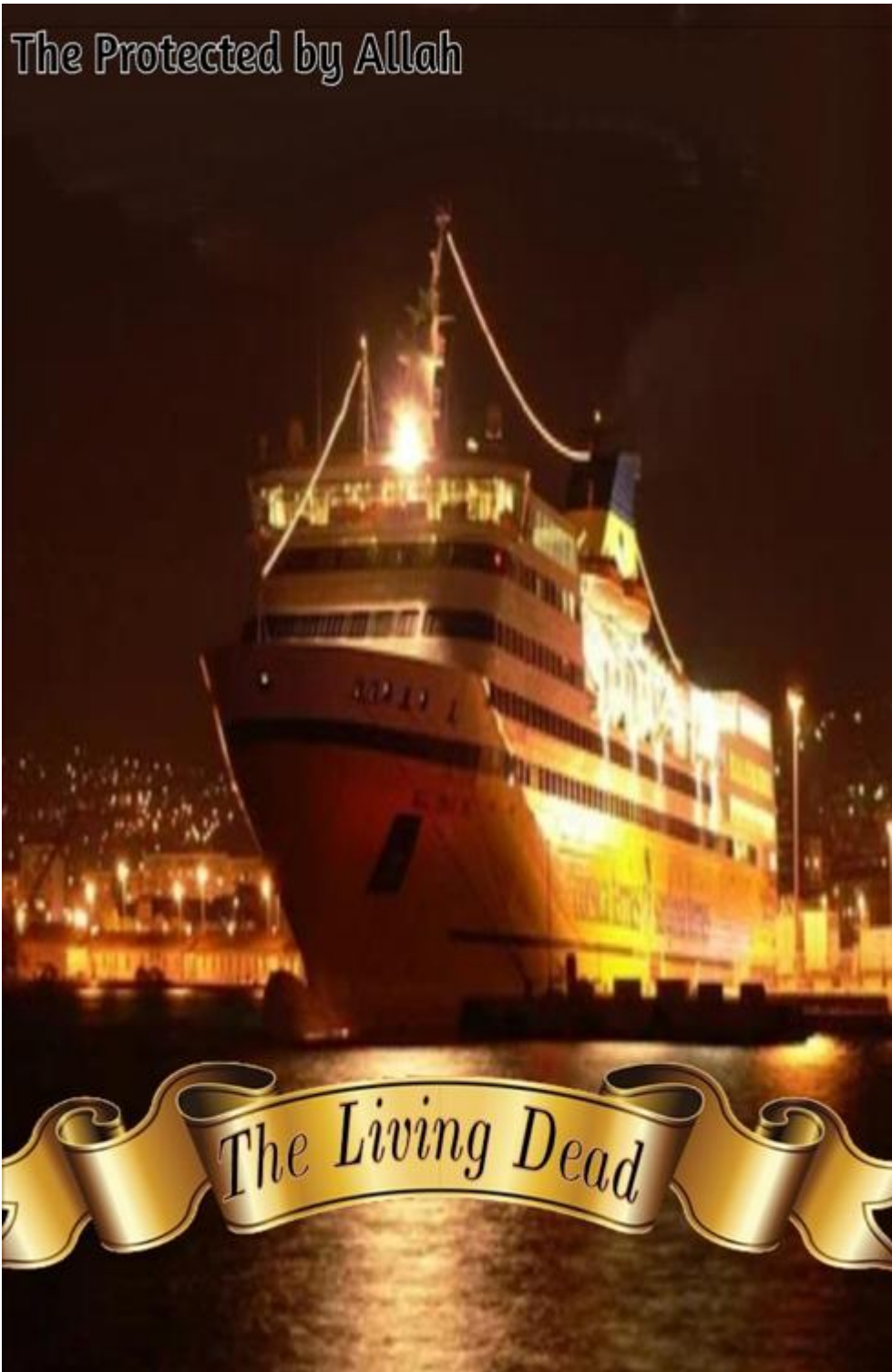


The Protected by Allah



The Living Dead

The Protected by Allah



In the name of of Allah the
Merciful

The

Living Dead!

By:

The Protected by Allah

"How did I get here?! .. This is a long story that requires two attentive ears and a conscious heart. If you have them, then listen carefully!

It all started when my friends John and Tim the captain and I were boarding a luxury passenger ship from England after we hatched a plan to rob one of its rich passengers during the voyage.. We weren't planning to start from the beginning of the voyage so we had to spend beautiful spring days !

The sea breeze caressed our noses, the gentle rays of the sun showered us with the beauty of its kindness, while the richness of our victim - or our client, as we used to call him

- pleasing our eyes, tempting our hearts, drooling and drowning us in rosy daydreams..!

The ship along its length was crowded with high-class passengers who were showing off and spending their time in entertainments and restaurants, but what caught my eye among the passengers was that blond young man

who was sitting in his luxurious clothes and respectable appearance alone all day, far from the young men and women and free looking at the sea and the sky.

The days passed while he was like this; He does not get bored or tired, and that's what inflamed my curiosity and kindles it.

One day, we went to a concert downstairs..

There the melodious melodies and the amazing smells were so crazy that I suddenly felt my friends laughing and winking around me, and when that doubted me, I realized that I had hit my glass of juice with my handkerchief and spilled it on my clothes, staining it pink.

I stood up ashamed among their sarcastical looks and went upstairs to the toilet, and here that twenty youngman took my eyes, he was alone and isolated, so I found myself going to him to heal my curiosity by hearing his logic and knowing his story..

- Hello!

He raised his black eyes and quickly examined me, answering:

- Hello..

- I present myself.. I am the merchant James Charles!

- Welcome..

His cold answer confused me, but I calmed myself down and asked him:

- I see you sad, my friend.. you spend the days staring at this blue while the wonderful colors around you??

He didn't answer, so I added:

- Maybe I can help you!

- How do you help me when you're dying?

His answer shocked me, but before I could answer him something, he sighed and replied:

- Two things baffle me..the first is that I am sad for you..

- for me?!

I was confused, but I said to myself: There is no need to be angry anyway, it is clear that he

is mentally unstable.. I softened my tone and said with a smile:

- It's okay.. Anyway, what's the second?

- In fact, it baffles me about that jeweler that you and your friends intend to loot.. Do you think I should warn him or not.. This is what really bothers me..

Here I became extremely angry while my face got red, because I had just heard what threatens my life and my reputation and throws me in prisons.

I hurried to him, caught his collar and his thin arm and threw him in the sea in spite of his resistance without any mercy or thinking..

On the cold water that got me when I threw it, my senses came back to me and realized that what I had done was a charge own right, so I lurked in the waves while the ship was running..

Fortunately, the roaring of the engine and the sounds of music covered his cries.. My heart almost stopped while he was swimming to

catch up with the ship, but I calmed down after making sure that the ship had passed him, leaving him alone among all those waves..

I looked right and left, sure that no one had noticed what I had done, so I slipped back to the concert and sat panting because of anger, trying to regain my calm.

I really thought I had succeeded in that, and that no one noticed anything strange, but it surprised me when one of my friends asked

me jokingly:

- Looks like you missed the point and went to the pool instead of the toilet!

I gave him a smirk, so he was confused, while another answered me:

- He means, what is all this water and sweat on your forehead and your clothes?.. it looks like you got out of the pool..

- I approached the fence and did not notice that the waves were a little rough as a result of the ship's running.

A third commented:

- And the juice?!.. It's still on your clothes!..

What were you doing, man?!

The three exchanged muffled smiles, so I got up angrily and left the stage, I entered my room and locked my door and started thinking about what happened..

Thousands of thoughts were roaring in my brain like thunder..I tried to sleep to escape from reality, but..

How did that madman know about us?.. and why did he tell me about that with all his naivety?.. is he really teched or is he a foolish astrologer?.. and what?.. he said that I was dying and he didn't know that he was the one who was actually dying!

