

Shabanu: my own story

By Dannyandharryaremine333

Submitted: October 21, 2005

Updated: October 21, 2005

This was also from humanities...its good too! it was from last year...I dont remember what it was about but... come and find out!

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Dannyandharryaremine333/21934/Shabanu-my-own-story>

Chapter 1 - Shabanu: Away with her heart

2

1 - Shabanu: Away with her heart

(Rough copy)

Shabanu woke up one morning. It has been three years since she had been betrothed to Raham-sahib. Being the fourth wife of a 58 year old man was really tough. Seeing how she was favored among the other three wives, she was forced to do most of the work. She climbed out of bed sleepily, and put on her new silk dress Rahim-Sahib gave to her, brushed her shiny black hair, and took her time walking down the stairs. "Shabanu!" called, Fahmeeda "It's time for breakfast! I'm starving!" Shabanu ignored it. It was always her duty to cook the breakfast. The wives of Rahim-sahib treated her like she was a servant girl because they were jealous of her always being Rahim's favorite. "Hurry up!" Shabanu raced down the stairs, and came to see that the three wives named Fahmeeda, Naveeda, and Habibah were sitting at the table awaiting her. "What took so long?" said Habibah. Shabanu ignored her question again. She was too tired and sleepy to pay attention. Slowly and steadily, she began making the *chaptis* on the fire, and then her son, daughter and the wives sons come bursting in. "Mommy!" said Karimah, Shabanu's 2 year old daughter. "Hello, my sweet, did you sleep well?" "Not really," Karimah said, looking sad. "Tell mommy what happened." "Well, I had a dream that we were poor, and I lost all of my toys and friends!" "Now Karimah," said Shabanu in a comforting way, but stern. "We weren't always rich. It was very different before I married daddy." Then, Shabanu noticed that the *chaptis* were burning, she ran over and put out the fire. "Finally!" exclaimed Fahmeeda. Shabanu laid them out on a clay plate, and the wives took every single piece. Shabanu watched them eat with a hungry eye. She hasn't eaten since.... Well, she doesn't really remember. "Could I have a piece?" Shabanu asked hopefully. "Ok, since you made them, but that is the only time." Naveeda was the nicer one of the three wives. Shabanu liked her, because she is always fair. Shabanu took a piece. "Thanks." Then, Rahim-Sahib came into the room. "Hello, my wives!" he said happily. "I smell my favorite breakfast! Thank you Shabanu." Shabanu nodded her head. "Karimah stop fighting with Aaban!" Shabanu went over to Karimah, and yanked a toy from both of their reach. "Mommy is too tired today, please behave." "Well, off to work!" said Rahim-sahib. "See you tomorrow!" Shabanu turned her head. Tomorrow?! "Where are you going, Rahim?" "We are going searching for a lost child. She was taken captive. I

might be longer than I think.” Shabanu was completely shocked. Why was he going to leave me alone with his wives? “Ok, see you then Rahim,” said Shabanu. As Rahim walked out the door, and shut it behind him, Shabanu was really not looking forward to this day.

The things that happened to her today are as follows, she was asked to do everything that the wives said, she had to clean up after the children, and it was a nightmare! She wanted to run away. Run away, far away, and never come back. And run away she did. While the wives were sleeping, she woke Karimah up, and told her that they are going to leave. Of course, Karimah was too young to understand very well, but she wanted to leave too. Shabanu took a little money, and put it into a lace sack. I don't like it when I see you doing all of those chores, mommy,” whispered Karimah, “It makes me sad.” Shabanu was silent as they tip-toed out the door. Shabanu used the camel that Rahim bought for her, and they left.

