hadn't finished; although, that period coincided with torment, pain and terror; but it was better than all these ramblings and being beaten."

And I thought again:

"Farhad, how long do you want to be hit on the head? How long do you want to be taken captive by the assembly? How long ..."

When I entered my father's shop, I saw my brother **Shahram** who was working. He looked at me in irresponsible manner. As if nothing's happened and I haven't been beaten up by them to death. He was alone in the shop. When I moved forward a bit, I felt fear signs in his face. Then he took a knife out of the drawer and hid it under his worktable.

I went towards him and said:

"Is knife-stabbing a new lesson of the assembly?! Or a present from the Blessed Beauty?!"

My younger brother whom I loved very much took out the knife hearing this statement. I held his wrist quickly and took the knife out of his hand by some impacts and threw it out of the shop. Then I carried him away to storeroom of the shop and said:

"Weren't you embarrassed that you clobbered your lonesome brother like wild people?"

The more I tried to overcome my anger, I couldn't. For this reason, I clobbered **Shahram** fully and said:

"I clobbered you to know and remember that if you wanted to confront or fight with somebody, you should stand against him/her individually and valiantly; otherwise, fighting six or seven people with a person isn't an indication of bravery and manliness."

I came out of the shop and went towards Bou Ali street where it was my brother **Bahram**'s meeting place. First I asked about the owner of a stall where **Bahram** was standing there. He said: "He was nearby. He was chatting with his friends.

I suddenly saw **Bahram** next to one of his friends' car in an alley below. He was narrating the story of punishing me for his friends. I went forward and said: **"Are you speaking about your manliness?!"**

I turned to **Bahram** who was looking at me fearfully and couldn't say anything and said:

"You said six or seven people fought with a person. Have you tear your brother like hyena?!"

At that situation, several of his friends apologized me and said we didn't know they have afflict you with such calamity; but his two friends who were of boycotted Baha'is said:

“No pain in their hands. They wanted you not to be trapped by wolf like Muslims, poor man.”

Hearing this statement, I attacked them. I am not a strong and muscular person; but as if a strange power had collected in my body at that moment; so that those two bigoted Baha'is escaped at those early minutes of fighting. And then I went after my brother. When I raised my hand, he thought I wanted to beat him. He suddenly burst into tears. I felt his pride has been broken in the presence of his friends. I put my hands around his neck and kissed his face and said:

“Don't cry. Whenever you wanted to fight with somebody from this time on, fight valiantly.”

And my brother said crying:

“I swear by God that Shoja'-al-Din was guilty. That night, he intrigued everybody so much that the incident happened. Shoja'-al-Din's aim was satisfaction of the assembly.”

I suddenly found out that Bahram's face has become a bit red during tangle. I kissed him and said to his friends:

“Value our brother and never leave him alone.”

Then his friends were looking at me woefully, I went towards my maternal uncle's optical shop where my brother **Shoja'-al-Din** wasn't working anymore.

When I arrived at the street, I look a cab and I got off at Sharia'ti junction. I walked towards the shop. I saw Shoja'-al-Din for a moment who was coming toward me; but when he saw me, return to the shop immediately. I couldn't approached him. For this reason, I waited for him for some minutes to exit there; as if, he had discovered that what I meant. My waiting was vain. I decided to punish him in the presence of my grandfather and my maternal uncle who was one of assembly members. I entered the shop. I said hello to my grandfather and my maternal uncle who had sat in front part of the shop. I heard Shoja'-al-Din voice in the workshop and I said: “Is Agha Shoja'-al-Din here?!”

They were unaware of the issue; so they called Shoja'-al-Din and said: “Agha Farhad have word with you.”

Shoja'-al-Din became compelled to come out the workshop. As soon as I saw him I said with apparent anger in my face and voice: “Come out the shop for a moment. I have a word with you.”

He said: “Come forward. You yourself have a word with you.”

I attacked him fast. Before my reaction by my grandfather, maternal uncle and my maternal aunt's husband who had become anxious about my rough voice and had stood beside him, I punched him some. He shouted: Impede this madman. My

maternal uncle and my maternal aunt's husband took my hands immediately and my grandfather who was unaware of the issue of that gave a vigorous box in my ear and said:

"Have you become too rough that you beat elder brother in public?"

Because I respected him a lot, I said to him: Ask himself why I am beating him. My grandfather said:

"Sit down and tell me what the matter is?"

I narrated that night issue in details for them.

Hearing my words and looking at Shoja-al-din who was silent and his nose was bleeding, my grandfather became too angry and turned to Shoja'-al-Din and said:

"Bravo, Agha Shoja'-al-Din. Were your father and those some big shots and you going to show your Zeal and manliness by doing this action? If you dear, you can prove your arm power now when your brother and you are alone. How can you be called human being? You specked brother hood reputation by doing so."

My maternal uncle shouted angrily yonder:

"Didn't I tell you not to react? Why didn't you listen to me? I was to speak with Farhad. Maybe we convinced ourselves through speaking and might draw a good conclusion. Now, how can I scrutinize his action while your family and you behaved so?"

My Shoja'-al-Din answered back:

"Before coming to grandfather's house, Mr. Rashedi said he had behaved and he encouraged us to beat Farhad."

Once again my grandfather along with my maternal uncle shouted angrily and simultaneously:

"Rashedi was dammed wrong to issue you such order."

My grandfather continued while all of his body was trembling due to extreme anger:

"We suppose that a stupid person like Rashedi issued such order; so were you in lack of brotherhood affection that you attacked your brother with extreme impudence and perfidy and clobbered him? Get out of sight soon; otherwise, I will order Farhad whom I am his grandfather to beat you here in public so much that other people and those who had supported you that night come and take your dead body. Be thankful of God that we prevented Farhad. Go and tell your father that Farhad would kill me and I couldn't speak with you if he saw me out of the shop. May God damn you. You are really devilish."

At that moment, he turned to me and said:

"Let this bastard person leave the shop for the sake of me."

I couldn't tell anything. I had become calm spiritually. At the end, I just asked my maternal uncle:

“Uncle! It is Baha’ism religion that you say contains all human excellence?!”

My maternal uncle lower his head and said nothing.

After saying goodbye, I walked towards my own shop. When I entered the shop, **Muhammad** my Muslim friend embraced me:

“Where are you, cavalier?! I was worried about you.”

I said: “They hit a punch and they received the counterpart.”

He laughed and said:

“These Baha’is brainwashed us so that I thought Baha’ism is heaven.”

They were saying:

“As soon as you become like us, we will send you to Austria. We will take a Baha’i wife for you. Go everywhere in the world after two years. If you like to go to university, please come. Please come if you are skillful in technical activities. Be a physician even if you like.”

I said:

“I will tell you as a freed Baha’i that these statements are all false; They are behaving old Baha’i people so. Now you expect them to take Iranian Muslim youth abroad. All of these are temporarily attractive part; but as soon as you entered and couldn’t advance return, they would make your life as a hell.”

At that situation, I saw my maternal uncle’s car at shop window. He was looking for a place to park his car at the other side of the street in front of my shop. My father had also sat in front seat. I said to my friend:

“They came again. I don’t know what their plan is again?”

And after saying goodbye, I left the shop. At that condition, my maternal uncle was continually calling me and I was trying to pretend I don’t hear his voice.

At that moment, my maternal uncle came near me and shouted:

“Farhad, I am calling you. Show reverence toward your father at least. Hell! Your uncle.”

I wanted to be silent; but silence wasn’t warrantable, anymore. I said hello and continued:

“Uncle, I have totally venerated; but I swear by God to say me that in which cult and creed a person is being torn to pieces due to expressing his/her belief. I ask you who say you send Baha’ism publicists to African jungles in order to make wild tribes Baha’i: do you want learn life method and custom so?!”

Now tell me: Is it useful or necessary for us to speak while you know my father along with my brothers and even my mother crushed me under their hands and feet like strangers?!”

At that situation, my father got off the car. His eyes were tearful. My uncle said: “Farhad, go forward and kiss your father.”

I said laughing bitterly:

“Father? How can a father observe his dear child while his/her darling is being beaten up to a pulp. In which creed and the holy book an offspring is being treated so.”

My father came towards me. He put shop and house keys and some money in my pocket and said:

“Come home tonight, your maternal uncle will come there, too. We want to be together.”

And then he said goodbye and left.

Muhammad who had stood below never something would happen to me. He said:

“Agha Farhad, I act impertinently. I am afraid that it will be a trick. It isn’t believable that your family regret in just night.”

And then he continued:

“I didn’t say these statements to, God forbidden, disunite your brothers, your father and you. But it is fall to me that the method of their behaviors are going to be changed; because they have felt they can’t be successful using the policy of iron fist.”

I thought about Muhammad’s statements for hours. I felt his statements were said for benevolence not for disunity. When I wanted to go home, I said to him:

“Dear Muhammad! I don’t know what they have planned for me. Pray for me.”

And then I went toward my father’s house; but I couldn’t advance. I was feeling that my memoir house has changed into my wish slaughterhouse now. But I tried to forget everything just for respecting my father and mother. But this deep wound couldn’t be forgotten.

When I entered our house yard, I didn’t expect to visit to visit Mr. **Rashedi**, Ms. **Naeemi**, Mr. **Ashena** and **Shoaullah** who was to be in Malayer city in our house drawing room. As soon as I entered, they stood up and I just said hello instead of **Allah Abha**.

I felt they were taken aback badly; because not saying this term had too much meaning for them.

Bahram was the first person who shook hands with me and kissed and after him **Shahram** and **Shoja’-al-Din** and other people did, too. Mr. **Rashedi** was the last person who embraced me smiling unnaturally. But I was seen the flame of hell fire in his look. The more he was trying to hide his essence, the clearer I could see evil smile in his face. After paying his insidious respects. I went to lower part of gathering and sat. Suddenly my maternal uncle and **Rashedi** offered me as if a

great mistake has been made: “Dear Farhad, come and sit upwards. Why did you sit downward?!...”

And then they took me away and seat me at top of the gathering. Whatever **Naeemi, Ashena and Rashedi** were saying, they were receiving cold answers by me; but they didn’t pay attention that they have embarrassed. At last, my uncle started speaking when he found out that they aren’t successful.

“Speaking in the presence of these dignitaries is similar to carrying coal to Newcastle. But these dignitaries and dears have gathered here to settle an issue by arbitration. An issue which ended in disintegration of Baha’i life of dear family of Amr Allah. We thank the Blessed Beauty who created the fragrant flower of unity out of hate thorn that I hope Jahandideh would be grateful of this miracle; because obviation of this displeasure is one of special favors of the Blessed Beauty bestowed to this family. Asking permission of the dignitaries of the assembly, I ask the father of this family to perform the Blessed Beauty’s orders who said: Fighting and altercation has been and is the earth’s rapacious animals’ rank!!”

At that moment I wanted to say:

“I myself have seen these earth’s rapacious animals in Baha’ism.”

But I remained silent and then my father made a speech and said:

“Finally each fighting is followed by peace especially among Amr men and women and especially when they are son and father. I apologize my son Farhad and I hope he will forgive his brothers and me.”

Meantime, my uncle said:

“Farhad, don’t reject me who has asked for a favor. Don’t let people say later that you were the agent of disunion. Forgive them. Everybody is ashamed here.”

And then my brothers apologized me one by one and kissed me. And then my father and mother kissed me crying and sighing and asked me for forgiveness. In continuation of meeting I suddenly felt that Ms. **Naeemi** and Mr. **Ashena** and **Rashedi** were really upset. I was right; because they stood up immediately and said:

“Well, we should leave here for the other meeting.”

They went toward the yard with a bitter manner. They were whispering with each other and weren’t aware that I had stood behind them with an excuse. Naeemi was saying:

“We were following an aim; but the result became reverse! We’d come here for this guy to confess his wrong deeds; but his maternal uncle spoiled everything. Nobody wasn’t to apologize this rude guy, at all.”

And **Ashena** continued: “How many times has this guy gain advantages so far?!...”

And then they left the house grumbling and complaining. I understood then that my maternal uncle has changed the assembly statements according to his desire. Maybe he had found out that if that night didn't end up conciliation, I would be set free from them. And I wish I had been set from and my maternal uncle hadn't exempt morally and I had dealt with those assembly members; because I could tell my words frankly and I could continue my life forever. A calm life with Marjan in every part of the world. A place where we can stand in direction of Kiblah and pray.

When the meeting finished, my mother prepared dinner and we ate together; but the silence talisman had covered our house. My maternal uncle's attempts weren't effective. Then I went toward my bedroom. My own room had been strange for me, too.

The next night, I went to Marjan's house and explained the adventure. And they accepted me again kindly and said:

“How good that you conciliated with your family. Thanks God that displeasure changed into affection.”

They didn't know all these games have been organized in order to remove them out of my life ... But Marjan said while she had a bad feeling concerning this conciliation;

“What are your plans now, Farhad. When will you announce your Muhammadanism officially. When will you tell the issue to your family. How long this policy of brinkmanship should be continued?!”

I also answered:

“I think they should be confronted to done action ...”

Marjan said surprisingly:

“What does it mean? That is, do they let us live comfortably ...?!”

And I answered:

“Dear Marjan! We will have a lot of opportunity until you finish your lessons. Let me justify the issue for them in the course of time. I will tell them whether I get married with Marjan or I won't get married with anybody else. Well they will relent at last. Won't they?!”

Marjan, her mother and the colonel were just silent.

Now, I didn't have any problem with my family, anymore and the problem had been seemingly solved according to them. I was selecting several hours to go to Marjan's house in order not be suspicious for my family. Several night I was telling my family that I am going to shop to work. There wasn't any telephone line in the shop. I was going there. Then I turned on shop light I was leaving the light on and was going to a house which I supposed it was the safest house in the world.

One or two months passed. The issue of joining Marjan and me even going and with each other became habitual for everybody. Even sometimes, Marjan along

with her mother and sister were coming to my workshop. We were all together by the end of my exertion, then we were going for a ride together. Then we were going to Marjan's house together. We were eating dinner and chatting. And I came back home late at night.

One night in one of relatives' party, ladies asked me: "Agha Farhad, how is Marjan Khanom?" And my mother said in my ears: No, problem, you can't ride a camel and be inconspicuous at the same time. I have related the adventure for them. And my maternal uncle's wife said: "Then congratulation, Agha Farhad, when should we eat sweet?!"

I said: "Willing God, we will be in your service in its appropriate time."

Meantime, my mother told:

"Of course, dear Farhad will conclude a marriage contract with his wife according to Baha'i custom and then they will go to public notary to conclude Islamic marriage contract just like my paternal; aunts' son and your maternal aunt's daughter who have done two cases and now they are living. The other issue is that our bride should gradually be familiar with Baha'ism customs. I think the Blessed Beauty has been gracious with her to be Baha'i.

And the other issue is that cover and veil means being fogeyish in our creed; so it's better for her to be similar to other and not to cover herself in gathering and parties and to forget her veil. For example, what will happen if she dances with you in youth party?!"

I wanted to answer her back; but I let up, again. I wish I hadn't relented and I had answered that I don't like my wife to be exposed to Baha'i men's lewd eyes. I don't like my wife to dance with a hulk man...; but I just said:

"We have much time to g married. We aren't in a hurry; of course, she may attract me, too."

My mother suddenly said angrily:

"I have brought up son to be the Blessed Beauty's slave. I want my bride to be all Baha'i people's sister. She may damned wrong to steal my so..."

Maternal uncle's wife said: "Of course, we haven't see the bride's photo yet." And I brought her most recent photo out of my wallet honestly and showed them and everybody said laughing:

"Well, now it is clear that Agha Farhad has become fascinated in all of these beauties that he has been enchanted..."

And I murmured due to pain:

"Her highest virtue isn't beauty. Her highest virtue are her chastity, solemnity, and innocence; otherwise, a doll is beautiful, too."

Meantime my mother said:

"I should speak with this family tomorrow and I'll tell them the family conditions."

And I said:

“Dear mother, bride’s family usually make a condition not groom’s family. I am not an important person scientifically, artistically and technically; so let up.”

The calmness before storm

Since that time, anxiety overmastered all of my essence about this issue that what would happen when my mother would meet Marjan’s family with regard to previous records. I had butterfly in my stomach; for this reason, I was restless in the shop. It was noon when I went towards telephone booth and called Marjan. After greeting, I questioned: “Had my mother come to your house today?!” Marjan said: “Yes, why?!”

I said: “Has any argument been created, God forbidden...?!”

He laughed and said:

“Come here and listen to my mother. She will explain you what has happened... Eat your lunch here, too.”

I entrusted the shop to Muhammad curiously and headed off toward Marjan’s house. I was thinking to myself: what were those previous behaviors and last night statements? There has surely happened a fighting between Marjan’s mother and my mother. But, no ... Why didn’t Marjan tell anything to me if so? I entered their house. After greeting, I said:

“Well, I came listen about what’s happened in details...”

Marjan laughed and said: “Why are you pale now?”

And then she laughed with her mother and Maryam ...

Then, her mother said:

“Agha Farhad, your mother was here; that is, I insisted her to come in the yard.”

I said: “Well, what did you say?”

And she continued:

“Nothing, your mother said I had come to make inquiry about your family; but I realized all people of your locality admire you. Now, I have also come to tell you Farhad’s and our life in details and then she said: My name is Ziba; I have five sons. My last offspring in my daughter who is 9years old Farhad has been born before her. We are Baha’is and the organization makes decision for us; that is, if Farhad wants to act according to his decision, he will be boycotted by the Universal House of Justice’s order in the first stage and in the second stage his share and has opened a shop for lathing lenses. Of course, apologize me that I speak frankly; but these statements should be said.”

Marjan's mother continued:

"Of course, I replied that we don't have the organization to make decision for us. You should ask your son, Farhad, whether he accepts these conditions or not. We as Muslims have the power for our life and we don't have any decision maker. We ourselves even selected cover and veil, too. Second, if you think a problem may happen for you, we will be really to leave Hamadan city in order for your family not to be afflicted by any hurt and problem, God forbidden."

And your mother answered:

"Farhad's father is a carpet seller and all of his brothers are busy in glasses and lens jobs. Just Shoja'-al-Din has gotten married among them we have a hand-to-mouth salary and we no problem financially. We respect Farhad's election, too."

Willing God if they got married, they would come to live in upstairs of Farhad's paternal house; of course, your daughter is free to do her religion obligations. Of course, Baha'is are brothers and sister according to the Blessed Beauty's order and cover has been eliminated in our creed; but your daughter is free to decide."

I said surprisingly: "That is, did my mother say these words? Without any entanglement?!"

Marjan's mother said:

"Yet I answered back: You spoke about inheritance and I should say that no offspring thinks about his/her father and mother's death and inheritance. The best assets for a human being are faith, purity and health. But I ask you to let Farhad and Marjan live in Marjan's Father's house when they get married."

Your mother nodded her head too and said:

"Alas, it became late. Jahandideh and kids are coming soon and they are going to eat. I should go to provide food for them."

I asked surprisingly again:

"That is, did your statements end with these words and did my mother express her consent?!"

And they answered happily and cheerfully. But it was fallen to me that this was calmness before storm. My mother's implicit satisfaction caused Marjan's family to familiarize me with their relatives in Qorweh and Sanandaj cities. We traveled there several times and we had a great time.

Marjan and I had been attached to each other so much that all relatives were speaking about us as a typical of a successful couple.

I was totally passionate. I was working more than my potential. I bought some lathing machines and I employed a worker for each one. Muhammad was

supervising them, too. My income had been really good and everybody was satisfied with that situation. I even tried to behave my shop-boys right and to pay them extra salaries. They were working enthusiastically, too.

Months passed and summer approached. A season when it resemble spring in Hamadan city. And this issue caused Marjan, her mother, Maryam and me to spend most of our time in nature. One day we went to park, the other day we went to Ganjnameh complex and Boulevard ...

The orders had become several times over because of shop-boys' speed and accuracy; because all customers were looking for good exertion. I was too busy that I couldn't call Marjan for four days. I suddenly called the Excellency colonel's house with conscience twinge feeling; but nobody answered. I became anxious; so I called telecommunication office and they said this line doesn't have any problem. I was puzzled. I went towards Marjan's house frenetically. The door was closed and the kind face of Marjan and her mother didn't appear in the threshold. I asked neighbors. Nobody was informed of them. During the period of our acquaintance it was unprecedented for Marjan to go everywhere without coordinating with me. And then I was really anxious about their absence ...

I dropped in on Marjan's grandmother, maternal aunt and uncle and relatives; but nobody was aware of them.

I suddenly remember to visit Parvin Khanom, Marjan's mother's intimate friend who was our neighbor for a while. I ran towards their house rashly. I was similar to mad men. Fortunately, she was aware of them. And she said unflappably:

"It isn't matter, they have gone to Qorweh to visit Marjan's maternal aunt for some days."

I said:

"But they were always informing me, didn't they leave me a message?!"

And Parvin Khanom said imperturbably:

"No, should they leave you a message?!"

I weakened due to her answer. I had a sudden fear. Finding out my feeling, Parvin Khanom continued: "Of course, they'll return today or tomorrow."

When I arrived home, I encountered my mother's questions. She was continually asking: "Farhad, what's wrong? You are stressful and ..."

I also confided and said:

"Dear mother, it has been unprecedented that Marjan goes everywhere without coordinating with me. Now they have been absent for five days..."

Looking for their area of weakness for a period of time, my mother said sympathetically:

"Coming events cast their shadows before. See Farhad, this is the beginning of your life. How can you control your wife later?!"

I said:

"Mother, I unburdened with you to become relaxed; but you are giving added pain to me."

And my mother said conscientiously:

"Farhad, don't show weakness so much. You have done these actions; so they are misusing you."

I felt that arguing with my mother was vain; so I picked up the phone and took it upstairs in order to speak with Marjan comfortably if she rang. But she didn't call.

Tomorrow was Friday and it was the best time to find Marjan. I went to their house early in the morning. Marjan's maternal aunt opened the door fortunately. But as if she strange with me. I said at doorway:

"I am Farhad. Did you recognize me?... "

And she answered standoffishly:

"Marjan isn't at home. They are to come several hours later ..."

I surprised with all of these alienation in Marjan's maternal aunt's speech. He didn't endure gain and said:

"Excuse me. Tell them that Farhad had come and was really worried about you if they came."

And Marjan's maternal aunt closed the door unfriendly without saying goodbye.

I came home; but I didn't dare to tell anybody my complaint. It was 1:30 p.m. when the phone rang. When I picked up the receiver, I heard Marjan's mother's voice who said formally and lifelessly without answering back my hello:

"Did you have any word with us to come to our house?!"

And I said restlessly: "Hello, I was really worried about you. Where are you, indeed?!"

And she said without answering my hello back: "In Marjan's grandmother's house ..."

I said: "So, I'm coming."

When I said this statement I saw that Marjan's mother asked me impersonally not to go there. I surprised; but I interrupted without waiting for the rest of the words. I went towards Marjan's grandmother's house.

When the cab stopped, I saw Marjan's mother getting on her sister's husband's car to go to their house. I said to taxi driver: "Please pursue this car. I rent your car exclusively."

The driver said: "Youngster, I am not befitting for doing this action ..."

I said:

"My brother, these people are my mother-in-law, wife and sister-in-law. They aren't strangers ... I'm not James Band, too."

The taxi started moving. We approached to Marjan's house. I got off and I paid taxi fare. Marjan's mother who felt that I was following them, closed the door

anxiously; but I kept on doing. I wanted to know what my fault was that everything has been changed during four days?!

I knocked the gate. Marjan's mother opened the gate and I entered the house without saying any word. I passed the yard. I looked at the house pool. One goldfish was dead floating. When I entered the room, I asked angrily and fretfully:

"I didn't understand what you did. Everybody has become strange with me. Those whom I were more familiar for them than any other familiar person!"

Meantime, Marjan's mother said:

"Farhad, think there isn't any relationship between you and my daughter. Leave here and never come back, anymore."

I said:

"Why, what's happened?! Have I committed an infraction?! Why are you speaking coldly with me?"

And she continued:

"Nothing's happened. I just like to carry my daughter's dead body dying in youth on my shoulder instead of marrying."

I said:

"Tell me what's happened in order for me to defend myself at least like a person who is condemned to death."

And Marjan's mother said distrustfully:

"Let's see, you mean you are unaware of everything. Agha Farhad, why do you feign ignorance?!"

I said: "I don't feign ignorance."

She said:

"Where were you at the beginning of the week. You even didn't call for four days."

I said:

"I swear by God that you make a mistake. Customers had placed a lot of orders. Then I also rang to apologize that I realized that everything has disturbed."

At that time Marjan's mother said: "Now, do you want to know what has happened?!" then, listen carefully:

"We went to park last week. During this period of time a person calls forty times. The colonel picks up the receiver; but he/she disconnects. The poor colonel had taken pill to sleep and to forget his pains. The colonel doesn't disconnect the phone never we call. He has been worried about us ... Then we arrived home and the colonel said: A person has called so many times that I wanted to hit my head to the wall. I don't which unseemly person knows our

phone number that has made us cornered. I had taken pill to sleep. They had made me poor. This bastard telephone was ringing continuously, too."

Then the phone rang again. As soon as it rang, the colonel said it is that son of a gun. Khanom, pick up the receiver. Maybe this son of a bitch speaks. Aha Farhad, do you who it was? I said surprisingly: "No, who was it?!"

Marjan's mother said:

"Your mother. She said: I am Ziba. I have a word with you tomorrow. She threatened me a lot."

Then I asked:

"Were you calling here so many times and disconnecting? Well, why didn't you speak with the Excellency colonel? You know that the poor colonel ill and he slept."

Your mother said proudly: "I didn't want to speak with a man."

I answered, too:

"Well, you could at least ask when Marjan's mother came back. And you weren't making this old man annoyed."

But your mother said suddenly:

"I did these deeds for several hours in order to avenge the torment you created for us for a year and a half."

I said:

"Ziba Khanom, I realized that you are upset about us; while I don't know what our fault is?!"

She said:

"I have grievance you from the beginning of the adventure; but willing God, when we see each other, we'll speak."

And then she interrupted without saying goodbye. At that situation, the colonel who had fumed said having a feeling that I haven't seen during my marital life with him:

"Khanom, except Farhad, all of his family members are dangerous. I don't mean they are dangerous; but a dangerous organization is ordering them. Have they let us have a calm life since the first day of our familiarity with Farhad?! Now my niece who is a dentist want to continue this misery series along with Farhad?!"

I swear by God whether you become satisfied with this marriage or leave here with your daughter; because I am old and can't tolerate these of her and spends lot of money for her. Most importantly, she will get rid of all of these war of never."

I said:

"The colonel, you are angry now. You love Farhad like your son."

And the colonel said:

"Khanom, I have lived during all of my lifetime with honor and tranquility. I served in police situation in the king's period of time; but there isn't and I haven't had any bad record. But by arriving this boy in our life my and your calm life seas have become blustery. One day they fight each other like gladiators and hit each other to death. The other day, they come to our house like gangsters and dishonor. Now the neighbors don't say anything; but there are thousands of words in their eyes. You should be insightful to realize.

I don't want to confront Baha'i organization at the end of my life; for they are dangerous. They even kill human. America and England support them, too. For example, they may kill Marjan, God forbidden, and the American radio reports Baha'is have killed one professional murderer of regime in order to defend themselves. And we can do nothing.

When we refer to judiciary branch, our right is receiving just blood money. Ten people will undertake the murder; so nobody will be executed.

You have time by tomorrow morning to announce the result to me. Marjan should get married with an educated Muslim person or I divorce you."

Marjan's mother continued:

"I also postponed the answer to visit Ziba Khanom, your mother."

Marjan and I spoke that night till dawn; but Marjan said:

"I agree to go to my father's house for the sake of Farhad; but I don't want a person asks for my hand."

Then she said:

"Except what I said, I'll kill myself and she cried till dawn."

I was worried about your mother, Ziba Khanom's, arrival in the morning. She came, but guess how ... First she said selfishly:

"I summarize the story; because my sister is out of house and I'll speak with you in this yard ..."

At that moment, Marjan was pale; because she was afraid never your mother created a lot of noise and she was trembling.

Your mother suddenly regained her previous statements and said:

"To be honest, we can't digest the issue of Farhad's marriage with a Muslim girl; because the organization will boycott us. Don't be satisfied with collapsing a family, too. Your daughter will have proposer."

I said too:

"Ziba Khanom, you are speaking in such a way that we have found our daughter. To be honest, your son has created difficulties and troubles for us since the moment of familiarity. We haven't had a good day during one year and a half. We don't hold anybody fast, too. Control your son and we'll do the rest. I swear by God that your son would become an addict or runaway if we didn't have mercy on him ... Go and thank God..."

Your mother said happily, too:

"A bad penny always turns up; of course, if you let."

I said us well: "Goodbye."

Meantime, Marjan's mother continued: You didn't call for four whole days, too. We also said: Then mother and son have accorded. If you remember, you called three or four times a day and then you didn't call for four whole days. Poor Marjan couldn't suspect you again. She said:

"Mother! I should hear these statements by Farhad himself and then I will decide."

We went toward your shop at 9 a.m. We asked about you. You weren't in the shop. We didn't know Shoja'-al-Din, your brother. He asked us: who are you to tell Farhad? And Marjan said: "If he came, tell him that Marjan had come."

But your brother suddenly said impolitely:

"I think my mother has said these statements to you. We have already said that leave Farhad alone; but as if you haven't paid attention. If Farhad loved you, he wouldn't deserted you. Now leave here soon."

And I said:

"Sir, your brother persists. I wished you had had half of his politeness."

And Shoja'-al-Din told:

"Poor people, Farhad has come after you to commiserate you. He wanted to do charitable work and to make an orphan happy; because he has found out that you are fatherless. Evidently, you have exploited him so much; because our brother is tender-hearted."

At that time, Marjan couldn't continue standing up any more I said:

"Sir, don't talk impertinently. As if we have followed you. Your family have shown nothing but beating and cursing! If you had pity, you wouldn't crash your brother under your hands and feet. Now here are you and to your brother. Willing God, become full of age with each other."

When we arrived home, Marjan feel like a dead body. Fortunately, the Excellency colonel had slept. We were afraid him to be awakened and to tell: Now, did you think?! Of course, we didn't dare to tell him that Shoja'-al-Din trampled our character; otherwise, the colonel had a heart attack. At last, the colonel came and told:

"Did you think? All of you know that I am well-intentioned for you; but you are losing everything in this regard; while my sister's son welcomes and loves Marjan eagerly."

Marjan who had awakened recently didn't say anything and was silent. We took Marjan to her room, anyway. And she had become pale like a dead body. I put her to bed and she said:

"Pull a blanket over me and leave."

I insisted to bring something for her to eat; but she didn't accept. At last, she cried and said:

"I beg you to leave here. I want to be alone."

We left her alone compulsorily and came downstairs. Maryam and I didn't know what to do till noon. We were ignorant about her. I suddenly said: "Go and see whether Marjan is ok or not?"

She went, came back soon and said: "She is asleep."

The colonel came at 1:30 and found out that we are upset. He had preferred not to ask us anything for the time being. He ate lunch and became busy watching TV. I said:

"I'll go to drop in on Marjan to take her downstairs to eat lunch."

I went to her room. She didn't reply whatever I called. I took her hands. I discovered that they had become cold. I asked the colonel and Maryam for help. They came and helped. I saw some soporific tablet packs which were empty under her bed I found out that what's happened. Marjan had taken three, 10-pill packs. We took her down the bed hard with the help of the colonel; while, Maryam and I were crying. We dressed her immediately. We took a taxi and took her to Sina hospital; while she was unconscious. After washing her stomach, nurses said:

"If you took her to hospital a bit late, she would die."

Marjan opened her eyes slowly and she screamed angrily and hard while she realized that she is in hospital and hasn't died.

"Why did you carry me here and didn't let me get rid of this damned life and ..."

That time, Maryam called your house several times, too and narrated the adventure for one of your brothers once and for your mother twice or thrice; but they responded:

"It is none of Farhad and our business and don't include Farhad in this adventure and disconnected."

Anyway, Marjan became dismissed after an hour and we carried her to home. We had recently arrived home Marjan's maternal aunt and her husband who had come to Hamadan city from Qorweh city as guests came to our house to say goodbye. When they observed Marjan and realized the issue, they insisted Marjan and me to go to Qorweh city with them; but before leaving, the colonel came to your shop once and you weren't there again. Anyway, he agreed us to go to Qorweh city and he was continuously emphasizing that not to leave Marjan there. Leastwise we went towards Qorweh city; although Marjan was contrarious. The colonel also said:

"As long as you haven't come. I'll disconnect the phone by telecommunication office and I'll go to my sister's house. Whenever you came, call me to come back home."

Now, you see I am here. I've just come here to take some clothes and other things. I'll go to my mother's house and come back to Qorweh city to be in the presence of Marjan and Maryam.

While Marjan's mother was narrating the story, I was crying and couldn't stop my tears. I was remembering Marjan who has tolerated so much pain and difficulty and has heard shocking words. She has become too disappointed to be forced to kill herself; whereas, I totally unaware of the adventure. I said to Marjan's mother:

"I had a lot of work to do till Tuesday that I couldn't even call you once and I am totally unaware of the statements my mother has told to you and of separation from Marjan. My mere guilt was that I was really busy working for four days that I forget myself, too. I wanted to save much money in order to live better with Marjan not to live with anybody else. I swear by God that I am totally unaware of these statements. According to ancient people: Listener should be wise. You are the source of wisdom and accomplishment, too..."

Eventually I begged Marjan's mother to let me go to Qorweh city to prove that I am guiltless and to speak with Marjan.

But Marjan's mother didn't accept and said:

"No, forget it. You know what will happen if Marjan's maternal aunt sees you, she will behave you badly. All family members assume you as the cause for these miseries."

Execrating Baha'is, I said:

"That is, you say I separate from my wife while I am sinless. But can't I defend myself?!"

In short, I made her satisfied by insisting so much to go to Qorweh city; but we should have gone to Marjan's grandmother's house. When we arrived at this honorable woman, Marjan's mother said:

"Let me go in first to explain for them a bit."