I laughed in secret, but the sound of fast knocking on the door surprised me and made my heart trembles.. Do they know my secret so quickly?!

I pretended to open the door when it became clear to me that he was my friend and partner

John, so the smile went out my face, as it was not necessary!

He got into the room and closed the door then said to me sadly:

- James, everything changed, a fatal change in plan.
- Why this?!.. what happened?
- A little while ago, they discovered the disappearance of the son of the ship's owner -

Mr. Charlotte - the young man, they spent the night searching for him to no avail.. The owner of the ship got very angry, he decided to cancel the trip and return to the port immediately to inform the police that they may find a solution to this mystery.

It seemed that I could not hide the effects of my shock because he answered my looks:

- He is that blond young man who spends the day watching the sea and does not pay attention to anyone.. Did you know him?
- Of course, he caught everyone's attention.
- His father says that this is the height of strangeness, as he does not speak to anyone and does not approach anyone, just as he has a good heart, so how can anyone carry hostility towards him like this?!
- He seemed desperate for life.. Maybe he committed suicide..
- Perhaps, but this means that we have missed the opportunity and all our efforts have been in vain.. Ah.. if we had known!.. we would have rushed the plan at least a little..

I sighed with anger and said:

- Not when the mastermind has spoken!...

However, we won't reach the port before two or three hours so quickly... We have a chance!

- What will you do?

- I will not tell you, but I will show you!.. All you have to keep the jewelries in your luggage..

- Keep them?! .. What if the police searched us?! .. This is the height of recklessness and madness!

- Then you or Tim won't share with me..

- Of course not! .. Do you think we are crazy like you?!

- Then the spoils are mine alone!

- Yes, prison is for you alone.. Yes!

John came out laughing sarcastically, but I proceeded to carry out my malicious plan at once.. Now my greed increased.. I will prove to John that reason is stronger than elves and madmen alike, certainly they will be angry enough when they see me rich in my palace after I build a profitable business from my spoils as I always dreamed!

The surprise factor in my new plan was not their inattention but rather their intensity of motivation, for they did not, in any case, expect the troublemaker to provoke a problem with such rudeness, but he is wicked enough to do so!

After two hours I returned from the room of my old victim -who was stunned and occupied with others- after the plan had been closed, and the case was closed with it!

I took care to hide my booty neatly in my bag, after leaving the jewelry boxes empty but closed as if no one had opened them,

indeed not even the owner of the jewels noticed that they had disappeared in the midst of the mysterious case of that young man!

We arrived at the port and the police took their place in the search, investigation and exact question until the passengers were bored and bored; they all wished that they had stayed in their homes tired instead of this embarrassing situation!

Unfortunately for the police; there is no evidence and no accused!.. they did not report the disappearance of the jewelries at all, so their presence with me didn't caught their attention, then they finally had to release us..

And as soon as I reached safety, I hid it in a safe place and stayed a little bit so as not to raise suspicions around me, then I took a plane heading to America taking leave Europe to forget it with its memories and those in it

while dreams of wealth and glory tickled my mind..!

Five years after that, my young wife and I were in our luxury villa, when she coquettishly cuddled me and wanted to visit Europe, so I reluctantly agreed after writing to my trusted friends and making sure that it was safe for me there.

So we took the plane and landed at Paris airport, actually our tourism began throughout Europe, from Paris and the Eiffel Tower to England and Buckingham Palace, riding by sea to Italy and Rome in a large, luxurious steamer.. And here was the story; In a big luxury ship..

Although I intended to ride in a different ship by all standards than the one that was five years ago, so as not to return to the crime scene, as they say, to the extent that my wife became angry and curious, but I said to her cheerfully:

- Since we got acquainted, I told you that I am a man of the strangest style and you have agreed.. You have to bear!

She laughed and held my hand until we boarded the ship, but she said to me:

- At least your eccentric taste has yielded sweet fruit... This huge ship is amazing!

I gave her a smile of pride when I heard:

- Welcome, Mr. Charles! If I'm not mistaken...

I turned to see an unsettlingly familiar face!... It was the ship's owner, Mr. Charlotte, and what a strong memory he had!

On the other hand, what luck he had; During the past five years, his profession flourished to such a degree that his ship became one of the most luxurious ships in the country!

But of course, I answered:

-

Hello..hello..Mr.

Charlotte!..I

liked

to

reminisce about the cruises in your ship again!

Here, my wife gasped:

- Oh!..so you're looking for this particular ship!

We

exchanged

looks..

although

she

understood the subject in the opposite way, but the important thing was that I was relieved of her curiosity!

We

went

upstairs

while

ideas

were

floundering in my head.. If he knew what I did to his son, would he greet me with this cheerfulness or would he...? !

My chest was filled with a strange feeling that I tried my best to suppress, but when we got to the deck, it became stronger and stronger that I could no longer find a way to get rid of it except...

Except by laughing!.. hysterical laughing rather!.. I started giggling madly, drawing everyone's surprised looks at me.

- Please, James!.. what happened to you?.. try to calm down.. please!

But there is no use; Every time I tried, I had another seizure.. My wife took me to an empty corner of the ship and brought me some water.

A few minutes passed before I calmed down slowly with drinking water.. I took my eyes away from her eyes when she said to me:

- Strange!.. you see what happened to you, my dear?.. what should we call this?

I did not answer it with my tongue, but I answered it with my heart:

- If you knew the reason, you would not be wonder!

In any case, who would have thought that laughter may be used for something other than happiness.. But the truth is that a person may cry when happy and laugh when sad!

Thsn we went to our room, trying to ignore what had happened.. the days -after- passed as they were, and we had the best times on the board of that large ship, in its various halls.

It caught my attention that most of the old crew is still there, but everyone was kind with me..

Fortunately, my reputation got all suspicions away from me, but one thing was bothering me every night; One day I woke up and went to the rooftop to have breakfast with my friends

when.. when a young man appeared to me sitting at the fence..

His hair was blond and his eyes were black, immediately I recognized him, and when I wanted to throw him into the sea again, I had another fit of laughter, so they all looked at me angrily and pointed by fingers at me. Suddenly Mr. Charlotte appeared to me,

He laughs cunningly.. and with him were the policemen who took me rudely, so my wife hated me and ran away from me, saying:

- If I knew, I would never laugh at you!

I followed her and said to her:

- But you told me from the beginning that you loved me for my personality!

You promised me that you will be with me on the sweet and the bitter.

I ran after her to America and ran until I could no longer see her, but I suddenly heard her say to me:

- And who said that I changed?! .. I still love you as I used to, James!

I was surprised when... When I suddenly opened my eyes to see my wife's face, she said to me with a laugh:

- You finally woke up!.. What is this terrible nightmare that you were living in?!

- Terrible.. yes.. yes.. it's horrible!.. more than you can imagine..

- Are you so afraid of leaving you such this degree?!

She laughed with contentment that satisfied her ego while I got my eyes away from her and wiped my sweat, trying to catch my breath, I was relieved to the idea that they were just fears and hallucinations that have no place in the truth...

This scene and its likes were repeated every night.. Sometimes my wife knew and sometimes she did not..But in general, she formed a clear idea that cruises form a node for me..

In fact, everything went well, we reached Italy, which for me was a safe place. So we said goodbye to our friends, then I and my wife,

who was holding my hand, headed for the stairs to go down, but we could not do because the stairs were occupied by two sailors who were holding a wheelchair and going up the stairs. They put it in front of us and went down to get the rest of the things..

when...

When my eyes met the black eyes of the owner of the chair..yes..they were the same eyes..and the blond hair..it was the same!

I felt a compulsive shiver running through my veins.. Perhaps it was the many nightmares that made me so excited.. I could no longer see anything else in front of me, finally I said in a low voice:

- Survived?!..how did you survive?

He smiled and answered the question angrily:

- Died! .. How did you die?

