# **THEME: Women and Society**

## **Chapter One: The Role of Women in Society**

A gentle wind rustled through the trees, carrying whispers of an age-old conversation. The scent of freshly bloomed jasmine filled the air as dusk settled over the village. The world seemed to pause, awaiting an answer to an unspoken question.

Two voices mingled in the quiet, unraveling a dialogue that had echoed through generations.

### **Women and Societal Progress**

**"Women are the backbone of societal progress. Do you not agree?"**

A thoughtful pause.

**"Indeed, women shape the very foundation of society. An educated mother raises a well-trained child. Without them, civilization weakens."**

### **Women in Politics**

**"And what about their role in politics?"**

A deep, knowing sigh.

**"Women endure hardships that hold them back, yet they keep moving forward. Some rise to remarkable heights, while others silently dedicate themselves to their goals."**

A flicker of sadness.

**"Today, neither are exceptional women present in great numbers, nor are many remarkable ones left. Men block their paths at every turn. Tell me, what position should women hold in political decision-making?"**

The response was steady, unwavering.

**"Men still hold power. Rarely do women make their own decisions and act upon them."**

As evening deepened, distant stars began to shimmer, their glow reflecting quiet determination.

### **Challenges of Women in Society**

**"Why is this so? What is the root cause?"**

**"It is the old, outdated mindset—one that refuses to fade."**

A nod of agreement.
**"Can women play a role in the household economy?"**

A faint smile.
**"Of course. Women can work, take up skilled trades, contribute to businesses. Their potential is vast."**

A shadow of frustration crossed the listener’s face.
**"Yet society still holds them back. Why?"**

**"Because an independent woman challenges the existing order. When she ceases to depend on men, their dominance begins to wane."**

The wind whispered through the trees, carrying the weight of truth.

**"Men do not wish to relinquish power. The real oppression is that village women work tirelessly, yet men reap the benefits. Even when women earn wages, they are not given the respect they deserve."**

A firm resolve entered the voice.
**"Women must become aware. Consciousness is the first step to change."**

### **The Role of Women in Family and Religion**

The conversation drifted towards the fundamental roles women play—daughter to father, sister to brother, wife to husband.

**"These roles all revolve around their relationships with men."**

A deep breath.
**"So, is the patriarchal mindset unshakable, or is there hope for change? Should daughters be obedient, or should they be strong and intelligent?"**

A brief silence.
**"Different religions offer different perspectives. Some faiths do not permit women to rule. Some label women as a cause of corruption. Others do not recognize a social role for them. Some place women in subordination. In Buddhism, women have some autonomy. In Tibetan Buddhism, a woman may marry multiple men."**

The lanterns’ glow cast shifting shadows as the conversation turned reflective.

**"These are conservative views. Many modern interpretations have evolved, influenced by education and cultural shifts. What do you think?"**

A slow nod.
**"Change is happening, but no single person can bring it alone. We must all try, with hope for a better tomorrow."**

### **The Path to Change**

A pause.
**"Science has a theory—first, you make the land fertile, then you sow the seeds for a better harvest. The same applies to women. Give them the opportunity to thrive, and only then can society truly progress."**

The wind sighed, carrying their words into the night, weaving them into the fabric of time.

# **THEME: Love and Its Complexities**

## **Chapter Two: Love and Its Complexities**

### **The Wounds of Love**

Today, my heart is wounded. It bleeds from a relationship. Lost in thought, I wondered: when a relationship loses emotional depth, why do past loves turn into hatred, isolating a person?

**"My question is: when the heart's role ends in relationships, why do past loves turn into hatred, forcing a person into isolation?"**

A thoughtful response followed.

**"Your words reflect the story of hope turning into despair. If a dear friend or beloved stops reciprocating love, it suffocates the soul."**

**"Hatred, like a parasite, grows on the tree of love. Slowly, it dries out the lush green branches. Love must always remain positive."**

**"But what about the one who heals the heart?"**

Yes, the healer exists.

A person in love is often unaware of their suffering. When hatred tightens its grip, lovers either give up, lose themselves, or follow three principles: never let ego rule love, forgive if possible, and never seek death in love—just keep loving.

**"Even Bhitai has said, 'If the healer does not heal, let the lover suffer in love.'"**

I am just a humble reader of Bhitai’s poetry. Yet, the three principles I mentioned align with the belief that **"The beloved is also the healer."**

**"Absolutely! True. The cure for pain lies with the beloved."**

**"Whoever gives will also receive."**

Then, we must endure pain in silence.

**"Do you remember our previous conversation? 'Is there comfort in pain?' We agreed that even if a person is betrayed, their humanity remains intact. Love, when given sincerely, continues to grow."**

Absolutely.

**"But the remedy for wounds—where is that found?"**

**"In love itself."**

**"And the greatest state of love is its completion."**

## **Chapter Three: The Nature of Longing**

The air was thick with the scent of damp earth, a lingering reminder of recent rains. Distant thunder rumbled like a forgotten whisper, while the golden hues of the setting sun stretched lazily over wet rooftops. The world, drenched in the memory of a storm, seemed to hold its breath, waiting.

Two figures sat near an open window, where the breeze carried the fragrance of soaked jasmine. Their conversation, like the rain, was both measured and contemplative.

### **Rain**

**"Society is in chaos. Do you remember the rainy season?"**

A thoughtful smile flickered across the other’s face.