I stood at the gate. After a while Marjan's maternal uncle came and embraced me:

"Agha Farhad, ignore our wrong doing. We judged pessimistically against you."

I cursed Baha'ism assembly again; because the assembly of Hamadan was the cause for all these miseries. Finally, Marjan's family came out to go toward Qorweh city. During the way, Marjan's maternal uncle said:

"In the king's period of time, Baha'is have mafia in Qorveh; but now their number aren't the same as those of an alley. After Islamic Revolution they left and now the rest of them don't dare to parade."

I got dark when we arrived at Qorweh city. Marjan's maternal uncle called his sister's house and said: we have quests. Put the house in order and came back to

switch his car. I haven't had such a long journey during my lifetime; because each of its moment lasted as much as a century.

Marjan's maternal aunt's house were located in one of average localities of this city. A house which her husband had bought it by taking out a loan from Education office. When we rang the bell Maryam opened the door; but she became amazed visiting me.

I said:

"Maryam Khanom, did you also believe that I have rejected manhood customers?!"

And she became ashamed and stepped aside. I said O' Allah and we entered. I asked: "Where is Marjan?!"

Maryam said:

"Because maternal aunt said that we an alien wants to come to our house as a quest, she went upstairs and said she was bored."

I asked them to permit me to go to Marjan's room to appease her. But her behavior was precipitate for me; because as soon as she saw us, she went out of the room and said in the kitchen addressing her mother and maternal aunt:

"Who has brought this man here? Surely he has come to commiserate; but I don't need anybody to have on me. I also don't have any word to tell to a person who doesn't have the same word and action. Why don't you believe that everything has finished between this youth and me...."

Alas, my God. Marjan didn't even call me by my name. Now as if she was stranger in relation to me.

Then she left nervously, went to bedroom, locked the door, and then she screamed: "I don't come out here as long as this man is here. That's all."

I went at the door and called her crying; but she didn't answer. But I continue:

"Dear Marjan you are right to be upset about me; but believe that I was totally unaware of this issue. You yourself told me your lesson is going to be finished, you yourself said to me to work more to develop our future. My mere quilt was that I worked four days and nights to earn more money; but I didn't know these ungodly Baha'is play such act."

Marjan opened the door and became busy collecting her things and said:

"If this Excellency doesn't leave here, then I'll leave."

I said hastily; because I felt my persisting and speaking were painful for Marjan:

"Marjan, if you think I am causing the problem, I'll leave here in order for you to be relaxed."

I said this statement and came downstairs without saying goodbye. Marjan's maternal aunt's husband who was a respectable instructor said in order to mediate: How soon you become tired, Agha Farhad?!"

I said:

"During this period of time, I have tolerated any kind of misery; but I haven't become tired. You don't know how painful it will be if you aren't allowed to defend yourself in the court."

Ahmad Agha, Marjan's maternal aunt's husband who encountered that situation, said:

"Well, what do you do now, Agha Farhad?!"

I said: loo Take me to a boulevard where I can exit Qorweh city in order to go to Hamadan, that's all.

He said: "Have you come here to come back ineffectually?!"

I said: "Yes, it is better for you and me to go around the city. I am sure that Marjan's mother will tell her the facts. Then, the circumstance will be calm and you can tell Marjan that you have been deceived."

Qorveh city is a small city and we went around the city by division of the night and spoke.

After a while, Ahmad Agha stopped near his house. We got off and Ahmad Agha said with sweet laughing:

"Agha Farhad, I think the situation has become favorable."

He was right; because when we arrived their house, Marjan's anger had been decreased. At that time, I went to Marjan's room. She was crying and saying: "Farhad, I don't want you to feel sorry for me..."

I said:

"What is compassion. Nice girl, I love you was beaten up to death for the sake of you; but I didn't complain. I suffered a lot of miseries. Do you call it compassion?"

And then while both of us were crying, I said her that we had been trapped by such a tainted plan.

Some moment later, Ahmad Agha, his wife, Maryam and Marjan's mother joined us, too. Meantime, Ahmad Agha said:

"Agha Farhad, it is obvious that the assembly keeps on doing. Even if it ends in some innocent people's death. They want to separate you; because your separation will be a model for other Baha'i youth."

I said:

"You are right; because in Baha'i cult just the number of members is important. They have built a prison as big as a city. Our jailer are the assembly members. Every city has a assembly, too."

At that time, Ahmad Agha who was a seasoned man said:

"For this reason, I said that both of you should predict ways to confront them if you want to get married and live with each other. These Baha'is

records show that they hire people and do thousands of illegal and illegitimate deeds in order to achieve their goals. Then be firm."

I also said:

"The best way for me is to participate in Friday partyer leader's office tomorrow and to convert to Islam formally and to announce my aversion to Baha'is."

And everybody conformed the suggestion.

Early morning after eating breakfast and according to predetermined plan, Marjan's maternal aunt's husband took us to bus station. We got on a car and headed off towards Hamadan city. After we took Marjan and her family to their house. I went toward **Friday prayer leader's office in Hamadan** along with **Mahdi** who was totally aware of my life. As soon as we entered, we asked for visiting. But they said he wasn't in Hamadan; his successor was present and we could visit and tell our words to him. After a while, we went to his room. Saying hello, I stated my issue as follows:

"Hajj Agha, one of our friends, his family and all his relatives belong to Baha'ism cult and he has decided to separate from this cult and to convert to the true religion of Islam. Now, what should he do to achieve his ambition?"

Listening to our statements and congratulating us due to initiate such action, he said: Where is he now? We answered: He has sent us as his representatives to ask you about the condition and actions that he should do to achieve this aim in order for us to make him aware. He himself will pay you a visit directly next time. He answered back:

"Your friend must come here in order for us to speak to him and we will answer himself. Maybe you fail conveying our message and words to him, God forbidden."

I realized that I should reveal the issue. For this reason, I introduced myself expressing shame and apologizing and said: "I am the very person about whom I spoke to you. That person is sitting in front of you."

He surprised at first and then asked:

"Then, why didn't you introduce yourself at first?"

I replied:

"Hajj Agha, because I didn't want you to be exempted to tell all the condition just due to respect my feeling."

He accepted my reason and congratulated me once more due to my decision I had made. He applauded me because of such decision I had made. Then he asked: Tell me why have you made such decision if it's possible? Why do you want to convert to Islam? I said: Hajj Agha, since childhood when I was observing Muslims who were doing religion duties without any compulsion and were making

love with God, holy prophet and holy Imams amorously, I was saying: I wish I had been Muslim, too and had expressed military toward my belief. Then, I went to war zone voluntarily to do my military service. I became so enthusiastic about Islam religion having close and intimate relationship with innocent and faithful people there. After finishing the war and returning, familiarizing with a Muslim girl and her respectable family made me more enthusiastic about my wish. Now, I want to convert to Islam to get married with this Muslim girl. He asked:

"Have you just made such decision among your family and relatives?"

I said:

"Yes, I am just deposed to Islam among my family. Now, I am in your service."

At that spiritual atmosphere, this clergyman's speeches were interesting for me; because he wanted to know what my reason for my tendency towards Islam was; whether I wanted to act obstinately or my tendency has been due to awareness. Then I remembered Baha'is assembly behavior that tries to deceive the youth by vain promises. The successor of Hamadan Friday prayer leader said:

"My son, at first step you should participate in a meeting in the presence of Friday prayer leader and recite the article of Islamic faith."

I said: "I have already done this action in the presence of one of clergyman of this city..." And he replied:

"My son, you did the best. But it is better for you to recite the articles of Islamic faith in the presence of another gathering; because you have decided us to be observers, too. Then, it is suitable to send a copy of you ID card and two photos to one of newspapers and to announce your honor of converting to Islam."

Another issue is that after converting to Islam, you can be gradually familiar with Islamic commandments such as: prayer, fast, a fifth of the property which is given to the Islamic treasury, Pilgrimage to Mecca (Hajj) and holy war through studying."

Meantime, looking for excuses due to weakness and inaction, I said:

"Hajj Agha, should I confront my family supposed that holy was against Baha'is were announced?!"

And that clergyman responded:

"My son! No divine religion have emphasized respecting parents and supreme rank of family as much as the true religion of Islam. I feel you are looking for excuses; otherwise hundreds of strategies and stratagems have been predicted in the religion of Islam in order for a person who has newly converted to Islam not to be in a predicament. Then you mention a note among thousands of issues which is less likely to be happened."

And I didn't want to believe my lack of confidence; so I said:

"To be honest Hajj Agha, I am not able to confront my family, to fight with them or to kill them."

And he answered:

"Islam is the religion of affection, bonhomie and devotion. The announcement for holy war is used when the integrity of country or Islam has been endangered ... But I feel you aren't ready to convert to Islam spiritually and ideologically. Of course, I don't blame you; because it is difficult to separate from family and to subject being tested."

After saying goodbye, I was annoyed by the clergyman's speech. Now when I am thinking I realize that I had lost the power for understanding Islam totally. Maybe, I still didn't dare to be separated from Baha'ism truly. And I was looking for another guilty person through projection.

When I came back with my friend, I separated him. I was wandering in streets. Then I went home. I didn't complain anybody at home about those events; because it was totally vain. I went to a lonely place and made myself busy with listening to Iranian classic music and I crooned with the singer of late Farroki Yazdi's poem:

My life was a gradual death

I assumed as lifetime those years I was in throes of death

Tomorrow I went to the Excellency colonel's house. Marjan had cried till morning. It was totally obvious out of her eyes. And then I said everything to her family honestly. The Excellency colonel answered:

"Agha Farhad, I am not an Islamist; but you must accept all the commandments of Islam if you want to be Muslim; otherwise your following the religion of Islam will be transient. I mean you should turn to Islam with awareness, wisdom and love; otherwise, you will tremble easily by a light wind if you convert to Islam having unstable faith. This is our condition for you to get married with Marjan; otherwise, our path will be separated from each other from here."

He said this statement and left the house.

The seasoned old man was right. He wanted me to turn to Islam with firm faith and belief not with a transient feeling. He wanted Marjan's future not to be in a corona of ambiguity.

But Marjan said angrily:

"Mom! Farhad has converted to Islam, so it isn't necessary for him to repeat this program again."

Maryam said too:

"In this way, this God's slave will be released from printing photo in order to wrestle with his family again."

And this juncture, Marjan's mother who was silent disappointed me completely and said:

"Daddy was right. That is Agha Farhad must recite the articles of Islamic faith officially in Friday prayer leader's office and announce his aversion towards Baha'ism cult officially in newspapers. Otherwise if Agha Farhad wants to come here in hope of seeing you, I will refer to law. If my daughter oppose, I will deliver her to police."

A false pride overmastered me at that moment; so that I was annoyed by Marjan's mother's right statement. I wanted to leave Marjan's house without saying goodbye. Suddenly Marjan's voice studded me with nails:

"Farhad, what are you going to do now? You know I can't leave without you."

I told, too:

"My dear, I will do what they said. Now the Excellency colonel should renounce his conditions."

I started at Marjan's house pool. Another goldfish had died. And its dead body had wandered on water.

I went to the shop and became busy working. I wanted to sleep there at night. But there wasn't any place in the shop for sleeping. I went home; because I had no shelter at that city. Now I had to be silent in the presence of those who had annoyed me so much.

I went to my room. I switched on the tape recorder. I lived with the poem of this lyric more than music:

**You were butterfly
In Maryam's dream
Your wing had been broken
You were grief-stricken
Ah O' wayfarer
Restless night singer
A fish's death
A floating on water
O' love, I am the loneliest without you
I am moon's loneliness, I am the earth's rancor
The song garden's fall
Arrived without you
The night poem
Became my night cry ...**

I was crying while my mother and my 9-year-old sister Arezou entered the room. My mother asked: "What's wrong, dear Farhad ...?" why are you too disheartened?!"

I wanted to shout: Dear mother, beloved mother who give birth to me and suffered hardship for the sake of me! That is, you don't you know what is my grief? Don't you know have done with me and my destiny according to the assembly order?! I said nothing. And I just said:

"Nothing, mother!!"

At that time Arezou my little sister came towards me sorrowfully and kissed me and told:

"Elder brother; why are you too sorrowful. You aren't happy like before. Do you remember taking me to park and excursion?"

Being obvious what her intention was by starting the issue, my mother interrupted Arezou's statements and said:

"Dear Arezou be quiet for a moment to see what your brother says. Do you have news of Marjan and her family?!"

I said: "I am unaware of her."

My mother said: "But you still didn't forget here, did you?!"

"To be honest, I can't forget her at all."

And my mother who as if found a solution said:

"I know what they have done. They have given something to you to eat; otherwise you aren't competent to love. You were even laughing at street friendships."

I said:

"Dear mother! What do you say? Marjan's sister is my friend's fiancée. I also thought I myself could elect my life partner like all human beings. I didn't know ..."

And my mother interrupted my words and told:

"Suppose that your father, brothers and I were satisfied and you could get married. Then have you ever thought about this issue that what we should say to the assembly? How can the assembly of Hamadan answer the assembly of Tehran and how can the assembly of Tehran answer the Universal House of Justice? Think a bit, my son."

I said:

"It is none of the assembly's business to make any decision about my future and people like me. Everybody, a lot of people get married; but we as Baha'is are miserable; because the assembly must conform the competence of marriage partners. Who are the assembly members?! I swear by God that they are the most criminal."

At that moment my mother superficially let up and didn't become angry as usual and said:

"Now where you insist, let me speak with your maternal uncle and aunt in order for them to make the assembly satisfied with this marriage."

A week passed. Calling Marjan in brief was my only delight during this one week.

Some days later when I came home from shop, my mother said:

"Farhad, as if you are achieving your wish."

I said: How? She said:

"Your maternal uncle and aunt have spoken with the assembly. Now, you should go to a place to do some usual tasks. Willing God your problem will be solved by receiving positive answer."

I called Marjan. Eventually she agreed to visit each other in a where my mother had determined at 1 p.m. that day.

I stood in the alley where Marjan's house had been located one hour sooner. At that time, I saw Marjan's mother who was coming towards me. I said hello and she answered back and said:

"See Agha Farhad, I had prevented you to visit and come here; but you were visiting each other. I said this matter to know my kids never tell lies to me. Now, Marjan has narrated all the adventure for me; but I am afraid they have provided a trap for you and they may deliver effective blows to us. I am a mother that I've grown my offspring hard. You should understand me, too."

I also said honestly:

"Dear mother, I swear by God that they've told me to go with Marjan at 1 to solve your problem."

Marjan's mother said:

"And you believed that they have commiserated for you and my daughter. My son, should you be delivered some blows to be punished?!"

I said: "Anyway, come this time for my sake..."

But Marjan's mother was right; because this time they performed another plane to shoo Marjan and her mother away.

As soon as Marjan's mother visiting my mother and aunt, they went to a corner and spoke. Suddenly, Marjan's mother became furious and held Marjan's hand and said: Let's go, dear daughter. As I had told, the plane has just been changed. I asked out of desperation: "What are they saying?"

And Marjan's mother said:

"Now they are accusing my daughter as a lecherous person. Now, they are saying: we should see an obstetrician in order to conform that you daughter is virgin! But I'll do this action giving ultimatum. When I received my daughter's virginity certificate, then I would make a condition. What an

impudence. Of course, you should obey this condition; otherwise, everything will be finished."

I remembered degradations exist among Baha'is. The assembly do all kinds of foul deeds; but all of them are ignored. Even a person like **Mahasti Rashedi** is acceptable to them having all those records; because they say these actions are necessary for youth. Then, it won't be surprising if hundreds are done by the name of youth meeting. Even, Baha'i men and women establish houses for their turpitudes by the name of preaching Baha'ism and weak-willed Muslims will be trapped.

Meantime, Marjan's mother said:

"I have buffeting answer for this plane, too. And nothing is more crushing but chastity and purity of a Muslim girl."

Eventually, the doctor conformed Marjan's virginity. At that moment, I turned to my maternal aunt and my maternal uncle's wife and told:

"Were you surprised that Marjan is chaste and pure in contract with rotten Baha'i girls. Of course, you should be surprised, too; because you haven't seen chaste person so far. If a Baha'i girl is virgin superficially, you should ..."

At that moment, Marjan interrupted my statements and said:

"Farhad, I beg you not to insult anybody now when they have become disgraced."

Meantime, Marjan's mother said triumphantly:

"Now, your son has just one way. Announcing being Muslim officially and expressing aversion against Baha'ism in newspapers and that's all."

Then she headed off and disappeared with Marjan.

At that moment, silence wasn't allowable for me, anymore; so I said:

"I as a stupid should have known that you have planned. Did you think that you can dishonor this mother and girl with your statement? Did you see that they accepted your insolent invitation with purity and honesty in order to make you understand that they don't belong to Baha'i girl's class and they are pure like the flowers."

And then I headed off my shop brokenheartedly. But I felt that Hamadan city has become dark for me. So, I came to shop and mentioned necessary recommendations to the kids and I went to Tehran. I stayed in Tehran for a few days. But I didn't dare to call Marjan; because I was ashamed because of my family's deeds. But no, maybe I was flinching responsibility!

When I called, the Excellency colonel picked up the receiver. I said hello and he answered coldly and said:

"Dear tyke, did you escape when you were trapped in hardship. Now, we haven't see you for several days. Is it true that you left as alone? Let me speak with you frankly. You are timid and don't have necessary self-confidence..."

I said:

"I had a problem with Jihad. That is, what's my duty if a Jihad commandment is issued against Baha'is?"

The colonel laughed bitterly and said:

"Dear tad, don't use any excuse. I was in Friday prayer leader's office yesterday and we spoke with each other. Yu have understood the issue badly. Maybe, you were looking for an excuse to shirk responsibility and you are using it as an excuse now. Otherwise which Baha'i person who has become Muslim has been ordered to kill his/her father or mother?!"

I said:

"The excellency colonel, I am not afraid of anything. Marjan is my insider and for this reason I have a legitimate responsibility."

Suddenly the colonel said:

"Privity! We frustrated the privity common-law marriage yesterday. But I think Marjan can't bear the ominous plans of the Baha'i assembly. Do us a great favor, too."

I said enthusiastically: "Yes please...?"

The colonel said: "Go out of Marjan and our life. Like a stranger..."

I said: "Is it Marjan's statement?! How is it possible for privity common-law marriage to be dissolved without the husband's permission?"

He said: "call her tomorrow to speak with her; but the common-law marriage is canceled as long as it hasn't been proven that you become Muslim."

I said: "I'll come tomorrow..."

He said: "You have remembered that your family have dishonored as and you were married after a week. You have remember that you stand you statement... He said this word and interrupted."

And whatever I called, nobody answered. I headed off towards terminal. I was thinking about the colonel's words during the way. He was right to complain. But I had come to Tehran because of extreme shame; but they believed I had come to Tehran to shirk responsibility. I was similar to those who have suffered from hypersomnia. My heart was painful. Because human being thinks that he himself or she herself is right.

Immediately I went to Marjan's house after entering Hamadan. But the door was closed. I rang in different hours; but nobody opened the gate.

A door which was open for me forever had been closed for me today; as if it had been closed for centuries.

I headed off aimlessly. I suddenly found myself on Abbas Abad hills where addicts gather there. A place where I hadn't dared to go even once.

A division of the night had passed and I was thinking about my ominous destiny till dawn.

It was 9 a.m. when I stood up. Each addict was busy with self-destruction and I went down the hill without paying attention to them. I called Marjan's house through the first public telephone. She picked up the receiver. It was her voice. I said:

"Marjan, were you really separated from me?"

And she answered coldly:

"Yes, I am not related with you now."

I said: "I wish you gave me an opportunity."

She said:

"You are afraid of the assembly without you know and this fear has caused you to leave the arena instead of fighting with the excuse of hard work and shame. Undoubtedly, this kind of person can't be counted on. I wish you would be prosperous. Goodbye forever; but promise not to come to our house anymore."

I said:

"This separation is the disunion of spirit and body for me. That's all."

And then I interrupted. Later on, I heard Marjan get married with the colonel's niece haphazardly. A respectable having a bright future. Now, thinking of Marjan was a great offense in my lexicon.

I thought to myself; maybe Marjan's essence in my life was a scrutiny in order for me find out how weak I am against the assembly plans; otherwise, I could make my future through announcing my hate against Baha'ism. But alas, I ran short of my greatest prosperity in my life exactly at event nick of time. When a person keep aloof of an event or an adventure, he/she can judge about his/her function rather than be in the event itself.

I confess that there were fear of the assembly and separation from my family in spite of having too many errors beyond my excuses. And at that time, I was denying and justifying this note even in my inner being. While, as a judgment in current condition when I have spaced apart those days for years, there was a kind of avoiding taking responsibility beyond my four absences for four days and being busy working and traveling to Tehran in condition that my legitimate wife needed my essence and presence.

I confess I was afraid of ominous plans of the assembly. I confess I couldn't cut my attachment with my family because of lack in self-confidence.

Anyway Marjan belonged to another life and husband and I must cross her name out of my notebook heart because of fairness and magnanimity and more due

to legitimate reason; so that I wasn't pointing out the past when I was visiting my friend, Maryam's fiancé. Of course my friend got married with his fiancée and would have a relaxed life as he was merited; because to me, having a chaste and noble wife is the greatest investment for a man. Then women whom men will ascend through them, according to the Excellency Imam Khomeini's (P.H.) statement. But alas, the news related to Marjan's prosperity was just a fable. And when I found out this issue, it was too late!

The beginning of an end

I was heartsore; but I was trying to have a cheerful face; while I was heartbroken as the poet, Hafez, has written a verse in this regard. But I was too dejected to have vernal willingness. When I arrived home, I decided to seek refuge to a corner and to exchange amorous words with my God. For a while, I wasn't paying much attention to prayer or I was side stepping it with an excuse such as prevarication. There wasn't anybody else like Marjan to invite me to pray every moment. At this time, the phone rang. As if the assembly had made all Baha'is aware of this issue that **Farhad Jahandideh** returned towards Baha'ism family via the special patronage of the Blessed Beauty and our tricks and plans overpowered him, at last. Everybody liked to speak with me and to congratulate my return; but each congratulation resembled a poisonous arrow which was wounding my heart. One of them was impudently saying:

“Agha Farhad, you succeeded in the Blessed Beauty's test, at all. And this success is a great honor that everybody can't come to pass.”

The other person was saying:

“the Blessed Beauty - [the Blessed beauty] - had mercy on you to help you get rid of rivals and join the followers.”

And I imprecated the Blessed Beauty in my heart; not because I grant an ultra dignity for him. No! But I was imprecating him as Baha'ism and the assembly member's symbol. The assembly that sent a group of rascals and villains to that respectable and ill man like the colonel in order to achieve its ominous aims. The assembly which make Baha'is be each other spies like the novel “1984” written by **George Orwell** in which a boy delivered the most private news about his father to the ruling government as a spy and the daughter did it too regarding her mother and this author was making my mind intent toward the assembly in his story entitles “**animal farm**” when the pig came to power and exploited other animals tyrannically; because the kind of authority the pig exerted on other animals was exactly the same as the absolute authority of the assembly. Although I don't

assume the literary and political identity of **George Orwell** as a defensible one and I've read somewhere that he has served for the UK intelligent service for years; but apart from these matters this novel called the assembly to my mind; because the assembly members have given and give themselves the right to interfere with the most private Baha'i affairs. The matters such as: which job do they choose? Who do they have social intercourse with? Who do they avoid? Which family can they join? Which boy or girl do they elect as their partners? How do they appear in the society? Which economic activities do they select and how much?

They announced what every Baha'i is doing in private. And they gained these news by those who even agree to give their father, mother, brothers, sister or even their offspring to the assembly or order to go up the ladder fast and to gain points. Of course, it isn't important for the assembly to see a Baha'i is plunged in defect and decay; for they justify each sin except thinking, studying and warning. For this reason, the book written by late **Sobhi** that rejects Baha'ism is forbidden to them. Cos, late Sobhi has even mentioned **Shoqi Effendi's** sexual deviation with a bully English man frankly. When Sobhi had been given the title of **Katib Wahi** [inspiration Scribe], he was reminding in his memories that when I opposed this action he replied: "Enjoying isn't sinful!" in this way, a person who has been present in **Akka** and in Baha'i ruler's palace for years and has written his statements prefers to leave this faith and works in radio department as narrator of stories for the kids for years after turning to Islam. Or **late Ayati's** book is blasphemous to be read. In fine, the assembly boycotts all the books written for rejecting Baha'ism and Babism. Thus, a person who grows in a Baha'i family has to call the sun as lantern; because they make him grow up in an isolated environment and in this cult just research and awareness are sinful.

Each Baha'i woman was offering suggestions to me those days. Of course, most of those suggestion were basically presenting by the assembly. It is interesting to be noted that the moral of the girls who were being suggested was too deplorable that some members of these private gatherings were protesting about the issue that this girl has been befriended with dozens of young Muslim and Baha'i boys so far. It is a pity for Farhad to get married with such family!

In fine, everybody was doing away with the other's suggested girl. Of course, all of them were right; but doing away with a person was Baha'is custom from earlier time.

Haven't you observed that Bahaullah and his brother Yahya and Bahaullah's son Qesni Akbar and Qesni A'zam got rid of themselves to achieve power?! Didn't Mirza Hussein Ali receive the Sir medal by the English?!

At that situation, I decided to travel abroad to get rid of the closed surrounding of the organization; but alas, the organization must decide even for our traveling.

And that situation, my brother **Shoja'-al-Din** who was so eager to gain a footing in the organization conveyed my message to Baha'ism godfathers in Hamadan; but the Excellency said: "His traveling isn't advisable!"

I was furious about the assembly response; so I said to my brother who I knew conveys my words to the organization members in details:

"Why will the assembly promise the young Muslim people and other religion ones to guarantee their jobs and lives abroad when they turn to this cult for trapping them if traveling abroad is forbidden for a young Baha'i person?! Don't you know that these promises aren't fulfilled."

After a while **Shojauddin** brought the assembly news regarding this issue that Farhad can travel abroad on the condition that he gets married with our suggested and verified girl; otherwise he can't prosper our agents' aids in the U.N. They had said:

"Farhad can't count on us if he wants to leave the country while he is single."

This statement means if I traveled abroad, their spies who were trustful for the westerners would announce that country's police that **Farhad Jahandideh** has had social intercourse with the government agents and would deport me to Iran. Because I knew the organization well.

Acquaintance with Mehrnoosh

Then, I had been trapped in a situation by the organization that could do nothing. For this reason, the other night I decided to dissent against the discord of the organization people. In this way I should apparently accept the conditions of getting married with a Baha'i girl and travel abroad; but after leaving the country I should tell my wife that I am going to turn to Islam. If she accepts, so much the better and if she doesn't accept we will divorce voluntarily. Of course, I had forgotten this that the reason for insisting on getting married by the assembly is that you must divorce your wife according the current rules of America and Europe. According to the laws of these countries, fewer youth are willing to marry. And the difficult divorce rules have exactly made the assembly to exert this condition on me for leaving the country. Meanwhile the verified girl introduced by the assembly is an entire spy who conveys her husband's news to the assembly moment by moment; but anyway this was my mere was to save myself from this my world which was full of slipping up and failure.

When I announced that I agree to get married with the Baha'i girl stipulated that the assembly lets me leave the country every member of my family became happy

and everyone among my relatives was introducing a girl to me immediately. They were afraid I change my idea; while my legal fiancée had gotten married and according to my belief even thinking of her was immoral.

Meantime, the most important option was a girl introduced by my brother's wife, **Freshteh**. She was originally from Isfahan and introduced me one of eminent Baha'i people's girl. She even made an appointment with the girl's family in Isfahan quickly. In this way, I headed off Isfahan. Establishing a family wasn't my marriage definition; but I was just thinking about this issue that I could leave the country where there wasn't any sign of my previous life I got married.

When we arrived at Isfahan we stayed in Freshteh's father's house. Freshteh was to invite her friend to the house with the excuse of visiting her in order for us to visit each other. It should be noted that the girl's decency and nobility was my only condition for getting married.

The next day somebody rang the bell of **Mr. Sabeti Rad's**, Freshteh's father's house. My brother **Shoa'ullah** said to me after opening the door:

“Hurry up Farhad, change your clothes. Try to speak with each other here in order to marry if the Blessed Beauty destined.”

When I came out after changing my clothes, I suddenly saw a girl taller than me wearing odd scarf and gown and putting up a lot of make ups. She said **Allah Abha** and shook hands with everybody. Then she took out her gown and scarf and sat at seat of honor. To make the people in the room pleasant or to introduce her spiritual matters, she said:

“You know, we have to wear such clothes in 21st century. Our emotions were choked.”

At that time, I remembered my previous fiancée who appeared with a noble cover when her family and I as her legal husband were present. I liked to say that my wife must be covered; I kept silent in order not to lose the chance.

I liked to say her: “what will you do if you get married while you are appearing incisively in public.”

Anyway, I controlled myself. Suddenly, my brother murmured in my ear.

“What's wrong? You have totally got red?!”

I said: “Shoa'ullah! Her makeup and appearance is too repelling.”

After a while Shoa'ullah said something to his wife and his wife took the girl to another room and then I saw that the Baha'i girl has cleaned most of her make up. Now, she had sat in front of me wearing that such clothes in order to talk to me. The girl said:

“My name is Mehrnoosh and I am 19. I consider the Blessed Beauty as the resolver of all pains and difficulties and I am ready to sacrifice myself in the way of the Excellency Baha and Bahauallah. I've heard that you are a bigoted man, aren't you?”

I said: "Has anybody said something to you already?!"

She said: "No, because it was totally obvious that you have become really angry with the method of my clothing and make up."

I said laughing: "of course, you were guided a bit in the room, too..."

The girl felt more relaxed with my laughing and said:

"I am surprised at your being Zealous, because there hasn't been Zeal in the Blessed Beauty and I am also astonished with your behavior; because you are shortsighted like Muslims and you have been trapped by these prejudices of the stone age?!"

I answered back:

"Listen to me madam. I should say you with utter frankness that my belief toward Baha'ism isn't the same as you. But I think our life will be mortal if there isn't any Zeal and bigotry. For no one will own his/her own life and nobody will try for his/her family comfort. I should mention that civilization has been introduced to us in an incorrect way with false address; since being bigoted about family isn't incompatible with civilization."

The girl said: "Let's see, how do you define civilization?"

I said: "The Indians are bigoted about their cultural originalities. They have progressed in technology field, too. The Japanese are now cherishing their traditional cover; but they have dominated the world by their goods. According to me when they say that civilization is the synonym of nakedness are giving us the false address in order to keep us away from our rich civilization and culture through the clear lack of civilization."

At that moment, the girl became furious; but she said nothing. After a while my brother and his wife entered the room with the excuse of bringing sherbet. The rest of the meeting was passed by saying ordinary words. After that, **Mahwash** said goodbye and left.

Then Shoa'ullah said to me:

"I think you will have more opportunities to get to know each other if you go to cinema together tomorrow."

I said irritably:

"Shoa'ullah, during this short period of time I found out that we had disagreement basically."

Shoa'ullah's mother in law **Mrs. Sabeti Rad** who was silent by that moment and was continually entertaining said: "My son, the understanding will be created by itself..."

I was rejecting and they were insisting. Eventually we had an appointment to go to cinema. The next day we went to Mehrnoosh's house and got acquainted with her parents. Contrary to her appearance, she was from the middle class family. Then we went to cinema. We sat next to each other in cinema. And Shoa'ullah's

brother-in-law sat between Shoa'ullah and his wife. When the lights wore off, Mehrnoosh said:

"Poor Mr. Shoa'ullah, his brother-in-law doesn't let him to sit next to his wife!"

And I said:

"Did you see that you are also speaking about bigotry?"

We were speaking about the ordinary issues during the film; so that I didn't know the film subject was about. Then we went to Malayer city accompanied by Shoa'ullah; Cos Shoa'ullah raised the shop tasks as an excuse to leave sooner. During the way, we were both silent. Shoa'ullah just asked:

"Well, what was your idea?"

I said: "Let me think for two or three days."

At that time Shoa'ullah said while he wanted to respect the girl:

"How interesting, Mehrnoosh has asked me a chance to think for three days."

I said to him in play too: "This is also an understanding too... and both of us laughed."

During these period of time I was trying to forget Marjan; but I don't know why I was comparing every girl with Marjan and I found Marjan was better than them.

I separated from Shoa'ullah early morning and moved towards Hamadan city. A city whose streets and alleys were memoirs for me.

As soon as I entered the yard and said hello to my mother, she asked:

"Did you pick her out, my dear? Do you know this girl has rejected many top callers?"

And I said in brief: "But my dear mother, I felt that there is a misunderstanding between us."

My mother said with scoffs:

"Today's youth are continually saying understanding, understanding ... Oh! What's this understanding?!"

I said:

"Dear mother, to be honest, I didn't like Mehrnoush. Her father is alcoholic... ."

And my mother said:

"Your father is also drinking alcohol. Quid pro quo is fair. Her father is none of your business... Do you know anybody who is Baha'i and doesn't alcohol in Hamadan city?..."

I said: "Mother, their wives are also drinking alcohol. They are calling it civilization."

After a while, Mehrnoush announced her satisfaction via my there's wife; but my mother had said:

“Mehrnoush is the best of girls; but Farhad is raising an excuse... .”

This statement caused my brother's relationship with his wife's family to become bad and Shoa'ullah was continually moaning me that: “Dear guy, this girl was good-looking and educated. Now tell me what's wrong with you?! Are you **Alain Delon**, the famous actor?

I said:

“It isn't so. I have view about my future wife.”

Shoa'ullah also said furiously:

“Come off it! You have some books speaking with grandiloquent.”

Eventually, the file of the marriage of Mehrnoush and me was closed and I became relaxed.

Familiarity with Ms. Ra'fati

After a while, the issue of a Baha'i girl from Sanandaj city was suggested and my maternal uncle and his wife withdrew fortunately due to psychosis of the girls' family members. But all of us had to sleep in Sanandaj city assembly that night.

I found out of my family speeches that they have designated another option in this city and the organization urged on that issue strictly. When I found out the assembly insistence I said out of spitefulness:

“Maybe I don't like lady. What should we do them?!”