I stared at him before he answered me:

- Saved me who told me of your death.. the hand that killed you is that revived me!

My chest became filled with anger, so I cried without thinking:

- If you don't stop saying these words I'll make you understand this time what it means to die!

He opened his eyes in surprise that I thought that I had gotten him, but I was shocked that my wicke came back in my throat; my feeling came back to me when I heard the sound of the door of the room next to me opening..

Mr. and Mrs.Charlotte appeared in front of me, red with anger, they shot me a grunting look of hatred:

- So you were the one who threw him, you damned!..the criminal eventually returned to the scene of his crime!..came back!

He called out to the sailors:

- Bring the police quickly!

While their son tried to say:

- Dad, please stop!

But they didn't hear him at all, while the young man's mother, Mrs. Charlotte, said:

- We had to know!.. He must have stole the jeweler as well.. Otherwise, what explains his sudden wealth?!

The world around me narrowed, I found no escape from them except by throwing myself into the sea to swim away before the police came. I ran toward the fence when I felt an arm leaving my arm..

I turned and saw my wife looking at me paled, the shine of her eyes gone and his face yellowed, so unwillingly, I stood shocked that I lost my dearest person to my heart, but it was too late; her heart was broken!

She tried to say something when the words turned into tears and a rattle, so she covered her face with her hands and ran into the ship, I ran two steps after her before the sailors caught me and...

And my tears fell on the floor of the dungeon as I repeated this scene in my memory for the hundredth time.. Twenty years were the

price of those moments.. Twenty years they judged me for trying to kill him.. Aahh.. Ah!

Fortunately for me, they did not find evidence of my theft of the jeweler; since I established a business, suspicions were away from me..

But twenty years ago.. Where can I transfer them??.. I started crying and wailing when..

- I love you.. I love you.. I will always love you!

My foolish roommate in the cell jumped on me and started singing this sentence as usual.. I threw him away from me and scolded him, but he gulped another one of his poison or alcohol, as he calls it, and went back to singing:

- I love you.. I love you.. I will always love you!

I came back to my dark thoughts: and I have to pay all these years of my precious youth, like it or not.. for the 150th time, I did the math:

- Thirty one + twenty = fifty one years.. fifty one will be my age when my sentence ends..

ahhh.. ahhh..!

I went back to wailing when I felt a liquid on my face, I raised my head to see him spraying me with his poison, laughing and singing:

- I love you..I love you..I will always love you!

I came back to quarrel with him until he left me and went to the corner singing and laughing like a crazy... If I hadn't seen him when his drunkenness left him and he came back sane, I would have realized that he was insane!

The gruesome and deadly days passed while I was in this situation, a crumb from here and humiliation from there were tearing my pride and...

And my broken love..My wife, the half of my life.. Came back!..I only sipped from your love for months that were like a dream..Where is your love for me?..Where is your promise?..I haven't heard anything about you since then..You didn't even attend my trial..Ah.

Ahh...

But as usual:

- I love you.. I love you.. I will always love you!

I shouted at him:

- You love?! .. Who is this who deserves to be loved?! .. If you must love, then love someone who cannot hate you!

- Where do this one come from?!.. Tell me!..

Be like that but I.. I love you.. I love you I will always love you!

I answered in my raspy voice:

- You are the enemy of yourself.. How long will you

keep

killing

yourself

with

this

poison?!...don't you feel that it is the pleasure of an hour and the torment of a lifetime?!...don't you know how many diseases, early death and foolish behavior this wine will cause you?! Why don't you look beyond your nose?!

- I love you..I love you..I will always love you!

He giggled stupidly, so I buried my face between my knees while myself said to me:

- Were you better?!.. Or were you as blind as him?!.. So, is the pleasure of five years worth the torment of twenty years?!.. Is this worth this or is it a losing trade?

I answered bluntly:

- It's a loss, it's a loss... and a thousand of loss... a loss...

I cried..give me my youth back..give it back!..what will I be able to do to build my life

when I am fifty?!..what?!

But there is no answer but:

- I love you.. I love you.. I will always love you!

I fell into hysteria from hearing these words, so I pounced on the bars waiting for the jailer, I was almost hitting my head with them to get rid of his madness and his laughter..

As soon as the jailer came for food, I said:

- Please, sir, move me to another cell. I can no longer bear this madman.

- All of you are like this..a thousand of times I told you, here is a prison, not a hotel!

- But this is neither a prison nor a hotel.. It is a bedlam!

- No, It's a hospital for regretfuls!

He moved to the next cell, laughing sarcastically as I hit the ground with my feet and said while gnashing my teeth:

- It's still not a hospital!

I returned to my corner while torment gripped me, especially when the madman began to stagger and... he fell on me, at once I burst out angry while a voice inside me said to me:

- If he doesn't understand with words, make him move you by force!

I attacked my roommate, broke his bottles and started beating him. Soon the jailer came because of the sound of cracking, as soon as he saw me, he took his turn in beating and harassing me..

Time by time, he finally moved me to a individual cell as a punishment, but he did not know that it was the greatest mercy for me..!

He threw me in the cell and shut the door violently, then the smell of rot and another very disgusting smell leaked into my nose.. I forced myself to sit in order to see my cell, or my grave in rather..

A narrow black room and a small window that through which the light of the sky barely passes and...

But a strong stench was taking over the place..

What is this?.. I had to wait for the morning light to be able to see.. and when the sun started spreading its rays, I could see it, and I wish I had not seen it!

It seems that my grave was not only mine.. as there was a filthy rat decaying in the corner, worms boiling, and the smell killing me..

I knocked on the cell door violently to protest against this inhumanity. These circumstances are enough to kill me, not just chastise me. But my hand got tired though he didn't hear me, however how can he hear me when I am one in that early time?

I waited impatiently for lunchtime, sticking myself to the door, as far away from it as possible in order to escaping with my eyes and nose from this filth..

As soon as he came, I showed him with his eyes, so he moved me reluctantly as he sighed, to the next cell, and it wasn't much better, but it's okay..

Then the bitter days of my patience began on my own..Although I escaped from my idiot roommate and his monotonous words, the loneliness between insects and mice is also painful..

However the thoughts took me.. I was alone in a closed filthy box full of worms and insects..

my wife whom I love abandoned me, and she will surely find another husband for her..

I left my luxurious villa, my luxurious furniture, my comfortable silk pillows, and my colorful garden with all its flowers, which I spent months waiting for its maturity..

I left them all for sleeping on filthy, hard ground and look at hollowed out walls and talk with hateful insects.. ah.. ah!

What is the difference between this and death?

At this word, I felt a severe lump that tore me apart.. Isn't that what the blond young Charlotte was saying?!.. Is this what he meant by dying and death?!.. Is this...?!.. The words stuck in my throat until I felt like a stone was in

it. .. "Yes" .. this is the answer .. yes! .. I am now dead while I am alive .. and I started screaming like a madman:

- I am now the living dead...I am the living dead!

I fell to the ground crying and weeping.. But what was the use of crying?!.. Over my torment the dull days and barren nights strutted around..

Until one night he threw an envelope to me with food.. I knew that by touching it of course because there was no light in that dark night. .

I was overwhelmed with happiness.. someone finally remembered me!.. but I wondered: Who?.. who is my beloved, who remembered me? .. What does this message contain? ..

Good or evil? .. Happiness or sadness? ..

Condolence or reproach?

Although I usually wait for the darkness to make my eyes fall asleep, but this time I was boiling with excitement and eagerness, I got circling around the room impatiently waiting for the morning.. When, Sun?.. When?.. And

instead of the sun answering me, the wind answered me... Mmm. ...mmmm..

This was one of the longest nights, but time does not stop for anyone, the sun finally gave rise to its rays, so I stuck to the window wall, catching the light so that I could read.. Finally, on the envelope, I read:

'Jack Charlott'

The suffocating shock took me and strangled me until it grabbed my neck.. Is this what I was building the palaces of my dreams on?!.. is this

which I woke up the night all for?!.. my foe whom I has been in prison for?!.. my foe?!