**"What are you asking? The rainy season evokes nostalgia, but last year, the rains were unrelenting, bringing devastation instead of relief."**

A pause, heavy with unspoken meaning. The glistening streets bore the contrast of two emotions—joy and destruction.

**"That means rain can symbolize both renewal and ruin."**

A slow nod.

**"Exactly. Excess in any form—nature, ambition, even wealth—has the power to disrupt human equilibrium."**

### **Search of knowledge**

The flickering candlelight cast their silhouettes onto the wall, merging and separating with every shifting breeze. Outside, a lone bird called into the twilight, echoing the essence of their discussion.

**"Life mirrors this duality—happiness and sorrow, intertwined."**

**"Indeed. The presence of one defines the other."**

A moment of introspection.

**"Consider this—before an idea is realized, there’s exhilaration in discovery; afterward, the weight of understanding. The same moment, yet opposing emotions."**

The wind, now cooler, whispered through the curtains. One of them turned to the other with quiet intensity.

**"Which is why the anticipation of an answer is often more profound than the answer itself."**

A candle flickered out, leaving behind a pool of melted wax.

**"Yet, knowledge doesn’t shield one from suffering. Even after grasping the truth, we remain entangled in the struggle to apply it."**

A long sigh.

**"A single moment of insight can outweigh years of uncertainty."**

The night thickened, stars revealing themselves one by one, indifferent to the emotions stirring below.

**"To observe the world with clarity is to experience a continuous rebirth—to learn, unlearn, trust, despair, then seek understanding once more. Such is the rhythm of existence."**

The response came like a secret whispered in the dark.

**"Your words are like scattered pearls. It feels as if you’re navigating an unseen current."**

A soft chuckle, tinged with something unreadable.

**"No, my friend, these are simply reflections. The forces that govern life remain beyond human control, and even the strongest minds contend with their limitations."**

A knock at the door of thought—unspoken, yet resounding.

**"What shapes the contours of your mind in this moment?"**

A fleeting glance toward the night sky.

**"An idea, forming and dissolving, like patterns of waves on a shore."**

The rustling trees outside mirrored the murmuring of ideas within.

**"Today, let’s discuss the nature of anticipation. Does it strengthen resolve or weaken the spirit?"**

The stars bore witness to their quiet contemplation.

**"And what should we explore tonight?"**

**"Shall we dissect past inquiries, challenge conventional reasoning, or trace the evolution of a single thought?"**

The words, spoken softly, carried the weight of eternity.

**"Yes, every thinker knows the restlessness of waiting—for truth, for clarity, for that moment when a vague idea sharpens into certainty."**

A deep inhale.

**"What do you make of conviction in the pursuit of knowledge?"**

The answer came like a promise.

**"First, one must define knowledge itself. In today’s world, what metrics exist to distinguish insight from mere information?"**

A knowing glance.

**"You’ve answered your own question. Anything unmeasured can lead to distortion. True wisdom is a balance—an unrelenting pursuit, yet tempered by the understanding of its limits."**

The flicker of a smile in the dim candlelight.

**"In thought, a single question can open the path to endless exploration."**

The silence stretched between them, pregnant with unspoken meaning.

**"And the truly fortunate are those whose minds remain in dialogue, engaged in an endless conversation with knowledge itself."**

The night deepened, draping its velvet cloak over their discourse.

**"Your perspective is like an unfolding manuscript, layered with insight. Inquiry itself is a season, so let’s linger in it. Have you ever questioned the wind?"**

A voice barely above a whisper.

**"Every thinker has, at some point, wrestled with the unseen. The search for understanding defines existence. Some believe that without knowledge, they are nothing. Even in a world teeming with answers, the pursuit of truth remains relentless."**

A lone firefly danced outside the window, illuminating the darkness for just a moment.

**"Have you ever perceived the world purely through intellect?"**

A sigh.

**"If such clarity were constant, it might be overwhelming. Yet, thoughts remain untamed. Understanding brings joy, but it also exposes the inevitable conflicts and contradictions of reality. Recognizing this, every moment of genuine insight becomes precious."**

The wind sighed through the trees, its gentle murmur adding its voice to the conversation.

**Is intellectual pursuit a singular journey, or does it evolve with time?"**

The answer came like a gentle breeze.

**"The search for knowledge is lifelong. It takes on new shapes, adapting to context and experience. Some resist change, while true seekers remain open to transformation. Thought, like a river’s current, never remains stagnant."**

A pause.

**"So, we can say understanding refines itself over time and elevates one's perception."**

A final whisper before the night claimed them.

**"Absolutely. Knowledge doesn’t stand still; it grows, reshapes, and deepens. As long as there’s curiosity, thought remains alive. The pursuit of understanding is, in essence, the pursuit of life itself."**

The moon watched from above, bearing witness to a conversation that stretched beyond time.

**Chapter Four: Innocent Loves**

### **The Nature of Boundaries**

The evening breeze carried the scent of autumn—dry leaves, the faintest trace of earth, and something indescribably old, as if the wind had gathered whispers from a hundred lost conversations. The sky, streaked with the last light of day, melted into a deepening blue. Inside, the quiet hum of a distant world faded as two figures sat across from each other, words weaving the air between them.

**"The conversation must continue until 8 o’clock,"** one of them remarked, a subtle urgency in their tone.

The other smiled, leaning forward. **"Alright, we’ll keep talking till 8. I feel like your words go beyond understanding and touch the heart."**

A moment of silence stretched between them, measured not in time but in thought.