My maternal uncle who wasn't saying any word without concordance with the assembly said:

“Then, you should give up hope about marriage and going abroad; because you should wait for you elder single brothers to get married. Then it'll be your turn.”

I felt that the assembly is moving us to its aims like chessmen. For this reason I surrendered; but I knew that Sanandaj city assembly insists on the marriage between a girl from Sanandaj city and a boy form Hamadan or Tehran, that girl will harass the organization through any possible way and the organization is going to get rid of her. My maternal uncle and his wife's insistence made us stay in Sanandaj city. The next day, I whirled the city. Sanandaj city is located on a big hill. You will feel this ramp from everywhere you enter the city except for Kamyaran road. This issue was more interesting for me that the majority of the people of the city were frequenting in the city wearing traditional clothes. At night, Sanandaj city is shining like a bright and limpid diamond. When we were asking an address, people would respond using their Kurdish accept; unless they understood you didn't know Kurdish language. Then they were speaking Persian using their melodious accent. They image which had been formed in my mind out

of this city decayed; Cos, I thought the city has been dominated by American and Russian cells regarding the extensive advertisements of the mentioned cells. While I was observing that they didn't and don't have any relationship with the customs of good and hospitable people of Kurdistan.

The girl whom we were to visit resided in a village around Sanandaj city and this issue was a mystery for me; but after my maternal uncle's wife's explanation my family's mystery was removed. My maternal uncle's wife said:

“This family possesses a service factory; for this reason they have sold their house in Sanandaj city and have resided near their workshop.”

We passed the village and approached the end of the road where there were just three houses which were surrounded by plain, flower and lawn.

Everybody knew **Mr. Rafati's** house address. Everyone knew **Ismaeel, Sayyareh Khanom and Agha Zabih** and mentioned their names. The first and second were the girls' parents and the other one was her brother.

At last our car stopped in front of a garage which resembled a military garrison surrounded by barbed wires. When we rang the bell, a woman who was about 60 wearing unadorned clothes invited us into the house saying Allahu Abha. The house yard was full of cherry and walnut trees. The trees which had surrounded the house. When we entered into the building we encountered a man who was nearly 70 smiling and inviting us into the house. The appearance of house and its gadgets showed that my maternal uncle was right; because there wasn't any relationship between their house and the other residents' ones.

Eventually welcoming finished and we were quieted down on **Mr. Ra'fati's** furniture. At the beginning of the gathering the girls' father introduced himself so:

“I am Ismael. My father, Karim was originally from Hamadan. He departed to one of the villages of Sanandaj years ago as immigrant and we have come to Sanandaj city and then to this village for 22 years.”

After that **Sayyareh** Khanom introduced herself. Meantime, Mr. Ra'fati who was humorist broke the silence and said:

“Noble man, what was wrong with being unmarried that you want to make yourself miserable.”

Suddenly all the people in the gathering laughed and more intimate atmosphere overmastered. My maternal uncle's wife said:

“Excuse me, where is dear Mahtab? We are eager to visit her.”

And Mr. Ra'fati said with the same usual compliments:

“She has gone to her sister's house in Saqqez city. She's come here to be in the service of you at noon.”

Afterwards, Mr. Ra'fati invited us to visit the workshop and to be familiar with other members of his family.

During the way, Mr. Ra'fati continued:

“This workshop is being administered by my sons Amir and Zabih and some workers. Downstairs has been rented.”

Passing a narrow hallway, we approached a pleasant garden located behind the building. In one side of the garden there were a vineyard and a small farm for planting legume and a big swimming pool and in the other side there was a workshop. I went towards the swimming pool unconsciously. My image was pulsating on water. But there wasn't any fish in the swimming pool.

Later, we went towards the workshop. We saw **Amir and Zabih**, Mr. Ra'fati's son working alongside other workers. We shook hands with them and greeted. Amir and Zabih were quite alike. Both of them were quite bald and they seem to be over 40 years of age. Amir looked shy; but Zabih seemed loquacious; because he bridged the gaps at that short time and spoke with me about the workshop and the different issues with intimacy. I realized out of his speech that Zabih was the jack of all trades in the workshop. Then, Zabih asked about my job. I answered devoutly: we are five brothers and one sister. I am the fourth offspring in my family. One of my elder brothers has got married and the other one is engaged and another one is going to travel abroad, too. I am an optician and have a cutting lenses workshop.

Then Zabih asked:

“To be honest, why do you want to get married sooner than your elder brothers?”

I responded immediately, too:

“First, to me, marriage isn't in turn and if God wills, everyone... .”

Suddenly, Zabih interrupted my statement fast and said:

“You mean the blessed Beauty... . Because we don't see God; so the Blessed Beauty is God. That is, the Blesses Beauty is God's reflection and is the absolute light.”

Saying this statement at the beginning of familiarity, Zabih wanted to make me understand that he is working for the organization. But it was strange for me that I could tolerate such people and atmosphere; because I resembled a professional boxer who was too dizzy and puzzled in the last rounds that he doesn't know how many blows he has been landed by his contestant. He just tries not to fail in the ring. Maybe the enthusiasm for escaping had made me tolerate so much.

Zabih thought he has made me reach a deadlock; so he continued:

“You know my main job is heating system plumbing and installing the installations of central heating room; but I gave it up gradually and bought here with my father and worked. Because its income can't be compared with plumbing; meanwhile we are of an extended family. That is we are ten people without parents.”

I suddenly said unconsciously: “God be praised, really? Ten offspring...”

Zabih was taken aback a bit; but he possessed himself after a pause and continued:

“Agha Badi’a is the eldest offspring in our family. He is 45 and has a shop regarding plumbing in Sanandaj city. I am the second offspring in my family. The third offspring is Amir who is 41. The fourth one is Nariman who is 40. He has gone to Zaire, an African country, before the Islamic Revolution to proselytize according to the assembly order and he is the continental assistant of Baha’is in the Universal House of Justice, now.

The next one is Mina Khanom who is living in Saqqez city with his husband. Her husband repairs fridges. The fifth member of my family is Shokat who lives in Tehran. Her husband’s job is the same as mine. He is a heating system mechanic. He is following music. The eight offspring is Mahtab Khanom who is jobless now; but she sometimes runs a carpet wearing and doll making workshop with the village girls.”

At that moment, Zabih remembered to go to city; so he said goodbye immediately and left.

It was nearly the time for the sun to set when Fateh and Mahtab whom we had asked for her hand arrived and introduced themselves. Mahtab was a bit shorter than I and she seemed to be selfish in the first look.

Meantime, my mother was continually murmuring me:

“Farhad, this is the very girl I was looking for; that is, she has been engraved in my heart. I beg you not to any excuse.”

After a while, Mahtab offered tea as a usual custom.

My maternal uncle and Mahtab’s brothers spoke about the Baha’is circumstances. Those statements were return for me.

It got dark; but we had left in a lurch. For this reason, my maternal uncle said:

“I liked Mr. Ra’fati to respond us to remove the source of trouble.”

But the old man said:

“I beg you not to speak any word of leaving; because you are our guest for dinner. Sleep in our small lodge, too. Head off and leave here tomorrow morning.”

Some minutes passed using compliments; but it was clear that Zabih was the main decision maker and he was absent, too. At last, Zabih came. His brother Badi’a and he had 6 offspring. They wanted to visit their paternal aunt’s proposer nearly.

More interestingly, every time I was looking at Mahtab, I felt a grave sorrow in her look; although she was trying to pretend she is happy and lively. Her mother introduced all the members of her family one by one with a special accuracy, too. She introduced even her grandchildren.

Zabih had bought the food from a restaurant. We had to eat the food fast due to time limitations in order for the proposal ceremony to start according to Baha'i customs. At first, it was the time for incantation to be recited. Mahtab won a lottery. She recited with a melodious voice. At that time, my maternal uncle said so on behalf of our family:

"I am Mozaffar Ayyoub Zadeh. I am a Baha'i and also from a Baha'i family. I am from Hamadan. I have come to your house in Sanandaj city along with Mr. Jahandideh's family and Ms. Fa'ali (my father's maternal uncle's wife to ask for Mahtab Ra'fati's hand. I hope these two join each other under the auspices and mercy of the unique beauty of Bahauallah and the Excellency Abdul Baha and start the new life like the jubilant and feverish nightingales under the shadow of the great tree of the Excellency Bahauallah. It is necessary to be noted that before listening to the ideas of the dear friends and the disciples of the faith, I should announce that the dear servants of the blessed Beauty in Hamadan city have announced their agreements about this bond by me in advance. They have confirmed that Farhad Jahandideh is Baha'i and from a Baha'i family. I say with certainty that he has been and is duty bound with his promise at the time when he became formally Baha'i. I hope you answer to this holy issue positively and make the tender heart of the Excellency Abdul Baha happy considering this matter that the confirmation of the servants (the assembly members) is the same as the blessed Beauty's."

I wanted to answer Mr. Ayyoub Zadeh on behalf of myself that what are these extolment, confirmation and laudation... For instance it was obligatory for me to become Baha'i formally. It wasn't voluntarily. Second, are the servants of Hamadan going to get married or I have decided so. Why have they confirmed my marriage in advance? Maybe, we don't reach an understanding and don't join each other. What will we do with the blessed Beauty's word and heart, then? Suddenly, Mahtab asked permission to talk; but Agha Zabih started speaking sooner:

"I am Zabihullah Ra'fati inform you on behalf of my parents, my brothers and sisters and the dear servants of Sanandaj city that Mahtab Ra'fati is Baha'i and from a Baha'i family. She is also duty bound with the blessed Beauty as she is found of his creed. The servants have also confirmed this issue. I hope the spirits and the hearts of the blessed Beauty and Abdul Baha to be satisfied and leased with us after talking and listening of the servants with this matrimony and the marriage of these two people to be a cause for advancing the blessed Beauty's creed and for creating kindness and friendship of Baha'i community. Now, if you let, we will listen to Mahtab's opinion in his regard. Start please Mahtab Khanom."

Becoming furious about the situation, Mahtab started speaking after asking permission:

“First, I complain Mr. Ayyoub Zadeh and my brother. This is a courtship ceremony; then why do you pose the servants’ confirmations; because you don’t let me or even Agha Farhad to make decision by posing these confirmations. Since if we don’t accept, according to the exact text of the blessed Beauty that says the confirmations and decisions of the servants is the same as my unconditional decision, we will disagree with the exact text. And why will you ask for our opinions if it is confirmed? Second, why do you tell about our heartfelt belief explicitly while you aren’t aware. Thus, first tell me and Agha Farhad whether we are authorized to tell our own word or not?!”

I became really happy; because the words which were heavy on my heart and I could tell are stating by a girl who was to be my future wife. I liked her fearlessness; but according to my view, marriage resembled bridge towards Europe and America.

Meantime, Zabih tried to change the condition; so he said:

“I said lucky those announce their agreement with the confirmation and the satisfaction of the blessed Beauty without thinking. Thus, this is the outrance of expressing sincerity to the blessed Beauty; but we don’t force anybody.”

At that moment, Mahtab and I wanted to speak; but our mothers invited us to be silent by gesticulation.

Changing the topic of discussion, Agha Zabih said:

“Excuse me, isn’t Agha Farhad offender, God forbidden?!”

My father said:

“His maternal uncle, mother and I wouldn’t initiate if he were an offender.”

Confirming my father’s words, my maternal uncle said too:

“I myself am one of the servants of the assembly of Hamadan city. We weren’t here if my niece were an offender and an addict; because I am responsible against the assembly. My credit would be endangered if he were an offender. A credit that I’ve acquired after years of services.”

When Zabih felt that my maternal uncle was swaggering his status, he said, too:

“You certainly know that I am one of the servants of Sanandaj assembly, too. Before you came I personally spoke with the assembly members. They have also announced their satisfaction in advance. They have also inquired about Agha Farhad and your family and fortunately there hasn’t been any problem.”

In short, they swaggered their ranks for a while. More interestingly, my maternal uncle was stating such virtues about me that I was surprised. At that moment, I felt the gathering time was wasted for compliments. I suddenly said:

“Now, I ask you to let Mahtab Khanom and me and give a chance to us to speak with each other.”

When I posed my suggestion, I felt everybody agreed my suggestion to get free from that deadlock. At that situation, my mother called me and said:

“Let it not speak about the past: getting married with a Muslim girl, rough and tumble and disagreements.”

It was interesting to be noted that Mahtab’s mother had called her to a corner and was speaking with her.

When we entered the room I said hello to Mahtab and she said surprisingly:

“I was surprised that you said Allahu Abha at first...”

I said:

“First, hello means health and second, I am tired with saying Allahu Abha and pretense.”

She said:

“But your maternal uncle was saying that you are fond of the blessed Beauty, aren’t you?!”

Mahtab who realized that she was badly trapped changed the topic and said: “Are you into music?”

I said: “Yes, I listen to pop music.

She said: “Don’t you listen to the classic music?”

I said: “Unfortunately, it is my favorite music.”

She laughed and said:

“We don’t understand each other; because I am fond of classic music.”

And I said:

“Of course, the question like these can’t be considered as understanding or misunderstanding between a boy and a girl.”

She said:

“I said that statement to know that my mood is different from other youth, I don’t say I am high class. Not at all; but I am different. I am introvert contrary to the youth. Of course, I disagree with Zealotry, too. I have even tried to transfer this issue to the girls who are my friends. Do you agree?”

I said:

“I quite disagree. Because despite all these proselytisms, the Iranian man and woman act like a bigot with each other. I myself will be so bigot with my wife whether she will be Muslim or Baha’i or of any other religion.”

She asked: “Why are you influenced by the Muslims so much?!”

“A good note is good. Everybody can be a role model.”

And then we concluded that we couldn’t know each other better via those words; consequently, we decided to speak about our pasts contrary to our mother’s advice.

Mahtab said:

“Let me start first. I have been educated to be my parents’ friend and they don’t lord it over me through rough actions. For this reason my retainers consider me as an independent and fearless girl or maybe as a playful one. I behave the boys the same as the girls. Of course, I make the boy understand that I am not interested in having any relationship beyond a simple cooperation in artistic or assembly affairs; well, this is your turn to tell about yourself.”

I said:

“During the period of time when I was doing my military service, I became familiar with those who were voluntarily defending their religion and country; for this reason, I respect them; although, Baha’is are cursing them. Second, I am so fond of Muslim religion that I was going to get married with a Muslim, noble and chaste girl; but the organization stood against that marriage powerfully and didn’t let me approach my wish.”

She said: “Are you still thinking of her?!”

I said:

“Never, because in spite of all of their favors her family and she did for me she has got married and I think it is sinful for me to think of her.”

When I was speaking about Marjan, I felt Mahtab want to say something; because her mood changed and I realized it.

Mahtab continued:

“I have been associated with Muslims, too. To be honest, I am sometimes influenced by them; so that, I like to be a Muslim and for a moment I am speaking like a faithful Baha’i again.”

Then both of us looked at our watches and said:

“It was a long time speaking....”

And then both of us joined the gathering and the girl’s family was to tell their idea to us.

We slept in Mr. Ra’fati’s house. Tomorrow morning when we wanted to leave, Mahtab called me in a corner and said:

“To be honest, I don’t agree with the ancient customs regarding this fact that the bride should necessarily wait for some days let it not her personality be scrutinized. I wanted to tell you that I agree to get married with you. Of course, when my family travel to Hamadan city, you will understand that my words will be true. Otherwise, there may be a problem for my family and my brothers. Meanwhile, I liked your honesty very much; because you didn’t introduced yourself as a saint one from beginning of our familiarity.”

We said goodbye to Ra’fati family and headed off.

My mother said:

“Dear Farhad, I hope your answer to be positive.”

And I replied:

“Dear mother, what are you saying? We have been familiar with each other for some hours and before that we belonged to two separate worlds.”

My maternal uncle suddenly repeated the assembly word and said:

“It is quite obvious for us that you’ll get married with each other; since this is the desire of the servants of the blessed Beauty in two cities.”

I suddenly felt that the play has been written in advance; so I said:

“Dear uncle, as if everybody is informed of the story of this film except for the first role actor.”

My maternal uncle said at once while he understood that he has blabbed:

“The servant’s words is just due to their awareness; because the understanding of the affairs wisdom is radiated inside them on behalf of the blessed Beauty. Try not to suspect everything so much.”

At that time, my mother suddenly remembered her previous advice:

“Didn’t you speak about the past?”

I said:

“Yes, I said. I said about my past; because I didn’t want to start my marital life will telling lies.”

Suddenly everyone who was in the car looked at me furiously. To get rid of their heavy looks, I said:

“Believe it that I will have a relaxed conscience in this way.”

My uncle said furiously:

“You spoiled yourself and my credit by your speech. Do you remember I assured them that you aren’t offender? What should I say to Agha Zabih who is one of the assembly member in Sanandaj city if he asks me why I had told lies?”

I said:

“This is an issue exchange between Mahtab and me and I don’t think she informs Agha Zabih.”

At that time my maternal uncle’s wife said:

“Did Mahtab narrate her past?!”

My maternal uncle’s wife tune made me suspected; so I asked:

“Was there anything that I am unaware of it?!”

At that time my maternal uncle’s wife murmured: “It ended in happiness.”

My mother who was aware of the issue tried to whitewash her statement.

“She didn’t have any problem, God forbidden. She was just a bit obstinate and has given a negative answer to so many proposers.”

I felt the public are hiding something; thus, I said to myself:

“I will ask Mahtab herself at the first opportunity whether she had had any problem regarding her past...”

When we arrived at Hamadan city I was so busy that I forgot everything. A week passed and we were unaware of Mr. Ra’fati. I said to myself: “Her family disagreed this issue.”

Then, I forgot the issue.

Two or three days at sunset time, my father’s maternal uncle Agha Zia’ came to workshop and said:

“Come to our house at 7 o’clock.”

I said: “what will happen if I don’t come?”

He said:

“You are important; because Ra’fati family has come to our house.”

The workshop guys laughed and said:

“Mr. Ra’fati family means Mahtab Khanom; so hurry up Agha Farhad.”

We were in uncle Zia’s house at 7. My uncle made me understand that their answer is positive. During the party I was trying to find an opportunity to speak with my future wife; but I couldn’t. After a while, the youth decided to walk around the house and that was the best opportunity for me to speak with Mahtab.

We went out of the house towards the traditional market of Hamadan which was located near my maternal uncle’s house. All the shops were closed and bazaar was off. It was really cold in that month of year, Azar. All the city was covered with fog. At that time, Mahtab started singing a poem by one of the contemporary poets:

I passed that alley without you at a bright night again

I explored you with eyes open

Listening to the poem, I started crying. Yonder, Farshad was singing the song “O’ fair, where are you?” And the song reminded my previous memories. Suddenly, Mahtab came to me and said:

“I never thought that you are too sentimental.”

And I cleaned my tears with a handkerchief with shame.

I said: “Excuse me, I spoiled you last night.”

She said:

“Now, I say courageously that I am happy that God made me familiar with you. I answer to you positively here and I believe it isn’t necessary to inquire.”

I became happy to benefit from a tender-hearted and smart girl; because she was accustomed to poetry, nature and music like myself. Nonetheless, thinking of going abroad and converting to Islam didn’t relax me even for a moment again.

As soon as I returned from maternal uncle Zia’s house, Mahtab announced her agreement. Yet, her mother said astonishingly:

“We didn’t understand you, my dear daughter! We were insisting you to become satisfied with getting married; but you disagreed having many proposers. Now tonight your opinion changed within three hours and you answered positively without inquiry on which you insisted. Are you mad, daughter... .”

Of course, Mahtab’s mother said those words cheerfully; but she was saying her serious words in the form of kidding.

Now when I think I feel that being sentimental and being interested in poetry and music can’t be a strong criterion for having understanding between a couple. It is easily said that according to me, some important issues must be paid attention by a girl and a boy which weren’t considered. I wish they had been considered; for we wouldn’t encounter with thousands of problems.

We arrived home at 1 a.m. When my mother became aware of Ra’fati family’s positive answer became really happy and for this reason she decided to invite them for lunch to become familiar more. She went to uncle Zia’s house early in the morning enthusiastically to visit them. I went to shop too as usual. It was about noon when Mr. Ra’fati came there; maybe he wanted to realize my job position better. We both returned to our house at noon. When we entered the house, I saw Mahtab who was preparing food along with my mother and our daughter-in-law. They were speaking and laughing with each other intimately. For a moment, I felt that the real intimacy can’t be acquired during a day; but a couple should be intimate with each other after a while; that is, when they know each other to some extent; but unfortunately everything is ready; since nobody reveals his/her real “ego”.

As soon as my brother’s wife saw me, she joshed me; that is, the stereotyped jests which have been repeated in this manner over and over; but something was more interesting for me; that is, Mahtab’s jests at the beginning of our familiarity.

After eating lunch, an incantation was sung by Mahtab and me in the presence of my grandfather, my paternal and maternal uncles and all members of family. Everybody heartened us. Then the elders set a date to hold an engagement party in Sanandaj city next month. My mother gave Mahtab a present too and said:

“I hope a month changes into a day and passes quickly.”

Then all of us laughed.

Our insistence regarding Mr. Ra’fati presence in Hamadan city was vain; because my mother insisted them to stay in our house; but they used their job as an excuse to return to Sanandaj city. For this reason, we went to the bus station and escorted them to come back to Sanandaj city.

More interestingly, during that short period of time, Mahtab had become so folksy with me that she brought her head out of the bus and said to me:

“First, be careful about yourself. Honestly, avoid making mistake...”

Then she waved her hand and the bus became distant.

I felt such actions are due to being superficial and such speeches are said by a sentimental girl not a deep one. Especially, the idiom “clumsy” was too incomprehensible for me.

When Mr. Ra’fati’s family left, everybody congratulated me:

“Farhad, you were so lucky. You became familiar with a faithful family. Do you know her brother’s rank is so high?!”

At that time, I broke the silence and said:

“Gosh! Abandon these words. Being a member of the organization isn’t honorable.... Do Baha’is benefit the organization except being harmed?!”

At that time, my mother and my maternal uncle’s wife said together:

“Dear Farhad, abandon the previous annoyance. Clean your heart out of enmity and animus. Maybe you think of your halcyon days! You know, each marriage which is done by the assembly agreement has ended in prosperity.”

And I opposed: “But, many of them became miserable, too ...”

My maternal uncle’s wife who was always her cry for help at those moments said:

“Those afflictions have been the blessed Beauty’s sagacity that we are unaware of them.”

I also said:

“It is impossible. If they become prosperous, you’ll say the blessed Beauty has resolved and if they become miserable, you’ll say it is blessed Beauty’s sagacity. Whether the blessed Beauty’s heart is revengeful to make a person miserable.”

My mother who had become helpless turned to my maternal uncle’s wife and said:

“Farhad is so happy that he doesn’t know what to say.”

Then my maternal uncle’s wife and my maternal aunt said:

“Agha Farhad, you have no time but a month...”

And then everybody laughed. Confirming their words, my mother continued:

“You have thirty days to get ready for marriage; so don’t waste your time by these nonsense.”

In this way, I was driven to a marriage which could end in the tumult according to the assembly.

Engagement and unanswered questions:

During that period of time, I spoke with Mahtab by phone. But whatever I tried to ask about her past, I couldn’t; but a strange feeling said to me that she had had some adventures in her past, too.

A week to the end of the assigned deadline, I headed off Sanandaj city having some money to buy a ring, clothes and the required necessities for the ceremony. It was 8 o'clock when I rang Mr. Ra'fati doorbell; but nobody opened the door. I walk for a while and rang the doorbell again. It was impossible for them to leave the house early in the morning; since they had been informed of my arrival earlier.

After a while, the door was opened and I entered. I found the house chaotic. The family members were busy collecting the bedclothes and other tools remained by the previous night. When I asked: "What was up?!", Mahtab's brother, Fateh, explained: "We gather to gather every night and engage in music by midnight. Fateh continued:

"My specialized musical instrument is tambourine. Amir is playing the pipe and the violin. Farshad Agha Amir's son is playing tambour and Mahtab is playing dulcimer, too.

At that time, Mahtab entered. After greeting, she explained too. She said: "Don't be surprised. Our nights are passing so."

Near Mahtab's Santur, I suddenly saw Mahtab's diary. I took it seeking for my unanswered questions; but Mahtab took it hastily and said:

"I've written some poems. Let me write the final draft then I'll read them for you."

I asked: "How did you learn to write the poetry; I mean, rhyme and meter."

"Rhyme and meter killed me ... I can write poems like the ones written by Nima."

I said:

"That is, isn't your poem rhythmic?"

She said: "No, my poem isn't rhythmic. I write poem without paying attention to rhyme."

I said:

"So, you write literary piece of writing. Meanwhile, I have something to say to you about rhyme; because the Excellency Rumi has said: "The hidden sea of my thoughts can't be included in the poem form. It doesn't mean I hate the rhyme."

Then, I felt I have behaved and spoken strictly; thus I asked:

"Do you take part in dulcimer class?"

Suddenly, Mr. Ra'fati interrupted our speech and said:

"No, a man called Mr. Reza Zadeh comes here to teach Mahtab as her tutor. He has become so intimate to us that he teaches freely. Last night, he was here and the kids and he playing music and danced so much. He was here till midnight..."

To be honest, the fact that the old man interrupted our speech hastily in order for his daughter not to speak made me hesitated; specially when I heard that man

was coming to this village from Sanandaj city without receiving any money to teach dulcimer!

I hesitated and asked: Well, how old is the man?!”

The old man who had realized his daughter and his wife’s heavy looks said in order to correct his words:

“Of course, this man is of the alien. He is Muslim. He doesn’t receive any tuition; because he loves Baha’ism.”

I said to myself: “So, this guy leaves his job and daily activities to come here to teach dulcimer freely!! I wish could see the guy to discover the reality.

I don’t know why I had accepted the fate that the assembly had written for me at those moments and had continued without any question and objection; otherwise, I could say that day that what was written at that notebook. Who is Mr. Reza Zadeh who comes here from Sanandaj city by his private car to teach to my future wife freely....

I didn’t enjoy breakfast that day. But some hours late I went to the city with Mahtab and her brother like a robot and bought wrist watch, ring and something else. Then, I headed off towards Hamadan.

When my mother saw what I bought became so glad and was continually saying:

“Mahtab’s taste is really good, she has selected so many beautiful things!”

A day before ceremony, I went to Sanadaj city to regulate my party affairs, too. I was to provide the food from Jahangardi restaurant. I asked the number of their guests. They announced they were 80 people. We were 60 people, too. Everybody were busy ornamenting the house. Some people had/ been sent to help from Sanandaj city assembly by Agha Zabih. When the ceremony started, I asked Mahtab about Mina’s husband’s absence. She said:

Unfortunately, some relatives have complained about this issue that they have been unaware of the proposal. Mina’s husband who is a Turk from Miyandoab city has assumed this action as disrespect with himself. Beytullah who is my father’s cousin and isn’t happy with the assembly tells you to fall into a hole; should you obey?!”

I said: “Thus, Mina’s husband must have been of the bigot Baha’is.”

And Mahtab answered:

“No, he isn’t faithful. Amir, Mina’s husband and even Agha Zabih himself have been received messages by the assembly to modify their behaviors. Of course, the reason why Zabih has claimed down regarding our marriage issue is that the assembly has ordered him and also he has promised my parents not to be strict; since he was strict about one of my sister’s marriage; so my parents made him promise not to be strict about my proposer.”

During that short period of time I had lots of questions to ask; including the presence of a boy called Farid. So, I asked:

“To be honest, who is Farid?”

And Mahtab replied:

“He is our next door’s boy. Farid’s father durned against Baha’ism some years ago and turned to Islam. Farid’s mother abandoned her husband, too. His father got married with a Muslim woman. Now, Farid has sought asylum to us because of the extreme loneliness...”

I said: “Has his mother abandoned her husband just due to his turning to Islam?!”

She said:

“Farid’s father, MR. Ahmadi, cursed the great men Baha and Bahaullah in the presence of Sanandaj city servants and tore their photos and books and left Baha’is; but his wife’s brothers who were of Baha’ism heads in Tehran and Qazvin caused her to leave her husband via forcing their sister; for they said they couldn’t tolerate that stigma.”

The engagement ceremony started at 3 p.m. when most of the invitees had come. Then, an incantation was recited and the invitees were welcomed. Some grandiloquent and meaningless statements by **Bahaullah** were mentioned. Nobody understood. Then, according to Baha’is custom we concluded a 91-deay marriage contract; that is, a period of time that is appointed by Abdul Baha. This custom has got all Baha’is into trouble; because regulating this period actions exactly is a hard task.

Then the boisterous festivity reached its highest point. The photographer was taking photos continually and was recording those moments. When the bride and I stood next to some people, Mahtab insisted me to show myself as a really glad groom. Every time when I was asking: “What’s the difference between this photo with the rest?” She was saying: “I’ll tell you the providence later and that event repeated for several times; but my questions weren’t answered.

After a while, a group of people who were invited to eat sweet left and a group of close relatives remained to eat dinner.

Then, the invitees ate dinner like any other ceremonies. The rejoiced; took photos and they left at midnight. Then I said:

“Mr. Rafa’ti, we’ll head off tomorrow if you let...”

But they disagreed and we stayed in Sanandaj city for two days. During that period of time, I wanted to ask Mahtab what her insistence on me to be happy in some photos was. I asked her several times; but I didn’t receive any true answer for them.

After two days, I returned to Hamadan city with lots of unanswered questions.

My brother's wife who didn't know reason of my delay in Sanandaj city for two days was continually saying:

"Agha Farhad, you were patting and claiming that we don't know each other; but you remained in Sanandaj city for 48 hours. The old people have truly said that a guy is from city where his wife has been born."

I preferred not to answer; since I didn't want to explain the details. From that day on, Mahtab and I were in touch by phone and were asking our health. Our words were ordinary. One day, I saw **Hediyeh Khanom**, Mahtab's maternal aunt's daughter, along with her maternal aunt in Hamadan city. I remembered the engagement night and suddenly asked her about those photos and Mahtab's previous life...

Hediyeh Khanom said surprisingly, too:

"That is haven't you asked your fiancée about it?!"

I said:

"When I have wanted to ask yet, the have hit the assembly's agreement hammer on my head; additionally, I don't know where to start to achieve the questions."

In short, my insistence was efficacious and Hediyeh Khanom and her maternal aunt came to park with me.

Hediyeh Khanom asked me first not to react with Mahtab after hearing her words; because if I reacted, they would accuse Hediyeh. Then she made me promise to have a usual treatment with my fiancée and to pretend not to be aware of her last life. After so many treaties, Hediyeh Khanom said:

"To be honest, none of my family members is faithful. For this reason, Ra'fati's family aren't in danger and they have social intercourse with each other a lot. This social intercourse made brother Farhad who was a fanatic Marxist be interested in Mahtab who was a bigoted Baha'i. In order for Farhad to be attracted to Baha'ism, not only Ra'fati family didn't react negatively; but also they agrees with their appointment and visits. They were even encouraging Mahtab to those socializations. Even, Farhad spent a period of time in Sanandaj city in order to be familiar with the Baha'i faith."

But everything wasn't OK. Because instead of turning Farhad towards Baha'ism by Mahtab, Farhad came apart Mahtab's belief. In this way, Mahtab who was the cream of the crop in all assembly festivals distanced Baha'i community gradually. She was even arguing and this issue wasn't acceptable for Ra'fati family. In this manner, they prevented those boy and girl to have social intercourse with each other. At that juncture time, Farhad asked Mahtab's hand for 2 times, insistentlly; but he encountered their disagreement each time. Eventually, Farhad gave up hope about marriage and decided to continue his education at university. Fortunately, he was

successful to continue his education in a good field of study in the first year. Mr. Ra'fati's family got rid of him; because Farhad's presence was a great danger for them. That frustration caused Mahtab to turn to music. A music master was to train Mahtab at home, too. After that even, Agha Zabih felt that Mahtab was giving all of her proposers negatively without any reason. For this reason, he became curious and finally he found out that the Excellency Reza Zadeh who wasn't a believer and was speaking with Mahtab about Marx's philosophy and England from the morning till dusk has been interested in Mahtab. Mahtab had fell in love with him, too. They had gotten rid of Farhad with difficulty; but then they realized another Farhad had entered into Mahtab's life. After consulting with the assembly, Zabih decided to answer to the first proposer positively and you appeared. So, they agreed without inquiry. This decision was made a meeting was held by the member of Hamadan and Sanandaj city assemblies in order to put down the theological riot of Mahtab and her relationships with you; for nothing was the worst for the assembly to lose one of its member due to a marriage or a relationship; since this person become a prototype for those who want to get rid of Baha'ism."

At that cold weather, all of my body blazed. I was dizzy. As if the park was circulating around my head; but I was listening to Hediye Khanom in a bitter silence to find the reality.

Meanwhile, Ra'fati family was so happy that they didn't inquire. So, they aren't beholden to you; because everybody except you could be received a positive answer; since they couldn't tolerate their daughter's behaviors. One day, she was a bigoted Baha'i and the other day she was suspecting everything influenced by the other's words and questioning the Baha'ism basis. For this reason, they held an engagement celebration in order for Mahtab's music trainer to give up an idea to getting married with Mahtab and also Mahtab becomes busy with life and follows arguments less. Now, Ra'fati family are really satisfied with joining you; because they have gotten rid of quarrelsome. During taking photos she insisted you to smile to show your cheerful photo to Farhad and Mr. Reza Zadeh; since she was proud to let them think she has got married compulsorily. For this reason, she pretended to be so happy and also asked you to glitter happier. At that time, I became too frustrated; since I felt I was deceived by the organization too badly. So, I asked:

"Is Mahtab aware of the assembly plans?"

Hediye nodded her head and said:

"The poor girl is unaware of everything like you, too. Just your statements caused her to suspect of this marriage."

I said:

"Evidently, you are aware of the most private issues of this family"

She said:

“Yes, my maternal aunt, Maeeshat Khanom, whom I call mother has had social intercourse with this family for years; now if you suspect, you can asked her ...”

I glanced at Maeeshat Khanom and found out that she was confirming Hediye’s words and was continually emphasizing not to let Mr. Ra’fati family know the fact that we have said these words to you ... because she said: we are afraid of the organization. The organization agents are too cruel. They may kill us in a false accident...

