

# The Unread Eyes

Mir Sadaat

The first day as I entered class I encountered a fleet of gazing eyes. Each set of eyes had its own story to tell and they all wanted to be heard, explored and seen. My eyes just stopped on a set of eyes that had none of the characteristics that the rest of the class did. Those two eyes were shallow yet so deep, they were clam yet a tempest could be seen in them and the smile which she was wearing was so mellow yet refreshing.

Instead of going by the traditional introduction of the group I was prompted by those eyes to ask a question “What is Life?” Each student gave their definition of life; I was still waiting for the response of those unread eyes. When her turn came she very politely said salam to me and said calmly, ‘Life is a battle which we all lose in the end but are always hopeful that we may win.’

Afterwards I gave them an introduction to the course but I was still thinking about the reason for the emptiness of those eyes.

It was four weeks after the first class that she again spoke in class but her eyes were always very communicative, they were always scanning for pain in others. Then finally the day came when the mystery of those eyes was revealed to me:

Me: Why do you take life this way?

Safia: Because that is how life is, Sir!

Me: Would you like to share with me what has made you feel this way?

Safia: Sir my mother (with eyes full of tears) always hoped that her life would get better and one day she died in the trance of that hope.

Me: But death is not something which we can deny, then why blame life?

Safia: Because my father now hates himself for not treating my mother respectfully in her life and throws his all emotional problems on me and my younger sisters.

Me: What about your brothers?

Safia: We don't have a brother.

Me: It means you have a greater responsibility towards your father and your family.

Safia: My father doesn't think I am worth anything.

Me: So, how can you prove him wrong?

Safia: Sir! I have no idea and I am here to get my project topic not to engage in this nuisance of proving my father wrong.

Me: Oh right, your topic. Well your topic for the project is "How to make females an integral part of our society".

Safia: Sir! But this isn't a management topic.

Me: It is my child. You will understand it by the time you will finish it.

Safia: It's impossible for me to do it Sir!

Me: The word impossible itself says, I-M-POSSIBLE. And remember one thing:

Always believe in yourself because you are a creation of Allah. Under-estimating yourself means you doubt the Power of Allah.

By the end of the semester one day a grim old man entered my office and said to me that he wanted to thank me for changing his life. Surprised I asked, "How?"!

He replied with a smile by changing my Safia.

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