**"No, not at all,"** the first figure responded. **"I fully agree with you that love, at its core, is love—no matter how much it’s broken into pieces, it remains love."**

The words settled between them like the final drops of rain after a storm—gentle, yet leaving everything drenched in meaning.

**"Yes,"** the other agreed, nodding. **"That’s been my observation too. But you haven’t mentioned the effect of that feeling, the one that makes you reconsider your path... What are your thoughts on that?"**

A long breath, a shift in posture, a glance toward the dimming sky.

**"These are the social rules that force us into such situations,"** came the thoughtful reply. **"Suppose you’re a school principal, and you see love blooming among students—would you separate them into different sections or leave them be?"**

The question lingered, suspended in the fading light.

**"Anything that involves human emotions requires deep reflection,"** the second figure said at last. **"That’s how our society is structured. And societies evolve. Separating students into different sections isn’t the real issue. If we consider discipline, then doing so is part of regulations. But if love still emerges despite these measures, then the real issue isn’t regulations—it’s understanding emotions. Even separating students can’t stop love... The real matter is grasping the emotions behind it. A good teacher guides their students in this regard."**

They both sat in contemplation, the weight of the conversation settling around them like the dusk itself.

**"For example,"** the voice continued, softer now, **"a teacher should make them understand that the highest form of love is to respect one’s beloved; that love doesn’t harm anyone; that love is about eternal peace, not temporary pleasure; that love is a fundamental element of the social contract between men and women; those true lovers shape the world with their actions, not just with emotions."**

A slow nod, a flicker of understanding passing between them.

**"Without a doubt—I completely agree."**

**"If you agree, then acknowledge that understanding this aspect of society requires us to respect the purity of innocent loves."**

The words felt heavier than before, as if carrying the weight of countless unseen decisions.

**"With all my heart."**

The first speaker exhaled, a note of resignation woven into their voice. **"I don’t deny love, dear one, but time and circumstances require compromises."**

### **Reflections in the Mirror**

A pause. A shift in the conversation, but not in its intensity.

**"Let me ask—when you shave in front of the mirror, and it reflects your image, do you see it as a reflection or a display?"**

A slight furrow of the brow. **"That’s a matter of awareness, but I wouldn’t stop myself from seeing."**

A faint smile played at the corner of the other’s lips. **"Absolutely—you wouldn’t stop for now. But if this reflection becomes clearer in the future, and you end up using your shaving kit for the first time in front of someone else, how would you interpret that—was it growth or immodesty?"**

A moment of realization, like a candle suddenly flickering to life.

**"I’d consider it growth, and I’d be using my right."**

The nod of approval was slow, deliberate.

**"Exactly... This is how innocent loves grow—they pass through social barriers, yet their emotions remain pure."**

Outside, the night thickened, folding around the world in its quiet embrace. The conversation, though winding, had reached a destination—a shared understanding, fragile yet profound.

### **Chapter Five: Veiled Glance**

The evening air carried the scent of damp earth, a lingering trace of the afternoon drizzle. A faint rustling of leaves echoed through the silent corridor where two figures sat, absorbed in a conversation that danced between intellect and emotion. The dim glow of a flickering lantern cast shifting shadows on the stone floor, mirroring the uncertainty of their discourse.

**State of mind**

**"Did you read today's Kawish newspaper?"** one asked, his voice tinged with curiosity.

The other glanced up from his book, adjusting his spectacles. **"No, why?"**

**"There's a letter in the 'Deewangi Ji Hadoon Paar' section about young people's obsession with love.**

A pause followed, filled only by the distant hum of city life beyond the courtyard walls.

**"What does it say?"**

**"It describes how tragic it is.** A faint chuckle accompanied the words, but beneath the humor lay an unspoken gravity.

His companion leaned forward, resting his chin on steepled fingers. **Do you realize how that young boy, mentioned in the letter, lost his way in love and led four families to sorrow?"**

The flickering lanternlight reflected in the speaker’s eyes—a glint of understanding or perhaps restrained concern.

**"No, no... That letter describes a state of mind that unconsciously develops in every young boy and girl. It's a phase that arises when emotions take over."**

The wind whispered through the half-open window, carrying distant voices—fragments of lives unfolding beyond the confines of their quiet refuge.

**"Do you think those 'madly in love' young people act on such emotions?"**

A thoughtful sigh. **"Maybe not, but from a societal perspective, it hints those young boys and girl unknowingly start seeing each other as lovers. Innocent love often turns into misguidance."**

A distant clock chimed—a reminder of passing time, of fleeting moments wrapped in reflection.

**"Is this the beginning of love, or is it an illusion?"**

A faint smile played at the corner of his lips. **"Yes... But if you think about it, the feeling I just mentioned isn’t the one written in that letter. That was just a typical 'roadblock' scenario. It's tragic."**

A silence stretched between them, thick with unspoken musings. The weight of love, longing, and society’s expectations pressed upon their words, shaping them like the slow erosion of stone by water.

**"Do you mean to say that love itself is a trap?"**

The lantern flickered once more, as if in agreement.

**"Absolutely."**

### **Chapter Six: Victory in Love**

#### **Silent Triumph**

The night had settled in, a velvety cloak draped over the restless city. A candle flickered between them, its glow casting long, wavering shadows against the stone walls. Their conversation wasn’t just words—it was an exploration of the heart’s deepest truths.