I threw the letter on the ground and trampled on it harshly then sat in the corner, discerning because of rage until the sun rose and lighted up the place.. I stared at that white scrap, or the one that was white, before I trampled on it and abused it as if it was the blamed.

But I wondered what it contains? ..

schadenfreude and abuse? .. I remembered the last moment when I saw him repeating:

- Dad... please stop...

And here a question popped into my mind; As long as he is alive, sane and with a good memory, why did he not tell his father about the identity of the perpetrator for a long time?!..

and why did he try to stop him when he knew me?!.. Are these two questions not worthy of asking?!.. is he not a bad person as I thought about him?!..I wonder...?

I did not ask, but I immediately took up the unfortunate message and opened it.. and the

world revolved around me.. I wish I had not opened it!

'To my died foe:

The reason for calling you that must have become clear.

Especially if I told you that the twenty years are followed by the gallows"

The paper turned black in my eyes, at once ,I tore it all to pieces.. Where did he get the gallows from too?!.. I heard the trial by my ears, there's nether gallows, nor execution..

I was comforted by this thought before a voice inside me said:

- This is what you said five years ago, but in the end it turned out that he was right.. This man must be knowing about your future.

I hit my face for this idea... If this is true, then the circles must revolve and then I will reach the gallows... But why is he telling me?! ..

Does he want to kill me and abuse me?!... Is not imprisonment enough for me to move to the gallows?!... Oh how did I put myself in this?!!

I threw myself on the ground, writhing in horror at the thought. Then I said to myself:

- If this is true.. my last days are those in prison.. there's no reason to wait for twenty years to pass.. Rather, in this case, I wish it did not expire..!

I lay down along the day, staring at the window.. There was nothing to dream about or wait for.. Prison became a mercy compared to the scandal of the gallows, and the grave..!

The next day, to my surprise, the jailer gave me another message, actually I hesitated at first, then opened it:

' To my died foe:

Imprisonment must have become a mercy for you after yesterday's news, but twenty years will pass and you will eventually arrive!'

Again I tore up the letter in anger, exasperated, and cried:

- What does he want from me?..why is he playing with my nerves?..why???

I collected the pieces of paper and threw them out the window.

- May your friend go to hell!..Go!

I sat panting out of anger hitting the floor and the wall with all my strength until my bones hurt.. then so I got going around the room to empty that energy of anger..

The next day, I was waiting for lunch this time to see if this farce would continue, but he did not give me anything until the next day that I had calmed down relatively.. I decided to throw the letter without reading it, but...

My loneliness and boredom made me cling to the only event that takes place in my monotonous days..

I finally opened it up with motivation:

' To my died foe:

I was wondering if your feeling now is the same as your feeling after years in the grave, if they told you that after twenty thousand years

-

for example - you will end the sentence of the grave and go to hell in which you will taste the painful torment that no creature has tasted,

and you will be cheaper and humiliated than a puppy..

Will you get out of the house of stinking and worms (the grave) after that, or will you wish you could stay in it forever?'

I lowered the paper in shock.. I think I understood what he was referring to now with all these messages.. I did not think that the boy's tends were religious.. This explains all his eccentric behavior: The future and why he tried to stop his father, forgiving me..!

I laughed secretly.. At least my curiosity was cured before I died, I understood that he is neither a lunatic nor a foolish..!

Then the smile left my face when I mentioned death, then I said:

- But he is right.. The issue of the grave and hell is not different from the issue of imprisonment and the gallows..

I believed that I went to the gallows just because he wrote it two words on paper, so I was persuaded to be imprisoned and then filled with fear and despair.. Why do I not

believe the existence of God with evidence that fills the universes?!

This time I didn't get angry, but I liked his idea of taking this approach to occupy my long time, especially I wouldn't lose anything!

So I lay down looking out the window while I fell in contemplation and thinking about the details of this great universe..

Honestly, even the little ants that I had been enjoying killing them became the subject for hours of thinking!.. as for the large sky that I spent days stared at a part of it. What information did I gather about it after all this staring? ?!

The most complicated issue of all is why am I alive?.. where was I when life was given for me?.. and why did eternity pass me while the word 'life' does not mean anything to me but now, just because

I lived these years, life became the meaning of everything to me, it became the most precious thing I owned to the extent that I did not understand again what death means, which I grew up and spent eternity in?!..

Thousands of questions waiting for me as a human to ask while I was immersed in pleasures that will inevitably be vain after years - inevitably - ephemeral as I saw when I was stripped from my life against my will and thrown into this box...

Thus, the time passed as if it was not the same monotonous that had been tearing me apart the previous days!.. The next day, I received

a

new

message

from

my

correspondent who is years younger than me:

' To my died foe:

Perhaps after these introductions - which started actually since more than five years ago

- you are wondering who I am and how I got here.

I know that you and everyone who boarded my father's ship asserted that I was mentally unstable or mentally ill, but the story has longings.

From my early childhood, and since the moment I opened my eyes to life, I knew that I was the only spoiled child of my parents who have excellent financial income, honestly they were - rightly - fulfilling any desire they might feel I wanted, so I had in my room heaps of toys, stories and books..

Yes..books..the ones that I was obsessed with.

Reading was my main hobby, without a doubt, and it pleased and honored my parents, especially when I filled our reception room with all the medals, gold cups, and badges that I deserved, both in school and in cultural competitions, both little and big. ..

The day came in which I participated in a nationwide competition, I prepared with my books and memories and participated.

It was held in the public library and while I was waiting for my turn, a book called 'The Torah, the Bible, the Qur'an, and Modern Science' caught my eye by the French scientist

'Maurice Bucaille', which he wrote after the discoveries he found in The mummy of the Egyptian pharaoh Ramses II...

When he was proud of his discoveries, they told him that it was more than a thousand

years ago mentioned in the Qur'an - which is the book that Muslims claim is the holy book that God Almighty revealed to his Noble Prophet - even though at that time there were no modern methods - like the ones that exist now in our time - to make this discovery that has gone by thousands of years!

Thus, this scientist embraced Islam and published this book, which became famous in the horizons, comparing the heavenly books with modern science and drawing a pure conclusion from this.. After

reading part of it, I returned to my senses when the librarian told me that I must get up because my turn has come!

The next day I went back to the library specifically to satiate my craving for this book because I could never start a book without finishing it.

Thus, I spent the whole day in the library until I finished reading it, actually this book won my admiration and attention, as it did with many of the readers.

Months after the beginning of this story, I made my decision and got on the bus without the knowledge of my parents and traveled several miles until I reached a mosque they told me about..There I found a good old man who taught me more and taught me how to pray.. Hence, my sad story with my parents began..

Soon they found out about me when I was once praying, they wondered what I was doing..

Then my father ignited the war when I told him the story..and in various ways he tried to change my sect, to no avail.

After that, when he knew that I had started talking to my colleagues about the subject, and my affairs had spread among his friends, the devil blew into his mind a hellish idea...

He took me once to his ship and claimed that he wanted me to help. Instead, as soon as the ship took off, he said to me maliciously:

- Know that you will not get down before you obey me and leave your corrupt doctrine.

He got laughing, and then I really couldn't change this reality.. as he used to make his

sailors lock me in the room when the ship was anchored and release me to the surface when it took off..

Thus, the price of my insistence was that I spent more than four years on board the ship while, as you saw me, I spent the day looking at the wonderful creation of God like the sky and the sea, praying and exalting God , away from the scenes of corruption that my father's ships were always teeming with.

Since I was doing my best to purify myself and take myself away from troubles, God has blessed me with the fact that he sometimes shows me some future.