Being afraid of the assembly, Hediye Khanom said: “I swear by God that they are worse than Communist...”

After a while, I thanked them and headed off towards our house unsteadily. I said to myself while I was cursing this satanic cult silently:

“Poor Baha’i youth, they get married hopefully. They don’t know that they are being coupled through Goebbels’s method –the minister of proselytism of Germany- like animals in order for the Baha’i generation to be increased. I remembered German girls and boys were being got married by Reich III during his dominance according to Gestapo order in order to gain pure German generation. At that time, all the world condemned Hitler’s action. The Baha’i assemblies are doing the same as Hitler’s behaviors in Iran; but the claimants of western human rights say nothing. They are also claiming that the Baha’is are being behaved with cruelty!”

I came home. I asked with a downcast tone: “Has anybody called me ...?”

My younger sister said:

“Just dear Mahtab called and said: “We have gone to Kamyaran city. I myself with call again.”

I took the telephone upstairs to be able to speak with Mahtab frankly.

My younger sister came and said: “Say hello to dear Mahtab.”

I became upset; because just **Arezou** was unaware of the plan; otherwise, the rest to my family members were executants of that bitter scenario. Then I thought of future when little Arezou will grow up and have to be sacrificed with the assembly orders as expediency. I said to myself:

“Lucky you Arezou; you don’t know what a bitter game waiting for you.”

I opened a poetical book called “the moon and cotton”. It was a long time that I got a chance to read it. I suddenly encountered a sonnet which was narrating my feelings:

**What I saw in the mirror was a vain playing
I wish I had winded down before any looking**

Then, I took pity on Mahtab; because I felt has been sacrificed, too. I dint like to be a puppet by the assembly, anymore. I didn’t like to be inflicted by their

ominous plans. I wanted to tell her not to allow this group's malicious hands to change us into indecisive chessmen of the assembly. At that time, my mother came upstairs and said while she had realized that I wasn't happy and hale in contrary to some days ago: "What's wrong. You are thinking deeply..."

I said:

"Dear mother, I wish I were thinking deeply and became bankrupt; but I weren't a toy..."

Some moments later Mojgan, my brother's wife came upstairs hearing my voice and said:

"Agha Farhad, what do you mean? You favored the girl and bought a ring of her. Now, you are saying you were deceive."

I said:

"Suppose that I haven't been deceived; but I should say I concluded that Mahtab and I aren't good for each other."

My mother said:

"Do you hallucinate? Do you want to disgrace us?"

I said:

"Mother! Why do you make yourself not understand. We are just toys; because you are aware of the members of the assembly's intentions; but the bride groom aren't."

Being tired of my behaviors and words, my mother said firmly:

"Nothing had been hidden; you were satisfied with everything..."

I said:

"Which god do you believe in by whom you swear; the real God or the blessed Beauty?!"

At that moment my mother went downstairs while she was continually saying:

"O' the blessed Beauty, have mercy on us, forgive us, this kid is ignorant."

At that time, the phone rang. I picked the receiver up. I thought Mahtab has rung from Sanandaj city... But it was a woman said seriously: "I have some words with Agha Farhad.

I said: "I am Farhad."

She said:

"I am ringing on behalf of the Excellency colonel's family. I beg you to give a trustee any gift or present of this family left with you."

I said:

"I think I have offered many of those gift to them by Maryam Khanom's fiance; because I this family has been just kind with me; so I don't betray. Despite this, I'll search my devices, anything you say."

Then, I searched my devices silently without letting anybody else suspect. An hour later, when I became disappointed to find any moment I found a metal box

under my bed. I opened it. There were some shared photos of the colonel's family and me and Marjan's gift to me such as cologne and ...

I called that woman and said after greeting:

"Excuse me; you were right and I am in your service."

But that woman said:

"It is better to deliver to Marjan's mother."

I wanted to say:

"It isn't advisable for me to refer to their house when Marjan has got engaged ..."

And she said laughing: "Now, go ..."

When I arrived at the Excellency colonel's house, Maryam opened the door crying and said: "Agha Farhad, but you believed in manliness, compassion and magnanimity ..."

I said:

"Maryam Khanom, I behaved lustily; because you have rung and I've brought the rest of gifts ..."

Some moment later, Marjan's mother called me to go in with an ailing face; but I rejected and said:

"You know, Marjan Khanom is married now and it isn't true for me to enter your house."

At that moment, a teardrop fell upon Marjan's mother's cheek out of her eyes and she said:

"Mr. Jahandideh, you wouldn't have been here if this phenomenon hadn't happened ..."

I said surprisingly: "So, hasn't it happened?..."

Marjan's mother said:

"When Marjan didn't get married with the colonel's niece, the colonel said: 'Now, when you are answering to my niece's proposal negatively; so tell the Baha'i assembly to leave us alone; meanwhile, we didn't expect your family to call us and say: 'Give back Farhad's honorary things...'"

I said:

"I swear by God I am quite unaware of this issue. It was said to me that Marjan had gotten married and been prosperous. When you called, I obeyed your order; but it was unlikely for Marjan's faith to hurt herself..."

Suddenly, Marjan entered into the yard. She had become ten years older than before. I didn't know how to react. I merely said:

"How gaunt you have become? I was happy when I heard you have become prosperous."

She said:

“You are right. I made up for my error; because you were always saying: “you are my model for being Muslim.” But where is prosperity?!”

I said:

“You were and are my model forever; but I don’t know who has called on behalf of me.”

And Marjan’s mother said: “Parvin Khanom, you mother’s friend ...”

Meantime, Marjan had come nearer; so her gaunt face appeared more. Those east pleasure and enthusiasm had been turned into an ambiguous grief...

At that time, she said: “Mahasti said you had gotten engaged, congratulation ...”

I said:

“When has Mahasti said this news ... You yourself said to me you had got married, didn’t you?! Then I was said you followed your destiny and I was disappointed completely.”

She said:

“I couldn’t tolerate the trouble of you and my family.... Believe it, I was ready for that great campaign; but neither you nor my family was ready for that. My parents were searching for tranquility...”

I said: “It is quite false, mere lie... I ... I...”

Marjan said:

“I understand you, they were afraid we returned to each other again; for this reason, they were broadcasting your engagement news... then my prosperity new, too... But now ...”

I said:

“But, I have got engaged some days ago. That was a compulsory one; since that poor loves the other one; but the organization stresses on us to get married; mi commiserate her, too; for all of us are sacrificed by the organization. Now, we are pally going to divorce.”

Meantime Marjan pointed out my engagement ring and said:

“When you wore this ring, it means you have make a pledge with someone and you should make her prosperous”

I said:

“When I was disillusioned by you, I tried to leave Iran in order to be secure of the organization sedition; but the assembly didn’t let on the condition that I got married. I left you because you told me decisively: “Go ...” didn’t you?!... When I asked each one, he/she said your engagement ceremony has been held...”

Marjan answered while she was crying:

“Farhad, go and make that girl prosperous. I don’t know her; but you are her dream man whether she is Baha’i or Muslim; so don’t make her disappointed.”

I said:

“We have been the assembly puppet so far; but we can get rid of this octopus’s paw if you like.”

Marjan said:

“Don’t say so. Because they made you as their puppet as soon as they had a mind to and they destroyed a family. Now, I feel you can resist against them. You have been motivated to travel; but you aren’t ready. This trip needs a travel man; but you can’t ignore your human belongings. I ambitiously wait for a day when you cut your relationship with them confidently.”

I said:

“In order to compensate the past, come and consent again to ...”

She said:

“You were tested once; but you couldn’t tolerate. Now, another girl is waiting for you.”

I said goodbye to her and her family with a lump in my throat and cursed the assembly during the path. A assembly that didn’t let a Baha’i youth become Muslim via its ominous plans. Everybody had told lies to me. Everybody had taken my emotion to slaughterhouse to please the assembly.

When I arrived home, I couldn’t look at my family members; because they had stabbed the last dagger into my body through **Mahasti Rashedi**. I was feeling exotic among them. My younger sister was my only companion who was living in her blue world of her dreams. She embraced me as soon as I entered into our house. She said: “My dear fellow, Mahtab Khanom rang again.”

After a while, Mahtab called; but via my first greeting, she realized that my spirit sea was storm tossed. She said: “What’s wrong?!”

I said:

“Nothing will happen; that is we don’t know what’s happening secretly; because we are extras. Everybody is extra her, even he first role actor and actress of marriage and engagement.”

Being perplexed hearing my words, Mahtab said:

“What’s wrong Farhad? What are you saying?!”

I said: “You wouldn’t be a puppet and wouldn’t say yes to me if you knew!”

She said: “I accepted and elected you with my own will.”

I said:

“I think I proposed you with my willpower while I was a puppet. You accepted; because the assembly had become desperate with you, didn’t you?!”

She said calmly:

“That’s right.”

And I said politely:

“Miss. Ra’fati, I feel we have been imposed to each other; simply saying, the assembly had confronted us in order to get rid of us. I wish you had narrated your past earlier.”

And she answered:

“How should I live in the community if I am not able to satisfy my family?”

I cut after saying goodbye. I left the house. There were nothing but me, tear and poem in those uncrowded alleys:

**In this stratagem paly,
We were both toys
Although we didn’t want!
I wish it had been possible for us
Not to be puppets**

When I returned home, the trial began.

My father said:

“What were these nonsense and ramblings you have said to Mahtab? Do you want to disgrace two old Baha’i families?!”

And my mother completed his words:

“Farhad will bury us doing actions to be relaxed. Previously, he disgraced that Muslim girl and now he ... This boy can’t live like a human being.”

I answered them:

“Ti for tat, you have dishonored by your plans, too. Of course, I want to compensate for the plans from the organization.”

My mother said: “Farhad, be ashamed. Are you wisecracking in the presence of you parents?!”

I said:

“I will never wisecrack in your presence. Haply, my decision is to save both family’s honors. Of course, I am sure you don’t think about the consequence of this marriage.”

I said so, went to my room and closed the door.

It was dawn when I felt our house was crowded. I heard Mahtab’s brother and mother’s voices. I surprised; because it seemed they had moved towards Hamadan form Kamyaran city nightly. I opened the door noiselessly in order to go out of my room to the street. I couldn’t confront this family; because I felt ashamed. They weren’t guilty, too. The main culprit was the organization which was planning.

I went downstairs silently. Apparently, everyone was in the kitchen; but as soon as I wanted to open the hall door, Mahtab's mother caught my wrist and said with a convulsive voice crying:

“Agha Farhad, your decision will disgrace both families; especially the girl's family's honor is so important. I beg you not to change your mind.”

I said:

“But this decision is more useful for your daughter not for me. Second, the engagement is a useful period of time for both boy and girl to be familiar and know each other more. Thus, abolition of engagement isn't against the commandments.”

I saw Mahtab standing other side crying ...

I continued:

“Mahtab Khanom, convince your mother. This decision is useful for both of us.”

Some moment later, all Ra'fati family members came upstairs. The old man was begging me not to change my mind while his hands were shaking. And I said:

“Mr. Ra'fati, you make me feel ashamed. Believed it, this decision hasn't been made due to a grudge; but I want your daughter to be prosperous.”

Suddenly Mahtab interrupted our speeches and said:

“Farhad and I will solve this problem if you leave us alone.”

Hearing this word, everybody went downstairs disappointedly. When everybody left, Mahtab asked me to sit and speak.

Sitting on the furniture, she said:

“Do you think I have been harmed by the organization less than you?! If you judged so, you would make a mistake. But concerning our engagement, I should say I have become accustomed to you during this short period of time and I am not satisfied with separating from you; but I hate being treated with me piteously, too! So, if our relationship wants to be continued due to commiseration, it will be better for us to separate from each other; although separation will be too difficult for me. We should consider and pay attention to our parents who can't tolerate this damage. Also, I confess both of us have been sacrificed by the organization. Well, don't you think that we can make better decisions for our future if we live together?!”

I also said:

“Promise ourselves not to let hesitation seed root in our hearts.”

Then, we both went downstairs to announce our decision. We made our families happy with our decision. To be honest, I was astonished how my mind changed by that short speech. Maybe I had entrusted myself to waves like a person sinking.

In this manner, everybody clapped for us and got happy. But I was too gloomy; because I had a vague destiny.

Mahtab's family took advantage of that opportunity and spoke about the dowry and this issue that they disagreed with the milk money and they hadn't bought dowry. In this way, my family sent us to the market to buy dowry giving a large amount of money; because they were afraid I might change my mind!

Then I went to my fiancée's village in Sanandaj city to have peace and quiet. Climbing **Abidar** Mountains was my entertainment in Sanandaj city. I was running from the foothill to the mountaintop nonstop; while Mahtab was observing me with a field glass.

Once, I returned to Mr. Ra'fati's house after exercising, I said to Mahtab:

"Did you observe that I ran from the slope to the summit nonstop?"

Mahtab said:

"No, because poor Farid was alone. I sat to practice music with him."

I got suddenly furious and said:

"You say poor Farid; as if he is 5-6 years old and needs to be looked after; as if you have forgotten the poor Farid is 18 years of age maybe more and now he is young man having beard and mustache. Now tell me what these behaviors mean in our Iranian lexicon!"

And I continued with a calmer tone:

"You should behave with people differently; but you behave with this guy that he is a kid!!"

Mahtab said sorrowfully: "He is alone and we commiserate him."

I said:

"Dear Madam, compassion has its special meaning. If you want to continue this method in the future, I'll have more problem ... Madam, you should change your behavior ..."

I said these statements and went to the roof wearing warm clothes:

"If you become unhappy with this issue, I'll try not to behave with Farid as before."

I said:

"Don't try because of ne. moderate your behavior due to your purity and chastity."

She accepted, too and apologized. Then we went downstairs to eat breakfast.

We dropped in on all the bride's relatives according to the family custom during the time when we were in Sanandaj city. Everywhere we went lunch, dinner and music had been spread out.

After a while, I went with their group as a singer because of my familiarity with singing. During this period of time, I didn't see Amir. One day went to **Farideh's** father's- Badia's wife- house who were all into alcoholic liquor, smoking and gambling.

The consequence of the trip was taking lots of photos as mementos and a heart full of grief; because some Baha'i behaviors are intolerable for me.

Once we went to **Mina's** house – Mahtab's elder sister. We watch movies for four days and nights. We ate and slept, while I was seeking for other things.

The great virtue of those trips was my familiarity with known opticians of Sanandaj city; because I could cooperate with them easily.

Once more having a disagreement ...

Life was streaming like a calm river in the village until Mahtab's diary disorganized everything.

One day, I said to Mahtab:

“At last, your diary has been turned to a puzzle for us. I think it's a time to recite your poems for me ...”

At that moment, Mahtab muttered:

“I said those are some scrawled nonsense.”

I said: “Anyway, it's worth reading.”

She gave the diary to me unwillingly. Wow, what were I observing ...?

The diary was full of poems; but it is better to say each page continued literary excerpt of Romanticism of 18th and 19th century in Europe.

At the top of each literary excerpt, it was written: “To Farhad ...”

And at the top of some of them, it was also written: “To R.R I asked:

“Mahtab, who is R.R. whom you have offered all these poems?!”

She said:

“Rozita. She is my intimate friend.”

I said:

“But these literary excerpt flavors are different. I think you meant your master of Santur ... didn't you?!”

She said with embarrassment: “You're right. But he was an honest man ...”

While she didn't understand me, I said a word with a loud voice which made her answer loudly, too:

Our arguments intensified so much that Mr. and Mrs. Rafa'ti came upstairs immediately. Then old man and woman explained me that Mr. Reza Zadeh and Mahtab's relationship had been a simple one in the form of familiarity.

Mr. Rafa'ti said:

“Dear Farhad! I apologize you on behalf of my daughter and I promise you this fact that Mahtab will change her behavior.”

And I said: “I don't want to promise. I want my wife ...”

Suddenly Mahtab said: “I don't let you make a decision for me ...”

I packed my suitcase and said:

“Now, I leave you alone to make your own decision.”

Then, I departed to Hamadan city. I wanted to finish the problem. But, Mahtab called at noon, apologized crying and said: “My father says: “You should obey your husband from this time on ...”

I said, too:

“I don’t want to have a bondwoman; but I want to have a wife to be my intimate one with making her own decision and to respect me.”

It was spring and I bought some gifts unwillingly and went to Sanandaj city. After several days, Ra’fati family came to Hamadan city to go out for Seezdeh-bedar with each other.

I resemble a drowned person who has entrusted himself to the waves; but sometimes I couldn’t tolerate my future wife’s juvenile and playful behaviors just like a day when she said:

“I like to see your ex-fiancée very much.”

I planned for her to see Marjan distantly; but Mahtab appeared in front of Marjan and asked like a child:

“Are you Marjan Khanom?!”

And when she received a positive answer left there; while I didn’t know where I should hide myself.

I was annoyed by her behavior that I didn’t speak with her for a period of time; especially when she said to me mockingly:

“Alas, you lost this good looking girl!!”

She called me from Sanandaj city several times in order to apologize me; but I couldn’t forgive her unexamined behaviors.

Eventually, it was the time for us to get married. Some people came and started boisterous festivity. At 3 a.m. we departed to Sanandaj city to hold the wedding ceremony there according to Baha’i custom.

The incantation was recited in the wedding ceremony and it is announced that the marriage portion was 19 mesghals [equals 4.68 grams] silver and I offered it to the bride right away in cash.

But the bride presented all marriage portion to the assembly. At that time I said furiously:

“Khanom, we could solve lots of our problem by this money.”

And Mahtab said sorrowfully:

I’m sorry. My brother-Zabih-forced me to give the money to the assembly in order for the assembly not to think we are mercenary!!”

I said:

“Agha Zabih just thinks of his improvements in the assembly. The assembly empties Baha’i people’s pockets every 19 days, doesn’t it?”

She said:

“I swear by God that I am sinless. Zabih says: “The more you pay money, the more the Blessed Beauty pays attention to you...”

I said:

“So, it is possible to broaden the Blessed Beauty’s shadow by money”

Mahtab said, too:

“Do you think that I give hope to them? I swear by God no ... Don’t make a mistake. Just help you get free from them ...”

When the ceremony finished, we departed towards Hamadan city by some buses and minibuses at midnight. But, during the way the lady buses stopped working. It rained cats and dogs. The poor driver tried hard but he couldn’t repair it. For this reason, the bride and groom had to push the minibus in the rain; but it wasn’t started. Everybody was wet. The minibus couldn’t move. Eventually, the driver of one of minibuses which had gone ahead answered our cry for help and pilled our minibus with his minibus towards Hamadan like comic films. We drove around Hamadan city with the guests and we went to house at 4 a.m. they guests paid some money as gifts to us and left. My father took that money and didn’t pay to us.

At that time, I saw Zabih coming down the stairs carrying several empty bottles of wine. He was trying to pretend he is angry. So, he said:

“If I knew alcoholic liquor is drunk, I would disagree with your marriage.”

Hearing this statement, Mahtab cried; but I said bravely:

“The Excellency Zabih, don’t you knew that all Baha’is drink alcoholic liquor?! Do you want to offer a list of their names?!”

Hearing this statement, Zabih left our house angrily and this was an onset of enmity that has continued so far.

In this manner, our life started in the second floor of my father’s house in such a condition that my brother and his wife had to empty upstairs and they were replaced by us while we had prepared some household gadgets. My mother was really satisfied with my brother’s wife, Mojgan. But it will soon become obvious that my mother wasn’t so satisfied with Mahtab’s behavior. Mahtab wasn’t also satisfied with my mother; because she liked to live independently. She like to cook independently and to set her life according to my free time. She was continually reminding me: “you haven’t been able to forget Marjan.” And the suspicion reached its highest point when Marjan’s mother called me and said: “Marjan is to get married. For this reason, don’t say about the past if a person inquired. If it is possible, ask your family not to say anything.” I accepted and said goodbye with embarrassment. But this issue made Mahtab think I am not loyal with her; while no reason convinced her. But, I didn’t say anything about Farhad and Mr. Reza Zadeh.

After several months, Mahtab’s spirit became better and convinced I was loyal with her.

One day Fateh and Farid came to our house for a while. For this reason, Mahtab wasn't dropping in on my mother. Also, my brother's wife, Fereshteh, had come to our house, too. Fateh and Farid were telling jokes from the morning till night and I was too angry with this issue. One day, when I had sat in the shop, I saw Fateh and Farid were coming toward the shop having injured faces. I asked unhappily: "Who has injured you so?!"

Fateh said: "Your brother, Shoa'ullah..."

And the Farid continued: "we both were playing card with Mahtab and Fereshteh Khanom when your brother entered angrily..."

Fateh asked: "Why did you cancel your shop soon?!..."

Shoa'ullah also said:

Yes, I've come to ask you as two huskies: "Why do you laugh with my wife?..."

And then he attacked and hit us and said:

"What does it mean that you've left your houses and jobs to come here? Are you free and don't have any job to do?"

We came out, too. But they went to one of their relatives. When I saw Shoa'ullah, I said:

"The Excellency Shoa'ullah, they were our guests and you are one the assembly members. How do you justify your bigotry?"

At that time, Shoa'ullah said:

"Damn to the commandments. I swear by the blessed Beauty if this guy laughs with my wife once more, I'll kill him."

And I disagreed with him and said:

"I suppose Fateh is a bad boy, but Fereshteh shouldn't indulge and play with them. She should be careful about bounds."

And he couldn't answer to me.

Moreover, Mahtab had argued with my parents severely, because her brother, Fateh, had been shellacked...

Then my mother said:

"An inept guy, aren't you red-blooded?! You should espies us..."

I hadn't espoused anybody. So I said:

"Is there any zeal among Baha'is?! You know the assembly has said: "The uncivilized me are bigot?!"

My mother said:

"Do you see Mahtab, you are teaching these things to my son."

Mahtab also said:

"You know your son has said worse than these statements to me. Now, why do you condemn me?!"

The she went upstairs crying. Meantime, my mother shouted:

“Leave this house as soon as possible.”

Being tenant in a Muslim’s house

Finally, we rented a small house. When we referred to bring our furniture, we found out my mother has confiscated all the gifts. My father had deposited all the money. Consequently, all of our furniture was fitted in a van.

A piece of moquette, a machine-made carpet and a bed were all of our furniture. I remember we didn’t have even a pillow at first nights and we were making pillows out of our clothes forced by the circumstance.

Our life continued with difficulty for about a month; because my father and brothers themselves weren’t ordering lenses and they had even commanded all relatives not to refer to Farhad for lenses.

During that period of time, we could just buy a small tape recorder and a 14” black and white Chinese TV.

We didn’t eat warm food for a long time. We called it a diet; but we didn’t know what to do for not having clothes. At that situation, we were hard up with money so much that we couldn’t buy clothes; for this reason, my wife and I were deprived of going to party.

Of course, my family commiserated me and ordered me for lenses; maybe nobody did their jobs cheaper than I.

In order to help me run our life, Mahtab was making dolls along with one of her relatives. I was also taking the dolls to the market and selling them. After a while, the orders increased; so that we could buy a good sewing machine. We rented a small shop, too. We employed two people to help Mahtab and her paternal uncle’s granddaughter, **Shokat**. Unfortunately, it didn’t last for a long time; for the second hand dolls were imported illegally into the country and this issue made our job bearish. In this way, we had to cancel our shop. I was too busy with life’s events so much that I had forgotten going abroad. Mahtab suggested to go to class to learn cosmetology; but I disagreed. Then she decided to go to sewing class and I agreed compulsorily. As I predicted, she got tired of that profession and didn’t go to class anymore.

Our biggest chance was having a Muslim landlord who continually advised us to be patient. Fortunately, for this reason Baha’is weren’t coming to our house. Consequently, our life was nearly tranquil. We had been exempted going to Baha’i parties and weekly periods, too.

The assembly’s order to evacuate the house

Although our landlord was aware of the fact that Mahtab and I were Baha'is, he wasn't strict with us. Neither he nor his 18-years-old son who was a member of mobilization and his wife who was holding the holy Quran class were strict with us. They were sympathizing with us and we were satisfied with their human behaviors.

One day Zabih appeared and said: "Why don't you move from this house?!"

I said:

"Mahtab and I are satisfied with this house and our landlord. There is reason for us to leave this house."

Then Zabih said:

"Aren't you taking the trouble; while you are living in a house of worship next to a mobilization base?!"

I said: "No, they leave us alone."

Hearing this statement, Zabih tried to pretend he was sympathizing with us; so he said:

"If you rent a big house, you will try to save money and complete your household gadgets ... Meanwhile, the organization isn't satisfied with your living place and it has advised you to go to one of Baha'is to be able to participate in the weekly meetings."

I answered, too:

"I have paid 50 thousand Tumans as mortgage and 25 thousand Tumans as rental. How can I find another house in Hamadan city in such a price?!"

Zabih was kind with us that day according to the assembly order; so he said with a fatherly tone:

"Have Baha'is died? Whether Baha'is are dead that you become tenants in a Muslim's house. It was obvious that the organization has felt dangerous with our isolation. It has sent him to prevent our separation. Especially this fact that our landlord was a Muslim and the assembly was afraid of this issue a lot."

Zabih persisted. I had to change the topic by displaying a film for him; so I said:

"Now, let's watch a movie. Then we'll speak about it."

I got up early in the morning to buy some bread. I saw Mr. Ranjbaran, our landlord who was calling me in the stairway:

"My son, as if your lease contract deadline has been approached. For this reason, I wasted your time to say there won't be any tenant for my wife and me better than you; so if you want to prolong your contract, we'll agree. But if you are determined to live in a bigger house, you should announce me; because our locality clergyman has introduced a family and has advised me

that this family is in trouble financially. Thus, I condition this issue. What's your decision?"

I said, too:

"The Excellency Ranjbaran we are satisfied with you more. As long as you want we are at your service. How can I leave your house while it has a spiritual and calm atmosphere?"

Mr. Ranjbaran became really happy with my statements. Then we both went to bakery.

When I returned home, I announced the news to my wife. She became really happy, too; because Mahtab didn't satisfy to leave the house.

Zabih and his parents came to our house in the evening. His mother said:

"The assembly's order is the blessed Beauty's one which is similar to God's order. Now how do you disobey the assembly's order?"

I said: "Der mother, we are relaxed here."

Zabih said: "You are relaxed; since you don't participate in the gatherings, do you?!"

Mahtab said: "What are you saying, dear fellow ..."

Mahtab's mother said, too:

"This house is bad; because you can't recite incantation here."

I said, too:

"Who has said? You can recite incantation till morning. Nobody will be strict with you."

The old woman said: "What will happen if the aliens hear?..."

I said: "If I heard!"

At that time Zabih said ironically:

"As if friendship with Muslims has been effective ... You are becoming a bone fide Muslim ..."

At that moment Mr. Ra'fati said against the audience views:

"Agha Farhad is right ..."

Suddenly his wife grumbled:

"What are you saying? Have you become mad?..."

Mrs. Rafa'ti caused her husband to shrink in my presence to prove in their family and in other Baha'i family a woman decides and it won't be important if she violates her husband's character.

And then he continued:

"Mr. Jahandideh and I solved the money problem; that is we will lend you."

We the meeting finished. I went to the workshop to decide what to do; because the new rental was too high and difficult for me to pay that they wanted to impose me forcefully. I called Mahtab. Mahtab said:

“Your mother called and said to go to their house.”

When I went there I saw those who had forcefully kicked us out had surrounded Mahtab and made her agree with changing the house.

They said:

“Pay 300 thousand Tumans as mortgage and 50 thousand Tumans as rental to live in a Baha’i widow, Manijeh’s house.”

While I was speaking with my landlord to prolong our contract for one month more.

But my father and my brothers and Zabih went to Mr. Ranjbaran’s house at that moment unannounced and took our furniture to the mentioned house and cancelled the contract. When I saw Mr. **Ranjbaran**, I felt really ashamed. I felt he has known I didn’t have willpower and was the assembly’s toy.

Our new house had three floors. A young man called **Kamran Mahboubi** was living in the first floor next to the central heating room. Manijeh Khanom and her daughter Azita were living in the second floor and the third floor includes two single-family units. One unit belongs to us and the other belonged to a woman whose husband had been executed; because he had spied for Israel. She was living with her daughter divorced her husband **Payam Ebadi**.

We had resided in the new house for some days; but I felt really homesick in that house. I resembled a free bird been captured in a cage; for although our previous house was small; but we were relaxed there. Meantime Manijeh Khanom’s previous tenant who was also a Baha’i came there to settle the accounts. It was so-called the settlement of accounts. They cursed each other. When the ex-tenant wanted to leave, he said:

“This time your wife and you will be sacrificed by the hyena and her daughter as a witch. God rescue you. Because they won’t leave you alone unless they make you divorce.”

At that time, Manijeh Khanom and her daughter ran into the hallway and became busy pulling the tenant’s wife’s hair.

“O’ God, rescue us!”

The previous tenant was right; because during the four months of our residence in that house, Mahtab quarreled with me and went to Sanandaj city for at least five times. Every time she was coming back; because her brother and parents were advising her.

The more we were secure in the previous house, the more we were under the control of the assembly; because our behaviors were being immediately announced to the organization by **Manijeh press** due to her action.

She was behaving like creditors; since her husband had been executed as a spy.

Sometimes, Mahtab and I were collecting statistical data of divorced couples among Baha'is that the number was astonishing. The reason for those divorces was that those marriages were ordered or it was due to the sedition ruled among Baha'is families. The families who have social intercourses with just Baha'is ordered by the organization will have social intercourse which are out of family bonds; so those intercourses destroys the family. During these social intercourses and at the summit of intimacy they smoke opium and drink alcoholic liquors.

In the middle of summer, my wife and I conflicted severely. Mahtab had suspected that I was an addict and smoked opium; while she couldn't prove. Of course, Zabih was tempting and intriguing her; because he was seeking vengeance with me from the beginning of our familiarity till now. Mahtab was also believed that I had been a bona fide addict. At that time, I called Mahtab to a room and said:

“Mahtab Khanom, I had let you leave me earlier. Why didn't you leave? Now, do you want to leave me after this long period of time living with each other and accusing me?! If you think you become prosperous you will free to leave me. Meantime, why did you swear by the blessed Beauty's photo in the presence of your family for such a lie?!”

Mahtab said:

“I said Farhad had had a toothache in Mr. Fereydouni's house and according to Mr. Fereydouni's suggestion he had put opium on it; but I didn't mean you are smoking opium ... But knew I don't think highly of the blessed Beauty in order to be afraid of swearing by his photo.”

I said: “Anyway, you stroke my life ...”

Mahtab's family brought a van to take her ragbags. At that time, her mother said crying:

“My son, I know that Mahtab has accused you sentimentally. I take her ragbags to her maternal aunt's house to be punished.”

Another conspiracy

During that period of time, I didn't suffer from scruples; because her accusations were mere lies. On the other side, my family was encouraging me continually to reconcile with Mahtab. Now, I was too busy dealing with life that I wasn't even thinking of escaping and going abroad.

Meantime, in order for me to reconcile with Mahtab, my brothers were saying me:

“It isn’t merited for you to have a social intercourse with the married ones; because you are now bachelor. At last, they advised the problem to be solved by the assembly. The assembly also advised to go to Sanandaj city as soon as possible and to reconcile.”

My family departed towards Sanandaj city without being aware of a conspiracy. I sympathized with my grandfather because he was said:

“Go to Sanandaj city and send back your bride to Hamadan.”

But we encountered another scene in Sanandaj city.

I was too gloomy with my wife; because it was a big accusation. It was interesting to be said that I was ready to be tested for addiction; but Zabih who was circulating in the melancholic world said:

“You are taking a kind of drug to remedy the opium.”

When we went into their house, nobody came to welcome us. They were just saying: “Come in.”

When we entered, they behaved us like strangers; so that my grandfather said: “As if it is a bat time for us to come.”

They said: “No, the guest is the blessed Beauty’s friend.”

Without greeting with them, my grandfather said to Mr. and Mrs. Ra’fati:

“Call Agha Zabih if it’s possible. We want to speak about this young couple who have separated from each other for a while. I hope they live with each other again being in good health.”

Mahtab’s mother went downward the workshop and joined us along with Zabih after 10 minutes. My father and grandfather repeated the reason of their arrival for Agha Zabih; but he answered them coldly:

“We have consulted with Mahtab very much; but she isn’t satisfied with coming back and living. She’s said to us to convey her message to you.”

My father turned to him and said:

“Where is my bride now? Tell her to come here to be convinced, if it’s possible.”

They called Mahtab. She came out of a room wearing usual clothes. Before our separation, she was kissing my father and grandfather as her habit; but this time she just shook hands and sat. my grandfather turned towards Mahtab and said:

“We know that you have passed a cold soulless period of time due to not having understanding and not being aware of common Morales and thoughts; but I think period of separation has made you realize the reality of life and your returning to common life will be full of happiness and kindness this time. Before coming here, we asked Farhad’s idea and issued an ultimatum to him, first. And then, we departed towards here. I also ask you to tell your view, problems and issues you haven’t said yet in order to solve them in this delightful bus small gathering. Tell your words if you think you have some

words with us and if you had thought before, prepare your equipment asking for your parents' permission and come back to your house."

And he waited for Mahtab's answer. Mahtab turned to my grandfather and said while her face was grown a bit old:

"Maybe, these statements can be solved by a written pledge on behalf of us between the servants of Hamadan or Sanandaj city; but the problem is that we have recently realized an issue that has made me not come back anymore; even if the servants' intermediation."

My father turned toward Mahtab and said:

"What's something that you've newly found out in order for us to be aware of it and not to insist you on returning to Hamadan city."

Mahtab said:

"The issue is really serious and don't ask me to mention it. Because if I mention, I would blemish the blessed Beauty and your hearts."

My father said:

"Has Farhad stolen something or killed somebody that we are unaware?! Why do you evade saying? Has anybody else fallen in love with him that we don't know? You made me suspect. Tell me what's wrong to know what to do?"

Agha Zabih who was listening to my father's and Mahtab's words said:

"I surprised why you haven't realized the issue by your son's behavior during this period of time or you may know the issue; but it is usual for you."

My grandfather said:

"Mr. Ra'fati, tell us what Farhad's fault is that his family is even unaware of it."

