

The Death of Hopes

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This is a story about a village girl Mariam who becomes victim of her fate and the death of her hopes takes her to death bed of a hospital.....



Published on
Booksie

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It is raining outside there. Stop! Stop doctor....doctor she is breathing hardly, trembling like leaves flapping in the storm; TB has given her its final attack. Lying on a cot, Mariam was coughing with a crowd of family whirled around her. She has witnessed two hundred and fifty two full moons. She belongs to a rural mediocre family. Her father, Rustum, was crying and uttering: Call for Waid G my daughter is having last sip of life. Uncle Nisar rushed from the main door inside impatiently with Waid G. He cried aloud, "clear the way Waid G has arrived." With an ordinary cloth bag He entered the hearth room where she was lying on a cot in front of a window. Her body was becoming hard like Callus. Waid put his hand on her forehead and his face expression alarmed the whole family. She was motherless girl but was bestowed with maternal love from her father's side. Waid told them that this case is out of his range; at this final stage it is impossible to treat. He remarked angrily, "you people brought me here when candle had reached its end." Now take her to the civil hospital. His remarks stroked like hammer on Rustum's head and he started beating his head with both hands. A wave of unwelcomed horror passed across the whole family in few second. By finishing their business the clouds have disappeared and twilight is now ruling over the day. Waid leaves the house. Uncle Nisar shouts and says, "Why are you static now?" Altafi, Shafi, Lala and shoukat hurry up put the cot on your shoulders! hurry up

He leads them in the muddy street and they have no convince at all and the estimated distance is 2km. The tipping of their shoes and water noise feel as if an army is forwarding the border of the foe. Half of the way to hospital is conquered but the signs of life have been almost erased from that body above the cot. Now she has stopped trembling and building of Berianwala Hospital is nearer.

When they entered the hospital Mariam called her father and said, "Baba life has come to its end and my weight will not be on your shoulders and my care will not bite your mind! haaa..(long breath), Baba! my liberator has come I will have to leave now." With a long sigh she fell back on the bed and said "good bye" to life forever.

Rustum burst into tears saying "Raniiii! come back baba is alone!.."

Dr. Shareef who was a relative from the same village Rajuwal and stirring from the window he caught the last conversation. Suddenly, he hide himself in a cabin he was ashamed of what he did with Mariam.

Rustum and Gulbaaz- Shareef's father, were intimate friends from their childhood, Rustum was a few years older than Gulbaaz. When Mariam was born; her father was not gloomy like the other villagers on the birth of a daughter. Gulbaaz was sitting under the shady "Shisham" tree, and was twittering with his wife. Rustum appeared with "Jalabi" in his hand and showed his excitement: "Aha! Allah has given me a hope for heaven in the form of a daughter. They both embraced each other and greeted. O friend

Rustum "Do you know what Molvi sahib says about daughters?"

He says that the one who brings up his daughters and get them married nicely is rewarded with Janat.

Rustum "Your daughter is my daughter from this day. I want to strengthen our relation forever. This will be my pleasure!"

Rustum says enthusiastically, "You have broaden my chest one inch; friends like you are indeed true companions in this journey of life"

Do you know Gulbaaz? I always try to be the first one in this relationship but you always go one step forward. Shareef was two years and playing in his mother's lap during this conversation. He was the only Child in the family. He had started uttering broken words from his mouth like m..a..m..a. After 3 years he went to an English medium school that was in a near town. Mariam joined a primary school in her village. When Mariam was ten, her mother- her first school after her birth, died of cholera.

The day when Mariam's mother died she called her mother in a faint tone "Mama: Get up tomorrow is Eid and who will make sweets for me!"

She left school after completing 5th grade and stayed with her father. She entered into the sixteenth spring of her life and encountered a deficiency of maternal training. Mariam perceives that two faculties in the institution of a house give a share in the establishment of personality of a sibling. Such sort of thoughts makes

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her victim of inferiority complex and snatches confidence from her.

The farmers have a belief that if a farmer does not pay attention to a fertile land; then fertility is reversed. She was going through this dilemma and was in grim clutches of social problems. After leaving school she was indulged in her domestic sphere completely like the other Eastern women. What does she has now? Her recollection of a memory of a melodious â kafiâ sung by a gypsy makes her serious and gives the signals of maturity. The â Kafiâ was:

Every dawn advises you my daughter

But you are still in your laziness

This time will not knock again

Make your own industry now

Be laborious, Be laborious

As your other fellow girls are

The December of 1999 was a bridge for crossing the border of teenage. The weak and fable people walk on the sticks of hope. She was waiting for someone; she was yearning for someone; she had made someone everything for her; she was constantly weaving her own future with someone. Her hopes, desires, expectations and heart beats were only for a man.

Shareef was completing his final year of MBBS in Multan. After earning his degree he was sharply appointed in the Berianwala Hospital. Now his father Gulbaaz was thinking of his marriage. One day Shareef came late after night duty and his mother gossiped with him about marriage. He said heartlessly,â Mamma I was planning to tell u for many days I would not marry this village girl Mariamâ !..â

Shareef!!! What are you saying? Do you know that your father had made promise when you were two years old?

Butt Momâ !You know I cannot live with such girl

Mom speak donâ t condemn me with such facial expressions.

My Son!! Listen.

You know very well, your father will not hear even a single word about this. In our street there are many illiterate wives who have educated husbands their matrimonial life is excellent. Why are you revolting against our already established esteem?

Hmmm I know it Mom but we make customs; these customs have no right to rule over lives.

I donâ t have much time to debate with you. Put this idea aside. Your father is knocking at the door.

After six months he boldly exposed the same thing before his father Gulbaaz who was shocked to hear this.

Alas!! You have ruined me. The city has altered your mind; you were not suchâ !

When Mariam caught this news she was in comma. The signs of life were washed away from her face. The death of hopes brings such storms in human lives. She has lost the battle. Someone has snatched her interest of life; someone is responsible for her tormented heart and soul; someone was everything for her after this news; someone made her careless about her health and everything. She encountered T.B. and did not tell anyone about her pain. She is lying on the hospital bed and someone is stirring from a cabin. Was she in love with someone????

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