Until the day came that I saw you in my dream and that you and your companions intended what you intended.. I was confused about the reality of this dream, therefore I was hesitant to warn the jeweler or not..

Then when you spoke to me on board the ship, I was sure that it was a vision that was not a pipe dream.. And because of my shock, I found myself - and I had become accustomed

to innocence - naively telling you about it, but I knew that this was good in the end!

When you threw me overboard, that was the first time I got out of the ship in years, and although I thought I was finished, I opened my eyes again..

To my surprise, I found myself in the house of a good fisherman who saved my life, thanks for God.. then when I tried to get up, I couldn't..

I tried many times, but the result was the same, negative, so the fisherman told me that he gave me a long artificial respiration until he lost hope of my survival, then at the last moment I made a

movement, so he persevered in the exercise until my breath came back hard and then I came back to life..

But apparently, my brain was not spared from damage, so I lost feeling in my lower part..

When my father came, he was happy at first for my survival, he thanked the fisherman with

all his heart and rewarded him with a great reward..

But he and my mother grieved when they knew of my injury, they did their best from doctor to doctor to treat me, but with the complex brain, the doctors had no place..!

My parents tried to understand from me the story of my falling into the sea, so I made them think that I tried to escape by swimming, but they were never convinced of my answer, until the day came when God healed their curiosity and made you say it yourself!

You can imagine the extent of the investigation that I underwent after the police went..

Example:

- As long as you knew and remembered him, why did you cover him up?!.. what new kind of fool hit you this time?!

There is a lot of this kind..!

On the other hand, my disability, by the grace of God, despite its extreme difficulty, was in my best interest, as my parents during the past five years felt guilty towards me and began to

consider my feelings and did not return to the stress and imprisonment they were...

So I regained my freedom and started to go to the mosque and come back, and practice the rituals of my religion without a problem, actually praise be to God who bestowed upon me..

I found that my loss of walking was cheap besides all this good.. So I realized that everything that God writes, even if it seems absolutely evil, is absolute good.. I was not able to make use of my legs anyway if I spent my life on a chair in the ship!

So are you.. I hope that you will find good in this evil that you find yourself in.. Spending twenty years in your circumstances is never easy unless you find happiness.. So you will be happy if you stare at gray as I used to stare at blue and then you will be alive!

Thus, the long and exciting message that was the first reason to change the course of my life, not only for twenty years, but forever, ended!

This is also because he had attached it to the book "The Torah, the Bible and the Qur'an and modern science", So I immediately began reading that strange book.

After all those introductions that Charlotte gave me in his letters - which angered me at times and provoked me in various ways -; The book won my admiration..and periodically he sends me books of this kind..then, stone by stone, I finally decided to change my direction in life..!

Three months later, he finally sent me a paper and a pen, so I sent him a letter in which I collected all my feelings and questions and told him my sincere intention, so he finally sent me, at my request, a translated copy of the Holy Book of God, Allah: the Holy Qur'an!

James Charles turned forever and his soul flew into heaven while he was reading the Qur'an!

Do not be surprised, this feeling was reaped by the grace of God so quickly with the beginning of my faith and the intensity of my desire, especially since the new Muslims are

better than those who were born in Islam in this aspect, as they are not yet accustomed to seeing this greatness and splendor!

So, I no longer need a beautiful wife, a luxurious home, and comfortable pillows.. I have become happy wherever I am and however I will be.. Praise be to God, our Lord and the Lord of the universe!

Then days passed while I was practicing prayer as I read about it five times a day or more, and in fact after that my soul drank from the old cup of love and sang to its Lord:

- I love you, Lord..I love you..I will always love you!

In short, this is the result of months and years..

ten years rather.. ten years are no longer called ten years except by name..

In fact, I was satisfied with my life that I would not get anything else whatever I did, so I was happy with my life grant that I no longer felt the hardship of imprisonment or torture, especially as I count every day with reverence the

decreasing of my remaining days before I reach the gallows.

One day, while I was praying, I felt that the jailer came at a later time and opened the door, saying:

- Get out!

But I did not, because I was in the sanctity of prayer, I expected him to start violently because I did not obey him, but he went out and

left the door opened, then when I finished I went out the door looking for him, I found him in the corridor, he said to me:

- Did you collect your things?

- Sir, I like the individual cell, as you knew me; I won't calm down unless you put me in one of them!

He slapped me while laughing and then said:

- You idiot!.. Gather your things and follow me.. Come on!

I gathered my things and followed him, he took me to the prison administration office.

As soon as he opened the door, I saw the deputy director of the prison, who was a fierce officer.

I was terrified of his unpleasant sight as he was talking to someone sitting in front of the desk on the left.. I didn't care about that, but I stood waiting with the jailer.. The jailer saluted his commander, saying:

- This prisoner number 423 is in front of you, sir!

- Well, begone!

The jailer came out, leaving me in a state of confusion. The deputy said to me:

- You were moved to the central prison by the Supreme Judge's ruling to imprison you for twenty years since the date Doe..

You have spent ten years and three months there until now; you have spent half the sentence..

Under the bail law, you will be released from prison under the bail of Mr. Jack Steve Charlotte after he paid the fine that.....

I couldn't hear anything anymore, but I turned in shock to the person to my left, the person sitting in his wheelchair.

I will not say this time that he is a blond young man with black eyes; First, because he became a man of full manhood after ten years, and secondly, because I was more ashamed of myself than I looked at his eyes or stared at his attributes, so I found myself staring at the ground against my will.

The officer finally fell silent after saying:

- You can leave now!

The whole world was worth zero in my eyes while I was facing the most difficult situations in my life... the situation in which my foe do good to me... who freed me is who I locked up on the iron chair forever!

I was clearly sweating, while Charlotte smiled and said:

- Peace be upon you, my living brother!

He started laughing because this time he said my living brother, not my died foe, as usual, and that was of course after he greeted me with the greeting of Islam.. Peace be upon

you.. This is the first time that someone greeted me with this, so of course the answer did not occur to me!

I could not find a better answer to my situation than that I grabbed his wheelchair instead of the servant who was next to him and pushed him out of the room in a mixture of feelings of apology, thanks and regret..

Finally, we got out from the gray pile of death called the Central Prison, into the river of colors called life!

The wind of freedom blew on my nose better than the scent of musk, my eyes were relieved to see the spaces, after I had been confined ten years ago to two meters and twenty-five centimeters in length and one and a half meters in width as I measured them a thousand thousand times! .. I said with all my heart:

- Praise be to Allah, Lord of the Worlds!

After hearing me, Charlotte said to me:

- No matter how much we thank God, we will not repay his grace.. Unfortunately, we do not feel the blessings until we lose them..

- You are right, my friend!..a sea of words cannot describe what is in my chest now..

especially since I.. do not know how to thank you, especially you are the one who helped me even though I...

My voice choked with shame as he answered:

- No, I have forgiven you from the beginning.

As I told you, I see that what you did to me was a good destiny of my Lord.. As long as you, as you told me, will make a new beginning, I will undoubtedly be pleased to help you!

His words touched my heart, I felt that he immediately took first place in it and became the dearest person to me ever!..Yes!..I will make a new beginning..I will bring good to those around me as I brought evil, and I will not make myself stand in such a shameful attitude because of ridiculous greed after today..!

We went to his house, which was his father's luxurious house.. When we entered, Mrs.

Charlott saw me as she was leaving, and immediately she drew her eyebrows and said to him:

- I would like to know your secret with this man, even if by paying all of my money... your father died with this heartburn!

He smiled at his mother and said:

- Mother!.. I have told you before for ten years ago that I did not know him for more than five minutes, combining the only two situations in which I saw him!

- Is this a satisfactory explanation for your eccentric behavior with him?!

She came out of the room in anger, showing hostility to me, she had given up to hear a satisfactory answer from her son, but she turn back, as if suddenly she had remembered something, and said:

- Do not say that the answer to this intractable question is .. your religion!