Agha Zabih said, too:

"Before I tell the issue due to your insistence, you certainly know I am one the servants of the blessed Beauty and I am also one of manservants of the Excellency Abdul Baha's disciples. For my members I have inquired and I have investigated the issue with the other members of Sanandaj city servants. They have confirmed the issue, too. So assume this statement said not by me but by the members of Sanandaj city assembly members. The members of the assembly or servants won't allow themselves to disgrace a Baha'i youth if they aren't quite sure. Do you believe my words?"

My grandfather said: "I believe in the servants and their views and I also ask you to clarify the issue for us to be aware. Zabih said:

"According to our inquiries from the reliable resources after spending days and hours, we have definitely concluded that Farhad is an addict and smokes opium."

Zabih continued while he was thinking he has hit the mark:

“Now, my family and I can’t make a decision; but the assembly of Sanandaj has confirmed they shouldn’t conciliate.”

My poor grandfather, Zabih had insulted him instead of respecting. He put his hand on his heart. At that time, my father said angrily:

“The Excellency Zabih, we had come to take your sister; but you accused us to take opium and also our son is an addict; but the appearance of an addict shows that he is suffering from addiction. Meantime, the assembly of Hamadan ordered us to come to Sanandaj.”

Zabih replied without embarrassment:

“No, no, both assemblies have the same ideas.”

My self-esteem had been quite broken; so I said:

“Experiment is the best way. I am ready to be test everywhere you like.”

But Zabih insisted:

“You may take a kind of drug to remove the opium effect.”

I said: “No drug of a kind hasn’t been invented. Inform us if it were invented.”

My father said:

“It is better for Farhad to be imprisoned in your presence for a week; because it would be clear if he is an addict.”

But Zabih who was continually speaking harshly to us said:

“I am not a policeman. This is the duty of legislation.”

My grandfather shouted: “Why would you accuse us if this was the duty of legislation.”

And my father confirmed my grandfather’s words and said:

“You are speaking so; as if my family and I are professional smugglers.”

And Zabih said brazenly: “God knows.”

At that time we stood up to leave the house.

Mr. Ra’fati said while his family wasn’t paying attention to him: “You are our guests; wait for a while.”

My father said:

“You are so-called the older of the family; nut you can’t control your family, I am sorry. Today, our son became an addict and we became smugglers ...”

Meantime, Amir suddenly arrived and shouted:

“Who has plucked up courage and insulted my father?!”

My father said: “Sit down, nobody has insulted ...”

But Amir persisted and attacked my father and me with grandfather’s stick.

My finger and head were broken and we were defeated. Amir attacked my father again and I resisted against him. I defended my family with a fruit knife. Amir was injured, too. Then, they exited the building and shouted:

“Help, help, we have been attacked by knife...”

Finally, we were taken to police station unwillingly. In the police station, they were condemned; because nobody believed I had attacked their house along with two old men. All policemen who were Kurds were reproaching them continually:

“You disgraced all Kurdish people ... How hospitable you are!”

Eventually, Amir and Zabih were freed by giving title deed as a pledge; because they were continually being reproached:

“These poor guys have come to conciliate your sister and her husband; while you attacked them. You aren’t Kurds. If you were Kurds, you wouldn’t attack this old man.”

Mahtab had stopped at barbed wire of the police station. She was standing next to his brother Fateh who was waiting for us to be condemned. I went forward a bit and said:

“Is it your hospitality custom to beat up a 75-years-old man ...?”

Mahtab said:

“I am not guilty. Badia’s brother-in-law, Hamid, has assured Agha Zabih and the members of the assembly that you are an addict ...”

But Mahtab interrupted her words while Zabih and Amir came out of the police station. Mahtab’s elder brother, Badi’a went to words the police station office and said:

“I have brought a title deed to make the old man free...”

Suddenly my grandfather said masterfully:

“I am ready to remain in Aaron’s prison; but I don’t like to sit and eat with a bastard. In your house, water is similar to snake venom.”

Anyway, they were trying so much; because they were afraid of my grandfather’s influence.

We slept in the police station all night. During the night, I was thinking of a dream with which I started my marital life; but the assembly changed it. The assembly deprived me of my favorite wife and imposed two people to join while every one of them loved another person. I wanted to escape; but they said to get married and when I got married to get rid of them I sank into slime more.

The next day when maternal uncle saw my father and grandfather with their heads bandaged he became too sorrowful that he said to Ra’fati family:

“Alas, you are too relentless. You aren’t worthy to be conflicted; otherwise I would pay what is due to you.”

I went to the court; but they gave an appointment for a week later.

During that period of time, my brother and I faced with Hamid and his brother who had accused me to be an opium taker. When my brother threatened them, they said:

“We swear by God that we are sinless. Zabih and the assembly members overtaxed us to accuse Farhad.”

And I replied:

“Damn to the assembly that assigns to a person and then purports.”

When I returned home, I called Mr. Ra’fati’s house. I requested them to broadcast my voice for all people in the house. Then I complained:

“The Excellency Zabih who assume yourself as a manservant of the assembly, Didn’t you know this issue that a person who is going to fight doesn’t depart with his/her grandfather?”

The Excellency Amir, what does beating up an old man mean in the Baha’ism lexicon? Are these new teaching of the Universal House of Justice?

And now I address those who accused me as an addict claim that Zabih and the assembly have put them under pressure ... You love the Blessed Beauty! Has the Blessed Beauty said to kill your guest? And has he said to disgrace your sinless groom?! Willing God, everything will be obvious till the day appointed the court.”

Then, I cut and fixed my laboratory test report for them and the assembly.

In the appointed day, two families expressed their consent and it is announced that the file is settled.

Then we went to Mr. **Parsa**’s house. Mr. Parsa tried to convince my wife to return; but Zabih resisted and said:

“These experiments are made. A fool person doesn’t believe in these words, too. Even the assembly confirmed Zabih’s words in order to prove that money, power and sycophancy have priority.”

Eventually, my wife who resembled a puppet in her brother’s hand didn’t come. I even sent a tape and a letter; but as if that were all inexorable.

An event or ...

Mahtab and abandoned and left for 6 months. During that period of time, I was riding a motorcycle as a vehicle. One day, I had an extreme accident at one of junctions of Hamadan city. The accident was too serve that I lost consciousness for a while. When I opened my eyes vertiginously. I was on a bed in the hospital. All members of my family had surrounded my bed crying. My left leg was extremely painful so much that I was shouting. The painkillers couldn’t tranquilized it, too. I came watchful when **Cyrus** called me:

“Farhad, don’t shout! You’ll will be tranquilized soon.”

Then I found out that bitter nightmare had happened in reality.

I asked: “Why am I here?”

He said:

“That is, don’t you remember? You know, you and I were riding a motorcycle; but you drove fast and hit a Land Rover car. I was thrown

distantly from you; but you shielded your feet and our feet were hit to the car severely. When I came towards you had been covered all over with blood. Even, some people were saying you had died.”

I remembered that I was deeply thinking sorrowfully while I was driving so much that I didn't understand having an accident; since alongside with things, people, shops and cars, which were passing me, the pages of my diary were being turned. A diary whose pages were reminding of the cruelty and molestation of Baha'i mafia assembly towards me. A mafia that didn't let me elect my destiny based on my taste like every human being. A assembly that didn't let me be proud of becoming Muslim by getting married with a chaste Muslim girl. A assembly that didn't allow me to go abroad after I defeated getting married with Marjan in order for me not to think of Islam in the foreign country. The assembly that promise the young people to send them to foreign countries and to provide jobs and facilities to marry as presenting something as much better than it actually ... But when the young people were being trapped, they throw them in the rubbish bin like used tissue papers and say:

“A person who is too renege will do the same with us.”

And then they will relinquish a youth who had burned the bridges behind ...

Although all my body was painful; but my left leg was extremely painful. I was dizzy. After a while, I closed my eyes. I was hearing vague voices; as if I was being taken to the operation room. I was hearing they weren't hopeful for me to survive. When I was shivering with cold, I felt I was in the operation room.

After a while when I opened my eyes, I was seeing my retainers' faces dimly. I felt all of them were smiling anxiously. The Land Rover car driver had stood yonder. He had come to get the letter expressing satisfaction. Of course after a while I heard my father has expressed his consent and said he had done that action to expand and proselytization of Baha'ism. In this way, if I had died, too, my father's terms of a problem wouldn't have been changed. He was ordered by the organization to express his consent to proselytize Baha'ism cult. I even heard that he had been also invited to the meetings in order to be familiar with the assembly member intimately. Of course, the wise driver neither dropped in on the assembly nor was influenced after getting the letter expressing approval. I wrote these statements in order for readers to find out this fact that even the offspring life isn't worthwhile for Baha'i. Otherwise no father accepts to do so with such a driver just for false proselytization. Of course, my father was acknowledge by the assembly for doing such action!!

But if a wealthy Baha'i or one of the assembly members or their relatives were me, the terms of a problem, would be quite changed.

My left leg and my right foot's knee had been quite plastered. Meanwhile, my head and face had been extremely injured. My left leg was severely painful; so that

I was shouting due to extreme pain. The Saints were immediately injecting painkiller. But neither my foot's pain became tranquil nor I could sleep. At those moments, each man needs his wife to be next to him in order to sympathize with him and to decrease his pains a bit. I was either. I was continually asking my parents and even my younger sister, Arezou where was Mahtab? Hey were also saying: "She is to come" in order for me to suffer less pain at those moments.

I had fallen on the hospital bed like a piece of meat while I was suffering from extreme pain. The physicians were saying:

"His left leg's bones has been extremely hit and we advise him to tolerate pains."

In addition to my physical pain my spiritual wounds was hurting me. I liked to ask my father:

"What would you do if a rich Baha'i were hit by the driver?"

I like to ask: **"Wouldn't you have made the driver miserable or wouldn't you have announced the even to the American spics as an Islamic system plan or wouldn't you have made first degree manslaughter out of his action via the help of inferior lawyer if one of the assembly member or their relatives had had an accident?! Then why did you listen to the assembly command when you saw the apple of your eye was dying ..."**

I like to ask my wife:

"I said in the first day that we weren't good for each other; so why did you and your family continue the relationship insistently according to the assembly command in order for me let there not be to return to a Muslim girl; but in addition to all those pains, I was assured. I felt God has tested me again once more by bestowing renewed lifetime."

Then the saints knew my wife's name expressing the words when I had lost consciousness and they were surprised because she had left me alone in that situation. Even some of them took pity on me and called Mr. Ra'fati house; but Zabih was stubborn as a mule; because he followed two aim by his sister's marriage. First he prevented me turning towards Islam and getting married with a Muslim family and next, he entertained his sister by celebration, engagement and ...; because his sister had been afflicted by hesitation in Baha'ism originality. Zabih wanted his sister's thoughts to be taken out of the extreme dominance of Farhad and Mr. Reza Zadeh's thoughts.

When I was groaning due to the severe pain, the saints said: "You were lucky for you left not to be amputated. So thank God.

I wasn't careful about days of the week and month. Due to the absence of physicians, I could discover it was Friday. One Friday while I had fallen on bed, a male saint called Mr. **Nouri** entered. He asked me: "Haven't the physicians said about your left leg?"

I said: "No, they haven't."

He said: "Haven't you found out this fetid smell?!"

I said: "What do you mean by fetid smell?!"

He said:

"They have plastered your wounded leg. Well, now your wounds which needed to be dressed have been infected."

And then he exited the room immediately and returned carrying a circular saw specially used for disclosing the plaster. He said to my cousin **Cyrus**:

"Grasp your friend's hands hard; for it is really painful."

The circular saw was cutting the plaster with a disgusting sound and it doubled the severe pain of my legs. When he finished his job, the fetid smell enclosed all the room. Being frightened due to watching my leg, Cyrus said:

"Mr. Nouri, I was next to him when he had an accident. There was a superficial wound on his feet."

He said:

"Anyway, the leg shouldn't have been plastered ..."

And then he called the saints quickly to help him dress and disinfect my wounds.

My leg's situation was too grave for no saint to touch my wounds. For this reason, Mr. Nouri himself cut all the infected surface of my leg and apply an ointment to it with the help of my cousin, Cyrus. I said:

"Mr. Nouri, how is my leg's condition for nobody touches it."

He said: "Stand up and look at it if you can!"

I wanted to stand up; but it was really painful; so I feel on the bed involuntarily. Some moments later, Cyrus brought a mirror and said: "Watch your wounds, now!"

When the mirror turned and reflected my leg's image, I shouted fearfully; because my leg was burning from the knee to down; in some parts of my leg's bones had been stuck out.

I asked: "Well, was it finished?!"

Poor Mr. Nouri said: "It was the first stage, you should tolerate a bit."

In spite of injecting powerful tranquilizer I was wailing due to pain at the time of dressing the wound. I was cursing the physician who had dressed. After a while, Mr. Nouri became tired and asked two other people for help. A bucket of infection was taken out of my leg; but my wounds were full of infection. My leg was shivering like the frostbitten people; so that everybody was frightened; lest I lost consciousness. The tissue of my leg had been destroyed; so that my bone touched the sterilized cotton. At that moment, I was suffered from extreme fever which was being sharpened; but during those bitter moments my wife had let me alone.

I had an extreme fever so much that I lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes, I saw Mr. Nouri sitting next to my bed to inject me antifebrile to decrease and control my body temperature. Then he said to me:

“Pardon me if you were suffering from pain. Believe it, you would lose your legs due to the action of an ignorant physician if we took action late.”

After some moments, a saint called Basali from Ramsar city entered into the room and said with Mazandarani accent:

“Now, forget your pains because your wife will come for a visit at 4 p.m. conciliate with each other willing God and leave here with a normal leg.”

I was thinking of my turning to Islam, my past and my failing when pain had covered all my body and Mr. Nouri was shearing my body's pieces of skins. Eventually it was 4 p.m. and I realized dimly that Zabih with his wife and Badia' and his wife entered into the room. They were shocked since pain had made me heavy-hearted. Mahtab came forward. When she asked my health, she was crying severely. I burst into tears; so that I couldn't speak easily and she couldn't either. No speech had been exchanged between my wife and me when Zabih said masterfully: “Hurry up. We have been invited to wedding party. We should leave here soon.”

At that moment Mr. Nouri who was observing the event said:

“Is going to wedding party necessary or sitting next to such heartsick ill person and sympathizing with him?!”

Then he turned to Mahtab and said:

“Khanom, you have leave your husband for a long time. But know wife and husband should be together in bad health days. Otherwise if wife remains next to her husband at pleasure time, she won't do an important action. Forget any displeasure existing in your heart and be your husband's safe hold.”

Zabih asked Mr. Nouri my health; as if he was suffered from scruples and Mr. Nouri said in order for Zabih not to act peevishly: “A person who had been worse than he has been healthy.”

Some moments later, Zabih who was the assembly obedient ordered to leave ... and my wife left like a deer trapped by a panther. She turned back for a moment and tried to overcome her fear; but as if she didn't dare to say no. but at last she said: “Wait for me downstairs I'll come in some minutes.”

When her brother went, she said:

“You know I have to leave here; but I try to visit you again. Zabih and my family disagreed to visit you; but I don't know what happened that they took pity on you. Try to elevate your spirits.”

And then she left me crying and left me alone having pains. I was observing Muslim wives taking care of their husbands continually and sympathizing their husbands.

I said to myself at that wretched condition; may God bestow his blessing to Mr. Nouri because was coming to hospital every day even when he was off; while nobody was washing my wounds. He was dressing my wounds carefully.

One more my physician took me to the operation room finding out his great mistake. My physical condition were getting worse; so that I couldn't eat food due to extreme pain; but I should have tolerate those sufferings.

Sometimes, I was feeling I was being tested by God and sometimes hopelessness demon was shadowing on my thoughts; I was feeling that I was tolerate the punishment of disturbing Marjan's family. That is, those whose presences were origins of hundreds of beneficent in my life and my turning to Islam; but I denied this opportunity due to not having self-confidence or maybe dreading.

Could being hospitalized for 5 months and being taken to the operating room for 9 times be the punishment for being ungrateful?! Or be a test for me ...?!

During this period of time my cousin Cyrus was next to me and my wife had called just two times during this five months to evade.

I was thinking of this issue whether that accident was planned by the assembly to get rid of me?! But I couldn't judge about it definitely. Then I thought of another issue anxiously. Is there any relationship between this issue and my father's expressing his consent?!

After tolerating all those suffering and when I thought my left leg was improve, my physician who had afflicted me by that disaster said to me indifferently: "There will be no way but amputating your left leg; because your heart may be infected."

When the physician was speaking I could hear nothing. I was just appealing not to do so; but he insisted that the mere way is to amputating my left leg.

Finally my medical file was to be transferred to Tehran because Mr. Nouri and I insisted in order for the best and most skillful Iranian physician to give their views regarding it. I was waiting for a week for their views. Eventually they announced that my leg should amputated due to extreme infection. As if the world had been ended up when Mr. Nouri said to me the physicians' views.

A window in the direction of this sun

When I was at the summit of disappointment, Mr. Nouri said:

"Agha Farhad, now when you are disillusioned, I'll give you the address of a physician who visits you freely and ..."

I said: "How ... Where is this physician's office?!"

He said:

“Have you ever gone to holy city of Mashahd as a Muslim?! Go there. You know the Household of the holy prophet are all generous and nobody will be disappointed.”

O’ God, what could I say. At that situation I explained my state having a lump in my throat:

“I really tried hard to experience being a Muslim ... I was nearly achieved it. I recited the articles of faith, too; but being afraid of the organization caused me to lose the best opportunity of my life.”

After saying those statements I was ashamed to look at Mr. Nouri’s face. For this reason, I drew my head under the blanket and cried severely. I continued:

“Now, how can I go on a pilgrimage of Imam Reza (P.H.) while I can’t move?!”

Crying gently, Mr. Nouri said:

“Dear Farhad, ask Imam Reza (P.H.) to heal your leg distantly if your physical condition don’t let you to go these.”

Then whisper with me:

“O’ Imam Reza (P.H.), I swear you by your mother the Excellency Fatima Zahra (P.H.), I swear by the expatriation of the Excellency Ali (P.H.), I swear you by the Excellency Aba Abdullah-al-Hussein’s oppressed blood at Ashoura noon, intercede me in the presence of God to recover me.”

Then I burst into tears ...

After a while, I felt light and my heart wouldn’t be dark anymore ...

Several days passed; but there wasn’t any fear in my heart anymore. My heart was certain that I would be eligible to acquire the patronage of that honorable Imam, at last.

Eventually the due time approached when the physicians said astonishingly watching my new leg photos:

“It is impossible. All infectious clots existed on bones have been vanished during some days; so the amputation of the left leg is obviated.”

Meantime, Mr. Nouri said having a broken heart:

“O’ savior of a deer! May I be sacrificed for feet’s holy soil. I knew you would make the young man’s heart happy! I knew you wouldn’t deny his request.”

Then he put his head on my shoulder we both cried. This scene made other patients who had surrounded us to recite the holy name of Imam Reza (P.H.) in a spiritual atmosphere and to ask him for healing.

After several days Mr. Nouri announced me to go home sitting on a wheelchair and fastening fixator on my left leg.

I was dizzy when for the first time, I watched the trees, flowers and the plants of hospital; but I tried to control myself. Then I went home by Mr. Nouri’s car

suffering a lot of torture; for I was suffering from pain when I moved. I was hospitalized at home for a while and Mr. Nouri was dressing my leg each day kindly.

On 20th of the solar month of Isfand, when I had been hospitalized in hospital for 6 **months the fixator** was removed out of my leg during a half an hour operation; nevertheless, couldn't believe that the organization hadn't played any role in the accident. Particularly, my father had sealed the letter expressing satisfaction with my fingerprint while I was senseless.

Then, I should practice walking steadily.

Recovering but ...

It was the new year of 1372. I was uninformed of my wife; but I was announced my wife had gone to Tehran without my permission and she was working in a company. After a while, I was informed she has returned to Sanandaj city. One day Mr. Ra'fati's family called our house unbelievably and invited us to Sanandaj city to conciliate.

I didn't know what to decide against their behaviors. I was doubtful about the organization lest it sets a trap for me and; on the other side, my wife's inattention during this period of time was annoying me too much.

Eventually I went to Sanandaj city along with my parents and my maternal uncle due to my family's persistence. When we arrived all the previous bitter memoirs were recollected. My injured grandfather and ... The gate was opened. Zabih apologized us and invited us to go in. I saw my wife standing in front of me; while I was going into the house with the help of sticks. She kissed my parents and shook hands with me. When we sat in the dining room, my wife apologized me and said:

“Those two people confessed their lies and it is a long time that they are ashamed to come here.”

I laughed with myself; since I knew they had forged those lies according to the organization order to destroy my life and not to let me achieve tranquility even for a moment. They had understood my wife and I were keeping a loaf of Baha'is and had assorted this punishment for us. My poor wife was influenced by Zabih, her brother's, order; because Zabih was ready to do any action to be advanced in the organization.

When my wife and I were alone, my wife confessed this issue that all our relatives were advising me to withdraw Farhad for he would lose his legs. I had been affected by their words.

And I replied:

“All events ended up. You should have will power and act independently.”

My wife narrated about the assembly plans and their ominous conspiracy. She was trying to attract my trust. But I was seeking for a person who goes along with me to break the cage. We returned to Hamadan city approaching this wish.

As soon as I came back to Hamadan city, I moved from that ominous house; because I felt those people in the house sinister and their black hearts had made my life to be collapsed; but they rented one of the other houses belonged to the same Baha'i window; however, we could live there comfortably; since she wasn't living there.

After being recovered, according to physicians I couldn't continue my job; for I couldn't stand up.

My father was grieving for he had consented. He observed that I had been afflicted by too many disasters. I was complaining him due to that issue.

One day, my wife reproached about tightness in earning a living in the presence of my father and my father replied:

"I am paying your rented and household expenditures. What's your problem?! Economize a bit."

And my wife answered:

"Dear father! Tell us how we can retrench earning 25000 Tumans."

Suddenly my brother Shoja'uddin said cruelly:

"Madam, we have been paying for Farhad since he has had an accident. I don't know when it'll end!"

Mahtab wanted to answer back; but I asked her to be silent and I replied:

"Shoja'ullah, Do you remember I was working without pay in a shop whose license had been issued in your name; while you were paying me just 15000 Tumans per month and you earn money without working?"

Shoja'ullah said: "I bet you no tot remind the past..."

I said:

"By happenstance, it is better for me to remind the past ... Then you accused me to be a rubber; but after a while it was proven that I wasn't. Next, you said my friend had been a rubber; however you went to Tehran and bought a flat, meantime to be clear who the real rudder was. When I was to get married with a Muslim girl you took advantage of an opportunity to attack to me. When I had an accident, you forced my father to consent according to the assembly order. I wouldn't need you if he didn't consent. But you became the organization agent in order to proselytize for Baha'ism and to make my needy."

Shojaullah who felt he has been trapped in a bad dilemma said:

"You can complain again at this moment ..."

I said:

“Do you think I am a kid, Shojaullah. Didn’t you seal the letter of expressing satisfaction by my fingerprint when I was faint? To be honest, did you have the heart to do so with your brother who was wander to be alive or dead, I don’t say brother, I say a human or a stranger...”

At that situation when my brothers had employed some experts in lathing lenses. On the condition when my leg had been improved and I could work, they didn’t ask me for work.

And I had to work in a road construction company as a driver.

I was frightened by driving in the first day; so that I was afraid lest I hit the new Mazda car to a place or another car; but God willing I controlled myself gradually. Moreover, my left leg was quite painful when I was pressing on clutch pedal.

The company adventures ...

My job description had been defined in the company I had been employed. Nevertheless, I confronted some unusual problem during doing my tasks.

For instance, once I went to city to buy some items along with Mr. **Saedi**, the seller didn’t issue the invoice. I asked Mr. Saedi: “Excuse me Mr. Saedi as if you forgot to receive the invoice ...”

He smiled and said:

“Don’t worry. I’ll write the sales at last.”

I surprised a bit and I wondered more when I felt Mr. Saedi paid less to the seller. But the expenditures of the company were more. At that time, I asked wonderfully:

“Presumptuously, Mr. Saedi, I think you paid 5000Tumans less than the invoice.”

And Saedi said trying to pretend he was cool:

“You made a mistake again, Agha Farhad. I paid the exact amount of money written in the invoice.”

And then advised me:

“Look at me, young man, this is my job. And your job is different. For instance, I shouldn’t ask you how much petrol and oil you consumed for your car and you too ... do you understand what I meant ...?!”

Confirming his statement, I nodded my head; but I found out corruption was gradually destroying the financial and administrative system of the company. It was interesting to be noted Mr. Saedi gave those forged invoice to Mr. Mirza pour, after a while. And he accepted without service, two cherished and respectful clergymen had taught me so much, so I remain silent and tolerate robbery. For this reason, I brought up the issue for discussion with one of the company people in

charge by the name of Mr. Dad Khah. Mr. Dad Khah turned furious and was continually saying: **“How wonderful, how stranger ...”**

Then he turned toward me and said:

“Agha Farhad, go shopping tomorrow by yourself...”

I said: **“disrupting this trend may have a bad consequence for me...”**

And Dad Khah answered with relaxation:

“Keep cool. There won’t be any problem.”

The next day when Mr. Saedi was going to go shopping after receiving money by Mr. Mirza pour, he was stopped by Mr. Dad Khah. Dad Khah said calmly:

“From this time on, Agha Farhad goes to the city to do shopping and Mr. Saedi, it is better to drop in on the workers’ place by another car.”

Becoming daunted, Saedi answered angrily:

“I am in charge of shopping; that is, I had done this job earlier ...”

And Dad Khah replied firmly and seriously:

“From the beginning till now; but not from this time on. So, from this time on deliver money and invoices to Mr. Jahandideh.”

At that moment, Saedi delivered money to me with astonishment; while he was whispering something. Then, Dad Khah said firmly:

“Well, why are you staying? Go fast ...Don’t delay the company tasks ...”

I departed towards the city quickly.

When I selected meat and other company items in the shop, the chamber attendant asked me: **“Where is Mr. Saedi?”**

I said: **“Today, I am in your service.”**

He said: **“that is, he’ll come tomorrow...”**

I said: **“Evidently, tomorrow I’ll be in your service, too.”**

The seller asked hesitantly while he had been taken aback:

“Should I write a sales slip based on Mr. Saedi’s method?”

I said: **“What do you mean by Mr. Saedi’s method?”**

He said:

“According to Mr. Saedi’s request we were writing; for instance, 500 Tumans more for a Kilo of meat; in this way, he was earning 5000 Tumans for 10 Kilos of meat. Some invoices were being provided by himself, too.”

I said: **“This action means clear robbery.”**

And the seller reminder kind:

“Youngling, that God’s slave was from an extended family. He said to me his salary was low. It didn’t suffice for this family expenses. He would buy the company items from the other shop if we opposed. We are earning a living through trading in bulk; otherwise, a man or a woman comes here to buy at most 1 Kilo of meat. In this way we can’t make ends meet.”

In this manner, I found out Mr. Saedi has earned 3000 Tumans in each shopping for each invoice. Of course, I didn't include 10 Kilos of meat for which he earned 5000 Tumans.

That day when I went everywhere for shopping I heard this story repeatedly; that is, the story of Mr. Saedi who was a family man and the justification of his robbery. When I was busy delivering items to storekeeper in the company, Dad Khah approached me and said:

“Tell me what the difference between invoices of today and yesterday is.”

I said: “About 30000 Tumans...”

Hearing this statement, Dad Khah shouted angrily:

“This is our Baha’i partner who put foot in it; for he imposed Mr. Saedi to the company just because he was Baha’i and said he was broke. He also claimed a Baha’i person isn’t a robber ... Now, notice this conscienceless person has been earning 30000 Tumans a day in this rattletrap company like a leech; that is, nine hundred thousand Tumans each month; because we are shopping even on Fridays.”

Mr. Dad Khah who was a Muslim was quite right; because Baha’is are trying to pretend to be exonerated from any fault in the community; but these outwardly good people are creating havoc. As a matter of fact, this method is being dictated to the members of Baha’ism cult by the assembly. When Baha’is are subject to be judged by the followers of divine religions, they must pretend to be honest and pure in order for people to be deceived by them; but these people also teach Satan while they aren’t exposed by other people.

Anyway, Mr. Dad Khah who had really felt contrition for getting into partnership with a Baha’i sent Saedi to Tehran with his robbery documents in order for his partner to give a definite answer to him. In this manner, I became in charge of shopping for the company and this issue caused me not to take part the organization meetings; so our life was tranquil.

On the other side, I was feeling really relaxed; since tolerating the participation in the assembly was tormenting for me even for a moment; because a person can tell a lie to everybody except him/herself and to me, every member of the assembly was a cruel criminal who had wasted my youth and prosperity. Their aim was not to let anybody move against their satanic teachings. They were afraid my release from the assembly mafia trammels becomes a patter for other captured youth.

I was feeling Mr. Mirza Pour who was the manager of the company should have been happy with my confession as a rule; but he was angry with me and its reason went back to his friendship with Saedi and their same ideological doctrine. Nevertheless, he was trying to save face. I tried not to let him look for excuses, too. One night when I was getting ready to go home, I heard some noises form the

second floor; that is, the managerial part of the company. One of workers was saying:

“Mr. Mirza Pour, you said to bring illicit whisky for you when we went on a vacation. We obeyed, too...”

And another worker continued:

“We have brought whisky for you every time we went on a vacation; while we would be brought down and imprisoned if the police caught us. Well, our speeches are logical. We say you must pay for the bottles of whisky we have brought for you ...”

And the other worker told:

“Now, you are threatening us to expel instead of paying money. If you asked us for gifts, you should tell us at first in order for us to answer to you definitely. It isn’t true for you to expel us instead of paying money.”

At that time, I went upstairs quickly and entered into Mr. Mirza Pour’s room without permission. At that situation, he opened his desk drawer and said to creditors while he felt nobody heard their speech:

“I told you at first that I would pay your remunerations. Now come and pick your money up.”

Meantime, the pauperized workers came towards the desk one by one frankly and said the number of bottles to Mirza Pour gesticulating and received their money ... Then they left the room while Mirza Pour shouted: go out, go out.

As soon as the door was closed, Mr. Mirza Pour said while his face had become livid and he was trying pretend everything is usual:

“Mr. Jahandideh, I advise you not to spoil workers; because if you indulge, you will be in a tight spot.”

After a while, Mr. Dadk Khah became so intimate with me that he asked me for help when he received money sent Tehran late. Of course, I was helping him, too. He was giving back my money after at most two weeks. Of course, according to the assembly order, the only person who helped me not feel ashamed of Mr. Dad Khah was my maternal uncle.

After a while, my wife traveled to Sanandaj city and then Mr. Dad Khah traveled to Isfahan. During that period of time Mirza pour’s bad behavior caused for the company to be come apart. Even some of the company employees went to Tehran to oppose the inhuman behavior of Mirza Pour. This issue caused the company to be unorganized. For this reason, I called Dad Khah after several days and said to him to come to the company; otherwise, everything is being collapsed. Dad Khah accepted too. He returned to the company after cone or two days and made the company calm again. Another night, he invited me to his house to compare the company’s bill with each other. At that night we found out Mr. Mirza Pour has added some money on ach bill. That night Mr. Dad Khah brought up

many issues concerning the Baha'is of Isfahan. While he knew I am superficially Baha'i, he spoke about the contradictions existing in this cult and said:

"I don't understand Baha'is. In one side, the foreign radios are creating tumult concerning this issue that Baha'is haven't any freedom and they have been imprisoned for doing their religious duties; while one of these criminals who had done a slight crime and had become free sooner said laughing: I had fornicated and it wasn't related to politics; because some of us had lewd designs even on each other's wives ... He even confessed that the main head of the assembly of Isfahan is a professional alcoholic person and every night he is arranging the means for drinking alcoholic liquors, dancing and sloppy works."

Then he laughed and continued:

"Then the foreign radios are pretending; as they live in prison. This Baha'i person was saying some members of assembly have been arrested while they were wining and dining in a mixed gathering. They claim drinking alcoholic liquors is illegal in our cult. For instance, your maternal uncle is publicly interest on money loaded; while you are saying usury is illegal."

And I answered to Mr. Dadkhah:

"Basically, Baha'is achieve an immense wealth through usury; but my maternal uncle is unlikely to charge interest on money loaded from his niece; although my maternal uncle is a Baha'i and doesn't ignore even 500000 Tumans. You spoke about Isfahan; but let me say the situation of Hamadan city isn't better than Isfahan; however, most faults are being committed secretly; because this city and other members of this assembly are as corrupt as the heads of the assemblies of other cities... Even most of them have lewd designs on Baha'i women and girls and ask for illegitimate requests. Maybe it will be interesting for you to know some Baha'i youth especially boys have social intercourse with Baha'i boys to befriend with their sisters and this is a disaster is being happened in this city and in most other cities. I don't want to acquit Muslims; since the dastard Muslims can be found; but among the Baha'i minority group in Hamadan city, Baha'is who are nearly 2000 are generally delinquent except the old and babies. However, when they are punished legally, the foreign radios are changing the issue into the political one... "

When Mr. Dad Khah listened to the frank confessions of a Baha'i youth regarding the grubby nature of Baha'is said:

"You didn't make me surprised; because at first I felt you were different from other Baha'is."

I answered back while I had a lump in my throat:

“You guessed truly; because I belong to those whose life, future and youth have been wasted by Baha’i assembly; but believe this fact that your knowledge about Baha’is is inadequate; because you would realize that Baha’is are of the most inferior people living on the earth if you lived with them. Of course, most of them have found out that Bahauallah and Abdul Baha have been the foreigners’ agents; but they haven’t any way to escape like me, too.”

When Dad Khah saw my tears said enthusiastically:

“Youngling, why don’t you rescue yourself while you are so clear-sighted?”

I said:

“I am looking for an escape like thousands of Baha’i young people. I am waiting for a relief to be separated from this cult. Maybe, you don’t believe; but in Haman city, more than 3000 youth are looking for an opportunity in order to get rid of this cult; since they don’t believe in the basis of Baha’ism and they have forcefully become Baha’i ...”

