

### **Love is Blind**

“Dear Allah, I know you are up there and you must be ashamed of the person I have become, for I have committed a terrible sin which I can't take back. Every day, every hour, every minute, I can't get away from this extreme guilt which I have carried inside me, ever since the day Lisa was detained for blasphemy by our senior Islamic clerics in this theist society of ours. Ever since then, I have to face a vicissitudes of a shameful person.”

Lisa and I were deeply in love with each other. If there were Romeo and Juliet in the past then we were surely their reincarnation. Our affection for each other was deep, deep as an ocean, you may say. But like all love stories, ours too had an encounter, an encounter which would give us an unacceptable ending to our love story which was so pure at first.

We both lived in a small town located in Karachi, Pakistan. Of course, it was an Islamic society.

Lisa had beautiful eyes, beautiful enough to hypnotize you all day long. But something else attracted me even more. She was different from the other girls in my town. She looks a lot indigenous in this town than the others. I later found out that she was a Christian. Of course, why would there be a Christian in this town? She was the daughter of the patron which supported an organization which would help educate our local teenagers. For a less-developed town like mine, it was a great aid. She and her family were here for a month long vacation to observe the organization's progress.

I was daring enough to talk to her, and before time could tell, we were both into each other. But, as soon as her family found out about us, she was immediately forced to move back into her native country.

It wasn't long before I would meet her. But my delight would turn into sorrow. She said "I'm sorry, Samir, I have no choice but to marry a guy whom my parents have arranged for me". "I'm sorry but it's the best for the both of us" said she. I was mad. In that moment of madness, all I could ask myself was that if Lisa would have married me instead, then would her parents threaten to murder me? I was stubborn. I obstinately refused to think of any other possibilities.

I wrote lots of words discriminating our Lord, Allah on a piece of paper. I then put that piece of paper inside her mother's bag. But I was mistaken. The bag belonged to Lisa, and as soon as I noticed, I

went to save her. I could not find her but I heard on the radio that a Christian girl was detained for blasphemy. That was how I started to feel guilty and lost. The one and only way to stop it was for me to admit my wrongdoings to the clerics.

It was 13 years ago, I made a horrible mistake. It says in Qur'an, "If a man wants forgiveness, then he shall be forgiven but he shall be punished first and feel cleansed". I served my time in prison for 9 years. I fell in love and got married. I got Javed, my 2 years old son.

When one is in a moment of extreme tantrum, one must not take any action; instead, one should relax, as any action can turn into a ghastly mistake. This was a big lesson for me.