Charlotte smiled while the mother stroked her face and came out saying:

- As your father expected!..if I caught the writer of that book, I would tear him and his book..I would tear it up!..and as your father said; If I take care of another child, I will not let him hold a book.. not one!

She got away from our eyes muttering... and her son was muttering too:

- By Allah, if Allah takes her into his mercy and she becomes a Muslim, I will rejoice the both sides of the city as Allah has made me happy!

Then he called:

- Toby, Toby!

The servant came running and said:

- Your order, sir!

Take my guest to the bathroom, give him suitable clothes, and make a room for him to rest!

- Immediately!

I thanked my host and went with the servant to fix my squalid appearance after all those years that I spent with dust, filth and insects..

Indeed, I felt the most blissful feeling of being clean and showering without anyone watching me or counting the seconds. I put on a well clothes instead of my worn ones, shivered my chin, and brushed my hair, after that, I knew that I haven't get old yet as I thought!

In short, I couldn't believe my eyes, as I was back!

I went out to a comfortable room and ate a dinner that I would never have dreamed of when I had given up hope.. I lay on feathers instead of iron, and frankly, I felt unpleasantly comfortable at the time!

The next morning, the servant took me to the dining-room, there, I greeted Charlotte, and thanked him with the words my soul had formed, so he answered me with a smile:

- Please! .. There is no need for this!

I sat down to have breakfast with him, then from word to word I said to him:

- Only one question..a question that remained in my heart!
- Ask!
- How did you release me .. I mean, as long as I was sentenced to execute?
- Execution?!..aaa.. you mean...

He burst out laughing and said:

- I remember that I wrote to you: "If I told you that"... I didn't say that I told you that for sure!

Then he looked into my shameful eyes and said:

- Anyway, it was just a manner, it didn't occur to me that you might fully believe that, especially since you heard the judge with your own ears!
- Well.. I didn't believe it at first, but I thought you knew the future as it happened before!
- Only God knows the future, and as long as he does not tell me, I do not know for sure!

Then he put a morsel in his mouth and added:

- Forget about this!.. God has given you the life instead of the gallows.. and fried eggs too..

Come on, eat, my friend, eat!

He smiled at me, while I looked at him smiling and my heart was filled with astonishment; Is this Charlotte, whom I thought was deranged or sick?!

He looked completely different now; He is funny, intelligent, quick-witted, you can know that he is distinguished at first sight!

Perhaps his parents were right when their heart burned, thinking that they had lost him, but they did not know that it was their excessive love for him that destroyed him and made him for years a bleak and sad person!

After we finished eating and sat down, he told me:

- Now what's your plan?

I have no better plan than to enjoy my freedom.

- You are right! .. But if I were in your shoes, I would have taken the initiative to give the stolen money back to its owners to ease my conscience.. I mean, as long as you have resolved to whiten your sheetdeeds as you told me.

- Not now.. Who has been able to wait more than fifteen years can wait a little longer.

- But when he waited, he waited against his nose.. He waited while the heartburn burned in his heart..

Charlotte was silent for a while, to do some effects with his voice and eyes. Then he added:

- Although the old jeweler himself has passed away, the disaster that you inflicted on them has destroyed them. What I heard about them

,a month ago, is that they are tormenting in their debts.. I do not keep from you that this is what prompted me to speed up your releasing.

This surprised me, so I said:

- But..how do I get the money?!

- Do you not have a representative or a lawyer, for example?
- It's been since more than ten years!
- Do I understand that you're trying to run away after all this?

I paused for a moment, then answered in annoyance:

- Well.. understand that.. Do you think I am an idiot so that I tell them my identity so that they take my case to the court to sentence me to another ten years, for example?!
- Rather, I think you are an idiot because you are waiting for them to raise your case to God, so that He will judge you to stay in Hell for the period that God knows best!

I was quickly startled by his intuition, but I answered him with resignation:

- Well, I will create an account for me in the bank here and write to my agent in America to transfer my bank account there to here.
- What about the house or other real estate?
- What is the relationship of those?! .. I will return the amount I stole .. the price of the jewelry rather ..
- And the rest?
- The rest is the sweat of my brow!
- So why didn't you sweat before you stole?

-

Because...because

I...well...because

I

needed a scaffold to lean on!

- Was it not possible for his son to rely on that pillar instead of you and reap that wealth?! ..

Did the owner of the money allow you to benefit from it at his expense?

At least you have to pay the rest of the money to compensate them for the difficult moments you caused them..Isn't what I say correct?

- Annoyingly true!

He laughed and said:

- I like your frankness!.. but I like honesty more!.. Then let go of this.. It has been ten years for you to live without the world, so why did you come back to think about it now?!

- Of course you say that!.. You opened your eyes and grew up while the world is at your service; The word 'poverty' or 'need' did not appear in your dictionary even once..

As for me, I grew up poor, and now if I hand over this money, I will return to being poor, but even destitute. Who would accept to employ a jailbird who is still even on bail?!!

- As long as the words poverty and need appear in your dictionary, so you understand their pain, why would you accept them for someone who has no sin?! For my part, I know who can get you rid of these two words, God willing!

You said it simply, but I answered you with pain in my eyes:

- Who?!

- Me!

- You ?!

- Yes! .. I want you to work for me if you have no problem!

I looked at him in amazement while he said, pretending to be serious:

- Aren't you surprised?!.. the issue is very similar to the issue of percussive pots, if you have heard of it..

- Those that depend on the parallelism of the pots that contain water?

- Yes.. and as soon as they are parallel, the water adjusts itself so that in all the pots it becomes equal..

- What does this have to do with our discussion?

- Its relationship is that we humans have to be like this.. If we were, as God commanded us, the rich gives to the poor the same as what pots give to each other, we would all be equal, no one can invoke poverty to steal!

He looked at me reproachfully while I lowered my eyes, then added:

- For my part, after I inherited the money from my father about two months ago, I will start

with myself, and I hope that you will continue after me, and so on.

- Completed after you?!.. how is more poor than I am in this series?!

- Isn't there a poorer person than you? .. An orphan or an orphan girl who cannot work -

unlike you - for example!

I

was

silent,

and

then

changed

the

conversation, saying:

- You mean to work on the deck of your huge ship?

- No!.. that I sold it..

- You sold it?! .. You sold that huge ship with all its luxurious furniture and luxurious rooms?!

.. It is worth millions of pounds!

- Of course I sold it! .. I do not want a work in which there has corruption as this..

- But!.. this is a waste of money.. your father spent his life putting a pound on a pound until he was able to buy it, then you are disregarding it with all that simplicity and waste?!

He looked at me and said:

- Suppose that one day you entered your kitchen but did not find food in it, then when you opened the refrigerator, you found a large piece of meat, but there was no defect in it except that it was very rotten.. So what would you do?

- Of course I'll throw it away and go buy another food..

- Like bread, for example?

- Like bread.

He looked at me with suspicion and said:

- Leave the meat and eat the bread?!

I looked at him ignoring what he was referring to and said:

- Who is this idiot who eats rotten meat?! ..

Even if the pain of hunger subsides, the pain of colic will begin!

He leaned back on his chair and said:

- So I thought!.. Now let's suppose that a group of dogs saw you throwing this large piece of rotten meat.. What would it say?!

I laughed and simply said:

- It won't say anything.. it'll start devouring the meat right away!

But I realized what he was aiming at, so anger stirred in my chest, but he preceded me and said:

- No, it will say .. it will say: What an idiot man!

How can he throw a large piece of meat?! ..

But those dogs do not know that they are the lowest, and if they had human intelligence and wisdom, they would not have done that!

I got up angrily and shouted:

- That's too much, Charlotte!..I will not silence you for this!

- For what?

- Do you think I did not understand that you are trying to compare me to dogs, considering that a piece of rotten meat is the forbidden money... while you are praising yourself on the grounds that you are the wise who threw the rotten meat!... What a cocky one!