And at the end of my statements, I reminded:

“Of course, this secret should be kept secret between you and me when someday I would be set free from this cage.”

That night Mr. Dad Khah was to inquire about his Baha’i partner and assistant more. Eventually, it got obvious that they were assigning an amount of money for themselves for each bill; because when I went after my maternal uncle the next day, I asked him:

“Dear uncle, to be honest, how much did you add to your money?”

Suddenly my maternal uncle became gloomy and said angrily:

“Dear Farhad, it is true that I pay interest on money borrowed; but you are my niece and I haven’t practice usury for 500000 Tumans.”

At that time I found out Mirza Pour and Saedi were guilty. Then, I informed this issue to Dad Khah.

When Dad Khah became aware of the bitter reality, he reminded me: **“Dear Farhad, be silent. I’ll seek a solution.”**

I said:

“Mr. Dad Khah, their method of living will cause their secret to be revealed if I become silent.”

He asked: “How?!”

I said:

“Look, when the company employees found out these two people are spending more than their salaries, wearing expensive clothes, smoking expensive cigarette and living like lords, their chicanery will be gradually revealed and it will be obvious that their income is from an illegitimate source.”

That night when I came home, my injured leg was severely painful; but when I wanted to rest a bit, I was put under pressure to attend the assembly reception [Ziafat]. The more I tried to evade participating in the gathering, so-called incantation, the less I became successful; because my parents and brothers were saying:

“After being absent for a long time, you should surely participate in the fathering tonight. The assembly has asked: “Have you thought of your halcyon days?”

I said:

“Leave me alone. I am tried and my leg is extremely painful. I’ll attend another night, willing God.”

But they were insisting. Moreover, I understood them; because they were concerned about their rank in the assembly more than anything else. Eventually, I had to depart to Mr. Manoucheh Ayyoub Zadeh’s house along with my wife who had recently arrived from Sanandaj city. That night, I had to watch a film about the centennial anniversary of Bahaullah’s death; while I had put some pillows under my feet and lain because my leg were painful. The ceremony had been held in New York city and some girls were dancing carrying bunches of flowers./ watching this film was too prosaic for me; so that I put one of the pillows under my head and slept deeply when the lights were turned off. When the film finished and the lights were turned on, I tried to glamorize my manner as usual; but I observed that watching the film was too tedious that it made most viewers sleepy and torpid!

And then I remembered the nights of the lunar month of Moharram and the mourning days of Aba Abdullah Al-Hussein (peace be upon him) and the youth who were mourning late at night in indefatigable manner being in love of their Imam. Then I compared it with that phony ceremony and I thought: The American girls dancing for the death of the Baha’i leader is glorious to them that they have copied thousands of the film and have displayed it gloriously. How pleasant is the love of Hussein (P.H.) which is effervescing in the hearts and is making his mourning ceremony more vehement.

Before the gathering finished, they had brought a vase to beg as usual years. Just 15000 Tumans was gathered among average families. And finally Baha’i capitalists came forward and decanted their checks into the box in order to be sent to Aka in Israel after changing them into dollars along with money gathered from other cities. Of course, as if the Blessed Beauty has considered it as the Iranians’ duties and he has exempted Baha’is of the other countries to send money. In the gathering, Manoucheh Ayyoub Zadeh who is one of great Baha’i capitalists announced:

“I want to take my daughter, Mona, to Sheik Tabarsi fort to take a pilgrimage and recuperate in order for the Blessed Beauty to heal her.”

That poor girl had been sacrificed by her father's fuddle; since when she was only a kid, she woke with a startle and suffered from a neural shock when her parents were arguing.

Sheik Tabarsi fort is located in Mazandaran city where the followers of Ali Mohammad Shirazi (Bab) hid there when his sedition was emerged; and also many wars occurred there between Babis and the governmental forces in which the governmental troops have triumphed; however because many Babis were put to death in that place. This place is holy for Baha'is and they go there to heal; while they consider resorting to the holy Imams (peace be upon them) as superstition. Thus, they go to this rained castle and ask the Blessed Beauty (whom they assume as God) for their needs to be satisfied. This castle has been a place for inciters to fight one day.

Several days passed and they departed to Mazandaran city and all Baha'is were waiting for them to come back; because they thought this Baha'i wealthy man's prayer for healing his daughter is being quickly answered because he sent some soil from the fort to his daughter to eat announced while he was ashamed:

“Not only my daughter didn't get better; but also she suffered from some other illnesses too, unfortunately.”

So all people lowered their heads feeling ashamed. The meeting supervisor turned to the audience and said while he felt the meeting was turning into a disorganized one:

“Comrades, maybe this is the Blessed Beauty's sagacity. Maybe, he didn't deem advisable for Mr. Ayyoub Zadeh's daughter to be cured.”

Hearing those statements, Mr. Ayyoub Zadeh who was really furious shouted:

“What are you saying, sir? It is said in different tablets that everyone who goes there, he/she will be healed. So, what is the reason that not only my daughter hasn't been cured; but also she got worse, too? If we went under a truck, you would say it will be the Blessed Beauty's sagacity. Stop saying nonsense”

Then he left the gathering without saying goodbye. Everybody was astonished. Meantime the assembly members followed Mr. Ayyoub Zadeh and convinced him to donate a piece of land for Baha'i cemetery in order for his daughter to be surely healed; because the assembly couldn't continue without Mr. Ayyoub Zadeh's wealth. He bestowed that such and such land to Baha'is by repossessing the governmental lands by force and forging documents. But after some people were buried, the government got aware of the repossession and people like Manouchehr Ayyoub Zadeh, Sarvari and Khodaverdi were imprisoned committed for forging documents and repossessing the governmental lands by force. After punishments, those three forgers and swindlers were released; but Ayyoub Zadeh didn't take part

in the meetings anymore. The assembly was claiming Mr. Ayyoub Zadeh has given up the company of Hamadan assembly.

Unfortunately, the company conditions had got worse instead of being better after the confession of Mirza Pour and his Baha'i partners; because Dad Khah found out their embezzlements extensively after he employed a skillful accountant called from Tehran. For this reason, he decided to close down the company. Finally, nothing was paid to me after the company was collapsed. In this manner, my salary wasn't paid for four months; of course, Dad Khah procured some of my salary via the company funds. The organization upbraided me because I had confessed Baha'is robberies. The consequence of my services was being unemployed again; because the assembly members were angry about my confession.

A great event

The organization had encouraged my wife too to devote four months of her life to Baha'is and the organization. At that time due to the situation. My wife and I visited each less; although we were living together and this was another punishment that the organization had considered for me; since in one side loneliness irritated me and; on the other side it is intolerable for each man to see his wife plays music alongside stranger from the morning till night; while she doesn't know what her husband is doing or eating.

When I realized that the organization has put me under pressure by attracting my wife and making me unemployed, I opposed the assembly by being present there and shouting: I don't like my wife to be with Baha'i boys and men who are rascal; but the assembly heads said:

“Well, take part in these meetings if you are sad; but you aren't allowed to prevent your wife participating in the classes and music concerts.”

Eventually I spoke with my wife one day and she replied:

“Farhad, you know better than anybody else that our marriage has been an obligatory one and; in fact, the organization prescribed our marriage to get rid of us. I went to my father's house for a year; but the assembly made me return again unfortunately. Now to be honest, I am not interested in continuing our marital life; otherwise, you have to tolerate this life.”

I said: **“You mean, you must gain and bear it.”**

She said:

“Yes, we can do nothing. Both of us are the assembly's puppets. We aren't determined. We are just actor and actress and the assembly members are

directors. They couple the Baha'i youth like animals; of course under the name of the religion development of Jamal Mubarak [the Blessed Beauty]. When a newly baby was born, he/she will forcefully become Baha'i forcefully and the number of Baha'is will be added."

I reminded her sympathetically; while I had been surprised with her:

"I said to you to change your mind about our marriage, at first; but you insisted on getting married. Why?! Because the organization had become desperate about us. You sulked and it wasn't matter; since each wife can break off friendship with her husband; but how can you as a human being justify your absence during the period of time when I had been trapped in the hospital?! Isn't it a fact that couple should share their happiness and grieves; but you came to the hospital once for the fear of your brother's position in the organization! Did you expect me to let your brother beat up an old man and to be silent. Well, it was usual for me to defend him. I say it wasn't merited for you to behave your guests so according to the organization order. Of courses I agree that you and I haven't any position in the organization; because your brother, Zabih, wants to advance in the organization day by day."

At that time, my wife reminded my family's past angrily:

"Have you forgotten that your brothers especially Shoja'uddin is a lackey with arms crossed over his chest for the servants of Hamadan city and poor Zabih is considered as a guilty person. Farhad! Sometimes, I think you are living in dream. You aren't aware of this statement that your brother Shoja'uddin says me: "If I were you, I couldn't tolerate Farhad." Now he has worn sympathy mask and he tells you: "May God answers your cry for help. My brother, how do you tolerate your wife?"

Considering that situation, I said to my wife:

"Nothing is important for me, anymore; even Shoja'uddin's words nor Zabih's statements and the organization orders; but speak about you family whose hearts are full of the overambitious obsession and the evil policies."

My wife said heedlessly: "It's just what the doctor ordered..."

And in this way our cold and soulless life was cut for a while by her leaving; but from that time on I was criticized too much especially by the assembly. Later on, I found out that my wife has been under pressure, too.

After tolerating that period of time of separation, the organization ordered us to conciliate with each other and to have a baby in order for our life roots to be strengthened. After a while when I was selling frame saws like peddlers in different cities like Hamadan and Kurdistan cities, I was earning a hand-to-mouth living. At last, I established a small shop with a friend's cooperation. I was buying frame saws from Tehran paying checks and then I was selling them through some visitors. In this way, the financial conditions of my life became well-organized a

bit; so that my partner, Iraj, and I could save two million Tumans during this period of time.

But I was called by the assembly again. The question and answer started again; why do you spend all of your time working and being with your family? Why don't you take part in the meetings? Why do you have social intercourse with Muslims?! And thousand other questions...

And I answered back:

"I have always been alone in my life. Do you remember my conditions after having an accident?! Everybody had left me alone... I could even period a shelter for myself in (Martyr) Madani company paying 600 thousand Tumans. I provided 400 thousand Tumans with difficulty; but I couldn't provide 200 thousand Tumans requesting everybody. I even refer to Mr. Ayyoub Zadeh and said I would give him a check in live of receiving 200 thousand Tuman and I will make up for it in four months and you are aware of his financial conditions. He said: I swear by the Blessed Beauty that my son, Farhadm is afflicted by such a sum. At that time, my maternal uncle also bought a flat and a company in Tehran and my brother, Shoja'uddin bought a house in Tehran and rented it out. Shoja'ullah bought a house in Malayer city, too... but I couldn't since I was alone to suffer from being a tenant and vagrant. While all of you know all Baha'i capitalists for swear and you knew."

They said, too:

"Don't say so. You will be rejected by the Blessed Beauty telling such statements."

My wife thought she has been behaved seriously by the assembly; while she didn't know the organization was continually making him amused. Because one of the safe guarding technique of Baha'ism is filling our time in order not to affect or be affected by each other. The assembly wants to attract the youth by holding music concerts and to make my wife trapped by its endless tricks; for this reason, my wife and I had been more lonesome than ever. Even, my wife had been put under pressure too much that several of our babies were aborted and we didn't heal being disappointed with our future.

My poor wife was becoming more ailing physically and mentally day by day due to frequent abortions.

We were keeping pace with the times; although it was difficult. In a cold fall, I missed my maternal grandfather who was my only supporter. Then I felt his separation cold winter.

That loneliness caused me to accept the assembly invitation; so I entered into the music group. I was playing tambourine. And my wife was playing dulcimer. This issue made us have a chummy relationship a bit.

A man called Mr. Kalami was our so-called head; but he was continually intriguing me and trying to make me be pessimistic with my wife and to make Mahtab be pessimistic with me. When I discovered his real nature, it was late; because that so-called faithful Baha'i had said the same statements to my wife. At last, he caused disagreement, doubt, and pessimism in our life: why was your cell phone occupied?! Where were you?! Who were you with?! And etc. eventually, the drop made the cup run down. I stood against Kalami and said:

"I don't like you to be present in our life at all from this time on ... My poor wife and I were deceived by the organization and we let you as a wolf enter into our life... You were assigned a duty to find our area of weakness and now, I am happy to see you failed: the organization and you ..."

Consequently, according to the organization order my partnership with Iraj failed; so I became alone again; but I resisted, worked and didn't fag. I employed several shop-boys and bought an automobile to distribute the contact lenses and the frame saws easily.

My wife had been too pessimistic with the organization after aborting several times. She had found out that she's become their puppet. Those days, she had turned to writing. But the assembly agents and spies were telling her instead of heartening her:

"Dear girl, study the books and tablets that are worthy to be read instead of writing stories in order for your faith not to be unsteady easily. Why are you writing?! The Islamic guidance ministration doesn't let you publish your books. So, don't make a useless effort. Try to serve the assembly."

When we were called by the assembly, my wife said:

"It isn't important. I write and publish my book having a nick name; because it is earnest for me to write. I have been able to delineate the Shiite Muslims in my book, too ..."

Suddenly, the atmosphere changed against her. All the assembly members and their spies had got furious and turned red. One of them said:

"How good! A Baha'i girl is admiring these people ..."

Then he turned to Mahtab angrily and said:

"You are admiring those who are the Blessed Beauty's enemies. Alas! Where should we refer to complain ... Alas! These people have been our number one enemies since the first emergence whether they are Sunnis or Shiites. Then you ..."

Then a man made a shocking speech saying Allah Abha and entering the gathering:

"Dears, all of you know people should suffer too much in order for a religion sent down by God to be yielded results. Much blood should be shed gradually in order for a religion to be advanced. Thus, telling lies shouldn't be established; for

it can't be preached. For instance, at the time when the Excellency Bab emerged if he had told the truth instead of introducing himself as Imam of the time, at first and then as Bab and the founder of religion and as the herald of the emergence of Baha who said: "I am a new prophet and have brought a new religion, all these Babis and Baha'is wouldn't have martyred. If those Babi people didn't shoot the king Naseruddin and didn't assassinate him, the government wouldn't attack to Babis and destroy them. If the Excellency Bab had acted according to the Blessed Beauty's teachings and had forbidden fighting and had avoided Babis fighting with arms and weapons against the then government, all those people whether Babis or Muslims wouldn't have been massacred. If the Blessed Beauty himself had elected a good successor after himself, no war would have happened between Qesn A'azam and Qesn Akbah. Regarding the Baha'is executions. I should say that they were obviously Israel's spies before the Islamic Revolution. Well, they continued their jobs after the Islamic Revolution, too. Thus, it is usual and right for them to be executed; because the spying punishment for spies is execution in each country even is Israel and America and Europe that we advocate wholeheartedly.

Let's accept this fact that our fathers haven't become Baha'i scrupulously; because they were illiterate and unaware and most of them couldn't even read and write."

Everybody's blood ran cold hearing that man's statements. That was a puzzle for us to know whether that man was a Baha'i or a Muslim; because he was scrutinizing Babis and Baha'is step by step and considering them as null ones. His words were too severe for them that they were to attack him. When the man realized that grave situation stood up calmly and turned towards the audience and said:

"I am a Baha'i person like you and I have become Baha'i like you without inquiring the reality. Saying these materials and statements, I was going to teach you not to advocate the teaching wholeheartedly. The teachings that you don't know they are true or false; while you don't know about the previous religions especially Islam. Have you known them? Have you found any fault in the Islamic teaching to become Baha'i? Or have you become Baha'i with unawareness like your fathers? The last word, all of you accept and agree on this issue certainly that the Islam religion and its teachings have been sent down by Allah and if you consider each fault I it, you will deny God's essence, may God help us; because Allah has repeatedly stated in the holy Quran that Islam is the last religion which has been sent down for my servants by Me and there won't be any religion sent down by any prophet and everybody who denies this fact isn't of our servants and he/she worship the evil."

He left the meeting before everybody who was present in the meeting reacted. Everyone created a hubbub. Each one was asking who it had been and where he had come?!

Who was the guest? After speaking for a long time it was obvious that the man had entered the meeting along with a group of the meeting members and had able to be present in the meeting as a guest saying Allah Abha (Baha'is hello) and had left the gathering after uttering his statements and reasons. Anyway, we didn't know who he was and where he had come since that time.

That man's statements caused everybody's minds to be busy with these facts: How have we become Baha'is? Was it necessary for a new religion (Baha'i) to be brought existing Islam and the holy Quran? And many unanswered questions ...

Anyway, everybody's mind were challenging with such questions till the next Ziafat [party] more or less. When the meeting started, Ms. Naeemi who was the supervisor started speaking as usual and said: Being aware of this issue the Blessed Beauty's servants concluded that this person gas probably been a Muslim and he was to vacillate your beliefs. They expressed hope that the Blessed Beauty's mercies and the healing breath of the guardian of Amrullah make the minds' Smut clean and their obvious signs be manifested in recitations. During the rest period Ms. Naeemi turned to my wife and said: dear Mahtab! If you want to acquire some information about the Islamic teachings to write your book, I will help you in this regard. Mahtab replied without any hesitation: That's very kind of you. I won't bother you; since I have decided to study some Muslim books and to take some notes on cards. I don't know where I can provide them. I said you can provide every book you like in the public library and you can refer there to find your book and study. As if rejecting Mr. Naeemi's petition was really hard for her; because she said nothing and finished the meeting really soon and we left there together. I remembered my saint Mr. Nouri's word. I made a vow when I had been hospitalized. I hadn't been able to think about and to fulfil it. For this reason, I decided to travel to Mashhad to fulfil my vow.

I shared that issue with Mahtab, first and then, I said the issue ordinarily in a party. I said: I want to go to Mashhad to distribute me: Why do you want to go to Mashhad; while there are many cities in Iran?! Maybe, the organization doesn't consider trip as an advisable one. Maybe, it avoids you. Later on, I realized that Mr. Nouri had narrated my vow issue for Cyrus and he had narrated it for my younger brother Bahram without any incentive. This issue caused them not to allow me to go to Mashhad. Finally, I accepted compulsorily and became busy with my job and postponed my trip for the future. But I don't know why it was fall to me that I would go to Mashhad city, at last. I didn't know how. Anyway, Mahtab was going to Azadi public library to complete her novel. I had taken no notice of Mahtab's social intercourses; because my job had been expanded and I

didn't know how she was continuing her writing novel. Mahtab's suspicious behavior gradually made me be sensitive about her social intercourses and be more careful; for instance, I went to her room at night unannounced and I realized that the door had been locked inside. I knocked the door and she opened it after a short while. It was evident that she was sprucing up.

Sometimes, she was hiding some books in order for me not to find them. After searching a lot, I found the books like the books written by Martyr Motahhari, Qara'ati and Sobhani and etc. which were Islamic ones. One night, I asked her:

"Where have you brought these books? And why do you read them?"

She replied:

"According to my previous statement, I have brought them to complete my novel and I write down some notes to use in my book."

I said: **"So, give us your book to read."**

Being anxious about my word extremely, she said:

"I beg you to let me show it when I would be completed."

I didn't insist; but I gradually found out her moral and behavior have changed; for example, his method of clothing has quit changed and she wasn't arguing with me about the worthless issues as before. She didn't have social intercourses with Baha'is as before and she even didn't like any meeting to be held in our house. If we held a meeting or a party, she would use different excuse in order for he and even me not to be participated. This issue made the organization agents to be sent for us and the questions to be asked about our absence in the meetings continually. She was expressing different reasons for our absence each time. For instance, she was saying:

"I was ill, I had forgotten, Farhad was late, we couldn't come and etc."

One day I came back after saying goodbye and leaving the house. I stood at the hall door. She was speaking through the phone. At first, her words were usual for me. I thought she was speaking with one of her family member or one of her Baha'i friends. I wanted to return when I heard her saying: Hajj Agha, I'll come there in half an hour to ask my questions. That statement made me to go downstairs and to hide myself in a corner in the sidewalk to know she wanted to go. It took twenty minutes. I went to the other side of the street quickly when the gate was opened. She took a taxi and left. I took a cab too to pursue her. I thought she would get off the car round Imam square; but she went towards Avicenna street being in the same taxi. I had to follow her, too. At last, she got off at the beginning of Madani street. Then, she went up the stairs entering an alley. After covering a short distance, she entered a building quickly. My blood ran cold observing the building signboard; because it became obvious for me that a person with whom Mahtab was speaking must have been in this office observing the signboard of Islamic Propagation Organization of Hamadan city. I wanted to enter;

but I hesitated whether to enter or not? I said I might find out the reality by my entrance into the office. However, I ran a risk and entered. As soon as I entered, I observed the leading signboards of the 3-floor building: The archive is in the basement, the first floor is women's department and second floor is men's department. When I entered the building, I lost my wife for a moment. I had forgotten the name of Hajj Agha who had heard his name in the morning. For this reason, I went out of the building disappointedly. Suddenly an idea occurred to me. I returned and said At last, my wife had gone to women's department; so I should search for her for in this floor. Suddenly a woman came out of a room and I immediately asked:

“Excuse me Ms. Ra’fati, is my wife in this building?”

And she said: **“Wait for some moments.”**

And she left after a while.

She returned and said:

“No, unfortunately there isn’t any woman with such characteristics.”

I wanted to say:

“My sister, I myself saw my wife entering this floor.”

I turned silent and exited the gate. When I left the spiritual situation of inside the building reminded my lost previous days: The period of time when I was doing my military service and I was going to be Muslim, the period of time when I was mourning for the Lord of Martyrs, the Excellency Aba Abdullah Al-Hussein (peace be upon him) and the moments when I was present in the mosque and etc.

However, all of my essence had been turned to an unanswered question. What was my wife as a Baha’i woman doing in the Islamic Propagation Organization building?!

Why did they hide her presence obviously?! And tens of other questions. During the way I was thinking of this issue that my wife has become tired of minstrelsy for the organization like me. As a matter of fact I also entered the music band to enter in a vehement atmosphere. Nevertheless, the summit of our flight was mere minstrelsy: The platitudinous songs and commonplace performance just for entertaining some girls and boys moving around the futility circle and not thinking except the sexual instinct and money. The result of that period of time was the mere frustration especially the result of that unpaid labor and minstrelsy was some aborted infants. However it wasn’t important for the organization to pay attention to us as human beings having emotions; since we were the organization’s circus clowns. We become happy; but suffer. According to them, we must be the blind and deaf actors to myself arriving my house. I went in and sat in the hall having lots of questions. Two hours later, my wife unlocked the gate. When she entered the hall, she said stammering:

“Didn’t you go to the shop?! What are you doing in the house at this time?!”

And I reminded her smoothly: **“I was worried about you. To be honest, where were you?”**

She said: **“At the library. Why?”**

I said: **“Which library?”**

She said: **“The located round Ferdowsi square, Azadi library. Is something wrong?”**

My wife was trying hard to express all of her sentences normally and at that time, I emphasized the main note and said:

“There isn’t any problem; but I want you to be frank with me. For this reason I ask you for the second time: where were you? What did you do there?”

Hearing those statements, my wife’s face became suddenly pale. She said to me disappointedly:

“Evidently, you know better where I was. So, tell me where I were.”

I said frankly, too:

“Today morning I heard your speech on the phone accidentally with one of personals of the Islamic Propagation Organization and I myself saw you entering into women’s department. Now I like you to tell me the truth. Tell me what you purpose to go there was and who you visited?”

My wife who never thought to be trapped in such a stalemate. She got silent for some minutes; while she was obviously frightened. I felt she couldn’t control her behavior to such an extent that she couldn’t sit on the sofa. She was right because she thought I would tell her secret to the organization and even to her family and would make her destiny fateful.

I repeated my statement. Be honest; but be sure you wouldn’t incur a loss.

My statements made her calm a bit. For this reason she controlled her thoughts and behaviors. She said after being silent for some moments:

“Farhad, I beg you to listen to my word well. Then make a decision about our life and future without being angry. Don’t be angry with me to narrate you the adventure in details. I will tell you the secret if you promise me and no to be angry.”

I said: **“I swear by my honor, I promise ... be sure.”**

Then my wife said calmly:

“To be honest, I have reached the end of my rope for a year because of Baha’is illegitimate relationships and intercourses. During these years it’s proven for me that even the organization members have evil intention of Baha’i girls and women. These decayed relationships exist even in the parties. Believe it, according to me these actions are laxities and decay. Because I

don't think even the married women will be victimized by the influential men in the churches in those western countries. In which part of the world girls and boys are wriggling in a gathering like animals. On the other hand, I haven't been able to find answered for some questions in the books and the tablet theologically. Of course, the organization agents answer to evade. However, they themselves know their reasoning aren't reassuring."

At that time my wife was similar to a sprouted lump; as if she wanted to tell me all of her words and pains. I felt good due to her trust on me. Then, I was listening carefully; but she said: "Haven't you been angry?! Haven't you been tried?!"

I said:

"No, I beg you to speak with me quite calmly..."

And he continued with relaxation:

"Maybe you don't believe; but the feeling of being a tool annoyed me during the time when we were present in the assembly concert; since I was seeking for the consciousness and awareness in music; but according to them, we are the minstrels who were in charge of playing music for dancing in order for the youth to wriggle better. Meanwhile, I observed the mere decay among the influential people in the assembly of Tehran. For this reason I left Tehran; because those who are thought as great and faithful people in Baha'ism consider Baha'i women and girls as sexual slaves. Consequently, those who obey their illegitimate requests will advance in the organization. Ignore those organizational women whose decay stories are detailed."

At that moment, I said:

"I thought you were exterminating yourself by aborting with unawareness."

But my wife reminded:

"Believe it. I was searching for the answers for my questions; but the more I searched, the less I found out."

I said:

"So, you had been helpless with the assembly people's looks and behaviors..."

She said: "I was getting mad. I asked God to show me a way to be set free; but you may not believe. God answered me in dream."

I said: "Which dream, believe it they had made us too separated from each other that we didn't get a chance to be next to each other even for a moment."

And my wife retold her dream for me:

"After that dream and the increase of my questions regarding the theological issues, the commandments and every Baha'i people's lives including ordinary people or people pertaining the organization and even the Blessed Beauty and Abdul Baha and ... and receiving repeated and illogical

answer I decided to explore the answers for my questions. I continued the subject for my book to such an extent that I should have understood the Islamic beliefs to use in my book; for this reason I studied the religious teachings books teaching at schools. However, I gradually found out that I should have expanded my researches a head of those books. This issue caused me to consult with one of my pupils whom I trained her dulcimer. She introduced the Islamic Propagation organization. For the first time when I went there reluctantly and I even humiliated those who were present in the organization; because we were taught to have ill will towards Islam and their beliefs by our families and the organization. I received some book and came back. Nevertheless, I found out there were some answers for my questions after reading them. My questions had been replied easily and logically. For this reason, I increased my social intercourse with them. Eventually, I introduced myself to a person in charge of women's department and asked them for help. They welcomed me warmly and took me to the organization chairman. I restated all the realities, views and morals for him. When he listened to all my statements, he introduced some books regarding that field and asked me to refer there to find the answers for my questions and vagueness. I went there several times, too. I asked him and answered to my questions. Several days ago Hajj Agha said to me: is your husband aware of your coming here? I answered back some parts of my life. Moreover, according to Hajj Agha it was concluded that I must gradually make you aware of this issue. Now when you yourself have understood the issue, I want to ask your view to know whether you have accepted and agreed with my words and the reason for my referring there and my views or not?! I beg you not to tell these adventures and events for anybody else if you are resistant. If you aren't satisfied with my behaviors and thoughts, we can divorce by different excuses because I am determined in my decision. I have become conclusive that I can't waste my lifetime and future in a path in which I don't believe even a bit. However, if you are satisfied with this action, we can have a better and intact life with each other."

Before saying any word, I remembered my wasted years when I was trying every opportunity to become Muslim, but the mafia organization of Baha'ism stood against my legitimate request all-out and was to devastate me. Moreover, it introduced my wife to me in order to make me so-called obedient. The girl whose brother was one of important people of the organization and her other brother was of the most respectable proselytizers of Baha'is. Then, I thanked God's sagacity to use this girl as a means to make me turn to Islam.

After a while, I said, too:

“Surely you know I have searched for a way to become free for years; but they cut my feathers in order to be captive in the cage. Now that I can fly, I am sure we can be Muslims and can withstand against the organization plans and even our families shoulder-to-shoulder.”

My wife who didn't think me to welcome her words raised her hands towards the sky really happily and thanked God.

Both of us didn't sleep until morning, that night because we discovered that it was enough for us to be asleep and we should have taken higher steps to achieve our aims. Early in the morning, both of us went to the Islamic Propagation Organization to visit the head. Hearing our words and becoming aware of our decision, he got really happy; so that, he ordered one of his employees to buy some sweets and distributed among the staffs and clients. Then he turned towards us and said:

“I feel proud to see you be so determined; but I should mention some problems in advance; for your decision is against your family policy and is especially against the organization one. You shouldn't act rashly to make them aware of your decision. If you want to know Islam better and more to such an extent you become able to answer each question asked you like a faithful Muslim, don't say to anybody else. So I suggest you to think again and decide how you can find a solution and do it being away from the organization hubbub and being beside your family in order to complete your knowledge and find answers for your unanswered questions regarding Baha'ism.”

As if, Mahtab hadn't thought about this issue at all; but I thought deeply a bit because I had been aware of the method of the family behavior and the organization one and I had been affected by the organization for years. Then, we decided together to be away. From our families and the organization for a while in order to study with relaxation and to investigate the different ways consulting with the chairman of the organization and other staffs working there to achieve the aim. Eventually, we decided to go into seclusion. In this way, we kept aloof of each other, studied and exchanged ideas for four months. It is interesting to be said we just slept 2 or at most 3 hours round-the-clock searching for the answers for our questions. My wife and I gained a lot of historical facts through those nonstop studies.

The fact that Ali Mohammad Shirazi had been one of stupid pupils in one of old-fashioned primary schools in Shiraz city and he has been punished over and over by his master of a writing school Sheik Abed; so that he has asked Sheikh Abed to stop punishing.¹

¹ Mofavezat, a dialogue at lunch time, p.19.

It is interesting to be said Abbas (Abdul Baha) who became the head of Baha'ism cult after his father claimed: All people of Shiraz stand witness that Ali Mohammad Shiraz hasn't served as an apprentice.²

At last his maternal uncle takes him to his merchant's office in Bushehr city and employs him in his commercial office. Meantime, the hot weather and Sunshine city hurt him. It is written in the book "The civilization of Iran" by several orientalist on page 319:

"The effect of the blazing sunshine and his permanent activity had a deep influence on his distraction; additionally, his relationships with the Europeans in that place created some perversions in his viewpoint ..."

Eventually, his maternal uncle became harried and sent his nephew to Karbala and Najaf after holding consultation with the relatives in order for him to get rid of the mental illness.³

He participates in Seyyed Kazem Rashti's class in Karbala. Seyyed Kazem Rashti was the head of Sheikism cult; consequently, the issue of Babism and the emergence of the Excellency Mahdi (May God hasten his reappearance) becomes so important in his pupils' minds that they assume his reappearance as an imminent one and according to their master's teachings, they were seeking for a perfect Sheikh and worshiping and practicing asceticism in order to find the fourth pillar. Of course, it is written in the book Prince Kiniaz Dalgorki, the veteran Czar Russian spy who would become ambassador later on: He became Ali Mohammad Shirazi's fellow chamber and encouraged him to claim for being Mahdi aiming the creation gap among Shiites. He was fluent in English and Arabic languages.

The following pupils of Seyyed kazem Rashti claimed for being Mahdi (P.H.) and his lieutenancy and established a dynasty for themselves: Mirza Shafi'a Tabrizi, Hajj Mohammad Karim Khan, Mirza Taher, Sheikh Mahdi Qazvini, Seyyed Valiullah, Mirza Hamadani. However, two people were paid attention more among the mentioned ones. First, Mohammad Karim Khan as a Sheikh in Sheikism who had a special rank and second, Ali Mohammad Shirazi who called himself as he gate [Bab] of the promised Imam Mahdi (P.H.).

After a while, he claimed for being Mahdi and caused Sedition. At last, when he ran short against the scholars of Tehran and Tabriz in debating, he claimed: The Arabic language should adapt itself with me because I am ahead of Arabic syntax and grammar!! Then he was excommunicated and executed.

I studied about a woman called Zarrin Taj more and I discovered that she had planned to kill her husband's father who was a pious man practicing religious

² Zaeemuddoleh, Meftah Bab-al-Abvab, p. 73.

³ Zaeem-al-Doleh, meftah Bab-al-Albab or Bab and Baha history pp.72-73

jurisprudence and couldn't stand his hideous behaviors of his bride. This study was against Baha'is teachings which had made her as an extraterrestrial and fanciful!

Zarrin Taj received the title of pious and Qorrat-al-Ein by Ali Mohammad Shirazi who hadn't seen her at all. Qorrat-al-Ein asked for Ali Mohammad Shirazi's hand although she was married having three offspring. She even said a woman is allowed to get married with 9 husbands. She was expelled from Qazvin and Shiraz by the people when she unveiled. She went towards Khorasan and joined Mullah Hussein Boshrouyee and then she headed off towards Mazandaran city. She went into seclusion with men in the bathroom for a while and lost her credibility. At last she was captured and executed while she was traveling from city to city in the desert and was having sexual intercourses with a lot of men. Many poems are attributed to her which have been recited by the Radio and Television of the Islamic Republic of Iran, unfortunately; for instance: If I look at you...

I even catch a glance of Ali Mohammad Shirazi's penitence letter which was really interesting for me. A document which is on hand now, fortunately.

Before his death, Ali Mohammad Shirazi elected a person called Mirza Yahya as his successor. He had six brothers including Mirza Hussein Ali.

Mirza Hussein Ali covered up his brother Mirza Yahya who was less than 20 years of age according to Ali Mohammad Shirazi and called himself as the joiner of the brother. Meantime, the assassination of King Nassruddin caused Mirza Yahya to flee the city being dressed in dervish cloth. That was the best opportunity for Mirza Hussein Ali to succeed to the throne instead of his brother against Ali Mohammad Shirazi's will. Meanwhile, he understood the policy rules and regulations better than his brother and for this reason he was sent to Baqdas interceding the Czar Russian ambassador.