**"Let me explain the essence of a verse by Faiz Ahmed Faiz."** His voice held the quiet weight of reverence.

His companion, intrigued, leaned in slightly. **"Of course."**

He paused, as if savoring the thought before giving it life. **"He says, 'In the game of love, whether you win or lose, it doesn't matter. If you win, great; if you lose, even then, it's not a defeat.'"**

The words lingered in the air, settling between them like dust caught in moonlight.

**"That's deep."** His companion’s voice held a note of quiet wonder.

**"How do you interpret it? Does love’s true victory lie in union, or is separation the real victory?"**

A slow inhale, a moment of reflection. **"Even after suffering losses, a true lover never completely fails. Because even in separation, the lover doesn’t abandon hope. He carries the pain, but not despair. Instead, he embraces the spirit of his loss."**

A gust of wind rattled the wooden shutters, but the candle remained unyielding, its flame steady, defiant.

**"Even after losing, he doesn't end up empty-handed; rather, he holds a treasure chest full of memories of his beloved, which give his heart a soothing pain."**

The speaker nodded, a glimmer of understanding in his eyes. **"And such pain can never be traded, but in the marketplace of love, it becomes priceless."**

The candle flickered again, its light weaving between their words, illuminating the quiet victory that love carried—even in its loss.

### **Chapter Seven: The Question of Love**

### **Before We Continue...**

**"Yes?"**

I hesitated, gathering my thoughts. **"I remember how love affairs happen with married people."**

A straightforward question arose in my mind. **"Can we ever truly love a married woman?"**

The response came without hesitation. **"Love doesn’t consider marital status or age."**

**"Then explain the difference,"** I pressed.

**"At that time, a person may seem perfect, but love isn’t just about memories."**

Desires rise like waves, and then one realizes the person they adore is married.

**"Wow!"** I exclaimed. **"This profound prose from you: 'Desires rise like waves, and then one realizes the person is married.'"**

The difference is stark. In the past, she seemed perfect, but love wasn’t remembered. Now, if someone seems perfect again, is there still a possibility of love?

**"Only you can answer this, based on your understanding of love."**

## **Chapter Eight: The Timeless Nature of Love**

**A song**

A song by Shafi Faqir drifted into the conversation.

**"He sings that love happens on its own; it can't be scheduled."**

**"Wow..."** I murmured. **"You've captured the essence of a great poet in words: 'Love happens on its own; it can't be scheduled.'"**

**"Indeed."**

The poet’s voice echoed in my thoughts.

**"When you weren’t there, I kept searching for you. But when you left, I remained standing, waiting for you."**

I reflected on this melancholy verse. **"Look at what the poet says to the beloved. He says when you have no one to love you, and when the last bit of affection fades away, you'll realize love never dies."**

**"Absolutely..."**

# **THEME: Philosophy** **of Emotions**

### **Chapter Nine: Language and Society**

#### **The Power of Words**

The quiet hum of the city lingered beyond the windows, a rhythmic pulse to their thoughtful exchange. Tonight’s discussion was different—it was about the foundation of civilization itself: language.

**"What topic do you want to discuss today?"**

A brief pause, then a soft smile. **"You choose."**

**"How about this—what's the role of language in society's progress? Or how does language influence development?"**

A nod of approval. **"Good. You may start."**

A contemplative breath. **"Before I begin, let me share something."**

Curiosity sparked. **"Yes, go ahead."**

**"Since we've been part of literary gatherings, I feel like shifting to your city. That way, we could sit together, have intellectual discussions, and learn from each other without distractions."**

The suggestion hung in the air, laced with the promise of shared wisdom.

**"That would be wonderful."**

A slight bow of appreciation. **"I appreciate your respect. Now, let's get to the topic. How does using one's mother tongue as the medium of education help?"**

A thoughtful response. **"In my opinion, the mother tongue should also be the medium of instruction. If we separate the two, it affects higher education."**

**"What are some benefits of the mother tongue?"**

**"It's the best medium for expression. Creativity flourishes best in one's native language."**

A slight tilt of the head. **"Creativity plays a role in the fine arts too. But what about scientific research and experimentation?"**

A pause, then a firm response. **"If science subjects were taught in the mother tongue, understanding would improve instead of rote memorization."**

**"If we replace rote memorization with deep understanding, what would change in education?"**

A knowing look. **"True understanding happens only when students have a strong grasp of the language they're learning in."**

**"Imagine if students were at the mercy of an incompetent teacher who lacks expertise. Would language selection still matter?"**

A sigh, then a measured answer. **"The success of education depends on the teacher's competence first and foremost."**

**"Then what role does language play?"**

**"Language is important, but an incompetent teacher can ruin learning, no matter the language."**

A pause, then a shift in focus. **"Then why do parents still prefer English-medium schools?"**

A quiet chuckle. **"It's more of a fashion statement. They believe their kids will become like Shakespeare if they study in English."**

A moment of reflection. **"The point is clear. But I think this preference also stems from an inferiority complex. Parents feel they're lagging behind, so they want their kids to learn English. But in doing so, they compromise their children's basic education."**

The city’s hum continued outside, a silent testament to the language that shaped its people, its stories, and its future.

### **Chapter Ten: Freedom**

#### **The Price of Independence**

The evening carried a contemplative stillness, the kind that invited deep reflection. Tonight’s conversation wasn’t just about choices but about the nature of freedom itself.

