

THE NEVER

ENDING

LESSON



A true story

The Never-ending Lesson

The festive mood was in the air once again. It was time for the annual lottery... well, almost.

It was the Eid day: A glorious, sunny, warm, colourful Eid day; full of laughter and sweet things. It will soon be time to put on those special-occasion ritzy clothes and enjoy the treats. All bets were now seriously on as to who was going to rake in the most Eidy money.

Young Zaf and one of his best friends, Murtaza, were doing their Eid day visiting rounds. Out of one door and into the next. They were forever hoping that the next Eidy envelope would be more generous than their last. Scooping up

spoonfuls of sheer-khorma - the delectable sweet dish made with vermicelli and milk.

"So, should we go and wish a very happy Eid to Miss Qamar and her sister, Miss Qulsoom?" asked Zaf.

"Oh, why not." said Murtaza. "But we better take them an Eid card too.

So off went the two chums, scouring the boutiques that lined both sides of the street, looking for an Eid card fit for the supreme standard and taste of their art and English teacher and her sister.

Finally, they found one they thought would bring a smile to their teacher's face. And off

they went to the Hasanabad colony to see Miss Qamar and her sister.

She was delighted to see the two of her infantry of pupils; delighted indeed, because the two of them had remembered her and her sister on Eid. You see, the two sisters lived alone and had no other close family in Karachi; having been forced to abandon their homeland of Rangoon when events and persecution there became unbearable for them.

The boys were offered the usual Eid treat of sheer-khorma; which they lapped up. After a short chat it was time for the two friends to leave their teacher and her sister to carry on with their own schedule for the rest of the Eid day.

Oh, but of course, there was still the pretty card they had almost forgotten to present them.

Their teacher was really pleased. Her kind face became animated and lit up with joy for which no words exist.

And then she said "You must visit me on every Eid day. But instead of buying a card for me, why not make me one yourselves!"

That was the never-ending lesson!

And from then on Zaf and Murtaza always remembered to bring a card to Miss Qamar and Miss Qulsoom on Eid. No matter where they were, or how old they grew. Eid has always been a time to get in touch with their life-long teacher.

Dear

MS Qamar
and

Miss Qulsoom

Have a Very

Eid **Happy Eid**
and **Mubarak**

May your Eid wishes come

true, thank you for the Eidy
and we will bring you in the
another Eid card in the
time of Eid

From
Your Students

Zaf and Murtaza