Then I became aware of the moral decline of the Baha'i head and his affairs with his foreign friend who was one of dozens of male favorite one when I studied late Sobhi's book more completely and accurately. Next, I remembered Hajj Agha's words at the end of military service period of time when he said:

“You will be Muslim at last; but I like you to turn to Islam having deep knowledge.”

Now we had been gotten rid of listening to Baha'is prayers, incantations, tablets and the false history and also of their boasting, lying, feigning.

We had kept aloof of dastardliness which is the top line of the organization activity.

We discovered we weren't sheep as the Blessed Beauty was calling us to be directed by herdsmen; but we are human beings as the lord of all creatures and the worthless slaver of the Almighty God.

We had been relieved of the null nonsenses of Baha and Abdul Baha which were full of the power drive. We didn't have to repeat a history full of lies and to defend it like the puppets, anymore.

We didn't have to worship an inferior and mortal person as God and to ask him to satisfy our needs. Our Merciful God was in the skies.

When that period of time finished, we decide to announce the issue of our absences and changing to our families. I said to my wife during the way:

"Pay attention to God's wisdom. Evidently, they had inducted you to be careful about me and to fathom my activities through your family; but you made me fly towards the light as a bridge."

And my wife whispered:

"Believe it, I didn't devote myself to the organization tasks and I didn't pursue my tasks with interest all the moments when I was serving the organization and I was the apple of their eyes. I knew their path was lapsed; but the family trammels caused me to cover this way gradually and steadily; otherwise I was admiring your intrepidity for getting rid of Baha'ism trap in the proposal day."

And I said:

"Now, you and I approached our wishes. So, we should be firmer from this time on. Because we will have a dark future ahead."

And my wife continued:

"I know: Pennilessness, the mere excommunication, devilment, offense and the thousands of calamities ... We should just trust on the Almighty God."

I said:

"We have on way except tolerating because my family has confiscated my properties as the first measure..."

Several moments later, I arrived my father's house. I was hesitated whether to ring the bell or not?! We wanted to speak with them after 4 months of isolation.

They embraced us and cried; but the main question was hidden while they were crying:

"Where were you during this period of time?! Why did you disappear at once?!..."

Of course, it seemed they have heard some news; but they hid it.

My wife and I said:

"We have arrived at the moment and we are tried. Let us speak when we gathered together."

My mother said: **"We can't wait. Tell the adventure."**

"No, mother. I'll narrate when dear daddy, Shoj'auddin, Bahram, Sho'aullah and the others arrive in order not to repeat it."

They accepted; but they wanted to know whether we have turned to Islam or not ironically!

When we got together and everybody came, we ate lunch and went to the dining room, then. They were eagerly listening to our statements.

Eventually, I broke the spell of the issue and said:

“Let me ask you about my house, life, the shop and its items and my car which have been disappeared!!”

I felt they taken aback due to my question. At that time, everybody was looking at each other. Then, Shujauddin answered back instead of my parents:

“We took your furniture to paternal aunt’s house, Parvin, and vacated your house in order for you not to pay rental in vain. Concerning your car, I should say the car title has been recorded by my name. Shoj’auddin Jahandideh and you had been in debt and must have been paid me 400 thousand Tumans; so I sold the car and I got the amount of money. I have kept the rest for paying tax and law breaking. Of course, your share is 100 thousand Tumans which is given to my mother in trust. However, regarding the shop items, I should say we have evacuated the shop item; but the shop owner asked for his shop rental.”

And then he added impudently:

“I think you should be grateful because we didn’t make you incur a loss.”

I said:

“Neither you nor anybody else was right to put up my properties to auction due to some months of absence. Moreover, you make beholden. I called you and said not to do anything and I would pay the house and the shop rentals as soon as I arrive. Didn’t I say?! On the contrary, you put up my properties to auction in my absence.

Concerning the car I should say I had paid the one fifth of the grand total. Why did you give back the shop items to the owners; while I have drawn long-termed checks for each of the items. Most importantly, my shop wasn’t closed. Faramarz Ramazani was managing it in my absence. However, you have expelled him; that is, I am an underage kid.

You have discredited me in my customer presence by doing so. Tell me how I can acquire and gain credit again to buy items and draw long-termed checks. According to the law, when a person disappears for at least 3 years, his/her spouse can claim proving his/her absence. So, you have wasted all my life having a claim.”

I felt them be ashamed and it indicated this fact that they had obeyed the organization orders and acted rashly. They were too busy to ask us where we had been so far. So, Shoj’auddin’s wife broke silence and said:

“Well, we made a mistake. We apologize you. We will try to make up for soon on the condition that you say where you have been do far?!”

And I replied:

“Now, you have been the spokeswoman and spoken on behalf of them I explain the issue for you: We were busy discovering the reality and at last, we believed intellectually and amorously.”

Meantime, Mojgan asked having a made dogmatism:

“Hadn’t you discovered the reality when you became Baha’i formally [Tasjil]. Now, why did you searching for reality. According to the Blessed Beauty’s statement: If a person hasn’t searched to discover the reality, he/she won’t be of his disciples. What’s this reality discovering while you have been Baha’i formally?!”

I said:

“We sought the reality in Islam religion and we found. For this reason, we recited the article of Islamic faith. However, I ask you about the discovery of reality, Mojgan Khanom! Have they let you study any Islamic book yet?! We are to seek for realities. Why do they restrict the scope of our study?! Well, it is obvious. When a Baha’i teenager is allowed to read just the Baha’i proselytizing book, he/she must to Baha’i formally [Tasjil] without being aware of other divine religions’ statements. Consequently, Mirza Hussein Ali Nouri’s order is false because when you are allowed to study freely, seeking will be meaningful.”

When I uttered the name of Baha’i head without any title, I felt they became furious.

At that moment, my mother advised:

“First, don’t insult the Blessed Beauty for you will be punished. Second, your grandfather was Muslim. He sought for reality and then he became Baha’i without any obligation. Meanwhile, it is evidently advised in Islam religion to insult the big shots since you insult the Blessed Beauty.”

I said:

“Dear mother, you see I’m here and I am humble. This is one of the teachings of Islam. Nevertheless, I haven’t insulted anybody. I have just uttered the name of a person in whom God has manifested according to you. I have learned in the religion of Islam that this utterance is polytheism.

Regarding my grandfather, I should say: In a seven-people family, six people are traversing the straight and right path and one of them becomes sinful. This event exists in all religions in which there is a sinful person in a family. I am sure that my grandfather wouldn’t become Baha’i if he were of Islam completely.”

At that time the gathering was to be exploded; because as if I was putting the curtains of a deserted palace aside in order for the sunshine to come into the house in which its residents were forced to live in darkness. I paused and then said:

“We have also had some learned people in Baha’ism such as Mr. Ayati. He was called “Avareh” [wandered] because they were interested in him so much; but this man turns against Baha’ism whom he observes the facts in Aka. Late Sobhi whose book is forbidden for you to be read. What has been written in his book to be forbidden to be read? He has revealed the real faces of people in Israel. This is the real reason; otherwise, he was the writer of revolution. He turned against the rank and because the narrator of stories in Radio Iran. There were several people who discovered they have been trapped; such as Abul Fazl Golpaygani. So, they turned to Islam secretly for the fear of the organization. Now, let me ask why you didn’t mention the prophets and the holy Imams with respect?!”

Shojauddin who had severely furious said suddenly to become free from a deadlock in which he had been trapped:

“I am certain you had been made Muslims forcefully. You have been brainwashed.”

I said:

“Nobody can talk someone else into him/her. Be sure, we have selected Islam consciously.”

Shojauddin who seemed to be quite helpless said:

“So, let us as misled people remain deviant. You as blessed ones let us be alone in order for us to waste our time.”

Bahram defended Shojauddin and said:

“So, it isn’t necessary to guide us...”

But my wife answered of me:

“Agha Bahram, you made a mistake. Because Baha’is are going to proselytize holding various classes and continues meeting, printing booklets and holding singing and dancing sessions. The organization and the Baha’i heads don’t expect to hear these dyspeptic news and can’t accept the reality that the deviant Baha’is turn to the divine religion, Islam, in groups again and express regret. Not only the understanding of these events is difficult for them who are mundane; but also these happening are similar to daggers inserted into their hearts; so they aren’t able to breath. The reason for our coming here and having social intercourse with you as deviant: Be kind towards your relatives whether they are Baha’is or atheists.”

They realized they haven’t confronted two superficially Muslims, but they had confronted two knowledgeable people.

For this reason, my parents ended the issue apparently saying everyone should continue his/her religion. Before finishing the gathering, I turned towards them and said:

“Well, how can we start our life again while you did so with our properties?”

At that time, Shoj’aullah and Shoj’auddin said together:

“We can’t undertake your loss.”

I said: **“You were responsible for me loss.”**

They said:

“We acted cleverly and prevented our loss. You should also act cleverly in order not to incur a loss from this time on. Moreover, if you aren’t able to solve your problem, consult with those who made you turn to Islam. They will surely give you money for house and car.”

I said:

“It is really easy for me to restore my rights; but I don’t like to crush our brotherhood for the mundane issues, second, Islam doesn’t need us to be Muslim in order for us to ask for help. You have made a mistake. Muslims don’t spend a large amount of illegal money to attract one or more people like the Baha’i organization. For instance, our maternal aunt’s son, Samad. They bought him and hundreds of people spend large amount of money to buy people. They can’t really attract the people’s hearts. Now, we just trust on God and He will surely help us.”

They left the house immediately without uttering any word. Mahtab and I left the house searching for a house. At last, we became successful to rent a house in Mahdiah street. We could transfer our furniture to the new house out of my paternal aunt’s house. It is interesting to be said my brothers received some money for carrying our furniture to my paternal aunt’s house as fare. Even, some of our furniture had got lost. Every time when we asked them about our furniture, they were angrily saying:

“Do you think we have stolen them?! Instead of thanking me, you accuse us as thieves!”

It is more interesting to be noted that we found those furniture in my mother’s closet some months later! During the days we were in my parents’ house inevitably they tried hard for the little children like Rojin, Houman and Payam who were my nephews and other’s Baha’i people who have social intercourse with my family not to see our praying, performing ablution, reading books and etc. Our performances might influence on them and they might be dishonored. At praying time, they humiliated us and tried to make us laugh doing humiliated movements and behaviors. I ignored their childlike behaviors exchanging words of love deeply.

They were even trying to uncover my wife before strangers jesting; but my wife was resisting thoroughly. They were trying to return us among Mirza Hussein Ali's sheep; so they had treated us warmly to make us Baha'i through any possible way.

We had newly started living in the new house when I remembered my vow made to God. For this reason, both of us headed off towards Mashhad city where my heart was amorously eager to visit there having so thousand Tumans as our savings.

When we entered into the city, I took my wife to the nearest inn around the holy shrine and I myself went to a place which was located 5 kilometers away from the holy shrine to fulfill my vow; that is, walking 5 kilometers to arrive the holy shrine. It was snowing severely. I was still walking with sandals having injuries in my legs. The people were going by me and watching my legs surprisingly. They didn't know my vow was made when I even didn't hope to walk on my feet even for a step. During the way when I look at the golden dome of Imam Reza's (P.H.) holy shrine, I burst into tears and started crying. People were going by me and saying some words. They might think I had lost my dear due to my crying severely. Then, I went to the inn where my wife stayed. The owner of the inn having a luminous face and my wife were waiting for me. I went to the holy shrine along with my wife. We were too strange not to know through which gate we should enter. I entered into the holy shrine inquiring. Then both of us went to meet a highly respected Imam Reza (P.H.) through the separated courtyards. It was a cold winter; but all the courtyards and the holy shrine were really crowded. People who had made haste to visit their sweetheart from all around even from the foreign countries willingly without any compulsion. I took Imam's written prayer and recited. I asked Imam and his holy forefathers' permission to enter the holy shrine. Then, I entered into the main shrine. Suddenly, the massive crowd took me in. I came to myself for a moment. I found my hands tangled to the holy sepulcher. I didn't have the heart to unclasp my hands. However, I couldn't resist. I had forgotten the pain in my legs due to the extreme love. I was weeping and confabulating with my Imam. A person whom we had been withheld from him. I am sure that the greatest authors and artists around the world are also unable to express or draw those spiritual moments; since those moments are indescribable and are sensible just for those who have experienced. I was drowned in my world and had been lost in tears and moans so much that I forgot the time. I came to myself and searched for my wife in the female ward; but I couldn't find her. Out of necessity, I went to the missing people ward; but my wife wasn't there. I was entertained eating sweet and drinking tea there. The attendants of that ward asked me with astonishment: why haven't you come here to visit as a pilgrim so far?! And this was a question asked by the owner of the inn and I was reluctant to say I have been Baha'i; because I was ashamed to be Baha'i. Nevertheless, I couldn't

deny at that holy place. For this reason, I wept and narrated them the story of those years of deviancy and isolation.

When I finished my words, I saw the manager and other audience crying. Meantime, he stretched his hands towards the sky and thanked the glorious God and added:

“My son, you made Imam Reza (P.H.) happy doing such action. Surely, God have had mercy on you to be succeeded to turn to Islam.”

After a while, my wife appeared, too. These was such a spiritual atmosphere that the personal were laughing while they were crying and they thanked God.

Once more, we stood respectfully in front of the stranger Imam (P.H.) and asked the Savior of love deer to intercede in the presence of the glorious God in order for us to start a new life and to resist against the rotten plans of the organization.

I can't forget the intimate entertainment of the manager and the staffs of that department. They took us eagerly to visit the library of Qods court, Museum, Kitchen and the cured ones' section and the international office. In that section, I became familiar with Mr. Qaffar Zadeh who behaved my wife and me with grace and bonhomie. Then, they invited us to Imam's dining room. I will never forget the enjoyment of that party.

We had been attached with the spiritual atmosphere of the holy shrine so much that we were unable to say goodbye; for this reason, we stayed there till midnight. We said night prayers in group. A crowd who had come amorously to perform prayer in the holy court of Imam Reza (P.H.). They were uncountable. We were enthusiastic that night.

Everybody who became aware of our states behaved us with respect and kindness; so that, I didn't feel strange among this amorous crowd. However, I felt strange among Baha'is who were nearly twenty people in their receptions.

We headed off towards the inn at night. The owner of the inn had become quite worried about our absence. I answered:

“Imam Reza's (P.H.) holy shrine is so spiritual that nobody thinks of time.”

The old man nodded his head and said:

“At last, we didn't realize you hadn't come to Mashhad city during all these years!”

I said: **“We will speak with each other in an appropriate opportunity.”**

Then, we decided to call one of our intimate friends Mr. Yawari who was one of the kind and faithful staffs of the Propagation Organization of Hamadan city to inform him of our health.

Mr. Yawari said:

“One of the employees of the Propagation Organization is to go after you to assign you a better room.”

I said: **“Hajj Agha, our place is near the holy shrine and is good for us.”**

However, he insisted: “At first, you were to be our guest.” The owner of the inn who was listening to our statements said:

“I don’t let you leave here. You are strange in this city and know nobody...”

And we narrated our isolation years and our converting to Islam for him. The owner of the inn called his house phone listening to us enthusiastically and said astoundingly:

“We have guests tonight: A man and a woman.”

We didn’t feel strange in that man’s house, at all. As if, all the members of his family knew us before. After eating dinner, the inn owner said:

“Tonight, there will be a praising and religious service gatherings. The members of this gathering are going to establish the interest-free till of the panel. I hope you to accept my invitation to add the spirituality of the gathering.”

When we entered the gathering, a young man praising announced the issue of our converting to Islam and the crowd uttered peace upon Mohammad and his descendants unanimously. First the holy Quran was recited and then the Tawassol prayer was said. Establishing the interest-free till, they asked me to be the first member of it and I accepted with honor.

We stayed at that kind man’s house that night. Then, we went to the inn and waited for a man sent by Mr. Yawari. After a short time, a dignified and graceful having a glamorous face came after us. We said goodbye to the owner of the inn and headed off with Mr. Razawi. Mr. Razawi said during the way:

“Visit the monuments of Mashhad city if you aren’t tried ...”

We accepted. We paid back a visit to Abul Qasem Ferdowsi’s tomb in Tous city, stone Mount and Shandiz. We ate lunch in Shandiz. Then, Mr. Razawi took us to Azadi Hotel and said:

“We have undertaken all your residing expenses. I just beg you to pray for us in all your spiritual moments when you are in the holy shrine. Don’t worry about the expenses.”

I said:

“Believe it. We didn’t expect you and that inn was enough for us, too.”

And he answered:

“You are Imam Reza’s (P.H.) guests. We are just intercessors.”

A place where you had reserved for us was good and enough. Additionally, my wife and I had spiritual moods most of the time having enthusiasms to visit as pilgrims.

In the holy shrine, we were staring at the pigeons which were also Imam Reza’s guests for hours. Sometimes, watching rainfall there made us so entranced that we

had been relieved of time and space. Also, no art can make those beautiful moments immortal. At last, ten days passed. Ten days and days which were reminiscent and polycarpic. The pilgrimage nights and tear reception when man becomes free from the holy restraints and flies in the spiritually sky like birds. When we were going to come back, we were ashamed again; because they had made the plane tickets for us.

We took our leaves with Imam Reza (P.H.), at dusk. As a poet writes:
**“O’ Savior of the love deer, the universe is your tame gazelle
like a sip, time jubilation is due to your bowl.”**

At the moment of valediction, we asked the gracious Imam (P.H.) to help us attain visiting as a pilgrim. We went toward the airport crying. Remembering my birthplace, I was afraid; because by arriving our city, our problems would start again. At that moment, I wished I had been one of the pigeons of Imam Reza (P.H.)

When we arrived my father’s house from the airport, my wife’s heart and mine were beating and both of us were anxious for their plans.

As we guessed, the crowd welcomed us coldly. However, Shoj’auddin couldn’t control himself. For this reason, he said humorously:

“Now, did your new Imam cure you...?!”

I said:

“I was cured when I didn’t think I would walk one day and trip was my vow; that is, walking 5 kilometers to his holy shrine having injured legs.”

He said:

“Golly! You were cured before converting to Islam! Well, were other blind or bald people cured?!”

Meantime, I couldn’t be silent. For this reason, I said:

“Shoj’auddin, why do you insult God’s slaves while you claim for politeness. When the Christian soldiers shot the rope being afraid of their commander’s punishment and when Ali Mohammad Shirazi rescued temporarily and sought refuge to the restroom, didn’t you call this event as miracle?!”

Don’t you go to Shiekh Tabarsi’s fort to feed an ill little poor girl to be cured; while she becomes ill severely instead of being cured? So, how do you ignore all these miracles? I wish you had been there to see those who had been cured having photos and documents in the cured department.”

Shoj’auddin said: **“My dear, don’t tell blatant lies...”**

I said:

“Your misery is that you insult and call others as liars when you feel weak against rational and reasoning; while the whole Baha’ism has been made by the English; otherwise, why should Mirza Agha Khan Nouri shelter Mirza

Hussein Ali Nouri in his house to rescue him? Because the strangers felt Mirza Yahya had less talent to today.”

When my family felt we were aware of the historical notes via studying, they invited us to silence; because they knew they would fail if they continued. For this reason, we ate food silently and went out of my father's house. When I rested on my bed in my small apartment, I thought of my plentiful problems in my life. I had drawn many checks. All Baha'i had been told not to sell any item to my even in cash in order to force me to surrender economically. In brief, they closed all the ways.

Anyway, I could reform and recognize my affairs via struggle and an unshakeable will. I paid my debts and found new people among opticians in nearly cities. Nevertheless, I suffered from pennilessness at that situation. I thanked God because of His mercies on us; although we suffered from difficulties and hardships created by the organization executed by my family. We were gradually advancing when Mahtab's family, Showkat and Kioumars, Mahtab's sister and her husband came to our house. After a while, our family didn't try to convert to Baha'ism and we were happy; but surprised. We were happy because we could reform and reorganize our life easier and communicate with the faithful and Muslims more and have social intercourse with our landlord living downstairs. On the other side, we were surprised because we thought they have surely planned due to their changes in behaviors. Eventually, Showkat and Kioumars came to our house. According to the holy Quran and the holy Imam's (P.H.) recommendations, we were charitable to our own relatives and welcomed them. However, we realized that they were of the close organizational people; that is, the organization of Tehran city. Surely, they would debate us. For this reason, they made ourselves ready to see where they would start. When we asked each other's health, I went out to buy fruit. It took nearly half an hour. As soon as I returned, I saw Showkat, Kioumars and Mahtab crying. I got worried and thought something's wrong and I was unaware and they have said it in my absence. I went to the kitchen while I was astonished. I put the fruit there and joined them. I asked them anxiously: "What's wrong? Why are you crying? Please tell me to know." Controlling herself, Showkat answered: No, Agha Frahad, we missed Mahtab and her past. For this reason, we couldn't control ourselves. I got relaxed and said:

"Thanks God, nothing has happened."

Mahtab went to the kitchen to bring some fruits. I followed her quickly and asked her stealthily:

"Mahtab, were they right or not? Were you crying due to loneliness?"

Preparing the fruits, Mahtab answered quietly:

"Showkat has dreamed Abdul Baha several nights ago who was anxious. She asked him the reason for his anxiety begging. He has answered he had

been worried due to her sister Mahtab's situation who has been far away from the Blessed Beauty's mercy and miraculous acts. Now if you want to make the Blessed Beauty's heart happy, you should go to Hamadan city to turn her to the divine friends and if you weren't successful and she didn't accept, the Blessed Beauty's mercy would totally be cut and she wouldn't have any way to return. Then, they posed my father and mother's old age and I got really grieved. When I thought of not visiting my parents and family anymore, I cried and they cried too to sympathize me. Because I don't turn to Baha'ism again."

Listening to these statements, I said to Mahtab:

"Their coming to our house is purposeful, Mahtab! Narrating that dream has been ordered by the organization and its heads; too. It is quite a lie. Have we dreamed Abdul Baha during this period of time even for one time? Second, why can't their false Blessed Beauty be seen in our dreams to tell his statements to us directly. A person has seen him in dream who is the organization's quite obedient. So, be careful not to be hurt by them spiritually and mentally. Now, entertain them quickly because they may ask us their questions and the reason for our turning to Islam."

Mahtab was encouraged, listening to my statements. She cleared out her tears. She waited some minutes for me to leave the kitchen and then, she joined us. We had sat at the dining table in the hall and were busy speaking normally. After 15 minutes, Kioumars turned towards Mahtab and I said:

"Thank you for your hospitality, Agha Farhad and Mahtab Khanom. I should say you the main issue: Showkat and I have come here to visit you, first. Second, we want to know your reason for converting to Islam. We beg you not to inform other people about our speeches and regulate the principle of not disrespecting each other's beliefs and not creating an uproar. I start my utterance asking this question: why did you convert to Islam to be deprived of the Blessed Beauty's mercies?"

I answered back:

"First, I should say the method of your questioning is obviously problematic and bigoted."

Shokat said:

"What do you mean by bigotry? Kioumars asked you just a question."

I said:

"That Agha Kioumars says you have deprived of the Blessed Beauty's shows that he is bigoted; because I haven't experienced and believed the Blessed Beauty's mercies before converting to Islam. Now when I have converted to Islam, these statements are unworthy. So, it was better to be asked: How did

you turn against Baha'ism and convert to Islam? Consequently, I answer to you easily:

Baha'ism couldn't gratify me spiritually and mentally; for the history, commandments and the speeches of its heads are not only fatuous; but also vague. Yes, hundreds of questions are created in man's mind which remain unanswered. Second, I had decided my convert to Islam for several years; but the organization blocked my path through my family and didn't let me approach my aim at that time; but today we are happy to be turned to Islam and not to be included as sheep; so that, if you abandon bigotry a bit even for an hour, we can invite you to the path of Islam which is the truth and monotheism one and you can be joined with the troops waiting for the emergence of Imam of the time (P.H.). I expressed some of my reasons. If you will, I can ask you some of my questions out of the hundreds of unanswered ones. I don't know you can answer to them or not?"

Kioumars said:

"Before expressing my idea, I ask Mahtab to tell us her reason for converting to Islam."

Mahtab said, too:

"I had hundreds of questions regarding Baha'ism in my mind like Farhad. When I decided to write a novel, I needed some information concerning Islam to complete it. I became familiar with Muslim books; so I studied them and found out I can find the answers for my questions in Islam. My spirit and mind gat relaxed. I discovered my missing thing. Thus, I decided to gratify my inner need through the better and more studying and speaking with the Islam scholars. I brought up my decision for discussion with Farhad and converted to Islam."

Being obviously disable to debate with us, Kioumars said at the end of our speeches:

"I should say the Blessed Beauty's faith is just love and isn't wisdom and history. Additionally, his companions are lovers. The lover is lover; although his/her faith doesn't accord with wisdom. Thus, he/she ascends to such an extent that he/she heads off his/her path viciously. To approach this aim, we believe that the human being should fall in love via his/her heart and should forget wisdom which is ended in science. We are lovers and don't need science and wisdom. This is the difference between you and us."

I answered back:

"You deny the almighty God like the Arab of the pre-Islamic period in Arabia and the people of Egypt during the pharaoh period of time. So, you worship one of His inferior creatures!! The Arab lived in the pre-Islamic

period in Arabia were worshiping the stone idols and the Egyptians considered pharaohs as their gods. You are so. Consequently, you are continuously uttering about love in order to be emancipated from each question which causes you to get caught in a predicament.”

Again, Kioumars became disabled to debate with us. So, he changed the debate and said:

“Indeed, which one of your questions her remained unanswered? It is better for us to know.”

I was to express my unanswered questions regarding Baha’ism; so I said quietly:

“-According to the historical documents, Seyyed Ali Mohammad Shirazi has introduced himself as different titles. Once he has claimed for being the Bab [gate] of Imam of the time (P.H.); that is, being the deputy. However, this man claimed for being Mahdi himself, after a while. If I investigate this issue from Baha’ism view, one of these two claims will be false. If one of these claims were true, his proselytism would be restricted to Shiite people; while he claimed for a new religion and now, you have some proselytizers among Buddhists and the Jewish and ... thus, if he were forerunner, he wouldn’t be allowed to create new prayer, fasting and commandments.

-“Ali Mohammad Shirazi (Bab) claims: My successor will emerge 1800 years after me; while some years later, Mirza Yahya “Sobhi Azal” called himself as his successor. He faced his brother, “Mirza Hussein Ali’s” coup. In this way, Hussein Ali who claimed he had hidden his brother in order for him not to be hurt, he misused in his brother’s absence and called himself as the leader after consulting with the England embassy and attracting their support. In this way, Babism branch was made alongside with Baha’ism. Babism didn’t expand in Cyprus.

-Ali Mohammad Shirazi, Mirza Hussein Ali and etc. were all Iranians. Why have they tried to write their books in Arabic language full of grammatical and syntactic errors? This is an unanswered question. Every prophet has invited people to monotheism through his mother tongue. Most of Baha’ism leaders’ statements are basically meaningless and I am ready to debate about each sentence.

-If Baha’ism had been right, the numerous people of the world should have joined to it especially the Muslim people. No proselytism was needed. While all of you know the organization is also ready to spend money to make even a wicked person Baha’i. Have you thought that Baha’ism has grown less during the last 100 years?!

-You say there isn’t any prevarication in Baha’ism; while “Seyyed Ali Mohammad Shirazi” himself writes the penitence letter after debating with

the scholars of Tehran and Tabriz. The main penitence letter exists in the Parliament library now. Indeed, which one of the prophets and the holy Imams has retrograded from his claim?!

You see Imam Ali (P.H.) stroke against those who called him as God and called themselves “Aliullahi” [Those who believed Ali is God]; while you want to raise a fallible human to the states of the almighty God and; of course, Bab himself was willing for such a profane action to be done.

I am really surprised at this issue that a human being such as Ali Mohammad Bab Shirazi (Bab) called himself as the arbitrator of Imam Mahdi (P.H.) first and then, he claimed for being Imam Mahdi (P.H.) himself. Then, a person who became his successor through the intervention of the Russian and English embassy and said: The Islam religion and the holy Quran have abolished and I have brought a new religion. Then, he has achieved to God status after being a prophet. How do you solve all of these contradictions and clashes? How can you understand and interpret the collection of contraries?

-When Russia and England decided to divide Iran into two northern and southern parts in 1957, why did Abbas Effendi cooperate with their agents officially in “Aka” city located in the occupied Palestine? How do you justify this great treason? What is the universal house of justice’s answer for this betrayal?

-According to me the structure of the worldwide Zionist organization of the Baha’ism party has been formed based on Fascism and dictatorship. Isn’t it a symbol of fundamentalism and the reactionary policy? Why do they proselytize this issue that our organization is modern and regulates the human rights?

Because of not having a principle concerning the division of power in its organizational structure, this organization isn’t democratic and is concentration based. In this party no member is allowed to express his/her idea because every order is issued by the heads; such as: How you live and how and with when you have social intercourse and etc.

What’s the relationship with this fascism organization and freedom? Then, they accuse people with fundamentalism.

-According to Bab’s will Yahya Sobhi Azal was his successor; why did his brother participate in a coup against him?! Can you call it something else instead of coup?!

Who changes the solar and lunar year in order for his computations not to be wrongful? Well, Baha’is have 19 days and 19 months; but every year, 4 or 5 days are left over. So, they say these some days are called Ayyamoha.

-Some commandments of Baha'ism are questionable. For instance, it is said: The thief's forehead must be sealed! If a person fornicates, he/she must pay gold to the assembly to be forgiven.

-God has called us as the lord of all creatures; while this status is lowered to sheep in Baha'ism.

It has been proselytized that the Baha's face was so luminous that could burn films; while we can take a photo of the ablaze sun. How could they take his photo has existed in the universal house of justice; while it is an ordinary photo."

When I finished my words, Showkat turned to her husband Kioumars surprisingly and said:

"Are there all these problems and drawbacks in our creed, indeed? Are all these drawbacks true?!"

Kioumars who had trapped in a bad predicament said out of desperation:

"I don't know. Maybe, some of them are true."

And his wife said mocking:

"You had so-called come here to debate ..."

Additionally, Zabih answered sneering:

"That is, you didn't pay attention to your wife sitting uncovered in our gathering."

I said:

"Aha, we are wife and husband. I have the legal right to ask my wife to cover herself and will do, too."

Kioumars said:

"Dear Farhad, pay attention to this issue that nobody has forced your wife to quit her cover ..."

And Zabih said triumphantly:

"He accepted he has made a mistake, that's all"

I said as my last defense:

"I was eager to turn to Islam years ago; but this time my wife prepared the Islamic books which have rejected Baha'ism for me. She turned to Islam so consciously. Additionally, I'll surprise if she turns against Islam by 24-hour family words."

Zabih said triumphantly while he had received a blow due to his sister who had turned to Islam:

"Before you arrived she cried and said that her turning to Islam was a decision which she had hurriedly. Now, she is going to announce her regret in writing in the form of a letter. You can also write for the universal house of justice to enquire about your duty.

Now, be informed that Mahtab has turned to Baha'ism if you want to be Muslim. Presently, you should elect her or Islam and separation."

I didn't believe that their behavior was too knavish that influenced my wife unwillingly. For this reason, I said with astonishment:

"I have decided to be a Muslim. Concerning divorce, I should say it is none of your business and you can't decide for us because my wife has legally married with me."

Kioumars's father who had accused me in the worst manner interrupted my statements and said:

"Agha Frahad, why do you advocate Islam whole heartedly? Do you enjoy the blessing of Mohammad (P.H.) or the Islamic Republic? Then, he started cursing Muslims and changed the atmosphere to a fire stake."

I said calmly:

"Unfortunately, when logic and reasoning finish, cursing and anger start. I beg you to avoid cursing because a six-year-old kid can also curse; but if you want to insult my holy things, I will beat you; so that, you won't forget it. I gave you an ultimatum. I respect you family; but you are too dishonorable that said: if Saddam's soldiers occupy Iran, you will spread out hedonism for them. However, you called those youth who went to the front to defend your honor as murderers or violence seekers!! Have you forgotten that when the Iraqi bomber planes were bombarding, dozens of innocent people martyred; while you were dancing? Do you remember you were saying: it has been announced from Aka that Saddam Hussein will win soon and this is the Blessed Beauty's will. Well the war finished; so why didn't Saddam win?! Why did he become notorious as a war criminal?"

The gathering was quite silent. At that moment Zabih said:

"It is none of anybody business. My sister herself has turned to Baha'ism."

I said:

"She herself has turned to Baha'ism or by the hidden mission and the sneaky transfer of her to Tehran and executing the satanic technics of the organization of Baha'ism?!"

Meanwhile, it is also due to you. At that time, Mahtab's brother who was afraid of my wife and any speeches interrupted my statement and said:

"You said your statements. We also say our last word. It is impossible for my sister to live with you. Now, you can complain if you like because the United Nations supports us. We have coordinated."

I had realized the dimensions of the assembly plan. During this period of time, they had kept in touch with the strangers in order to create an uproar. In the other side, they had made my wife afraid of this issue: If you remain Muslim, you won't

be allowed to visit your parents. That issue meant the gradual death for her who was really attached to her family; but I had said to her to be ready for each plan.

I said:

“It is none of the United Nation business. My wife’s and my life are due to us. I shout that I love my life and wife and I don’t like to be separated from her. Now, if it is a force, the law will judge.”

I shouted:

“O’ you who claim for human and humanity, you observed we missed some kids in the path of minstrelsy for the assembly. Now, do you have the heart to see us separating from each other while my wife is pregnant?”

And Showkat shamelessly:

“Asking my sister for permission, we will extinct this Muslim embryo before birth.”

I said:

“That is, you kill an innocent baby because its father is a Muslim?!”

And Showkat replied:

“Yes, when it is to be Muslim and an anti-Baha’i, it better for it to be killed.”

I said ironically:

“O’ those who claim for the humane magnanimity and the brilliant spirits, have you coordinated with the United Nations Organization to kill an innocent kid.”