**"There was an opportunity for a stable career—a test passed, a government position secured. Yet, I didn't accept it. The reason's simple: I'm not in favor of a life bound by restrictions. A person is naturally inclined toward freedom."**

A thoughtful pause, then a response. **"Your perspective differs from most people who prioritize job security."**

A measured nod. **"Not everyone longs for absolute freedom. Some adapt, shaping their lives within set boundaries. But certain personalities thrive only in freedom."**

A deep breath, a moment of introspection. **"At times, I feel that instead of a long, predictable life, I'd prefer one that's shorter but meaningful. To me, freedom is the independence found in exploration. I don't want to live merely waiting for the inevitable."**

Silence settled between them before a quiet acknowledgment followed.

**"I understand your perspective well."**

Beyond the quiet walls, the world continued its steady rhythm. But within that conversation, an idea lingered—a life unbound, where freedom wasn't just a privilege but a way of being.

### **Chapter Eleven: Emotions**

#### **The Unseen Affliction**

The heart is a restless wanderer, always chasing the unattainable. Sometimes, it leaps toward the unknown, drawn by a force it can’t comprehend. What should this be called? Madness, obsession, foolishness—or something else entirely?

Shah Bhittai says:

**"Sometimes, the peacock doesn’t dance even when with its beloved, for it's burdened by memories. And sometimes, even in the absence of the beloved, it sways with joy."**

A quiet sigh followed. **"'Swaying in absence' is an unconscious state of being. Madness, obsession, and foolishness are all forms of irrational emotions. Yet, they’re also unmistakable signs of love’s affliction."**

Eyes glimmered with an unspoken truth.

**"Believe me, I wrote this based on real emotions. I don't claim to be in love with anyone, but the thought came to mind, and I felt like writing it down."**

A knowing smile.

**"You're a writer... And in our society, love naturally influences literature. That’s why your words carry such raw, unfiltered emotion."**

A pause. Then, curiosity.

**"Do you know under what circumstances I wrote these lines?"**

A slight tilt of the head.

**"Tell me."**

A deep breath, then a quiet confession.

**"When I sat alone, waiting in vain, a thought about lonely young people struck me, so I wrote it down."**

A hushed moment of realization.

**"Can I record these words of yours?"**

A nod, soft but certain.

**"Yes, go ahead."**

### **Chapter Twelve: The Birth of a Manuscript**

#### **A Record in Progress**

The journey so far—eight pages, 2,269 words, 130 paragraphs, and seven topics. Every word, every thought, meticulously recorded.

**"How can I trust that you're sending this to me via email?"**

A moment of silence. Then reassurance.

**"It's fine, but at the moment, my email service isn’t active. May God grant you a thousand years of life; the world continues with such hopes."**

A promise sealed.

**"I've sent the email. Once you activate your email, you can download it."**

A simple nod.

**"Alright."**

### **A Book in the Making**

A spark of realization.

**"If you continue this conversation for some time, the material will grow so much that, with a little editing, you’ll be able to publish a prose book. Keep it up!"**

A humble reply.

**"Absolutely. But the real work is being done by you. Your dialogue has more impact than my words."**

A soft chuckle.

**"This is all because of you. Do you know why?"**

Curiosity.

**"Why?"**

A metaphor unfolds.

**"Land is naturally fertile, but the real work is in planting the right seeds. Your questions aren't just about my answers; in reality, all these ideas originate from your delicate heart."**

A quiet reflection.

**"That’s your greatness. This naïve soul simply lifts the turban of honor onto his head, but in reality, I'm nothing in front of knowledge and literature. I have neither words nor talent. I'm ignorant. But it’s good to be around wise people."**

#### **The Challenge of Language**

A proposal takes shape.

**"Edit this conversation by presenting it as dialogues between different characters. While doing so, you may add new ideas, and a beautiful book will take shape."**

A gentle protest.

**"That’s your work. Every word I write belongs to you. Dedicate the book to delicate love, reflecting our meetings and night-long discussions."**

A vision beyond time.

**"If you dedicate it, even after seven generations, people will remember you. But there’s one issue."**

A pause.

**"What is it?"**

A quiet admission.

**"I have a strong command of Urdu and English for writing, and I can read and understand Sindhi fluently. With the right collaboration, I can ensure the ideas are effectively conveyed in Sindhi as well."**

A contradiction.

**"Then how are you writing Sindhi now?"**

A technicality.

**"It’s Roman Sindhi… In Sindhi writing, proper pronunciation, sequencing, and correct script are necessary. You're a teacher, an MA in Sindhi. Understand the terminology, understand the meaning. You're the right person for this work. This is my belief."**

A decision.

**"Alright, let me complete the manuscript."**

A pact.

**"Yes. I'll keep a record. You'll handle editing and language refinement."**

#### **The Weight of Topics**

A request.

**"I have one request."**

An attentive response.

**"Yes, what is it?"**

A task is set.

**"Since this book is in the process of compilation, you should decide on the topics."**

A moment of hesitation.

**"How can I? My topics remain incomplete and unfulfilled. I lack the understanding of the depth of emotions, the pain of separation, the beating of lovers' hearts, the struggle of dying birds in the Thar desert, and the stories of barren lands."**

A silence that holds within it the weight of a yet-to-be-written masterpiece.

### **Chapter Thirteen: The Beginning of a Dialogue**

#### **A Meeting of Minds**

It was a crisp morning. The idea had been lingering in my mind for a while—the book needed structure, a clear path for the reader to follow effortlessly. I decided to bring it up.

**"We should have a face-to-face meeting to finalize the topics and discuss each in detail."**

The response was swift, resolute.

**"We can meet a hundred times, but let me write the content first. Then, we’ll finalize the title."**

A pause. Then, I clarified.