- I'm not cocky and throwing rotten things is not self-praising if the thrower is a sane person, of course!...right?!

He was quiet for a while, trying to calm me down with a smile. Then he said:

- I set the example for you.. but you felt it as an insult because you know in your heart that you eat rotten meat or forbidden money in other words.. but if you are innocent of that, if I tell you the example a thousand times, you will laugh with me..!

I sat suffocating with insult, for his bail of me required me to respect him, of course.. while he added:

- But if we suppose that I gave this example to the dog that ate rotten meat..Do you know what they would have answered?!.. they would say: Be a human and I am an animal; The important thing for me is to be full and full of stomach!..so as you can see; The rotten meat is the same, but the sophistication of minds is different!

He laughed while I told him by my eyes that I did not like his words at all, so he changed the subject and said:

- The important thing is that I have bought two commercial ships for half their price, and I want to trade in them, but I am missing a Muslim merchant that I trust.. Since this is rare in this country, I adhere to you, especially since you are a successful merchant with evidence that you succeeded fifteen years ago.. What do you think then?

- You mean, in the end, you are telling me: Return the money or return the money!

He laughed and answered:

- I am really telling you that, but that does not negate that I am serious about what I suggested to you.. What do you say?

- I say I would be a fool if I turned down such an opportunity, even though I was very upset by your insult.

- As long as you will return the money, the insult is not yours, so come and recline with us

on the sofas of the masters instead of lining up in the ranks of their servants..

He looked at me as my eyes had calmed down. He said jokingly:

- As long as we have agreed, I will tell you now frankly: Return the money, I mean, return the money!

- I expected that!

We laughed after I finally gave up after all that discussion, my surrender was in the beginning and in the end only as a result of my conversion to Islam!

Actually, before that, of course, I would not simply give up to him or anyone else in an issue affecting money such as this one.. But I was

really thinking about death and what comes after it..

What is more, I feared that I would be deprived of the comfort of prayer; That who comes with leaving the forbidden money..

So, a few days later, my agent came from America - based on my demand - to verify my identity..

Then after he took papers that I signed and fingerprinted on them, the money was transferred to me, and my ordeal began to struggle myself to return them to owners..

But I had no choice of going back; Charlotte was watching me up and following me, especially when he said to me:

- Are you going to the jeweler's house tonight?
- Tonight?!.. Well.. I haven't decided yet..
- I have a solution so you don't tell them who you are!
- Bring what you have.
- Transfer the money to my account, then I will go with you tonight and tell them that my father and I have been looking for the thief since that time, and I was finally able to take the money from him and give them the money.. What do you think?
- What is my role then?! .. There is no need for me to go..
- Stop evading responsibility! If you don't go, I won't.
- Why is this pressure?!
- Because if you did not want to be ashamed, then why did you steal?! .. As long as you have stolen, you must be ashamed!

Thus, I had no runaway from Charlotte or from going.. So we set out to a poor neighborhood of the city, and then to an old house that was ruined, so I said in surprise:

- As this degree their situation became?!

- Why did you think that I was so insistent and urgent?! .. Come on, knock on the door!

I knocked on the door, and a young man came out to me in tattered clothes, his face was keeping some nobility, as I remembered him..

So I saluted him and said, pointing to Charlotte:

- Mr. Jacques Charlotte has come to speak to you about a matter concerns to you.

- Enter, please...

We got into a room that was empty except for some antique furniture.. Charlotte started talking, pretending to interact and sad:

- We regret that one of our trips caused you such misfortunes - we, Charlotte Company for Tourist and Leisure Tours,... and based on our belief that God - certainly - returns the truth to his people sooner or later, we have kept behind this thief for the past fifteen years until God has decreed victory for us, and we have taken the money from his hands, so that we may be happy today to....

Charlotte was silent, taking a breath to provoke the poor family with his manner, while their eyes caught fire while they were waiting for this sentence.. He finally completed:

- I am pleased to know that I have come to give you back your money with its profits during the past fifteen years!

They all applauded at once, ululating, shouting joyful shouts, embracing, crying from the intensity of joy, and congratulating each other, while Charlotte looked at me while in his eyes the lessons, but I lowered my eyes as my throat choked because of the severity of my shame while my conscience screams and squirms; What evil I am! ; I am the one who

has caused them all that misery.. What evil I am!

They all thanked Charlotte, their elder kissed Charlotte's head when he handed them the papers while their little girl sang to him, indeed the house sank in a wave of happiness and joy, then we left them as if we had come out of a wedding!

So Charlotte said to me:

- Is it easy for your conscience to deprive them of all that happiness, my friend?!

I was silent, ashamed, while he added:

- Now your new beginning is right; No grievances!

I smiled at him and replied:

- Now you had to give me my work; I am now literally zero!

He laughed and said:

- So let's go to the port!

- But!. Not so fast...to the morning!

In the morning he showed me his two merchant ships and introduced me to that trade and the merchants, then I started my work from that day after we signed the work papers and concluded the contract. He gave me an excellent salary like any ageng in such

my position, here, I say that I began a honours life, and left crime forever, Allah willing!

Months passed while I was looking at his extensive profits as his agent, which caught my eye and drew my attention, so I remembered his sayings that he would start with himself first, so I decided to test him after he had a lot of money in his hands..

- Yesterday.. I heard about the poor widow of my neighbor.. And before yesterday I heard about the orphans of Gunsan Street.. Every day we hear more tragedies and sorrows..

those poor people do not find anyone to help them.. What do you think, Sir, if you set up a charity association, since you have the ability to do so?

- Charity association?!

He said it while rubbing his chin with his hand and thinking, then answered:

- What an idea! .. How did it not cross my mind?!

Then he paused, and smiled more casually.

- Yes.. it will be an Islamic association, so the needy Muslims in the country will come or contact me without me looking for them..!

He rolled the wheels of his wheelchair back and forth excitedly, and added:

- Yes..yes..and it will has activities for inviting people..and if people become Muslim because of me, then...

He took a deep breath and shouted:

-...I will be one of the happiest people!..I will open people's hearts with mercy..Yes..God willing..Yes!

He turned to me in astonishment and said:

- An amazing idea, my friend! .. Do you know?!

..

With this great idea that you gave me, I have a present for you ..
From now on, I will double your salary!

We laughed, then I answered:

- There is no need for that; my salary is excellent.. I prefer that you save money for the association!

He was amazed at my unexpected answer and very happy with it.
He said:

- Do you know, my dear friend?!.. you have not only become alive, but you have become distributing life to people!.. I was ready to buy your conviction -this- with all my money!

- But God gave it to me in prison free of charge!.. It is true that I was weak at first when I got out of prison, because the world tempted me after I was surprised by hope, but with God's help and then with your help I find myself stronger now!.. So I hope you let me help you in your association!

- Of course I let you of course!

- And name it, too?

- Do you have a good name?

- Hear: 'Light Among People'

He thought for a moment, then said:

- The Qur'anic verse means: " ***Is he who was***

***dead, then We gave him life and made for
him a light by which he can walk among the
people.... ."?***

- Exactly it! .. because you said to me "dead"

and "alive" alot, I began to feel that God meant me with that verse!

Charlotte laughed from his heart, brought his chair close to me, and hugged me, saying:

- So this is a shared name between you and me, my brother, I really like it!

This was the story of the beginning of our association "Light Among People", which in two years flourished not with any prosperity.

Charlotte spent most of his money in helping people to the point that he sold his luxurious house and bought the association's large headquarters, even he abandoned the servant

and started moving his wheelchair himself, He made his library - which he collected when he was young- a small public library.. In short, he devoted himself to supporting his religion..!

One day, almost three years after the establishment of the association, while I was in the association's office, I heard a noise and a quick movement outside. The door quickly opened and Charlotte got his chair into my room thrilled, and very hurried!