At that time Zabih intervened and said:

“See, you are free to think as you like; but know we don’t let even one of the Blessed Beauty’s companions decrease as long as we breathe. Now, you are free to choose. Whether Baha’ism and your wife or divorce and saying goodbye. Don’t frighten us from complaining because as long as America and the United Nation Organization support us, the Blessed Beauty’s companions will be inviolable.”

I said: **“So, let me speak with my wife.”**

At that moment, they sought the opinion and at last they agreed for my wife and me to speak with each other. However, Showkat opposed again.

When we got alone, I said to Mahtab crying:

“This was the way to which you encourage me. We approach the summit of spirituality with each other. Now, you left me alone within several hours speaking with your family. Didn’t you say to me that we must be firm in our belief in Islam as long as we breathe?”

Suddenly, the door was opened and Showkat entered unannounced:

“You were to speak with your wife not to evoke her emotion with your cry... Aren’t you a man?! So, why are you crying? Speak like a man and receive answer...”

I said:

“My tears aren’t due to inability. They are due to my wife’s emotion and plainness...”

Meantime, my wife said masterfully:

“Dear sister! I was to speak, wasn’t it?!”

Showkat said:

“OK; but don’t be cheated... He frightened us from the clergyman and complaining... Don’t be afraid of anything. The Blessed Beauty and the UN support us.”

And she left.

I said: “It won’t be matter if you have given your heart to your family; but why do you mention the divorce?! Have you forgotten exchanging words in Mashhad? Have I made a mistake as a Muslim husband that made you turn to Baha’ism again?! Tell ... I am waiting for your words...”

My wife answered:

“Everything happened under a severe mental pressure. They said I must give up hope about my parents. I said to let me think a bit; but they insisted their own statements. They had surrounded me and evokes my emotions; so that I didn’t understand how they wrote that damn letter and they uncover me forcefully. Then, they took me to the secret delegation, Khanjani the superior of Iranian Baha’ism cult asked him for the necessary orders; while that gathering was revolting for me. Then, they informed the UN immediately: it is said that the Islamic regime has forced a Baha’i person to turn to Islam and now, she is going to turn to Baha’ism; but it isn’t safe for her.”

I said: “You know better that we turned to Islam willingly. They even said we should have studied to turn to Islam...”

And my wife replied crying:

“Farhad, I love you and my marital life. I believe in Islam, too. But understand me. They have told me if I didn’t deny my turning to Islam, I must be separated from my family. Separation from my family equals death for me. Believe it, I can’t leave my parents. Now, the organization has told if Farhad denies his turning to Islam, they can help us leave the country with the UN support using a forged ID card in order to be free of danger. Of course, they forced me to write a letter concerned with my turning to Baha’ism.”

I said:

“My dear, don’t worry. God is the greatest, let’s go near them to tell we want to live with each other courageously...”

Suddenly, Zabih entered into the room without asking permission and said:

“We predicated you may deceive my sister uttering such statements...”

I said:

“You say to us to leave the country. So, my wife will deprive of her family, too.”

Zabih who felt that sister understood their futile words listening to my statements said; as if, he was solving a difficult mathematic problem:

“A person who travels abroad is hopeful to visit again. Whether he or she comes back or his/her family travel abroad; but a person who is excommunicated... Now, make your decision fast. Of course, my sister has made her decision. You should decide fast.”

He said: that statement and left. At that moment my wife whispered:

“Didn’t you want to go abroad? Well, let’s hide our being Muslims. Then, let’s leave the country. Next, we’ll say we couldn’t forget our eagerness to Islam.”

I said:

“My wife! Why do you think like kids? We can’t deceive them. You must take part in the meetings continually, then. You will be responsible for your religion, the holy prophet (P.H.) and the holy Imams (peace be upon them).”

My wife’s answer was crying. She was crying and saying:

“What has been my crime to be deprived of visiting my parents?!”

Our conversation lasted till 5 a.m. however, one of her family members was interrupting our speeches and making the situation out of order. I should have announced my final decision till 8 p.m. this was the mere conclusion of the argument with that ignorant people. Then, they expelled me out of their house like a stranger. That is, Zabih said:

“You aren’t allow to live with my sister from this time on. Try to find a place for yourself.”

Then, he opened the flat gate and said:

“Don’t forget. 8 o’clock is your deadline. You are also free to complain; but you won’t see your wife and future offspring, too. That is, I don’t let your offspring live. For he/she is the source of adversity.”

I said: **“The Mongol people were better than you!”**

I went out of the house. The only way was keeping in touch with Mr. Yawari who had helped my wife and me to become free from the Baha’ism bilge. I found a phone box with difficulty and called him. When I narrated the story for him; as if, something was broken in his inner being; because he was admiring my wife’s faith and he was telling me to be proud of my wife for being pioneer.

I said:

“I swear you by this holy month to find a solution for this problem and plan...”

And the clergyman who didn't want to violate the law even a bit said:

“The best way is to refer to the Revolution Court. Complain and they are responsible to investigate the case. Meantime, give me your wife's phone number to speak with her. Maybe, I can convince her.”

Asking and inquiring, I found one of the Revolution Courts. I asked for the continuation of my marital life complaining against the Baha'ism organization concerned with kidnapping my wife and planning for my wife to be sent abroad. In the court, they ordered two policemen to take my wife to the court at 6 p.m. Then, I called Mr. Yawari again and asked enthusiastically:

“Did you succeed to speak with my wife, at last?”

He said:

“I thought they might follow humanity. Nevertheless, didn't permit me to greet your wife or debate.”

He continued:

“Referring to the court is the best way, my son. Keep touch with me.”

I referred to the court, again. I waited my leg was really painful. The hour hand moved slowly. I started at the clock waiting. Eventually, three policemen were assigned to me at 7:30 p.m. after the administrative trends. Although I knew they would transfer my wife to an unknown place. For this reason, I called them hurriedly and said:

“We had an appointment at 8 p.m. I beg you to wait for half an hour for to come because I may get stuck in traffic.”

They were continually saying while they thought they could defeat me:

“Thanks the Blessed Beauty because you finally achieved the reality.”

I moved toward Afsarieh highway along with three policemen hurriedly.

When we arrived at Kioumars's father's house, they were leaving. One of the policemen went towards them and said:

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Rahmati and Ra'fati have been complained. We have been appointed to arrest you.”

Pointing out their gathering, Zabih made them understand to make an uproar in order for them to be able to make my wife escape.

However, the policemen changed their uproar into silence. All of us went into the house.

When all of us gathered in the dining room, Zabih said with utmost impudence:

“As you know we are Baha'is. My sister who is Mr. Jahandideh's wife turned to Islam for a short while; but he regretted immediately and turned to our gathering. Nevertheless, he is now a Muslim. Consequently, we, as his

wife's family, concluded for this marriage not to be continued. This marriage will end in differences; for this reason, my sister has decided to divorce and we haven't forced her. I add we Baha'is are under the UN support."

Eventually, one of the policemen said:

"Being under the support of each organization is respectful for you yourselves; but you can't separate the legal and legitimate wife of a person. Family is respectful to Islam. Additionally, we don't allow you to violate the respect. It's not matter for Mr. Jahandideh to become Baha'i, too. He can accept his wife and it is none of anybody else's business. Meanwhile, she is pregnant, too and not only in our religion; but also, the kid can't be separated from his/her parents in any other religions or creatures even in animals."

Zabih who felt unable to answer smiled pretentiously and said while he was looking at me angrily:

"The revered gentleman, don't you think an offspring who is born in differences becomes a mad person in future?"

He was received an answer:

"What do you mean, Mr. Ra'fati? You are this kid's maternal uncle. How do you satisfy to deprive the innocent kid of visiting his/her father?"

At that situation, Showkat misused the policemen's liberality and interrupted the policeman's statements:

"Hajj Agha, we won't let our sister continue her marital life with this man even if she herself likes. We aren't fed up our sister."

And the policeman who was called Hajj Agha discouraged Showkat who was the lone challenger:

"Lady, it is the extreme selfishness that you want to make this couple separated from each other to achieve your aims. I frankly say to you that your action is a crime. Now, tell me who the cause for the divorce is?! Now, in spite of our Islamic behavior you make us be afraid of the UN. Whereas this country has confronted and resisted against the enmities of all the world devourers and has triumphed since the victory of Islamic Revolution in 1357."

Meantime, Kioumars said:

"Well, we can claim you have entered our house without any permission. So, we are allowed to call the police station."

Hajj Agha said:

"You are an eyewitness we entered your house carrying a judicial verdict according to the law. You can call the police station of the locality to gain confidence."

Kioumars call the police station immediately. As if, he was familiar with the commander of the police station. For this reason, the bell of the door was rang after

a short while and the commander himself entered the house along with two policemen.

The magistrate of the police station said firmly: **“Well, who has bothered you?!”**

And Kioumars said happily:

“First, this who is this lady’s husband has bothered and now his wife is going to divorce. Next, there two men ...”

At that moment, Hajj Agha showed his letter of mission to the magistrate of the police station. Then, the magistrate of the police station saluted and said:

“Their entrance into your house is quite legal. They have entered carrying as official verdict. Now, he has behaved you righteously; otherwise, he could conflict you severely.”

In this way, the policemen of the police station left the room respectfully. Meantime, Hajj Agha said:

“We are ordered to inspect this house; although we gave an ultimatum and tried to settle the issue by arbitration based on our religious and conscientious tasks; but you yourselves caused the issue to be settle legally.”

Suddenly, the gathering who were happy to call the police station became upset; so that, they were evidently frightened. The policemen inspected the house immediately and respectfully. Meantime, Kioumars was trying to pretend everything as the normal one. He said:

“Hajj Agha, be sure. You won’t find anything in the house whether a weapon or anything else if you search the house even for a year.”

He was still saying his statements while one of policemen found a letter and gave it to Hajj Agha inspecting the house. After studying he said: **“Mr. Kioumars Rahmati, this is your crime document!”**

Kioumars and the other people said unanimously: **“Which crime? No crime has happened.”**

And Hajj Agha said calmly:

“Mr. Rahmati has asked the Universal House of Justice in Israel to exit this man’s wife out of the country illegally using a forged passport in this letter. This is the biggest crime.”

At that situation, Kioumars was continually saying anxiously:

“Which crime? I have been misused. This is a simple letter.”

And Hajj Agha said calmly:

“According to us, you are a criminal. Meanwhile, Agha Zabih, Showkat Khanom and Mahtab Rafa’ti aren’t allowed to leave Tehran city by 48 hours; otherwise, we have to issue a seizing verdict for you, too.”

Then, he turned towards me and said:

“You can speak with your wife once again to catch her satisfaction; of course, without these people’s interventions; otherwise, you can go to your city and wait for us to call you.”

In this way, Kioumars was directed towards the police car by the policemen while he was handcuffed. Hajj Agha said goodbye after apologizing.

As soon as the policemen left, they attacked towards me remonstrating:

“We swear by the Blessed Beauty to revenge if a bad event happens for Kioumars.”

My wife had also become astounded. Anyway, I prefigured:

“We have time to come back to our house to live together before the situation becomes worse.”

But Showkat repeated:

“Now, I don’t let my sister live with you anymore because you afflicted Kioumars with such calamity.”

And then she turned toward Mahtab and said:

“Dear sister, don’t be sad. We’ll keep in touch with Khanjani. Be sure. The United Nations Organization and the Human rights one don’t let Kioumars be there for more than a night.”

I said:

“Showkat Khanom, I wasn’t satisfied to bother anybody at all. The first day, I came as a guest, too. However, you behaved with me badly. Now, I won’t follow my complaint if you let us continue our marital life.”

Showkat replied as an injured hyena which grumbles:

“No ...no...Not at all... We must make you understand the power, validity and influence of Baha’is in the world.”

I appealed till morning again; but it was vain.

Maybe, you want to ask me why I crushed my pride and why I appealed them for hours; but don’t forget that I was to become father after years of waiting. In the other side, I knew my wife’s family’s mere weapon was excommunication; so I understood my wife’s situation. For this reason, I tried to restore her lost confidence and to remind her passionate days when she was studying to turn to Islam and the days when she was looking for the reality amorously; so she found it in Islam. Meanwhile, she was saying me in seclusion: “I believe in Islam in my heart; but I have been captured by a plan. Additionally, I don’t know what the consequence of my letter is.

I came out of their house while I was alone, depressed and sad. I was choked with tears. My metamorphosed wife’s voice was resonating in my ears saying about the destiny of our kid:

“Believe it. I would deliver it to you after birth. Ne relaxed...”

Then, she left me without saying goodbye... I was too busy-minded that I didn't know how I got to Saeedian passage. As soon as I entered, I saw my brother Shoja'uddin in one of the stores overlooking the passage entrance. He came out as soon as he saw me. He said to me nervously without greeting:

"Shame on you... You have put your foot in it..."

He said: **"Why did you cause Kioumars to be captured?"**

I said:

"The Excellency Shoja'uddin, how soon you receive the news. The news service has announced you just some hours after his capture."

He said:

"It is none of your business to know the reporter. Shame on you... I don't know what your reason is for Kioumars's capture."

I said:

"Suppose yourself to be in my shoes. What will you do if some people come to your house as guests and entertain them respectfully, then they invite you to Tehran city and you give up your job and life hopefully to go to Tehran city. Then, you go out for shopping. After coming back you understand your life has been shattered within several hours and they want to separate you from your wife; while she is pregnant?! Is there other way against an illegal except resorting to the law?!"

And my brother replied out of prejudice when he had been completely aware of the issue:

"They haven't exchanged the talk. They have said their daughter had been your wife. They didn't want their daughter to live with you anymore from that time on. Does their decision have any connection with you?!"

I became furious about his blind bigotry; so I shouted:

"A person who you say is their daughter is my wife based on the law and canonicity. She is my chastity. She is my kid's mother. Now you say it was none of my business. How do you judge if a person doesn't let you live with Mojgan, again?"

At that moment, I felt Shoja'uddin himself understood what an illogical statement he has uttered; because he whispered after I got angry:

"It is none of my business. Make any mistake you like..."

He said that statement and left the passage without saying goodbye. Because he would be punished by the organization if he concurred with his brother. Although I was angry about his words; but I tried to understand his situation because I knew that the organization had induced those words to him. Additionally, my brother Shoja'uddin was nothing but a doll. A doll whom the organization assigns duties: what should he say? With whom should he have social intercourse? Whom should he be enemy?

I returned to Hamadan city, my birth place, broken-heartedly. When I entered into my house, our landlord's wife came forward to welcome us because thought my wife and I were together. She said:

"Welcome, you are our guests tonight because you are tried..."

Then, she looked at the end of the corridor to find my wife. She didn't see my wife; so she asked doubtfully: **"You left here together; but did you come back alone?!"**

I said:

"Yes, I have come alone. Because they entered into my house using plans. Then, they suggested us to go to Tehran. I, as a simple-hearted person, accepted for I thought they had have forgotten their enmity... However, they separated my wife from me in Tehran and said: "You must turn to Baha'ism again or divorce your wife..."

The landlord said: **"May God damn them. Well, you should refer to the court..."**

I said: **"I went. Now, the file is under way..."**

I said that statement and sought asylum to my apartment nobody was willing to sell goods to me even those who were selling items to me and receiving checks; because most of them were Baha'is. Additionally, they were officially ordered by the organization not to trade me even in cash. The rest of them who were Muslims didn't know me at all in order to sell goods to me. Because I didn't have a shop in order for them to sell their item using its credit. At that moment, film taking was my only alternative. For this reason, I went to buy a camera recorder to earn money in this way. Then I called Mr. Yawari and said:

"Hajj Agha, these God's slaves have rented out their house in order for a couple to live there. Now, I am a single man. I beg you to inform us if there's a problem. I'll leave there if you say..."

And Hajj Agha Yawari reminded:

"Trust on God. Everything will be OK. Now, don't speak about these matters. Now, you should pursue your court affairs."

Eventually, Kioumars and my wife were brought to the court via my pursuance. However, I wasn't allowed to take part in the court meeting because they were to be enquired exactly, they were afraid of my presence to derange the inquiry trend.

In the second meeting of the court, I felt the chairman of the court is going to tell me a bitter reality; but he is searching for suitable words to decrease the mental impact.

Meantime, he said leniently:

"My son, according to our researches and the accusers' confessions, Baha'ism organization has provided the means for your wife's abortion."

Additionally, make your complaint if you have grievance against them. You are that innocent kid's guardian."

Hearing that news, I lost my balance and was too dizzy. My God, how inferior!! They kill an innocent kid in its mother's womb because its parents are Muslims?! They are continually speaking about these organization become silent regarding the killing of this innocent kid?! Why don't they defend my violated rights while they claim for freedom, democracy and human rights? Those who would maneuver as proselytism for at least a month if such issue happened for a Baha'i person.

I said crying:

"Hajj Agha, these cruel people are boasting of the UN. I am boasting of the glorious God. I believe that He punishes them for their evil deeds. Anyway, I, as a Muslim citizen, complain about these criminals."

In this way, my wife, her sister and brother and Kioumars were put into prison committing manslaughter. No news was heard by the United Nations. Maybe the killing of an innocent kid had prevented them. Fortunately, during the period of time when my wife was in prison, she had found out that she had been plaything. Now, she considered her sister and brother as killers. She remembered God had bestowed us the kid according to our vow in the holy Mashhad. After a while, my parents gave their house as security to make my wife free from the prison. Because the assembly had ordered them to satisfy Mahtab as long as they can in order for her not to turn to Islam again. However, somebody rang our house bell unexpectedly one day. My wife was at the gate. She asked me to allow her to enter the house. She was painted. I welcomed her cheerfully. When my wife entered into our small flat, she said most regretfully:

"Farhad, I behaved badly towards you and even my kid. You can drive me out of yourself as I was captured by the damned evil at that night and drove you out. I ask you to forgive me. You can forgive me and let us begin our marital life again. Let's forget the last bitter life. Be sure, I don't let the organization deceive me and I'll be loyal to you and Islam religion forever..."

She said these statements and cried. I said while I was aware of her regret:

"Our master Ali (P.H.) says: Forgiveness is more enjoyable than revenge. You weren't quality. The hypocrisy of the organization caused this calamity. Now you have found out this great reality. Welcome. It is said: It is never too late to repent... Now, how will I, as a poor slave, be able not to forgive you?..."

The couple who were our landlord became aware of my wife's homecoming held a small but intimate celebration for us at night. They illuminated the house kindly and bought cake and sweet In order to make us feel that we have started our marital life again.

Fortunately, Baha'is had set us free because of Zabih, Showkat and kioumars's files and they know I could cause them to be afflicted by trouble under the Islamic

law if they made a mistake. My income was low; for this reason, I started optician's trade again. However, spent our life with difficulty. The assembly had forced my parents as satisfy Mahtab because they knew I couldn't leave my wife at that critical situation.

My wife had suffered from depression and apprehension caused by the clear crimes of Baha'is and killing her kid; so that she was continually reproaching herself and crying. Many a nights, she cried and I consoled her. Nevertheless, she was saying:

"I was afflicted by such calamity caused by ingratitude. After several abortion caused by the numerous concerts of the damned assembly, I sought asylum to Imam Reza (P.H.) and asked the honorable Imam to ask God to bestow me the honor of being a mother and to bestow me a Muslim kid. However, a moment neglect and being captured by evil temptation caused me to curse the causers of this event."

I was condoling her:

"Be sure. God will forgive your sins. You will enjoy being a mother again. You will have a Muslim kid. Now, you mustn't be disappointed with Him..."

And she answered:

"Do you mean that God will forgive me?! A person who..."

And I was condoling her again:

"Be sure about God's forgiveness. Willing God, your repentance will be a firm one..."

In this way, Granting a daughter to us whom we called her Kowsar [the abundance] due to years of patience to achieve the right path and attachment to the best woman in the world the Excellency Fatimah (peace be upon her), God transformed our life and accepted our vows. That innocent girl became our delight.

The innocent girl was the Excellency Fatimah's (P.H.) gift to our life because we resorted to her and she didn't make us disappointed with perfect generosity while the physicians had made us hopeless. Our newly born daughter was considered as a gift by the Excellency Fatimah (P.H.) who was a blessing for our life. We felt the isolation from our family less for she was becoming attractive and agreeable days by day. My income increased and improved. One day, I encountered my parents while they had dropped in us. I invited them to our house and behaved them really kindly. They behaved as if nothing has happened. They invited us to their house. I was inspired that they have a plan due to the invitation. As long as I thought I couldn't understand the reason. After a while, my brother Shoallah drowned in the Caspian Sea and died. I was really suspicious of his Baha'i friend Peyman because Peyman was his enemy although he was superficially his friend. My parents buried him and the adventure file was closed because the organization wanted my parents not to inquire more. My parents were

thinking about making their document discharged at that tragic event. They excused: this house is ominous for us. We should sell the house. One day, they had forced my wife's father to come to the court to discharge his document. The court attendant had also told them:

“This file is open and the file complainer must express his/her consent. This woman can't because she is of the accused.”

Then, I knew the reason for my parent's invitation. I had heard that the assembly had put them in a predicament to satisfy me using the document as an excuse because they knew if I didn't express my consent, they would be got into trouble. Publishing the crime in the newspapers could beat them an irremediable damage. For this reason, when we ate lunch and dinner in my parent's house, my mother prepared the situation for dialogue and said crying;

“Dear Farhad, I can't live in this house anymore after Shojaullah's death. Wherever I look, his memoirs revive in my heart. In the other side, I feel this house was ominous let me sell it.”

I said:

“Mother, you are the owner of the house. You are at liberty.”

She said appealingly:

“But we can't sell the house without its title deed, can we?!”

At that moment, I found the reason for their socialization.

I said: **“Now, what should I do?”**

My mother said:

“Nothing, my dear. Go to the court and express your consent. Because you are the complainer of the file. Do us a favor. We swear by the Blessed Beauty to pay two million Tumans as your debt. I'll also give one million Tumans to see a doctor for your leg. Please do us a favor and discharge our house title deed in order for your father and me to sell the house in which we have suffered from misery during our lifetime.”

I said:

“Mother, I beg you not to cry. Anything you say. I'll try hard to discharge your house title deed. Meanwhile, I don't want extra money except paying my debt.”

The next day, I referred the court. Some people who were aware of the file said to me indirectly: **“As soon as you discharge the file, the Baha'is will start a new plans for you.”**

Even the judge said:

“My son, they don't pay any money to you as soon as they get what they want. Try to be realistic. If you express your consent, you won't receive your debt and they won't give you any money.”

I said:

“Excellency judge, I have learned to respect my parents in Islam school. Now, I would entrust on God if they didn’t keep the faith.”

Eventually, I discharged their house title deed after trying hard. They invited us to their house respectfully the next night. They received their title deed after thanking; but they didn’t mention money. I said to myself: **“They may be hard up with money. They will pay back my debt a few days later.”**

After a while, I referred to my parents because of life hardship to ask for my debt. However, they answered back:

“We don’t have any money to give to you to solve your problem.”

I said:

“Dear mother, do you remember you swore too mech. You said you would give me one million Tumans more. And I said I would ask for my debt?”

My mother said:

“What do you say? I just swore. I didn’t give you any check or draft. Convert it into cash if I have given...”

I said:

“Dear mother, I am in the worst financial situation. You swore by the Blessed Beauty, too.”

She said:

“You made a mistake. Think as you like. Leave this house now and never come back. Because a person who becomes Muslim doesn’t exist at all according to us.”

I left my father’s house with extreme regret. Then, everybody reminded me:

“Dear Farhad, we said to you: “Nobody will pay attention to you if you express your consent. Well, this is the consequence of your deeds...”

After a while, I couldn’t pay the rental; so I vacated the house particularly I knew those honorable man and woman needed money and can rent their house out receiving more money.

We could find a house to rent with the help of one my Muslim friend. He allowed us to live in his late father’s house which was vacated and ingratiated us. After receiving her adornment certificate and allowance, my wife started working as a beautician first at home and then she rented a shop.

After a while, I abandoned my job as optician’s trade. I bought my friend Majid many books and opened a bookstore.

After a few years my brother Bahram joined a Muslim family and his marriage with a noble Muslim girl caused him to turn to Islam and made my father to have more social intercourse with Muslims; while Shoja’uddin was extremely furious like a wild rapacious animal. One day, my father called me and said:

“Dear Farhad, this is a secret between you and me. I have discovered the futility of Baha’ism for years like you. Having social intercourse with Muslims, I have found out that Muslims are honorable and reliable people as I am really satisfied

with Bahram's Muslim wife. Now, I ask you to help me save myself out of this spider house."

I embraced him happily and said:

"Dear father, you made me shocked. Anything you say. I will do as long as I can. However, I am happy for myself to announce my father is a Muslim."

Then, one reminiscent night, my father recited the articles of Islamic faith in my house in the presence of Hajj Agha Razini, Hajj Agha Ehsan Moradi, my wife, my daughter Kowsar and me. Then, we held a small celebration. My father referred to Ettela'at newspaper office bravely to announce his turning against Baha'ism and confessed that Imam Mehdi (P.H.) is the 12th Imam publishing his photo. After publishing his photo in the newspaper, my mother, my brother Shoja'uddin and the organization had turned to an injured snake. They were extremely furious because they were afraid of our movement to be as a method for hundreds of Baha'i youth. Because they are afraid for Baha'i youth not to be afraid of the organization. In this manner, there will be a bolt-hole for them to escape.

On the other side, we were sending some letters to Baha'i houses like the religious proselytizers to help the Baha'i youth to become free from this colonial trap. For this reason, the organization announced my wife's name and mine as the boycotted people in its 19-days reception. On the other side, my wife could eventually receive her book licenses. The book which were strengthening the Baha'is who had been trapped by Baha'ism. In this way, no one of our Baha'i relatives were allowed to greet us in the street; otherwise, they were being called to the organization.

Being inattentive to the assembly plans and plots, I was selling books. I started form a small shop to a big shop in Chehelsotoun passage. After a while, the passage changed to a cultural one. This was a great success for me because I was selling awakening book in addition to amuse ones to the youth. We also went on a pilgrimage to the Excellency Fatima Ma'soumeh's holy shrine in Qom city, to Jamkaran mosque and to Mashhad city.

My daughter was growing day by day. She felt the lack of some people. For instance, she was sometimes asking mellifluously: **"Daddy! Do I have a grandmother?!"**

I was also trying to change her mind.

On day, I saw my wife crying. I asked the reason and she said: **"Maeeshat Khanom told me you father didn't feel well."**

I said:

"It isn't matter. I will put the bookstore under the care of one of my friends and both of us will head off towards Sanandaj city."

Both of us headed off towards Sanandaj city; but as soon as we arrived we found out that he has died. As we entered into my father-in-law's house, the

Baha'is created such an atmosphere; as if, we had caused my wife's father to die. They were shouting:

"You killed the old man. Now, you have come to rejoice. O' relentless killers..."

It is interesting to be noted that they were heedless with my daughter, Kowsar. This issue made my wife pass out. Just her mother reacted at that time; otherwise, the rest of people were behaving as they had been dictated before. Enmity could be observed in their eyes instead of sympathy.

At that moment, my daughter asked me: **"What's wrong, daddy...?"**

I said: **"My dear, your grandfather has died..."**

And Kowsar asked surprisingly:

"Daddy, why wouldn't I see my grandfather if I had?!"

Nevertheless, I couldn't convince her at that circumstance.

More interestingly, they had been induced that Farhad and his wife have been miserable because the Blessed Beauty has cursed them. Additionally, our presence revealed the assembly's lies. Alas! They were obeying the assembly like sheep.

Tolerating a lot of difficulties and hundreds of curses, we participated in the funeral rites because the holy Quran has emphasized at respecting parents. When we came back home, the tongue-lashings continued. They put us under an extreme tension too much that one of my father-in-law's neighbors who was Sunni Shouted suddenly:

"Stop it! Stop speaking harshly with these God's slaves. Aren't you human? They have come here to participate in the mourning formalities and to offer you sympathy. Now, you call them killer! They haven't rested even for a moment from last night till now.

You are speaking in such a way that we didn't know the old man. He had loved for 85 years. He hasn't cut off in his youth. Why do you put this man, his wife and his innocent kid under pressure? Be embarrassed. Aren't you this innocent kid's grandmother and maternal uncle and aunt? It isn't fair!!"

The neighbor's speech caused them to regard. In the mourning formalities, a woman recited an incantation which was similar to a song, first. Then, they served dinner. Next, the invitees particularly women who were dressing up and wearing colorful dresses, left. Because Baha'is participate in the mourning ceremonies wearing colorful clothes and making their toilet; so that, everyone feels they are going to a wedding party. However, most people wear black clothes and cry in the mourning ceremonies in other religions.

It is interesting to be noted that Baha'is mock all the religions in this regard because Baha'is believe that they have been afflicted by superstitions; while in Baha'ism, all the dead bodies must be buried wearing gold rings engraved by the name of the greatest according to Baha'is. This action reminds us the previous ages

and centuries related to Pharaohs of Egypt who were being buried along with their gold. Just God knows the reason for burial of the gold ring.

Anyway, the next morning my wife decided to come back to Hamadan city while we were broken-hearted.

To make up for their behaviors, I continually traveled along with my wife and daughter I order for my wife to forget that great grief by lapse of time. We planned to be in Imam Khomeyni's (P.H.) holy shrine on the eve of the new year. At that spiritual moments, both of us emulated why we didn't turn to Islam sooner to profit by this honorable man and meeting him in group. We cursed the organization again because it didn't let us know this great man who influential in history a lot. We headed off towards the holy city of Mashhad, next. At that time, we were laughing at the assembly's plans; because we trusted on God and the holy Imams (peace be upon them). I didn't become angry when it was announced that I sell illegal CDs in my shop because I knew they had been sacrificed for the alien's greed. Of course, that disturbance was put down by my explanation and the inspection of police because they found just legal CDs and tapes in my shop. They could even find nothing in my computer memory. They are still poor not to realize our spiritual mood.

At that moment, my wife was suffering from her mother isolation. I took her to Sanandaj city to make her relaxed. We were in Mr. Mordokhi's house as guests. When my wife called her mother's house, Shohreh -her nephew- was disconnecting the phone. Eventually, we took her mother to the neighbor's house to see her daughter. Nevertheless she turned her face away from her daughter and wanted to leave there. At that time, the landlord made her calm.

My wife was crying; but her mother was speaking with her proudly instead of sympathizing. Even when my wife asked:

"Dear mother, how do you tolerate my father isolation?"

She said:

"I am ok. Your father's place in the other world is better than your world due to Bahaullah's favor. I sympathize you for you wasted your world and futurity. You were suffered from the Blessed Beauty's anger. Now you have become an author..."

However, my wife became silent to respect her mother because she had really suffered from her mother isolation. The old woman continued, too:

"Do you think you can hurt the Blessed Beauty by writing these null statements.... No, it isn't so. Now, I tell you not to keep on doing these actions because if you write a book from this time on, I won't forgive you and won't let you meet me anymore."

I felt the organization workers have trained the old woman to tell such statements because I knew they were really afraid of writing such books and confessions regarding the filthy nature of Baha'ism.

I said:

“Don’t you think we have been frustrated? No, not at all. However we behave according to the Islamic commandments which emphasize respecting parents.”

Meantime, Kowsar was silver-tongued and continued being sweet spoken to such an extent that the old woman became lenient. She embraced her granddaughter for the first time, spoke with my wife and confabulated. Then, we were to visit each other once more the next day.

I prefer not to disrupt the mother and offspring privacy in order for my wife to become a bit calm.

The next day, we went to my wife’s father’s grave and prayed for him. We asked God to forgive us. Next, we returned to Hamadan city. My wife became a bit calm. However, after this event the organization that had found out my wife’s area of weakness was continually putting her under pressure and making her cry. She wasn’t saying nothing when I was asking her the reason. Just my daughter was saying the reality:

“Dear daddy, my mom spoke with my grandmother today; but then my mom cried and cried till now...”

I said to my wife:

“My dear, all of us know the organization well and we are also aware that the old woman has become their puppet in order to put you under pressure because they are aware of your spirit and they know you are too attached with your family.”

Nevertheless, my words weren’t influenced on her spirit. She even became angry with me: why did you insult my mother? She tried to bother herself by isolationism.

One of the other plans done by the organization was making my wife be pessimistic towards me. Because their words were being inculcated to my wife by my mother-in-law. So, I waiting for the passage of time in order for you to realize the hideous face of Baha’ism organization more and better and to know they are doing each hideous deed to achieve their aims. However, as I told earlier I must suffer a lot of difficulties to achieve my aim as a Baha’i individual who had turned to Islam.

Now my Baha’i ex-friends and relatives come after me and ignorantly tell me order by the organization:

“Farhad, you can return. You don’t know how much the members of the Universal House of Justice are too angry with you turning to Islam. They have even ready to grant you great privileges whether in or out of the country.”

However, I can see the damned evil in their faces and natures. They are going to deceive the God’s slaves. For this reason, I pray and ask God not to leave us alone.

* * *

A division of the night has passed and I am writing; but I don’t pay attention the hour hand. I am looking forward to helping those who have been deceived by Baha’ism cult because they have been inculcated in such a way that they will be cursed by the blessed Beauty if they tear the spider web of Baha’ism. All of these statements are nothing but superstitions. They should know that all those people who have turned against Baha’ism have ended well including late Ayati and late Sobhi who showed us the way of freedom by writing their memoirs and turning to Islam. Writing my memoirs, I try to make them be self-confident in order to tear the chains of captivity and to be set free from the superstition darkrooms. Willing God, may God accept my effort.

The call of a muezzin calls me to pray, to caress with my God and to thank Him for His plentiful blessings having a heart full of love with the last of prophet Muhammad (P.H.) and he commander of the faithful Ali (P.H.) and her lady of both worlds the Excellency Fatimah (P.H.) and her offspring.

After turning to Islam, a lot of bitter and sweet events happened for me that I ignore mentioning them. Because my final goal has been and is writing my biography from the end of darkness to visiting the sun. And now when I have joined the reality sun, I am not afraid of the ups and downs of life. Because God’s manifestation is camouflaged in all of them. Today, I thank the almighty God who has included me among those who are awaiting for the Excellency Mahdi (May God hasten his reappearance).