**"The title isn’t the issue. We need to discuss subtopics and coordinate the content. Each topic should connect seamlessly to keep the book engaging."**

A brief silence. Then, acknowledgment.

**"That’s a good idea."**

And a small moment of validation.

**"You always have good ideas."**

#### **The Path to Clarity**

Reassured, I felt the writing process would be smoother.

**"Then I’ll be able to write properly."**

Before we could plan further, the conversation shifted.

**"I need to tell you something important."**

I waited.

**"Yes?"**

**"When an MPhil or Ph.D. student begins research, they first submit a synopsis—a list of topics. In the second and third years, they conduct research. In the fourth year, they present a seminar, and only then is their research accepted and published as a book."**

I nodded.

**"Absolutely."**

The weight of those words settled between us. This wasn’t just about writing a book—it was about building knowledge systematically, ensuring each step reinforced the next.

#### **Commitment to the Journey**

**"I hope you understand this. Now, let me ask something else."**

**"Go ahead."**

A shift—something more profound.

**"Every task requires commitment. The issue isn’t my work or yours. The real effort is taking the first step. I can help, but it must begin with dedication."**

The words resonated deeply.

**"You're the one who documents the dialogue."**

**"Yes, but it happens between both of us. Whatever we discuss is recorded, and you refine it. Let me ask you something."**

**"Ask away."**

A question followed, layered with meaning.

**"There are different types of teachers. Some teach children, some guide adults. What kind of teacher do you think I could be?"**

I pondered before responding.

**"You could be both."**

**"But I must choose one."**

I considered the depth of the question and answered thoughtfully.

**"You’d be better suited for higher classes, but your understanding makes you fit for all levels."**

A soft chuckle.

**"That means I can deliver good lectures?"**

**"Yes."**

#### **Mentor Beyond Classrooms**

The conversation deepened.

**"I once had a mentor who told me time passes quickly, and one must recognize the needs of people around them. That’s why I left teaching and never completed my B.Ed final exam. I don’t see myself as just a teacher but as a mentor—someone who helps others reach the highest level of their imagination, whether literary or romantic."**

The words settled, heavy with meaning.

**"Now I understand—you’re multi-talented."**

A pause, then a gentle request.

**"That makes me happy. If you can describe each of my qualities, it’d be a great favor."**

I didn’t need to think long—the answer was clear.

**"Your interaction with students of all ages shows you're a great teacher."**

A nod.

**"That’s one thing, but...?"**

I continued.

**"Your management skills were evident in our first meeting."**

A smile.

**"That’s also true. And the third?"**

Without hesitation, I responded.

**"You’re an excellent writer."**

A moment of silence. The weight of those words settled into something tangible. The journey of writing, mentorship, and commitment had only just begun.

### **Chapter Fourteen: A Writer’s Recognition**

#### **Encouraging Words**

Excitement crackled in the air as the news arrived.

**"There’s good news!"**

I leaned in, intrigued.

**"Yes, please share."**

With enthusiasm, the revelation came.

**"I sent your passage to an acquaintance. He replied, 'This book is in the form of dialogue and letters. This passage belongs to that essence.'"**

A literary quote followed.

**"The heart is naïve; sometimes, it gets so lost in emotions that it cannot find its way out. Then, what name should we give it? Madness, obsession, foolishness, or something else?"**

A poetic reference deepened the thought.

**"Shah Bhittai once said: 'Sometimes, the peacock does not find a way back to its beloved, even though the whole world exists within that love. Sometimes, you leave without looking back.'"**

Curiosity piqued, I asked.

**"What did your acquaintance say?"**

**"After reading your passage, he said, 'Amazing!' and requested more."**

Pride surfaced.

**"Yes, absolutely. Bhurgri Sahib appreciated your message."**

A humble response followed.

**"I’m honored to be part of this discussion."**

Akhter’s reply was modest.

**"You are a great writer, and I’m just a small person. That’s not possible."**

Despite the recognition, simplicity remained.

**"I’m just a simple person—someone who takes the bus, attends weddings as an ordinary guest, buys things from the local shop, and is treated like any other customer."**

Yet, encouragement persisted.

**"Your writing is being appreciated."**

### **Chapter Fifteen: The Essence of Writing**

#### **The Role of a Guide**

**"My acquaintance asked me, 'How can I help with his book?'"**

I thought for a moment before replying.

**"You need to participate in dialogues—to observe and study different aspects of understanding more deeply."**

 He hesitated.

**"I'm neither a poet nor a writer. How can I write?"**

I smiled.

**"Have you read autobiographies?"**

**"Yes."**

**"What are they? Aren't they just scattered thoughts and emotions presented beautifully? Whatever you think, speak, and write becomes part of your literary work."**

#### **The Depth of Love and Separation**

Akhter reflected, then shared a thought.

**"Perhaps the true purpose of writing separation into a person’s fate is to make them aware of love’s greatness. When love exists, separation loses its meaning."**

I agreed.

**"Absolutely."**

Akhter continued.

**"So, separation without love is meaningless?"**

I nodded.

**"A person understands the essence of love only when they face separation. Just as autumn makes one appreciate the greenery of spring, love’s depth is truly felt through its intensity and pain."**

The dialogue continued, unraveling the profound mysteries of love, longing, and the art of writing itself.

### **Chapter Sixteen: A Question of Value**

#### **An Unexpected Inquiry**

It was a moment of trust, a rare instance where barriers dissolved. Hesitation lingered in the voice, yet honesty prevailed.