- Peace be upon you, James.. Peace be upon you!

- And upon you be peace.. Why are you excited, happy, cheerful and delighted, as if all people had converted to Islam at your hands?!

- No.. No.. All these adjectives are not enough to describe my happiness.. Don't you have other adjectives?

I stood up of the chair and said:

- So what's the story? .. Tell me, you made me excited!

He laughed from his heart, but every time he wanted to tell me, he was laughing, then finally said:

-Imagine!..my mother who is my mother..

He looked at me and laughed:

- Can you believe she converted to Islam?!

- lying!

- No, it's the truth.. the truth!

- How, after more than twenty years of trying to convince her?

He laughed happily and said:

- The guilt from the beginning is the guilt of the world.. Now that we have rid ourselves of the huge ship, the luxurious car, and the big house, so she has returned to her instinct.

She liked to help people along the past three years when she was coming to the association, and since she is good, God guided her to Islam.. He guided her, and praise be to God in all of this!

Then he took a deep breath and said solemnly:

- I must keep my oath now!

- To make both sides of the city happy?

- Yes!

- But you spent your money and it's too late...

You have to wait for the next trading season.

- How much does he need?

- Let me think.. he will need.. he will need.. he will need about three months until the money becomes in your hands..

- That's a lot.. It's better to do that while the news is still fresh!

- What would you do then?

- I'll owe!

- Owe?!.. and what if the trade does not succeed?.. let's get into the content!

- No.. no.. I can't.. Maybe if I don't do something, I'll explode in this chair, James!

I sighed and said:

- But I did my duty as your agent and warned you.. From my previous experience, I tell you not to be certain about the future and do not say that poverty has become impossible.. No one knows what might happen!

But he did not listen to me, because joy had taken a large part of his mind.

He owed a huge amount and set up free food in the various mosques and associations of the country

for

Muslims

and

non-Muslims,

celebrating the Islam of his mother, who was very happy about that in fact..

The truth is that this brought many people to our association, and moved it up strongly, we were very happy with that until the three months passed and the prohibition occurred...

Yes.. at that time, trade stagnated and poor Cbarlot fell into debts, and to make matters worse, one of the fraudulent merchants defrauded the papers and attributed one of the two ships to him.. then after days in the courts, we came out of it as losers...

As for the greatest calamity ever, which shocked me and plunged me into my conscience to tear me apart...

I learned about it when I missed him one day in the association, I thought he was depressed, but his absence was long; many of days..

However I tried to contact him, I failed , and even I knocked on the door of his house, but I did not find anyone.. until.. until I knocked on him insistently, finally, his old mother opened the door, covered in black, immediately, I asked her about him, but she answered crying:

- He's in the hospital!
- The hospital?!
- Of course, the cancer that you brought him has revolted!
- I brought him cancer?!

- Yes, when you threw him into the sea and he almost died, the cancer moved in his waist.. it has been eighteen years as he is suffering from this disease because of you!

I was shocked and paralyzed, I subconsciously repeated:

- Cancer..because of me!!

Then I shook my head and covered my face asking her:

- But.. why now?

- Because after he sank into debt, he could no longer buy expensive medicines and...

Tears welled up as she said:

- His condition has deteriorated. He has deteriorated. Do you know what deteriorating means?!

The old woman started wailing while I ran, not holding anything, my breath was quick, I broke up the hospital, and asked about his room, I tried to enter if the doctor had not prevented me, so I waited until they allowed me, then I entered with tears in my eyes, I found him very skinny. I said to him:

- What happened?!.. what did you do so that all misfortunes came to you in one blow?!.. you who brought happiness to me and many.. you who..

I cried as he held himself and hugged me, saying:

- On the contrary.. I am happy that Allah took the world out of me before I got out of it.. This is what God does with those he loves..

James.. How happy I am that Allah has blessed me with this!

- But I can't leave you!.. I can't endure the thought that I killed you in the end.. No.. No..

No....

I buried myself on the bed and sobbed as he comforted me:

- There is nothing wrong with you.. Islam cuts what was before it.. I forgave you.. from my heart!

But I couldn't stop crying, so he said in a broken voice:

- I have instructed one of my Muslim friends to take over your sponsorship on my behalf.. All I ask of you, my friend, is that you carry out the association after me, complete my journey, and raise the banner of Islam high.. Please do not forget my will.. Please!

He said it among his aches, then he collapsed on the bed in pain, the poor man could not stop his screams, and immediately, the doctor entered because of his cries and.....

My tears fell on the grass of his grave when I stood reading Surat Al-Fatihah to him, a month after his great funeral, which was witnessed by thousands of righteous and immoral heads.

You left me, my friend.. you left me, my love..

you left me and took my heart with you.. I remembered his words and his laughter ringing in my ears.. the world does not remain for anyone.. nor for a good lover with a good heart.. nor for a man with a good reputation that dozens of crowds taking leave him with thousands of tears... You died and remained alive in our hearts .. You are indeed the living dead!

I went on sighing and trampling my sorrows with my weeping heart.. I entered the headquarters of the association taking leave it, too, because it and the rest of Charlotte's properties were

mortgaged to those debts, and after the death of their owner, I had to hand them over.

I sat down finishing the papers when suddenly the door opened and a well-dressed young man came to the office and said:

- Good morning, thief!

- I'm not...

At that moment, I realized that he was the son of the jeweler, whom I stole eighteen years

ago, so I fell silent and bowed my head, wondering how he knew in the end that I was the thief?!

He answered me as if he had heard me:

- I surprised you, didn't I?!.. you think you are still hidden!.. after you and Charlotte left that day and the shock of joy left me, I realized that Charlotte naturally knows the identity of the thief..

So I went to him in his house and asked him, but he paid me a large sum in exchange for me getting over you after he claimed that you had repented and decided to be straight, with evidence that you came to my house yourself and handed over the money with his huge profits, just as you spent ten years in prison.

So I left you, but that doesn't negate that you still the thief!

The young man stared sharply at me while I lowered my eyes and was silent, bridled with guilt, while he added:

- You are now the director of the Charlotte Society, right?

- I was..but now everything is gone..debts have toppled everything..

- Not if someone pays that debt!

I looked up in amazement as he answered:

- I also asked Charlotte that day about the thing -he would be most happy with- to do for him in response to his great favor in saving me and my family from poverty and debt.

Charlotte answered me at the time that nothing would make him happy as if I become Muslim..

but since his request was strange, I did not implement it.. but now...

The young man was silent for a while, reading my eyes, then added:

- Now I have found the opportunity to return his favor by paying his debts and pushing his association to the top, even if I do not follow his religion!

I stood up in surprise and exclaimed:

- Amazing!.. His last will that he confirmed was this association.. You would really make him happy if you did that!!

The young man smiled while I praised Allah with all my heart, especially since he made even my previous mistake with the jeweler good and relief.

As the Greatest Prophet said: "**Allah helps this religion with righteousness and the immoral**" This man paid all the debts and gave us capital to start over again.

Thus, Allah restored our association strength, it has flourished and its fragrance flight -during the past twenty years after the death of Charlotte- to all parts of the country!

Now, we are honored to receive many new Muslims every month and distribute aids worth thousands of pounds, hoping for acceptance from our Lord; the Lord of us and of the heavens!""

The journalist replied:

- Thank you, Mr. James Charles, Director of the Association "Light Among People" the Islamic

Charity.. We thank you for your luminous efforts and we wish you more success..Do you have anything to say in conclusion?

- Yes.. In conclusion, we conclude with what is better than musk and saffron; Our Lord, Most Gracious, says:

***"Only those who are patient will be given
their reward without reckoning"***

... Completed By The Grace of **Allah** The Almighty...

Other novels by the author:

- Where are you from the beloved of the heart?
- The Book of The Millionaire.
- Happiness is in The Opposite of The Sun
- Seven with crescent Series for children..