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Hoes of Hope

The sunrays glistened propitiously through glass paned window of their house. It should be better to call it a shelter rather than a house. That house in the left corner of 'munkath' lane, crowded with houses, had a room only. One room was their world... their world.

'Booom...'

The three of them startled.

'Imraan...!' Rukiya searched for him in that room. The sudden bombing made her heart race uncannily.

'Where are you Imraan?' She panicked. She looked for him in his usual hiding places. In the cupboard, under the table, behind the door... but it was in vain. Tears began to fill up and the bold and audacious Rukiya was on the verge of crying.

'Hehehe...!' She heard an innocent titter. She paced towards their bed and looked under it.

'Hehehe... Ruku...'

She relieved on seeing him.

'You found me... Heee...'

'How many times have I said you not to do this,' she scolded him gently.

Rukiya, a thirty year old lady, was not at all afraid of bombs. She would not mind leaving this world. This lean and short beautiful lady was unique from other women because of her courage. While people of 'mulakath lane' of 'Namthal' land ran for their own life during bombings, Rukiya ran for Imran and Shaheed. She had shed a ton of tears for a child. And after Imran's arrival her world changed into heaven. But she wished if he was born in a much better world and time. The bibliophile Rukiya dreamt of a world devoid of violence and filled with love and happiness. She did not go with William Blake's saying which said that both anger and love must be present and are essential. Her eyes never saw a world without lynching and violence all around. ~~And~~ The night of 2017 August changed her and left her numb.

• Rukiya... they are coming' .



• Whaaat ? - - Where ? ! .'

• Yes Rukiya... they are coming here... to our lane... go and run anywhere' Sainab assured the news to Rukiya from her nearby house.

• No.... She is not possible... they should not come here... what do they think of themselves...? Hmmm... Heartless fellows' she yelled

• Seriously ? ! - - Do you think this is the perfect time for you lecture Rukiya...? Go somewhere if you want to live. I'm going' Sainab said and ran for her life.

The fixe of anger rolled inside her. The old calm and peace loving Rukiya would not mind killing a man from that cult. The 'khladirins', one of the most powerful cult of heartless fellows. After their invasion, men lost their body parts, children lost their fathers and women became numb before their harassment. One such action made Rukiya numb for months ~~from~~ on the ~~at~~ night of August 2017 onwards. That night onwards she saw a ~~one legged~~ Shaheed, her husband

For Rukiya who believed in the purity of woman strongly, she ~~be~~ lost her purity that day. Even when Shaheed told her that Purity of a woman is in her mind and attitude. Her ears could take it as only ^{as} words of Consoling. (4)

'Rukiya...: What are you mulling? Come let's go' Shaheed urged to get up from the bed but he couldn't.

'No... I'm not coming anywhere. I want to kill them' blood raced fastly through her nerves. Shaheed answered nothing.

'Hehehe. Ruki...' Imran ran towards Rukiya and hugged her legs.

A sudden fear engulfed her. She glanced Shaheed

'Shaheed... come... lets go' the thought of Imran urged her to run away.

A knock... A knock on the front door of their house with imperative screaming. Rukiya's heartbeat palpitated. She took Shaheed's hand in one hand and Imran on her waist

...

they ran and ran.

At last they reached a barren cliff.
 She saw the fatigue on Shaheed's face.
 Her little gem dreaming with head laid on
 her shoulder. Pacing a little... She made them
 sit on the edge of the cliff. Something caught
 her eyes on the edge of the cliff.

The beautiful red sky with the setting
 sun. Three of them sat there in tranquility.
 'How beautiful would have been this world
 without anger and violence'

A sudden terror gulped her. She heard the
 approaching footsteps from a distance.

'Shaheed....'

'mmm...' he responded ^{inbetween} ~~from~~ his nap.

'How's this place?'

'Better'

'Come let's settle somewhere else'

'No... I'm tired... I need to sleep. But not here'

'Ok'

Within minutes she settled them in between
 the bushes. She was sure that the approaching
 footsteps might have felt a human
 presence in that barren cliff.



'I will be back... let me get something for both of you.' She said and paced forward within a second she turned back.

'Don't move from here until I come... and take a look on him...' She smiled and trotted. While taking each step, she knew where she was heading. At last... she reached the middle of that barren cliff. Within seconds, she heard those cruel footsteps approaching her.

A hit on head.

One more hit on her head and there she was lying on that land. Her eyes gently began to close. While taking a last glance of the world, she saw a world where Shaheed, Imran and her villagers laughed and enjoyed without fear. She saw a world with hues of serenity. But soon the white shrank into black.

Darkness prevailed once again.