**"I want to ask you something I don't ask others. But since you have an open heart, I will."**

I nodded, inviting the question.

**"Go ahead."**

A pause. Then, the words finally came.

**"Do you mind telling me your salary?"**

I wasn’t surprised and responded transparently.

**"I don't have a fixed salary. I work on special assignments, earning just enough to make ends meet."**

A thought crossed my mind, a piece of wisdom worth sharing.

**"A word of advice, if you don’t mind."**

**"Yes, please."**

**"We should avoid asking men about their salaries and women about their age. Both answers lead to illusions. It's better to leave them to the imagination."**

A moment of silence stretched between us before a simple acknowledgment followed.

**"That's fine."**

The conversation continued, weaving its way into deeper reflections and unspoken understanding.

# **THEME: Conversations** **on Life**

### **Chapter Seventeen: The Weight of Silence**

#### **Wounded Heart**

The heart ached. There was a need to speak, yet the walls refused to listen. Why is it that after a thousand loyalties, not even one is returned? Betrayal and deception are everywhere—this is reality.

**"The heart is made to endure pain."**

The words hung in the air like a distant echo. They burned with truth, yet acceptance came too easily.

**"Apologies, perhaps something I said has caused distress."**

A pause. The weight of unspoken thoughts settled in the silence between us.

**"There’s nothing to be upset about. Tell me, what’s wrong?"**

A deep breath. A hesitation.

**"The past three days were spent wandering from Nagarparkar to Makli’s graveyard, moving like lost souls. There was much to observe, much to reflect upon, and I wanted to share these thoughts. But now, only silence remains."**

**"Fortunate indeed."**

The words lacked conviction, as if fortune were nothing more than a fleeting illusion.

### **The Roads of Karoonjhar**

**"How was Karoonjhar?"**

**"It was my first visit. The atmosphere was mesmerizing, filled with romance. My heart wished time would stand still. But was it the beauty of the place or the enchantment of the moment?"**

Karoonjhar was unlike anything imagined—ancient and wise, whispering tales of forgotten loves and unfulfilled desires. The wind carried memories of souls who once wandered its paths, leaving behind only echoes in the stone.

**"How was the water flowing from Karoonjhar’s springs? The scenery must have been breathtaking, but perhaps something beyond nature made it even more beautiful."**

A bittersweet smile.

**"That’s true. But there was also sadness."**

**"What kind of sadness?"**

**"Even in joy, there was a distant sorrow. A feeling of being there, yet not entirely present. Some questions remained unasked—for fear of creating an unnecessary distance."**

**"Sometimes, even in union, the sorrow of separation lingers."**

### **Chapter Eighteen: The Silent Goodbye**

#### **A Truth Left Unspoken**

**"There’s something I need to say."**

**"Go ahead."**

The weight of it pressed against the chest—hesitant, reluctant.

**"This wasn’t a true reunion. In those three days, nothing felt like a genuine meeting. A presence that had already drifted away. And when sorrow was seen in the eyes, I lacked the courage to ask why—perhaps fearing the question itself might seem insincere."**

**"That sadness?"**

**"Perhaps it was the weight of time, the realization of powerlessness in life."**

**"The pain of separation is deeply piercing."**

There was nothing more to say. No words could capture the slow unraveling of something once whole.

### **Makli’s Farewell**

The journey ended at Makli—the city of silence.

**"When the journey ended at Makli, did the others say anything?"**

**"As the time to leave approached, a hand reached out, as if trying to stop the moment from slipping away. But no words were spoken."**

A hand that lingered a moment too long. A farewell that was never truly said.

**"That must have been painful."**

**"Very much so. Impossible to put into words."**

**"There are tears in your eyes?"**

A quiet laugh—one that held more sorrow than mirth.

**"Sensitivity is often mistaken for weakness, but strength isn’t always in words or tone. Perhaps the sorrow was too deep to ask about its cause. And now, in complete silence, only a final message remains."**

A slip of paper. A whisper in the wind. A farewell that was nothing but two words.

**"Thank you, my dear."**

### **Chapter Nineteen: The Sound of Absence**

#### **Unheard Grief**

Grief doesn’t always announce itself. Sometimes, it settles quietly into the soul, taking root in silence.

In sorrow, words often fail. The heart and mind understand what remains unsaid.

**"Do people cry out loud in grief? Who cries ? Some life experiences make a person stronger."**

Perhaps strength wasn’t in silence but in enduring it. Yet, the realization brought no comfort.

Some wounds remain unseen. Some goodbyes are never spoken. And some hearts break without a sound.

###

### **Chapter Twenty: The Search for Joy**

Life isn’t just about passing time. That’s why I keep myself engaged. The search for joy eventually leads to it.

**"Let me share something from my heart."**

**"Go ahead."**

**"Love is such a topic that once you start, it’s impossible to stop. If it’s meant to end, then consider it over."**

I listened, the weight of experience behind those words settling over me.

**"We often underestimate separations, but that’s not how it works. Deep inside, we’re never prepared to accept their reality."**

I nodded. **"That’s true. Even if a person understands the truth, they still mourn their shattered dreams."**

### **Chapter Twenty-One: A Conversation Etched in Time**

#### **One last time perhaps**

The night was quiet, save for the occasional rustling of leaves outside my window. A soft glow from my screen illuminated my face as I waited. Moments like these felt suspended, as if time had paused just for us. Then, the message appeared.