Their journey was very hot and brutal. Karimah was coming down with overheat, and had to sit behind Shabanu's shawl. They didn't know where they were going, but Shabanu wanted to go somewhere. She wanted to go to Islamabad, a place that was too far away from where they lived, but the farther away the better. Islamabad nestles against the Margala hills, the foothills of the Himalayas in Northern Punjab. Still in Pakistan, but more civilized. Islamabad has over 25 hotels, and over 7 markets. She can't wait to get there, but the camel was slow and it was always stopping. She got really angry out of dehydration, but she had to keep her anger hidden. She was glancing at Karimah with very worried eyes. Karimah would talk once in a while, but most of the time she would sleep. That night, they had to stop and camp somewhere. In the distance, they saw a tent, with a crackling fire, and a warm feeling in the air around them. Shabanu approached the tent with caution, making sure that it wasn't someone deadly inside the tent. “Hello there!” said a kind voice. Shabanu looked up at the man who was walking towards them. He looked 17 or 18, he had huge muscles, and he was *handsome*! He had baby blue eyes, and the greatest smile. He had curly dark brown hair, and he was about the size of Shabanu. “Hi,” said Shabanu, finally after 10 minutes of staring at him. “What brings you here?” he asked. “I am running away from being held as a maid.” The man looked at her suspiciously. “I am not really a maid. I was treated like one.” The man's expression softened into a smile. “You look like you need some food and rest. Please come in.” The man helped Shabanu off the camel, and Shabanu shook Karimah awake. “Is this your child?” asked the man. “Yes,” said Shabanu, “her name is Karimah.” “Nice to meet you Karimah,” said the man. “And what is your name?” he asked Shabanu. “My name is Shabanu. I come from the farther end of Pakistan.” “Nice to meet you.” He said. “What is your name?” Shabanu asked him. “My name is Aaryan,” he said. “Nice to meet you too,” Shabanu sat down in Aaryan's warm and welcoming tent. “Here,” he said, handing Shabanu and Karimah a cup of warm tea. “This will warm you right up.” Shabanu nodded her head. She drank the salty tea with joy. She hasn't had a decent drink for days. She also heard Aaryan making *chaptis*. “Thank you for your hospitality,” “you're very welcome.” Shabanu and Aaryan looked into each others eyes. They saw that that was not a coincidence. It seemed that they were really meant for each other, but Shabanu couldn't. She was already married, but sometimes, she really wants to take back her marriage to Rahim.

“Goodbye!” said Aaryan. “Wait!” said Shabanu, “It would be an honor, if you could travel with us, and you probably know where to go.” “All right,” He said. Aaryan hopped on a camel, and they were off to Islamabad. Shabanu was constantly staring at him. He was really handsome. She thought to herself. “Mommy!” yelled Karimah. There was something wrong. “What is it?” Shabanu had her question answered. She saw men, carrying guns. She knew that if she was seen with another man, and those men were looking for her then... She didn't even want to talk about it. “Hello,” said one of the men. “Hi,”

said Aaryan. Shabanu quickly covered her face with her shawl. "What brings you hereabouts?" asked one man with a bald head and a beard. "We are going on a journey," Aaryan said, perfectly calm. "Well go on then." "Thank you." They were on their way again. Shabanu was about to have a heart attack. She was breathing very heavily. "Are you all right?" said Aaryan, with a very concerned tone. "No, I—I—I am just hot, that's all." "Okay," said Aaryan, completely unconvinced. That night, Shabanu had millions of thoughts in her mind, the men almost seeing who she was, Aaryan, Rahim and his other wives. These thoughts kept popping up in her dreams. Was running away the right thing to do?

When she awoke, she heard a distant noise of hustle and bustle. She must be in Islamabad! "Karimah," said Shabanu, "wake up, we're here!" Karimah woke up, and her eyes popped out of her head. "Aaryan, we're here!" Aaryan looked from his camel and dismounted. "It would be easier if we walk." Shabanu helped Karimah dismount the camel, and Shabanu lead the camel along the Aabpara Market. It sold so many things! It was the oldest shopping area in Islamabad. It sold household goods, fabrics, hardware, spices, and many of assortments of food. "I think that we should ask where the nearest hotel is!" shouted Shabanu over the bustling crowd. Shabanu walked over to a stand where one man with mousy white hair and barely any teeth stood selling food. "Hello there m'am," said the man, "How may I help you?" "Do you know the nearest hotel we could stay in?" "Hmmm..." thought the man, "the nearest one would have to be Pearl house. It is a very elegant place. It is at 22A collage rd. North side of Jinnansuper Market." "Thank you." Said Shabnau.