**"Have you read part two of our conversation?"**

I hesitated.

**"No, I haven't had time."**

The pause felt heavier than usual. I imagined the weight of their words forming before they arrived.

**"When are you coming back?"**

Another pause. Then, finally, the response.

**"Very soon."**

The uncertainty hung between us, unspoken yet palpable. Then, another message.

**"Your heart is like a cloud waiting to pour down in a storm."**

Something shifted within me—a distant ache, a whisper of longing. And then came the words that lingered like an aftertaste.

**"And it will, one last time, perhaps."**

I frowned, fingers hesitating before I typed.

**"Why do you say the last time?"**

The reply came swiftly, as if already prepared.

**"It feels like that... But time will tell."**

I sighed softly.

**"Love doesn’t work that way. Let me tell you something…"**

A heartbeat passed before response arrived.

**"Love is when the heart starts predicting things… A person can sense what’s coming."**

I leaned back, staring at the screen, letting the words sink in. Then, I typed carefully.

**"I am like your beloved. Life is like a train, with passengers coming and going. But if you come back, don’t let it be the last time because your heart is already attached."**

The air felt heavier, as if the atmosphere itself bore witness to our words. Then, their response wove nostalgia into the moment.

**"Some journeys remain incomplete, but memories stay fresh like a cool breeze, bringing comfort to the heart. Our souls are connected."**

I closed my eyes for a moment, feeling the truth of their words settle within me. When I opened them, I typed my final message of the night.

**"I have been through this feeling before… And today, some old friends are reminding me of past goodbyes."**

The silence that followed wasn’t empty—it was full, brimming with unspoken emotions and the echoes of a conversation that felt both fleeting and eternal.

# **THEM: Pain and Healing**

### **Chapter Twenty-Two: Whispers of the Inner Climate**

#### **The Dialogue of Souls**

**"Are you hearing me?"**

**"Yes..."**

A silence stretched between them—not of absence, but of unspoken words waiting to be heard. The night outside was indifferent to their emotions, but within, a storm brewed.

**"You know, I don’t consider the external weather—autumn or spring. I believe in the internal climate."**

There was something profound in those words, something that resonated beyond the seasons.

**"No surprises. That internal state can only be created by a creative person."**

**“The echoes of happiness, when truly felt, could transform even the melancholic evenings of October into the lushness of spring.”**

#### **A Shadow in the Night**

**"It feels like waves of sadness are surrounding you today."**

The weight of the statement lingered, heavier than the silence that followed.

**"When the clouds of sadness leave the heart, even autumn feels like spring."**

A simple yet profound thought—the power of emotion could redefine reality itself.

**"Did you see the message I sent you? The one you wrote for me?"**

**"Absolutely... That proves our shared thoughts. Anyway, what’s the topic for tonight?"**

The question was gentle, an invitation to unravel emotions, to thread words into meaning.

**"I don’t know... but this delicate, sensitive inner feeling..."**

**"And we understand such delicacy."**

#### **The Grinding Mill of Love**

Love, in its truest form, was not free from the burdens of life. It carried the weight of expectations, economic constraints, and the wounds inflicted by unappreciative friends.

**"In the grinding mill of love—crushed by economic constraints and unappreciative friends—this delicate soul departs. Later, he is considered a great writer."**

A tragic irony, repeated through the ages.

**"Your love is unique. Looking at the pictures saved on your laptop, friends will say, ‘This was my delicate friend.’"**

A moment of reflection—a vision of a future where remembrance is granted only in absence.

**"You’re right. In our culture, remembrance comes after death. However, today, the bitterness of your third cup of tea is driving creation. A society that discourages creativity is disappointing, but I am content with my struggle. I firmly believe that one day, society will recognize the need to align words with actions."**

The belief in change—the stubborn persistence of a writer’s soul.

#### **The Weight of Words**

**"You understand well. Keep our conversations safe. When the pages of the past turn and time fades, my friends will leave me in their hearts. Then, they will read my letters and remember me."**

**"InshaAllah."**

There was faith in those words—an acknowledgment of time’s inevitability.

**"A writer doesn’t necessarily want to write; pain forces to do so."**

Pain—the greatest muse, the cruelest companion.

**"Absolutely."**

A pause, heavy with understanding.

#### **An Evening’s End**

**"You must be busy. Let’s have our evening discussion later."**

**"Alright."**

Bottom of Form

### **Chapter Twenty-Three: The Fragility of Memory**

**A** **brief sadness**

A sudden shift in the conversation brought a pang of sadness.

**"I have some bad news... The file containing our part three conversations has been hit by a virus. It won’t open."**

The weight of lost words, lost moments, settled in my heart.

**"If a creative person could write today, they would say, 'Virus, do not kill the delicate emotions of...'"**

**“A writer doesn’t always feel inspired; sometimes, they struggle to find words.”**

Moments passed in silence before relief filled the air.

**"Congratulations! I found a backup file; our conversations are safe."**

The solace returned.

**"Writers don’t need anyone to share their pain; they pour it into their pens. Have you seen children? In autumn, children still fly kites, unaware of the changing seasons."**

# **THEME: Love Beyond Boundaries**

### **Chapter Twenty-Four: Departures and Promises**

**Farewell**

I sighed, glancing at my watch.

**"I’m preparing for my trip. I have 20 minutes left. Stay in touch, and make sure to come on Saturday."**

**"InshaAllah..."**

And with that, the conversation—like a fleeting moment of clarity in a chaotic world—paused, waiting to be continued.